

TECHNOLOGY 1281

Chapter 1281 - Alien Metal Enhancer

[Gifts: Metal Enhancer Technology from the D-rated Planet Juangia, and a high-tier mechanical builder design from the D-rated planet Nebun.]

....

Good. Good. Good!...

Landon suddenly smiled so hard that his cheeks began to hurt badly.

First up, The Metal Enhancer Technology.

Make no mistake. The technology he received could make metal 60% stronger than it already was.

So do you know what that means?

F***!

Iron man would have nothing on these bad boys!

That is, he would be able to make them stronger, as well as lighter too... which was something that more advanced worlds had probably already mastered.

Aluminum, steel, titanium... You name it.

All these metals would now become enhanced under the influence of this technology.

And, surprisingly, the knowledge he had also covered care and all those other essential points, making sure that these enhanced materials had longer life-spans and didn't need to be maintained as frequently as they regularly would.

Again, when looking at safety, he also found that even if a plane crashed, it might not necessarily shatter the plane to bits instead.

Of course, some damage would exist.

But not the high-level ones that existed back on earth

So imagine how tough of an enhancement the metals would be to get to this stage?

Landon was so ecstatic by the realization of this godly treasure.

But the system's following words quickly quenched the fire burning within him.

[Host. It's essential for you to note that this 60% enhancement would-be enough to shield against for the time being. But once the Holy core recovers 50% of its powers, then it wouldn't be able to do much.]

...

Not good enough?

Landon gripped his seat hard in shock and fear.

So 60% was enough to hold out the core until it reached 50%?

Black lines formed on Landon's forehead the more he thought of the core's raw powers.

'System. In that case, I have to keep improving the metal enhancer, right?'

[Correct host. But bear in mind that even if you reach 100% enhancement, once the Holy core releases 90% of its powers, then there won't be anything you can do to stop it anymore.]

'I know.' Landon said sternly. 'I have to take the core back before it reaches 80... No! 70%.'

[Good, host. It looks like your brain has finally come back online.]

(-_-)

There you go.

There's the system he knew!

Landon, who had been talking to the system without even receiving a single insult, had somehow forgotten how annoying its system was.

Can't they ever talk without him getting insulted? What did he ever do to this system to garner so much hate from it?

Well, at least the system had answered his questions this time.

And from what he now understood, the metal enhancer was just always 10% behind the Holy Core's powers.

At least something else guaranteed him for the time being.

For one, even if the enemy had the Holy Core, they still had to research and work hard on enhancing its capabilities to a certain level.

Who knows... Maybe even getting 5% of the Holy Core's powers would be complex and time-consuming.

But Landon dared not dilly dally or underlook the enemy.

For now, until the Holy core could release 50% of its powers, he would be safe.

And to better ensure that he always has the advantage, he had to start researching and improving that 60% enhancement power.

He had to be a step ahead if he was to ensure the safety of his soldiers... Or else, it would be a bloody massacre with Baymard losing woefully.

This time, the stakes were just too high.

.

Tsk.

Apart from researching the cure of the virus, he also had to start studying how to improve that god-damn 60% mark.

Yes! A moment ago, he was indeed marveled and amazed by the 60%. And he still is.

But facts were facts, and that wasn't enough to ensure Baynard's safety.

And he had to do his best to get the mark to the top!

Luckily, with all the math, skills, and other knowledge he had absorbed over the years, brainstorming things would definitely be more complicated but not impossible for him.

He was a fool.

The system probably knew he could do it, hence, reminded him of it.

That's right.

It might take a while for others to research and improve it since they would have to go through textbooks, solve issues, and brainstorm steadily.

But he who had absorbed so much knowledge and knew every page in all textbooks was a walking encyclopedia and calculator.

That is, if he were back on earth, he would've been able to solve all the math issues and theories that were unsolvable to earth's standard.

Yup!

He would have easily solved the Farrell-Jones conjecture, the Kothe Conjecture, and many others, getting himself several Nobel prizes in the end.

After all, many of these conjectures are related to several domains, including computer science, algebra, dynamic systems, etc.

So just solving them would leap humankind to the future once more.

And in the current Hertfilia, even though the items he created were similar to that back on earth, he had improved a few key features here and there thanks to the knowledge he received

After all, these were the medieval warring times. So his creations were improved to fit the people of these times.

The meaning change was inevitable.

.

That said, Landon knew he could probably improve the efficiency of the metal exchanger as time went on.

However, no matter what, he had to hasten up his plans.

And thanks to the second technology he received, rather than using several months to a year to build a single plan, he could now get it done in under a month.

Meaning soon enough, helicopters and fighter jets would have the skyrocket than he thought.

And in this way, would he be able to deal with Morgany?

Or was it still not enough?

Tick-Tock. Tick-Tock.

Time was running out.

And now, he had to act fast!

Chapter 1282 - To Infinity & Beyond!

Landon secretly made up his mind on how he would handle the matter of the metal enhancer.

You know, even guns, shields, bullets, missiles and other military weapons would be deadlier due to the change.

And they would also have to field-test how brutal a hit from such a weapon would be.

From the range to how deep the bullets could pierce into the flesh, everything had to be re-examined.

After all, they wouldn't want a case where bullets would be able to not only pass through an enemy but hit their comrade positioned behind the enemy too.

That is, even if they were to enhance guns, they wouldn't boost it up to that level.

At most, they would only make it more dynamic since the new technology allows them to make metal more robust, yet lighter and swifter than it already was.

Several calculations, as well as numerous experiments, will be carried out on different animals, testing out just how deep the bullet penetrated.

That is, even if they made changes, they didn't want the bullet to leave the target's body once submerged into it.

As for cannons, grenades, hand missiles, and so on, they would also have to test and expand the attack range to a certain degree. But not to the point where one hit could be catastrophic.

.

Landon sighed... This was indeed a tremendous technological improvement.

But if done incorrectly, then even the researchers would die during experimentation.

After all, the earth's well-known facts and research results mostly came from scientists who died or got injured during testing.

Like the soviet scientist who developed a new chemical weapon and died after malfunctioning and exposure, or the people who first discovered some radioactive elements on the periodic table... Those brave people lost their lives for those in the future to reap their benefits.

And so if one wasn't careful enough, this extraordinary gift could be a curse at the beginning stages of research.

Only after people had mastered its facts and data to some extent could they better relax when experimenting.

But lucky for these Baymardians, they had Landon with them.

And he was going to be hands-on during the entire process, giving his 2 cents on the matter, as well as warning them on what was dangerous or not.

Of course, before experimentation began, they should've already calculated the estimated attack range.

And even at that, Landon wanted all tests to be done in a closed environment with doomsday bunker level protection!

That is, they had to prepare for the blast of their lives while testing out any newly enhanced weaponry.

Of course, with the technology to enhance metal, building a Doomsday testing field shouldn't be impossible.

So it's a win-win situation.

Hey! With great power come great responsibility, so there was no complaining there.

.

On the other hand, even though he had to control bullet penetration and so on, the thing he could go mayhem on was the shields.

Bahahhahahahaha!

All the body shields, be it for police officers or the arm shields the soldiers used, would be so strong that no bullet currently available would be able to hit.

It would be like someone hitting Iron man's chest.

And what's more, even the bulletproof vests would be thinner than they currently we're, but stronger.

Dammit!

From what he analyzed, it would be possible to create a bulletproof vest with the same weight as an ordinary shirt.

But its capabilities would far exceed what earthlings could ever imagine!

No! How he was wondering if he could very well make an entire protective suit designed in a Ninja-style, giving room for flexibility too.

Additionally, he had to create thin head shields too.

At this point, his soldiers would truly be a force to be reckoned with. And even their necks would be protected from the outfit.

That is, the doors that opened due to this latest technology were enough to make countless earthlings cry from shock and disbelief.

But sadly, this alone still wouldn't be enough to deal with the Holy core's powers.

He had the feeling that if the moment the Holy core reached 50%, its powers would be able to burn and penetrate past his defensive 60% enhanced shields.

His men would probably end up naked and burnt after the power penetrated past their skins.

Dammit!

Not enough!

He would never let that happen.

And that's why he had to work fast.

.

Landon secretly drew up a plan in his mind about how much he wanted to improve on each weaponry, as well as what other day-to-day ordinary objects would need the technology as well.

After all, the technology also solved the issues with several day-to-day household appliances.

So they would be incorporating them too.

And a new bunch of ships would also have to be created with the latest technology.

Of course, once the first patch got made, the old ones would be called in for maintenance and modification, changing almost everything about it too.

And eventually, the military vehicles would also go in for upgrades too.

In the future, they might have to dispatch and drive into Morgany with everything they've got

So be it planes, vehicles, ships, and whatever mode of transportation was available, all these things would be upgraded as well.

Landon dared not take any chances when it came to the Holy Core.

And so, change was inevitable.

Luckily, to make the 'change' process swifter, the heavens had already rewarded him with his second gift.

The high-tier mechanical builder system!

When thinking about his second gift, Landon couldn't help smiling stupidly.

Why? Because this high-tier system incorporated several features that were too astonishing to believe.

And wouldn't you know it, he very quickly realized that one of the new features was something that could eventually enable him to create something that he always wanted as a Kid.

Hehehehehe~.

It was something that would make Pixar fans scream with envy.

That's right. He was talking about Buzz Lightyear's Anti-Gravity Belt.

To infinity and Beyond!

Chapter 1283 - Anti-Gravitational Belts

The High-tier Machine Builder System.

In essence, it was the most complex gift amongst the 2.

For one, its features and possibilities could accomplish far more than what it was made for.

And this complex builder was in the form of a spider.

That's right.

With its many arms, it could do so many tasks and functions within a few minutes.

And once many spiders are made and assigned various tasks, they can build everything in the shortest time possible.

But the key point here was that before the spiders got to work, their systems had to be given all parameters and overall scope of what the final product would look like.

And from there, these spiders use several special detection features, as though they were wearing Iron man's mask.

They can also scan and find out which parts needed maintenance or whether something was wrong during the building process or not.

Their spider eyes, which by the way were a lot, would constantly be accessing and working with supernatural strength as well.

.

Additionally, they also had inbuilt anti-gravitational systems, for when they had to fly with large parts and screw them in while suspended mid-air.

At this point, they could very well rip apart the planes back on earth and burst into them like superman brushing into a train.

And because of the many scanning systems in these bad boys, Landon was also super pleased because it was something straight out of a sci-fi movie.

Now, the port's security systems would also have a tighter system that far exceeded earth's. Additionally, he could also make Tony Stark glasses and so on.

Heh. The future sure was bright.

But to him, his main excitement came from the anti-gravitational belts.

F***!

He could already see it now. The soldiers flying in the air while protected by an invisible spherical field.

Yup!

The anti-gravitational belt mostly created a spherical vacuum around the wearer that eliminated gravity's influence.

Just like how Buzz Lightyear or even the Jedis in star wars, Landon wanted to create a similar belt as well.

He also found that he would have to create wrist controls for directional purposes.

Well, this technology alone was such a giant leap for humankind.

That is, they haven't even started making mobile phones or even gotten the satellites or rockets launched into space yet.

But here he was making anti-gravity belts.

So wouldn't the future historians be a tad bit confused here?

.

In truth, since he came to this world, his intentions had been haphazard, popping out in any format.

So what did he care if people thousands of years later found the order of things weird?

Hey!

Inventions were inspirational. So what if the idea came up now rather than later?

Landon shook his head wryly, still immersed in the fact that he would be able to create anti-gravitational belts.

And just like the limit with the metal enhancer, he realized that the highest it could fly was 4-stories high and nothing more.

That is, the people from that D-rank planet had been able to achieve and sustain this much with their anti-gravitational function.

If he wanted to improve it, he would have to adjust the parameters, take into consideration wind drafts, seasonal changes at every elevation point, and so on.

In some seasons, they would have to fly lower than 4-stories tall just for safety. And other seasons, things should be okay and good to go.

There were just so many calculations, physics, and many theorems to consider here.

And for the time being, Landon wasn't trying to improve the anti-gravitational limit.

Where did he have the time to improve it when he still had to focus on improving the metal enhancer?

Please! He was already too busy dealing with the Virus.

.

As for how he would proceed to deal with these gifts, Landon decided to give a few reading materials for Tim and the overseers involved so that they begin studying A.S.A.P.

But thinking of the impending danger, he couldn't help frowning deeply.

Just like during the World war where farmers and all sorts of people joined the army to fight, his situation also called for immediate actions too.

Many of those people back then had no time to be skillfully trained, as the moment they entered the army, they quickly joined the battle.

And even the women had to learn several things that they had never gotten used to in a blink of an eye.

So desperate times called for desperate measures.

And likewise, with the impending threat hovering over the world, the Baymardians too had no time to wait for them to fully understand things.

Now, Landon decided to revert to how they did things at the start of Baymard's era of development.

That's right.

They would follow the guidelines and do the same thing every single day for as long as it took until they could do it with their eyes closed.

Like well-oiled machines, they would do it over and over and over again for months after months.

And while doing this, inevitably, they would also pick up and understand things more and more as time went on.

.

They were running out of time.

So Landon decided that the moment he got awarded with knowledge on planes and whatnot, he would spend 5 whole months with everyone, teaching all he could about planes.

Simultaneously, from now till the period after his teachings, the Builder and metal enhancers should also be completed by then.

And by January the following year, the first batch of planes should emerge in just under a month.

Yes!

He originally planned to spend close to a year on the building phase alone.

But if a large Boeing airplane could be built in a month, then helicopters should take shorter periods, and he should already have everything laid out properly.

One had to know that for people in D-rated planets, a large plane like the Boeing was nothing as they were focused on building massive sci-fi-like spaceships instead.

So what was a tiny Boeing plane?

Please!

They could build it so swiftly as though they were only putting simple legos together, with the help of many spider builders that crawled, jumped, and flew over the place to get the job done with an incredible speed as though they were Stony Stark's machines.

So yes.

He would indeed be able to reach his goals faster.

And soon, the airport will be open for business!

Chapter 1284 - Departure Was Near

To infinity and beyond!

Landon tried his best to hold his smile back while finally calming his anxious heart.

Well, it would take a long time before that thing got to the closest Morg Capital city.

So that alone did a great job at buying him ample time.

Hmhm.

Landon nodded his head like a chicken, thinking of how advantageous he was at the moment.

So the next thing is to create all alien tech, as well as upgrade his space in order if he wanted to capture that thing successfully.

But judging from how many points he would need to upgrade the space, he dared not get distracted from his main goals now.

And the moment he upgraded, he would make his first attempt in stealing the Holy core before it was too late.

Landon rubbed his elbows anxiously.

To steal the core, he had to have enough warping points to enable him to move in and out of Morgany as he pleased.

Thankfully, he had let a few Morgs return to Morgany whenever he had the chance to.

Maybe some people would wonder why he let them go after disrespecting him.

But only he who had the system knew how valuable they were.

Thanks to them, Landon could bow warp to whatever place they were currently at.

The only problem was that what if the empire he warped into was the wrong one that didn't have the Holy core stored in?

If that were the case, he would have no choice but to physically make a trip to the place since he couldn't warp to regions that he had never been to before.

So he either needed those people to head towards the Holy core, or he went there instead.

But as a busy monarch, how could he have the time to spend months and months journeying and traveling across all empires in Morgany to find the core?

.

Landon had thought about these issues over the years and had long come up with a solution for the matter.

Spies.

Hmhm.

At some point, he would need to send his spies into the deadly enemy zone.

He would boost up their accents and mimicking capabilities, as well as find information about the location where he would be sending them to.

They had to act as though they knew the town they were headed towards since birth.

They also had to be arrogant, acting as if Morgany was heaven itself.

Every single word or look would have to be honed deeply. And while in such a dangerous place, they had to put away their bravery, even if they watched people get raped before their very eyes while in Morgany.

No matter what they saw, they were never to break character.

This was indeed a tricky thing to do, especially for those moral compasses.

.

Hmmm...

Landon felt that this spy mission would probably be the biggest one yet.

Well, that, as well as those who would also head to Lampe to start mingling in with the Adonis people.

Those 2 continents were the biggest troublemakers now.

Moreover, the system had also made him understand that after the Morgs successfully took the view, the Adonis people who were spying around the region, went in to investigate, and also discovered the core's resting ground.

Maybe because of the anger of the heavens and the heavy rain, the morgs might've been blinded, as well as so busy getting it out of the volcano, that they failed to realize that the core had been resting on top of a white feather.

Many might think that the volcano's ground was what had held the core for centuries and centuries past.

But that would be a lie.

It was that feather that did the trick.

And now, that strange feather had landed in the hands of those in Lampe who found the feather to be too heavy for its size.

Yup! They discovered that even hundreds of them couldn't lift the feather.

And as one might expect, they should probably try making the feather away to Lampe as well.

The system had reassured him that the feather wasn't that much of a threat and was something that his 60% enhancement could deal with.

So he didn't feel too worried about Lampe's matter.

.

Well, for now, he would take this time to personally train the spies, as well as create body masks for some spies who had to take the appearance of some enemies before infiltrating the enemy zone.

Of course, he didn't plan to do this with those going into Morgany.

Morgan had a tighter control than Lampe, so disguising like another powerful Morg was just suicide.

With Lampe's matter, he felt as though even sending the spies in should be a less challenging task when compared to Morgany.

One. The people in Morg bore more hatred towards outsiders or those they found strange and out of place.

So the people themselves were the eyes and ears of the monarchy; they would waste no time reporting their suspicions instead.

But, there was indeed one way that the spies could try mingling in.

And that was for them to start off as villagers in some remote region.

They would drop in from the sky and somehow create a scenario that would allow them to mingle and integrate into any nearby village.

If possible, they might have to join bandits as stablemen or something.

And as months and time fly by, they should've already fully incorporated themselves with the people.

Soon enough, they would start going to the nearby cities or towns to gather information while later returning to the villages as well.

Their priority was to get an identity that others could vouch for and prove that they were indeed Morgs.

Plus, no one saw them entering from any coastal region.

So if they didn't come here by land, could it be that they came by air?

Impossible!

The people would conclude that they were Morgs in the end.

.

Landon secretly sighed from relief and finally calmed his anxious heart after thinking things through.

Now, he could go onto the briefing with a lighter heart.

And just like that, 2 and a half weeks went by in the blink of an eye, leaving them just 3 more days left before departure.

However, Landon and the rest weren't the only ones making plans.

Chapter 1285 - A Visitor Arrives

--Paitus Coastal city, South-West, Arcadina--

.

~Flap. Flap. Flap Flap.

The many sounds of birds fluttering their wings and singing could be heard across the rowdy streets.

People on wagons, some in their carriages and others on horses instead.

The roads were bustling, and the sidewalks were packed as well.

The summer was in its pique, with several children playing with all sorts of toys and puppets, some from Baymard and some from their local community.

The streets were bustling with workers, secretaries, traffic control officers, garbage workers, and many other professions that had one by one emerged into existence over the years.

Yes. The city had already been reforming, as countless changes were as clear as day.

And amidst the bubbling crowd of passerbys, a close-roof wagon finally pulled up towards an open-spaced region, dispatching the passengers on it.

"Alright. Alright. Out ya' go! Com'on! Everyone, step out now. And for those of yah' that haven't paid up yet, I want my money. So don't force me to roughen you up! Out! Out! Out!"

A moderately built man stood at the back of the large wagon, hastening the passengers to get off his wagon!

Yes! From Baymard's emergence of taxis and cabs, several people who used to carry one or two strangers whenever they travelled or transported their goods to and fro the towns, villages and cities, had now cooked up a better idea when thinking of how to make more money.

But it wasn't just them, as their crowned Monarch also decided to show interest.

.

Every time Willaim came to Baymard, he would come with several trusted officials.

And throughout his stay in Baymard, he typically visited the Arcadinian territories around Baymard's borders.

From there, he stationed and positioned several of these trusted officials across the scene as he liked.

Why? Well, that was because he had a grand plan in mind.

For one, William was trying to not only solve the problem of transportation across his empire but also find ways to increase employment while at the same time making money too.

And all this was due to the epiphany he had after observing Baymard's inner workings.

That's right.

Within Baymard, the new territories also had fixed transportation buses that took people from different towns, cities and villages at specific times.

It worked just as the transport ship system worked.

The buses would come at 1~3 specific times a day. And everything was controlled at the bus stations built across the various Baymardian territories.

The Baymardians had successfully honed those people living in those territories to work at the wooden-cabin-like bus stations.

And at the same time, they were still collecting transport fares.

So wasn't that just too awesome?

William felt as though he and the former monarchs were just fools for coming up with such a simple yet ingenious way to keep money circulating in the empire.

Genius! Just too ingenious!

.

William, as well as Penelope and the other Monarchs, were also very excited to start improving transportation in their empires.

And as though a light bulb had suddenly clicked in William's mind, he also wanted to create Government Arcadian Transportations around various territories.

At first, he ran into some problems after establishing it around the Arcadian regions bordering Baymard's.

But after listening to Landon's suggestion, things seemed to be moving smoother than before.

One shouldn't forget that Arcadia alone as a whole was bigger than several continents in this world.

So he typically wondered about management, operating schedules and whatnot.

Of course, Landon had suggested that he break things down and create states/provinces/prefectures.

And, the majority of the transport wagons/buses would rotate within each state, not going leaving the state borders. Only a few would leave for regions out of the states instead.

Take for example, some of the Arcadian cities and towns around Baymard's borders.

They grouped them and tried to create time schedules just as Baymard did.

Some of their trips could take a day by wagon, while others could take up to 4 days while others 9 days.

But no matter what, they created a fixed set of boundaries that they had to follow while creating the bubbles.

.

For starters, they grouped regions where wagon trips wouldn't exceed 10 days of travel from the central/Capital city in the bubble.

So in essence, they were creating a prefecture/state and selected one city to be the Capital city.

Now, these wagon trips/ bus trips could move within the prefecture/state they were assigned to, making management more effortless.

For now, Willaim has only officially formed 3 prefectures within Arcadina.

And they all bordered Baymard's territories.

He planned to start from this end and slowly grow and create others in this manner for the next 6~10 years max.

And as for villages within the newly formed prefectures, for now, no wagons would be stopping in those regions because bandits and other criminals were typically most likely to be around those regions.

Another thing that Willaim ensured was that while travelling, Wagon/Bus station guards would also travel alongside the passengers.

Unlike Baymard, where they had done a great deal in subduing all their bandits and even taking care of the animal problems in their new territories, he was still far behind in this aspect.

So in the meantime, this was the best he could do.

Yes!

William was working hard on establishing many more bubbles, creating orderliness, improving employment, as well as increasing the empire's annual generated income.

Sigh... Being a monarch wasn't easy. So he didn't understand how the late Alec Barn had the ball to sleep on the job.

Now, Arcadina's era of change had truly begun.

And even though William was working diligently, a few ordinary folks also decided to convert their wagons into transport buses.

And at this moment, a certain person's eyes glowed dangerously from within the wagon.

"You there! Get up for this daddy, and get off my wagon! What?.... Are you deaf! I want my money, I do! I carried you for 3 whole days. So you better pay up or die!!"

Chapter 1286 - Strange Passenger

"You there, where's my money?!"

One of the men bared his teeth out in rage after staring at the silent passenger in his wagon, who was still seated calmly, as though they owned the place.

Dammit! After the dangerous risks he took to get passengers here, this is the thanks he and his boys got?

Typically, the official/Royal wagon transport in the region was always booked to the brim.

So those who were desperate to catch up to some appointment in the following towns or cities, would no doubt turn to the few of them, who were peasant wagon drivers instead.

Make no mistake. William's services were preferred because of the guard protection attached to them.

But in desperate times, people would choose to risk it, especially after finding that their number one choice of transportation was booked solid.

By then, some would use their family's horses and ride to wherever they desired or hitchhike with travelling farmers or merchants to take them long for a small fare.

And so, the few peasants that now converted their wagons into official transportation services could easily make a quick buck now and then.

However, even though the people were used to travelling for long distances by themselves, that didn't take out the risk factor.

For one, one was likely to come across bandits 5 out of 10 times when travelling.

But that wasn't all.

Wild, ferocious beast attacks, mother nature, and even escaping or fleeing assassins could get them caught up in something they didn't want.

There was also the case of trafficking and kidnapping and selling them as slaves to heaven knows where.

Yes. Slavery might not be banned in Arcadina, but other continents and regions still used slaves. So kidnapping was still common.

Additionally, but all Nobles have quite slavery yet. Change in such a massive empire as Arcadina would take a long while to permanently clear things up.

So when one thinks about all the dangers added together, these medieval people were 7/10 times more likely to face danger during travels.

But whether they died, got injured, captured, raped, robbed or fled, was entirely dependent on what sort of sticky situation they got themselves in.

That being said, for they as peasants, just having a few guards at hand when using William's transportation had already significantly reduced that risk.

And that's why his methods were more effective and efficient.

But, if they were desperate to get to where they were going, then they would travel unsafely the same way they usually did.

What else could they do?

As peasants, death was their closest kin and a regular part of their medieval lives.

.

Dammit!

The distressed and annoyed people regretted picking this strange person to make another quick buck.

That's right. They spotted this person on the highway all alone.

And because they still had space in their wagon and wanted more money, they carried this person to this area.

The person said they would pay once they arrived. So where's the money?

Their eyes burned with passion as they quickly drew their weapons out, planning to roughen up the bastard before them.

After fleeing from bandit pursuits with all their lives and their passengers for 2 days now, how could they not get pissed after not receiving their money for a service job well done?

~Sling!

Their daggers slid out of their sheaths, making several faint whistling sounds.

And just when they were about to jump onto their wagon and launch their attacks, the bastard, all cloaked in black, suddenly stood calmly and threw a tiny pouch of money in it.

"Keep the change."

Pap!

The leader caught the pouch and quickly opened it up.

"Boss! Boss! Is it all there?"

(OoO)

.

Everyone stretched their necks curiously, only to see their boss scratch his head embarrassedly.

And when everyone saw his reaction, they knew that everything was in order.

But it was just that now, they didn't know where to place all their pent-up anger and fighting energy.

Their boss swallowed his anger while signalling the men not to block the stranger's path anymore.

Smack!

"You idiot. Why are you still blocking the path? Move for this, daddy!"

With the path cleared, the stranger calmly walked away without so much as a single word.

And the wagon people could only stare temptingly at their disappearing silhouette.

"Boss... Do you think we should follow this person? Look! If they can give us this much, then doesn't it mean that they have more on them? So what if we..."

"Idiot! If we start acting like thieves and word gets out, then who will want to ride on their wagons later on? And even if we did have to find a target to rob, I feel that this person should not be simple. So why risk it?"

"Then... Then, are we just going to let them go just like that?"

The wagon people stretched their heads aggrieved after watching the person fade away from their sight.

They felt that if they should overpower this person now, then they would be more likely to win and rob the person clean.

But what they didn't know was that their boss had unexpectedly saved their lives instead.

Sometimes being too short-sighted could lead one faster to their demise!

.

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

With steady footsteps, the black-cloaked passenger calmly maneuvered across the busy streets, making several turns now and then.

The person's actions seemed bizarre and confused because many a time, they would pass through the same street twice.

The person walked vigilantly, glancing around from time to time, ensuring that they weren't followed.

And only after confirming their surroundings severally did the person take the right path.

Down the busy streets, around the sketchy alleys over the fences, across all sorts of paths did this person pass.

Gillian's Tavern.

It was a moderately popular site for peasants in the coastal city.

And now, stepping into the tavern, the person calmly walked to the very front, towards one of the girls at the front desk who was busy pouring Booz to strangers.

And with a swift motion, the person lowered the black cloak humbly before saying a few words to the girl.

It was a secret password of some sort.

The girl's eyes twinkled with a strange light after confirming the person before her: "Sister... Welcome.. The elder will see you soon."

Chapter 1287 - The Elders' Summons

"Sister, welcome. The elder will see you soon."

"Hmm." Replies the cloaked woman while calmly making her through the staff doors and down the cellars.

~Creak. Creak. Creak. Creak.~

The wooden floors creaked with every step the woman took. And soon, she was already standing before the room designated to her.

Catchack!

The lady leading her to the room opened the door, allowing her to step in.

"Sister, this is where you'll be staying."

"Hmmm." The cloaked woman responded.

With that, the one escorting her stepped out of the room and left her to herself.

But suddenly, the woman just stood tall and mighty, quickly fell to the ground and started breathing heavily.

Wooh~~ Wooh~ Wooh~

She curled on the wooden floors as she trembled and held her belly tightly.

Dammit! The fatal wound on her belly had opened up again.

That's right. She had been travelling with so much pain, which was one of the reasons why she wasted time leaving the wagon earlier on.

It was only because she had been trying to pull herself together, as well as check on her injuries before moving around in the manner she did.

After all, she had walked around the city, jumped over fences when needed and did several feats to ensure that she wasn't followed.

The wound unravelled, and pain quickly slapped her body as though she were stabbed in the gut.

The woman's entire cheeks began trembling while gritting her teeth in pain.

Breathe in, breathe out.

She quickly tried to control herself.

And while in this mode, she began dragging her body towards the desks and bed at the very end of the room.

Where is it? Where is it?

The woman scanned the locker on the desk before checking under or at the back of the beds for any medical supplies.

Rooms assigned for members should have medical supplies in them. Unless one's injuries were too life-threatening, members were all expected to care for themselves since it was part of their training. Calling for help over an injury of this nature, though fatal, was also a disgraceful thing.

Hence, the last began searching wildly for any supplies available.

And sure enough, there was one hidden within a box underneath her bed.

Success!

In one swift motion, she opened the box, reached for the first few items her eyes identified first and began treating herself once more.

As a professional, she was up for the task.

.

5.... 10.... 12... 30 whole minutes passed by in the twinkle of an eye.

And now, the woman in question had taken care of all injuries on her body.

But still, she dared not sleep... Not after the other lady told her of her next mission.

For her, every command or order was a mission.

And so, now, she had to wait for the elders' summons and dared not slump or take a quick nap.

She calmly placed the medicine box back to its original position and sat on the bed like a statue. Tall and sturdy.

Sure enough. As if the elders were psychic, in just under 2 minutes, there was a knock on the door.

~Knock. Knock.

"Enter." The woman said, allowing whoever was outside to step into the room.

And no surprise, it was the same person who showed her around.

"The elders will see you now."

"Hmmm."

Like so, the duo left the room, walked via the dimly lit hallway before entering another room that looked as though it were a storage room.

The room was massive, with all sorts of barrels and supplies within it.

But again, at the very end of the room, there seemed to be another door there. The door was left open to deter others from going into it.

Humans were easy to fool.

With the door half-opened, one can see that the tiny room was filled with nothing but raggedy old cleaning supplies. It was a small janitor closet that many, including several thieves, would shrug and pay no attention to.

Maybe if the doors were closed, they would be curious.

But with the door halfway opened and its contents exposed, no thief would bother with it.

Instead, they would be trying to steal all the rum and goods around them.

.

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

The floors here didn't creak, as though they were newer and well-maintained than those above. The revelation might make one both confused and shocked. But the better the floors, the stealthier they could move.

Whatever was down here was their secret, and they took extra precautions to ensure that it remained hidden.

The duo walked straight past everything within the room, making their way towards the tiny janitor closet instead.

"Authority insufficient. Please stand back and turn around."

"Yes." The woman replied while doing as she was told.

It was clear that her authority wasn't enough to know how to unlock or open the secret passage within the closet.

Different materials make different sounds.

But unfortunately, even if she wanted to listen in and guess the sounds echoed out, she still couldn't.

Why? Because the person who escorted her maneuvered things around as though she were a ghost.

And in not more than 5 seconds, the secret door opened up.

"Please... After you."

"Hmmm..."

The woman stealthily passed over a few cleaning supplies and took her first step into the secret room.

And after the lady behind her entered, she closed the secret portal, and from there, the duo continued their journey.

In a far distance, a torch was already lit across the hallway, showing them the way.

And once they got to the end, they walked down a stairway, going deeper below.

There was no question about it. The floor they were heading to should be the most treasured in the tavern.

And the more they descended, the more high-maintained the floors were.

.

The duo walked past another hallway with several doors along its walls.

Until finally, they reached the very end of the hallway, standing before a large iron door.

"Number 5.. The elders will see you now."

Chapter 1288 - Their Truths

Number 5 stood before a council of 3 while maintaining a humble yet calm demeanour.

The council included three women from the ages of 34~37.

They were gorgeous, well-maintained, and all so breathtaking.

The women squinted their eyes coldly and scanned Number 5 with their eyes from head to toe.

The auras they released were all too terrifying and could undoubtedly make most men in this world cower in fear.

The leading lady in red tapped her fingers on her armrest, staring at Number 5 deeply.

"Speak! Why have you returned alone?"

Instantly, number 5 dropped on one knee with one hand on the ground, and her head lowered: "Forgive me, elders. It was all due to my negligence. We underestimated the traitor's daughter."

Boom!

The elders all punched their armrests in rage.

A little traitor's daughter dares to go against them?

Good. Good. Good. Good.

"Number 5, speak! What exactly happened down there?"

.

Number 5 clenched her fists while recalling all they went through.

Dammit! She would never let that treacherous traitor get away with this!

"Elders, it's like this....~~."

Like so, Number 5 began retelling all she and her sisters did from the moment they set foot in Baymard. From the decisions she, as their leader made, to other key actions they carried out, she was swift to relay all information without hiding a single thing.

Of course, after she escaped, she first met up with the scouts that went to Riverdale.

Yes! These scouts arrived a week or 2 before they arrived in Baymard and had given them Lucy's everyday routines and whatnot.

So after information was exchanged, the scouts first left and headed towards Riverdale city to wait for their results.

In short, everything had been elaborately planned by herself, her team and the scouts, all waiting for Lucy's capture or news of her death if they couldn't bring her out.

But in the end, the Scouts met with a very severely injured Number 5.

The situation was dangerous.

So Number 5 first told the Scouts all she and her sisters went through before sending them off to head straight for Tenola with it.

And funny enough, part of their journey would be done with the Baymardians ships instead.

That's right.

The scouts did a U-turn back to Baymard, heading to the Coastal ports instead.

And after booking their tickets, they hopped aboard a ship that would take them to Deiferus.

Why? Because from Deiferus to Tenola by ship was shorter and would save them months and months of travel. Not to mention that the Baymardian ships would get them to Tenola in a matter of days. So how could they not want to use this option?

.

In Pyno, their Witch Organization only had a handful of Taverns in Arcadina, Yodan and Deiferus.

So for sure, they had their own private ships too. The only issue might be running into those blasted pirates on the way.

But since they had paid their Mog passage fees, then they should be good to go, no matter how many pirates stop them on the way. Of course, it was also best that they carried a little more money to bribe these pirates in case a few wanted to make things difficult for them.

Dammit! This was why they hated men!

The bastard species were just so disgusting and always loved taking advantage of every given situation.

It's also because of the pirates that Number 5 didn't write in detail all that transpired but chose to tell her sister scouts about it instead.

As trained assassins, their brains were also trained too.

And they could recall everything they heard at secret meetings or other places. So they could recall all of Number 5's words, even if they had to retell it months later.

Again, they also chose not to write things down because, at that moment, they knew that the Baymardians might be looking for Number 5. So what if this intimidating letter was confiscated?

Then all their efforts would've been wasted for nothing.

And that's why Assassins never write things down unless there was no other way.

.

Like so, the scouts headed for Tenola, and she, on the other hand, headed for this coastal city that had one of their Taverns there.

Unlike the scouts, her only way to flee Baymard was via land. Going to the port was asking to be arrested... Though, escaping Baymard via land was also tasking and very strenuous too.

The hell that those Baymardian knights had put her through was something she never wanted to encounter again.

Dammit!

It was only by a stroke of luck that they finally fled all Baymard territories and entered Arcadina's safe haven.

Following that, she boarded a passing wagon that was coincidentally heading towards the coastal city she was going to.

F***!

One day, she would make those damn Baymardians and that treacherous Traitor pay for what they did to her and her fallen or captured sisters!

.

Everyone's face turned grim after listening to Number 5 retell all she had been through.

The lady in red squinted her eyes dangerously: "Are you saying that the real mastermind for their success has been the traitor's daughter?"

"Yes, elder Rosa. But just like her wicked mother who singlehandedly brought terror into our Organization years back, she's also a dangerous one as well."

"Indeed." Rosa said thoughtfully: "If she can fight 3 or more of you head-on while holding a baby, then it shows how much she inherited from her mother. As expected. A wolf can only give birth to a wolf!"

"Yes!" Another elder chimed in. "Rumours say that she is as gentle as a flower, seemingly weak too. But now we know that this might be her persona, to hide her strength from her enemies. You said she was born with the gift of extraordinary strength, which means that she clearly contains the blood of our witch society."

"Agreed. Number 5, if I'm not mistaken, there was someone in your team that could levitate objects, right?"

"Yes, elder."

"Hmmm... All these are gifts exclusive to only those in our organization.

So for sure, she's the traitor's daughter. And it's not surprising that you lost this time. We have underestimated her greatly. And that was our first mistake. And if she's the master behind Baymard's greatness, then we must take her back to Tenola at all costs!" The lady in red stated.

Even if she was a traitor, Lucy belonged to them in the first place. So why should such a desolate and undeserving place like Baymard enjoy the benefits that should be theirs?

Impossible!

They would bring her back home!

Chapter 1289 - A Strange Entourage

"Even though your reasons for failure are indeed valid, you will still be punished for the spilled blood of our deceased sisters."

Number 5 expected this and was fully ready to take responsibility for the matter.

Rosa looked at her thoughtfully: "You should've received the Juntai punishment, leaving you numb for another 8 months. But now isn't the time for this. We need all sisters on board if we're going to succeed. So after you heal up, you'll be going straight to Deiferus to meet with our other sisters there. We, the council, have another mission for you. So don't disappoint us!"

Number 5 clenched her fists in determination: "Yes, elders. This one will not."

With that, Number 5 left the place with fire burning in her eyes.

And so it began.

The witches who learnt of the great secret were already making countless moves to get the train behind it all... Lucy!

It was ironic that before this, they wanted nothing more than to kill her, gut her, peel and skin her inside out

But now, they dared not take that risk... Not after seeing how fertile her brain was.

With her on their side, they would no longer have to worry about Morgany.

Just give them more time, and they would soon build up even more forces, eventually conquer the entire Tenola with all its empires and Monarchs.

And from there, the rules would change. The men would be the slaves, and the women would be on top.

Tenola would become a place for all women to reign and prosper!

.

The witches could already see it now.

Destiny was indeed a fascinating thing. This Lucy, their truest enemy, had inherited supernatural strangers from the Witch legacy of the Goddess of Witchcraft.

Additionally, she also had the brains just like her treacherous mother.

So if they didn't use her gifts to their advantage and kill her off just like that, then wouldn't they be destroying the blessings that their goddess had painstakingly sent them?

Lucy was their blessing for a better tomorrow. And after they extracted all they could from her, then they would then get rid of her just as they originally planned.

After all, the future they wanted to create had no place for traitors like her.

The fact that she was willing to belittle herself and attack other witches for a man was most blasphemous.

What a joke!

If they allowed her to survive, then who knew if she would start her own movement, fool other witches and women, before bringing their witch society down again, just like her mother?

No way! They would never let that happen.

Like so, Number 5 had successfully passed the message along.

And soon enough, Lucy would have to come face to face with her mother's past!

But while the pitches were now on the move, strategizing and making plans... far away from Arcadina's shores, others were also engrossed in a 'little' problem solving too.

.

-The Capital City, Empire of Dafaren, Veinitta-

.

On the very boisterous streets, several high-quality carriages were slowly making their way towards one of the most prominent and novel estates within the city.

The carriage was gold and stunning, looking as though it had just come out of a fairytale movie.

Its spacious insides, and even its window designs, could make many people back on earth open their mouths wide in shock.

Cinderella's carriage was just child's play when compared to this one.

The passerbys who spotted the carriages also exclaimed in shock too.

For those who had seen this carriage before, they weren't stunned by its beauty but rather exclaimed from awareness, before stopping and bowing until the carriage was no longer in sight.

Horses stopped, wagons, carriages and those on the sidewalks stopped what they were doing as though time was now frozen in place.

A wide path on the streets was automatically created, as everyone dared not look at the many lineups of Royal carriages passing along the roads: some gold, some silver and some jet black.

But what confused the people was that the entourage was a large one.

"Look! Look! It's the royal carriages!"

"What? The royal carriages? Damn! It really is them! So does that mean that his majesty would be in one of them?"

"F***! That would be too much of a shock, right? Shouldn't it be the princes or princesses? Moreover, it's so strange... That is, isn't this all too sudden?"

(*~*)

.

Several people had question marks mastered in their expressions.

Last they checked, there weren't any announcements made within the city that could warrant such a large entourage. So what was all this about?

They might be peasants who weren't allowed to attend balls and other ceremonies hosted by nobles.

But that didn't mean that they wouldn't get the word on the streets.

Even though invitations were extended to the nobles, they who were either slaves or pleasant workers would also know about these things since they would be in charge of setting things for that day.

Additionally, some of the guards, though peasants, would also go out, drink and mingle with other people in the pubs or other regions.

Often, word would spread in this manner, and many would know of some upcoming balls and whatnot.

Of course, the nobles typically allowed word to go out because it was a form of publicity.

The richer the festivities, the more feared a noble was.

The peasants, slaves and everyone else would continue fearing that particular household.

Fear was the only way to control the general population.

And that's why when the nobles were going on the streets, the everyday people actually knew a lot about them, giving them the respect they deserve.

Some nobles weren't taken seriously, while others feared them so much that no one dared to walk beside them.

It was all a way to build up their prestige.

That said, it was indeed mighty odd to all of a sudden witness such a vast number of Royal carriages heading out towards the famous Abrodus Noble Family.

What was most alarming was also the fact that a few other noble carriages from different households were all heading towards the ridiculously vast Abrodus estate too.

So what was all this? How come they had never so much as gotten a single word of such a large event taking place?

What was going on in there?

Chapter 1290 - A Strange Entourage- 2

~Gallop. Gallop. Gallop. Gallop!~

The steady sounds of the horses galloping and the carriages moving, constantly resounded repeatedly to those within the carriages.

Alexander sat in absolute silence while crossing his arms majestically across his chest.

He looked as sturdy as a statue, with his entire aura being very intimidating.

And out of nowhere, he suddenly let out a cruel grin after thinking about today's matter deeply.

His actions and moves also made a majority of Nobles curious as well.

But only those who received his messages last night would know precisely why they were heading towards the Noble Abrodus family.

And in turn, those who received word also joined in without a moment to spare, even though they weren't prepared.

What scared them out of their sockets was that his majesty hinted that they would be there to watch 'the show.'

But what bloody show? What they feared was that this so-called show involved them.

If that's the case, then wouldn't they be walking into a trap with them being one of the actors or protagonists in the show?

No one was comfortable, to say the least.

And as many could guess, those invited all had sleepless nights, trying to figure out whether they had pissed off his majesty in one way or the other.

.

Again, for all they knew, this could be the handwork of their enemies that had framed them up for something they didn't do... Or many get them involved in some grand 'betrayal scheme,' making his majesty think that they were no longer loyal to him.

F***!

Their eyes beamed wide open throughout the night as they started directing their men to start looking for clues, all within the very little time they had left.

And now, many of them stepped towards the Abrodus estate, looking like mindless zombies.

Of course, some people felt that this matter shouldn't be related to them but targeted at the Abrodus family instead.

The whole thing was enough to give many headaches and high blood pressure.

But the culprit of the matter was now smiling playfully in his carriage with a cruel glint in his eyes.

Soon, he would be able to witness something spectacular!

Like so, the many carriages continuously made their way to the Abrodus estate, with various emotions and thoughts about the matter.

And soon enough, they all arrived at the scene just as planned

"Welcome, your majesty! We salute your majesty, Alexander!"

"Welcome his highness, Prince Keivan!"

"Welcome...~~."

"Welcome...~~"

"Welcome, princess Tilda!"

...

Tilda stared at the scene before her, feeling very uneasy.

She struggled to walk in the heavy garments she donned while trying to keep up and maintain her poise, just like her other half-sisters and brothers.

Unfortunately, she had no strict training.

So her moves looked like an ugly duckling trying to be a swan.

And even the maids and guards tasked to 'watch' over her only sneered in disgust at her failure as a noble and a royal one at that.

They were only here to watch her and ensure she didn't try to flee anymore.

She was soon to be married after her coming of age ceremony to the lecherous crown prince of Lingingburg, who by the way, was also one of the most powerful princes in the entirety of Veinitta.

The prince was already 21 years old and had already killed countless wives before now.

Some had indeed survived after marrying him, but the majority died.

And now, the soon-to-be 14 Princess Tilda would be his 11th wife.

Sure. The prince did have a flaw of jumping at anything that wore a skirt. But so what?

It wasn't like Princess Tilda was some spring chicken that was juicy, fat and ripe for the taking.

No... She was the lowest of the low and a 'cursed person with no support in this empire.

So who was she defending to be like? Did she think she was too good for the future monarch of Lingingburg?

Preposterous!

You know, even with The prince's reputation, he was still the dream lover of uncountable women who taught to be the one to 'change him' or pin him down for good.

There was no mistaking it. Within Lingingburg, he was indeed the most handsome, charismatic and charming prince amongst all.

He was born on a face that has driven countless women to desperation as they fight for his attention at will.

So no matter how they looked at it, he was indeed a catch.

And it's because of this that many women secretly hated Tilda for somehow managing to keep the prince's attention on her for this long.

To them, she had probably carried out some sorcery of some sort to get this done.

But Tilda wasn't focused on their nonsense.

No. What she was most concerned about was why this Scum father of hers had brought her here.

.

Why?

Tilda clenched her fists in pain and helplessness while calming her chaotic heart.

Heh.

Alexander secretly watched her coldly.

What? Did she think he was going to let those who defy him go unpunished?

He had acted as though he forgot about the matter, only for today's purpose.

Yes! He wanted to lower her guard so that today's matter would make her more willing and puppet-like to his nature.

He wanted to break all that rebellious spirit within her.

And wouldn't you know it? Just a month and a half ago, he had received word of a new sort of public punishment invented by the Morgs.

It was said that the entire process was agonizing and gut-wrenching, to say the least.

And what was even more to his liking was that even though the victim would suffer immeasurable pain, they wouldn't necessarily die.

And today, he was implementing the new punishment in Dafaren's history to experience the new yet painful public punishment that swept Morgany by storm.

That's right.

She would get Tarred & Feathered!

And who would be the victim to experience this new found punishment?

Well, it would be none other than Tilda's Grandmother!

