

TECHNOLOGY 1081

### **Chapter 1081 - Testing Grounds!**

At this very moment, the entire place fell into a deep silence as many clutched their hearts anxiously.

Yes. It was indeed the winter season, but everyone's hearts were on fire as if it were summer.

The lead military researcher raised God and majestically while pointing at the contraptions before them.

"Everyone, I bring you our latest creations of war, the Ballista and the Catapult!"

~Clap! Clap! Clap!~

Everyone clapped at the mighty names chosen.

With that, the lead researcher turned to the soldiers standing by the contraptions.

"Up first, we shall begin by testing the Ballistas. Soldiers! Start Mounting the arrows immediately!"

"Yes!" The soldiers tried before saluting in unison.

With that, some began moving, aiming for the target 500 yards (460m) away from them, while others targeted the ones very close by instead.

They had created several wooden stick men and placed them about in all sorts of directions.

"Adjust the direction and height to a 45-degree angle towards the targets!"

"Place arrows in the center!"

"Move the levers anti-clockwise to draw the arrow backwards."

"Yes."

The men hurriedly did as they were told, submerging themselves into their own little world, heightening the audience's expectation.

And when they were finally ready for action, all units around the many Ballistas made their move!

"Hold... Hold... Fire!!!!"

~Swish!!!"

Several huge and thick metal arrows swiftly whistled through the air in the blink of an eye.

~Boom!!!

Bullseye!

~Crack!

The poor wooden figures couldn't survive at all!

What???

This...this... how could this be?

(°0°)

-silence-

The entire place fell into a deep silence as they imagined what would've happened if they were the ones to take on such an attack.

Their hearts pounded uncontrollably as fear quickly inched its way into their very souls.

F\*\*\*!

Rather than taking it head-on, they would prefer to get shot by a normal arrow, alright?

This was just too gruesome!

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Looking at the all-star before them, they now had a whole new level of respect for these devices.

What else could they say?

Anything that could produce such damage was a deadly one.

As for the wooden corpses very close by, they had shattered into tiny pieces, literally splitting into half.

Of course, the human body had a little more hold, but they still felt like the results would be fairly close too.

One should know that the researchers had tested the massive arrows used here until they found a substantial balance to it all.

If the arrow was too heavy, it might not be able to fly too far.

At the same time, the arrow couldn't be light because it had to have a certain weight that could do the damage it was supposed to.

F\*\*\*!

If there were humans there, they would've been picked by the arrows like meat on sticks.

No! They might not even have gotten picked.

There was no doubt about it!

That arrow might have torn half of a person's waist off cleanly as if a beast had taken a chunk out of it.

If it pierced someone's neck, the sheer force and everything else alone would've severed the neck off the head as well.

And the most amazing thing was that if it got shot into a crowd, at least 6~7 people would get injured.

The ballista had been made in several sizes.

There were even some that could take arrows as long as spears.

Again, the longer the arrows weighed slightly more than the arm-lengthed ones.

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Everyone looked at the practice field filled with shattered pieces and couldn't help gulping down their saliva in awe.

Penelope and the Royals were also satisfied as well.

But now, it was time to test it on live targets!

"Move on to phase 2!"

"Yes!"

With that, the scene became livelier again.

Don't think that everyone here was blind.

On the field, apart from several wooden stick men scattered around, there were also several fenced areas made with sticks too.

For today's show, it was essential for these soldiers to fully understand how the weapons would affect their enemy.

Wooden objects could shatter from cracks.

But the body had good, elastic skin and other things that wouldn't make it break like glass or wood.

As soldiers who would be the ones risking their lives out there, it was good for them to understand the bite-size of these arrows too.

The researchers knew that these arrows could chunk out half of a person's waist.

But the soldiers didn't.

Today was to show them to the full might of these weapons!

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Everyone's hearts raced nonstop as they watched their contacts mount another round of arrows on the ballistas, ready to make their moves.

Oh my God!

They were nervous as hell as if they were the ones getting shot.

This... Will the injured rabbits survive?

Would the situation be similar to their guesses?

This was the biggest mystery to them now!

Adrian clenched his seat in excitement, leaning forward as hard as he could.

His entire body was boiling and surging in expectations.

If it did what the researchers said it would, then how great would that be?

Recalling his early days when he was younger, he couldn't help but wish that their generation had done something amazing like this.

To think that all these youngsters, who were now Monarchs or future monarchs (Astar), would team up and do something like this.

Indeed, this was no longer his era but that of his grandchildren!

It was their time to shine!

~Vuum!

"Levers pulled and steady, target locked!

Release arrows in 3... 2... 1... Fire!!!!"

**Chapter 1082 - Prepared For The Worst!**

"Levers pulled and steady, target locked!

Release arrows in 3... 2... 1... Fire!!!!"

~Woosh!

The arrows flew murderously as they looked onto their targets with no mercy.

The rabbits, as if suddenly feeling their deaths, stopped what they were doing and first trembled, shaking their fur, looking left to right in fear before trying to flee.

But too bad, they were a few seconds late.

~Pap!

~Creeeeewww~

One of the rabbits opened its pitch-black eyes in shock as its body divided itself in half, instantly killing the terrified fur ball.

The same arrow that killed it, split right through it and cleanly passed on, killing a few more behind the first furball!

~Creeeeewww~

~Woosh!

~Spack! Splack! Splack! Splack!

The snow was instantly dyed red, as several intestines, heads, limbs and severed bodies filled the fenced regions.

Right from here, they could see the redness of the place since it created a contrast with the white snow all around them.

"F\*\*\*!

Those rabbits didn't have a chance!"

"Bro, you're talking about rabbits? What about our enemies? Just looking at how much damage this thing caused, I can only say R.I.P to them."

"Unbelievable! Such a contraction could do something like this? Dammit! I must be living in a fantasy world!"

"Tch! Just look at the size of these arrows? Just its size alone is enough to tell anyone that we mean business!"

"God!!! Those rabbits went out in a sinister and gut-wrenching way. Just look at how decapitated they are? I can already imagine how much of a surprise these contraptions will give our enemies!"

'Heh. They better not come over now, or they'll wish they were never born!"

"Guys... Am I the only one who thinks this was just overkill on the rabbits?"

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Everyone watched excitedly, giving their own 2 cents on the matter here and there.

But no matter how they thought, they were still glad that such a powerful weapon belonged to Carona and Pyno.

Even though the Ballista was created by his majesty Landon, it was perfected by everyone else.

And, the other monarchs also created the catapult, also suggested and made a different type of Ballista used at sea, as well as came up with different ideas too.

So everyone had come this far due to the joint efforts of all the empires!

Yes! This was indeed a good thing for Pyno.

For them, this level of destruction was good as well.

Now, all enemies would have to think twice before coming at them.

"Hahahahaha! Amazing! You, youngsters, have really done well!" Adrian said while clapping merrily.

Santa puffed out his c.h.e.s.t happily: "Of course, Grandfather-in-law! How can we disappoint you?"

Adrian froze and looked at Santa speechlessly.

Wasn't this the person who destroyed the first batch of ballistas and catapults created?

If the researchers heard him, it would definitely choke out blood from anger.

Penelope shook her head wryly and raised her hands to signal for the show to continue.

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Up next, using the same Ballistas, they widened the middle section used earlier on to place the arrow in it... Opening its width to fit the size of a basketball.

That was the maximum spherical size the object could take now.

From there, they made a few adjustments and also placed a sizable net for the ball/stones to sit on when retracted back.

After all, they were going to spring the stones back before launching them to their targets.

So it needed a bigger surface area support system when compared to the arrow.

Very quickly, they placed the stone at the center and rotated the lever anti-clockwise, pulling the stone back, making everything work like a slingshot.

And when they were ready, they fired towards the rabbits in a few other fenced regions that weren't attacked earlier on.

"Fire!!"

~Swish! Swish!

~Bam!!

Once again, the result was as expected.

But how could this be the end of it all?

They also changed things back into arrow form and tied long tubes of black powder on them, giving a very gruesome ending.

~Boom! Boom! Boom!

(^0^)

Awesome!

At this point, it would be a lie if the audience said that they weren't impressed.

The amount of destruction that these ballistas had caused was enough to make any enemy run in the opposite direction.

They also shot burning tar, flamed arrows and so on.

It was all just too incredible!

And finally, they got to see the big guy!

The Catapult!

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Just from looking at the massive boulders at the side, they knew very well that this was the big one.

And beside each catapult was another invention that wasn't per day a war object.

Apparently, it had also been invented as well.

This invention was good because now, they might even be able to transport heavy stones when building castles too, rather than carrying rocks and transporting them here and there.

They typically stood in lines and passed on stones when constructing.

But this was an architectural breakthrough as well!

It was such a simple design that many felt like fools for not thinking of it earlier.

And wouldn't you know it, the 2 people who thought about it back in Baymard were Henry and Santa.

Yes. The clumsy Duke Benjamin.

Well, that's what the rumours say, but the researchers refuse to believe Santa had any part of it!

The machine was called the Picker.

And honestly, it worked like a chicken picking grains from the ground to eat.

The stone would get secured by a net-like safety, and then there at the back would rotate the many levers that lowered or raised the net.

So without knowing it, they had distributed the force load amongst each lever.

And when the stone was raised to an acceptable height, its head would get turned towards the catapult.

Obviously, it would get dropped onto the Catapult and then launched towards the enemies.

As for how these weapons and even The Picker moved, they had wheels as well as what one would call safety breaks too.

In short, it was just a metal latch or something like an anchor at the bottom of the devices that kept the weapons in place during battle.

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"Fire!"

~Boom! Boom! Boom!~~

~Rumble. Rumble. Rumble.~~

The ground trembled greatly with vibrations as several rocks stomped the targeted regions, creating chaos wherever they landed.

Everyone looked at the scene in reverence.

Indeed. These were the big guns!

Penelope smiled.

Good.

A war is coming, and they need to be prepared!

### **Chapter 1083 - Caronian Changes!**

Boom! Boom! Boom!

~Rumble. Rumble. Rumble~~

The ground shook vigorously, leaving those watching in a daze.

As if watching a live Baymardian action movie, everyone opened their eyes widely, trying their best not to blink for fear of missing the action.

(°0°)

Who were they? Where were they? What were they?

They gulped, swallowing their saliva in awe from watching the many ridiculously heavy boulders get launched into the air as if they were nothing.

Boom!

The snow, mixed with dirt, jiggled high up in the air as the boulders smashed deep into the ground.

Bam!

Without a doubt, if there were people there, they would be turned into a meaty paste alongside their bones.

Such a powerful scene resonated within everyone's body, making them acknowledge the Catapult as the stronger Siege weapon between both.

Imagine if they shot flaming stones at the enemies?

Awesome!

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Without a doubt, today's demonstration was a success.

Sure, some of them had been privileged enough to see that this level of destruction was nothing compared to what Baymard could produce.

But that wasn't what got them hot and bothered.

They were just glad that Carona had started its own journey of having weapons of mass destruction.

After all, they wouldn't keep going to the Baymardians for every little thing in future, right?

At least now, they felt more confident than before when it came to their security.

Spies from Veinita and spies from heaven knows where.



So one thing was for sure.

If they couldn't even protect such military info on these weapon designs, then how could they be trusted with bigger weapon info in future?

They were still in the process of cleaning out their empires.

So no... They weren't ready for too much now.

After the demonstration, the royals, a few military personnel, the head researcher and a few more others calmly headed towards one of the buildings within the new Barracks.

They were going straight to one of the conference rooms there.

That's right.

And just passing along the barracks, one can see how much similar they had tried to make it to the Baymardian Barracks and even all Baymardian buildings in general.

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Again, within each building, each floor was also labelled as well, making things a whole lot easier.

In short, there were so many organizational changes that they were simple yet brilliant.

After spending months and months, with some spending years in the Caronian Barracks Baymard, many had a basic understanding of how barrack infrastructure should be like.

So for the past 3 years, they had been constructing and making a few changes here and there.

Finally, it had been completed with everyone taking security seriously.

One could say that the new barracks had more empty fields within it than buildings.

They did this just in case they wanted to expand the infrastructure again.

So they fenced in a lot of empty space into the place, as well as a lot of traps.

Bottom line, they weren't here to play.

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The many buildings in the massive new barrack had underground floors and upper floors as well.

There were sleeping quarters, classrooms, auditoriums, official buildings and a few sections for the special forces.

Glass had also been imported from Baymard to Carona for years now.

So some windows and areas were made with glass too.

In short, a few Baymardian fixtures had been added here and there when constructing.

Over the years, everyone had understood a basic concept that only things labelled as 'Solar' could work out of Baymard.

There was also a service that Baymard offered to many out there.

All they had to do was pay, and the Baymardians would come over and place several gigantic solar panels on the roofs and whatnot.

Everything was just too fascinating!

Of course, they advised that people should only use these for light bulbs and little features.

Anyway, the big features that did leave Baymard had their own individual solar panels stuck to them, so it wasn't a problem all that much.

For sure, be it the outdoor washing machine/dryer, or the fans, heaters and so on... One could find them all over the place.

Again, if people didn't like the large solar panels on the roofs, that was still okay because there were some individual bulbs out there too.

Some just placed the solar panels outside their windows and hung the bulbs inside their homes close to the windows instead.

Others, especially in the royal palace, chose to get solar-powered garden lights.

They stuck the solar panels to the ground around the gardens and hung the lights on poles around the place.

The word 'Solar' was now a very common word in Carona.

But no matter how much people directed and opened up these things, they couldn't understand how they worked.

(Well... Because there are specific chemicals, pure elements and even rare items like tungsten used on them... Even making wires, insulators and so on wasn't easy.)

Everyone was still perplexed by it all.

How did these Baymardians do it?

They didn't even understand how a bulb could make light.

Some speculated that the tiny factions of the sun were magically stored in the bulbs, and that was the end of it.

They finally understand why these Baymardians would far let these things out.

Because without the step-by-step procedures and guidance from them (especially the workers in the Lower region), there was no way that they would get it.

Just like that, the new Barracks had been completed.

And with it done, they now decided to renovate the old Royal training grounds, which in itself was a barrack.

Luckily, they had the Picker to pulley to stones higher.

Of course, once they finished with that, they would finally renovate the Knight Academy as well.

Change was inevitable.

Just like Baynard, they would never stop sword practice, archery and so on.

All those things were still courses being taught.

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Penelope and the rest stepped onto the topmost floor and were welcomed by a Caronian soldier in military attire, who gave out a fierce salute.

"Your majesty, your highnesses, my esteemed superiors... Welcome!

The room is ready as requested."

"At ease, soldier. Lead the way."

"Yes!!"

#### **Chapter 1084 - Preparing For The Worst!**

"Lead the way."

"Yes!!"

With that, the soldier walked as straight as he could and took the crowd towards Conference room 8, the largest one on the floor.

~Bam!

The doors were opened, revealing a simple but imposing room.

One look and one would know that this room was for business only.

There were water bottles on the table too.

And within the room were Penelope, Santa, Carmelo, Adrian and a few other people's secretaries.

That's right.

The use of secretaries had become a very standard thing in Carona.

Not only were they trained in the School for secretaries, but they also had a high level of professionalism that had put several people's worries to rest over the years.

Basic things like checking one's schedules, making appointments and so on, made many people's lives easier.

For one, Penelope appreciated her secretary, Janet.

Many people did that by sending their people to get the professional skills needed for the job at the school.

Even the Head researcher had his secretary, who attended some events on his behalf while continuing his research.

It was just too good.

And the way they reported things back in detail made many happy with it all.

They reported everything like how assassins would report matters, going so in-depth.

It was truly a good thing for businesses since everyone, irrespective of their status could hire secretaries.

Everyone took their seats and spoke for a bit until Janet rang a little bell, indicating that the meeting had begun.

Ding!~

With that, they officially began.

34 minutes had passed by, with them talking over some of the things they noticed could be improved on.

Overall, they were indeed satisfied with the results of today's show.

"Alright. Since we were able to create the first batch, we have to discuss the matter of distribution."

Distribution?

Instantly, everyone's face turned solemn as they leaned forward subconsciously.

Penelope glanced at them calmly before flipping the documents before her.

"Everyone, please turn to page 11."

~Flip. Flip. Flip. Flip.~~

The sounds of pages turning echoed out within the room until it slowly died down.

"Before we get to the matter here, as you all know, we have a few problems in our hands. Commander Wilfred. Would you like to take this one?"

"Yes, your majesty." Said a deep voice

With that, everyone quickly turned towards a large, broad-shouldered man with a gruesome cross-like scar just below his right eye.

Commander Wilfred!

This name alone could make many in Carona, and even within Pyno, shiver with fright.

He too was somewhat of a legend, for even though Carona had been more peaceful than any other empire throughout the centuries, it still had its fair share of intruders.

And Wilfred's legend as a mighty General at war is still one of the greatest war stories in Carona of all time.

Everyone stared at the fierce man silently, just waiting for his response.

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Wilfred turned to Penelope and nodded before looking at everyone sternly: " Concerning the troubles we predict, there are indeed quite a lot. Firstly, we should never forget that we did knock out an entire prince from a powerful continent sometime last September. Yes. I'm talking about Prince Skye, the Veinitta Prince."

Everyone's eyes dilated.

Yes. That guy was a prince!!

Thinking about it, their faces turned grim.

Veinitta was a little worse than Morgany, nonetheless fierce and brutal as well.

They will never stand by when they get the news!

Which monarch would stand by and allow people to insult his son?

Whether Skye was doted on or not, it didn't matter.

They might even feel more insulted that it happened in Pyno.

As people of Pyno, they knew how the other powerful continents viewed them.

So they already knew that when Skye's family gets word, they will come here for revenge!

Wilfred squinted his eyes and scanned everyone's faces calmly, giving everyone time to fully understand the matter.

"Prince Skye is just one of our problems. Another major concern is that we seem to have another threat as well.

It has come to our attention that a mysterious Order has infiltrated several empires in Pyno, getting members here and there.

For all we know, there could be members in Carona as well.

All of you are here in this very private meeting because we are 95% confident that none of you are members.

None of you fall into the category of people they are looking for and lack several vital qualities they want.

We also trust in you all as well.

Now, as for the Order... Blah, blah, blah, blah, blah..."

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And the more they listened, the uglier their faces became.

This wasn't good!

How could these dangerous people just walk in and out of the place at will?

Thinking about the fact that pirates also did their dirty work by kidnapping people, they then remembered some of the reports they got of people missing and a few people spotting pirate sh.i.p.s on the shores as well.

Dammit!

Who did these people think they were?

This was Carona!!!

Everyone's heart pounded loudly with hatred and rage.

~Bam!

Someone smacked the table hard.

"How dare they?

How dare these people kidnap their citizens so brazenly?"

"That is, they did it so openly with no fear whatsoever!"

"Dammit! I feel like punching something!

I swear, if I find any traitors from that bloody order around, they're getting the death sentence!"

Everyone was in anger when they imagined all their kidnapped citizens stolen away from them.

Heh.

At least, they were glad that Pyno had finally reunited as one!

Because from the looks of it, they will all face these people from the Order.

Penelope thinned her lips while listening to everyone erupt in anger.

She too was furious when she read Landon's letters.

Did they think she was dead? Or did they look down on her to do such a thing in her reign?

Not on her watch!

A dangerous light flickered in her eyes as she calmed her murderous aura.

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"Everyone, calm down.

We are here to talk about our security and countermeasures.

No matter what, we have to get prepared for every possibility... And that includes War!"

**Chapter 1085 - Countermeasures!**

The air grew thick and hard as countless thoughts raced through everyone's minds.

Whether they liked it or not, several enemies were continuously testing their bottom limits.

They did things that they, as Penelope's most trusted officials, would never let go of.

They called their citizens.

And for sure, if they closed an eye to this matter, politically, it would also have bad impacts down the line.

But at the same time, they had to approach this matter cautiously, all the while preparing for the worst.

That's right.

War would be the worst-case scenario... But that didn't mean that there weren't other scenarios that they could control and force the situation into.

With a well-thought-out plan, as well as several hidden moves, they can secretly take charge of this matter as well.

Likewise, if another empire needed immediate help, they would do their best to assist them by sending their trained militia who had been trained in Baymard.

In fact, even the Caronian soldiers still in Baymard would move out to perform the tasks as well.

They were now a united front, protecting the weak and innocent civilians within Pyno.

Alright. It was time to take some security countermeasures.

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Seeing that everyone had felt the weight of the matter, Penelope nodded in satisfaction.

"There are a lot of things we can do to control and prevent some matters.

But first, I suggest we pick or highlight several stationary estates or locations that'll serve as storage facilities!

We will store several Ballistas and Catapults in these spots.

I don't care how big Carona is or how many Coastal cities, villages or towns there are, but I want these siege weapons around these areas immediately!" Penelope said sternly, and everyone's eyes lit up in agreement.

"Yes! It's an excellent idea!

The fact that these intruders can do this only shows the many holes within our defence around the Coastal regions."

"That's right!

These areas are one of the most crucial because they can determine the survival or death of a nation."

"I agree! A good defence can keep the enemy out!... Why... Just listen to the rumours about Morgany? As big as their continent is, their defence is as solid as iron! Other influential areas like Veinitta also have strong defence across their coastal regions as well."

"Morgany? Veinitta?... Heh. That's even going far! Our very own Baymard here in Pyno has an impeccable defend as well. Even with their new territories that aren't developed yet, they still managed to keep a tight security around the place. So it's about time we properly straighten our forces around Carona's Coastal regions too."

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Wilfred took out his pen and looked at the ancient topographical map in his folder.

Carona's maps were created by their ancestors, who had taken the time to know where each city, town or village was.

And even if some villages or communities were formed later on, such regions had to report it to the royals themselves.

It was fairly common for new villages to form since some people moved and finally settled down in some desolate areas.

And with time, more and more people would migrate there until the population could be considered the minimum size of a village or settlement.

After all, a family of 10 can't move to a certain place and call it a village. They need to meet the required minimum range.

Of course, a village head or chief also had to be selected as well.

For hundreds and thousands of years, the Carona map had been successfully formed.

Wilfred looked at the map for a bit before suddenly frowning.

"From the information we have, these intruders typically chose towns and villages when they came in.

So these areas should be our primary focus... especially the villages.

For our plans to work, these coastal regions would have to be guarded strictly!"

Everyone agreed with Wilfred. And Carmelo was thinking of another matter as well.

"That's true. It would be best if we take care of this matter as soon as possible.

As for how we'll transport these weapons down fast, not to worry.

We, the Caronians, had already made a deal with Baymard, promising that when the siege weapons were ready, they would assist us in transporting them to these coastal regions." Carmelo said calmly before falling deep in thought.

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For sure, that beat was long gone out of Pyno, heading towards Lucia's people.



But before he left, he was a little worried for the Pyno contingent in general, so he told them they could communicate with Lucius if any wars or dangers pop up.

That's also why he decided to help them transport these siege weapons around the borders/shores.

But first, they needed to secure storage regions in several regions before contacting the Baymardians for transportation.

They also needed to create multiple traps and prepare these areas as if they were preparing for war!

Of course, this wasn't all.

Their sh.i.p.s would have to get adjusted in such a way that they could also fire large arrows across that could pierce and future the wooden sh.i.p.s, causing them to sink.

They also needed to set up several military posts and resident regions around the coastal areas, as well as make sky-high watch towers and join the Baymardians in patrolling their empire as well.

Even though there were Baymardian sh.i.p.s there, whenever they were focused on their mission, the patrolling sh.i.p.s could stay still for days close to a certain region, ready to render more support.

Because these patrolling sh.i.p.s were also enemy sh.i.p.s, transport sh.i.p.s and even backup sh.i.p.s that provided all sorts of services at once.

That was why there were times when their control would have blind spots, allowing pirates to come in.

That was why they, as Caronians, had to step up and patrol the place as well.

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The things he thought of were only the tip of the iceberg in the whole grand play.

And so just like that, Carona had secretly begun making plans.

Meanwhile, back on the high seas, Landon and his team had come across several issues of their own as well.

Who?

### **Chapter 1086 - Troubles At Sea**

~Shwah. Shwah. Shwah. Shwah.~~

The splashing of several sh.i.p.s, striking the rough waters, sounded out loudly.

Even with all the heavy snow that fell during all this time, the salty ocean waters remained as wet as ever, hardly forming any blocks of ice whatsoever.

Only the regions closer to land or the regions closer to the Poles.

~Grah. Gray. Grah.

The men aboard the sh.i.p.s began shovelling and disposing of the heaps of snow across the deck that were now mountains.

The last few days had been hell, keeping them indoors for 4 whole days.

It snowed and snowed non-stop, alternating between heavy and medium.

There was never a time when the snow decided to go full easy mode and drizzle down gently.

Finally, the snow had eased off, as from the direction they were heading to and what they predicted, they should have 3 more days of no snow whatsoever.

The men quickly got to work, clearing all the snow and the place.

Today looked like another ordinary day... That is until their radar picked up something worth concern.

Head Captain Morgan, the main Captain overseeing all their Navy sh.i.p.s in formation, hastily got up after getting a few reports from several sh.i.p.s.

He quickly got up, looked at the radar and picked up a communicating device: "This is Head Captain Morgan from Main control. All battlesh.i.p.s are to slow down ship speed to 40 Knots, stay in formation and stand by, waiting for more instructions. I repeat! All battlesh.i.p.s are to slow down now!"

"Roger that. Over."

With that, several other Captains in the other sh.i.p.s hastily gave out their orders, which in turn made their teams run around as well.

Everyone did as they were told, carefully making adjustments staying in formation while lowering the ship's speed to 40 Knots.

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As for what a Knot was?

That was just how speed was defined.

Landon had called it that using earth's understanding as well.

Ancient sea travellers used to measure the ship's speed by something called 'Chip Log.'

It was basically a log attached to a rope with several knots equal to the interval.

Anyway, the log attached to the knotted rope would be dropped in the water at the ship's aft/ very front.

And the moment the log was dropped, a sand hourglass would begin a countdown.

With that, they sailed alongside the floating log, wanting to know how long it would take the ship's bottom to pass the log.

Of course, they used the knots as a form of distance measurements as well.

Now, since they knew the distance between each knot, they would add up the distances.

And now, distance divided by time would give speed, no?

Even though they used sand hourglasses, they had estimations like how many breaths one could do in a second or even one minute.

In short, Ancient earth sea travellers had come up with the analogy of their one way of knowing the speed of their sh.i.p.s and boats.

And they called the Speed, 'Knots!'

Of course, modern people did a few calculations and adjustments, concluding that 1 knot was equivalent to 1.852 km/hr.

And that's how speed was monitored and used in all vessels.

Each ship type had its speed as well.

For example, most cruise sh.i.p.s had a speed range of 20~25 knots, and container sh.i.p.s were 16~24 knots instead.

But of course, battleship.s or any military sh.i.p.s generally had way higher knot speeds.

The current sh.i.p.s they were on had a Top speed of 63 Knots (73 mph or 117 kmph) and a sustainable or moderate speed of 40 Knots.

But this didn't mean that there was no room for improvement.

.

With his orders issued out, Head Captain Morgan quickly took out his Walkie Talkie and switched the station, instantly contacting Landon and a few others.

Landon and Lucius, who were sparring, quickly stopped when they heard Morgan's voice.

"So the radar picked up images of 2 opposing fleets?"

"Yes. Your majesty. From what we can tell, it should be 2 distinctive fleets since their formations are also different. One team seems to have twice as many sh.i.p.s than the others."

"Head Captain Morgan, do you think those people are in any danger? Or are they just meeting up out here in the open with no land nearby whatsoever?"

"Hmmm... Warden Mitchen, it's hard to say since from this far out. But if we move a little closer their way, we should be able to use her binoculars and get a clearer idea of things. The only question now is whether we should deflect the matter, going around the chaos... Or continue heading on straight. Again, I should've also mentioned that from the angle of position that one of the fleets took, it's most probable that they came from the continent of Zohl."

Zohl?

Landon's eyes glowed with interest.

.

Landon couldn't help smiling when he pictured these people from Zohl.

Seeing them live in the flesh truly made him excited.

Nonetheless, he wasn't about to jeopardize everything just to see them.

It was already February 11th, and 3 days from now, they should already be crossing Devil's gate.

Even though they would be crossing it 4 days before the expected occurrence, for all they knew, they could still be passing by in a bad time.

Anyway, from the system, coupled with Javis' words, it wasn't a set date per se but a range.

The earliest recorded time the Laypires popped out was on the 18th.

In other years, they came out on the 23rd instead.

That's why even though they moved at top speed and would eventually get to Devil's gate on the 14th, for all they knew, that could be when the Laypires decided to come up.

Again, at the same time, they couldn't just disregard human lives or any people in need.

"Head Captain Morgan... For now, move closer in their direction until we can access the matter clearly.

If it's a meetup, quickly branch away.

But if there are people in need, we can't just sit by and watch.

My guess is that one of the fleets there should belong to the pirates!

They control the seas and are practically everywhere... Even this far out.

So if there are people who need our help, it wouldn't kill us to use a few hours to deal with the matter and quickly move on.

Once matters are confirmed, get the men ready.

Things might get a little rough."

### **Chapter 1087 - People From Zohl!**

With word from Landon, the sh.i.p.s steadily advanced towards the commotion, ensuring that they didn't get too close to be noticed.

But from where they were coming from, everyone could hear faint sounds coming from there.

The vast empty ocean space carried the sound this far out.

But if they could hear these faint cries of what seemed like screams all the way here, then that meant that it should indeed be a battle that's taking place out there.

Just as planned, the sides of the battleship opened up, releasing several small speeding sh.i.p.s filled with Shaolins and several other marines out there.

Of course, Landon, Lucius, Warden Mitchen and the rest tagged along as well.

They wanted this to end as quickly as possible.

After all, they didn't have all day, did they?

With that, the boats speeding along like crazy, jumping across the waters towards the chaos ahead.

As for the battleship, they were to remain hidden at all times.

Meanwhile, at the center of the commotion, the battle was tough.

.

The sounds of several weapons clashing against each other, resonated out within the heated scene.

All around, one could find countless people raising their swords in the air gallantly.

Like a pig, Holcim was sweating like crazy while defending against these crazy brutes.

Dammit!

What kind of sh\*\*ty luck did he have to run into these people here?

~Cling. Cling. Cling.

~Slash

Holcim quickly defended against the attack but was slightly slower, causing the blade to slice into his clear blue skin around his arm.

His face turned pale with worry as he felt the strength in his arm weaken.

His towering opponent had just fiercely kicked him in the chest with all his might.

~Cough. Cough. Cough.

Dammit!

That kick had almost broken his ribs as it came unexpectedly, giving him no time to prepare.

His heart rate rose all the more as he tried to push his body to obey his will.

Holcim was unwilling.

But what did his opponent care about his feelings?

The brute raised his legs and kicked Holcim hard severally as if venting for all the mild injuries he received earlier on.

Why?

And what sort of inhuman strength was this?

Just one kick made him feel like he was close to death's door.

No wonder he had been struggling to fight this giant while holding his sword with both hands like a beginner this whole time.

It was truly miraculous that he managed even to scratch his opponent a little.

Holcim received several attacks from his opponent mercilessly.

And just when he thought all hope was lost, something spectacular came to view that left him, his opponent and everyone else baffled.

"A Flying Creature!!!"

"Flying Creature headed this way!"

"F\*\*\*! There are many of them!"

They didn't know who announced it, but the moment everyone got a glimpse at several objects on the water surface rushing towards them at a remarkable speed, even his opponents turned vigilant.

After all, what if these were creatures that could destroy both his fleet and the opponent's fleet in a blink of an eye?

Both he and the enemy were transfixed with worry and anxiety from watching the unidentified objects levitate above the water speedily.

But a few moments later, they were left dumbfounded.

Eh?

Why did these things look like boats rather than sea creatures?

.

~Drrmmmmmm~~

The boats speeding hastily without a care in the world, making their grand entrance to all.

Landon squinted his eyes coldly while observing the situation aboard the countless sh.i.p.s.

They thought that these Zohl people would be battling against the pirates. But they were wrong.

That flag...

No... Those particular flags definitely belonged to the people of Lampe.

In other words, it belonged to the Temple of Adonis!

Yes. He recognized that flag from their battle way back when they sent their army towards Arcadina's shores.

Heh. It looked like Pyno and Romain weren't the only continents these people sent their fleets to.

From the looks of it, this fleet of Adonis look like backup fleets instead, marching towards Zohl to give some assistance?

Could it be that there was already another fleet of Adonis worshippers attacking one pitiful region in Zohl?

Landon wanted to get to the bottom of this!

However, it wasn't going to be easy.

Unlike the Temple of Dragmus whose members could talk when forced beyond fear, the worshippers of this temple of Adonis were far harder to deal with.

They were the true representation of occults in this world.

At the same time, he had already decided to allow some escape; that way, he could place bugs on them and spy on their activities, whether they go towards Zohl or head back to Lampe.

Whatever their decision, he would undoubtedly listen in on their conversations and have real insight into what they were planning.

Sooner or later, they would be attacking Adonis.

He needed a few to go back, so he could monitor them.

That said, how can he let this rare opportunity go?

Impossible!

.

"Your majesty, 6 minutes more before we enter the battle zone."

"Good.

All units will surround the scene as discussed, aiming for the Adonis followers. But make sure to leave some alive.

Remember. 3 hours tops is the goal!

And Warden Mitchen... Your team will take the lead ship." Landon said into the boat's communicator.

Mitchen cracked his fingers and neck, ready to engage in battle.

For this battle, they weren't using guns or anything of this sort but basic weapons, as well the installed weapons in their arm shields.

This was for the best.

~Brmmmmmm.

1... 3... 5 minutes went by in a flash, with all units surrounding the scene like crazy.

Now, they were ready to make their move

### **Chapter 1088 - Intruders On The BattleGround**

Mitchen grinned broadly while his secretary, Winnie, calmly stood beside him like a bodyguard.

"Winnie! Are you ready?"

"Sir. I'm always ready. My duty has always been to guard your back."

Mitchen looked at his tiny secretary and chuckled.

Anyone who mistook her Lolita appearance before weakness was definitely in for the surprise of their life.

Well, what she said was true.

All of his official secretaries had his back.

No matter whoever accompanied him, they were always one step close by and were fast thinkers as well.

With the kind of job they did, of course, one would need to think fast!

Even their prisoners could play mind games on them if they showed any weakness.

Seeing that they were just a few seconds away from entering the war zone, Mitchen became highly vigilant.

"Everyone! Get ready and take cover! We're going In!"

~Brmmm!

Like an unstoppable force, the sh.i.p.s in his unit moved into the battle zone, maneuvering through the small paths between the many sh.i.p.s around.

Its sheer speed helped them move around quickly.

It was also the same ship type that Admiral Trey used last time against the Primates from Dragmus.

Its windows, doors and everything else could withstand several attacks and were designed to go into dangerous regions if need be.

A dangerous light shone past Mitchen's eyes after reaching their targeted sh.i.p.s.

"Team 1, begin ascent! Team 2. Cover them! All team's move out now!"

.

~Bam!

They shut the heavy doors behind them and vigilantly stormed out hastily.

Both foreign fleets were still shocked by the fact that a metal ship could float and had been in a daze ever since.

Who wouldn't be made speechless?

Of course, like all fantasies, the mirage would get broken when one sees superman flying towards them murderously.

The moment these people came out with weapons, everyone woke up from their slumber.

For now, be it the people from Zohl or Adonis, they didn't know who these people were targeting.



So they automatically treated them as enemies too.

All the Zohl people were very much preoccupied since those from Adonis outnumbered them.

So those who were rushing towards Mitchen's team were those from Adonis.

Holy Commander Vladomod gritted his teeth and hastily turned to the archers at the edge of the sh.i.p.s, screaming at the top of his voice: "HOLY Archers! Forget about Zohl and Deliver Adonis' wrath on these Intruders! Spare no one!"

The archers who got word quickly passed on the message while focusing the remaining arrows that they hadn't used so far at these new opponents.

Eh?

Where did these thick, blinding clouds come from?

In no more than a second, their faces all turned grim.

"Fire! Fire! The sh.i.p.s are on Fire!!!"

.

Like confused ants, they quickly moved about, contemplating their next moves.

F\*\*\*!

They hadn't seen any flaming arrows shot into their sh.i.p.s.

And by the thickness of this smoke, it should've been done by at least 150 flaming arrows on a single ship alone.

So what the hell?

Could it be that the fire was started within the sh.i.p.s instead?

Of course, a few did see something fly from these intruders towards other sh.i.p.s, but it just looked like a stone ball.

So, how could they associate that with this level of smoke?

Impossible!

No human could trap smoke.

What were they, Adonis?

Only a God could do such a thing.

This scene was akin to people believing only in the present science of things.

So anything more would be associated with witchcraft, sorcery, or just plain disbelief.

How can one trap smoke?

What's next, trapping sound in an object?

Heh. Such a thing will never happen!

That's why they firmly believed that the smoke should've started by fire from below.

Maybe that's why they didn't feel the heat from the fire yet.

They speculated that it should've started from below deck, maybe towards the last lower floors.

And the smoke should've passed through the many creaks and passages of the wooden floors and the open doors going down the deck.

Yes. That was the only logical explanation.

Any other thing wasn't normal!

.

Several mushroom clouds of smoke covered the scene, instantly blinding many.

Even the people from Zohl were shocked and panic-driven too.

The ship was in bloody fire, so they had to evacuate fast.

At this time, they didn't know that the other sh.i.p.s were covered with smoke as well.

Holy Commander Vladomod squinted his eyes in confusion and panic too.

Something wasn't right here, but he couldn't put his fingers on it.

But no matter how everyone was feeling, they dared not attack others around them carelessly for fear of attacking their own people or biting themselves in the b.u.t.t.

Of course, they also stayed as vigilant as ever.

Now, everyone was trying to move towards the edge of the sh.i.p.s and flee, jumping onto the nearby sh.i.p.s, thinking that these sh.i.p.s weren't filled with smoke.

But not long after they started moving, they heard several screams coming from the edge of the sh.i.p.s, making them take several steps back instead.

Without a doubt, they knew that those intruders had taken advantage of the fire and got on their sh.i.p.s.

They were trapped between the intruders, who were preventing them from leaving, and the fire below.

F\*\*\*!

From the pot jumping into the fire.

Talk about being between a rock and a hard place.

At this time, both the Zohls and those from Adonis felt like these intruders were enemies.

But rather than burning helplessly, they would rather fight to the death!

### **Chapter 1089 - Enemies Through & Through!**

The mushroom cloud quickly engulfed the scene, making everyone's heart stop briefly.

Left... Right... Left... Right.

Their eyes continuously danced in vigilance as tiny bumps started forming on their skin.

The Zohls were in a state of panic!

Face the fire below or face the foreign enemies around the edges of the ship?

They preferred to fight!

But just when they were about to make a move, they heard several sounds of things dropping.

Bam. Bam. Bam. Bam.~

This...

Were those bodies dropping?

Those from Zohl gulped in utter confusion and worry from it all.

But for the Adonis worshippers, they quickly stabilized themselves calmly.

Heh.

Who were they?

People belonging to the 2nd most powerful continent.

So their skills were far superior as well.

Like assassins, they focused their entire being on the sounds around them.

And in truth, even their comrades who had now fallen did indeed notice and try to guard against their opponents.

If it were another enemy, even when blinded by the smoke, they would've still managed to take down their opponents.

Too bad they were up against the Shaolin Baymardian soldiers.

And that's what worried them the most!

Only Morgs would be able to create such godly sh.i.p.s in this world.

Sure. Even though the Morgs would still have difficulty taking them all out, it wasn't impossible for these people.

After all, the Morgs were slightly superior to them.

Even their training of spies and assassins was a higher degree to theirs... Although not too different.

So if these foreigners were Morgs, then this was bad.

Dammit!

.

As of now, the smoke around them seemed to be dissipating, giving them a clearer view of things.

Only their men had been killed!

This fact alone made them reaffirm their guesses.

These sons of b\*\*ches were Morgs!!

As for the Zohls, they were surprisingly shocked as well.

So... These people weren't here for them?

They secretly wiped their non-existent sweat off their faces.

Many had already been heavily injured from fighting these powerful Adonis bastards.

So, where did they have the time and energy to fight these foreign warriors?

Please! At a time like this, it was best that they reduced their existence as much as possible.

Nope!

They were sitting this one out.

With that, they quickly guarded themselves while scooting away over the dead bodies, pretending to be ghosts.

A strange light flashed through Holcim's eyes, making his face distorted for a bit.

But soon after, he adjusted his countenance, stepped aside as well.

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With the smoke half-cleared, the Adonis worshippers could now see these 'Morgs.'

And due to their rage, they started speaking Morg (which was similar to Pyron).

That's right.

In this world, no doubt, Morg was seen as the universal language just like English was back on earth.

Here, those who knew of Morgany's power still made it a must to know Morg.

Plus, one shouldn't forget that Lampe (Adonis) and Morgany were 2 continents that were side-by-side each other and were also sworn enemies, constantly battling nonstop.

In short, the waters sandwiched between both continents were always a war zone.

Any traveller would be completely mad to pass between that particular water zone.

One continent was ranked the most powerful while the other was the 2nd most powerful.

Both sides had spits, assassins and all sorts of people trying to force their way into the other.

And so with all this, Adonis (Lampe) had studied their language too.

After all, to defeat the enemy is to understand him as well.

That's why from birth, they were strictly taught Morg. It was as if Lampe was a bilingual continent.

Likewise, Morgany was also bilingual as well.

They made it their mission to study Lapu (Language in Lampe) too.

These 2 continents had been enemies for centuries and centuries.

So they had time to understand each other.

What a joke!

If they couldn't understand each other, then how would they ever win in the long run?

.

~Cah-pui!

Holy Commander Vladomod spat manly and clenched his dual sabers coldly when he saw a giant Morg approaching him (Mitchen).

"Damn you bastard Morgs! I spit on your faces in the name of Adonis!!"

Swish!

Like a mighty lion, Vladomod leaped forward with both swords in his hands, aiming towards Mitchen's head.

~Cling!

Mitchen blocked the attack with his dual Crescent Moon blades.

Just like the name suggests, it was curved like a crescent moon or a smiley face.

One could imagine a protractor (half-circle) with the curved part being the blade and the straight part being the handle.

Of course, there was a curved hole in the middle of the weapon for him to send his hands in and grip the weapon.

~Cling!

Mitchen placed his hands in a crossed position and used both Crescent moon blades to deflect the incoming attack.

He listened to Vladomod in shock.

So... They took them as a Morg?

Well, then they better sell it well, right?

When he noticed that Vladomod had superior military-style clothing different from the rest, he knew that this guy's status should be higher than the rest.

One should remember that they were to leave some alive as his majesty had said.

Mitchen guessed that his majesty wanted them to pass on what happened here to their superiors.

And who better to pass the news than someone in a higher position?

That's why he was fighting and not killing Vladomod with his sheer strength.

And to make his identity more believable, Mitchen spoke Pyron, trying to make his accent as close as possible to those Pirate Morgs in his prison.

This action alone confirmed Vladomod's thoughts yet again.

Morgs!!!

### **Chapter 1090 - A Divided Group?**

Being pushed back, Vladomod stumbled a bit before adjusting himself again.

Damn. These Morgs!

How dare they ruin a perfectly good operation?

Even though he could only see Mitchen's eyes, he still felt like the bastard was laughing at him.

F\*\*\*!

If eyes could kill, Mitchen would be dead a hundred times over by now!

Reddish veins appeared in Vladomod's eyes as he gritted his teeth and clenched his swords again.

He wasn't a fool.

He could tell that the person he was fighting was probably a big boss here.

In fact, he might be the one spearheading the whole operation.

From the force the bastard used to push him back, he could tell that this bastard was a little stronger than him in raw strength.

Yes.

Even though they seemed evenly matched, the bastard had a stronger body than him.

Heh.

Want him to give up and silently wait for death?

Never!

If he played things out well, then it wouldn't be hard to take down the motherf\*\*\*er.

That is... Even if he had to die, he would take this bloody bastard with him!

Thinking like this, Vladomod's entire body and emotions stayed firm.

.

Like lightning, Vladomod relaunched another deadly attack towards Mitchen.

"I will have your head, you lowly Morg Sc.u.m!!!"

"Hahahahaha... I'd like to see you try.

Bring it on, Punk!"

~Cling. Cling. Cling. Cling. Swish!!~

The duo continuously fought hard, giving each other no room for rest.

And all around them, everyone had seemingly stepped aside, staying as far away as possible from the wave of detection their one-on-one fight was causing.

"Yahhh.... "

Mitchen jumped back, avoiding one of Vladomod's blades that had now fiercely forced itself into the wooden deck floors, firmly staying routes there.

No doubt, if that attack reached him, the injury would be fatal.

It looked like his little playmate was indeed angry.

This battle was too sweet and fulfilling to him. So he truly enjoyed their battle.

That said, he was now worried that his playmate would be a little crippled if he had only one saber... Seeing that the other was firmly rooted to the ground.

Erm... Should he help out and 'accidentally' remove the saber?

If Vladomod knew what Mitchen was thinking, he would undoubtedly try Mitchen's face with his b.a.r.e hands.

Here he was doing his best to survive, while his opponent was only treating this entire thing like a play day.

Luckily, Vladomod couldn't read minds, or he would spit out blood just by looking at Mitchen.

.

Mitchen, who was slightly depressed, soon got out of his depression when he saw Vladomod's next move.

'Good. I knew you wouldn't disappoint me!'

Just a second after the saber stuck to the ground, Vladomod quickly held it hard and lifted himself, sending a spinning kick that should send Mitchen flying leftwards.

Mitchen looked at the incoming kick and decided to take it on, giving moral to this little planting of his.

After all, he planned to keep this guy busy until most of the Adonis worshippers were apprehended.

In this era, they could fight for hours and hours.

People who go to war or stay on the battlefield know that battles last 5 times longer, meaning one would have to fight non-stop for their lives until one side withdrew or got whipped out.

Many times when people screamed 'retreat,' the other side allowed them to go because their limbs were dead tired from exhaustion.

But everyone would've at least fought for hours non-stop before retiring.

The key was breathing control and several other methods to keep them up.

So Mitchen's plans to keep fighting longer wasn't a problem to both sides, provided they didn't get fatally injured.

On the battlefield, you get injured, you lose strength, you get slower, lose concentration, get overpowered by the enemy, you die.

It was that simple.

Of course, Mitchen wouldn't allow Vladomod to get injured.

Like so, Mitchen battled on, always letting Vladomod think that just a little bit more and he would win.

Hahhahahahaha!

Today was indeed a fulfilling day.

~Cling. Cling. Cling.~

The duo remained in their heated battle, staying in their own little world.

And as time passed by, the Zohls who were watching had confused expressions on their faces when looking at these 'Morgs.'

All around Mitchen, these Morgs had already killed the Adonis worshippers around.

And some were even standing guard around Mitchen too.

Hello?

You see your comrade fighting for his life, and you don't go in to help?

Wasn't this too weird?

Anyone with eyes could see that the Adonis guy (Vladomod) had the upper hand in the fight.



So rather than these Morgs helping their struggling comrade, they were watching around as if it were a show?

Eh? Whose side were they on?

Could it be that they hate their leader so much that they allowed him to struggle so much?

Without a doubt, everyone thought that these people were divided amongst themselves.

Maybe they were just a newly formed team who hated themselves and were sent here to find these Adonis followers.

At this point, they wouldn't be surprised if they saw one of them sneak attack their leader instead.

Their actions made the Zohls even more confused about who to talk to concerning their situation.

They wanted to find out whether they would be allowed to stay or go.

But with how contrasting the situation was, they were afraid they would be dragged into something else.

That's why they decided to stay put and quiet, at least until the battle was over.

And by battle, they meant the ENTIRE fight.

Looking at the neighbouring sh.i.p.s, they also saw that the same battle was happening all around.

So they might as well sit still and continue their presence-eliminating skill vigilantly.

In this situation, what else could they do?

.

~Cling. Cling. Pah. Bam. Slash!~

The battle all around continued for a bit more but surprisingly didn't last as long as everyone thought it would.

And towards the end, what shocked people was Mitchen's burst of strength.

Vladomod was the most shocked of all.

One moment he was standing, and the next, he found himself pinned with his chin to the ground in a daze.

Eh?

What could explain what just happened here?

(°\_°)