

TECHNOLOGY 1101

Chapter 1101 - Show Time!

With everyone holding their weapons and adequately suited up, they all stayed in silence as they listened to the pre-battle speech from his majesty.

With this weather, standing out on the open deck wasn't ideal.

So Landon's words were broadcasted through all Battleship.s, as everyone stayed where they were with their weapons at hand.

-Silence-

The silence, coupled with the tense atmosphere, placed everyone in a stern mood.

And as they listened to Landon's words, countless waves of emotions swelled their hearts and minds, all mentally preparing them for battle.

Now, the announcement was on.

[Everyone!

Today, we join forces with our Zalipnian brothers and sisters to fight for the greater good and eradicate the Adonis Followers who want to wreak havoc into the world.

Remember. Kill those who refuse to surrender! And throw those who do in the dungeons.

This is just the beginning of the war because, as you all know, the Adonis worshippers have not only conquered this city... but have conquered several other regions, right to the Capital City.

Today, we claim this city back. And tomorrow, we advance!

That said, this weather is a bloody one. So let's make this quick.

Do your best as honourable soldiers, and don't try to be heroes at the expense of your lives!

I expect all of you alive and kicking by the end of the day.

Lastly, remember that you all can't take long-range shots.

So don't make any moves unless you are very close to the enemy.

That said, the massive weaponry from the table and vehicles can be shot.

The wind wouldn't do much to them. The deviation is negligible.]

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Everyone listened and nodded deeply.

No one wanted to kill their own comrades in this battle.

That would definitely put a psychological scar on them.

Landon looked at everyone and nodded in satisfaction.

One wrong move and they might make the biggest mistakes in their careers.

Only when they get indoors could they make such far-sighted moves.

Such was the war they were about to fight!

The good thing was that tomorrow, they estimated that things should be a lot calmer.

[Brave soldiers and warriors of Baymard and Zalipnia.

Today, we are fighting at a time that the enemy least expects it.

Now, they are blinded and can't see or make heads or tails of the situation.

This is our chance to clean off the city properly.

So go kick some ass!!]

With that, everyone's spirits surged higher as they now rushed towards the upper decks.

That's right.

A typical battleship is strictly designed to maximize space for soldiers to sleep in, train in and so on.

Of course, some might have helicopter pads and enough space for a handful of vehicles.

But for the transport of so many, they needed Navy transport sh.i.p.s here.

Olis, the transport shops also carried several popular items like basketballs, books, pens, 2-year period-expiration goods, solar vending machines, cleaning supplies, beddings, clothes, lighters, batteries, flashlights, and whatnot that the Zalipnians purchased for their people.

In short, there were several sh.i.p.s all stocked as if they were merchant sh.i.p.s.

And of course, they had stored the countless vehicles and even a few war tanks in there too.

There was also a secure and safely stored supply of patrol, spare tires, etc.

The crew, like any good crew, had navy mechanics and engineers ready for any hassles.

They knew that they might stay here for 1 or 2 months max.

So they had to bring everything, just in case some unforeseen situation happened here.

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~Din. Din. Din. Din.~~

Very quickly, the men who were supposed to be on land all transferred to the transport sh.i.p.s and entered the vehicles within the storage regions below deck.

The vehicles had already been checked, fueled, and had all ammunition in them ready to go.

So once the ship reached land, they would drive out in an orderly fashion, heading towards their assigned regions of attack.

And yes, they were just going to head straight for the docks.

No one could see from afar in this weather.

That said, if they decided to rush back and report the matter in this deadly weather, who would be faster?

The vehicles or the scouts?

Today's weather seemed difficult but had actually given them a boost for success.

Of course, for some soldiers and marines, they had to pass through the forest to take out any scouts or people around.

Some also walled out in the open along the many footpaths.

So they wouldn't be riding in the vehicles; they would be hitching rides from the wind.

With that said, those on foot stood close to the ship's openings, ready to head out once the sh.i.p.s docked.

The transport sh.i.p.s were all protected by a few battlesh.i.p.s, just in case of emergencies.

And, of course the rest of the Navy shops would stay out in the seas, making keeping a lookout on things there too.

So no one would dare come here now, unless they were Adonis allies, worshippers, or maybe pirate spies.

Either way, the majority of Battlesh.i.p.s will stay out in the open until further notice.

Landon calmly got into one of the vehicles while Mitchen and his secretary, Winnie, calmly stood by the doors with their units.

As for Lucia, Jarvis, Andrew, and the rest, some were in vehicles while others were getting ready to become flying air-benders.

Alright.

Show Time!

Chapter 1102 - Ripples!

Everyone waited patiently until the sh.i.p.s finally docked and the massive latches opened.

~Whuooo!

The tyrannical winds instantly slapped them in the faces, giving them an in-depth feel of how chaotic things were on land.

The darkness and the weather truly made the place look deserted.

Everyone adjusted their goggles, with some switching to night mode, while others set theirs to heat vision instead.

It was time to kick some Adonis ass!

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~Vrrrrmmm!

The vehicles quickly speeded out, diverging into different directions.

Landon, who was within one of the vehicles, was headed straight for the City Lord's estate instead.

It should be the largest estate in this entire Coastal city and was a symbol of power and authority as well.

One could also symbolize it as the palace of this city.

So without a doubt, the big boys amongst the Adonis followers should be situated there.

And as the saying goes: capture the general, win the battle.

With that, his unit stormed out swiftly.

And at the same time, those on foot gritted their teeth and dashed out hurriedly.

"Move! Move! Move!!"

Secretary Winnie marched through the snow alongside Warden Mitchen, running with all her might towards one of the buildings close to the docks.

No! It was accurate to say that she was running towards some Adonis followers, who had vaguely seen shadowy images of their sh.i.p.s.

And only after they had taken a closer look had he tried to run away towards another estate a little further ahead.

From her night mode settings, amidst the falling snow, she could see images of a few estates a good walking distance ahead.

So these people were probably trying to get more help or alert people of their presence by yelling.

But with this chaotic and rowdy weather, no one could hear anything from where they were.

Moreover, getting the warning out wasn't the biggest issue these people faced.

Some ran but were brutally beaten by the weather that carried these people towards them instead.

That's right. These people seemed to have made a U-turn by hitching on the winds.

With that, Winnie and Mitchen didn't target those heading back their way but targeted those who had successfully managed to hold on and were directed towards the estates ahead.

Winnie squinted her eyes dangerously.

Good. It was time for them to act.

But with the distance between them, they would never get to the enemy on time.

Very quickly, she looked around for a bit before smiling calmly.

"SIR! BEHIND US AT 4 O'CLOCK.

OUR RIDE IS HERE!"

Hm?

Mitchen flung his head over his shoulder and looked at the tornado-like wind that was dancing towards them crazily.

Well, a ride was a ride... Even if it were a fishy one.

With that, Mitchen made several hand gestures for those a little further away.

Like so, they slowed down a bit, preparing for the jump.

Seeing how maddening the wind was, everyone couldn't help subconsciously touching their weighted belts.

This should be just like practice, right?

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~BRUUUUUU!!!!~

The winds danced from left-to-right, right-to-left as if trying to tackle them.

Want to escape from me?

The force winds continuously picked up snow, turning it into a snow monster, and from time to time, it would spit out fish, smacking it hard on the ground or any unfortunate livestock or victims nearby.

~Pah

The fish slaps were terrible!

Winnie slowed her pace before suddenly jumping to the side, allowing herself to get s.u.c.k.e.d into the spinning snow monster.

Up and away she went, as the wind took her up to its wider top part.

She was flying!

Mitchen also jumped In, inside 3 others.

No doubt, this was the weirdest ride of their lives.

Luckily, they had been training for months; otherwise, this constant spinning would make them throw up indefinitely.

The wind advanced in a zig-zag manner, moving towards the advancing Adonis followers.

And like a lion watching its prey, Winnie waited for the opportune moment before dashing out of the spinning wind and landing onto one of the running Adonis followers at the side.

"Ahhhh!"

~Bam!

Winnie Mercilessly slammed into one of them, shocking the rest.

What??!!!

Did this person just jump out of the spinning wind?

How? How could it be done?

(°0°)

They all started in surprise.

But seeing their comrades down, everyone suddenly some up from their stupor and brandished out their daggers.

No matter who this person was, since they were an enemy, then they had to die!

"Die!!!!!"

~Swish! Swish! Slash! Bam! Bam!~

With an expressionless face, Winnie calmly disarmed them, kicking some in the belly, elbowing others, punching them clean in the face, and stabbing them brutally.

Everything happened so fast and in a blink of an eye that the enemies were all confused.

Eh?

Who were they? What were they?

Everyone fell in disbelief at how they, as Adonis followers could fall so easily.

Just who were they up against here?

Could it be those pirate bastards?

They trembled in pain and unwillingness as their souls swiftly left their bodies.

And before their minds completely fell into the darkness, the harsh snow had already covered their lifeless bodies, hiding the evidence behind.

It seemed that Mr. Wind was also Mr. Cleaner as well.

Winnie turned around, only to see that Mitchen and the rest gas finished the other Adonis followers as well.

"Hahahahaha!!!

It's been a long time since I've played like this." Mitchen said after rubbing the snow off his hands and communicating with the rest of the team that was still taking care of the remaining enemies within the small building close to the docks.

"All clear?"

"Yes, sir! All enemies are down."

"Good."

With that, Mitchen waited for the rest of his team and regrouped before heading towards one of the estates ahead swiftly.

Hehehehe! Once in, they could get serious!

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With that, Winnie's team continued on.

But as for Landon's unit, they had other plans... And destructive ones at that.

~Boom! Boom! Boom!

The ground rumbled and shook, causing some people outside to shake in alarm.

Holy Adonis Monkard, Fidelis III, who had been talking to a few others within the lone indoor garden building, couldn't help frowning when he noticed the ripples in his cup.

Mmmm?

Fidelis's expression grew grim!

Chapter 1103 - Strange Clouds

~Ripple... Ripple...

The liquid in the cup shook and rippled from time to time, getting stronger and stronger by the second.

And soon, amidst this defeating weather, they began hearing a collection of faint voices from afar.

But looking at the blue-skinned woman on her knees beside him, Fidelis was very hesitant to get up and check things out.

F***!

What were the benefits of conquering other territories?

It simply meant that to the victor be linked the spoils of war.

And right now, the 38-year-old Fidelis had set his eyes on the 7-year-old girl belonging to the imprisoned Zalipnian city lord.

It wasn't just him, as several others seated around the table all had n.a.k.e.d girls in collars underneath the table.

And while they were drinking and talking, these girls all had their privates in their mouths.

Yes. Any girl who accidentally bit or let go would be severely whipped silly.

The group of middle and old-aged men pulled on the doors attached to the collars with cruel expressions on their faces; they had c.a.r.e.s.s.ed, touched and played with as many girls as they liked during this past year.

In future, the entire world would be a slave to their Adonis.

That was the dream!

The little children cried and did as were told while shivering n.a.k.e.d in this weather... Even if they were indoors.

If they died, their bodies would be flung away just like the many corpses in the pit.

And so, these Adonis leaders felt that today was no different from all the other days when it came to 'entertainment.'

But now, it seemed like they had to cut their entertainment short.

Fidelis got up from his seat sternly, and the others seated beside him also stood up abruptly as well, each one's expression worse than the other.

They were all seated in the middle of a large indoor garden, as large as a grand hall with all sorts of plants, vines, and fruits indoors.

So they couldn't see what was going on outside.

But seeing a few guards running with all their might towards them, everyone could already guess that whatever had caused such ripples was nothing to laugh about.

"Your Holy Monkard! Your Holy Monkard!

There are vague, shadowy clouds outside!

We can't see what they are, but we suspect that it is some monstrous Wind!"

"Hmm. Take the girls away."

With that, Fidelity and the rest hastily ran towards the massive doors as fast as possible with grim expressions on their faces.

Even when standing outside, they still couldn't see anything at all!

All they saw were massive shadowy clouds far away that had been obscured by the ridiculous snow, wind and darkness.

Son of a b**ch.

If they couldn't even see what disaster was causing the rippling, then how were they supposed to defend themselves against it?

No! They had to go towards higher grounds!

With that, they hastily left the building using the overly long underground hallway that would require one to take a full 15-minute walk from the massive Garden building to the nearest Estate building.

That's right.

Because of these sorts of weather in winter, most buildings in the states were interconnected with one another.

In this way, people could still have tea or meals in the gardens even at times like this.

With that, everyone rushed through the underground hallway, making their way to the closest building.

From there, they rushed right to the 4th castle-like floor and squinted their eyes through the windows as hard as they could.

Again, all they could see were still the vague images of gigantic mushroom clouds in the air.

They didn't know if it was their imagination, but sometimes, they would also see faint yellowish lights from the clouds from time to time.

What could this all mean?

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"This... Your holiness, I think it's a sign of danger."

"Yes, your holiness. I know we have been assigned to get this land for Adonis, but I think this place is really cursed!"

"Holy Monkard Fidelis. You have control over the city, and your decision represents Adonis'.

So what are your orders?" One of the men said while kneeling behind Fidelis.

That's right. Fidelis had been assigned to watch over this besieged city.

The size of those shadowy wind clouds were the biggest they had ever witnessed since the beginning of this cursed winter.

It looked like it might have the power to destroy the entire place if it ventured any further.

Even at 4 stories up, the giant tornado cloud was still far taller than their current height.

So imagine what would happen when it comes closer?

The thing was that they didn't even know how to fight it.

It was wind, for crying out loud!

Nonetheless, they believed that their Holy Monkard would be able to seek Adonis' help and instruct them on what to do.

Fidelis spread his legs apart, raised his hands, shut his eyes tightly and began chanting some words calmly.

"Get some people to go check it out first.

The answer lies in the real matter ahead."

"Yes!" Answered a few before scooting out hastily.

Fidelis looked outside thoughtfully before turning around once more.

And where was he going?

To the dungeons of course!

Who else would know of this situation of not the captured Zalipnian city lord or nobles?

These Zalipnians have been living with such disastrous conditions for centuries and centuries ago.

So they should already know how to counter such situations in their land.

What Fidelis was more concerned with was if such large wind tornadoes could affect these sturdy stone structures or not.

Could it be that such scenes only happen once in every 20 or so years, and after it, the people would have to reconstruct their buildings again?

Or was it that these types of disastrous winds didn't go anywhere near their buildings at all.

Again, maybe they did but had no effect?

For Fidelis, they needed to understand this now.

This way, he would know whether to stand outside the buildings or stay indoors.

After all, no one wanted to die indoors when the structure came crumbling down.

Dammit!

This Zalipnia was too much trouble.

From one issue to another, each week, they had been faced with all sorts of threats from the weather.

They didn't even have issues capturing the residences. Only the weather seemed to be Adonis' strongest enemy here.

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Thinking of the impending dangers of this winter, Fidelis hurried towards the dungeon swiftly.

But unbeknownst to him and several others, their thoughts couldn't be far from the truth.

You say the massive clouds of doom were caused by the weather?

Heh. Think again!

~Boom! Boom! Boom!

Chapter 1104 - Black Magic

~Boom! Boom! Boom!

"Ahhhhh!!!!~~

A little distance away from the city Lord's estate, countless small missiles were launched from the vehicles onto the many gatherings of Adonis followers standing guard in the open.

Everything happens like a bad dream to them, as countless people had been blinded, not even knowing when they died.

It was a complete nightmare as they found themselves engulfed in devilish flames that seemed to have sprung out from nowhere.

Countless people exploded in agony, while others survived but got brutally covered by the already harsh falling snow.

The cold shot through their wounds, causing them to cry out in agony.

But cry all they want; no one could hear their screams.

Countless units cleared the region, bombarding things left, right and center until they got to their destinations.

Of course, they did promise Lucia and the rest that they wouldn't bring down any actual buildings since some Zalipnian prisoners could be in them.

They were only permitted to destroy gates or the surrounding areas.

Nothing more!

Landon squinted his eyes coldly as he readied himself for action.

3, 4, 5, 7 whole minutes, and they were finally at the City Lord's residence.

Alright. It was time for his unit to play its part.

"Rango calling Control Station. Unit is ready to engage. I repeat. Unit is ready to engage."

"Roger that Rango. Over."

He had taken one of the largest teams with over 40 massive vehicles and trucks and close to 700 people alone, all ready to take down the enemies holding in all buildings within the City Lord's estate.

Good...

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At the same time, those sent out to check things out by Fidelis passed through the entrance/exit tunnel in an attempt to leave the estate.

The tunnel was as wide as 2 car lanes and was extremely tall as well, to allow all sorts of wagons carrying stacks of hay or even elaborate carriages from going in and out of the estate.

Of course, the tunnel was along the front estate walls, covering its entire width.

Well, this was the main entrance or exit point for one if they wanted to enter or leave the city lord's palace.

And at the very front of the tunnel was a metal gate that could be opened and closed by the rotating levers situated in one of the rooms above the tunnel, on the city walls.

The men Fidelis had sent were already running within the tunnel and were just about to reach the gates, waiting for it to open up... when suddenly, a massive force sent them flying backwards in shock.

What??

Komugan found himself flying back out of the tunnel and into the estate in horror.

His heart trembled in fear as he rolled back in the snow alongside several others.

Eh?.

What the hell just happened?

Komugan didn't like this uneasy feeling in his heart at all!

So very quickly, he wiped the wet snow from his face, only to realize that the snow was now dyed red.

Komugan's heart skipped a beat.

Whose blood was this?

He was alright.

But this only made his anxiety go down a little.

The question still remained in his mind: Whose blood was this?

Well, it didn't take too long for the answer to form when he suddenly spotted his contacts around him in agony.

"~Ughhhh~"

Countless people wailed in pain as they struggled to breathe and stay awake from the thundering pain hammering their bodies.

It was only then and there that Komugan realized how lucky he had been.

F***!

What was this situation?

Some had even been killed off cleanly as their heads separated from their bodies by the force of the iron flung back.

This... This... The wind did this?

Komugan's mind was now in a mess!

But once again, all his questions seemed to be answered by the fast shadowy ages emerging from the tunnels.

He didn't know what they were, but his intuition told him that they were the culprits of the matter.

Could it be that an enemy was approaching with wagons filled with black powder?

Dammit!

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Komugan, alongside some who weren't injured, wasted no more time and yanked themselves up from the ground and leaping towards one of the rooms on the castle walls in hopes of getting everyone's attention down here.

"Enemy Approaching! Enemy Approaching!"

They screamed with all their might.

Of course, some had also noticed the situation and were already heading down with their weapons to check things out.

And so, it began.

~Vrrrrrrmmmm!

Landon's units stormed in murderously into all directions while raining machine gun bullets on those around.

~Bang. Bang. Bang. Bang!

"~Ahhhhhh!!!"

The enemy dropped like flies, falling to their dooms unwillingly.

Some high on the estate walls also fell, as well as those who dared poke their heads out of the many rooms and corridors along the estate walls.

They vibrated uncontrollably, taking all the bullets they could before falling from high heights to the ground floor.

~Bam!

The snow nestled the fall to some extent, and their bodies didn't splatter like watermelons.

Nonetheless, they were dead and gone.

Komugan's face was as pale as paper as his eyes darted back and forth in panic.

He crouched down and leaned against the wall breathing deeply while not daring to look up.

Son of a b**ch!

His men were falling to their deaths without a single arrow or anything else touching them.

So wasn't this black magic?

With the way things were going, how the hell was he supposed to fight the enemy?

No! He couldn't just wait here for death.

He had to think fast!

With that, he crawled away with countless wild thoughts in his mind.

As for his ideas, only time would tell what he was cooking up.

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Landon and a few others had already arrived at one of the buildings nearby.

In a flash, they got out and dashed forward with their weapons at hand.

Alright.

Now, they could unleash hell!

Chapter 1105 - Infiltration

In a blink of an eye, Landon and a few people appeared at the massive door.

Of course, the building standing guard didn't have any time to react, as they just now saw Landon's group as well.

"Close the doors! Close the doors!"

Some tried to go in as fast as they could in an attempt to bolt the massive gate-like doors, while others chose to fight instead.

But no matter what they chose, their goals were disrupted by this speedy enemy.

~Shrrrr!

The vehicle drove so fast and stopped so abruptly as well

And at that moment, Landon and the rest wasted no time in jumping out and leaping towards the doors like possessed people.

~Bam! Bam! Slash!~

The Adonis guards turned cold with terror as they fell to the ground in one scoop.

Everyone's eyes opened wide in disbelief.

How... How could they die like this?

They hadn't even seen how they got murdered!!

~Plop. Plop. Plop.

The guards around the door finally fall to their doom while Landon and the rest quickly got into the building.

Now, there was no wind or crazy weather to stop their shin.

Catchack!

Landon shook his head with a playful smile on his face.

This was going to be good.

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"The rebels have decided to attack!

Intruders are here!

Inform the Holy Circle!"

Immediately, a few others ran deeper into the building, heading to the upper floors and the over regions around the floor, while others stood their ground with weapons at hand.

"Quickly! Over there! Over there!"

From outside, Landon quickly crouched down and rolled to the side after entering in, propping himself behind a pillar in a flash.

~Flash!

He shot several stunt grenades into the room, instantly blinding everyone silly.

The Adonis followers stood there in a daze, as no sound entered their ears, and no thoughts whatsoever flashed through their minds.

It was as if their bodies weren't theirs and were taken over by several ghosts.

Countless people dropped their knees with open mouths, just starting ahead like puppets.

Of course, Landon's team wasted no more time and shot as many people as they could.

~Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang!

And so, the massacre began with the enemy having no way to fight back to even make a sound.

They died while still somewhat unconscious.

It was indeed a brutal way to go.

But those that died had no effect on the matter because hundreds and hundreds more started running onto the place like crazy... some with bow & arrows, while others holding swords.

Landon shot in all directions as hundreds ran to him in rage.

And soon, he ran out of bullets.

He looked at the incoming raging enemies and smirked while putting his guns away.

Well, it was more fun to take things into his own hands, no?

Very swiftly, 3 people ran towards Landon with swords in their hands.

"Quick! Now's our chance. His sorcery stick is failing him."

"Die! Bastard! Die!!!"

~Swoosh!

Landon ducked underneath the fierce sword strike before letting out a murderous punch with 40% of his strength that sent his opponent spiralling backwards in disbelief.

~Crack!

His entire ribs broke in agony as blood constantly forced itself out of his mouth.

~Bam!

"Ahhhh! My legs! My legs!"

"Motherf**ker! Your sword just stabbed me!"

"No! No! There's blood on my c.h.e.s.t!... I, I can't die yet. I'm still so young!"

(>:°0°:)

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In the cl.u.s.ter of enemies, everyone had been running forward, pointing their weapons forward while at full speed.

So the whole thing had caused some to be picked up like meat on a stick, as they accidentally got stabbed here and there.

Damn these intruders.

With a fully covered face and body, as well as the somewhat dark settings around, many couldn't tell if these people were truly rebels or not.

Within the massive entrance hall were several dimly lit torches on the wall

At present, the massive iron door-like windows have all been shut tight due to the disastrous weather outside.

If this were summer, they would be opened, allowing the sun's splendour into the room.

But in this weather, just like outside was dark, inside was also dark and gloomy as well.

It was truly hard to believe that this was still morning.

Landon jumped into the air after knocking one of the people out and did a spinning kick smacking the other 2 away as well.

Following that, he jumped, punched, ducked, kicked, slid and even killed several people off by cracking their throats cleanly.

Yes. This time, he was putting the enemy at all.

He amped up his strength, ensuring that all attacks would be lethal, resulting in their deaths.

At this moment, those who wanted to attack him were scared out of their boots that they began hesitating.

Their heart rates speeded up, and countless beads of sweat formed along their bodies while watching him in fear.

~Bubuum!

They didn't know if it was an illusion, but the moment Landon looked at some of them, it was as if they could see the image of a gigantic demon behind him.

Landon's eyes were too sharp and too bloodthirsty, not to talk of his imposing aura that subconsciously made them want to kneel before him.

It was as if a God had descended upon the land to take their very souls.

They surrounded him but dared not take any further steps while Landon just stood there calmly, watching them like prey.

Their world became still.

Everyone gulped down their excess saliva and tried their best to stop themselves from shivering so much.

Soon, someone gritted their teeth and raised their shaking bow & arrow, finally taking a shot.

~Fhup!

The arrow was launched, giving the person more confidence the more he watched Landon stand completely still.

The guy was already thinking about fame and promotions.

If he were the one to kill Landon, then wouldn't everyone look at him with awe.

Those who saw the archer take the shot all s.u.c.k.e.d their breaths in anxiously.

Oh, my Adonis!

The enemy seemed aware of the incoming arrow.

So this should be the killing blow, right?

A cruel slipped out their lips as they silently watched the show.

'Die Bastard! Die!'

~Fhup!

Like an unstoppable force, the arrow murderously flew towards Landon, determined to end his life.

But just when it was inches away from piercing Landon's head, something spectacular happened.

~Pam!

(°0°)

Blink. Blink.

Everyone, including the Archer, looked at the scene again with utter fear.

Impossible! Impossible!

How was this possible?

How could he catch the arrow!

No! They don't believe it!

Their eyes must be deceiving them, right?

Yes. This should all be an illusion.

As skilled Adonis men, their archery skills were within topnotch standards.

So how could this be?

Everyone's eyes grew pale with fright.

Monster!

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Landon, who had been observing an entirely different matter, gripped the arrow hard, twirled and launched it straight to the archer, creating the most shocking kill in history.

~Boom!

Everyone around the archer was shocked when they saw him fly back and get pinned to the stone wall by the arrow.

F***

What sort of strength did this guy have to do this?

Just look at that stone wall?

They didn't know if it was an illusion or not, but they felt like the area on the wall had clearly cracked a bit more after the attack.

And their comrade's heart had been stabbed so deep that it should've been ruptured by such a strong attack, right?

This... This... Could it be that they were up against Morgs?

Well, no matter what, they had to kill these sons of b**ches fast, or it'll be them on the losing end.

Thinking like this, everyone quickly found their fighting spirits and dashed towards Landon and the rest like crazy.

If they overpowered them with sheer numbers, then everything should be okay, right?

~Bam! Pah! Boom!

Dead bodies flew left, right and center, as the soldiers mercilessly slaughtered through the place.

After all, they had to get this done fast!

This was just one of many cities and regions that they had to take back.

Landon's eyes shone with a murderous light.

Victory was near!

~Pah! Bam! Slash!

All around the city, everyone was engaged in battles of their own.

Meanwhile, down in the dungeons, Fidelis and the bloodied city Lord Pangord were locked in for the conversation about the overall situation.

Pangord's heavily bruised eyes bled with rage and unwillingness at the situation he and his people found themselves in.

His wife and children had been defiled, alongside several others, with 2 of his sons getting mercilessly killed.

In truth, he felt like death was just a breath away. But if he died now, who would avenge his family?

No! Even if he had to be a walking corpse, he would have his revenge!

Chapter 1106 - City Lord Pangord

~Pang!

Pangord's face tilted to the side as blood oozed out his bony jaws in pain continuously.

Veins popped out of his dark-toned skin, causing them to almost tic or spasm out in his mind since he could hear the twitching noises from his body time and time again.

His damp, whitish hair coated his bloodied face, almost blinding him from his torturer.

But Pangord was unwilling!

He forced his heavy eyes to look at the man who just slapped him in hatred.

For his family, he would live!

~Pang!

"The holy Monkard is talking to you. So speak up, you lowly bastard!"

Pangord didn't even flinch when they continuously tortured him.

With his goal in place, this much pain wasn't enough to drive him to insanity.

Fidelis squinted his eyes cold and raised his hands for the men to stop.

Just one look at Pangord, and he knew what sort of man he was.

Such a person could get tortured physically all day long and would never break.

One had to use another angle to get what he wanted out of him.

Fidelis massaged his beard playfully: "City Lord Pangord. You seem to be a smart man, so let's talk as men instead. You can act tough all you want, but have you forgotten that your wives, daughters, and a few of your sons are still within our custody?... Yes. You might not want to give us information. But in this case, isn't it better to give in sometimes? If all buildings collapse on your family, then their blood will be on your hands and not ours!" Fidelis warned.

His family...

.

Pangord's body trembled slightly as his eyes widened in terror.

Even though he hated to admit it, if his family got destroyed by something he could prevent, then he would indeed feel too guilty over their deaths.

No! It would be his fault.

Not only that. But if the buildings collapsed on all the other prisoners, including himself, then he wouldn't even have the chance to avenge his 2 deceased sons.

It was just that the thought of helping the enemy alone made his gut churn deeply.

Very quickly, Pangord's mind went to work.

Firstly, from what he heard, it appeared that several strange clouds or whirls of wind, taller than this 4-story structure, had appeared out of nowhere., causing worry to the enemy.

In fact, getting the description one made him somewhat fearful as well.

He has lived in this city all his life, from birth till now.

And even as city lord, he had access to some ancient texts ascribing all sorts of phenomena that took place way before his birth, like what the ancestors faced when creating Zalipnia and whatnot.

Be it the strange phenomena of complete darkness plaguing the entire Zalipnia and several other continents for 7 whole months, or even the strange phenomena of the red sky, he knew of the many abnormalities faced in Zalipnia's history.

But this was the first time he heard that there were snow tornado-winds that big and tall during winter.

Such a thing had never been seen in Zalipnia.

So how could he not worry?

.

One shouldn't forget that a floor was akin to 1.8~2 floors in a modern home.

It was believed that unless underground, all floors must have overly high ceilings to show off wealth and whatnot.

That said, the snow-tornadoes Pangord was used to seeing here were 1~2 floors high.

So hearing that the current mushroom tornado outside was over 4 floors high, how could he not freak out?

Of course if it were that high, it meant that it would be wide and strong as well.

Pangord was dumbfounded and only hoped that the winds wouldn't destroy the buildings, killing and burying them all.

But what made him even more helpless was that this was wind and not some physical enemy.

Throughout their history, they had never been able to disperse any wind tornadoes.

All they could do was build sturdier walls, roads and even secure their winter rations as well.

That's why to be honest, around the city, one could see that almost every home, estate or region had what some people would call indoor farms.

When it was time to let the light in, or when the weather wasn't that bad, they would open all massive windows for light and fresh air as well.

After all, these sorts of heavy snowstorms only occurred at most twice a week.

So the other days were fairly standard.

So they could open their windows and let things pass on like that.

Having outdoor farms during winter was ridiculous since the majority of the time, the snowy & windy storms would uproot whatever was planted.

Worse, someone could fly into a crop bed and destroy the harvest goods there instead.

The lives and livelihood of the people here were clear, precise and direct when it came to the weather.

Anyway, that was the common weather Pangord was used to.

But now, they told him that there's even greater monstrous weather outdoors, which shocked him silly.

Was this still the same city he was used to?

And if they could not even fight against the ordinary weather, then how could they disperse such a monstrous one?

Their only option here was to see the damage level such weather could cause.

The more Pangord thought about it, the more he felt he was right.

There's a chance that their stone buildings might be able to withstand any blows from it.

But there's also a chance that this weather might do real damage.

So they had to be vigilant.

That said, he knew that no matter what the case might be, the enemy wouldn't free them from the dungeons and might even be willing to let them get buried by the chaos.

So why not do the suicide option and die together with these bastards?

Of course, he could also manipulate them as well.

They didn't know what he knew. So he was king. In short, he held power.

A cold light flashed through Pangord's eyes.

Want to survive?

Then they had to do what he said.

.

Pangord looked at the bastards before him and sneered: "Hahahahaha! You kill 2 of my sons, make my other sons slaves, have your way with my daughters and wives, and dare come here to ask for my help? Is it that your heads have been pushed out from too much killing that you dared to show your silly faces before me?"

Pangord released all his pent-up anger, which in turn enraged the many Adonis followers as well.

"YOU SHUT UP! How dare you speak to the Holy Monkard in that manner?"

"Bastard! You should be happy that your daughters and wives had even touched his holy body."

"That is, our Holy Circle of Adonis elders cleansed their filthy bodies. Yet here you are being nothing but ungrateful."

"You dare refuse the divine blessings from above?"

Tsk! It's bastards like you that make me feel disgusted!"

"F***! You better shut up!"

What the hell are you complaining about?

Be lucky that you were even spared at all.

How dare you speak to the Holy Monkard like that?"

Everyone was sitting fire the more they listened to Pangord.

Where did he even get the ego to talk back to them?

Were they on the same level?

No! Did they even enjoy the same level of air or sunlight?

F***! Just thinking that this lowly nonentity was talking to them made their faces get overly distorted.

If not for the fact that they needed him alive, they wouldn't have minded slitting his throat ages ago.

How Preposterous!

(*^*)

....

Pangord didn't care much for their disdain and fixed his swollen, purplish eyes at Fidelis with a sly smile plastered on his lips: "Whether you think I'm worthy or not doesn't matter, right? After all, if I'm not worthy, then why waste your time talking to me? Aren't you all just contradicting ourselves? Well, that's neither here nor there. The main thing is that you all want to know how to disperse the winds, correct?"

Fidelis squinted his eyes coldly: "Hm."

"Hahahahaha! If you wanted a favour, then why didn't you ask like this in the first place? Heh. Don't you know that you'll make it far in life if you use this approach instead? Well, let's keep your bad manners out of the way first. You all are here to get information from me. And in truth, as the city lord, I'm more knowledgeable and have read way more ancient texts in higher Roma than most here. And since time is the issue here, you don't have time to read them. So you're all smart to come to me straight. That said, I do have some conditions if I'm going to assist you all."

Fidelis raised his eyebrows playfully: "Oh? Interesting."

Fidelis knew that this guy wouldn't be easy.

But so what?

Adonis would never let them loose!

Chapter 1107 - An Agreement Amongst Foes

Pangord was determined to have his way.

If they wanted to 'survive,' then they had to listen to his demands.

Fidelis squinted his eyes playfully at him.

He was well aware that the dynamics of power had just shifted.

But if this guy thought that he would be able to make any big waves while staying here, then he was too naive!

Even if they fled the estate, his men were everywhere.

So catching them wouldn't be an issue.

In fact, if they did any funny business and got away with it, he would put the guy's remaining family to death.

At that point, the guy would only blame himself for his stupidity.

Who asked him to go against Adonis?

Heh. Of course, they wouldn't be stupid enough to kill him after that.

He was more valuable alive than dead.

Fidelis looked at him in amus.e.m.e.nt, wanting to see just how far this man could go: "We'll, what is it? Speak up!"

Pangord lifted his head arrogantly: "It's simple. I want you to free my wives and children first. Don't worry. I won't be stupid enough to let them run away. I just want them, especially my imprisoned sons, to live comfortably in the estate. And don't think you all can double-cross me on this one. Believe it or not, even after Winter, you all know that Spring here is also monstrous. So if you go back on your words, then don't even think of me helping you all then!"

Fidelis and Pangord stared at each other for a full minute before Fidelis finally made up his mind.

"You 4! Free his some, get healers to attend to them and take them to one of the comfortable rooms above."

"Yes, your Holy Monkard!"

"Are you satisfied now?"

"Satisfied? How funny.

Like I said, I don't trust you.

So unless you personally show me that my family is okay, then you can forget about it!" Pangord exclaimed.

What did he look like?

A 5-year-old kid?

For all he knew, they wouldn't do what he said, so he could only use his eyes to ensure things for himself.

Fidelis raised one brow a little angrily: "Look! We don't have time for these shenanigans of yours. The monstrous winds could be hitting this place any time soon. So do you really think we have time to make all your wishes come true?"

Pangord chuckled: "Heh? Time? What happened to time? Look at you... Where is your faith? What happens to the Almighty Adonis? If he wants you all to survive, then he wouldn't allow anything to hit

these buildings. Hey! Believe in him more. He will definitely buy more time for you all to fulfill my wish. After all, Adonis is all-powerful, right?"

" "

Fidelis and the rest were made speechless by Pangord

They opened and closed their mouths with black lines on their faces.

What he said did in fact make sense, but as humans, they still wanted to rely on themselves more, lest a disaster struck them.

But since this bastard had mentioned them losing faith in Adonis, they couldn't help worrying a little.

Hopefully, Adonis in the heavens wouldn't be listening in on them.

If they got any divine punishment, then it must have been that Adonis felt their doubt in him.

So now, their only option was to hurriedly complete the bastard's wish and silently pray for Adonis to hold back the hands.

Dammit!

They were playing with fire here, alright?

Fidelis gritted his teeth and hurriedly instructed his men to release the smug-faced city lord Pangord as well.

Time was not on their side for further discussions, arguments or settlements.

They had to let this man see for himself how his surviving family was doing.

"Free this bastard! Free him now!"

~Pang!

Pangord massaged his bloodied wrists victoriously.

And even though he didn't understand the language they used when issuing out commands, he still got hints that they would genuinely abide by the rules of his game.

You want info, then you have to play the way he wants.

He also knew that once he gave out everything, then his end would be near.

That said, he still didn't know how to deal with the matter outside, and that's why he had to come up with a strategy or plan that made it look like it was Fidelis' men who messed up everything.

Yes.

He would give them a not-so-detailed plan. And while they executed it, he just had to make sure that there were some confusing details in his plan that made some Adonis followers mess up.

From there, it wouldn't be his fault, as everything would be blamed on the incompetence of these foreign bastards.

Pangord flicked his wet hair off his face with a sly grin plastered over his mouth.

The dark, musty underground dungeon, coupled with his overly bloodied face, made it hard for anytime to see his true expression once he tilted his head downwards.

And as they escorted him out of the cell, Pangord was already cooking up his plan in silence.

Step 1 had been accomplished.

But he still had a long, long, long way to go.

With that, Pangord and the rest hastily walked along the narrow dungeon hallways, everyone having different thoughts as well.

Now, everything seemed fixed in place, with them all knowing what they wanted to do.

That's why when they suddenly saw 4 bloodied Adonis followers rush in and drop to their deaths right before their very eyes, their brains all went blank in confusion and alertness that they couldn't help taking a few steps back as well.

Here they thought they were the only players in the game.

So who was it?

Who was it that attacked these Adonis Followers?

Pangord was also alert as well.

Were they foes or allies?

This was what he wanted to know!

And sure enough, everyone didn't need to think so long because soon, their enemy came rushing in like crazy.

"Freeze! Drop the hostage now!!"

" _ "

Chapter 1108 - A Master Gamer!

"Freeze! Drop the hostage now!"

" _ "

Eh?

Fidelis and his men blinked in a daze while watching the men in black rudely storm in with no manners whatsoever.

F***! Didn't they know that they were in the presence of the Holy Monkard?

Adonis will surely have their heads for this blatant show of disrespect!

Everyone sternly watched Marine Lieutenant Waldo and his team carefully advance closer to their targets while holding their black sticks in their hands.

Of course, they dared not make any impulsive moves because the hostage was held on so tightly to the enemy that one wrong move and they might accidentally kill or injure the already battered hostage instead.

As for Fidelis' men, they too drew out their swords and wh.i.p.s in defence, with many surrounding Fidelis.

They were more concerned with keeping their Hoky Monkard alive because he was the closest thing to Adonis and could manifest Adonis's might to wipe out the enemy cleanly.

But while these men were more focused on defence, Fidelis and Pangord were going through their words in their minds.

[Freeze! Drop the hostage now...]

Hostage?

Hmmm... Just the word hostage alone made them realize that these people were here to rescue Pangord.

This excited Pangord so much that he felt a massive surge of energy hit him, giving him hope and making him more energized than ever.

Of course, he also worried for these people as well.

To him, they might've come in here to save him, meaning they were probably far less in number than the Adonis followers.

After all, over this last year, he had learnt that they not only occupied the entire city but numerous other cities and regions as well.

So one would need a proper empire-scale army to rescue them.

And quite frankly, he couldn't come up with any empires that would be willing to risk the lives of so many people just for their sake.

In fact, the main reason why people wouldn't dare to help out was because they wouldn't want Adonis's wrath on them.

Being leaders of empires or nations also meant that they had to protect their people selfishly, even if it meant turning a blind eye to others in need.

Why? Because it was a fact that Adonis was stronger.

So what were their chances if they helped out?

They would just be inviting manslaughter to their homes too.

Pangord couldn't think of anyone who would be so noble as to enter the fire, knowing damn well that they would lose.

This world was constantly making even good people turn bad.

So everyone had closed their eyes to the dangers around.

It was rare to see truly selfless people in this world.

That's why Pangord felt it impossible for an entire empire to risk it all and reap the wrath of Adonis' people just to free them.

No doubt it should be people from some assassin guilds or any other organizations probably out of Zalipnia that were said to rescue him and a few others.

Wait. Could it be from one of the neighbouring empires in Romain?

Or was it his in-law's family in Zohl?

Yes. One of his wives was from one of the Zohl empires. She was blue-skinned while he was dark-skinned.

Pangord's mind was full of worry at the notion of these people being sent by any of his wives' families.

If anything went wrong, then they too would get targeted.

Dammit! This wasn't good!

.

Fidelis also thought in line with Pangord as well. He thought they were small assassins who only wanted to rescue Pangord, meaning that they had close ties with him somehow.

In fact, he was impressed that they had made it this far without getting caught.

But this would no doubt be the end of the line for them.

Did they want to attack him with those tiny sticks in their hands?

Were these some new assassination blades that were now popular?

No! There weren't any sharp ends on it. So it was at most a metal stick.

He just didn't understand what the hell these people were thinking.

Nonetheless, he wasn't worried at all.

Heh.

They didn't call him Holy Monkard Hammer Hands for nothing.

With his sacred hands, he would crush their skulls with just a single hit.

Even his men were tough as well.

He didn't believe that anyone amongst tense lowly regions could stand shoulder to shoulder to anyone from Adonis.

So what was there to be scared of?

These intruders in black were fighting a lost cause.

"Who the hell are you all?"

I advise you to turn back now, or the consequences will be far worse than you can imagine!" Fidelis said while arrogantly staring at the pieces of crap before him.

No... He stared at them as if looking at corpses instead.

Marine Lieutenant Waldo chuckled lazily: "So, you think you're better than me? Well, I admit that your physique looks tougher, and you might even have more experience than I do. And all this would have been great and all. But you just so happen to come across me."

Fidelis squinted his eyes sternly: "So, what are you saying? Are you saying that you're better than me in battle?"

"Eh? Heavens no!"

Somehow, hearing this answer, Fidelis unknowingly felt relieved.

"Then if you know you're fighting a losing battle, then why bother?"

"Well, it's because I'm better at gaming than you!"

" "

Fidelis and the rest who had lost their train of thought, couldn't help looking at the assassins before them like fools.

What does playing games have to do with this?

Or could it be that gaming was training?

Was this moron saying that training with comrades was far better than gaining real experience with enemies?

Everyone felt like these people were idiots, but Waldo couldn't care less about their attitude.

"Like I said, you may have a better physique, but I'm a master gamer.

So tell me, do you know of a game called Finding Waldo?

Well, if you don't, that's okay.

I don't mind showing you how it's done."

With a smile on his face, he quickly looked at a few others slyly.

"Ginger! Scully! You and your squads focus on freeing the other prisoners.

Elaine, James, Brody, Nina! You're with me.

Come.

Let's teach our new friends here how to Find Waldo!!"

Chapter 1109 - Finding Waldo

The air grew tense as both sides looked at each other with vigilance.

Every team quickly communicated amongst themselves.

Waldo's teams nodded in understanding after getting brief orders of who would rescue the hostage, free the other prisoners, fight the guards before them or keep a lookout on things.

At the same time, Fidelis and his men also talked in their native language about what to do.

Fidelis took out his 'Holy Gloves of obedience' and wore them on.

The glove was 85% made out of leather. But the other percentage was because of the iron parts placed on the outer areas where the knuckles would be.

It was also super flexible, as he could fist his hands or flex them in whatever way he wanted.

And of course, the inside of the gloves was very thickly cushioned so that he didn't feel the iron against his flesh when punching an opponent.

These were the 'Holy gloves of Obedience' that were pleased by personally blessed by their leader and given to people of his Temple ranking.

A few people of lower rankings got copper encrusted gloves instead.

Some people with higher rankings got rubies and even diamonds on their gloves instead.

The diamond was painstakingly cut at the center, leaving the bland cut part against the gloves and the sharp part facing the opponent.

One slash to the skin could tear off their opponent's skin or face like crazy.

Just a single slash had taken out a person's eyeball during battle before.

Of course, they had stolen this idea from Morgany some centuries back.

Sigh, it would be even good if he got the diamond ones.

Blame him for not doing more work in Adonis' name and advancing his rank.

Nonetheless, his silver encrusted leather gloves were more than enough to deal with these lowly bastards before him.

Fidelis quickly wore his gloves and clashed them together in an arrogant, intimidating manner, as if saying: 'You want a piece of this?'

~Bash! Bash!

Waldo looked at the overly excited Fidelis and shook his head wryly.

Heh. Too bad he had already seen monsters like his majesty, the king-father and even warden Mitchen.

He had seen and felt the aura of those monsters, so how could this one intimidate him?

Of course, he didn't deny that the gloves were particularly eye-catching, alerting him to be overly observant during the battle.

Now, he had to rely on his skills to beat his arrogant Worshipper.

.

~Crack.

Waldo also cracked his knuckles and also bashed his hands together too.

What?

So only that guy had the right to intimidate people?

And soon, his walk turned into a run.

In short, the more he advanced, the faster his run began.

Fidelis' heart suddenly tensed up, and his eyes became overly focused while watching Waldo advance.

He wanted to hit this bastard in one punch and get this done and over with A.S.A.P.

He still had the weather to focus on, remember?

He squinted his eyes coldly, focusing them like missile targets.

And the moment his eyes locked on and predicted Waldo's next move, he swiftly launched a full swing forward with great arrogance.

"Oh, ye, God Of the world, Adonis, the creator. I summon thee to the gloves of Obedience to bring your lost child to you once more.

With your Holy blessing, I shall smite this bastard to a pulp.

Lowly child, accept your punishment!"

With that, Fidelis released a mighty punch that could shake many in this world.

But sadly, he had miscalculated his opponent's steps.

Just when Waldo got too close enough, he suddenly ducked underneath his Fidelis' punch and stealthily moved behind Fidelis.

From there, he tapped his opponent's shoulders playfully: "Where's Waldo? He's right here."

~Slash!

Waldo stabbed Fidelis' lower back, shocking him silly.

How... How could this be?

Fidelis' heart sank as he hastily turned around while still delivering another punch.

But once again, Waldo had somehow followed his move, positioning himself behind Fidelis yet again.

"I'm Waldo. And I'm over here."

~Slash! Slash!

"Over here!"

~Slash! Slash! Slash!

Why?

Fidelis' gritted his teeth in anger and pain when he thought of all the stab wounds on him.

He soon realized a pattern with the stab wounds.

The first attack only resulted from a single stab.

Then the 2nd came with 2 stabs and the 3rd with 3.

So did this mean that as time went on, the number of stab wounds increased alongside the number of attacks?

Blame himself for underestimating his enemy.

That's right.

One couldn't deny the fact that he hadn't fought with all his might since he wanted to win using little strength.

In fact, he just wanted to please his ego.

After all, he and his people were far supreme from people here.

And one shouldn't forget that he had been here for an entire year and a few months now, with no one being his opponent.

When he fought people here, it was like stealing milk from a baby.

So he undoubtedly treated the enemy like those he previously fought.

But now, he realized that if he didn't get a full grip of himself and used his max strength, then he would definitely lose.

He hated to admit it, but this bastard before him did have skill.

Nonetheless, it still wasn't enough to take him down.

.

Waldo felt the change in his opponent and squared himself up seriously.

He knew that now, their real battle would begin.

~Cackpui!

Fidelis spat out the little reminisces of blood in his mouth and calmly advanced towards Waldo instead. He was done playing these games.

Where's Waldo?

Heh. The game should be rephrased: 'How long before Waldo dies?'

That would be the best game played because he was not about to go soft anymore.

Now, like an unstoppable Terminator machine, he quickly rushed towards Waldo murderously.

'Bastard! You are dead!'

Chapter 1110 - Battle Concluded

~Tap. Tap. Tap. Tap~~

With brisk steps, Fidelis dashed towards Waldo at full force.

~Bam!

Waldo crossed his arms against his c.h.e.s.t and blocked Fidelis' iron-spiky glove attack with his black-coated arm shield

But even with that, he was still but was pushed back by Fidelis' sheer strength.

Fidelis smirked when he saw this and dared not let this bastard go.

Yes. Even with his injuries, he didn't feel the pain while in the heat of the battle.

His ego swelled up purposefully as he began landing heavy blows and kicks at Waldo.

~Bam! Bam! Bam!

~Slash.

Fidelis smiled broadly while looking at the blood dripping from Waldo's fingers.

Waldo shook his hands slightly while staring at Fidelis coldly.

This entire time, he first defended against several attacks before deciding to dodge them instead.

Without a doubt, his opponent was bigger than him and had more stored strength than he did.

So his attacks were way more brutal and deadly.

Waldo tried defending but was always overpowered.

He was a Marine soldier and wasn't part of the military Shaolin soldiers who would've had no problem with this and probably crushed this guy's wrists if they wanted to.

That said, even though his opponent had a bigger body and probably weighed more than he did on the scale, this didn't mean that he couldn't win against the big guy.

All humans had deadly pressure and kill points on them.

Locate the closest, tap and paralyze or kill the opponent if accurate.

Previously, he had been touched and observing his opponent discover any hidden objects on the big.

And he realized that underneath this guy's holy cloak was a thin metal armour around his c.h.e.s.t and back.

The guy's shoulders were also protected as well.

And judging from the ease at which the guy carries them around means that they aren't all that heavy.

Nonetheless, if this guy had been wearing this daily, then his body should've been tempered as well.

still

Well, he also observed that this guy's legs were also free with no protective coverings too.

With all that, he continued dodging while coming up with the perfect strategy to get closer to his opponent.

And while slightly distracted, he made a mistake.

He allowed his opponent to accidentally injure one of his fingers.

F***!

Luckily, he stepped back on time, or that finger would've been sliced off clean.

.

Waldo flexed his hand severally as if trying to get used to the pain.

Fidelis who saw this laughed in hysteria: "Bahahahahaha! Now, you know what fear is? When you were stabbing me earlier on, it was all because I allowed you to. I wanted to pity lowly creatures like you before you die. And as you guessed, now the pity party is over. Heh. It's time for you to die, heathen!"

Fidelis rushed towards the somewhat scared Waldo in arrogance.

Yes. Yes. Finally, he would have his revenge!

Fidelis was almost mad at this point, but before he could even say the words: 'Duck, duck, goose,' he suddenly found himself falling uncontrollably.

~Plop.

What just happened here?

And before he knew it, something unexplainable happened.

Hello... Did anyone see what happened?

Waldo, who was now suddenly behind him, chuckled a bit.

While acting scared, he had been slowly lowering the big guy's guard down.

The easier way to do this is to inflate one's ego and sense of belonging.

The military psychology classes were right.

Sometimes, acting weak during battle could be the sole cause for victory.

He wasn't as strong as his opponent, so overpowering Fidelis was impossible.

As for what he did, that was simple.

Just when his opponent had stepped too close and was already blinding with thoughts of how things would go down in his mind... Waldo gathered all his momentum, lowered his body and twirled smoothly, acing himself behind his opponent.

But while doing so, he didn't forget to give a deadly hit to the Sciatic Nerve located around the inner t.h.i.g.h region.

His opponent's legs were wide apart. So hitting it wasn't that hard to do.

And something like himself who has trained for years knew exactly what to do.

And that was how the mighty giant who had run, stopped and concentrated his weight on his right leg while striking a blow, ended up falling when that leg gave way.

.

Fidelis fell in disbelief.

What was this?

How could his body suddenly give way?

It was so abrupt that he almost thought he was possessed.

Now, he tried lifting this same leg but couldn't do it at all!

All he felt was a numb sensation across his entire right leg as if some connection had been broken within his leg.

But what he didn't know was that he was absolutely right.

It originated from the b.u.t.t glutes and headed right down to the toes.

There was even a medical condition called Sciatica that was described as electric or a burning and stabbing pain when this nerve was injured.

People had even described it as walking on needles even after the numbness went away.

Well, at least all this was for the meantime and could heal after the Nerve was okay and not inflamed anymore.

The moment Fidelis was hit, his body stopped as if being electrically shocked and slumped down without his permission.

He, a man of this era, had no idea of what the hell just happened here.

Could it be that this bastard had used sorcery on him?

Fidelis was both confused and afraid.

Yes. Afraid that he might never use that leg again... Unless he found another sorcerer to undo the spell.

Me. Sorcerer, where are you?

[Baymardian Doctors]: "_ "

....

Like so, Waldo and his men cleaned things up swiftly.

Of course, they didn't kill Fidelis since he seemed to be the highest-ranking person around.

His majesty Landon would decide his faith.

At the same time, Pangord who had watched the entire thing was supported away towards one of the rooms for medical attention.

"My family... My family... Please, help them."

Waldo rubbed the tired man's hands, putting his mind to rest: "Sleep peacefully. We will try our best."

Pangord's body quivered gratefully: "Thank you."

With that, he rested his tired eyes for the first time in 2 days.

He was exhausted.

But for the first time in a long while, he slept with a warm smile on his face.

Don't ask him how he knew, but he had a hunch that the storm would soon be over.

Zalipnia was saved!