

Chapter 1291 - A Historic Event In Dafaren

Tilda began counting her steps in her mind while staring at the well-detailed stone looks beneath her feet.

The artwork was truly magnificent and was grander and more inviting than several others across the same estate.

But no matter how stunning it looked, Tilda had no mind to appreciate its beauty.

She dug her nails into her gown, holding it up and trying her best to advance in the most inconspicuous way.

Shiver. Shiver. Shiver.

Her body continuously shivered from fright the further she advanced into the grand estate.

And from time to time, she would also peek around, hoping that she could disappear altogether.

Why? Why did she have to come back to this dreadful place?

Tilda had never had fond memories of this place, especially since her Grandfather was disgusted by her.

She had to pay a yearly visit to him and would no doubt stay here for a week or so.

But within that time, she lived a far worse life than when she was in the palace.

The people in the palace might treat her as a servant. But those in her Grandfather's estate treated her like an unfree space instead.

She had been whipped, thrown into the woodshed without food or water for days straight, and had undergone all sorts of punishment for doing absolutely nothing. At times, she also got framed as well.

But more importantly, every time she saw her Grandmother in the 'abandoned courtyard,' they would treat her ten times worse instead.

However, what she didn't know was that all this was still under the watchful eyes of her so-called Father, Alexander.

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Alexander was truly a scum father.

He wanted her to know that no place other than the palace would be able to treat her better or give her a certain level of freedom.

With her current reputation and several other facts, she had no choice but to stay put.

To Alexander, she had to pay the price for her late mother. Alexander hated this daughter of his.

But since she did carry his blood, he had long taken her as a commodity or a bargaining chip for the future.

So way back, even before she got engaged, Alexander had already prepared for her future.

Thus, to make sure that she stayed out, he had made a few moves in the dark.

And for a larger part of the years, he thought he had eventually succeeded in taming her. Thus, he did allow her some degree of freedom and lessened his monitoring over her year by year. But who would've known that when he relaxed her guard, she would try to flee in hopes of not getting married?

Heh.

The moment she got caught and reeled back in, Alexander had decided not to go soft on her anymore.

Now, even the little freedoms she had to wander around the place, was taken away. To put it some, she had been under house arrest for months... Unless he demanded her attention for vents just like today's

And until her wedding in a few more weeks, she would continue to remain under house arrest, not stepping a foot out of her current isolated home. He had 70 people watching her tiny cottage on rotation day in and day out.

That is, how can the bride flee, leaving the renowned Crown Prince of Lingingburg distracted?

The compensation he would have to give Lingingburg would no doubt be excessive. Those bastards would take advantage of this and demand all sorts of things from him. So how about he allow that to happen?

Alexander sneered while staring at the dazed Tilda, who was now hovering from fright alone.

Deserve it!

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Tilda stared at her silver-haired grandfather walking behind Alexander, only feeling deep-rooted fear for him.

Monster!

This man was the epitome and full embodiment of her nightmares.

She continued walking behind the massive entourage until finally, they arrived at a moderately sized indoor space that was set up as though it were a gladiator colosseum.

The stone slaps and bleachers winded around the room, leaving the centre part open for all to see.

To put it simply, the indoor space was more or less very similar in size to a professional indoor basketball court.

Well, it was a little smaller than that... But still took on an impressive feat, featuring a lot of stone pillars and slabs all around it.

Indeed, it was designed like a gladiator colosseum, meaning at its very bottom, there were exits and entrances for participants or animals to enter the arena.

The Abrodus family typically used this for entertainment purposes, as well as estate-public punishments for all staff to see.

Sometimes, they had to make an example of others. And showing it in this manner allowed the others to think twice before doing any treacherous acts.

And today, at the bottom centre of the indoor colosseum, there was a high wooden post, designed as though it were a place to behead people.

However, looking at the large basins of feathers underneath the wooden stand, many couldn't help wondering what the actual devil was going on here.

Features? What the hell did they need feathers for?

(?~?)

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Alexander took his seat at the very well-decorated position at the topside corner before several others could dare take their seats.

"Quickly! Quickly! Serve the fruits and ale!"

"Yes, my lord!" Replied the many servants who began serving Alexander with golden trays of fruit and other delicacies.

On such an occasion, how could they keep his majesty snackless?

With lightning speed, many slaves came to get her to severe his majesty first, followed by the other royals, before the novels.

As for Tilda, her food was almost thrown to her face by the servant serving her.

The person looked very impatient and disgusted with her, as they showed no care or considerations whatsoever.

And of course, all this was still under the eyes of Alexander.

He kept Tilda very close to him, waiting to see her reaction when the show finally began.

"My dear Lockhart daughter... Do you know why I brought you out today of all days?"

Tilda's lashes fluttered uncontrollably while slowly moving her head from side to side: "N-no, father... I do not."

"Well, it's normal that you wouldn't know. But don't worry. Soon enough, everything will be clear."

Bubuum!

Her heart drummed loudly with a bad premonition lurking within.

What... What... What did he mean?!!! What will soon become clear?

Instantly, her mind became as chaotic as a tsunami, with all sorts of thoughts mingling and intertwining nonstop.

But before she could gather the courage and ask Alexander about it all, her cheap grandfather suddenly snapped his fingers, and someone from heaven knows where quickly stepped into the arena below, with a large metal megaphone in his hand.

And at this moment, all this whispering and commotion within the place ceased.

-silence-

... Alright, it looked like it was time for the show to begin!

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"Your majesty, Alexander Lockhart... Your highnesses... Our esteemed guests... Welcome to the Abrodus estate! " The host said while giving a deep bow to the various people he called out today.

"Ladies and gentlemen... Today, you all will witness a spectacular sight that will be recorded down in Dafaren's history for years to come." The host added, making everyone open their eyes with expectancy.

Instantly, many of the novels felt their blood boil in shock.

"What?! So his majesty called us in to demonstrate this historical thing to us?"

"Yes! Yes! That must be it... ~Phew... For a moment, I honestly feared that his majesty might be coming for my head."

"I as well... luckily, I didn't do anything rash and flee, or else once I got back, wouldn't I just die by then?"

"That's right. I would've been digging a bigger while for myself by doing that. Fortunately, with my clear convenience, I stood my ground waiting to see what sort of situation could make his majesty call us out like that."

"Hmhm...the fact that his majesty said that he wanted us to watch a 'show' was what disturbed me throughout the night. But something is truly off about this. If his majesty doesn't want to teach us a lesson and doesn't also want to teach The Abrodus family a lesson, then who exactly is his majesty aimed against?... Or could it be that we're purely here to watch an innocent show? This... this... this doesn't seem like his style at all!"

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Everyone was utterly taken aback by the turn of events, with many finally putting half of their worries at ease.

But Tilda only grew more and more panicked deep within.

She had been obedient for the last few months, doing nothing but staying still in her tiny home and being invisible.

So when had she offended him again?

Wait! Again... Again...

Immediately, everything clicked in her mind.

He wasn't retaliating over something new but something old instead.

Meaning her past actions still made him full of rage. And the fact that they were in her Grandfather's house can only mean one thing...

Nana!

Chapter 1292 - Tarring & Feathering

Alexander stared at Tilda's calm face and chuckled deeply.

'So now, you understand?'

The host wasted no time in getting things moving as he hastily threw his head behind his shoulders and yelled into his megaphone: "Quick! Bring her out!"

Bring her out?

The air became more exciting than it already was, with countless people glancing deeply towards the metal gate at one end of the arena, wondering who the devil was about to be brought out.

Their hearts pumped vigorously, with a hint of expectancy brooding in their eyes.

Lying trough.

What sort of exciting event does his majesty have in store for them?

~Grrrahh!

The metal gate was suddenly pushed wide open, revealing a stunning sight to behold, and in came several guards, dragging in a raggedy clothed woman of about 46 or so.

Tilda's eyes widened and shook in horror as she watched the woman get dragged mercilessly onto the wooden stand below.

And without a single thought in her head, she quickly got to her knees in tears.

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~Plop!

"Father, please stop! Please forgive this unruly daughter. I'll do anything. I'll do anything if you let my nana go."

Alexander didn't even glance at her, only smiling from ear to ear at her predicaments.

"Let her go? Tilda... You won't be so naive to think that such a thing can still be possible, no? If you want to blame anyone, then you can only blame yourself!"

Yes! Everything was indeed her fault!

Tilda's entire body trembled with guilt and pain.

If she hadn't tried to flee from the marriage, then her grandmother would've still been alright by now.

She did this! She did this! It was all her doing!

The commotion had indeed caused the show to be on hold. And now, everyone had a clear understanding of who this woman was.

Hey. It's been so many years since they saw her. She had always been hidden away for decades now. So not many knew her or could even recall her face.

They had been wondering who this lady in rags was. But now, listening to Tilda scream and beg at the top of her lungs, they understood that his majesty did all this just to teach this unruly daughter of his a lesson.

Everyone sneered and floated in her misfortunes, with many of the royal princes and princesses looking at her in disgust.

"Honestly... It's most shameful that you and I are sisters. That is, how can I be a sister with a rodent like you?"

"Just look at your nana? My nana is the respectable monarch of the Claus family, while yours only looks like a beggar on the streets. So tell me, what gives you the right to say that you're my sister?"

"Hmph! With your qualifications, how are you suitable with Prince Milnus, the crown prince of Lingenburg? S!**! This is what you get for stealing my man!"

(*^*)

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Everyone was still brooding over the situation but was quickly awoken from their stupor by the host on the podium.

"Ladies and Gentlemen. Today, we called you out here to witness the latest form of public punishment invented in Morgany!"

What? Morgany?

The eyes of many lit up with enthusiasm as they began to look forward to this so-called new punishment.

Tarring and Feathering... What a unique yet straightforward name.

The host began explaining a few things while the guards began undressing the lady that had just been brought in.

And for this, the Old Abrodus had no qualms on the matter.

In his mind, she stopped being his wife decades ago. So whether she got stripped now wouldn't bring any shame to him at all. A whore would always be a whore! So wasn't he just helping her to go back to her original roots?

Ambrose squinted his eyes volley, watching the men rip off their clothes, exposing her now clammy and flaky body.

And the woman in question was filled with so much fear and anxiety that her entire body suddenly turned jelly.

She was being stripped before a wide audience, as though she were nothing but a slave girl. And as everyone watched, she could also feel and hear the whispers of the crowd, mocking, taunting and judging her at will.

Tears poured out like a waterfall the more the guards stripped off and secretly took advantage of her.

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Yes. Even though her body was clammy, flaky and filled with countless old whip wounds, there was no denying that her physique and shape looked like that of a 20-year-old woman.

At 46, just like many in this era, she had been able to maintain her body size with no qualms whatsoever.

~Rip! Rip! Rip!

Paula twirled in all directions, as the men had no mercy when stripping her bare. And mixed with her feelings of fear and frustration, we're those of rage and anger as well.

'Cruel. Cruel...Nicolas Abrodus... You are so cruel!'

She closed her eyes, wishing that the whole thing was a bad dream.

But listening to her beloved granddaughter scream and beg for her, she only felt deep regret that she got caught last time.

Yes. If she could do it again, she would still attempt to aid her granddaughter in escaping more safely.

That was her only grandchild after her daughter's demise.

So even if she was currently suffering in her husband's home, how could she just sit back and watch Tilda get married to a beast?

She didn't want Tilda to live the way she was currently living. Already, she could already predict Tilda's gruesome years of abuse ahead of her if she married that monster.

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"Get down on your knees, sl**!"

Pah!

Bam!

Paula's cheeks trembled in pain as she was quickly brought to her knees in her birthday suit.

And with clear eyes of hatred, she stared at her so-called husband and high above, wanting nothing more than to rip his flesh and feed it back to him.

Nicolas! One day, your uppings will come!

Chapter 1293 - Leaving Baynard!

Everyone watched the entire process, accessing Paula's nude body. And though she was riddled with wounds, many men still found themselves to have a response from their bodies while staring at her.

They licked their lips and reached for their pants in secret, to quickly atheist and hide whatever bulges seemed to be springing up.

Nicolas stared at the woman in disdain, even though his body had long reacted to her.

At the same time, he was also filled with rage as well.

'Damn you, woman! You dare seduce others before your husband? Just you wait and see how I teach you a lesson after this!'

The host felt his throat roll with heat. And very quickly, he drew his attention to the matter at hand, calling everyone's attention to himself again.

"Tarring & Feathering! This is the new punishment type that will be executed to all minimal thievery, adultery and lower-level crimes. It will be followed by public stunning (or throwing of fruits), and the public walk of shame throughout the entire city, for adulterous women."

"Oh~~."

Everyone nodded and listened keenly, wanting to know more about this tarring and feathering.

In modern times, when people hear of tar, they think of Asphalt used on the roads.

But in these times, tar referred to pine tar or resin.

In short, it was a glue-like material that formed when pinewood got heated to extremely high temperatures in a low-oxygen environment.

This process then turned the resin into a very sticky substance that looked like balls of honey.

Pine tar is what they use on their sailing ships as a sealant and wood preservative.

And in modern times, it was still used in products like skin treatments and most shampoos.

But to people here, even wooden times could be sealed up and preserved longer with pine tar.

So when these people heard the strange Punishment Tarring & Feathering, their immediate thoughts were on the large cauldron in the arena that was constantly being heated so that it wouldn't dry off fast.

No doubt about it, that should be the tar.

So... So... Was his majesty going to do what they thought he would?

Everyone opened their eyes in horror when thinking about it more.

F***! Are they sure that the lady wouldn't die from this in the end?

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The host spotted a few people's reactions and chuckled deeply: "Esteemed guests. Like we said, the chances of one dying from it are extremely low. This new punishment is indeed boiling enough to cause some damages. Still... As hot as the tar could get, the most lasting injuries would most likely be a deep scar to one's price and reputation... So without further ado, let the demonstration begin!"

Instantly, Paula's eyes widened in dread, seeing the many guards hastily scope buckets of tar from the hot boiling cauldron.

"No! No! No!!~"

With strength that suddenly erupted within her, Paula began protesting and shaking like a chicken, trying her best to flee as fast as possible.

But how could it be possible that she, a weekend woman who hadn't even eaten in 2 days, would be able to fight off these sturdy guards?

Their protests and eerie bantering only made everyone feel more and more excited for the scene to unfold.

-silence-

The entire audience turned silent, with the only noises in the arena being that from those below.

Exciting. Exciting. Too exciting!

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Many didn't even know when they had subconsciously leaned in, with some people not even daring to blink for fear of missing any part of the show.

And at this moment, Tilda only felt her breathing getting choked by the cruelty of her family.

What should she do? What should she do?

Her entire head buzzed with just one thought in mind: Save... Save... She had to save nana!

Like so, she quickly took off her shoes and held them as though she were holding weapons.

And with very swift actions, she began making her way across the many people seated on the stone-slab bleachers.

But she was only a 13-year old girl, with not so much strength or training to begin with. So how could she be an opponent for those around her?

One of the general's invited to watch, didn't even bother standing up from his seat after noticing her presence.

With one foot placed forward, he calmly blocked her path: "Princess... Don't let me tougher you up here. Sit down!"

~Swish!

Tilda threw one of her low-heeled shoes at him, planning to stab him with it.

But her technique was so slow and so messy that before she could realize what was going on, she suddenly found herself pinned to the ground and treated like a prisoner.

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

The guard paid no heed to the teary eyes Tilda and hastily yanked her up.

And with Alexander's gestures, the guard now pinned her hands and forced her to watch the scene below.

"Nana... Nana..."

Tilda stared at the scene as though she were a lifeless human, feeling completely powerless to save her loved ones.

And at this moment, she and her nana had the same wish in their hearts.

'I wish I was never born into such a family.'

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"Pour it! Drop it now!"

"Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhh~"

Paula's eerie screams carried out across the entire scene, making many shiver uncontrollably.

A thick layer of steam left the woman's body after releasing a deep quenching sound.

~Chaaaahhh~

"Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhh~."

The woman squealed, shook and trembled as though she were having a seizure.

The entire ordeal looked so ghastly that many now forgot to breathe.

The hot tar was poured onto her nude skin, causing it to blister and redden as though she were a live chicken getting boiled.

Horrible. Horrible.

Just how the hell did the Morgs think of such a punishment?

Tar existed, but no one had ever thought of putting it on someone. The entire process seemed too gruesome to behold.

~Gulp.

Many couldn't help shaking in silence at the sight of this new found punishment.

Starring & Feathering... Scary... Too Agonizing to watch!

In the end, feathers were poured on her, and she was then paraded around in shame.

The sight was truly remarkable for those on the streets to witness.

The term Tarring and Feathering was made famous, thanks to Morgany.

And just like that, 2 days flew by in a blink of an eye.

Landon woke up today feeling incredibly energized.

Today, they'll set off!

Chapter 1294 - Moving Out!

4 A.M.

The night was still dark, with countless stars in the sky.

Landon was already wide awake, ready for action.

He and Lucy had stayed up all night since she wanted to spend as much time as he could with her before leaving.

The lovey-dovey couple watched Tv, spoke intimately, rolled on the sheets for quite some time before Landon calmly got up to take his bath.

And as he expected, by the time he was back, Lucy was dead asleep, laying there motionlessly like a log of wood.

Landon wrote a little note for her, placed it by her nightstand and kissed her forehead passionately: "Bye-Bye, wifey."

A warm smile emerged on Lucy's face, even though she was deep asleep.

Landon shook his head wryly, thinking of the little note he left for her.

If these were modern times, a simple text message would suffice. But who asked him to get stuck in these times?

Poetry was a must and a powerful way of expressing one's emotions in these times.

And over the years, even though he always felt awkward writing an entire handwritten letter of love, he still enjoyed writing them greatly.

Maybe it was a psychological aspect, but whenever he took the time to write these love letters, Lucy's image would continuously pop up in his mind. And the more he would write or describe his feelings, the stronger they became. It was as though his writing was also affirming his unyielding love for her.

Tsk!

No doubt Shakespeare and all those people back in the day would go crazy from writing and passing letters around.

But who could blame them? They had no other means of communicating except talking and writing. No texting, no phone calls... Nothing.

He left Lucy with a little scavenger hunt, hoping she would find all the gifts he kept for her hidden all over their private wing.

It was the little things like these that always kept their relationship fun and alive.

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Landon left their enormous bedroom, strolled to his private office on the 2nd floor of his wing, and collected several documents he would work on during their travels.

With that, he finally stepped out of his wing, headed towards the building's lower floors, and immediately came face to face with several men already waiting for him, all in Navy, Marine, Army uniform.

And the moment they spotted Landon, they swiftly gave a military salute before walking alongside him and providing a clear update on the current situation at hand.

"Your majesty! Captain Kirk has just sent word that the men are currently headed down for roll-call."

"Hmmm... What about Commander Hopkins?"

"Your majesty, Hopkins hasn't updated us about his mission team yet. But I believe that very soon, he will contact us about the situation of Mission: Zombie Virus (Z.A)... Those involved should soon arrive at the port soon enough." One of the well-decorated men stated.

And with one swift move, he opened the vehicle door, allowing Landon to hop in.

Good... Everyone was here, and now, they could finally leave.

~Vrrmmmmm~

The car speeded up on the seemingly clear roads, as many were fast asleep at this time.

Landon glanced at his watch and nodded to himself.

Before leaving, he contacted Josh & Grace's home, checking up on him. And by that time, Josh was just about to head towards the Port.

So the big guy should already be down there, right?

As for Mitchen, he won't be coming with them this time because he was working on the case with those T.O.E.P people who tried to free someone in their prison (Ulrich). For now, they didn't know who they were after.

But it won't be long before everything becomes clear. After all, nothing can be hidden under the sun for long.

Like so, the journey to the port was fast and smooth, with no hiccups on the way.

And in the blink of an eye, they had arrived at the scene.

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The air was salty and dry.

And one by one, hundreds and thousands of people marched in order of missions, heading towards their check-in stations.

Before they were to leave, everyone knew which Navy ship they would be boarding on, and in what group order they would be doing so.

And those doing the roll-calls worked with each segment of people as they came in.

"Doctor Mcguire Banja!"

"Here, Sir!" Replied one of the doctors wearing an official mission jacket and hat with a cross on it.

The doctor answered and quickly boarded the ship with his backpack and other small-bag luggages at hand.

"Nurse, Naima Jenkins!"

"Here, Sir!"

"Doctor Elizabeth Taylor!"

"Here, Sir!"

(*^*)

Everyone carried their little essentials and were quickly shown their sleeping quarters for as long as their mission was in order.

They were only to bring a few attires.

For the case with the doctors and so on, before today, they had been given a total of 6 different clothing attires, which included jackets and hats.

Each attire was meant for different weather conditions and situations that might arise unexpectedly.

Additionally, they were also given boots and what they nicknamed a medical belt that they could use to place essential items like pepper spray for protection, hand sanitizer, tiny bars of soaps, and even a discardable mask when out in the field.

One doesn't know when these things would come in handy. So why not have them close by?

The Navy officers chosen for the missions had long done their own roll-call an hour and a half ago. So now, they were only focusing on the Marines, Soldiers, Doctors, Nurses and everyone else involved with the various missions.

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~Din. Din. Din. Din!

Landon walked onto the main ship alongside Josh and a few others while taking in the scene around then from time to time.

Josh frowned deeply.

Something was weighing heavily on his mind.

"Brother... I don't know why, but I have a bad feeling about Dafaren."

"Oh?" Landon raised his brows curiously: "What's the matter?"

Josh suddenly froze in place before staring at the moon above.

Everything looked calm and relaxed on the surface. But underneath... Something chaotic was brooding in his heart!

"Brother.... This time, I fear not something but someone!"

Chapter 1295 - Mysterious Man

Landon frowned while listening to Josh.

Afraid of someone? What kind of powerful entity is this to make his brother so worried?

Josh held onto the ship's rails and stared at the stars deeply: "Brother, as I lay my head to rest earlier one, an old memory quickly resurfaced in my mind, shocking me silly... Brother, do you remember the time when I got kidnapped for the 2nd time?"

Landon thought hard and nodded at him: "That time, you were kidnapped and almost sold during one of your missions around Arcadina. But thankfully, you and the remaining survivors were saved by one of Lucius' brothers."

"Ye... Yes..." Josh affirmed: "It's exactly like that. But you see, the people who kidnapped us seemed to be slave traders that worked particularly in Dafaren."

"And that person is the one you fear?"

Josh nodded his head slowly.

At that time, he was so weak and young that those men chose not to send him as a slave knight but as a pleasure slave instead.

The him of that time was bullied around by many in the knighthood academy and was sunny and thin too.

At the time, to make Lucius' life unbearable, he and many other 'trash' knights were assigned to Lucius' command.

Lucius was to teach and train them as his prodeges, meaning they also had to sign up for competitions with other knights in the academy, take up missions from Lucius's hands and so on.

At that time, no one would've thought that the trash group of then would become the proud core members of Baymard today.

All 300 and something of them were the first gang of Baymardian soldiers.

Of course, back then, Lucius had more people under him.

But over the years, the number of people who died during missions were great.

And even during the times when he was kidnapped, over 90% of his group died. He was punched and knocked out cold to the face, only to wake up in a slave-cage, getting transported away.

These were dark times, and people died every single day, with their bodies thrown on the streets here and there.

Josh had faced death almost every single day of his life. And honestly, given how weak he was back then, he felt it was a miracle that he could survive till this day.

He expected to die at 18 or something.

But surprisingly, fate had other plans for him.

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As for the matter currently bothering him, it all had to do with the resulting memory he just had.

Back then, after he got kidnapped, during one of the times when he was beaten for his stubbornness and on the verge of faintly, he heard an interesting dialogue between his captors.

No shock to this, Dafaren, as well as many other empires and continents far wealthier than Pyno's, typically came over to kidnap and capture slaves.

And in Dafaren, they seemed to have something which was a powerful entity that owned the biggest slave syndicate there.

And from how these people spoke and compared Nopline with the guy, it seemed that Nopline was just a toddler standing before this guy.

No. These people said that Nopline was copying the big guy when it came to slave entertainment. So could it be that the powerful man in Dafaren had his own elite underground slave entertainment sights too?

Make no mistake!

To run such a deep-rooted conglomerate that could take over the entire Dafaren meant that such a person had a mighty force that could make countless people shiver in fear.

And if he were more potent than Nopline, then imagine how big the guy was in terms of power?

Landon listened and was suddenly speechless.

F***! How come there was another Nopline hiding somewhere else?

'Dammit! How could I underlook the existence of slave traders within powerful continents like Veinitta? If I'm going to put Tilda on the throne, then I also have to take down not only get royal family, but other deadly forces such as these too. Because once her tule comes banning slavery, the enemies lined up to

kill her would be huge! And judging from how long it took me to deal with Nopline's forces, I'll have to start working on it a few years earlier before her reign.'

Landon secretly came up with a full Dafaren-sweep plan in his head.

There was no helping it. He was the babysitter and ass-wiper for all some and daughters of the heavens.

He would clear a majority of their problems before they sat their butts on the thrones.

With Tilda's case, he also had to build up a vast support group for her. That is, no one likes her because they superstitiously think she's cursed.

Well, only a handful of people like her Grandmother, Paula, like her.

And a ruler who is hated, despised and looked down on by their ministers and people, would definitely not sit steadily on the throne.

But enough about Tilda.

Josh glanced at Landon profoundly: "Brother, back then, I was so aggrieved with the death of my comrades that I managed to bury this information deep within my brain. I just thought that I would never get to go to Dafaren or see that person. So I deemed the vague information useless. It's only now that I'm worried about it all."

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-silence-

The duo briefly stayed in heavy silence.

Instetsetjng...

Landon has known Josh for a long time. So he knew that he hadn't hit the nail on its head yet.

"If I'm not mistaken, apart from the men he commands, something else about the man worries you, right?"

Josh turned to Landon with a slight smile on his face: "As expected of you, brother. You can see right through me... Sigh~~... Back then, I heard their men say that this person has a deadly unknown power that could kill many with a single glance. At first, I didn't think anything of it. But now, seeing the captured Witch we apprehended, being able to control metal, I'm starting to think that this strange man might be a deadly force to reckon with!"

Landon's eyes turned cold.

He knew it. It was those stupid gifts again!

The duo spoke for a bit more until the ships finally took off.

Now, it was time for action!

Chapter 1296 - The Embarrassed Nevis

Now with this new found information, Landon and the rest of Mission: P.T calmly headed out into the open, making their way towards Veinitta fearlessly.

And even at this moment, their mood was stern and serious.

But to those still in Baymard, the atmosphere remained as bubbly as ever.

Very quickly, the sun began to rise, waking many from their slumber.

The morning grass was green and vibrant, with a faint level of dampness to it.

The many flowers quickly unfolded, allowing the insects to visit them as they pleased.

A curtain of countless hues instantly covered the land, reflecting all sorts of colours upon the streams and waters.

Beautiful. Beautiful... Mother Nature was truly a wondrous sight to behold.

And without a moment to spare, all creatures began waking up and singing their early morning toons for all to hear.

The birds flapped and squealed, the bees buzzed continuously, and even the roosters began cockle-doo-doo-doing down at the Poultry unit.

And to join them in their happy toons, the many engine sounds of vehicles quickly flooded the streets, with everyone purposefully going about their day.

Some rode their bicycles; some took the trains, others walked, while some used the buses, their cars, or any cabs or taxis around.

And like so, the world seemed to come alive.

.

~Ramble. Ramble. Ramble.~~

The constant rambling of many quickly flooded Nevis's ears.

Nevis looked around the scene, feeling his heart pound with frail astonishment deep within.

It's been 3 to 4 weeks since he came to Baymard from Zalipnia. Yet, for the life of him, he still couldn't hide his enthusiasm when taking public transport.

This was the 3rd time he had ever sat on a train. Most of the time, he and his friends would take the bus or a cab to head to where he needed to.

Nevis took deep breaths, trying to calm his quivering body.

Sometimes just appreciating and marvelling at life could make one realize many more things that the world had to offer.

Boom!

His mind had long exploded with the many new and exciting miracles here in Baymard.

For the first time in his life, he knew that there were jobs other than carpentry, shoemaking and many more.

Again, for the first time in his life, he realized that there were so many foods, so many continents in this world from general knowledge here, as well as so many traditions, entertainment activities and just so much more to life than he knew.

Just 2 weeks ago, he had stepped onto a hot air balloon and flew high up in the sky like a bird.

Man can fly! Man can fly!

Baynard had made him feel so empowered that he honestly felt like he would accomplish whatever dream he wanted.

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Nevis felt blessed.

And at this moment, all around him, countless people were focused in their conversations, with some just reading newspapers or minding their businesses instead.

But for he, who still wasn't used to the scenic sight provided by this sky train, how could he focus on anything else other than his window?

~Woosh!

The train moved fast, winding and bending at various intervals around the many districts.

Nevis excitedly moistened his dry lips while resisting the urge to plaster his face on the window like a dog.

But of course, he wasn't the only one who felt this way.

"Look! Look! That's the famous Old Whilly Clock. Great! We can see it from here!"

Nevis nodded his head in agreement, only feeling the entire scene very surreal.

That's right. He and his friend, Clovis, were dark-skinned people from Zalipnia who lived together with several others under one big mansion in District H.

And just like himself, his friend and a few others, they had come here to study.

Clovis ran his fingers over his seat and looked around the stunning train in awe: "Nevis! Why didn't you tell me that the inside of the train was bigger and more comfortable than that of the bus? Traitor! Traitor! You're a traitor to the brotherhood!"

" "

.

Nevis looked at his friend funny, not knowing whether to laugh or to cry.

Why the hell did he have such a dramatic person as a friend?

Clovis couldn't believe the sight he was seeing!

This was his first time taking the train. So the moment he stepped in, he had been too blown away that he sat in a daze for over 2 minutes before waking up from his stupor.

Awesome!

The insides of the trains were large and could easily put some people's homes to shame.

(°0°)

Lying trough. What sort of magical carriage was this?

Clovis' eyes continuously darted around in all directions, almost as if he were a squirrel in the wild.

Nevis smiled wryly at his reaction.

Hey! Who was he to judge? The first time he got onto the train, he too had such a reaction.

However, even if that were the case, he still wouldn't let Clovis know that he reacted the same way, or else he wouldn't hear the end of it in the future!

Knowing Clovis, he would probably retell the story everywhere... Even at his wedding.

Nope! Some things were to remain buried and undiscovered forever.

Nevis smiled broadly at his silly friend while still focused on the stunning scenery outside his window.

But even though he and Clovis spoke and marvelled at what they felt was the greatest Baymardian invention of all, their focus was still on something else entirely.

Hahahahahaha!~~

Field trip! Field trip!

Finally, they would get to go and see what this whole Field Trip was all about!!

(*0*)

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Like fools in love, the duo smiled when thinking about it all.

You know, when they first arrived, they did make friends with many others from Pyno, who told them that the school would always organize a field trip twice or thrice for this semester. During the winter semester (A.K.A, next semester), they hardly organized anything.

But now, during this Fall semester, they had the opportunity to experience this thing called 'field trip.'

So how could they not be thrilled?

Do you know that because of this so-called field trip, they almost didn't get any decent sleep last night?

Pah!

Clovis smacked his jaws hard in an attempt to calm himself down.

And soon enough, a voice echoed out within the train, making the duo jump at attention.

~Ding

"Next Stop, Olympus Valley."

Clovis' eyes sparkled: "Nevis, Nevis... That's our stop. You! Are you listening to me? If we miss the time to jump out of the magic doors before it closes, I won't forgive you!!"

(-_-)

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Nevis looked at the newbie train rider, only wishing that a hole would appear underneath him and swallow him whole.

Bro... Why so loud?

Clovis' voice was somewhat boisterous, calling the attention of a few others.

Many chuckled at the excited and animated boy.

Newbies were always like this. And it was fun to watch them get riled up.

And a comedian who was watching them suddenly had a whiff of inspiration for his next act!

With lightning speed, he quickly took out his Potter and began writing it all as if he were Light in Death note.

Swish! Swish! Swish!

Wonderful! Wonderful!

There was peace in the world.

Chapter 1297 - Field Trip!

~Chahhhh!~

The train stopped, and the doors opened, allowing Clovis to dash and leap out of the train as though he were in an action movie.

Bam!

He landed on his feet and slowly stood up with a heroic expression, looking left and right ever so slightly.

" "

Nevis was too speechless to comment on his ridiculous friend.

Just looking at the gang of people giggling and feeling amused by it all made him too helpless.

Sigh... Forget it.

Why was he acting as though he didn't know how this bastard typically behaved?

In class, the 12-year-old Nevis had already become the jokester of the class.

He always provided comedic relief and had already become friends with everyone in a single day.

Make no mistake. Even though Nevis and Clovis were both 12, at that age, they were expected to have the maturity of a 27-year-old back on earth.

At the age of 6~7, men fought and were trained to be warriors or people who performed other manly jobs.

At 7, some immediately apprenticed in their family businesses, became farmers, began trades and performed other acts.

So from that young age to their coming of age at 14 or 15, do you know how many years of practice, resilience and heartaches would've come their way?

Before they officially became grown-ups at 14~15, they would've tasted defeat countless times, as well as many victories too.

So at 12, people expected one to be very mature.

However, after coming to Baymard, he realized that even though the Baymardians and many of those in Pyno at their age were mature, there was still a youthful and childlike air around them that was manifested from staying in Baymard... Especially whenever they were on school grounds.

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People who came to Baymard to study typically felt a little freer than usual.

Maybe it was because the Baymardian schools had various club activities and other things that brought out the inner child in them.

In this world, schools typically believed in hash and hardness.

And in very brutal and fierce places, students could get whipped, tortured or killed by failing to get to the top.

The requirements in most schools in this world had nothing to do with bonding or learning in a 'healthy' environment.

In this world, the strong rule and the weak fall.

But in Baymard, their main message was unity, irrespective of whether one was strong or weak.

Again, the things they were taught to focus on here were vastly different from what many in the world were instructed to focus on.

Look! The Baymardians had outside club activities that differed from everyday reading courses... Like the P.E./sports time, Drama club, Arts & Craft Club and so on.

Additionally, they also made them do something called 'group work' when doing written assignments.

Sigh... Maybe the influence of all this had made many lower their guard down, knowing that no one would torture or beat them up for releasing their inner child.

After all, no matter how mature they acted, they were only children and not the 26 or 30-year-old people they thought they were mentally.

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Like lightning, the duo dashed through the busy streets, making their way to the school grounds 12 minutes away from the train stop.

Clovis ran with all his might while loudly wailing pitifully: "Why? Why did we miss the school bus this morning? What should we do if we're late for the trip? You! You!... Nevis, it's all your fault! Why didn't you wake me up earlier?"

Nevis was helpless: "Bro... Not only did I attempt to wake you up 4 times prior, but I also sprinkled water in your face, but you still wouldn't budge."

"Sprinkle water? F***! What will that do to me? You should've poured an entire bucket on my face. So in the end, this is all your fault... ~Wooooo~."

" "

Nevis rolled his eyes heavenwards, knowing that Clovis was only joking and secretly self-blaming himself for oversleeping instead.

And like so, the duo made it to the school grounds just when the Field Trip buses were currently marked at the front, with several students standing before them, entering the bus after a few teachers began roll-call.

Clovis used his nonexistent, super speed to hasten his short legs up. "Here! Here! Your favourite pupila, Clovis, is here!"

Pupila?

~Pfff...

Many giggled after spotting the class clown jumping and waving excitedly.

His Pyron still needed work. But for sure, he had greatly improved within these 3~4 weeks alone.

Well, with everyone only speaking Pyron to him, he was corrected severally on what sentences he was saying wrong.

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Again, because of him and a few others, many in class didn't use large or come margins when talking to them.

Just simple sentences and words would go a long way in building and firming up one's foundation.

It was also thanks to the fact that these Zalipnians had studied Pyron prior to arriving at Baynard, that they could easily pick up on a few things here and there.

Clovis meant to say, pupil. But for some reason, no matter how many times they corrected him, he would revert to calling it pupila.

"Here! Here! Teachers!... Your favourite pupila is here!"

The teachers felt their lips twitch after seeing the troublemaker make his grand entrance.

Already, they had a massive headache from it all.

At the same time, one of their most well-behaved pupils, Nevis, was best friends with the troublemaker, which only brought out a stark contrast between them.

Nevis could be a class monitor, while Clovis would be the one causing trouble instead.

That is, how could 2 opposite people stay together for this long?

Sigh... The world was indeed full of mysteries.

"Come on, teacher! Enter now! We're going to be late if you keep standing there!"

(> _-)

The teachers on the same boss with Clovis truly wanted nothing more than to strangle him lifeless.

They had never seen such an annoying person like this before

He looked at the clueless Clovis and could only say a little prayer for the teachers in his head.

Honestly, if not for the fact that he and Clovis had known each other since they were 4, dealing with such a person could give one a heart attack.

Bam!

The doors closed up. And just like that, they were off.

Woohoo!~

Field Trip here they come!

(^0^)

Chapter 1298 - Nature's Research & Observatory

"Wow!"

With thinking eyes, the Duo and many others gasped in appreciation, looking at the stunning through the bus window.

Vrmmmmm~~

The many school buses drive into a Grand property that took up a vast amount of space as though it were an estate.

[Nature's Research & Observatory]

That was the name of the place they had just driven into.

It was stunning and had a very open landscape, designed to make one feel as though they were within some luxurious botanical garden of some sort.

Catchah!

The bus drivers opened the bus doors, allowing the stream of pupils to leap out excitedly.

And standing in wait before the buses, were a few staff and guards, who were here to welcome and take them in.

A tall lady in a white lab coat, a blue gown and a pair of medical glasses on her face, calmly stepped forward with a warm smile.

"Welcome, pupils, to Nature's Research & Observatory. I'm miss Dinna, one of your guides on today's fun adventure in the wonderful world here. And beside me are a few members of my team, who will be joining us in our little adventure journey."

Everyone smiled molar to molar, looking at the team of people joining them from here on out.

The beautiful Miss Dinna chuckled while looking at everyone's enthusiastic expressions: "Alright. Before we start, we'll be giving you all badges, which will be your passes on sight. And, each and every one of you will also wear lab coats and gloves too... Now, it's time to suit up for the journey!"

"Yeah!!!~"

Clovis was just too excited. Oh boy. They were going hard on the field trip today!

(^0^)

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Everyone giggled at the class clown's loud exclamations.

And before they knew it, they were taken towards a room and suited up just as expected.

Nevis kept his trustee jotter and pen in his pocket, ready to write down all he saw today.

After all, there was no free lunch in this world. Just because it's free to you doesn't mean that another person didn't have to pay for it.

This supposedly fun Field trip was good and all. But they still had to write an essay on this matter, which was due 2 weeks from today's date.

So yes. They were having their 'fun now to labour for it another day.

Of course, this entire thing was supposed to be educational. So the majority of them would honestly study, remember and take into heart whatever they learnt here.

Unlike modern times, the people in this era relied on knowledge to survive.

So if one faintly heard that the weakness of a Bat-spider was its eyes, then you best believe they would keep that information just in case they had to fight it one day.

They also knew how to mix common herbs to treat stab wounds and other injuries.

This, to them, was common knowledge that even a 5-year-old child was supposed to know. It was all just like breathing.

Their brains and mindset have been conditioned to absorb knowledge without forgetting for a long time... be it forcefully.

They didn't study to cram things for an exam, but did so to truly understand and master the key to survival.

So you best believe that whatever they learnt here today, many of their essays would be very detailed, giving their own take on several topics.

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Again, this is why Landon valued the minds of people in this era.

And that's why times like Research Mania, and other opportunities, allowed various companies and establishments to collect submissions from countless people who had ideas and suggestions.

Do you know that a year ago, the batch that visited this same Institution had a pupil of 10 who suggested something so simple yet very practical that improved their results by 7%?

Their ideas were valued.

And during matters such as these, their essays would also get passed onto the various institutions they had a field trip with. Sometimes, what they write allowed the staff to realize if there was a problem with management, security or anything else that needed improvement.

And just like the ancients of those times who wrote very diligently, as though writing a work of art, many of these students took their calligraphy and writing style very seriously.

After all, in many places in this world, becoming an official scholar working for their empire meant that one's calligraphy and writing skills should be impressive.

The literate focused on perfecting this art as the years went by.

Crooked writing was not allowed.

Thus, even with pens and pencils, they began practicing how to make it magnificent.

Paintbrushes weren't the same as pens or pencils. So understanding pressure application was a must.

One could tell a person's character from the way they wrote.

So unlike modern people, these pupils, though highly young, were quick thinkers that would put many 20 or 30-something-year-old people on earth to shame.

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Now, everyone was suited up with their visitor passes around their necks, which had their names and school's name on it if they got lost.

Already, the many children were quick to stand close to their friends, forming little cliques and talking to one another merrily.

Soon enough, Miss Dinna clapped her hands, calling everyone's attention: "Alright... Is everyone ready?"

"Yes!~"

"Are you all sure? Is everyone truly ready to enter nature's wonderful world?"

"Yes, miss Dinna~" The pupils all exclaimed excitedly while holding their jotters and pencils, ready for action.

"Then, in that case, what are we waiting for? Onwards we go!"

"Yeah!~"

(^w^)

Like so, the Nevis and the rest barged out of the room, following behind Dinna, while a few other staff and teachers carefully moved around them, ensuring that no one got left behind or ran into another direction from the side.

The gang of children moved on with firm yet childish expressions on their faces, taking in all they could.

Well, it was time to see what this Nature's Research & Observatory was about.

Chapter 1299 - Witnesses On The Scene

~Din. Din. Din. Din. Din~

With brisk steps, everyone gleefully followed Dinna while listening to her words as though they were a heavenly common.

In short, this Research & Observatory was where scientists, researchers and those who created Baymard's National Geographic shows worked hard in.

In short, this was their primary base where they would get their paychecks from.

And no doubt about it, they had interesting plants, insects and strange beings on their massive site that Nevis and even those in Pyno had never seen before.

Of course, these creatures were in Pyno.

But, when out in the wild, hardly anyone goes there with the mind of looking at bugs. They had other things to fear like the gigantic creatures that could kill them with one swoop.

So forgive them for not noticing a few tiny bugs that they could squash with their fingers.

Nevis felt his heart tremble in shock after listening to Dinna keep them hanging when talking about a rare creature as tall as the 12-year-old him that they would be privileged to see.

And you know, Miss Dinna just said that the Creatures knew how to fight like a sage master.

F***!

What sort of being would it be?

Nevis's lips quivered in ecstasy the more he thought about things.

Of course, for today's agenda, Miss Dinna had told them that they would first get to see some amazing bugs, with some having ordinary abilities, while others with superstrength.

And following that, they'll get to see and feed some ferocious plants before rounding things up with the strange animals kept in a surrounding that mimicked their natural habitat.

It's said that after the people here observed and knew everything about these creatures, they released them back to the wild.

Words weren't enough to describe Nevis's feelings right now.

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"Everyone... This way, please..." Dinna said, leading everyone into a vast observatory room. At the forefront of the room were several floor-to-ceiling glass walls that stared at many tall trees outside.

Eh?

Everyone entered to see several men and women in lab coats, watching the scene as though their lives via a long black tube (telescopes).

Again, at a particular corner in the room were large screens that focused on recording Live!

Only after looking at the screen did they know what these adults were focused on.

Hm? A strange Insect?

Nevis had before seen it before, but some of his Pyno friends seemed to know what it was.

"Jumbo Stag Beetle!"

Dinna nodded her head in approval: "Correct. We are now in the Stag beetle observatory."

Many smiled and suddenly jotted something down fast.

And soon enough, Dinna began her work.

"Pupils... Your biology teacher has come with us on this trip. So, I know you all have already started studying basic Taxonomy... That said, even though many of you haven't specifically case-studied the Stag beetle, many of you should be able to classify it down to at least its 'Order'... So, who can tell me what Classification the Stag Beetle has?"

Swish!

In a heartbeat, countless hands rose up.

They had just studied this for the past 3~4 weeks and had even done a mini-quiz on it. So it was still very fresh in their minds.

Dinna looked at the enthusiastic children and secretly felt accomplished.

Yes. They were the youth of the future.

Very quickly, she pointed at one of the guys with glasses.

"Kingdom: Animalia.

Phylum: Arthropoda.

Class: Insecta.

Order: Coleoptera!"

(*□^□)

The boy looked so proud of his answer... And everything he said was right!

"Well done. But dear... What is your name?"

~Pff.

Very quickly, his ears turned red with embarrassment. How could he forget to introduce himself?

"Ivo... My name is Ivo."

"Well done, Ivo. You have not embarrassed your Biology teacher." Donna said while nodding at the blue-toned boy.

And even the biology teacher was pleased as well.

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With things like biology, they taught the basics, like taxonomy, but didn't dive into the real complex matters.

In short, subjects like human anatomy were only learnt after one left the school at 15 (coming of age in Baymard) and joined any academies focusing on medicine, forensics or any other fields that needed it.

For now, learning how plants breathe, reproduce or how other essential things in life aren't bad for foreigners to know.

Asexual reproduction, feeding habits, you name it... All these were taught to them.

~Clap. Clap. Clap. Clap.

Everyone clapped for the boy.

Dinna waited for the clapping to be done before continuing her show: "Alright. As many of you know, there's more to its taxonomy: Stag Beetle... Order: Coleoptera, Family: Lucanidae, Genus: Lucanus, Species: L.Cervus or Lucanus Cervus."

Lucanus... Cervus...~~

Nevis wrote everything down diligently and even began drawing a little sketch of what it looked like via the monitor.

Strong! It had giant mandibles at its front that looked like a pair of scissors.

"Now... Our camera team is disguised outdoors, featuring and moving the camera at different angles... It looks like you all are in luck because now we seem to have captured the male beetle, starting his search to find his partner."

"Waw!... Then it must be true love." Some of the girls expressed romantically.

Dinna only smiled at them while explaining everything going on as the camera followed the little guy.

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"A female Stag beetle is likely to be on a tree trunk. She has more normal-sized jaws, which she only needs them for feeding... But he needs immense jaws for fighting because there are other makes around for the same mission!"

What? Was this beetle a naturally born Warrior of love?

Everyone stared at the sturdy male beetle climb up the tree as though it were a hero of some sort.

And soon, he came across another beetle that wanted to get to the females as well.

'What to take my woman? Not on your life!'

Pah!

Without wasting any time, the stag beetle duo began fighting brutally!

Nevis and the rest opened their eyes wide in shock.

F***! Who knew that they would be lucky enough to see a wrestling matching sich a place?

"Go, little beetle! You can do it!"

"Com'on little beetle... Fight for your love!"

Pah!

The beetles were at it mercilessly, using not just their sheer strength but several other techniques as well.

Everyone saw the little beetle stretch its very long and mighty mandibles over its opponent's head... before gripping underneath its first layer of armpits.

And before they knew it, the little man lifted its opponent and committed murder right before their very eyes.

Bam!

The enemy fell all the way back down to the ground.

" "

—

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Everyone was now speechless.

But before they could even overcome what they had just witnessed, they saw the little guy continuously climb and drop others to the ground fiercely until he finally got to the top.

As the winner, he could be with the female.

However, she didn't seem to be in the mood to welcome him.

Thus, she tried fleeing for her life at every turn.

The duo did their hide & seek actions for a while, with the gentle desperately trying to run away.

And without mercy, the male quickly used its giant mandibles to restrain her... forcing her to get intimate with him.

But the most savage part was yet to come.

When he was done with her, he lifted her from the tree branch, hovered her in the air away from the tree and brutally flung her to the ground in disdain.

~Bam!

The female dropped to the ground hard.

This... This...

Blink. Blink.

Everyone stared at the scene in disbelief.

Did they just witness a case of rape and murder?

(0_0)

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[Operator]: 'Hello there, what's your emergency?'

[Pupils]: 'We would like to report a crime.... No, make that 2!'

Chapter 1300 - Ghastly News

Onwards and upwards!

Most of the Baymardians weren't aware of their monarch's disappearance, for it was a secret one. And with the way his majesty typically moved, everyone either thought he was about one of the major establishments in the Capital city or within the arm force units like the barracks.

Of course, there was also the fact that his majesty typically went out towards the other Baymardians territories, visiting Riverdale and the rest as frequently as he could. But all in all, many were clueless about his majesty's exit and were more focused on many important matters at hand.

All around the scene, many tuned in to their radios, watched Tv and even read Newspapers on the many matters plaguing the world.

"Oh, my ancestors! What a frightening thing this Zombie virus is."

"Exactly! It's said that the virus could spread through water and air. So if it comes to our beloved empire, in a few weeks or months, won't we all be finished at that rate?"

"My dear... That's what I fear the most."

"F***! Me too. I've been so scared for my little daughter's life that I recently had sleepless nights. And haven't you heard? Hand sanitizers and tissues were almost out of sale at some point. I heard that the supply-demand that was supposed to be exported to the other empires doubled."

"Hmmm. Everyone is scrambling for them because even if it's not the Zombie virus, it's always best to take precautions. Hey! Have you forgotten about the many minor and major plagues that occurred within Pyno over the years? What about the Shinjep one that happened in Ngum city Carona, a few years back? That one was said to be deadly and might've eventually wiped out the entire Pyno if it wasn't for our brave Doctors, nurses, military staff and his majesty."

One of the people holding their newspapers in a barbershop nodded vigorously: "Hmhm. With the constant threat of random plagues and diseases popping up here and there, wouldn't it be better to prepare for the future? It's just that this Zombie plague is so terrifying that it seemed to be a wake-up call for many. Look! In the newspapers, it's said that even the Pyno merchant association has begun adjusting and implementing new policies and safety measures to ensure that they don't accidentally bring any viruses in."

One of the men getting a clean beard trim couldn't help frowning with worry: "What about the cruise ships? What are they doing about things?"

(*~*)

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Many of those in the barbershop were very puzzled about this.

That is, the Cruise ships went to and fro Zalipnia, as well as the other empires. So what if someone brings it in?

This problem would kill them all if nothing were done about it!

Many were indeed perplexed about the situation, but for some, they only chuckled with a playful smile on their faces.

One of the men shampooing another man's long luscious hair couldn't help proudly inputting his thoughts on the matter.

"Are you all dreaming? The leaders and delegates had long thought of how to solve this one."

"Really? How do you know?"

"Rely on! Last night, the BBC reported that thanks to Zalipnian ruler, Monarch Uther, we now know a few key symptoms of those carrying the virus. So with this alone, we can fight and defend ourselves for the time being until those heading out to the Virus-infected zones send more feedback on the matter."

"Yes! Yes! I also heard about this last night too. The cruise ships have implemented some guidelines and rules on the matter. For starters, they were talking about some 4-day isolation plan before travelling."

"Isolation plan?"

"Yes! People have to buy their tickets ahead of time and go to the testing units within the ports. And after all the green signs are good to go, they'll have to remain isolated within the Coastal city for 4 days before they can finally board for their trip. And even when they want to board, a mini-temperature test would also be done for the second time. And of course, once they arrive at their destination, the same tests would be carried out yet again before they could freely move about the empires."

"Great! Great! That's good to hear."

...

Snip. Snip.

The barbers, groomers, and customers all mingled and talked to one another concerning the matter at hand, while going about their day.

In cases like these, they also wanted to reject people who planned to leave the infested zone and travel to Baymard via Zalipnia.

Even Uther had begun closing up his borders around his territory for the time being until the situation was best controlled.

After all, if even a single person arrived with the virus in Zalipnia, then his empire was toast.

But of course, from the system's working, the Virus still hasn't spread through the entire Shawnie Empire. With those carrying the virus dying in a matter of days before they would make it far enough.

Yup! It's all thanks to transportation that things seemed contained.

With months of travel before one could leave the empire, seeing them die in a few days or weeks after contracting the virus managed to keep things in Shawnie empire.

However, it was still spreading out the further people moved about the territory.

Again, the further the dead bodies are thrown, the greater the disadvantage. Of course, not everyone does that fast. It all depended on one's luck and immunity.

Believe it or not, some have stayed alive for months now but can't afford to get lifted off because their joints and entire bones feel as though they had been and turned into jelly.

The longer one carries the virus, the more painful it was, so much so that they couldn't afford to be carried off their beds. The pain would be too unbearable. Not to mention that their bony, zombie, mummified appearance would make one feel as though they were near-dead.

Thus, the first few days or weeks of being a virus carrier were the best since they would still be able to walk about, though sluggishly.

The Zombie plague was real.

And the Baymardians, as well as those from the other empires, all shivered in horror at the gruesome information dumped on them.

Meanwhile, in the heart of Arcadina, another storm was yet to unturn.