

Chapter 1161 - Bad News!

Everyone's smile bloomed like a flower the more they heard about Alec's death.

"City Lord. This is great news for us. We need to take over his will fast." One of them said excitedly, making the others also daydream about their futures as well.

"Yes, City Lord. He's right. Remember. There's a battle-will for every lost member in the organization who got killed by a non-member. So we must claim it all!"

"Hmmm...." The city lord nodded in agreement.

If it were the Killing window and a member took down Alec, then the member could inherit Alec's prestige, title and even yearly rewards, perks and dividends too.

Of course, killing a member outside of the killing window would not give the same result.

One could be put to death or cleanly stripped, blocklisted and hunted wherever they went because of that.

And in this case, if Alec was killed by another member outside the killing window... Then Alec's perks, etc...wouldn't go to any of them. It would just be erased or cancelled.

But in this case that he was killed by a non-member, his perks, yearly income organization, and even jobs could be inherited by a level 6 member.

Yes. The level 6 members will compete to add Alec's title and everything else under their names.

And once that was done, the winner would automatically get boosted to a level 5 position.

Why? Because they were already at level 6... And Alec was at level 6 too.

So, add all their accomplishments, together with Alec's achievements, and it would be enough to rank up.

So who wouldn't want to get Alec's 'Will of Inheritance?'

They may hate the man, but they had to admit that he had done a lot over the years, earning them greater points and boosting their chances of ranking faster.

So his death was indeed good news to them.

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Everyone smiled for a bit before suddenly frowning.

"City Lord... Why do I feel like it all sounds too easy and good to be true? What if it's a fake death?"

"Yeah! We all know how scheming and cunning that guy is. So can he truly die from some hidden nephew? I think there's more to it than what meets the eye."

"I agree. What if Alec Barn passed on the message himself just to lay low and escape the Killing window?"

The city lord caressed his chin thoughtfully: "He dare not low to the Order. Lying about death to escape the killing window is too cowardly and can even make one hunted for life instead. He might also have to be demoted for such behaviour too. So I don't think a man of his calibre would do such a thing. That said, the news should be true... However, just in case his death is fake, we'll still have to remain vigilant! One can never be too sure when it concerns that bastard."

"Hmhm." Everyone nodded.

Well, that was it for the good news.

As for the bad news... Heh... It was indeed a hard one!

Now, everyone's hearts were beating hard as they watched the City Lord take deep breaths.

"Gentlemen... Alec Barn wants the only one dead..... 6th-level ranked, Sir Nopline is also dead."

"....."

Boom!

An explosion went off in their minds.

Sir Nopline was dead?

This... F***!

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Why was Sir Nopline's death more shocking than Alec Barn's?

They were both from Pyno. So why was one disgusted by others while the other was treated with respect?

It all boiled down to their prestige and ways of doing things.

Firstly, both were 6th level rankers... A.K.A, Lackeys for the top-level rankers in Morgany.

But here's the thing.

All these years, Alec Barn had been dodging and refusing to be anyone else's lackey.

He always felt like he should be one of the big top dogs. So he also wanted to prove that he could get to the very top without being a lackey, not once.

Being a lackey meant joining a certain person's fraction.

And he, who was ruler of his own empire, couldn't see himself licking the dog bones off anyone's plates.

Thus, he only took individual but risky jobs and succeeded at them, even when people thought he would fail.

And honestly, if he didn't die so abruptly, they wouldn't be shocked if he soon got to the 4th or 3rd positions.

That guy was determined to do what he could to get to the top without being a lackey.

At the same time, his actions drew hate from many within other great continents who were lackeys.

What?

Was he saying that he, from Pyno, was too good for it... but they, from even more powerful continents, were the ones who fitted the role as lackeys?

These were just a few out of the many reasons why they detested Alec.

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As for Nopline, he was brilliant when mingling with people and always lowered his head too.

He knew how to gain people's trust and knew how to put up a harmless air about him.

His big round body also allowed them to understand that this person couldn't fight at all.

He was the real definition of a people pleaser.

And that's how he joined the fraction of one of the most powerful top rankers.

In there, he worked his magic and even got the approval of the big top-ranked himself.

No one knows how Nopline did it, but he found a way to get that Top ranker to declare him as his 'Brother.'

So no one dared to pick a fight or a bone with Nopline.

And now that he was dead guess who would shake things up in the Order?

Heh...one word reached his brother, things would really get heated up.

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Typically, they should've also fought for Nopline's Will.

But they dared not.

Nopline's death was bad for them because he had promised to send them the 'thing' they requested, which could change things for them too.

They had already paid for it.

But now, Nopline was no more.

So what should they do?

Dammit! They had wasted their money for nothing.

And this was all to blame for the bastard(s) that dared to kill Sir Nopline.

Well, for revenge, they would leave it to that 'brother' of Nopline.

That's right.

The devil had left the underworld to now mingle with the living.

So only death could follow those unfortunate souls.

Only a mad or death-seeking person would pick a fight with that devil.

Nopline's brother was on his way!

Chapter 1162 - Kind Visitors

Like so, the news was out with countless people from different territories close to Pyno, getting the news first.

Some other regions still hadn't heard a thing.

But it wouldn't be long before they all did.

Of course, whether people would believe the news or not was an entirely different matter on its own.

As for those in Pyno, they had other things to worry about, other than this 'old news.'

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-Illu Village, Arcadina-

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~Shahhhhh!!!!

The heavy rains fell in company with the strong winds, blowing the littles sprouting foliage from the already blooming trees.

Several patches of muddy soil could already be seen; as now, the numerous rainy days had quickly rinsed out the snow from the land.

But even with the craziness of Springtime, the birds and other creatures had long woken up from their winter slumber and were in full throttle, singing in their caves and nests as well.

Some animals went out to hunt for food, while others stayed hidden away from the rain instead.

And amidst the chaos brought about by the weather, several men in black sheltered themselves within the nearby village while keeping an eye on a particular road.

The rain created a steady beat and melody, slowly drawing them into concentration as they just stared out the windows of the mud hit they were standing in.

The clouds above took over, restricting the sun from shining its glory down below.

~Shahhhhhh!!!

The men listened to the heavy cries of the rain and didn't move an inch from their positions.

What were they looking at?

What were they waiting for?

No one in the village knew.

But because these strangers had a permit from the new ruler, everyone just thought it was probably official business.

These visitors had treated them with respect and didn't even want to disrupt their lives, which made the villagers a little relaxed too.

Some brought potatoes, fruits and other foods to these people to eat while here.

Of course, everyone else was curious and wanted to see and understand these kind strangers.

Even though these villagers had their own ways, naivety and mentality, they could still recognize when people with bad intentions were in their village.

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Typically, villages were considered the weakest and were usually met with bandits and all sorts of people every now and then.

Additionally, in the time of Alec Barn, Noble's and countless others would still by villages during their travels and distress, ràpè or do anything they wanted to villagers.

But for some time now, all that had begun changing.

Some nobles still do so in hiding.

But the key thing was that they did it in 'Hiding.'

A Noble could be stripped of their title for such an offence now.

Even if they had to do it, they would make sure they were never caught!

Times were still changing, as countless secret groups had formed to oppose these new rules by the new Monarch.

Change was a difficult thing to accept.

So of course, there were people that, till this very day, remained adamant about it all.

Arcadina was too large, and it would take several more years to firmly implant the change needed.

But even though the change was still at its early stages, some villages and regions had already started noticing a difference just a few months ago or more.

That said, they already liked this new Monarch very much.

And just looking at how these strangers from the Monarch acted, made them have a deeper understanding of just what sort of person he was.

His men could have thrown them out of their homes and forced them to sleep outdoors in the rain all for these past few weeks because that's what other nobles or people in power typically did.

As one might know, they as villagers often died from animal attacks, illness, collecting spring water below the slippery ice hill and many other reasons.

So if there were no other person in the deceased's family, the home would just remain vacant with the village chief going over some burial cleansing rituals to cleanse the house again.

At the same time, some people left their village homes and moved to the towns or cities, reporting never to live there again.

Thus, there were a handful of homes still vacant in the village.

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The villagers stayed indoors during the heavy rains, wondering what those strangers were up to.

Of course, no one would go out during the heavy rainstorm because to them, their bodies were their primary tools for survival, so they took illness very seriously and didn't even want to catch a cold.

Thus, they could only wander in silence while knitting by the indoor fire, cooking or doing some other meaningful household tasks.

As for the visitors that stared into the roads and their surroundings as if in a daze, they suddenly awoke from their wait when they saw the scene on the roads below the village hill.

In this heavy rain, if one wasn't fully focused, they wouldn't notice them at all since the heavy rain created a blurry coat to the eyes.

The men in black all smiled and hastily prepared to head out too.

Hahahhaha!

The Baymardians were here!

~Vrrrrmmmmmm!!!

The numerous thick vehicles drove amidst the rain, making their way to the village steadily.

Yes.

They got the message requesting assistance.

And after meeting those here, they would then leave the village and head towards the outskirts of Profus city.

Why?

Finally, it was time to take care of Baron Cain!

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~Vrrrrmmmmmm!!!

The vehicles dashed towards the village as fast and carefully as they could.

Of course, due to the heavy rain, no villager heard them stop by.

Only the village chief's household that had been diligently keeping an eye on these people were shocked by the scene.

They stared out their windows calmly, only to see these visitors hop into the vehicles and leave.

Of course, they personally thanked the village chief for his care before leaving too.

The village chief and his household watched the vehicles leave the village in a daze.

"Pa... Was that what I think it was?"

"I... I... Think it is." The village chief said incoherently, causing his 23-year-old son to exclaim in shock.

"A train! A train! I was actually able to see a train!"

~Smack.

"Aouw!... Pa...what was that for?"

The village chief looked at him silly: "That's a bus and not a train. Are you stupid?"

His son rubbed his nose awkwardly before glancing at the leaving vehicles again.

To think that they would have Baymardians come into their little village.

This was a bit too shocking and was indeed quite a lot for them to take in.

The village chief just looked on ahead, feeling a deep stir of emotions within him.

He felt that things would once again change... And now, he looked forward to that day when Arcadina would have such amazing things too.

He just hoped that by then, he would be alive to witness it all.

Well, even if he wasn't, he had already made up his mind to visit Baymard at least once before he died.

Yes... He wanted to see these changes for himself.

With that, the village chief, his son and a few others in their household calmly stepped back into their homes, still deep in thought about the scene they had just witnessed.

Like so, the strangers had left Illu village.

~Vrrrrmmmmmm~

The vehicles drove steady, moving through the carriage trails deep in the forest regions until they finally reached the outskirts of Profus city.

And thanks to the men in black that they picked up, the Baymardians could dodge any forest paths that would have enemy spies scouting about there.

Of course, they did run into a few and took care of them quickly.

Today, they were ready to shed some blood!

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~Shwahhhh!~

Death listened to the rains while resting his head against the walls of a massive cave.

He and his men had long claimed ownership of this cave, killing all beasts within the place and feasting on their flesh for meals.

Death had his eyes closed as if sleeping.

But soon, he calmly opened them with a deep look in his eyes.

"Speak. What's the matter?"

Instantly, a few people stepped out of the shadows and knelt before him.

"Master... They're here."

"Oh?" Death calmly stood with a deep grin on his face.

With that, he walked out of the deepest part of the cave and came face to face with his 'helpers.'

Good. They could finally reclaim Profus city.

Chapter 1163 - A Man That Must Be Stopped!

"I'm Captain Killian, here to assist!"

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Death looked at the Baymardians with a deep smile on his face.

Well, he did find them all very interesting.

Even the ones he met in the Capital while doing work for William were always serious, as if someone owed them money.

When not on duty, they were indeed lax, as he, himself, had drunk with a few of them.

But during working times, it was as if they were always preparing for some end of the world war or something.

Hell! He doubted he could make them laugh on duty... Well, at least the ones he had always been meeting seemed so serious.

Death shook his head wryly and curbed his sadistic nature.

He did promise William that he would cooperate and act as an 'official' carrying the actions of Arcadina's Monarch.

So he and the rest couldn't keep acting as they did when they used to be in holding all those years.

They had a massive weight on their shoulders.

And their every move would tell people just what sort of ruler Arcadina had.

Thus, Death had to act like a proper official.

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Death shoved his hands forward and shook Baymardian Captain Killian's hands firmly.

"Thank you for coming on such short notice. I'm Mr. Death. And I'm in charge of the operation here." Death said while leading Killian away from the rain.

The duo then started talking, making small talk, while making their way into one of the Baymardian vehicles.

Yes.

Even though the Baymardians were serious on duty, it was crucial for them to be familiar with their allies before they began operations.

So Bonding was essential.

Who knows... Some might make long-lasting friendships after this.

At least, now that they weren't standing guard or directly talking about the plans, they could afford to make small talk now and then to get to know Death and his men.

With that, Killian and Death talked a bit while seated within one of the Baymardian vehicles.

And since they had just been under the rain, a hot cup of tea, coffee or any other beverages available was served to them... As well as to the other Arcadinians too.

Even though these Arcadinians sheltered themselves in the caves during the heavy rainstorm, it was still cold as hell.

The fire they made within the caves could relieve them for a bit, but wouldn't take away all the cold.

Additionally, there were still some scouts outside in this heavy weather, lying underneath the trees.

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Winter had just passed, and even though it was now spring, the trees hadn't grown into their full luscious figure yet.

One could see the leaves started to take their place on the various tree branches.

Of course, some trees had grown luscious enough that one could have on them.

While other trees were still scanty, making the scouts still on the newly sprouted bushes below.

Either way, the scouts were all out there for hours, changing shifts every now and then.

Fortunately, even within their scouting locations, they built fake nests, and so on... Not only for camouflage but to also ensure that the rain didn't directly fall onto them, causing them to catch a cold or get high temperatures.

One could see that their work was very much intense no matter the weather.

Thus, a nice hot cup of beverage wouldn't be too bad, right?

Very quickly, the Baymardians also worked alongside their allies to give a few hot beverages and energy-boosting snacks rich with proteins and vitamins.

And while all this was going on, Death, his main team, Killian and a few other Baymardians all gathered around the table in one of the vehicles.

At the same time, his men passed on several other documents too.

Yes. Just like the Baymardians, Arcadinians had learnt to start putting things on paper for each meeting as well.

For meetings involving booth battle generals, only the direct team controlled by these generals would be present.

And for dealing with Baron Cain on such short notice, they didn't think there would be more than 10 Baymardians in this meeting.

Thus they made only 15 copies of each document for the Baymardians.

And as expected, only 7 Baymardians were present for this private meeting.

Now, with everyone holding their documents, Death took a sip from his tea, cleared his throat and began.

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"Baron Cain!

That is our target."

Everyone looked at the chubby man in the portrait as if trying to deeply imprint his image in their hearts.

"Baron Cain. A man who came from a high-ranking noble family and should've received a higher Noble title than a 'Baron.'

But, all through his life, he had been smashed by the late Alex Barn, who ensured that he remained a Baron, even though his family members were all Marquesses and Earls.

But he had been kept at one of the lowest titles, a Baron.

Of course, he had never been content and had also secretly opposed the late Alec Barn on several occasions too.

One could say that we took care of one of his long-time dreams by killing Alec Barn.

We had eliminated the main person getting in his way.

And rather than being fearful of us, it seems that our target took another approach to things.

Yes. He still looks down on us.

Who knows... Maybe he thinks it's a fluke that we were able to achieve what he couldn't.

Or maybe he isn't convinced because of his Majesty William Barn's young age.

Again, maybe he has powerful friends by his side to help him face us instead.

Whatever his reasons are, he seems not to fear our retaliation.

And thus, he wants to unite the Western regions and create his own empire!

Baron Cain.

This is a man with big dreams that must be stopped!"

Chapter 1164 - A Busy Night

Baron Cain!

His goal had always been to rule the Western territories and divide Arcadina.

Now, they don't know where this man got help from.

But Death found that a few scouts he sent hadn't returned, meaning they were either killed off or were still being tortured somewhere.

And with Baron Cain's abilities, he shouldn't be able to find Death's men.

It was because of this that death stopped scouting altogether and instead gathered all his men and rushed towards this region, away from the chaos.

In short, his move was smart because several hours after they left, the people behind Cain came looking for him.

But they didn't see anything.

And in this heavy weather called spring, trail traces were bound to get washed away.

They were also fortunate enough that they decided to flee by running across the river banks, allowing the horses to touch the water, hence washing their traces away too.

Additionally, this was the wild, with several animals and creatures roaming about.

So their tracks were also destroyed by these animals too.

From the rain to everything else, unbeknownst to them, they were truly saved by Death's quick thinking to flee.

For now, Death was more concerned about the fact that there were enemies with Cain that could take down his men easily.

It looked like William's idea for him to wait for Baymardian Backup was indeed a great one.

And after this battle, if the Baymardians could handle things, Death was also thinking of sending a few of his men to Baymard to begin training there too.

They weren't weak. On the contrary, they were very strong.

But at times, one could neglect the basics because of how high they've gone up.

Maybe they needed to learn a few more things, observation skills and other skills to be even greater than they were.

They only learnt the assassination techniques Death had passed onto them.

But that didn't mean that it was the best.

In everything in life, there was always room for improvement and growth.

So maybe this was what was needed to push them to the next level... Beyond Pyno's limits.

Death assessed everything in his mind, thinking of his men's future, as well as the strange enemies Baron Cain had around him.

If so, then why help Baron Cain?

What could he have possibly offered that would make these people do so much for him?

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Everyone's heart fell the more they thought about the hidden people Cain had brought into Arcadina.

One of Death's men frowned: "This guy, Cain, is bad news. But no matter who he has backing him up, we must reclaim Profus city, Agathus town and Siku Village fast. Because if we let him continue, it wouldn't be long before his teeth bit off more than what we thought.

Killian tapped his fingers deeply: "Hmmm... You're right. We can't let him continue like so. That's why we'll clean this up fast and find those hidden men."

Death caressed his chin thoughtfully: "This all sounds good. But even if we defeat Cain, my main worry is that these hidden men might find a way to sneak out, rushing towards their real owner and bringing more worries and troubles to Arcadina again. That said, with their high skill level, they might be the scouts outside the city. If so, this will be bad since they're too skillful, making it hard for us to spot them scouting about, then how do we ensure their capture?"

Killian and the other Baymardians smiled: "Leave that to us. We plan to strike at night, correct?"

"Hmhm... Nighttime is the most advantageous for us. Not only will civilians be aware in their homes, making it easier to spot enemies... but nighttime would make our movements easier too."

"Good. Then leave that matter of these strange men to us, while you all focus on Baron Cain's particular entourage. I assure you that during the skirmish, these strangers won't be able to flee at all!" Another Baymardian by Killian added.

Yes. These people may be more skillful than even themselves, the Baymardians when it came to scouting and hiding.

But no matter how skilled one was, they would be nothing when they decided to look through their heat and night vision goggles.

That's right.

Unless one found a magical way to remove the heat in their body altogether (A.K.A die), then forget it, they would find them.

Provided their hearts were still beating, their goggles would spot the enemy holding wherever around the outskirts of the city.

Even within the city, with the civilians all tucked away at night in their homes, those outside would be suspicious.

Of course, the movements and actions caught on the heat senses from anyone they pick up, they would be able to see suspicious behaviour too.

If they weren't too sure, they could tranquilize their targets and observe the situation from there.

The enemy might even try hiding behind a barrel or on the ceiling, thinking they wouldn't be able to spot them.

So for Death's worries, they were non-existent because they would find and shoot every scout hanging around the outskirts of the city, silencing them from afar.

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Like so, their little meeting carried on, with everyone coming up with a plan of attack together.

They looked at the map, shared responsibilities and prepared for the skirmish ahead.

Following that, their plans were also told to the rest of the Arcadian and Baymardian men.

Now, everyone was getting familiar with the teams they would be working with during the battle.

And when they were done, it was already lunchtime.

Good.

They ate before all taking turns, getting enough sleep.

And now it was 12 noon.

So they had to sleep till 10 P.M, get up, eat something light again, before leaving by 11:30 P.M in teams, all heading towards the outskirts of Profus city.

With the Baymardian vehicles, what could've taken a few hours or so, was now 43 minutes tops because of the bad weather and slippery forest-trail carriage roads.

The men took turns sleeping for optimal battle performance.

Alright. They were done with their preparations.

The men closed their eyes and soon found themselves drifting to the melodies of the rain.

-Zzzzzzzzzzz~

They had fallen asleep.

Chapter 1165 - The Speechless Arcadinians

~Shwahhhhh!

The heavy rains poured down the woods, masking the sounds of the Baymardian vehicles charging forward towards their targeted locations.

And as the vehicles advanced, those within them still stealthily observed their surroundings, trying to spot any spies or scouts amidst this dark, rainy night.

~Peeui! Peeui!~

Their silencers shot a few.

And soon after, some people carefully exited the vehicles to search and hide the bodies.

The heavy rain fell on the raincoated men as they did their best to discard any traces of the fallen.

And when they were done, they hurried back into the vehicles and took off their raincoats.

This wasn't the real start of their journey.

So there was no real point in getting wet and still sitting in one place.

That's how one could catch a cold.

When raining and moving in battle, the heat did well to stabilize things.

So until they were actually ready to move, they wouldn't want to get wet just yet.

Like so, the numerous vehicles drove across the rainy forest until they finally reached their destinations.

~Bam!

The doors were forced open, and everyone now jumped out while looking left and right vigilantly.

Like so, Killian, Death, and several others led their teams in different directions without a moment to waste.

For every Baymardian team, there was an Arcadinian team nearby that had a different mission altogether.

And as expected, Death's team and several other Arcadinian teams were steadily following Killian and other Baymardian groups towards the far left sides of the city walls.

That's right.

They weren't going in from the front.

As for the scouts around the entire perimeter of the city, several other Baymardian teams were going to hunt them down, carrying their actions fast while driving around in the vehicles.

Like so, all teams were off!

But not far away from a particular point on the far left walls of the city, a burly scout was calmly seated on top of a tree.

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The burly man was wearing all black and remained expressionless.

Well, he was a scout. But not a scout for Cain.

The burly man was very focused on his task.

And to prevent the rain from hitting him, the man placed a pyramid-like roof made of wood above his head by trying it on one of the tree branches above his head.

The tree he chose was somewhat luscious and had already bloomed very well into Spring compared to others.

Thus, the foliage masked his presence even more.

Additionally, within this dark night covered with a blur of heavy rain, seeing him was impossible.

Likewise, seeing the enemy was also a challenging feat for him too... unless the enemy came very close to him.

That said, his sight wasn't the only thing he relied on as an assassin.

His hearing and sense of smell were homes to prepare and adapt for such scenarios.

The burly man kept his eyes closed in deep meditation while focusing only on the sounds of the steady rain.

Thus, anything out of the Raining sound was his focus point.

~Swahhhh!!!!

The man stayed silent with closed eyes like a blind man for a bit until he suddenly frowned.

Hm?

He heard very, very faint steps of muddy water getting splashed about not too far away from him.

It could be a bear or any other creature looking for food... Or he could be wrong about the sound he just heard.

Maybe it was all in his imagination.

However, no matter what his thoughts were, he had to check things out first!

With that, he opened his eyes hastily and prepared to make a move.

Following that, his body seemed to have turned into stone as it dropped several feet to the ground, hitting a few more branches on his way down.

~Bam!

His face was planted onto the muddy floors, with his entire body not even flinching for a moment.

What just happened?

The man happened to be dead.

And within the dark, a few men briefly revealed themselves before disappearing again into the darkness, like ghosts and shadows of the night.

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~Din. Din. Din. Din. Din~~

Killian, Death and a few others in different teams all dashed towards the walls speedily.

These parts of the walls were the regions around the city that weren't overly guarded.

Why?

Because the stone walls here weren't scalable during the rainy seasons.

And it was all due to a special grass.

Looking at the walls, there was a particular purple grass which people called slippery grass growing here.

When it was dry, it seemed like ordinary grass.

But when wet, it was a whole other thing.

Even if one were to stab their knives or daggers into the stone to climb up, it wouldn't hold.

People had tried and had consistently failed and fallen to their deaths.

If one looked around the walls, they would realize that the people of these towns had also placed sharp spiky stones around the walls to ensure that those who fell died horrible deaths.

The Arcadinians, including Death, looked at the scene before them with several thoughts flying through their minds.

This was the famous Suicide Wall that everyone within the empire knew of.

The Purple grass was more popular here and seemed to like this city and several other towns and villages around these parts.

It seemed to like the soil here or something that drew it here.

Thus, some people called this region the Purple zone.

Even some of the trees had purple grass growing on their sides too.

Thank heavens that the ground itself was still somewhat bare and recovering from winter.

Because when the entire fields were mixed with this purple grass, the place would become slippery as hell!

And for many, these purple grasses were weeds that also destroyed their crop yields too.

It was not a joke when people said this place was the Purple Zone of Arcadina, the land of unfortunate deaths.

The Arcadinians looked at the wet, slippery walls and were suddenly speechless.

What did these Baymardians want to do?

Chapter 1166 - A Scary Future

The Arcadinians were too lost, as they still looked at the Baymardians with unfathomable expressions on their faces.

Another thing to note was that these were tall towering city walls... Just like the high walls of any city.

From the high tops, one could launch massive arrows, black powder or other weapons of mass destruction to those below.

The towering walls were as high as several other walls in medieval standard.

And as of now, it was impossible for one to be able to throw a hooked-rope way up to the top.

They hadn't invented pulley system hook-launchers yet.

So to them, since no one could climb these slippery walls in the rainy time, then what was the point of over guarding it?

In all their years, no one has been able to do so for decades and decades to come.

Additionally, the slippery grass had grown so deeply rooted into the walls that it made the entire walls look like they were painted purple.

This grass was a weird grass that gripped on land the wetter it was.

It was like a possessed child not wanting to let go of its mother, the walls.

Thus, with all these points and the fact that no one had been able to scale the walls during winter or Spring, the guards around these parts were almost non-existent, with everyone focusing on the front city gates instead.

When Death's men arrived a while back and entered the city to look around, they had long noticed that almost no guards were around these walls.

Maybe because of too much confidence.

Again, even without these strange men scouting around the city... On a regular day, the scouts belonging to Profus city also stayed around too, but nothing ever happened at these times.

Only a fool would think they would be able to scale the towering walls during these times.

Yes. The only outcome they could see for trying such a stupid was death!

But unbeknownst to them, there were several people outside the walls attempting this suicide mission calmly.

It was time to scale the unscalable.

.

'Shoot!'

Instantly, several roped hooks were shot towards the very top of the walls.

~Thang.

The hooks fell onto the walking paths at the top of the walls before finally getting pulled by and hooking onto the sides of the walls inside.

The way the upper walkable parts of the walls were built, one could see several gaps every 1 meter along the balcony-like tops.

This was also one of the reasons why medieval walls were often called curtain walls, with some calling them crown walls instead.

Again, there were some in modern times that called these walls Rooks because they looked just like the 'Rook' chess pieces.

Yes. The upper regions always had gaps, like crowns.

And depending on the wall designs, these gaps could be made smaller or wider.

Those on the tree firmly pulled on multiple times to ensure it was safe before finally jumping, letting their launchers in their hand swing towards the men below.

Jillian and the rest caught the launchers and once again pulled onto the ropes before gesturing for Death and those in the other teams to step forward.

Alright.

Now, it was time to scale the walls!

The look the Arcadinians gave the Baymardians was priceless.

'Erm... Excuse me, brothers... Are you all okay in the head?'

When these people said they had a way of calling the fence, the Arcadinians thought that these people had found a crack in the walls or something.

But who knew that they literally wanted to do what millions had tried and failed?

In the rainy periods, the wall was a No-No!

So, where was this grand idea coming from?

Oh, my ancestors! These Baymardians were insane!

Very quickly, the Baymardians secured several ropes around everyone to ensure their safeties.

Now, it was as if they were about to scale a mountain.

After every Baymardian, there would be an Arcadinian right behind them.

The Arcadinians might be new to this.

So if any of them slip up or fall at any point, the Baymardians would react faster and deal with the situation quickly.

Likewise, if it were a Baymardians that made a mistake, it wouldn't be fatal too, since there were other Baymardians at every interval too.

In short, both sides would look out for each other on the line.

Killian strapped on, and Death stepped behind him.

And following after death was another Baymardian, another Arcadinian, etc.

Like so, the first wave of men were now ready to ascend.

Death held the thin but sturdy rope with so many questions in his mind.

Of course, he wasn't afraid.

And to be honest, he didn't fear dying at all.

In fact, such an experience pumped adrenaline into his bloodstreams, making him a little excited as well.

Hey!

This was the first time in his life that he realized that one could shoot ropes hooks to the tall, high and mighty Walls around the cities.

If a person ever told him it was possible, he would laugh and lock them up in a Looney bin.

But facts have proven that this world was truly a strange place.

He had been shocked with the Baymardian locks back in the Capital city.

But this one sure did take the cake.

The reason for his shock about the locks was that he had been stuck when training with them.

That's right.

As a person who is the number one assassin in Arcadina and even within Pyno as a whole, how could he claim to be number one when he can't break through these defences around the locks?

Now, breaking into places was getting harder because of the alarms from the locks.

Any slight shake, and they go off.

He had now made it a priority that Lock picking should be assassin 101.

But the problem was that even with locks that didn't have alarms, they didn't even know how to pick or destroy the locks.

And from what he gathered, several locks had different patterns within.

Sigh...

Being an assassin or spy these days was getting more complex and challenging by the day.

Death followed behind Killian while sighing deeply.

The future sure was scary.

.

Like so, the men all scaled the wall amidst their initial shock.

Finally, they were on the walls!

Chapter 1167 - In The City

In the still of night, several men pulled themselves up the ropes with their sheer strength alone.

The walls were all slippery, and they dared not rest their legs on them.

Very quickly, Killian reached the top and poked his head by just a little bit before sleeping his eyes left, right, and down severally.

The ancient stone corridor-top was empty and wet.

The rain was still falling hard.

So probably, with the confidence these people had about the walls and the history of the walls being unavailable, no one would waste time standing guard around these parts during the heavy Rainstorm.

The center of attention might be focused on the very front walls, about 2 and a half-hour run on horseback far away from where they were currently at.

Good.

~Plop.

Killian and several others stealthily stepped onto the open floor and stooped low.

From there, they waited for the first line of Arcadinians to get on before detaching their safety roads around their waists.

The first line of Arcadinians felt their bodies tremble in disbelief when they realized that they made history.

F***!

How many people have ever scaled the unavailable wall?

They weren't dreaming, were they?

Saying something and doing it were of course 2 different things.

It was like saying one would go to the air beyond the stars and actually doing it.

This was incredible!

(°0°)

The Arcadinians briefly immersed themselves in their current feelings before coming back to reality fast.

Yes. They were still on a mission.

So now wasn't the time for this.

.

~Plop.

And Killian also joined them as well.

Like so, the next line of Baymardians came up, followed by the following sequence of Arcadinians, and so on.

Everyone stayed low and safe, crawling like lizards across the long stretched floors.

The enemy couldn't see it now.

But if they were there, they would realize that for as far as the eyes could see above the city walls, there were hundreds and hundreds of men crawling underneath the rain, moving towards different locations.

Yes. There were several teams crowded here who had different responsibilities.

Thus, they would undoubtedly ascend at different points across the city walls.

But no matter what point they chose to descend, it was typically the regions where ordinary people live, or even the places one could say were dumped with feces and had countless unsanitary conditions.

With a cold face, Killian glanced through his infrared thermal imaging goggles but didn't find any sign of life around the bottom where they wanted to descend to.

In fact, not even a single person outside this smelly region.

Killian was very shocked.

Weren't these people here too lax?

Even if this place is an undesirable region, standing guard here shouldn't be that bad, right?

Well, he couldn't deny that the rain hyped the smell even more.

And no one would like to stand guard here under the heavy rain as if guarding treasure when the place was... Well, awful.

The Arcadinians also took note of these things and secretly planned to report with his majesty William concerning how lax several regions around Arcadina were in general.

Before today, since this part was unavailable, they would've probably thought just like the enemy by sending on fewer to no guards here.

After all, if a place had a track record of millions of deaths for centuries and millenniums during winter and Spring, then no one would think it possible to scale the wall.

So they would've also thought the same as the enemy and focused their attention on the other regions around the walls too.

Look! Even those mysterious strangers hadn't even bothered too much when it came to the walls as well.

They only placed scouts outside the walls, and that was it.

It seemed that everyone had accepted that it was impossible.

But now, the Arcadinians understood that change was a constant thing.

And just because several people couldn't do it doesn't mean it couldn't be done.

They had to assess a lot of things differently now.

.

Very quickly, Killian and several others did several hand signals to each other.

'Safe.'

'Safe.'

'Safe.'

'Safe.'

Good.

Like lightning, several Baymardians tied ropes around themselves, laid down and firmly planted their legs against the walls.

They then looked at everyone else as if saying: "We're ready."

Hmmm...

Rain dropped and slid across Death's face as he calmly held the rope firmly

~Shrrieeee!

He slid down the ropes in a flash, rolled onto the ground and remained on a crawling-stance behind a bush that had grown to an extent.

Death looked at Killian who was by his side: "The secret passageway should be over there, just across the Peasant execution stand. This is our safest bet for now!"

Listening to Death, Killian and those close by nodded in agreement.

One should know that before William revealed himself to the world, he and his men could easily pass through the city, moving through several underground points that they discovered and sometimes created in the dead of night while everyone was asleep.

One could imagine it as a prison breakout too.

They had sometimes attained residences and started digging deep at night, creating connecting tunnels within several major parts of many cities and towns.

Of course, all the tunnels they knew of that left major cities and stopped deep in the forests weren't created by them.

Yes. Those were created by the ancient and several people before them.

One shouldn't forget that William's father used to be the crown prince before Alec took over.

So during his younger days and time training, his father had taken only him showing or sometimes sending him to several regions around Arcadina to see these secret tunnels leaving or entering major cities.

This was so that if one day, an enemy took claim of these regions, they would know how to infiltrate and seize them back.

This was all information stored away in the secret chambers of the Royal vaults.

Only the ruler and those he trusted could know about them.

That said, many major cities had secret tunnels leaving the cities.

But Profus city didn't.

It just had tunnels within the city, connecting several places to another.

Thus, Death knew that from the peasant execution stand, they should be able to avoid unnecessary delays and exit through another building relatively close to Baron Cain's estate.

Death's eyes flickered dangerously.

He just needed them to get him into Baron Cain's estate.

And the rest would be history.

Chapter 1168 - Why Fear?

With their plan in motion, several teams scattered in different directions like crazy.

Some would be above land, while others would be underground.

It was dead dark, with no moonlight ahead.

The rainy clouds had taken over the entire scene.

So coupled with their all-black attire, it was tough to spot him or anyone else for that matter.

But this didn't relax their vigilance at all.

They kept hiding and scouting the area while advancing as well.

From there, they broke apart, with many teams just heading towards different regions around the vicinity.

With that, Death, Killian and 2 other leaders hastily led their team underground smoothly, meeting no enemy at sight.

And within a desolate room in another building within the city's mid-Zone region, those undergoing finally popped their heads out, scanned the room and stepped out when they realized that the coast was clear.

The room had countless spider webs all around, with dusty furniture lying around carelessly too.

It looked like no one had been here in a very long time.

Thus, with no time to waste, everyone came out and ran through the corridors while still checking around from time to time too.

But in this life, nothing ever went as smoothly as planned.

"Stand where you are!"

~Bubuum!

Everyone's heart trembled loudly.

Who?

~Creek. Creek. Creek.

The floor began squeaking faintly as everyone heard several footsteps calmly approaching them in an unhurried manner.

Instantly, Killian and Death's faces turned grim.

Just listening to the footsteps, one could see how confident the enemy was in meeting them.

Could it be that outside the building, they were already surrounded by countless enemies?

Moreover, how did they also know of this tunnel location?

Even the former city lords here were clueless about the real underground works of this city.

So how did these people know?

Who exactly was the enemy?

Everyone's mind spiralled with countless thoughts as they felt like they had just fallen into a trap.

And as the footsteps, few louder, Death squinted his eyes coldly while taking his daggers out.

Heh.

It was indeed getting too smooth of late.

So he had somewhat expected something of this nature to happen.

It was just that unbeknownst to him, the enemy had indeed been waiting for him to arrive.

After all, even though they noticed him last time and missed him due to his timely fleeing, the enemy still had a hunch that he would be back.

But they focused their attention more on the front of the city and all over regions that could be infiltrated.

Funny enough, they had neglected this tunnel path and only placed a measly 700 to guard it while other regions had thousands of people guarding it.

Marcus gazed at Death, Killian and the rest with a hint of curiosity in his eyes.

Which point of entry did they use?

It was impossible to scale the walls.

So the only conclusion was that they might've long infiltrated the city and had been hiding since then while waiting for their chance to strike.

Yes. This was the only logical explanation.

.

Marcus looked at them and clapped mockingly.

~Clap. Clap. Clap. Clap.

"Well done. You all managed to get this far, which has truly exceeded my expectations.

To think that you've been living within the peasant low-life regions of the city all this time that I've been searching for you!"

They came through the walls, okay?

Again, Death also noticed the accent and tested up greatly.

Morgs?

Then this was bad!

It wasn't just him who noticed the accent; some of his men and the Baymardians as well noticed the accent too.

Sure enough!

This Baron Cain had enlisted the help of Morgs.

But the question now was why they wanted to help him.

What could he offer that they would possibly want desperately?

This didn't make any sense!

And it was there and then that something clicked in Killian's mind.

"You're from the T.O.E.P, aren't you?"

"Oh?...."

Marcus gazed at Killian, with a hint of shock flickered across his eyes for just a second.

They knew of the Order?

How?

Who betrayed the Order and leaked out its information?

Could it be Alec before his death?

Or could it be Left Minister Dwell?

Marcus shook his head in denial.

No... Left Minister Dwell was too smart for that.

So, could it be one of Baron Cain's men?

.

The more Marcus thought about it, the more firm his earlier decision to torture these people for info.

Instantly, the air around Marcus grew tense and cold.

"Good. Good. Good.

Congratulations! You all have piqued my interest. And believe me, it's rare for that to happen."

Everyone felt their fellows tighten up while listening to Marcus.

So he was really from the T.O.E.P?

Then didn't this mean that he was helping Baron Cain because Baron Cain was a member?

Death glanced at Killian for a bit, and the 2 seemed to be communicating with their eyes.

But no matter how much communication they did, Marcus wasn't bothered at all.

They did manage to get so far and slip through his defence, which had never happened in Pyno as a whole before.

However, so what?

No matter how much they hid, in the end, they still ended up getting caught and surrounded by his men outside.

And he didn't believe that these Pyno bastards would be able to do better than them.

Marcus smiled at them lazily: "I suggest you all give up now, or you'll suffer far worse fates for wasting my time. So... If you're smart, you'll drop your weapons and step out cleanly now!"

Killian and the rest still acted as if they hadn't heard him, gripping their swords harder than before instead.

Killian looked at Marcus silently.

He and the Baymardians here were in charge of dealing with these people.

So why should he run even though they might've outnumbered them?

~Catchak!

Killian's guns moved.

Kill!

Chapter 1169 - Why Suffer?

The atmosphere within the room was stiff and rigid as all enemies watched each other coldly, readying to make their moves.

Marcus, who saw and understood that look in their eyes, also prepared to subdue them too.

He looked at them and scoffed in disdain.

Well, he tried to do things the easy way, but they decided to be stubborn.

So don't blame him for going all hard on them!

With that, Marcus took out his blades, ready for action.

But before he could even count to 3, a few men beside him suddenly fell stiff to the ground.

~Peeui! Peeui!

~Bam!

Marcus hastily glanced at them through the corner of his eyes grimly.

Who?

Who shot hidden weapons at them?

Marcus had no time to think because within the next second, Killian was right by his side.

"Team Beta, Gamma and Solar... Escort the Arc teams as planned.

Team Omega, split up, take care of the enemies indoors and aid in clearing the path outside for the rest to leave safely."

Now, Move! Move! Move! Move!" Killian said while barely dodging Marcus' attacks.

~Swish!

"Low-life scum! How dare you get distracted when fighting with me?"

~Swish! Swish! Swish!~

Marcus's attacks grew even fiercer as he felt that he had been looked down on instead.

His moves were so terrifying that Killian had cold sweat when the blade swept across the air just a few inches away from his neck.

Even with the guns in his hands, his enemy gave him no time to even point the gun straight for him.

Just within these short seconds, his guns had almost been kicked away by Marcus twice now.

Marcus seemed extremely good at close-range attacks, as his blades kept sleeping crazily about the air in all sorts of directions.

Even those within the Omega team who were about to leave couldn't help contemplating on aiding Killian to take down Marcus.

'Captain, do you need help?'

"Go! Go! Get going now!" Killian said before rolling to the side and avoiding the dagger that had now firmly planted itself into the wooden floors.

The others nodded and hastily rushed out to take care of the rest.

.

At the moment, they would no doubt be surrounded and outnumbered by too many enemies.

So they could spend time here dilly-dallying about.

They had to get the Arcadinians safely in.

With that in mind, everyone deserted the hallway, scattering in different directions, leaving Killian behind and killing those in their path.

As for Killian, of course he had to subdue Marcus somehow.

Firstly, Marcus seemed to be an essential member of the T.O.E.P.

Additionally, Killian didn't want to shoot him and risk excess blood lost through this stormy night.

Believe it or not, a stab wound was more manageable than a bullet wound.

The medic teams were still outside the city now.

Thus, he decided to only stab or knockout Marcus before binding him together and staying guard beside him.

He could request for backup.

But everyone else was extremely busy as they had no idea the actual number of enemies were within the city and had their own individual missions to carry out.

So he would be all alone here for a while.

Killian secretly nodded while looking intensely at Marcus.

He had thought it all through.

Killian was a ranked Captain, and of course had many other ranks and people more powerful than he was within the Baymardian Army.

Meaning he still had a lot of growth in terms of battle strength and whatnot.

So when fighting Marcus, he realized that Marcus was actually more brutal and faster than he was.

So if Marcus was going to win, he had to use his best moves, as well as his quick thinking.

.

~Bam!

The wooden floor shattered as Killian once again rolled to his left hastily.

At this point, Killian had long placed his guns away.

Marcus looked at him arrogantly and sneered: "Dodge! Dodge! That's all you low-life now how to do!"

~Thang!

A dagger plunged deep into the wooden floors again.

And every time he blinked, he seemed like his opponent had already launched another attack at him.

So for a moment, he became a spider, jumping and leaping around the place in all sorts of manners.

Dammit!

His opponent was a hard one!

Marcus squinted his eyes coldly and kept throwing all 17 daggers on his body, making Killian dance.

~Thup! Thup! Thup! Thup!~

~Slash!

Blood trickled across Killian's left arm as a blade brutally whistled through the air, only slicing the corner of his arm.

Hell!

If he didn't dodge in time, it would've been his heart!

His body quivered from shock, as the pressure from his opponent gave off was now greater than before.

This was bad.

If he couldn't shake Marcus off, he would no doubt die here!

.

Killian looked up and saw a swinging fist coming straight for him.

And with locked focus, he gritted his teeth and quickly drilled to the ground, doing a swinging feet motion, intending to clear his opponent.

But Marcus was faster.

The moment his legs were cleared, he leaned back and used his hands to cartwheel to the back severally.

He looked at Killian in shock, not believing that the guy would be able to touch him.

Heh. In all his life, when he was out in Pyno, none of his opponents could ever get touch, even his clothes during battle.

But yet, this guy had managed to sweep him off his feet.

Impressive.

That's right. Marcus had to admit that the guy had some potential.

But if he thought that was enough to take him down, then think again!

.

Marcus stood on the other side of the hallway calmly: "I must say... I quite enjoy this little battle of ours. But now, I'm about to get serious with you. That said, I would like to know your name. At least, I'll honour you by telling your name to many when I retell the tale of how a lowly Pyno beggar managed to touch me."

Killian, who was breathing heavily at the side, suddenly doesn't know whether to laugh or cry.

So in this guy's mind, it was an honour to be remembered as such? And who the hell was he calling a beggar?

Tch! He had heard about the arrogance of these Morgs.

And in all honesty, he had never fought a Morg before.

This was actually his first serious mission as a newly titled Army Captain.

Yes. It wasn't long ago that he got promoted.

And as one might know, the Army had well informed several people of their T.O.E.P group.

It was military information that was studied detailly.

Additionally, Language and Spy Accent classes were also given out by the professionals studying how the Morgs, Pirates and other prisoners in the Prison spoke.

From Whitebeard's accents to Canibal pirate Morgs, captured T.O.E.P Morgs, and even those from Veinitta like Prince Skye... Professionals studied then all.

Infiltration in the future would be the key.

That said, this was the only way he knew that Marcus was a Morg.

The accent was so heavy.

It was just like back on earth where one could recognize a British accent from a North American one.

Thus, he knew that Baron Cain was getting help from the Morgs.

And the moment Marcus indirectly confirmed his suspicions as a T.O.E.P member, everything made even more sense.

.

Now, feeling Marcus' pressure, he knew that he was no match for him.

Marcus just said he was about to get serious.

So did it mean that all this time, he had been lax?

For the first time, Killian felt like he was genuinely knocking on death's doors.

That's why he suddenly laughed out crazily, Marcus just looked at him like a crazed person.

"Hahahhahahahahaha!"

"Oh? Have you realized that your death is near and have now decided to accept reality?"

Killian, who had been laughing his lungs out, suddenly smiled broadly at Marcus.

"You know... I just realized something.

Maybe the routines I've faced during other missions have always been somewhat smoother because I didn't meet people like you.

Or, maybe it's because I still have a lot of improvements to do.

But there was always a second option that I kept forgetting.

And with the distance between us now, I finally realized that I still had this option to use."

~Peeu! Peeu!

-Silence-

Marcus's eyes widened in horror as his hands subconsciously reached for his chest in disbelief.

"You! You! You!..."

Marcus couldn't believe it!

But sadly, reality always slapped people hard in the face.

And in not more than 3 seconds, he fell.

~Plop.

Killian looked at the fallen Marcus coldly.

"Second option. If one can't take in a prisoner during war, why suffer?

kill!"

Chapter 1170 - Getting In

~Peeu! Peeu!

Killian shot Marcus down coldly.

His majesty Landon had always said that their lives came first.

So why should he be hell-bent on taking in a prisoner when he knew that the circumstances were indeed too unfavourable to him?

Luckily, there were more T.O.E.P members around.

And even though Marcus looked like a high boss, he might not necessarily be the biggest boss here.

And even if he was, it's not like this was the only mission in their lives.

He believed that with the way those Morgs worked, even if it wasn't his team, another team might spot them in another mission too.

Thinking like this, Killian once again shot Marcus straight in the brain... Just in case.

And following that, he searched him properly and found a few hidden notes, rolled up and tied with strings.

Good.

Killian carefully tucked the notes away and headed out to assist the rest.

Like so, the Arcadinians and Baymardians continued charging on strongly.

And unbeknownst to someone, they were bow closer to their targeted location too.

.

Outside, the heavy rain poured as Baron Cain stood a far distance from his golden balcony door, watching it all with a broad smile on his face.

"Close it!"

"Yes, Master." One of his guards replied before dashing forward to close the door.

The downpour was so heavy that they couldn't see anything past the balcony ledge.

The thick filmy bluer, and the darkness gave them no sense of judgement as to what was going on near the buildings just around them... Not to talk of even finding out what was going on further away.

Nonetheless, Baron Cain wasn't worried or panicked at all.

Cain carefully adjusted his robe on his chubby body and merrily made a U-turn for his bed chambers at the far end of his massive bed chambers.

One of his most trusted guards couldn't help worrying a bit: "My lord. I don't think it's a good idea to fall asleep now."

Cain, who walked on, suddenly turned and gave the guard a cold stare: "Flipnus! How many times have we been over this? Do you want me to become a sleepless corpse? For the past few weeks, that's all you've been singing in my ear every night! But what would you rather have me do?"

Baron Cain was truly tired of this!

Yes! Those 'people' did notice some spies hovering around the city several weeks back.

But since then, no danger has struck.

It's most likely that whatever spies were around should've already fled far away to the real master behind the scene.

That said, why should he be cutting his sleep for so many days?

.

One should know that since that time, Baron Cain had slept way late into the night because of vigilance.

The fear was that if he slept, maybe someone would take out his guards without his knowledge and kill him in his sleep.

That way of death was truly unacceptable to any man in these times.

Who doesn't want to retaliate or at least see the face of the person that killed them? Even if it were a masked person, at least it was better than not seeing the enemy at all and just dying in one's sleep.

That was an abomination!

For sure, even though he had faith that the T.O.E.P and his men wouldn't let him die, he had still been taking preventive measures on his own so as not to rely on them much.

But things started to take a toll on his body because while he still had to sleep way late into the night, he also had to rise early as well to always meet with these T.O.E.P people.

For weeks and weeks, he has had the same routine.

So who the hell wouldn't get fed up?

If the T.O.E.P weren't around, he could've been able to sleep well into the night. And this wouldn't have been a problem.

But sadly, he was now a very sleep-deprived man, only having 4 and a half hours or so of sleep daily.

For some knights, especially those out in battle for days and weeks, this might be okay with them.

But the him who was used to sleeping 8~10 hours daily was dying.

And thus, his brain didn't give 2F's about some unknown spies.

At this time, he usually had to stay up for another 2 hours or so.

But Baron Cain, who had enough of this, calmly marched to his bed and pulled open his beddings to slip in.

In this weather, and with the protection of the T.O.E.P, his men and his own control over the city, why had he been torturing himself so?

It took no more than 5 seconds, and Baron Cain was out.

The guards all heard the snoring noises from Cain and realized that he was now too deep in sleep.

The hidden guards could only stay in position, listening to the faint sounds of Cain's snoring that had been masked by the loudness of the rain falling outside.

Sigh... Well, today seemed like any other day.

So things should be just fine, the guards thought.

Meanwhile, descending over the walls of Baron Cain's estates, Death and the rest had successfully infiltrated the estate.

Good. Now, it was time for the Arcadinians to act!

They couldn't let the Baymardians have all the fun, now could they?

~Drrrrrrr!!!!~

The rain poured hard as several men ran out of the nearby side kitchen for those working around the gates.

The small group ran out of the kitchen while still reminiscing about the good food they had just eaten.

One particular group ran towards an open room within the estate walls and shrugged the water off their bodies and hairs like dogs getting out of a pool.

One of them even took out a chicken wing that he had in his inner pocket too.

Ah yes! Food was life.

"Hahahahaha! I told you old Martha would allow us to have a meal! Hey. All you have to do is give a little something, and she'll completely bend to your will."

"F***! I'm so shocked as well. This is all Martha we're talking about. The one who guards food and only dishes out little quantities instead. So how did you do it?"

"Yeah. How did you make her favour you?"

"Hehehe... brothers, it's simple. You know, all women are dogs and liars. Old Martha is 41. But you all know that 15 years ago, her husband, Butler Nicholas, angered the Master. So the Master had the guy's little brother cut off!"

"Ooo..So brutal, right?"

'Yeah. Her husband is no longer a man. So tell me... How can a man sit in the same marriage with another woman? Heh. If you want Martha's favour, you just have to catch her attention, if you know what I mean..."

The men all smiled and were now engrossed in their conversation, completely feeling relaxed while trying to dry themselves too.

But suddenly, things changed in a blink of an eye.

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"Hahahahah! As expected of the famous sweet-mouthed Pior. Only you can have so many women under your control!"

"Hmhm... Only...."

Eh?

Everyone looked at their brother, who suddenly froze in place with his mouth hung open in a lively manner, and was completely confused.

"Bro, what's going...."

~Bam!

Their brother suddenly fell forward, only to reveal a dagger deeply planted at the back of his head.

Instantly, everyone became alarmed. But it was all too late.

Like lightning, Death appeared behind some of them and cupped his mouth before stabbing him from the back.

The man's eyes opened in horror as he continuously struggled for his life while mumbling for help: "Mmmmm!"

Death held him firmly with a cruel smile on his face: "Shhh... Just enjoy it and go to sleep."

Enjoy it?

Enjoy it, my ass!

The man felt utter despair while listening to Death's voice. And the pain alone caused him to growl out in agony, thinking of all the memories and life scenes that now flooded his mind.

But no matter how many regrets or hatred he had in this world, his end was near.

"Mmmmmmm~~."

Death gripped him hard for a few seconds more until the struggling strength of his opponent dwindled, leaving only a corpse in his hands.

Bam.

Death dropped the body, and so did the rest of his men who had been suffocating the rest.

At the same time, a few more men were virulently watching the doors for any incoming enemies too.

Now, with the bodies dropped, Death and 11 others hastily stripped the men clean and began wearing their attire.

Death wore the last piece of garment to the attire and calmly nodded to several others around him too.

With that, the men hid the nude enemy bodies and carefully wiped the droplets of blood around before fleeing the scene.

They continued on and eventually spotted several other Arcadian and Baymardian teams as well.

But no one said anything to anyone and just proceeded diligently.

Like so, Death and his men finally reached Cain's main building while killing a few enemies when necessary.

Good.

They had now reached their target.