

TECHNOLOGY 1111

Chapter 1111 - Hs Plans

"~Hmuooh~."

Pangord m.o.a.n.e.d in pain while struggling to raise his heavy eyelids.

That was the best sleep he has had in the last year.

But even though he wanted to stay in his semi-awaken state, something quickly popped into his mind, giving him a sense of urgency.

The battle!

His entire body tensed up as he forcefully opened his eyes, sending them in all directions while trying to make heads or tails of his surroundings.

It was simple.

If he were still in chains, then he would have a pretty good guess at what happened after he closed his eyes earlier on.

And by his side, and all around the hall, were several beds with people on them and strange tube things attached to them as well.

Then, several people in all white, wearing transparent gloves and a face mask that only covered their mouths and nostrils.

They also held something similar to paper and placed it on some wooden boards.

From time to time, someone would write something with some feather pen he had never seen before as well.

But that wasn't all!

No... The most shocking thing was that there were several metal-like boxes stationed around strategically that showed tiny people in them.

The thing was in a strange language, but the words below were in Roma.

Okay. Now, he was confused and a little panicked.

What was going on here?

But he didn't recall having all this, so what the hell?

Could it be that he wasn't in Hertfilia anymore?

Pangord's awakening had called the attention of some nurses.

2 went to see him, while one went to call the doctor A.S.A.P!

Of course, Landon, Lucia and the rest had to be made aware as well.

1 day and 11 hours had gone by since they defeated Adonis.

.

To put it into retrospect, they defeated Adonis on day 1 and spent time looking for any or all Adonis followers who might still be hiding heaven knows where.

Of course, they struggled to begin medical attention to those in need, even all through the night.

And yes. Even with the heavy storm, they still began visiting each home, transporting all those in need to the palace estate or the city hall.

Most were kept in the city hall.

They also took care of the Adonis sh.i.p.s as well.

Like so day 2 came, and the terrible weather ended around 3 A.M.

The winter sun shined brightly, contrasting the previous weather from earlier on.

Now, they knew it would be safe to move about.

That said, they continued counting the injured, recording and attempting to identify the unfortunate deceased.

Of course, this would take longer to deal with since they also had to consider any reports of missing people, as well as continuously sweep through the forest regions in search of any Adonis followers who had somehow managed to escape their grasp.

They didn't kill Fidelis and a few others because they left that for these people to vent their anger on.

.

Over a year and something, countless children, wives and whatnot, were rapped and discarded like trash after death.

So who wouldn't be angry?

Husbands were slaughtered, some taken as slaves and even burnt alive too.

The population here had gone down immensely due to this struggle.

And everyone had grievances in their hearts to let out.

Landon wouldn't come against them doing what they wanted with Fidelis.

The only prisoners he had planned to take were the bigger bosses in the Capital city.

He needed at least 12~20 of them for what he planned to do some years in the future.

One shouldn't forget that a while back, after completing his side-mission that involved Henry and Sirius, he had been awarded facial reconstruction techniques for identifying dead bodies through bones, and also disguise techniques that could be used in both movies when creating monsters or ageing an actor.

More importantly, the disguise technique could also be used on missions to create face masks that look identical to the target's face.

That's right.

Down the line, they would sneak people into Adonis.

But they needed to imitate the way the people walked, talked and so on.

Way back... Apart from the sole purpose of improving prisoners, he also took them in with this thought in mind.

Disguising one's self as the enemy right down to the flesh was going to be helpful in future.

So he needed those prisoners in high standings to steal their identity and infiltrate the place alongside others.

Many people couldn't see why he would take them in.

But he had his plans.

That said, because of all the work that needed to be done here, Landon and the rest had long planned to leave a certain team to stay behind and look after the people.

Also, 3 Navy battleships and one transport ship would stay behind, while the rest sail towards certain coastal regions around Zalipnia.

Like so, day 1 and day 2 had time by.

And now, day 3 was here with the sun still out.

Well, this was March, and in 2 weeks, Spring would begin.

The doctors had already hooked several large solar panels outside the hall's windows and had brought the cables inside through the windows.

Of course, because it was still winter, they dared not open the windows all the way for the cables to pass.

They only opened and created a tiny crack on the windows for the cables to pass into the room.

It was Lucia's idea to allow everyone to watch the same movie all at once.

It was hilarious because since they brought in a lot of TVs and wanted everyone to hear the same thing, the nurses had to press 'play' at the same time for this.

Those who had been awake yesterday enjoyed watching Game of Thrones so much that they spent the night talking about it.

It was almost as if their worries had been thrown out the windows.

Some were also focused on reading a few Books in Roma that were donated by the church and a few people as well.

Several donations were made to the people in Roma who were undergoing war.

So it was okay for them to get these storybooks and read.

The good thing was that people mostly donated items written or done in Roma.

Of course, clothes, blankets and whatnot were donated as well.

.

Anyway, that was how things went while Pangord was asleep.

But now that he was finally awake, then it was time to talk.

They had to round things up and head towards the next settlement for war!

Chapter 1112 - On To The Next!

Pangord struggled to get up but was gently pushed back by the nurses.

"Please rest. The doctor will be here soon."

Doctor?

What was that?

Pangord was even more frightened, but seeing the care they have him, he knew he wasn't in danger.

After all, what was there to be afraid of if the other Zalipnians on the other beds were busy enjoying themselves silly?

He realized that those in the hall were all no less here in his city that had also been locked up in the dungeons too.

F***!

They didn't even realize that he was awake.

That's how deep they were immersed in whatever they were looking at.

Pangord took the cup of water and drank it before opening his eyes in shock.

There was no mouldy or under-pot taste in it.

Even if water was boiled, it always left a certain taste in his mouth.

In fact, everyone was used to that taste.

That was the sign of boiled water and purity to them.

If water was boiled and they couldn't get that taste, then it wasn't cooked long enough.

Stream and Spring-sourced water was also clean to them and didn't need much boiling.

But dirty water to them were those gotten from the wells, muddy regions and so on.

Those needed to get boiled.

At the same time, that from the sea was salty and bad for them.

That said, after tasting the water given to him, he couldn't believe it.

How could water be so clean?

It was a miracle!

Very greedily, he gulped the entire thing with a few drops falling from the corners of his mouth.

~Tahhh~~

Refreshing!

He closed his eyes and licked his lips as if savouring the essence of what he drank

Damn. Where did they get the water from?

He was about to ask for seconds, when he suddenly noticed the clear, flexible cup in his hands.

What was this?

But to him who knew nothing, he felt like it was a priceless artifact.

It looked so simple, yet so brilliant.

Moreover, he had never seen any material like this before.

Of course, Plastic was something he never knew of.

All the raw materials, additives, catalysts, chemicals, machines and theoretical chemistry, physics and whatnot behind it, from boiling points, pressures, and other essential factors... He would never have known how much work was put into making this tiny cup in his hand.

He didn't even have the chance to marvel about things more because very soon, he saw a man in white approaching him with something handing over his neck.

"Mr. Pangord. I'm doctor A.D Rudolf."

"Hmm," Pangord replied with his injured throat.

The nurse had already explained that 'Doctor' meant healer, so he was a little more relaxed than before.

They could speak it, but they weren't as good as he or his people.

But at least everyone could understand them and communicate with them too, irrespective of their mistakes.

This showed that Roma wasn't their primary language.

Duh! Their skin tone alone showed that they were outsiders.

So, who were they? Why had they helped them?

No. Who sent them?

Pangord listened to the doctor about his health in confusion for these people's origin, as well as what the doctor was saying.

Why did it seem like his doctor was so detailed more than the healers he was used to?

The doctor took his time, explaining the things they found wrong with him, even bringing up his old battle injuries.

And by the end, they prescribed him something called a pill and gave him a medical book as well.

' '

Okay?

.

Pangord was still very lost. But this wasn't an issue now.

Of course, the Baymardians teams staying here would explain more and more of these things as time goes on.

After all, they were to stay here for a month or 2 until Landon was done with all business in Zalipnia.

What was funny was that a Military filming crew had been assigned to shoot scenes of the aftermath of war, with the consent of the Zalipnians, of course.

And once the treaty was signed, it had to be recorded.

Both sides, be it Baymard or Zalipnia, could watch it for years and years to remind themselves of this agreement.

Everything needed to be said, clear and direct.

And all issues would be brought up one by one and discussed.

Of course after the war, Lucia wanted to give the goods they brought to several merchants here to put in their stores too.

As for the money gotten from these Adonis people, Baymard would take 40%, and the rest would get shared to each household, no matter how tiny the amount gotten was.

This was in a way, compensation for their dead loved ones.

Over here in this coastal town, they found Adonis sh.i.p.s with 21 heavy c.h.e.s.ts of treasures.

Again, the city lord's palace would also have to give out some wealth from their many treasure rooms too, to accommodate for the damage done as well.

From what they knew, each city lord or town lord had relief money for times like this, which were taken from taxes and kept in their treasure rooms.

This was a law here in Zalipnia.

So now that trouble had come, each native had the right to get a certain amount of money as relief money.

As for villages, they were somewhat under the rule of the nearby town lords, so they also had to get a certain amount for damage too.

Zalipnia was an organized place.

Before Baymard came into existence, Pyno had no such systems that took care of their people.

But here in Zalipnia, there were many systems put into place that made everyone live comfortably.

Here, it was hard to differentiate between the poor and the rich.

The differences were not as drastic as the situations in other places.

Most people lived, having 2 or 3 meals and the basic requirements in life, even with their bad weather.

And the situation was very similar all around Romain.

This was just one of the reasons why they were far better than Pyno in continental rankings.

Not to talk of their unique building designs that could put many buildings in Pyno to shame.

The main reason why they were very much willing to pay this tax was because of the destruction during winter and sometimes in spring.

With their deadly weather, they were used to taking compensation every year.

After all, they did it in tax, no?

.

Pangord was still lost in thought when he suddenly saw Lucia and the rest come in.

Princess?

Chapter 1113 - Zalipnia's Saviours

Princess? First prince? Second Prince?

pangord's eyes widened in shock after seeing the royals come in.

Just seeing them had eased his last suspicions altogether.

Good.

He and his city folks were in good hands.

When everyone else in the hall saw Lucia and the rest, they all struggled to get up and salute but were still pushed back by the nurses or told to stay down.

Of course, they still greeted them loudly.

"Your highnesses!"

"Your highnesses!"

"Your highnesses!"

Lucia and the rest nodded at them warmly before moving towards Pangord's direction.

Well, even though Pangord was in the same gigantic halls with everyone, they had placed him at the furthermore corner right up ahead, giving him a little privacy as well.

Additionally, one could see a U-shaped curtain around his bed as a sort of privacy as well.

Hos bed was the only one with this setting, and he had a personal Tv right in front of him too.

Of course, the entire time he had been unconscious, the bed curtains weren't pulled around his bed.

This way, the nurses could see everything from wherever they were in the room, lest an emergency occurred.

Spotting Pangord, the gang quickly stepped into his corner, and the nurses pulled the U-shaped curtains for privacy.

"Your highness... Sirs... words alone cannot describe my gratitude to you for saving my life and that of my families and city folks.

Once again, thank you!"

Andrew waved his hands casually: "Come off it! As royals of this great empire, it's our duty to look after you and everyone else. So there's no need for all this. We're just glad that you're okay."

"Thanks to you all, I and everyone else will be fine," Pangord said warmly.

.

For Pangord, he was only glad that they were saved from their misery.

At least his wives, daughters and 3 other sons were still alive... Even if the women had been defiled, he still couldn't blame anyone.

After all, it wasn't their fault, and they had no console over things.

He just hoped that this incident wouldn't leave any shadow in them.

Maybe it was because their bodies were tired, but no one got pregnant.

Of course, he wasn't too worried about his wives' fellows getting bigger.

Why? Because everyone knew that after 23 and above, women typically stopped bearing children.

They stopped releasing blood around that time.

So it was expected.

And even when younger, the women in Romain typically saw their menstrual blood flow only 3 or 4 times a year.

(In Pyno, they saw theirs once or twice a year.

Of course, this was all before Baymard started educating women who visited the hospitals. And now, things have picked up considerably with women at 30 getting pregnant or even receiving their periods 8 or more times a year.

A completely healthy, unstressed woman should receive hers 12 times a year every month.

.

Pangord wasn't worried about his wives getting pregnant since to him, they had long stopped being fertile.

No... What he worried about was his children getting pregnant.

Luckily, for some reason (torture, stress, etc.), they didn't get pregnant at all.

This was good.

At least from what the nurses had told him about his daughter in the next hall, he found that they were recovering smoothly.

As for his surviving sons, they were all within this same hall with him, in another far-most corner.

We, he would see them later on. For now, he had to find out the overall situation here.

Pangord darted his eyes between the royals and Landon curiously: "Your highnesses... This is?..."

"Zalipnia's saviour."

[Landon]: " _ "

.

The gang spoke to Pangord for over an hour, shocking Pangord silly.

Now, he was lying on the bed and switching his b.u.t.t in excitement.

Cars? Trucks? Pizza?

After the first 30 minutes got spent talking about serious matters and introducing Landon, Lucia had dived into her numerous adventures in Baymard and Pyno.

And the moment Pangord heard that the thing called vehicle was outside, he wanted to get up with all his might and see it for himself!

So this vehicle thing isn't pulled by don't have horses, donkeys or Kitas? (A creature that looks like a mix between a horse and a fox)

Pangord found all this to be incredible.

Awesome!

The fact that Lucia had said that her vision led her to Landon had made Pangord respect him even more.

The visions were never and had never led them wrong.

So he was indeed their saviour.

Just seeing how fast it took for them to deal with the enemy showed that they had the skills and the weapons for the task.

See? The Gods were always right.

Landon looked at Pangord, unfolded a map and placed it on Pangord's legs, while Mitchen and everyone else squished around too.

"3 A.M, we'll be leaving for the next settlement.

We plan to take the 'Hansho Pass,' right up to the Toikon Valley.

From there, our teams will split towards the Pegging Town, Linstrum Village, Boido Village and the other 3 villages there. We should be done with these places by tomorrow."

What?!!

Pangord's eyes opened in surprise: "Excuse me, Your majesty Landon. It would take 2 days on horseback to get through the Hansho pass, reaching the valley. And even the closest town from there is 6 hours away, while the further is at most 3 days away. So how can this all be done in a single day?"

Landon and everyone chuckled at Pangord's overly animated expression.

Lucia also found Pangord amusing as well.

Ah yes. This was the look of an ignorant v.i.r.g.i.n vehicle traveller.

If you've never been on it to witness its speed and comfortability, then of course, all this would be too mind-blowing.

Sigh...

Chapter 1114 - Found You!

Pangord looked at everyone's smile in confusion.

Is it something he said?

"City Lord Pangord. With my vehicles, we should be there in a couple of hours."

Boom!

Pangord's brain circuits were broken.

A couple of hours?

Why don't you say you can circle the entire Zalipnia in under a month?

Pangord massaged his temples in disbelief.

Looking at everyone's smile, it seemed that it was.

Forget it.

However, the entire thing was still too much for his mind to imagine.

Now he really wanted to see that vehicle thing.

Like so, they spoke about the general plan of action, as well as what they wanted Pangord to do while staying back.

The Zalipnias and Baymardians were teaming up here, so they needed to include them in their plans.

Landon looked at the Zalipnian map details.

First off, the entire Romain continent was a little over 2/3 the size of Arcadina.

That's how small the continent was when compared to Pyno.

To him, the empire of Zalipnia was just like a Province, state or prefecture back on earth, with a gathering of communities in them.

And Zalipnia was the 5th largest, with 11 cities, 18 towns and 29 villages.

And every place was somewhat spaced out, with a lot of greenery too.

Now, they had dealt with one coastal city, and tomorrow, they would be dealing with 3 villages out of 29.

Landon had a plan to ensure that they got to the Capital at most a week and a half away from now.

As for the other memories fighters away from, they would get to them after dealing with things in the Capital.

He had to be there before the deadline for the most probable time when Lucia's parents would get discovered.

He had to arrive before that time.

Blame him for being the messenger of the heavens.

Sigh...

.

Everyone remained fully focused, listening to their roles during this time.

"City Lord Pangord.

I will leave a few of my men behind to continue guarding the town while we advance.

We also have a few key things that need to be done during this time as well."

Andrew nodded his head and gave a few things for Pangord to briefly look at: "Yes. I will also leave a few of my men to assist you too. The things here must be done properly. We will also assist in repairing whatever was destroyed during this time. So once you're healed up, I expect you to be on the job!"

"Say no more, crown prince Andrew. It shall be done!" Pangord said seriously.

He won't fail on this mission!

Andrew nodded his head in satisfaction: "Good."

With that, they left him to heal up.

As for the things in the private documents, there were quite a few.

First, he had to continue working with Baymardians to check everyone's health or injuries, as well as properly take care of the dead and deal with the list of people still missing.

Up next, he would work with their security to keep a tight lock on his territory.

In short, health, security and reconstruction of several places was still his key focus.

Of course, he had to properly give everyone's compensation and relief money as well.

Everyone was generally given a standard compensation for one dead body.

But when it came to property damages, Pangord's team needed to go house to house to assess the things that got damaged.

.

This money was typically enough for them to stay at home all day for 2 whole months doing nothing.

In this era, this was indeed a lot!

But they paid taxes for it. So they deserved the amount.

They usually used the money to restock their stores, buy more grains, buy horses, and so on.

Also, Lucia had demanded that Pangord contacted a few merchants, or those who owned stores, for them to buy Baymardian goods at a discounted rate because of the war.

Anyway, because of their impeccable system in Zalipnia, they always had money.

So they could at least afford to buy warm socks for the winter, beddings and whatnot.

Because even though they did have money, their weather was brutal and killed them quickly here.

A nice warm blanket or sweater wouldn't kill anyone.

And one shouldn't forget about the solar light bulbs or even an ordinary lighter.

Lucia felt like canned food with long expiry dates, spices, dishwasher, soap, toothpaste, and basic necessities were already cheap.

So with this discount, they were getting too much off!

In fact, this was the time to buy, because once the war discount expires in 4 months, then forget it.

They'll buy them at the original cheap prices.

Again, she had brought a lot of learning books and cassettes in both Roma and Pyro.

It taught general knowledge like multiplication, language, ethics and whatnot.

Of course, it didn't go too in-depth on the main things in Baymard.

But funny enough, he had courses on Painting, sculpting, dog, horse, Petcare and information about the typical professions and techniques that already existed everywhere else in the world.

It just didn't cover the famous Baymardian professions.

Well, at least they even had a few cassette and book recipes from the famous chefs from Baymard.

.

Well, Lucia wanted the schools to start teaching people how to speak Pyron.

She felt like Baymard was the future, and anyone who didn't jump onto that wagon was a fool.

Plus, in the future, she intended to send more and more people from several professions to go to Baymard's open academies that welcome foreigners.

Even law school was a must!

Lucia, Jarvis and Andrew had plans for their people and dared not waste any more time.

Lastly, they wanted to improve a few key things like street sweepers in summer and fall and several other things they noticed in Baymard.

From cleaning agencies to Taxi agencies, they plan to open up several services with advice from Landon.

Look! They even wanted to organize their scattered rowdy market squares too.

No! Zalipnia was about to undergo one of the biggest changes since its beginning!

.

Pangord looked at the well-detailed document and swore to finish it up before the deadline written there.

1 month, 1 week.

Okay. He was pumped up!

And so just like that, as the days went by, Landon continued advancing deeper and deeper into Zalipnia, meeting several interesting people along the way.

In a flash, 1 week had now gone by.

And similar to Landon... In a very far away place, a certain man in black also had a smooth handle of things.

~Boom!

The massive walls broke and crumbled into rubble, followed by the countless screams of many.

The air was filled with whitish dust, making many cough uncontrollably amidst their tears.

~Din. Din. Din. Din.~~

In a flash, countless men rushed into the room and stood by the hole and the wall silently.

And soon, a figure appeared, passing through the hole and stepping into the room with a cruel grin on his face.

"Found You!"

Chapter 1115 - A Desperate Situation!

The man grinned at the shivering people behind the wall with a cruel expression on his face.

"Found You!"

The man's voice echoed out, making everyone shiver even more.

But no one was as scared as the 13-year-old Princess Tilda Lockhart of Dafaren.

She tilted her head downwards and tried her best not to shiver before the beast.

But it was just that her body had refused to over her decisions when it saw the mighty man slowly approach her.

~Thump. Thump. Thump. Thump.

His footsteps were death sentences to her ears, the closer he got.

But no matter how stubborn her body acted, she still refused to cheer before this brute!

With that, she gritted her teeth and stood amongst her trembling ladies in wait, who were still by the way, protecting her with her hands spread out.

Seeing her standing up and pushing her way to the front, the 21-year-old giant couldn't help smiling victoriously.

Want to run away from your fiance?

Think again!

.

The 13-year-old Tilda looked at the mad man before her with hatred in her eyes.

All this could be attributed to her good mother and father.

Yes. She was a royal princess, with Prince Skye being her half-brother and whatnot.

That's right.

Dafaren was the empire in Veinitta, where she resided.

Here in Dafaren, she had lived the life of a puppet.

Her mother didn't like her, only favouring her elder sister.

This was also because the healer said that she had swallowed all her mother's sons in her w.o.m.b.

So her mother could never have another make child anymore, other than her eldest brother, Prince Kievan.

And so from her birth, her mother had seen her as an enemy, treating her like trash.

Her father was also the same as well.

His majesty, Alexander Lockhart, only spoke to her once a year or sometimes once in 2 years.

He knew nothing about her and was more focused on his sons.

Well, somehow she did understand this matter.

After all, growing up, her father would travel to several regions across the empire, only returning months and months later.

Sometimes, a round trip was as long as 8 months away from the palace, and other times it was shorter or longer.

This, she could understand.

But what irked him was that when he came back, he would only see his sons and hardly saw his daughters, except 2 who were his favourites.

In truth, Alexander at times didn't know how many daughters he had.

If not for official ceremonies from time to time or coming of age ceremonies, he would never know.

To him, women didn't have much value to begin with.

.

Anyway, before her life-changing event, Tilda had no love or hate for this father of hers.

But after a certain decision took place that stamped her fixture, she would be lying if she said she didn't loathe him.

Just because a notorious visiting prince from the empire of Lingingburg had visited and taken notice of her, her father had readily sold her hastily... Courtesy of her mother's words, of course.

But this itself wasn't the problem.

As a process, she knew that she would one day get sold off.

But not to this time of brute!

The bastard before him was too famous in Veinita.

He had killed his other 3 wives by whipping them out to death.

And even when he visited Dafaren, he also loved whipping, beating and displaying his might out on the streets too.

He was a pervert who had r.a.p.ed countless girls.

And the way he looked at her gave her the chills.

Last time, they left both of them in a room alone, and he had already grabbed her body, doing unspeakable things to her while slapping her hard in the face as well.

She cried and complained, but everyone said that this was how he displayed his love for her.

In fact, he suggested that the fault was hers for putting up a fight.

Yes. He said if she didn't fight, she wouldn't have gotten hit.

Apparently, her actions have repercussions that she needs to be aware of and learn from her mistakes.

And so for the first time in a long while, she felt trapped with nowhere else to go.

.

Little Tilda didn't know what to do from there.

She got locked up in a woodshed for 3 days as punishment for resisting and cried for days, feeling that the world was too dark to live in.

From childhood till now, everyone treated her as if she were cursed.

Thanks to the omen she was tagged with from birth, even the palace servants were scared to get close to her.

The world was too dark for her.

Nonetheless, she did have a few people with her life that shone a little light into her life.

One was her maternal grandmother, who thought her mother was foolish and didn't believe that she was a bane.

One could say that her grandma loved her more than she loved her older sister or other grandchildren.

Her grandmother said she had a good heart and didn't for one second believe she was evil.

To her, Tilda was better than the scheming and dishonest hearts of her siblings and everyone around.

This, her grandmother snuck her people to be direct maids and servants around her.

She tried to protect her while not standing out too much.

And that's how she had a few peaceful days in the palace.

But after getting engaged with this bastard, her grandmother was also scared for her life and sent her people to take her out of the palace and flee.

But sadly, after travelling nonstop for just a day, her father's men, alongside her fiance's men, had found them here and killed off her guards.

And that's how she found herself in this mess.

Tilda thought of her life and fate feeling unwilling.

Why?

Why her?

Chapter 1116 - New Mission!

21-year-old Milnus licked his lips lustfully while looking at Tilda's body.

The more he looked, the more he couldn't wait to devour this little rabbit.

Of course he knew that no matter how he acted, if he didn't want to insult his majesty Alexander, he had to wait for her coming of age before he could pluck his ripened fruits.

Here in Veinitta, the official coming of age was 14 rather than 15.

She was still 13 years old now, and come September, that would be the moment he picked her up, after the ceremony, taking her to Lingingburg to enjoy his just rewards.

Of course, he would probably devour her that same night, after the coming of all ceremonies.

Of course, he had slept with girls way younger than her.

But because she was a princess, he had to keep his little man in his pants, or he could accidentally trigger war or put his empire at a disadvantage.

Here in the continent of Veinitta, there were only 2 empires, Lingingburg and Dafaren.

So the shrew Alexander of Dafaren might ask for some of Lingingburg's land as compensation for any disrespect towards him.

Alexander didn't mind his groping actions and other little things he did to the wee lass.

But if he were to pluck her fruit, or as they saw, open her doors, then that was where Alexander would flip.

That said, no matter how reckless Milnus acted, he knew what he could or couldn't do.

Because for one, if he f***ed up, then his royal father would have his head as well.

After all, Milnus was indeed the crown prince of Lingingburg, with his position constantly threatened by his royal brothers.

And apart from being playful, he was also a ruthless person who could get the job done when needed.

So far, he had never failed in any assignments his father had given him.

He did deserve the title of crown prince, even though his methods of doing things were always at the extreme end.

And wouldn't you know it, he was also a 4th-rank member of the T.O.E.P, which was already too high up there for so many people.

Now, just a bit more, and he would enter the lower sections of the real privileged people in the Order.

.

"Oh? Why don't you come closer?"

Tilda's entire body tensed up as if receiving a heavenly order that couldn't be disobeyed.

Her body moved on its own, and before he knew it, she was standing face to face with him.

"Good girl. Look. I don't bite, right?"

~Grip.

Very quickly, a wave of panic flooded Tilda's brain as she struggled to free herself while gasping heavily for air.

And without any warning, the bastard drew her closer and kissed her hard, making something within her snap even more.

"Brute! You let me go! You let me go now!"

"Hahahahaha! Little rabbit.

It's useless to struggle. Why don't you just accept your fate?

Sure. Half the women I've married have already died, but look on the bright side.

The other half are still alive, no?

So why not take this chance?

Or do you think that with your cursed life, anyone would be willing to marry you?" Milnus said playfully.

To him, he didn't believe in curses or even blessings.

He only believed in himself. So why should he be bothered if she were cursed or not?

She wasn't his only wife or future wife.

So if she couldn't give birth and ended up being barren, how was that his problem?

Again, he also doesn't believe that her curse would bring bad luck to him.

Why? Because so many people had said that he, himself, would one day face the consequences for all the innocent people he killed.

But please... That day would never come.

Just the fact that he was a member of the Order was alone to secure his future... Unless another member of the order killed him off during this year's killing period.

Looking at his struggling future wife before him, Milnus' man down there was getting overly excited.

He quickly kissed her again, making Tilda's eyes turn cold as the muscles along her jaws clenched.

No! She didn't want to be touched!

She didn't want to be touched again.

~Click.

Oh?

Milnus pulled away and licked the blood that was trickling down the side of his mouth.

Now, his previously playful expression had quickly turned murderous.

~Pah!

A loud, crisp sound echoed out, and Tilda felt a hot wave of heat on her left cheek.

She was slapped!

The force of the slap was so strong that Tilda felt her entire face burning.

Milnus gave her no time to react as he quickly released her, allowing her to stand on her own feet before raining countless more slaps and kicks at her.

"How dare you let a dignified person like myself hunt you down for hours?"

~Pah!

"Do you think I have time to waste on your female emotions and venting?"

~Bam!"

"A Royal Whore. That's what you are.

So you better listen up, and listen well! You are going to be my 11th wife, whether you like it or not!"

~Bam! Pah! Bam! Smack!

Tilda spat even more blood in pain, as her entire cheeks had now turned a frightening colour.

As for her body, she already knew that it would have more purplish patches on it as well.

Her mission soon became fuzzy as her mind slowly lost consciousness.

And so with her last ounce of consciousness, she couldn't help remembering the repeated dreams (visions) she always had of herself since childhood.

The dream of a girl about 15~18 years old that looked like herself.

In that dream, she was crowned Queen of Dafaren and had many friends and people who cared for her dearly.

The bond between them was so strong that it really surprised her.

The dream was mostly blurry yet warm.

But even though she couldn't remember everyone else's face or name, but knew they all had powerful positions too... Especially the person she called senior brother.

He seemed to belong to some small empire but had the most prestige amongst them.

She felt very safe and secure around this group of people.

But it was all a dream.

And she felt it was too ironic.

Her fate was so different from the her in that dream.

So how can they be the same person?

Heh. She must've been stupid to hold onto that hope.

With that, she closed her eyes and fell unconscious, leaving her fate to the cruel beats before her.

She had given up.

.

But unbeknownst to her, very far away, a sleeping Landon had just received yet another alert from the system.

~Ding.

[•Main Mission:

Rescue Princess Tilda Lockhart on her 14th birthday and place her on the throne before 18.

Note: Failure to do so will result in death.]

(-_-)

Landon stared at his pod ceiling and felt like crying.

Who?

Who is it again that's bothering him?

Chapter 1117 - This Was All?

Who?

Who is it again that was bothering him?

Landon hugged his blanket with invisible tears in his eyes.

The sleep in his eyes completely fled away as if running for its life.

Landon rubbed his pitiful eyes while pouting at the system.

Even if there was a mission, why not alert him on it when he got up?

Why did it feel like he was working a full day and night job here?

'Sorry, host. Your current time zone is different from the mission's target.' The system replied, with no ounce of remorse in its voice.

Landon tactfully chose to avoid it and look at the mission tab instead.

And after reading all through it all, he warped into the system's space and started making plans on his immaculate white desk.

Long story short, this mission had 2 parts.

And secondly, he had to place her on the throne before 18.

Alright.

Those are the main points he was working on.

Up first... before the big rescue mission in September, Landon planned to send another unit to go in and scout Dafaren's Capital city.

The scouts would go in at the beginning of summer, so this meant that they could use hot air balloons as well.

At night, the sh.i.p.s would stay at a safe distance far away from any bustling crowds of sh.i.p.s.

Following that, they would launch the hot air balloons into the air and begin their journey.

They would fly at night and hide during the day.

And when they were at an estimated distance of 5 days away from the Capital City by horse-back, they would then be dropped off.

And every 3 weeks, they'll take a 5-day ride back to the spot they were dropped off to report everything they knew, as well as the Capital's layout, alleyways and so on.

They had a lot of work to do and would stay there until the main rescue team came in September.

.

As for how they would know their way to the Capital, Landon had different thoughts on it

For one, since it was unlikely that no Baymardian had ever gone there, he first planned to find out from the Merchants about what they knew.

The problem was time.

He might not have enough time to take them all.

In fact, within Pyno, there were only a handful of merchants that dated risk going out of Pyno, and they were also the ones who gave him the maps of the seas to a certain extent or as far as they had travelled before.

Anyway, maybe a few of these people had gone to Veinitta before, but the problem was finding them again.

So it's unlikely that he'll be able to get answers from these merchants.

Meaning they would have to rely on themselves.

Which moves Landon's thoughts to plan B.

.

Before the hot air balloons leave the sh.i.p.s, a few people would go on land with different identities and indirectly ask the ordinary directions to the Capital city.

Some can claim to be village people of Veinitta who had never been to the Capital before, while others can even act as merchants as well.

Many people died without even seeing the Capital city, so this was common.

Of course, they would have to study the way Prince Skye and his gang talk in order to change their accent a little bit.

Anyway, when asking for directions, they knew that they wouldn't get straight directions at all.

And in the day, after landing and hiding their hot air balloons, they would go into the next town, city or village to ask for directions again.

Like so, they would continue moving forward.

But for sure, they still needed to be extra careful around these people.

From everything Landon heard about Veinitta, coupled with Prince Skye's arrogant rain of insults, he could easily conclude that empires in Veinitta like Dafaren, had forces that were stronger and far more vigilant than Pyno's.

So they had to be super careful not to compromise the mission.

One false move, and it might be game over.

Plus, he also heard that there were more and more hidden guilds, fortresses and cults there.

So they should be careful not to land around sacred grounds.

Of course, with their night and heat vision goggles, they best check things out at all times.

Just like how they rescued the poisoned Micheal from Terique a while back, they would go in with hot air balloons again.

They didn't want Veinitta to know that Tilda would be staying in Baymard, so they had to make everything seem like it was the work of some mystical cult.

After all, the system said he had to put Tilda between the ages of 15~18.

But she was just turning 14.

So surely there was a reason why they shouldn't rush to expose themselves yet.

Additionally, he also had to build Tilda's forces.

From the information about her, she had practically nothing.

At least even when Henry was weak, he had an army with him, though it wasn't that large.

But this girl's case was worse.

Landon looked through it again and even pressed the 'Next' button on his transparency interface in disbelief.

'System. Are you sure that this is all the information on her?'

'Host. Are you questioning my heavenly abilities?'

If I say that's all, then that's all.

So do your job and get her on the throne.

Remember, failure will result in death!'

Chapter 1118 - No-Babysitting Plan

Reading the girl's information, Landon's face turned grim.

Wasn't the system trying to set him up?

He massaged his temples in tears.

Tilda Lockhart.

She only had a few people from her grandmother's side.

Bear in mind that her grandfather gated her, so the old woman was probably helping her in secret.

Tilda was WEAK in all sense.

And then, he also had to find a way to turn and debunk that whole curse thing.

For this girl, as well as Ren in Baymard, he had a lot of work to do.

People don't just sit on the throne with no believers. That's how you poisoned, killed and his worst, babysitted by him.

Yes. Because if she were in any little danger, the system would send him, the babysitter in.

He had to fix this matter before putting her on the Throne.

And so though she was turning 14 this year, even next year when she turned 15 was too early for her to take the throne.

She didn't even understand anything about government and had to stay in Baymard to get inspired and come up with what sort of place she wanted her empire to be.

The decision was all hers.

But she needed knowledge and training to at least make that decision.

Even farming, agriculture and basic things have to be thoroughly planned out.

She might have to intern at the government site, just as Micheal's son Raul.

Ren was still 5 years old, so he had time to chill

But when it came to her, he had to take her in as his pupil, or else he would be stuck warping here and there and babysitting her nonstop.

He could already see his bleak future now.

But how could he be willing?

.

~Flick. Flick. Swish!

His hands didn't stop moving for a second as he detailed his plans as if facing the main examination.

(*□^□)

His future depended on this!

Tilda Lockhart had no idea that she had already become his pupil, alongside Ren.

Landon only hoped that airplanes would get invented when trying to put her on the throne.

Sigh... Things would be a whole lot easier with them around.

And this began Landon's No-babysitting plan.

Heh. Only time would tell.

But one thing was for sure.

By the end of this year, Baymard would've already made its first journey with the continent of Romain and Veinita.

This was just the beginning... The beginning of Landon's Treaty Signing Age, A.K.A, Global Unity.

And so just like that, Landon was immersed in his future plans.

As for his journey towards Zalipnia's Capital city, they should be there in 2 and a half more days.

Thus, the Zalipnian battle continues.

Meanwhile, in another faraway place, several people were gathered around what seemed to be a viewing tiny theatre-style auditorium room.

The auditorium was marvellous and well constructed, with enough viewing curtains and seats all around.

The maids did their jobs proudly as they poured water to the people in the room from time to time.

The auditorium circled a space that had 3 men; 2 who seemed to be assistants wearing blue robes and 1 whose attire was more lavish and red instead.

This man was the star of the show.

And just beside him and his assistants were 4 sick people lying on narrow beds down in the open space.

As for the audience watching, they too weren't oozed with riches as well.

Each person was dressed in a unique but wealthy attorney that screamed their nobility.

Indeed, the building itself, and even the people's healthy bodies and clothing, was far superior to those in Pyno and all other regions.

So where were they?

.

.

The Famous Morg Society of Medicine!

The name itself earned a thunderous reputation here in Morgany, as well as within countless empires.

It was Heaven to all healers who knew of Morgany's excellence.

If one couldn't get healed within the society, then that means that they were destined to die with whatever illness they got.

Its reputation was solid and had never been questioned!

People had faith in it, and for a good reason, since its healers had always seemed to perform miracles all over different parts of the world once invited.

It was the go-to place for healers and even a few midwives too.

If one came out and said they studied here, do you know how many pregnant women would pay money to have their babies get diverted by such a person?

One shouldn't joke with the reputation Morgany has been building for centuries.

And this, the Morg Society of Medicine, was a large organization between all Morg empires, allowing them to trade new medical discoveries, go on exchange programs, test new theories and so on.

They grew stronger as a whole and now opened countless academies and branches in each empire.

No matter whether one hated or loved Morgany, it was a fact that they were more united as a continent than several other places.

.

That said, over here in the Empire of Abian, the largest branch was within the Capital city and filled up a space paramount to 2 estates joint together.

The place was huge!

And studying here was a gateway into the beautiful world of healing all across the empire.

Again, they also studied poisons as well.

So it all came like a double-edged sword.

And at present, one of the most famous healers was performing his operation, while the audience was seriously taking notes.

That's right.

They held parchment papers and feathered pens, as they dipped it in ink made from blood, bones, etc.)

Of course, their school servants held their ink boxes beside them.

All the students listened and held great reverence to the famous healer below.

And standing at the corner to oversee this grand operation was the 3rd head of the branch.

He stood calmly in a private space, nodding his head in satisfaction when suddenly, his guard whispered urgently in his ear.

"Let him in."

With that, a 27-year-old man came in swiftly.

"Master! Master! We Have a problem.

The Pyno Clients are revolting!"

Chapter 1119 - Quacks!

"Master! Master! We Have a problem.

The Pyno Clients are revolting!"

...

The tension in the air was choking as the 40-something-year-old man seated on a luxuriously cushioned armchair, continuously oozed out bloodl.u.s.t in rage.

Abian Branch head, Walter Wallace III, looked at one of his apprentices with a murderous expression on his face.

"What did you say?"

On listening to Walter, the apprentice knew that his Master wasn't angry at him but at the underlying enemy, so he didn't take his Master's coldness to heart.

As for the apprentice, at 27 years old, he was already considered a real man.

After all, he had his coming of age at 15.

And for 12 years now, he had been working under his master and apprentice.

Of course, before he turned 15, he had taken both swordsmanship and healing classes.

He lived in the Capital city and moved from one academy to another to take his classes.

And after the coming of age ceremony, a person could decide to fully focus on sportsmanship/ battle techniques or focus on another profession instead.

But the catch here was that even when doing another profession, they would still have to have swordsmanship tests 1~10 times a year, depending on how busy their profession had made them be.

.

Anyway, everyone would get tested.

And if they fell below the basic Morg standard, then they had to take time off their profession to train harder.

Of course, these rules were there for those within the Main academies.

Morgany alone had so many different academies, be it Art, Research and whatnot.

Provided they were at a public Academy; then they had to follow these rules.

In short, there were rules to follow that kept Morgany on top.

He had been out of Morgany for close to 4 years now.

That's right.

He left Abian and sailed towards Yodan in Arcadina, spending over 7 and a half months at sea.

From there, he spent about another 7 months just from the shore to 3 clients in different regions.

Already, that was 14 months gone.

Anyway, his Yodan clients didn't seem to want his help, so he spent months again travelling to the shores.

From there, he sailed for 2 and a half months to Lingingburg, Veinitta, seeing a few clients there for a year and 4 months.

But that Wasn't all.

He then progressed to sail for 3 weeks to one of the empires in Tenola and another 7 months there.

Okay. He spent close to 4 years or even more out of Adian.

Now, he'll get scheduled to only do work in Abian for another 3 years before setting out again.

This was how a typical journey was like when one left the continent, they could spend years out before coming back.

And so now, he had to undergo 12 Swordsmanship tests to prove that he had still been training and hadn't been slacking around.

Morgany made sure that its people remained the best!

Of course, if one chose their primary profession as Swordsmanship after the coming of age, then that was when the grand door opened for them.

That's right.

They would start learning all the hidden skills, techniques and practice methods in Morgany.

Those who didn't choose this as their main profession would know the basic Morg battle skills... Which were still higher in standard than those everywhere else.

Of course, some noble clans had their secret techniques as well, so their clan children would've already started learning these techniques at the age of 7.

And funny enough, this empire of Abian was the same place where Ren's mother was.

In other words, Ren was their future Monarch.

But would it be easy?

Heh.

.

Back to the impending situation, Walter looked at his loyal apprentice calmly.

"You said they're revolting?"

"Yes. Master. They tried to hide it as much as possible, but my men and I could see it easily.

For the first client, when we got to his home, he claimed to have been cured and tactfully refused treatment."

"Healed? Is that Sir Haffins Graham?"

"Yes, Master."

"Oh? It's impossible for him to be healed.

His ailment can only be suppressed since it has no cure.

Alright. What about the other 2?"

"They claimed to be healed as well."

Walter's eyes turned colder when he heard this:" So in other words, someone is stealing our Morg clients? How bold! Who dares treat the clients that we, the Morgs, have set our sights on? Good! Good! It seems like someone likes to play with fire!"

The apprentice nodded while suppressing his rage.

The matter was a slap to their faces as proud Morgs.

Were these people saying that there were people better than them in treating illnesses?

They have more advanced and researched methods than any other place.

So, who was it?

Who was indirectly testing their waters?

Walter was furious!

The apprentice looked at his angered Master and understood his pain.

It was better for a patient to die without any treatment than to be treated by someone who wants their own.

They were the only rulers in this world.

So when they put their eyes somewhere, no one else could look there!

.

"Master, when I asked a little more, I was sure that our clients had met with quacks.

Master, we all know the importance of the 4 humors (A.K.A, bodily fluids); Blood, phlegm, yellow bile and black bile.

And keeping a good balance within the body is the key to good health.

These people did say that their pee was collected for studying, which should be done.

They probably took the pee to observe, sniff and determine what was what, which again is okay.

But they missed the most crucial step.

They didn't even do Bloodletting!"

"Preposterous!

Bloodletting is the most critical step!

You need numerous leeches to suck out the bad blood, or you need to cut the skin and blood out at least 1/6th a bucket of blood for the patient to get well!

Who? Who are the quacks?!

Dammit!

How dare they steal our clients and not even do a proper job?

That's basic healing!"

Walter's chest rose and fell in anger.

Good. Good.

They better pray he never found them, or he would have their heads!!!!

Chapter 1120 - A Medical Storm!

Walter was going crazy with rage!

The more he listened to his apprentice, the more he felt like slashing those quacks who dared to do such a messy thing.

The quacks hadn't done anything meaningful except take away the pee.

And even at that, he was sure that they did nothing with it at all.

Additionally, the client said that they sent a needle (syringe) into his hand that seemed to take out some amount of blood, but it was nowhere as near as the amount down when bloodletting.

That tiny amount wouldn't do anything to help cure the clients.

Even more shocking was that these quacks didn't bother giving the client herb treatment recipes prescriptions.

These prescriptions indicated what herbs needed to be crushed, turned into a paste and eaten, or rubbed on the body.

They also indicate how often the patient should take his medication.

That is, no Ghost Mandrakes, thorny mandrakes, sage leaves, chamomile, or even common, ordinary lintus leaf medicine recipes.

Walter didn't know whether to slap the clients for their stupidity or salute those quacks for actually fooling rich noblemen.

He knew people in Pyno were stupid, but this... This right here was something else.

Nonetheless, he was worried about the life or death of the clients.

He always believed that if there was someone he couldn't save, then that meant that they were destined to die.

That's how proud and confident he was about his skills.

Back to the matters concerning these clients, he was most concerned about the fact that these clients chose to go somewhere else for treatments, as well as the money.

.

One should know that the Morg Society of Medicine had a lot of all main clients all over the world, as well as those scheduled for appointments yearly, bi-yearly or e every after 3 years.

And these clients paid large heaps of money each time... Especially if they weren't Morgs.

Of course, Morgs paid the standard price range while others paid to cover the trip expense for the healers to come over to them.

Anyway, 55% of whatever gets paid goes to the Society, and the rest got divided between Masters and the apprentice that went out.

They would also replenish their pockets for the amount of money they used for all the travelling, eating and anything else they did during the trip.

The Society only had 5% of its clients from Pyno.

Yeah sure, they would still be left with a large chunk, even if Pyno left (95%).

But if they let this start or continue, then many clients in other areas might start pulling off as well.

Then there goes all their hard work.

They had to keep things in order and maintain their dominance.

At least those bastard clients had the heart to compensate them for the money they wasted on the journey, food and everything else while going to Pyno.

His apprentice said that only one client gave 1/3 the typical paid amount to pay them for their inconveniences for travelling to Yodan... while the last 2 didn't even give a single coin but indirectly told them never to come again and cancel his name off the list.

Just look at how much money the Society lost?

Because they were clients outside Morgany, they paid hefty amounts with several c.h.e.s.ts of gold, silver or copper for their repeated 3-year checkup.

It was even 50/10 times more, which made him feel better.

Nonetheless, wouldn't it be better with the extra money from the wretched Pyno people?

.

The more Walter assessed things, the more annoyed he was.

Who were those groups of people who were trying to steal their money and clients?

To him, their actions meant war.

No one steals a Morg Client. Everyone knows that.

So who? Who was it?

"Master. After getting the name of the place from the clients, we left and stayed in one of the inns, seeking information.

It's said that people from that place are a gang of barbaric and conniving thieves who have been blinded by hunger." The apprentice said calmly.

"Hahahhahahah!" Walter laughed and trembled in rage.

He felt like those clients were too stupid.

Obviously, they are frauds.

Meaning the clients weren't cured!"

Walter had a cold smile on his face.

Heheheh! Once their illness acts up again, they'll come begging Morgany.

And by then, he'll request that the Society charge them 3 times higher than their usual price.

Serves them right for changing healers!

"Alright. Tell me. Where are these frauds from?"

"Master, it appears that the fraud is from an Arcadian city called Baymard."

"Good!

I'll send a report in.

And once the Society concludes on it, they'll for sure send people there to investigate.

It might take 3~5 months to assign and call in several people close to the Capital city.

And once regrouped, they'll take several more months to get to the shore and a whole long time to get to Baymard."

"Master, I think they should arrive in November or December next year... Or the early months of the year after that."

"Hmhm. No matter the time, once in Baynard, those frauds will have no way to run.

I want to see who dares to steal Clients from me!"

With that, Walter got up, and 20 shadow guards appeared before him.

"Master, we await your orders."

"Good."

...

And so just like that, Baymard had yet again found themselves in another hot mess.

In fact, the time the apprentice had gotten to Yodan was when people weren't too fully aware of Baymard's change.

He had gotten there during the time that Santa had been trying to get a few merchant friends over to see the wonders of Baymard.

And at that time, the hospital occupied an old estate while its new site was still in construction.

Baymard, in general, was still in the phase of heavy construction.

Nonetheless, one could see a few strange designs and beings here and there, like the newly developed residential times that were buzzing at the time.

Anyway, the guy had been there when only the Caronians had known of Baymard's glory.

The rest of the Pyno were slower.

And it just so happened that their clients heard of the medical treatment a few merchants underwent and decided to check it out since it seemed genuine.

And that's how they became one of the first people in Yodan to visit Baymard.

Many people there still thought that Baymard was under Arcadina and didn't even know that it already had its Official ceremony changing it to an empire.

With that said, the apprentice had no idea of what had been going on over these last few years.

He had visited Pyno severally since he was 15, seeing these same clients with his Master or other apprentices.

So if nothing changed these 12 years, then why would it now?

Tsk!

Besides, this was Pyno they were talking about.

What could change?

To him, it would always be the same, filled with wretched-looking people!