

TECHNOLOGY 1181

Chapter 1181 - Kora's Daily Life

After finalizing his meeting, Landon went out his day merrily.

Today, he had a lot on his plate, but he wasn't complaining.

There were always two sides to a coin.

Indeed. One could say that Landon was super busy and needed more breaks.

But Landon felt like if he had more breaks, he would get bored, or the system would come after him even more.

It was true.

Firstly, on his breaks, he would like to spend it with his friends and family.

But all his friends and live ones were also people of importance within Baymard.

And with the new territories, you best believe that even his sworn brothers and those closest to him were moving around from time to time as well.

But as people on top, they chose to meet up on the weekends and chill together, or meet up during breaks or nighttime during the weekdays instead.

Well, this would work if they weren't out on missions or had something urgent to do.

That said, apart from Landon, even the other Royals were very busy as well.

Additionally, one shouldn't forget that all letters, requests, or items addressed to any royal would be screened diligently.

So at times, the royals had meetings with a few people, Nobles, merchants and so on, in this way. Also, people with very vital top-secret messages were discreetly brought into the palace as well.

In short, Landon felt like if he didn't move around like this and just laid bored in his office, it would all feel too lonely... since, over the years, the system had secretly trained him to get used to always being busy.

But, he never truly pushed or overworked himself tirelessly while in Baymard.

Surprisingly, the only thing that pushed him to his early grave was the system.

He had a meeting within the docks.

Apparently, they had caught more crooks again.

That's right. Some people still had the guts to try smuggling in illegal substances.

What courage!

With that, Landon was off!

But just like him, there was someone else in Baymard that was now feeling very busy as well.

.

--Royal Palace, Baymard--

"Oh, my ancestors! The little angel is so cute! Little princess, you would like to wear this pink dress, right?"

"No way! How can you dress the princess up in that? Obviously, blue will make her look more vibrant than ever!"

"Hmph! What do you know? Green is the way to go! Just look at this stunning ensemble?"

"What a bunch of amateurs! Clearly, you all have bad taste. So please don't spread your tastelessness to the princess. Grey is the only way to go in this matter!"

" "

Korea looked at the 4 nannies arguing while holding out different attires and suddenly felt speechless.

In her personal opinion, her favourite colour so far was Purple.

But hey. What did she know?

Kora secretly smiled bitterly, cleared her throat before coughing cutely, instantly stopping the nannies from their battle of outfits.

They looked at her in shock, hastily checking her temperature instead.

"Oh no! Is the princess sick? Quickly, you lot! Get a thermometer fast!"

"As for the rest of you, reclean this place from top to bottom. I don't want to see even a speck of dust around. No! I want the room recleaned twice a day now. Dust is constantly falling, so we can't take up any chances. The Little Princess can't get allergies or fall sick! you!"

"Well, what the hell are you all waiting for? Go! Go! Go!"

...

Like so, all 4 nannies began issuing out their commands to the legion of maids under them.

And in a blink of an eye, the room was being inspected and cleaned up again, leaving Kora even more speechless than before.

She looked at the maids recleaning the room and suddenly felt guilty, but warm inside.

You know, since she came into this world, she has been pampered silly.

She never knew that being part of a family could be this loving.

From the palace workers to brother Ren, brother Momo, sister Linda, sister Lucy, Aunty Winnie and her mother, they all pampered her rotten.

But the high competitors who hampered her the most were her father and her elder brother, Landon.

She felt truly blessed and didn't want to go back to her original world.

No way! Life here was just too good.

Additionally, she was also very curious about all the amazing things in this world.

To her, the people in this world were too smart!

Look! They had even created something called boats with wood, and even went as far as using something called iron, moulding it into swords.

She was used to the stone age period where rocks were tied on sticks and used as axes, weapons, and so on.

To her, everyone here was too smart in the head.

And from what she had heard, as well as what she had witnessed, her brother was the smartest of all!

No wonder he could create such a paradise on barren land.

That's right. She had seen portraits within the Grand royal library that gave her a glimpse of what Baymard used to be.

.

Also, she got to know the tragic fate of how her mother and brother were driven away by her brother's father (Alec).

Heh. She was very annoyed when she heard the tale.

How can one be so cruel to their own blood?

Of course, no one went deep into the story about Mother Kim's r?p?, her maltreatment, and Alec's tights of shame because Kora was just a child to many. So no need to go deep.

Thus, Kora couldn't understand for the life of her why her mother and brother were poorly treated right from the onset.

In her mind, she had now understood their characters and was biased towards them.

So she was more inclined to believe that Alec was the one with the problem.

No way! Even the blind could see that her mother was a good person.

So it must've been that Alec guy in the wrong.

Hmph!

Chapter 1182 - Lucius' Battle

Kora thought deeply about her family's past while still feeling like a toy in the hands of her nannies.

Forget it! No matter how many times she went over this procedure, she was still filled with the highest level of shame ever!

Not only did they strip her, but they also placed her on a table with her legs hanging up for all to see.

Oh my God! As they powdered her, her cheeks turned pink from blushing, but she still felt a little better about it today.

Fortunately, brothers Ren, Momo and Landon weren't there.

That's right. There were times that they would be here, making it all the more shameful when she got flipped, exposing her front or her b?r? bu????ks for all to see.

She may be a baby. But the 12-year-old ?du?t her had never shown her n?k?dness to another boy, okay?

Not to talk of the butlers too.

Kira wanted to die from embarrassment.

.

Kora performed her usual acrobatics in shame while they fiddled with her as if she was a doll.

She had to admit that a baby's body was so flexible that she could do splits comfortably and take on other weird positions without feeling a hint of pain.

She felt like she had no bones at all. Her entire body felt like one meaty pack.

Kora took deep breaths and gritted her teeth in determination.

Just a few weeks ago, she had learnt how to crawl. And she had heard the doctor say that it would take a few more months for her to learn how to walk, which made her so depressed beyond belief.

Who the hell would want to be crawling for so long?

No way! She had to force herself to walk, even though this stupid baby body kept kicking her down every time she tried.

With eagerness in her eyes, Kora began sitting with her legs apart.

From there, she leaned forward and 'firmly' planted her palms into the ground.

Alright. This was it.

The nannies and maids watching all chuckled when they saw the determined princess.

To Kora, she might be thinking she looked fierce and serious.

But unfortunately, her puffy cheeks, tiny mouth, eyes and everything else only made her look as if she were pouting.

It was all so cute!

.

"Look! Look! The princess is trying to stand up again! As expected of his majesty's sister."

"Yes! The process is amazing! Even after falling more than 15 times yesterday, she is still more determined than ever to stand."

"Eh? Could it be that the princess wanted to walk fast in order to grow up faster? Could it be that she can think too?"

"No... That's not possible, right? The princess is just a baby who has no thoughts. So it should be more of a reflex."

"Yes! I think you're right. When I had my Thomas, he too started trying to walk after a while. I think they get easily bored with just sitting around like that."

"Yeah! That's true! Didn't the doctor say something like that too?"

"Blah. Blah. Blah. Blah. Blah."

Korea listened to everyone and didn't even bother to hide her actions.

She also knew that it was a reflex for babies to learn since everything in the world was exciting and new to them.

So why should she be afraid of being suspected?

If a baby saw someone put a knife into their mouth, that baby would eventually do it too.

It's the same as walking.

Some babies learnt to walk fast, while others were slow learners.

Thus, Kora took on the job with seriousness, just as Landon and the rest took their jobs too.

Her eyes glistened as she clenched her tiny fists in determination.

Yes. She had to walk before THAT DAY!

Why? Because she was going to be a Flower Girl!

.

With that, Kora was also busy like a bee.

And today, she got all dressed up because, as usual, her father would soon be here.

Kira looked at the clock and began her countdown in her head... 3... 2... 1...

An energetic Lucius pushed open the doors excitedly, making his way towards Kora, all dressed in a high-ranking blue military attire.

"My Little princess! How has daddy's girl been today?"

The maids stepped back with smiles on their faces while watching Lucius pick Kora up, Lion King-style.

Dammit! Ever since that animated movie, that's all everyone did to her.

She did love the movie... And in truth, it made her cry when Mufasa died. But that didn't mean that she would agree to continuously being hauled up in the air like this, okay?

With her tiny hands, Kora grabbed Lucius's sleeves tightly, and decided to bear it for a while.

After all, she could see how happy her father was.

In his mind, he obviously thought she liked it. And she didn't want to hurt his feelings because if he knew that all this time, she didn't, he would feel extremely sad and sorry as well.

Sigh... She had no choice but to be the bigger person between them both.

"Bluh. Bluh. Bluh." She began making strange sounds while stretching her hands at Lucius merrily.

"Oh? Is my little princess trying to say she wants daddy's hug?"

Lucius, who had been hit with even more happiness, carefully hugged his little princess and prepared to suit up for the battle ahead.

~Strap! Strap! Pap!

Lucius wore all the items in the house-father kit across his chest and body.

Baby holder? Check!

Feeding bottle ammunition holder? Check!

Cool dad sunglasses? Check!

Lucius looked like he was going to war, but for babies instead.

The sides of his belly belt had feeding bottles and powder kept there. And even the back had spare diapers, cloth, and other essentials.

And where was he going, you ask?

Well, he was taking his little princess to her first-ever meet-up with others her age.

They say it's vital for babies to be around other babies too.

But Lucius begged to differ!

What if those scrawny toddling boys kiss his Haigh on the cheek or take a liking to her?

Lucius was ready to point a gun at any suspects he saw.

Want to hold hands with his process?

Dream on!

With that, he was ready for battle!

.

And so, this has been the day in the life of a Pampered Baymardian princess.

Will she ever be able to escape her doting dad and older brother?

Well, only time would tell.

Meanwhile, far away in one of the nearby empires, Henry was currently facing his own dilemma.

Who?

Who wants his life?!!!

Chapter 1183 - Henry's Dilemma

Who? Who was it that wanted him dead?

Several beads of sweat poured out of Henry's forehead when he thought of the incident yesterday.

If not for the Baymardians that were seated beside him, talking about diplomatic matters, he would've been long fed by now.

At the time, he was riding in the carriage alongside some officials and guards sent to his majesty Landon to talk about official matters... As well as to respond and show him how to better drainage within the city.

Yes. Some parts had poor drainage. And during the winter, spring or fall, these areas became a little flooded with waters reaching ankle level at times.

Of course, there were only 4 areas around the city that had these problems. The rest of the gigantic city was still okay... Even though there was no form of drainage there.

Thus, he had wanted to change the situation within these regions.

And that's why he had to develop his own unique drainage gutters, inspired by some of the open gutters he saw in Baymard.

He planned to dig open trenches across each street and road before connecting it to some point along one of the front sections of the city walls, sending it out of the city.

Of course, he would put prison-like bars on the region around the walls, allowing the water to pass through, but rejecting spies to enter the city.

This prison-bar water system was standard in almost all places around the world.

This was how they let out the stream or river waters running through their territories.

All territories were built and centered around water sources. So of course they would be there.

It wouldn't make sense for someone to travel out of the city just to fetch water.

Do you know how big the city was?

Please! It would take hours and hours just to reach the city gates for many people.

So who would go outside to fetch a single bucket of water?

That said, Henry had first thought of connecting the drainage to the streams, rivers and flowing water sources within the city but dared not take the risk.

The water here was their livelihood for feeding cattle, sheep and even themselves.

Sure.

Even after the law had been changed, many people were still pooping or peeing the waters, as well as bathing in the streams and water sources.

But at least, the pollution rate had gone down.

Thus, he didn't want to accidentally add more pollution to their only water sources.

Maybe it was because people knew how valuable the water was that no one dared to drop items carelessly in them.

Feces and pee dissolved within the waters. And even dead bodies and cattle would eventually get eaten by the fish there too.

But if one dropped a chair or even a can in there, it wouldn't dissolve.

Henry feared that if he connected the drainages to the rivers, the rain would pick up these things and send them into the rivers, leaving floating items all across the water sources.

And that's why he decided to create separate outlets for the drains.

.

Again, one shouldn't forget that the city walls themselves were so thick that a carriage would have to pass through a tunnel on the walls for a bit whenever it was trying to enter or exit the city.

So Henry could place 8~14 of these bars at various intervals, evenly spaced, sending the drainage waters out.

With all that said, he personally worked with his men to come up with what he thought was a sound drainage system, and sent his thoughts to Landon.

And in Landon's response, he only said that it seemed like a good idea but asked them to come up with a fail-safe mechanism too.

What happens when they want to clean the prison-like bars of any bags, clothes or items caught in the drains?

They had to create another exit point along the walls to deviate everything.

With that, they could clean or do anything they wanted... Even maintenance.

Well, Landon didn't give them any suggestions and only asked them what they would do when they wanted to clean up, and so on.

It was now up to Henry and his team to brainstorm on the matter.

After all, Landon was prohibited by the system from saying too much.

One could get inspired by Baymard and might even want to create things similar to Baymard.

But they would have to learn, make mistakes and come up with their own unique ideas and ways of solving problems.

Who knows, they might even do something better than him.

Additionally, they didn't have control rooms, sensors and other modern technology to help them.

So their solutions would definitely be different and unique from what was in Baymard.

And apart from this matter about the city's drainage problem, there were more diplomatic matters about safety, siege weapons, prisoner transfers, official meetings, new U.N members and several other things that Henry and the Baymardians were thoroughly discussing while riding within the carriages.

And within one of the desolate regions located at the far back of the city, close to one of the walls, the gang had all been attacked by ?ssassins!

They sprung out like the wind and began attacking them mercilessly.

Henry lost 1 of his men yesterday, and the 3 Baymardians were insured, stabbed brutally.

Luckily, everyone else, out of the entourage of 40, was fine.

But it only made them a little more fearful.

Everyone could see that these ?ssassins weren't ordinary.

Was it Ulrich's mother, former Queen Lilian? Or Winston's mother and supporters?

His 2 half-brothers were rotting away in Baymard's prison.

So could it be someone that wanted revenge for them?

Henry's face turned grim.

Who could command such skilled ?ssassins?

Chapter 1184 - Stay Alive!

Henry sat in his off with the Baymardians and his men, worrying about the incident yesterday.

Yesterday, if not for the Baymardians and a few of his men, he would've ended up dead.

Everyone's face was grim and dark when thinking about yesterday's matter.

But little did they know that this was just the beginning because, within another side of the city, the culprit was more than ready to show them hell!

...

Within a normal-sized noble courtyard, a young lady, all dressed up in blue, was currently laying down on her scented bed as if passing the time.

In a few more hours, it will be time for the Family gathering to begin.

So she had been made ready by her maids and would only retouch her powder just before she stepped out of her courtyard.

More importantly, she had been waiting for a letter from THEM!

That's right.

This young lady, who seemed harmless and as weak as a crumpled flower, was the real culprit behind Henry's attack.

Soon, there was a slight knock on her balcony window.

~Knock. Knock. Knock.

"Get it!" She replied, and instantly, one of her hidden guards moved like lightning towards the balcony door and returned with a letter in his hand.

"Master... It's here."

"Good," Ezenia said excitedly before taking the letter from the guard's hands hastily.

She opened it up, read it and was first a little disappointed before smiling broadly instead

Well, they did fail to take care of Henry yesterday according to plan.

But she wasn't all that worried.

Why? Because once Ulrich was finally rescued and brought back by the other T.O.E.P group that went to save him, they would then regroup and takedown Henry altogether.

So even though they failed this first attempt, there would be more and more future attempts until they got it done.

But they decided not to move Henry first until the rest of their team got back from Baymard.

Yes. They sent their people to several other T.O.E.p spies and groups around Pyno, telling everyone to meet at a certain rendezvous point.

And by now, those called should've all met up, and should now be heading towards Baymard together.

It was already the beginning week of July.

So from the distance between Baymard and the rendezvous point, the men should arrive in late August.

From there, they will rescue the 1st Deiferus Prince, Ulrich, according to Ezenia's request, bring him.m back and place him km the throne, be it by hook or crook.

So even though they didn't get Henry now, they weren't in a rush.

In fact, they decided to lay low and let him be instead.

Now that their first attack had missed, Henry would be on high alert, putting up all defences around him.

It's not that they were scared or afraid of Henry and his so-called defences.

The issue was that they didn't want to sabotage the main plan, which was to help Ulrich out.

So in a way, they were only testing Henry's defence level to better come up with an impeccable plan to kill Henry and place Ulrich on the throne once and for all!

Ezenia read the letter and wasn't worried. It was understandable why they took this approach instead.

In fact, if they killed Henry now, then with him out of the way, more people would start entering the competition for the crown.

That is, within this time frame that Ulrich hadn't come back to Deiferus yet, do you know how many frogs would try to jump out of their wells?

Ulrich should be rescued from Baymard towards the end of August.

And from there, they didn't plan to use the Baymardian ships and get caught. Rather, they would spend several months on ship to get to Deiferus's shores before spending several other months to get to the Capital city.

And you know, since the Baymardians had those fast vehicles and ships, with the help of Henry, they might've long stationed warrants, wanting to capture or find Ulrich within Deiferus by the time they got here.

Nonetheless, Ezenia wasn't worried about this all because to her, the T.O.E.P we're already invincible in her heart.

Their leaders were people from Morgany.

So she believed that if Baymard could make all these things, then Morgany should even be 10 or 20 times better than Baymard.

Hence, it was hard for her to see another place doing better than Morgany.

And that's where her absolute trust came from.

It's also one of the many reasons why she kept smiling victoriously in this matter.

Soon, her love will return to Deiferus.

Thus, it was actually a good thing that Henry was still alive.

He could remain as a shield on the throne, keeping all the mad dogs brooding in the dark at bay until her baby arrived.

And the moment he landed, they would kill Henry and immediately proclaim Ulrich as Monarch.

Yes! Her one-life-time wish within the Order would then be fulfilled.

Some might think her foolish to use it on Ulrich. But she didn't think so. She loved him, and she knew that he felt something for her too.

.

Ezenia smiled when she thought of the future.

A merry life with her future husband, being the only woman he would ever marry.

Of course, she would also kill that scum mother of hers who always liked seducing Ulrich and other younger boys too.

Since she liked men so much, then she would give her all the men she wanted, turning her mad, before letting her body die and deteriorate during the process.

Yes. Why not let 10 to even 200 men have their fill from morning to night, continuously, not giving the woman time to rest?

Heh. To her, that woman who calls herself 'Mother' was as good as DEAD in her eyes.

Ezenia slowly folded the letter away and gave it to her guards: "Burn."

"Yes, master... But apart from this news, master... we still have to prepare for the danger ahead."

Ezenia's eyes shone with a strange light: "Indeed. The killing window is in 2 weeks. So we must stay alive till the end!"

The guards who heard this nodded in agreement too.

No matter what, they had to stay alive!

...

Like so, countless things still occurred around Pyno as time flew by swiftly.

And after a week and a half, Landon had other matters to plan.

That's right.

Apart from his wedding, he had to plan the rescue of Princess Tilda.

Yes. Before she turned 14 on September 28th, they had to carry the girl out of Dafaren!

Chapter 1185 - A New And Improved Barrack

Landon drove across the busy barracks, watching and listening to the sounds of several units jogging and singing some military songs

"Sound off!"

"1, 2"

"Sound off!"

"3, 4..."

Both men and women jogged hard in different units and directions, all in formation to the steady marching beat.

Landon glanced at them through his open roof jeep with his sunglasses on and would nod from time to time if some people bogged close to his vehicle.

He didn't want to distract them or ruin the mood, so there was no overuse of words.

More so, the soldiers also seemed to know this, as they only greeted him sternly and moved on.

So don't think that their actions would get unnoticed.

Landon looked at the scene and smiled proudly when he thought about the many changes implemented within the barracks over the years.

And just November last year, the 4-year ongoing expansion project had been finally put to rest.

Now, all barracks, be it Baymardian or those for international soldiers, were all expanded greatly.

Expansion wasn't an issue to them because, as Landon had said, the one thing Baymard had in excess was land.

So Landon had been planning for the long haul of when all empires would be U.N members.

That's right.

The Caronian, Arcadinian, Deifer, Yodan, and Teriquen barracks had greatly been expanded too.

.

So he planned that the most populated continent would have one barrack to themselves, while the other continents would pair together in groups of 2 and share each barrack left.

And Landon wasn't going to base this by landmass because that just wouldn't work.

Take, for example, Pyno.

Pyno was the biggest continent in the world. In fact, just the empire of Arcadina alone was bigger in landmass to some continents here.

But that didn't mean that there were more people in population.

Phyno was the most spacious continent that didn't feel choking to many.

It can be said that the number of dangerous beings in Pyno was greater than anywhere else in this world.

It was no wonder that Pyno took time to develop.

With their massive landmass, they were too focused on fighting these creatures for survival. At the same time, many other continents had long since taken care of their pest problems and concentrated on development.

So yeah. Even till now, they were still struggling to survive with several creatures lurking around.

That said... though Pyno had more land mass than any other continent, their population wasn't as high as some of the top continents like Morgany, Lampe, and Veinitta.

Every single one of these continents was way higher in population than Pyno.

At the same time, places like Zohl and Romain, had roughly the same population as Pyno.

So to Landon, he felt like he could pair continents based on their landmass.

No! For the barracks situation, only the most populated continent would have a single barrack all to themselves.

And if they needed more space, they would expand and might even build yet another barrack there.

There was room for expansion within each barrack.

And, around each barrack was also a vast open forest and regions for forest simulation training, missions, and whatnot.

Thus, the future was looking bright.

.

~Vrrmmmm~

Landon drove through the scene, passing by several wooden signs along the way that reassured him or anyone of whether they were going the right track or not.

Landon drove by the open space for a bit before turning left and going through a road with several trees on both sides that provided a good shade for passerbys.

He drove for 5 whole minutes before crossing over a short stone bridge over a stream and now found himself within Sector Y.

In the barracks, their sectors were labeled and started from the last alphabet letter.

So the entry region was still sector Z, which branches into 4 other sectors, and so on.

As of now, Landon was in sector Y, one of the 4 branched sectors. And just behind sector Y was yet another sector again.

~Screech!

Landon parked his car, jumped out from the vehicle's open-top, and took off his cool dark sunglasses.

And as expected, there were still several Generals and others, in full attire, who had been waiting for his arrival.

And the moment he jumped out of his vehicle, they gave a military salute, stomping their legs hard and placing their right hand on their heads.

"Your majesty!"

"Your majesty!"

(*^*)

Landon looked at them and nodded seriously too, giving them the respect they deserved: "At ease. Now, tell me... Is everyone prepared?"

One of the generals bobbed his head while walking alongside Landon: "Your majesty. The soldiers are all prepared. Additionally, the selected Marines and Navy officials had also arrived not too long ago."

Yes! From their upcoming mission, it was a joint effort of the Marines, Soldiers, and Navy!

As for air force teams, they were in all 3 armed force groups here.

That is, until Battle planes and choppers get made, there wouldn't be any specific people for the Air Forces.

For now, everyone learned how to pilot the hot air balloons, thinking that this was the height of air travel, not knowing that soon, their heads would drop at the wonders of what air travel was really about.

Landon listened to those beside him while calmly placing his shades in his breast pocket.

"Good. Then let's begin briefing!"

Chapter 1186 - [Bonus chapter]Mission: P.T.L

Within a large auditorium, countless people in 3 distinctive uniform attire could be seen seated with all sorts of emotions flooding through their brains.

The entire auditorium had now been submerged into a world of chaos because once the bustle of chatter began flowing from friend to friend, the whole scene had always become a steady stream of rowdiness.

One must know that most people had been here 45 minutes to even an hour before briefing time.

So of course, whether they were veterans or not, they would always fall into conversation to pass the time.

It was expected, natural, and part of human instinct to act like this regardless of age.

Yes!

Even if one placed a large group of elderly people in one room and told them to wait, they would make conversations with each other.

This was a common thing found within all schools, academies and regions.

So these trained, armed force men and women weren't all too different.

At present, some were resting their eyes, while others were busy reading adventure war books instead.

Apart from Landon, countless new writers had already sprung up within Baymard, with their own creativity and mass-produced books by making a deal with the printing press people.

In short, anyone could make books. There were also several famous authors from other empires too.

Provided one caught the attention of a particular audience or market, their books could be bestsellers, earning them a lot of money.

One just had to have their manuscripts correctly done and talk with their editors and reviewers as well.

.

At present, several people within the hall were reading several war stories similar to medieval war novels, while others were busy snacking on a few goods.

Of course, there were still some who were busy talking and comparing tales about their hellish training during the week or so.

They even began mentioning the instructors they thought were devils in disguise.

And as one would've guessed, there were still some talking close to the doors, poking their head out along the hallways to watch if Landon and the rest would be arriving soon.

Of course, the moment they saw the silhouette of Landon and the rest from afar, they immediately jumped like cats, rushing back to their seats and passing the message along too.

"They're coming! They're coming! Everyone, they're coming!"

Coming?

Like antennas, everyone's ears were perked up, receiving transmission, while just others received far away hand signals instead.

Those closing their eyes opened them and sat up straight like mummies rising from the dead.

As for those reading, their speed of closing their novels was so fast that it seemed like they had made it disappear into thin air.

And those snacking were quick to fold the noisy wrappings of their snacks and place them in one of their pockets. Even those chewing gum had to remove their gum from their mouths and roll it in its wrapping too.

-silence-

... No one spoke.

Only the faint sounds of a few people coughing could be heard occasionally.

And by the time Landon and the rest finally entered the hall, it was dead quiet.

(°_°)

....

Hey. They had all been here before. So who were these people fooling?

Landon felt it funny.

He too had been a student in his past life and knew how things typically went down before teachers arrived.

He used to be the person who always had his head down on the tables while waiting for the teachers to return.

This whole thing brought back memories to him.

Likewise, the leaders beside Landon also passed through a similar phase when they used to wait for Landon and Lucius to come in for briefings.

So, of course, they knew of the little actions of these people.

Well, at least these groups of soldiers, navy and marines were taking this seriously just as they did back in the day.

Landon and the rest walked into the Auditorium, standing on the tall towering podium that looked like it was for theatre plays and performances.

And the moment they stepped in, everyone stood up to salute them, without saying anything.

~Bam!

Their loud stomps echoed out across the hall.

"At ease!" Landon said while signalling with his hands too.

And while the massive crowd was now settling into their seats, Landon walked towards the other generals and officials to clip his mic on, as well as get the massive long Movie-like protector screen rolling.

.

They still had 6 more minutes before the briefing officially began.

So they calmly equipped themselves before each one of them took their death on the podium stand.

That's right. There were just 2 slanted tables on the massive podium.

So for them, on one side was the crowd and on the other side was the massive Projection.

They had a 180 view of things.

And at the same time, their positioning on the podium didn't block any of the viewers below.

The auditorium was well designed for massive briefings such as these.

And now, with 6 minutes finally up and everything good and ready to go, the other leading officials also took their seats, while Landon just stood beside the massive projected image, with a retractable timetable pointer in hand.

It could retract and elongate just like the antennas of radios too.

Landon elongated it to its longest length before placing his hands behind his back calmly.

Now, everyone was entirely focused on the words on the screen.

Rescue Mission: P.T.L (Princess Tilda Lockhart)

Chapter 1187 - Briefings!

(*^*)

-Silence-

Everyone leaned forward and listened sternly as Landon began the briefing.

And coupled with the images projected out, they knew just what they were getting in for now.

Location: Veinitta!

Mission Target: Princess Tilda Lockhart. Half-sister of Prince Skye. Lives in the empire of Dafaren. But after her 14th birthday, this upcoming September 28th will be bundled and sent to the empire of Lingingburg for marriage.

Mission Goal: Rescue Target without raising so many suspicions.

Target's Immediate family: Blah, Blah, Blah, Blah, bLah...

....

Like so, everyone got a proper and comprehensive outline of Tilda's life within the Dafaren Empire, as well as her family situation and even the man she had been promised to.

Well, the information given was what was commonly known to even the people within Veinitta.

Who didn't know that Princess Tilda was a 'cursed' person, said to only bring and have bad luck roaming around her?

There were so many superstitious stories about the little girl too.

But only her grandmother secretly cared for her.

Everyone else wanted nothing to do with her.

That said, the Baymardians didn't really believe in all this.

Well, what they believed in was his majesty, Landon.

That's right.

If Landon had to help this girl, then the stories must not be valid.

Generally, everyone can see that the sort of people Landon went above and beyond to help were those who weren't bad at heart. Look at his majesty Henry? Or even the now King-Father Micheal of Terique?

His majesty had helped these people even when the people in question hadn't met Landon at all.

In fact, listening to Tilda's life story, they could also assume that she had no idea who Landon was.

So they had faith in the fact that there was no such course around Tilda.

Sure. In this world, strange things did exist. And even the Zalipnians who had seers were also evidence of the blessings from the heavens.

That said, if there were blessings, then somewhere in the world, there should also be punishments of curses.

But at the same time, they also knew that a majority of rumours were fake too.

.

One should know that over the years, Baymard had been debunking countless rumours here and there.

Like the case where seriously ill or deformed patients got treated as the children of evil, which wasn't right.

Or how a woman would be blamed for not giving their husband a male child.

Thanks to Baymard, many people started understanding that a female body was more or less like the soil on the ground.

What you put and plant in it was what will germinate after a while.

And of course, some soils were fertile while others weren't.

Thanks to the brief explanations from doctors when one got pregnant or when one was thinking of family planning, and so on, the information was spread throughout the region fast, as more and more people started understanding the true nature of things.

So when they typically went back, the news would spread out like wildfire.

And it has been spreading out like this for years now.

Of course, thanks to this, women weren't punished, put to death or tortured because of their 'inability to give male heirs.

Now, it all fell on the men.

Heh. You can't blame a bean seed and expect corn to grow, could you?

The ladies now felt very confident and sneered when they thought of it all.

What were they? They were just soil, okay?

.

Yes! Countless rumours like this had been debunked by Baymard, with several people finally realizing how fake and baseless the rumours were.

Of course, there were always those who still refused to believe otherwise and kept acting the same, throwing babies away into the forests, isolating the 'devil children,' offering human sacrifices to appease the heavens, killing women for male heirs, and whatnot

And indeed, there were still some curses and heavenly punishments in this world, but the people didn't know that the so-called punishments were through the humans of other humans.

If the heavens wanted to bless someone with riches, the wealth wouldn't just drop from the sky.

No! Opportunities would appear, with another human indirectly giving the money to the individual blessed. Maybe a surprising job offer would come through at that time.

Likewise, when the heavens wanted to punish, misfortunes would follow through the hands of humans too.

Of course, sometimes, hardships we're also tests as well. And after the tests came the reward.

In short, it was hard to understand how the heavens thought.

Well, with the faith in Landon, the men instantly knew that the rumours about Tilda were false.

The introductory part of the briefing was done, and now, it was time to dive into the real matter of things.

Landon calmly placed his retractable printer away before walking closer to the front edge of the podium/stage, facing everyone sternly.

"Everyone here is seated according to the name tags at the back of their seats.

So as per usual, please grab the documents underneath your seats immediately!"

.

With that, they all did what they were told, sending their hands onto the pouch pocket underneath their chairs.

They didn't know it, but their actions were similar to those reaching for life jackets underneath their plane seats.

Everyone reached for the documents and took them out swiftly.

And as expected, all document holders had different colours.

But those within the same team had the same colour folders.

One might never have known that there were so many shades of blues, pinks, red, purple, grey, etc.

It was astonishing that with the massive crowd and turn-up, there were still different colours for each team.

The soldiers, Navy and Marines all looked at the well-enclosed envelope-type folders sternly.

And on the front of it had their names and Code names boldly written there too.

Well, after getting the go-ahead from Landon, they immediately began immersing themselves in their future roles.

"For this mission, we will only act during the Night.

First, we will arrive 3 days before the appointed attack time and send out some scouts to land at night to get information on how to get to the Capital city.

Of course, some of you will also be in the air, scouting the regions around.

We need as much information as we can, as well as any crucial information about the things that have been going on in Dafaren this whole time.

And after that, all attack teams will board the travel balloons and head towards the Capital as planned.

Travel by night, hide and look for information during the day.

This is the strategy we will be implementing here.

That said, some of you will be on the sea, others on land, and others up in the air.

For those at sea, A.K.A, the Navy... Your primary focus is to stay out of sight undetected.

You will also be the central control or communication towers for reports. So I expect you all to be on high alert.

At the same time, if plan A or B doesn't work, then you will also be the backup and rescue teams for any S.O.S messages... Blah, blah, blah, blah, blah..."

.....

Very quickly, the air became tense, as everyone started feeling the heaviness of the matter when listening to the general outline of their roles.

For the Navy, even though it looked like they had fewer jobs than the other armed forces, that wasn't true at all.

They always had to be prepared for air forces and land forces at all times, and even had to assist with underwater tasks too.

As for the soldiers and marines, their primary duty was to get to the Capital city and begin the rescue mission.

Even if they had to create a diversion or create a 'heavenly punishment scene, they would do so.

They only needed to distract everyone and maybe even fool many into thinking that they were under attack.

And in the wave of it all, Tilda would be saved.

Think about it deeply.

Even Tilda's father, Alexander Lockhart, would never think that anyone would care enough to rescue Tilda.

She had no support. Not even a single fan or crowd support.

Only her miserable grandmother tried but failed and was immediately punished by her grandfather.

Tilda was openly treated like a slave within the palace, and people didn't even bother to guard against her.

What could she do? She was weak!

So it would be impossible for anyone to think that the entire bizarre happening had anything to do with Tilda.

Thus, when the chaos would rain, no one would be thinking of her.

The only reason they guarded against her now was because her birthday was coming, and they didn't want her to flee before being shipped away.

That said, if a calamity were to strike the palace, do you think they would really care about her that much?

No! They would be rushing to protect Alexander and the other promising royals.

That's why they had to take this opportunity and get her out!

Chapter 1188 - Briefings! 2

The briefings went on as planned, with everyone knowing their assignments.

And in the end, Landon reminded them of their time limits for submissions.

"The official leaving date is September 12th. That is 16 days before the target's birthday and coming of age ceremony. Our goal is to arrive at the Capital as early as possible, at least 3 or 4 days before the ceremony. Thus, from now till 5-0 hundred, September 12th will give us roughly 2 months and a week to prepare."

Everyone's heart drummed loudly while listening to Landon diligently.

Some had been out before on missions, and for others, this was indeed their first time.

So how could they not be excited?

They clenched their documents hard while trying to stop their hands from trembling.

It was as if they just got electrocuted because the fierce wave of excitement, fear, in easiness and expectations, all rushed towards their brains all at once, reminding them that this was real.

Hahahhahahahaha!

They were In!

.

Landon nodded and changed the image projected out.

"2 months, 1 week!... All units are expected to regroup and come up with numerous plans for their mission roles and submit them to the General office in a week and a half from now. Remember! As armed forces prepared for the worst, even though we don't know the terrain or how the infiltration region looks, we can still deduce some key factors from the numerous palaces and estates we've dealt with so far. From those in Pyno, to those in the 3 Romainian empires we have already visited, and so on... Data, expectations and estimates can be extrapolated at any given time!... That said, what are some of the common features we've noticed within all palaces?"

~Swish!

Instantly, several hands went up, Landon began picking a few at random.

"Yes, You Marine!"

"Second Lieutenant Lorean here, Sir!" A lady yelled while standing up swiftly: "Sir! A common palace trait is to have hidden, underground passageways connected some buildings within the palace or leading outside the palace!" One stood up and

"Hmm... You, Soldier!"

"Warrant officer Leo here, Sir! Palaces have a high number of scouts all around, no matter the terrain."

"They have slave quarters."

"They are all overly large and broken into different segments or mini sectors if one within them. The smallest we've seen could take 2 and a half hours from one extreme end of the palace to another, while the largest could take one 5 hours on horseback instead."

"The Palace is highly complex and confusing, in order to make it difficult for spies or trespassers."

.....

Landon listened to over 15 different common traits and nodded his head in satisfaction.

In fact, without even knowing the place's layout yet, they could still develop some fundamental attack strategies.

Without a doubt, if Veinitta was more glamorous and glorious than Pyno, then Landon was more inclined to believe that their palaces there would also be larger and more prominent too.

That's the first key point.

The buildings should be heavenly spaced and give out a cleaner vibe than Pyno's.

Without a doubt, he also had to draw several conclusions and scenarios about how the front palace gates would look like.

Beloved it or not, the width of the entryway said a lot about a palace and meant that the walls were far thicker, taller and could also depict if the palace would have fewer or more defences around them.

And if there were defence mechanisms in place, what type would be there?

Yes! One should know that even though they were entering the palace from the sky, they would leave on foot instead.

Hmhm.

Once they took Tilda, they would disguise themselves as palace servants and start flowing or moving around, all attempting to flee.

Of course, they wouldn't just do so alone.

One should know that in this heavy moment when danger seemed to fall from the sky, there would be chaos all around, with some people running like headless chickens to and about.

Some would inevitably try to flee.

Thus, they had to join the crew and act weak too.

Well, that was all escape route-plan A... They had to come up with Plan B, C, D and even E using different paths or fighting their way out with the assistance of air control if they had to.

As one could see, from their experiences, they could come up with countless scenarios and working conditions.

Of course, they also had to take into account both open and enclosed/narrow fighting zones.

The assumption now was leaving more to the fact that the Dafaren palace was larger and more prominent than Pyno, meaning it was more open-spaced, to show off the lavishness of the palace, the numerous statues, ponds, walkways, roads, lawns and other features around the palace.

But what if it was still big and prominent but now had all buildings choked around it like crazy in a claustrophobic way?

All these options needed and to counter, must in case they were all true.

And as typical, because of the scenario, the weapons or equipment needed might vary considerably.

They had been yelling their answers within the massive open space, allowing it to echo out to several others.

And those a tad bit further, who could only faintly hear them, weren't left out because a few others ahead passed on the words too.

Additionally, they need not be bothered because soon, the briefing-meeting-minutes and highlights will get sent to each appointed team/Unit leader after this.

Well, Landon also had trust in his armed forces, knowing that they should be able to handle this much after all the years of deadly encounters they've had so far.

The plan was to go in and out without implicating Baymard.

Landon looked at everyone calmly before changing the image projecting onto the screen again.

Alright. It was time to end this briefing session.

Chapter 1189 - Warning! Warning!

"In a week and a half, I expect all plans to be submitted. And after 4 days of rest, everyone will begin mission training for all scenarios! Actors will be hired, and you will all swoop in and save 'princess' Tilda under supervision. Getting information and scouting the Coastal city when we arrive will also be tested

out too. As for those in the Navy, your scenarios will be at sea. And last but not least, we have to consider the bond between the target and her grandmother."

Her grandmother?

Instantly, several people's eyes lit up as they recalled the information about the old lady of 47 years of age.

(Yes... For women, that was indeed quite old. But for men, not so much... They would be old but not seen as ancient/old as women their ages to many. Nonetheless, they would be considered old at this point too. After all, men typically marry girls a few years younger than them. This was a common trait even in medieval times, like some noblemen at 18, who married 14-year-old girls and whatnot. So their age is mostly not considered. And as the couple ages, everyone would base things off by the woman's age instead. So if the old lady was 47, then her husband must be in his early 50's or late one depending on her wife-rank.)

...

Everyone recalled the target's grandmother in their minds.

She was the 4th wife to the target's maternal grandfather, who married 5 wives. 2 wives have already died over the years, and only 3 remained.

And it looked like this granny's life was a tough one.

In short, she seemed to have refused to die.

They weren't fools.

The woman had been kept in the cold courtyard for over 21 years now but still stayed alive even though she had limited help, never receiving love from her so-called husband too.

One might even assume that she might not have seen her husband for decades now... (Of course, this would've been true if she didn't try to rescue Tilda and get her out of the palace. After Tilda was caught, Alexander contacted Tilda's grandfather, and the rest was easy to guess... But the Baymardians didn't know this.)

Firstly, the entire courtyard would be falling apart and so dusty that it looked like beggars would have to live in it.

Leaking roofs, broken windows, con webbed cupboards, no beds or furniture, and so on.

That's the image of the cold courtyard for many.

And in this case, picking up illnesses and even colds during the cool summer nights was also common.

Additionally, insect bites and constant visits from several crawly friends were a guarantee.

But apart from nature, humans also made things worse for those who stayed within the cold courtyards.

.

Generally, their food rations become smaller and smaller as the palace servants start bullying them and making things hard under the influence of the other wives.

This would continue until eventually, they might only receive food 2~3 times a week or so.

Some might joke and belittle the noble household or royals for being so poor that they couldn't even feed their people.

And even though it was a joke, it wasn't amusing to them!

Thus, the servants who dared overstep their boundaries would follow the deceased corpses that they killed.

Of course, sometimes, to those living in the cold palaces, receiving food was always a nightmare as well.

Why? Because the food might be poisoned too.

Again, those in the cold courtyard faced countless assassination attempts from all wives, as everyone just wanted to eliminate them fast.

All in all, the old lady had remarkably faced countless attempts on her life but had still survived, which not only shocked them but from the report, also shocked many in the Capital too.

She was not once, not thrice, but a total of 9 times... Yet, she still survived.

She also faced assassination attempts but was still standing.

And her husband started mistrusting her too, especially after listening to the sugar-coated words from the other wives.

But in Landon's mind, he knew the reason why she survived.

Yup!

The old lady didn't know it, but her purpose was to stay alive and try her best to look over Tilda until Landon took her out.

In this life, some people could be in the most horrendous accidents or experiences multiple times but would come out without a single scratch.

They had something to do, and until it was completed, heh... It was a very difficult task to go against the heavens.

So if the old lady actually got killed, that meant that her purpose had already been fulfilled.

.

Landon looked at everyone sternly:

"The old lady has been part of the target's life since childhood. Thus, if we leave her behind, I'm sure the target will be afraid that something will happen to her once we leave. And that's why the target might not be the only one we have to rescue. Hence, just like when we rescued the now King-father Micheal

and some others in Terique... the target's grandmother and her few faithful servants might be joining us too. So I expect plans of infiltration on the noble estate too! Is that understood?"

"Yes, sir!" They all replied in unison.

"Good. Remember, In a week and a half, all plans must be submitted at noon! And after 4 days of reviewing from us, training will begin and continue for another 3 weeks. From there, I expect you all to use the remaining days to meet your families, have a mini-vacation before heading back to pack your stuff, and set off... Now, Dismissed!"

With that, Landon turned around to face the other leaders while everyone calmly got up and vacated the hall to have a brief meeting with the units as fast as they could.

They were all positioned and seated according to their units. So it was easy to know who was where.

Landon chatted with the superior while removing his mic and putting all equipment away.

But suddenly, a sharp alarming noise went off in his mind.

['Warning! Warning!

Civilians held hostage. Civilians held hostage.

Your targets are 'The Witches!']

' _ '

Chapter 1190 - Man Vs. System

(°_°)

Blink. Blink.

Landon blinked excessively in a daze when he heard the system's alert.

Hello?

Were there witches in this world?

This... This wasn't what the system had told him from the beginning, alright?

'System, what the hell is going on here?'

'Host, Please don't ever doubt this Almighty System! They are just a group of people who believe themselves to be witches, just like how those from Adonis believe in having the power to confuse their event during battle with their Holy Thamans! Host, you hurt this one real deep by doubting me, you know?'

(-_-)

Sure, sure, sure... Whatever you say. Landon thought while rolling his eyes heavenwards.

Now was a time to get serious, and this system still had to push its ego out to remind him that it was an Almighty one.

Like who asked you for confirmation?

Were there witches around? Yes or no.

He knew there were seers, so it wasn't a long stretch for him to find out if witches truly existed.

Thus, he didn't know what the system was getting worked up here for.

.

'Host! Even though there are no witches, I have to alert the host that in Morgany, there is a dangerous man, who is now the last Eye-Gartva in the world!'

Eye-Gartva?

Landon frowned curiously while driving away towards district G hastily.

Of course, he was already on his way to meet these Witches.

But while heading over, his mind couldn't help wondering about the system's words.

'Host! An eye-Gartva or an Eye-witcher is a person who has received the 'changing eye' gift. But to understand this well, the host needs to know a few key things. Each world, be it the host's old world or even this new world, does have a few gifted people that passed on their traditions for generations to generations. Back on the host's previous planet, there were indeed Voodoo masters that existed in the world, even though the mass population didn't believe in them. Yes. At some point in your world's history, the heavens had blessed one a few people with the gift. Likewise, in this world, some received heavenly blessings too... But voodoo/sorcery wasn't something accepted to be given to humans here!'

Landon listened and nodded silently.

From what he knew, even though a gathering of gods and goddesses made decisions for this specific galaxy and universe, each individual God/Goddess also diligently what he's over their own planets or solar systems that they created.

At least that's what he had long concluded over the years.

Again, he believed that the God that created this world was actually a little goddess. And she probably governed thousands of other planets around too.

He had a hunch that these groups of Gods/goddesses overlooking their specific universe, galaxy, milky way and whatnot... drowned upon voodoo/sorcery and worked their own into gifting humans with other gifts.

.

'Host. Back to the matter with the Eye-witcher, it has less to do with actual Witchcraft but more on the individual's eyes... Host. Centuries and millennium ago in Morgany, when there wasn't thos great divide that existed now, humans in Morgany were still facing dangers from the creatures there. And their population wasn't that great as well. In short, other places in the world were also facing great calamities as well. Thus, the gods decided to bless brave people in each continent with a few heavenly gifts. Some

gifts were meant to go extinct with time, while others were meant to last forever. All in all, the only region blessed with this evaluating gift were the Zalipnians of Romain.'

Landon's eyes lit up when he heard this. He thought as much.

And they were a peaceful bunch too.

Of course, they dared not cause too much trouble or turn too greedy because of the Gods/Goddesses.

Hey. Who knew what punishment they would face?

.

'System, what about the other gifts?'

'Host! I thought you would never ask! You see, as for the gifts that were getting extinct, after each generation, the power passed on would be less and less until it dwindled down. It is also the case with the powers the system gave the host's family. From generation to generation, it will dwindle. And the host estimates that by the 15th century, it should all be over for the host's generation of children.'

Landon raised one eyebrow curiously: 'So what about the chosen monarchs? Their lineages were long since blessed, right?'

'Hehehehehe! Host, you are indeed my host. You are right. Most surprisingly came from blessed lineages, like the newly appointed Monarch Astar of Terique with supernatural strength. From the system's analysis, after 3 generations, the blessing should be over and done with. Your friend Queen Penelope, is blessed with sword and battle adaptability. Monarch William is blessed with perseverance; Monarch's Sirius, Henry and the rest also have their own gifts too. Even the blue-skinned crown prince in Zohl was blessed with the gift of nature, with animals and flowers taking a liking to him. But soon, their blessings will all come to an end after 2 or so generations. That said, there are a few ungifted chosen Monarchs who the host has yet to put on the throne in various regions.'

...

Listening to the system, Landon thought as much. After all, if the system hadn't blessed him himself and the others, he would've long been overpowered by Astar's raw herculean strength.

Hey. Even a fool can see that he was born extraordinarily, apart from his deceased Grandfather.

It looked like the gift directly skipped Micheal's generations and went to his child.

Maybe the gift felt weirded out by Micheal.

Hey! With Micheal's training maniac attitude, as well as the fact that he always asked Carmelo for fights whenever they met, it was clear he would've probably been one of those people travelling far and wide for opponents if he became that strong.

Even now, Micheal constantly hounded Landon to fight him whenever they met. And with Micheal, Landon felt very confused about what to do.

If he lost, Micheal would have viewed it and would still clamour for a fight. And if he won, Micheal would get pumped up and... you guessed it, still ask for another fight.

God!... What the hell was wrong with that man?

.

Okay. Back to the matter of the eye-witcher, Landon couldn't help remembering the system's words.

'System, so when you mean the last Eye-witcher, you're saying that this guy is the last of generations of Eye-witchers, right?'

'Yes, host...Isn't that obvious enough? Ease keep up with this system.'

' '

The system once again threw off Landon.

Hello? They seemed to be having a friendly flowing conversation, so how did it change all of a sudden?

Tsk! As expected. This black-belly system can't go on for long without ticking him off!

Cough. Cough.~

Landon looked before turning serious again.

'System, you still haven't fully explained what an Eye-Whitcher is.'

'Sigh... Host. Can't you use your imagination and think it through yourself?'

'No! Be specific!'

'Fine! For the sake of our friendship, this system wouldn't mind breaking things onto A, B and C's for the host. But do try to keep up, okay host?'

Landon's mouth twitched angrily while listening to the system.

'An eye-witcher. A person with this gift can see things through the eyes of nearby birds. Back in the ancient days when the gift was first given, an Eye-witcher could spot a bird flying high, far above the sky and connect with its eyes, seeing what it saw from that height. One could also control the bird to go in the direction they eased for days nonstop. That was all in the olden times. Now, with the last Eye-witcher, he would need to touch the bird and send it flying to see what it saw. And then he will only be able to connect with the bird for at most an hour and a half before feeling his entire energy drain, making him eventually disconnect with the bird.'

...

Landon was taken aback by such a gift.

Do you know how powerful that is during times of war?

No wonder Morgany could remain up the ladder for so many years. In each generation, it doesn't have to be just one person that recovers the gift.

Sometimes within one generation, 6 or more people received it.

So over the millenniums and centuries, who could say that Morgany hadn't used countless Eye-Witchers to root themselves in this world firmly?

From conducting the seas to oppressing countless regions, they might've long taken advantage of this.

Without a doubt, this Eye-Witcher would be a big stumbling block for him when they finally faced Morgany.

'System, in Morgany and other continents, even though the gifts will soon fade within the next generations or ao... at present, just as you said, there should be other gifted people around too. And I will face some of them, right?'

'Yes, host.'

'Then why didn't you say so earlier?'

'... Host. Blame me for overestimating you. I thought you would've realized it ages ago. Sigh... Yes. Yes. Yes. It's my fault, host. You are a good host.'

' '

System, I suspect you're treating me like a dog!

.

Lando felt like going crazy. He had a hunch a long time ago. But was it wrong to confirm things?

F***!

He was so pissed right now that he was ready to deal with those Witches fiercely.

Why was this system hell-bent on annoying him to death?

What did he ever do to it?

(:T^T:)