

TECHNOLOGY 1311

Chapter 1311 - The Great Chariton Java

Chariton Java?

Everyone saw the gallant and dashing 29-year-old make his way towards the completion with a proud face of a peacock.

His nose pointed to the sky, so much so that if he raised his head any further, he might have to end up walking with his chin facing everyone.

"Make way! Make way!"

His guards hurriedly created a path for him amidst the awe-stricken people around.

Well, even though Java could also be considered old, at his age, reaching the level of Chariton was too remarkable.

So he deserved the accolades many were throwing at him. And of course, he would also never let them forget it!

What? You think he was a show-off?

Heh! If you were the one who not only received this title at such a young age but also got acknowledgement from his Majesty Alexander, then wouldn't you also raise your nose high in the sky, never letting anyone forget?

If Java's attitude was similar to those who went to space, came back and kept singing their glory at every damn feast, party or festival for the next 10 years.

'We get it. You went to space. Let it go!'

Landon looked at the proud Java, almost rolling his eyes heavenwards.

Though he didn't know what a Chariton was, seeing everyone's traction showed how much they valued him.

So they had to be careful, meeting such a character now.

It's best they have nothing to do with him, lest he ruined their mission. Josh and the others also thought so. It was just their luck to garner this guy's attention the moment they arrived.

Dammit!

The gang's hearts were all bubbling and brooding cautiously. But on the surface, they still donned their aggrieved and unwilling expressions from the ridiculous prices they had to pay.

Because they came as peasants, their combined money totalled 1600 copper coins.

They were to stay here till tomorrow evening. So if they paid 1,000 copper coins now, just lodging tonight, feeding, and even riding for information would be harder to get.

Landon had no plans of stalling things due to the weather. So forget it! They weren't going to pay that price.

Impossible!

What to rob him? No way!

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"Chariton Java! Pleasure, pleasure... I humble myself before you, my lord." The dock keeper said, giving a deep bow to this famous Alchemist who reinvented the Elixir of Youth.

Yes! Reinvented, because it had already been there throughout the ages.

But over time, the formula had been revised and made better. In the end, Java's formula had beaten all those seniors, causing the entire Dafaren and even Morgany to acknowledge his talents.

And because of this, he had been allowed to study Alchemy in Morgany for 6 months every 2 years.

The honour was a tremendous one, making countless alchemists bite their teeth in envy, wishing that they could also have the opportunity to study in Morgany.

Look! They weren't even asking for much.

Just give them a month... No! Even a few weeks of study there would make them die with glee.

Of course, it's also said that while Java's accomplishments were outstanding, they were just ordinary for Morgany's level.

It was true that the Morgs appreciated his accomplishments.

But there have been hundreds and thousands of Morgs who have invented numerous things yearly. Some of which beat his own.

And one shouldn't forget that Java had only reviewed what was already there.

Meanwhile, the Morgs were inventing things from scratch, young into the valley of death, creating new poisons, weaponry, knockout gases and other things.

Whether one hated or loved Morgany, there was no denying that they had a system that produced geniuses regularly.

Maybe this was why they remained at the top.

Though Java was 'ordinary' in Morgany, back in Dafaren, he was still a celebrity that shook everyone's core whole.

No doubt about it, Chariton Java should've returned from his first 6-months of study.

(^?^)

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Java was a famous man.

It was hard not to know his face since back then, portraits of him had long circulated, as though he were the ride of the empire.

His 6-month per 2 years study rule didn't mean that he would have to go back every 2 years... After all, just voyaging alone would take close to a year.

It meant that he could come back anytime after the 2 year period was up.

So if he liked, he could stay for 4 more years after returning to Dafaren, before going back to study.

The only thing the Morg's cared about was ensuring that he stayed a minimum of 2 days after each study period.

"I humble myself before you, my lord." The dock keeper said enthusiastically.

And Java only waved his hand casually, as though he were a monarch: "Hmmm... You may raise your heads."

"Thank you, my lord!" The dock keeper, his ruffian boys and many others around replied.

Java glanced at the confused and aggrieved peasants, with deep calculations buried in his eyes.

"What seems to be the problem here?"

"My lord... These lowly peasants are refusing to pay the docking fees!" The dock keeper emphasized, gesturing at their almost damaged little canoes.

What sort of monstrosities are these?

Java was taken aback after seeing the state of the canoes.

Did they actually paddle with those things that look like they could break anytime soon?

It wasn't Java's fault for thinking like that.

Canoes in Dafaren and even Morgany are slightly different from those in Pyno. They were specific hidden trait techniques and design considerations that they placed here.

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It was true.

Many modern people might not know the difference or think it's nothing too shocking. But canoes made by Egyptians were slightly different from canoes made by other medieval empires... And vice-versa.

All regional and territorial designers had their own ways of doing things, some better than others.

And just looking at the terrible designs and building firms of the canoes made many question how they could survive on that for so long.

For them, using such a thing was unstable and from a lesser region.

That's right.

Their boats alone made many, including Java, one that they were foreigners... And peasant ones at that.

Java squinted his eyes, noticing the slightly covered slave mark on their necks.

Good.... Just what he was looking for.

Chapter 1312 - A Kind Man

Java licked his lips playfully, watching these run-away slaves subconsciously try to hide their slave marks.

They were doing this without even knowing that they were secretly calling his attention to it instead.

A trained eye like his could spot their subtle moves easily. And so could a few of his men.

Good. Good. He promised his men to reward them with women and some good-looking men after they arrived.

In Morgany, they couldn't touch those women or young boys at will, except when going to a pleasure home.

Tracking back from a long voyage, it was always customary for many men to spend the next few evenings frolicking with countless women.

This was something that not only himself but almost all men in this world did.

And as their leader, it would sometimes fall on him to find women for them. Typically, they would buy slaves and resell the surfing ones after using them as they pleased.

So seeing that one of the women had a slave mark on her lower neckline, Java immediately assumed that they were all slaves.

Good. Wasn't this perfect? There were also a few young boys who weren't bad-looking either.

Forget the dirt. Once cleaned up, these boys would look enticing and clean as porcelain. Some of his men preferred these sorts of boys instead. So why not gather the entire gang of 18, taking them for a pleasure ride orgy with his men?

Tonight, because they arrived later than expected, he thought he would have to wait till tomorrow before looking accomplished all he promised to his men once they came.

But who would've thought he would strike a gold mine on arrival instead?

Good... The heavens were working in his favor.

As for himself, he was too noble to sleep with such dirty lesser beings.

No... He would hold off until tomorrow and head to the pleasure house to get the most well-sought after damsel.

He deserved only the best of everything!

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Java glanced at them deeply: "Where are you all from?"

"Sir... Our ship had a series of unfortunate events, and we've been sailing and drifting on the waters ever since then." Josh said, clearly showing his cracked lips that looked like they were in dire need of some lip balm.

He had also added the effect of chalk and a little makeup to make it look slightly bleeding.

His lips, contoured sunken cheeks, and highlighted neck bones gave one the impression that he hadn't eaten for days.

Yup! Just his look alone made his story more plausible. Not to talk of the slave mark Java spotted on one of the ladies and their strange and hideous boats.

Wonderful!

Java turned his attention to the dock keeper: "How much do they owe?"

"Eh?... My lord, 1000 Copper coins (10 silver coins) per Night."

"Oh?" Java knew it was unreasonable but was delighted instead. "That's about right. And how long are they planning to stay here?"

Landon thinned his lips: "5 nights, my lord."

"5 nights? In that case, you owe the man 5,000 copper coins, no?"

"Ye-ye-yes, my lord," Josh replied, bowing his head pitifully. But deep down, he was still rolling his eyes heavenwards.

What a nosy person!

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The corners of Java's eyes creased gleefully. "Well, it's only fair that you all pay the fee. After all, the dock keeper is just doing his job. I don't know what lesser part of the world you're coming from. But judging from your situation, it's clear that none of you can afford it. But fortunately for you, you ran into me."

Landon and the others cautiously glanced at him: "Sir, what do you mean?"

"It's simple. I'll be willing to pay and cover your debt. And in return, you have to follow me. My men and I just happen to need a few 'workers' after our tiring return. We have been out of touch in our own home for quite some time and still need some assistance after just arriving. So why not stay and work for me for the next few days until you've paid up your debt to me?"

Immediately, many began looking at these foreigners with envy in their eyes.

How great was it to work with Chariton Java?

If it were another none, one might get skeptical on the matter. But Java had a unique reputation, making many peasants want to work with him instead.

He was a unique character who knew how to make both the nobles and ordinary people like him. Not many could accomplish this feat. After all, nobles generally left a bad taste in the mouths of the common people.

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Like so, many began whispering and gesturing for Landon and his gang to accept the offer immediately.

And maybe if they were ordinary, clueless peasants, they would be touched by Java's kindness.

But who were they?

Landon sneered inwardly.

'Since you want to be kind, then you better continue this act of yours till the end!'

"Sir, kind sir... Thank you so much for your offer. You are truly one of a kind."

Java smiled deeply: "It's nothing. Helping people like you is what I do regularly."

"Yes. Yes." Landon said, wiping his fake tears away. "Sir, it's because of your immense kindness that I'm too touched right now."

Java basked in the awe of the moment and waved his hands nonchalantly. "It's okay... It's okay."

"No! No! Listen to me... It is not okay, sir!!!"

" _ "

Tears flowed through Landon's eyes as he began giving his oscar-worthy performance.

[Host, was it worth it to purchase tears from this system?]

'Shut up!'

Landon raised his head, showing his swollen eyes for all to see. "Sir! Sir! Your actions have truly touched me! You are the only one who has been kind to us for a long time. So how can we take advantage of you?"

"It's..."

"No!... Say no more, sir! Dock keeper, we don't want the boats again."

"Eh? What do you mean?"

"I mean that we can't afford to take advantage of such a kind person. So just drown the boats. We won't pay, and we won't let you scam the good Chariton!"

Drown the boats!

The gang nodded and left the scene heroically, leaving everyone else in a daze.

" _ "

Erm... What just happened?

Java's face was grim.

Dare to make him lose face?

"Follow them!"

Chapter 1313 - A Deadly Surprise

Walking away, Landon thought about the scene deeply.

Those guards... The men with Java were all holding special weapons that he instantly recognized.

That was a Modao Saber in spear form!

What a deadly surprise.

To put it simply, it was a combination of a spear and a longsword.

One end was the sharp spear edge and on another end was a long sword attached to it.

Those who wielded the bloody weapon could kill opponents from either end, twirling the heavy weapons around as they pleased.

Make no mistake! This weapon was one of the bloodiest that could slice through armor in the hands of a brutal warrior.

This weapon was considered a heavy one to carry on the battlefield, 4 times heavier than the ordinary weapon.

This alone could show the strength of those wielding it.

They would have to train themselves from a young age to get used to the weight. And the present them probably thought that the weight was a standard one.

Maybe when holding an ordinary sword, they now didn't feel anything, staying longer in battle with the blades at hand.

In short, the situation was akin to how Goku in Dragon Ball would train with weights always on his body.

After taking off the weights, one wouldn't feel the pressure that much.

Landon's face turned grim.

'As expected. There are a lot of dangerous forces outside Pyno. We have to be careful.' He thought.

To cast such a weapon used a special forging method to make the iron harder than normal.

Maybe this was why Pyno wasn't able to create such a weapon.

Back on earth, General Li Siye of the Tang Dynasty was able to cut both a horse and a rider in half with a fatal swing.

In the hands of a beast, this weapon was too severe. And the way many trained in this world, coupled with the strange foods and plants, Landon was sure that people in this world were genetically more potent than those back on earth.

So one couldn't even begin to comprehend the danger of being around such a weapon.

Of course, secretly, he also wanted to know if such a weapon could slice their guns into 2.

Dammit!

He didn't factor in such powerful weapons while entering Dafaren.

Now that he was aware of their presence, they had to stay vigilant in case those in the Capital also had them too.

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Look left, look right... Landon, Josh and many already knew that they were being followed.

But to keep up the disguise of being seemingly ordinary peasants or freed slaves, they had to pretend that they knew nothing about it.

Like that, they continued to cower, shriek and move forward with a certain inferiority complex embedded in their skins.

And though it was a little past midnight, the streets were still filled with drunken people either going home or heading towards a pleasure house.

On the street corners, there were also some late-night customers seeking a few last-minute items when needed from the nearby street hawkers.

Some only moved about to enjoy their evening stroll, while others were closing off work for today, though late.

Farmers could be seen returning from the woods an hour away from the central city, and many others just roamed around the streets pickpocketing.

The only thing that the streets seemed to lack a lot of were the numerous carriages, wagons and horses that one would find during the day.

Of course, be it taverns or other businesses still open, it all had to stop by 2 A.M max. Whether one was, they had to sleep there, less they got into trouble with the many City guards.

Being seen out and about after that time was risky because it could be assumed that one was an enemy, assassin or a suspicious person.

The city gates would be closed, those docking in would have to officially spend the nights in their ships after laying the Dock keepers, and even those in pleasure homes would have to spend the night with the gorgeous ladies until the city gates were officially opened at 4:30 A.M.

It was only a little past midnight, meaning they still had time to find a place to lay and rest!

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With their plan in motion, Landon and the gang began their search for the peasant-serving taverns, asking for directions when need be.

And soon enough, they arrived at a Tavern with countless drunk people laying outside, with some kissing the bar ladies and others just having a good old bar fight out in the open.

Josh, Landon and the rest only walked over the many bodies, making their way to the front desk.

"2 rooms!"

"Oh yeah?" The girl quickly peeked at their entourage in understanding.

18 people in 2 rooms? This wasn't strange. Peasants didn't have the money to ensure a room per person.

The girl only looked at their faces and attire before spitting out the price: "50 copper coins per night. Pay up, or pack up and leave!"

"No. No... We have the money... Here, here it is." One of the marine ladies said, opening her pouch that had exactly 50 copper coins in it.

They had long distributed money in their pouches, with some carrying 20, 50, 100, etc.

This way, they could act as though this was all the money had whenever the situation called for it.

The girl looked aggrieved to give out so much money, but she still bit her lips and did as she was told, exposing the contents of her pouch.

And the girl at the front only casually glanced at a few burly men at the sides as though telling them that these ones weren't worth the trouble.

Yes! They also robbed loaded peasants too.

Listening to the words of Josh and the rest after she asked them if they wanted any food or drinks, she concluded that they were truly broke.

Moreover, they seemed to want to sleep in the barn tomorrow night because this was all they had.

Really not worth the trouble.

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"Alright. Follow her; she'll show you to your rooms.... Now step aside and give way; I'm done with ya!"

Chapter 1314 - It Was Now Or Never!

"Alright. Here, yah are, your rooms."

"Thank you, thank you, thank you." They said, bowing deeply at the leading lady.

She wasn't the one at the front desk but another frightening lady they thought wore too much makeup.

Her powdered face with her overly drawn clown makeup was too eye-catching.

Seeing that she had finished her task, she didn't bother with their nonsense, heading back downstairs to catch more fun.

She liked escorting guests up, seducing and following them into their rooms for a little more money.

But with these paupers, how dare she waste a second of her time standing in their presence?

The lady's face was completely distorted in disgust the faster she fled.

However, things weren't always as they seemed because the moment she left, the demeanor of these seemingly harmless peasants suddenly changed!

"We don't have much time."

"Right!" Everyone else replied in unison, entering their rooms hastily.

The air seemed calm and steady, with the many visitors young about their night as they reckoned, not knowing that a dangerous storm would soon hit the place.

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"And what can I do for yah' gentlemen."

~Pap.

"Information."

The front desk girl glanced at the satchel thrown at her, slowly returning it, opening it up and being shocked silly.

1, 2, 3, 4.... 20!

This... This... This...

There were 20 silver coins in the bag!

That's 2,000 copper coins! That's a little over half a year of her salary.

The girl's mouth hung wide open, already daydreaming about how she was going to use the money in the future.

Immediately, her heart skipped countless beats as she hastily closed the bag and smiled at the 2 cloaked gentlemen standing before her.

Lying trough. Was she about to become a rich lady overnight?

Looking at the men before her from head to toe, she got a few glimpses of expensive military attire underneath their ordinary black cloaks.

No doubt about it; they were probably under the leadership of some wealthy guy.

But what did they want here with her? What sort of information could interest them this much?

Well, it didn't matter because she would do whatever it took to keep these 20 silver coins. Of course, her boys at the corner had seen them throw the bag towards her. So she would have to give them

something too... That is, after she secretly took out 10 silver coins and hid them away from their watchful eyes.

The lady raised their cries playfully: "Me' lords... I'm at your service."

"Good."

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One minute was all they spent before leaving the scene like crazy, heading towards the City Lord's estate.

That's where Java was planning to spend the night.

Now, with information of where the guests were staying, all that was left was for them to hit hard.

Tch!

If not for fear of ruining Java's unique reputation, they would've long taken out these ungrateful lowlifes.

But not to matter, tonight, they'll drag these bastards back to reality!

The men laughed and sneered, leaving the scene with cruel expressions on their faces.

And the moment they left, the lady nodded at her guys, who then went back to check on their newly arrived guests.

~Knock. Knock. Knock.

"Ye-yes... Who's there?" Landon responded, inching his way towards the door calmly.

His voice vastly differed from his sturdy appearance.

"Sorry, mate. We're just doing one last round of checks, wondering if you really won't be eating or taking anything. Today, the bar might close up earlier than we expected. We seem to be running out of booze. So anything for the night?"

"No~~... We're good. Thank you, but we just want to rest now."

Want to rest? Perfect!

The tavern men secretly grinned, confirming that the prey had no intention of leaving the scene or leaving their rooms anytime soon.

Good. Good...

Maybe if they did a great job, they would be rewarded some more money, right?

Hmph! They didn't know how these peasants managed to anger such powerful people.

Hearing what they wanted to hear, they abruptly left the scene, not wanting to look too suspicious or alert the prey on any weird behaviors.

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

A few people with their ears by the doors, all focused on the fading creaking noises of the burly tavern men.

And soon enough, they did Okay signs to those behind them.

Landon was in one room, and Josh was in another, with their teams. However, they both knew the plan.

"Chalk!" Landon called out. "Lipstick! Eye pencil!"

Even though they were on a mission, they had kept simple items like chalk and little feminine products that would easily be destroyed or discarded at will.

Of course, everything was crushed and wrapped in paper when taking them out on missions.

Additionally, underneath their peasant attires was another set of pleasant attires too.

~Shrip!

Landon tore the sac-like attires, creating scarves and headbands for the ladies to change their hairdos.

The earlier contoured make-up that looked sickly and frail was wiped clean to some extent, changing their appearances yet again.

Like so, they began discussing themselves diligently. Some also took the remaining clothes, bundled them up, strategically placed them under their clothes and tied their rope belts under it, creating a pot-belly on their stomachs.

Some ladies also looked pregnant too.

1, 2, 3.... Josh ganged on the thin walls, indicating that they were ready. Likewise, Landon also did the same too.

And sure enough, it was soon time to go!

Good. It was time to take a leap of faith.

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Very slowly, they opened their wooden windows, peeking outside, up, down and around.

"Graner (Landon's codename), the air is fresh and clean."

Meaning, the coast was clear.

"Hmmm..." Landon claimed in a low tune, secretly watching the drunken men 3 stories down.

Luckily for them, the room they were given was at a close jumping range to one of the few tall and bulky trees around the premises.

Everyone grounded a few more pieces of chill on their hands, ready to make the jump.

Their hearts drummed vigorously, feeling a whiff of excitement in the air.

Time was running out. And they had to flee and look for other accommodations before 2 A.M!

So it was now or never!

Chapter 1315 - His True Identity!

Java tapped his fingers on his jaws playfully. His entire demeanor turned ecstatic.

It has been a long time since he moved his hands.

Tsk! How dare a few lowly run-away slaves turn him down? As a proud man, how could he allow people to go after not giving him any face?

Maybe it was due to the pent-up feelings they garnered in Morgany.

But since they arrived, they felt itchy to release all their suffocated actions and emotions to anyone around.

In Morgany, they couldn't even do anything, with the Morgs rightfully feeling superior. However, could it be that after returning to their homeland, they, who were originally proud by nature, would be able to bear any rejections from common, ordinary lowlifes?

In a nutshell, his men originally planned to use coitus to vent their pent-up feelings, doing whatever they dared to the unfortunate men or ladies caught or decided by them.

But now, forget it!

They wanted to not only do so but would also derive pleasure in directly slashing these bastards into a million pieces, seeing their anxious and fearful expressions right before their deaths.

Of course, there was another hidden reason he decided to go after these people.

Java's eyes glowed like fireflies.

"Hahahahah~~... Good. Good. Excellent... That's what I like to hear." Java said, clapping while facing the men on bent knees before him.

The lead man lowered his head even more: "My lord. The men have just returned and have informed me that the tavern has agreed to secretly let us in after official hours (2 A.M). And with us being the City Lord's guests, I'm sure he too wouldn't mind us going about then." Titus said.

He was Java's most trusted aid.

With a long ponytail, a deep slashing wound around his neck, and an even more vibrant black braided beard, he gave off a very chilling image to his enemies.

Java grinned in satisfaction, getting up from his bed and walking towards the massive balcony on the other side of his chambers.

Indeed. He was a guest at the City Lord's mansion.

And with the city lord so eager to please him, walking about at this time wouldn't be an issue provided he had a Token from the City Lord's palace.

Java chuckled: "Titus, for tonight, you won't be going to deal with such a simple task. I need you here." He said, holding the balcony rails thoughtfully.

And instantly, Titus understood: "My lord, I know."

Yes. How can he not know?

While they did plan to get pleasure for the bottom feeders of their legion, the tip and most powerful people had other plans at heart.

Half of Java's men were given to him by the empire. Meaning they weren't wholeheartedly loyal to him.

Only his men he trained in secret, as well as the 400 who always followed him now, were his most loyal and truthful subordinates. The rest were just decoys he used at will.

They weren't important to him. And that's why he kept his image around them somewhat similar to what everyone else in the empire thought of him.

There was a big reason for all this.

First, Java had another hidden identity that, so far, not even the Morgs had been able to find out.

That's right. Java was a double agent, working neither for Dafaren nor Morgany.

Everyone thought his mother was from some lowly noble home that got hit after that 'unfortunate incident' that destroyed the entire Hyu estate.

However, the truth was far from what many believed. His mother was from enemy territory. And as far back as he could recall, he had been initiated and secretly taken to his real home several times to see his father.

Java smiled cruelly.

Soon, Adonis will wash these filthy and wretched people from the face of Hertfilia. For Adonis, he would go far!

Yes. Yes... That's right.

He, Java, was the heir destined to be the next ruler of Lampe after his father, the Holy One, had approved of his training being successful.

As the heir, he was sent out to work for Adonis. And would soon go back in another 5 years to permanently take over.

All this time, he had been gathering information, sending it off and doing other tasks.

It was funny that the Morgs even approved of him entering Morgany and learning some of their practices.

Heh.

The Morgs were indeed smart. And because of their strictness, the only way for one to fully integrate without suspicion from infancy.

That's why Adonis sometimes sent their women out and would secretly visit and impregnate these women.

After birth, the women would mysteriously die (get sent back to Lampe)... Of course, the 'father' would have to care for the child.

Doing this was challenging in Morgany. So they implemented their plan in regions like Dafaren and other empires or continents.

Now, the identity isn't suspicious. And no matter how the Morgs looked at it, the baby was a Dafaren baby.

And over time, they would find time to build the child's belief in Adonis.

Only in this way will the child have a chance of getting selected and finally entering Morgany from the outside.

No... It could be said that Java wasn't even a double agent but a triple one since he was fooling both Dafaren and Morgany.

Even his so-called father here didn't know he wasn't of his kind.

His skin tone was only slightly off from those here. But it could be easily overlooked.

In short, it was like seeing a Scottish person or another one from Iceland, Canada or other places back on earth.

Really and truly, unless they tell you where they are from or give it up with their accents, the variation of their skin tones was similar.

And it was because of this that those in Lampe would send their children to these regions that looked slightly similar to them.

Sending the child to Tenola, Romain, or even Zohl would only lead to failure!

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Java sneered.

Alright. It was time to implement tonight's big plan.

Heh... It was the sole purpose for his arrival here!

Chapter 1316 - The Journey Begins!

Java chuckled in delight.

A big plan was underway. And in the next few years, Adonis will finally be able to wipe Morgany's influence from the face of Hertfilia.

All triple and double agents would soon make their mark.

Of course, Java was thinking this, not knowing that the Holy core was now on its way to Morgany.

Titus stood behind Java, staring at the future heir in warmth.

It's said that the future heir had been bathed in Adonis' love since his birth, allowing him to get blessings nonstop.

And those by the heirs stood would also be destined to rise to increased heights.

He, Titus, had been 'bought' by the heir from 'slavery' with a few others.

They had watched the heir grow up and knew that soon, he would go back to Lampe to receive anointing and crowning.

Of course, not before at least destroying Dafaren from the inside... Or at least leaving countless seeds of distortion in the hearts of many.

His idea of being 'kind' to the peasants and these lowlifes was just for this grand scheme of setting up an uprising.

In short, after his coronation and crowning, he'll come back, gather the support of the ordinary people and claim Dafaren for Adonis.

Everything had long been set into motion.

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Java thought of something and couldn't help grinning deeply.

"Titus... Today seems to be yet another blessing in disguise."

Titus couldn't help nodding his head in agreement. "My lord, I understand."

"Good. You'll gather a few men and send them off to deal with those pesky lowlifes. But make sure whatever you do shouldn't be traced back to this king. Remember, I am a good friend to these lowlifes. So let the men disguise themselves as people belonging to other factions."

Titus pumped his heart loudly: "My lord. It will be done."

"Good." You can also allow the City Lord's men to follow those who head out tonight. This whole thing is the perfect distraction, understand?"

Titus chuckled: "Understood, my lord."

How can he not understand?

Tonight, they were going to steal something from the city Lord's vault.

They already had men from the inside who were acting as the city lord's guards.

Heh...

Initially, to keep his men given by the empire happy and fooled, he had long planned to allow them to have orgies and pleasure for the next few days, keeping them lazy and unaware until his true men did the deed.

In short, a distraction was needed. Not just for him but one that would be able to fool the city lord into thinking that the disappearance of that would have nothing to do with him.

And wouldn't you know it, these runaway slaves had made things much easier for him.

The chase for them would begin tonight, keeping the city lord focused on his actions towards these lowlifes.

But in the meantime, Titus and other skilled men would break in and take the book from the vault.

Yes! It was a book of poisons that the city Lord and his appointed researchers were tasked with creating and working in for the empire.

According to the latest news, this book was a stolen Morg book with an eye-opening invention.

It's said that the invention can launch giant arrows into the air at an alarming and dangerous speed.

How it got to Alexander's hands, he didn't know.

But it was confirmed that Alexander did a switcheroo, deciding all prying ears into thinking that he had taken the book back to the Capital. Meanwhile, the book was hidden in a secret room within the vault here.

The world as it was, was truly turbulent, with too many changes occurring all at once.

Changes occurred daily that kept shifting their plans.

Java came to this coastal city, rather than anyone, because of this book.

He had to steal it before Alexander's goons came back for it. And he had to do so in the most inconspicuous way.

"Titus, go and do as you're told... dismissed!"

.

Like so, Titus was on the move.

He gathered 35 men and shipped them off towards the tavern Landon and his gang had lodged into.

And because of their public actions, the City Lord Mervin was very alert.

Mervin quickly pulled away from his 3rd wife on the bed after receiving the secret call from his hidden guard.

"My lord... Where are you going? This is my night!" The lady on the bed said, gripping the Mervin hard.

Bastard! Was he thinking of leaving her like this and heading towards the rooms to those other sl**s?

The woman immediately became anxious and crazed.

Even though she was miraculously pregnant at this age (31), she still wanted to feel pleasure.

Her pregnancy was the miracle of the year, with countless people wondering how she did it. You know, most women stop childbirth at 20~24.

No one would wait to be in their 20's before pumping out children...14, 15, or 18 were the plump ages to become baby-making factories.

After that, because of their early menopause in this area, having a child over the age of 25 in Dafaren and a majority of aces in the world was already a miracle.

And in other regions in the world, some even thought of it as witchcraft.

Before her pregnancy, her husband would touch her at least twice a week. And that was while also touching a few from his other 7 wives and 2 lowly concubines.

But now, after the pregnancy, he refused to touch her, saying that he would damage the baby.

So she had been starving for a long, long time. But now that she finally had him over, he wanted to leave after touching and raising her ecstasy to this point?

Impossible!

She was so mad that she had already forgotten her identity.

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"And you!... Where do you think you're going?"

"Woman, you better let go of me; I have important matters to deal with... And besides, I've told you this severally. It's not good to do adult acrobatics while pregnant."

"Says who?!"

Marvin was impatient: "Says the healer!!"

"Healer, shmealer! What does that bloody healer know? He doesn't even have a child of his own, so what kind of advice would such a person give?"

Mervin glanced at the woman holding his little man, and was suddenly dumbfounded.

Excuse me... But who are you? What have you done to my charming wife?

The woman looked as though she was about to spit out fire any moment now: "Mervin, you're wicked. You must truly be crazed if you think I would let you go after getting me there. If you don't do it, I'll take you!"

" "

...

Like so, the night was boisterous, with several shocking revelations unfolding.

Very swiftly, the men Titus sent had indeed reached the inn only to find their targets gone... Vanished, with no one knowing how they left.

Dammit!

The men were furious at the deceit of these bastards.

And the people they were presently looking for had already lodged into another tavern far away from the scene.

Good...

Tomorrow, they would collect as much info as they could before leaving the city.

Because tomorrow evening, they will begin their journey to the Capital!

Chapter 1317 - A Strange Lord

And this, things began to move according to plan, not just for Java, but for Landon as well.

Time had moved swiftly, with them getting directions as far as 7 cities away from this one.

This should do the trick for now.

Bear in mind that between these cities would be villages and towns. So the journey was indeed relatively long by horseback. However, when flying, that was a different matter altogether.

During the day, the rains faintly drizzled, with little to no wind in the air. And by night, it was all good.

Of course, according to the system, after today, the rain wasn't going to fail for the next 2 days. Everything was planned accordingly.

And just like that, the gang, who all looked completely different from before, headed to the rendezvous point at night and secretly met up with another team of underwater Navy officers, who gave them wetsuits and led them away.

It was funny to see that all this time, Java had still sent people to find them. In the end, he decided to push everything onto their head if asked about the stolen book.

Heh.

For all they knew, those peasants might've been deadly assassins or spies... Though, he was more inclined to believe that they were very ordinary.

After all, it was expected for some slaves to get cautious after suffering so much and regaining their freedom.

Maybe something transpired that allowed them to flee.

Maybe the slave owner was after them... Who knows...

The possibilities were endless with this one. But all in all, he created a suspicious image about these people, drawing Mervin's attention to them.

But what did it matter to Landon? They didn't look the way they ordinarily looked. And more importantly, they were already on their way to the Capital!

Heh. Thanks to the many air force teams that worked hard last night to create maps from above, they could easily make up the instructions collected from the ordinary folks.

Of course, they also made these maps for archive storing too. Additionally, they did their best to map the entire city, spotting which regions had the largest concentration of guards or hidden guards. Even the city lord's palace was mapped out

Who knows, maybe in the near future, they might need this. So taking note of this was essential!

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--The Capital City, Dafaren, Veinita--

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Entering into a vast estate were several luxurious carriages with the same carvings.

~Gallop. Gallop. Gallop. Gallop.~

The horses steadily sprinted forward, raising their chests high to the servants who stopped now and then to bow at the arriving entourage.

"Welcome back, my lord!"

"Welcome, My lord!"

"My lord..."

"My lord..."

Everyone in the estate who saw the carriage dared not look up, lowering their heads in salute.

But the person they were focused on hardly took more of their presence.

In the giant middle carriage, a towering 7-foot man calmly sat opposite 2 of his most trusted aides: Ronald and Chengdu.

The duo also looked mighty intimidating as well.

Chengdu lifted the curtain, peeking out of the carriage expressionlessly.

"My lord, with our arrival in Dafaren's Capital, many will soon send out invites."

"Hmmm..." The burly man replied. "Reject all. We will only be seeing Alexander for the time being." The duo glanced at each other briefly before chuckling at their lord's boldness.

Others dared not call his majesty Alexander this way. But if it was their lord, then it was understandable.

Having taken a good look outside, the Chengdu intended to close the wooden window.

However, just when they were about to do so, the sudden sounds of heavy horse riding, quickly enveloped their ears.

Eh?

Ronald took out a polished silvered mirror and slanted it at an angle that made it easier for him to observe.

Ronald frowned deeply. "My lord. It's ours. But from the looks of things, it might not be good news."

Chengdu's heart dropped.

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~Gallop! Gallop! Gallop!~

The incoming rider, fully dressed in black, dashed towards them at lighting speed with his black high-tier stallion.

And with one hand raised, he made a hand signal that allowed the guards and forces around the carriages to quickly create a path for him.

No doubt about it, the man was carrying urgent news.

"This way! This way!"

Those standing around led the man to the only open carriage window.

Their lord had only opened that one out of the 4 windows in their carriage.

The carriage had 2 rows of seats facing each other. And a very wide empty floor space in the middle for placing one's feet or walking out.

Of course, the carriage door was placed at one end of the open space. And all 4 windows were located shoulder-level above the ends of the seat rows.

As for the wooden windows, they were only permanently attached to the carriage from the top.

The windows were designed like flaps, allowing one to open and close them.

It was like imagining a fridge door not opened from the side but opened and lifted to the top instead.

And to secure them after opening, depending on how wide and long the carriage was, one could be able to find tiny hooks on the ceilings or the corners above the windows.

With these hooks, it was then easy to secure the rules always placed at the bottom ends of each window.

This way, the windows could stay open until it was time to lock them up again.

The design was simple and effective.

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Like lightning, the rider moved crazily amidst the crowd until he reached Chengdu's open window.

But rather than speaking loudly, he only inched in and whispered next to Chengdu's ears.

And the more Chengdu listened in, the grimmer his face became.

"Dismissed!"

The rider took off, and Chengdu finally pulled the curtains towards the door, unhooked the ropes, lowered the open window and shut it, bolting it tightly.

"My lord, they've really crossed the line this time!"

"Oh?"

Chapter 1318 - Assessments: All Powers Gathered

"Oh?"

The burly man chuckled.

His reaction undoubtedly caused the duo to look at each other in confusion.

Eh? Why was their lord happy rather than angry?

The burly man massaged his rugged chin with a hint of mystery in his eyes. "Interesting... So they have finally learnt to fight back? Heh. How naive!"

The man thought they were idiots.

Yes. Their actions might've made him lose this time. But in the long run, overall, it didn't take a single hair off his chest. Their action was akin to one withdrawing a single grain of sand from the seashores.

Really and truly, it didn't make any difference to him.

Of course, the only reason his men were reacting so much was that they knew how much he valued what was destroyed. It was the only thing that reminded him of his grandmother.

And to him, that thing was more valuable than his entire wealth out together.

So you best believe that even though it didn't take off anything from him financially, the pain deep within was deadly.

However, things would have to wait until they headed back.

Heh.

He didn't get to this level by acting on his emotions. A calm, levelled head would always get one to the top.

Dripping with spite, the burly man still laughed dangerously. And soon enough, the duo began to feel his rage seep through his body.

Silence...

They could only stay silent in wait.

As for what truly happened, it was simple.

To get to the root of the matter, it was best to understand their master's identity.

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Their master's name was Castello Basanta.

First, they, as well as their master, were born and raised in Dafaren.

Their master was born from a mid-tier noble family. And over the years, he single-handedly rose to the top thanks to his beloved grandmother.

His father didn't like him very much just because he killed his 2 step brothers before the age of 11. He also slept with his step-sister, forcing her to commit suicide mid-intercourse.

His father didn't like him very much but was afraid of the power behind his grandmother. So the punishments he got were very light.

When his grandmother asked him what he wanted to do, he chose slave trading, money planning and entertainment.

And over the years, he had built such a terrible syndicate in Veinitta, channeling its roots deep within both empires; Dafaren and Lingingburg.

That's right. He was a person that the late Nopline would only wish to be like.

Of course, over the years, he had also had dealings with Nopline, making simple trades with the guy.

Their master was an absolute powerhouse in the continent, with all royals giving him face.

The number of pleasure homes and secret bases scattered within both empires was frighteningly alarming if people truly knew all he had.

Additionally, he was also a peak middle-ranking member of the T.O.E.P.

And wouldn't you know it, the killing period was still on and would close in about a week from now.

Those that set forth to kill him thought he was hidden in one of his homes. However, they were very mistaken.

They arrived there to find him missing.

But rather than leaving, they decided to destroy what he valued in that estate.

It was ironic that they arrived to attack that Dafaren estate a week after he left for the Capital.

Heh.

The burly man clenched his fists hard.

He would never let them go!

Though he couldn't kill whoever it was until the next killing period, he would still investigate and wait for the time to act!

.

Castello smiled dangerously, trying to control his thumping heart.

"We'll deal with that later on. That sly fox, Alexander, will still be up to his old tricks, so stay vigilant."

Right!

The duo responded, visibly relaxing their tensed shoulders.

With the killing period nearing its end, they could finally loosen up.

Dealing with non-members was always better than dealing with their kind.

Additionally, they still had 2 other assignments from the Order.

The first assignment wasn't just given to them but to several others as well.

The Order prioritized the matter so much that they promised the first leader to complete it, an instant upgrade to the next position on the power ladder.

They were to find and retrieve some mysterious book in Alexander's hands.

Of course, the book in Alexander's hands wasn't the original but a copy instead.

And the person who sent it to Alexander should be one of the spy 'students' who had gotten the opportunity to study a certain profession in Morgany.

The spy was still imprisoned in Morgany as they spoke. But the book had successfully left the place.

Their task, should they choose to accept, was to find and retrieve it.

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The burly man stared at his aides sternly.

"Ronald! Chengdu!... Tonight, take a few and begin work!"

"As you wish, my lord!" The duo replied.

They didn't even bother finding out what their lord would be doing in the meantime because they knew about the lord's powers.

That's right.

Their lord could create rocks into any shape, size or form!

But, his range was limited.

At present, he could make a boulder at most 6 feet tall. And as for how wide, he also had a limit to that.

Their lord could create boulders and launch them into the air crazily.

If he were launching hand ball-shaped ones, their lord could stay in battle like this for an entire hour before getting drained.

They had never seen someone as weird and powerful as their lord. In all truth, they began to feel as though their lord were a God that descended onto Hertfilia.

With his extraordinary powers, their lord could camouflage himself, create attack balls and shields while moving from place to place.

Provided there was soil or rocks around, their lord could make things move at will.

And tonight, it looks as though he will move out again!

Of course, he was also going to find out more about the location of a particular descendant of the long-deceased 5th Grand Witch of Tenola!

It's said that the woman fled the organization ages ago.

And her descendant should be in her 40's now.

There was something on the woman's descendant that the Order wanted. Apparently, the woman should also be clueless about her origins and powers., which would make taking her in easier.

Castello couldn't help frowning deeply.

He was specially tasked with finding her.

But where? Where could this strange and powerful woman be?

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--Royal Palace--

A badly bruised Paula was fiercely thrown to the ground by the guards.

~Bang!

"Granddaughter... Granddaughter.... I can finally see you."

Chapter 1319 - Alexander's Plans

~Plop.

The guards threw the badly bruised woman onto the ground.

"Nana!" Tilda leaped as fast as she could with pain in her heart.

And the guards who saw this only sneered in mocking disdain at the duo.

"His majesty had requested that she be your head maid for the wedding." One of the guards said, smiling mysteriously.

Tilda glared at them, gritting her teeth madly.

"Hey, princess, no need to look at us with those eyes. We ordinary folk are just doing our jobs here. His Majesty has requested for the old hag to look after you. And just a word of caution to the princess... His majesty has commanded that should you take over the job of the old hag in any way, he will have no choice but to end her life there and then. After all, the princess is about to get married, and your

husband wouldn't like you to have calluses before the wedding night. So if the princess should dare disobey, she will have no one but herself to blame!"

"You!--"

Tilda trembled with reddened eyes.

The moment she heard the guards, she did intend to take over the work, allowing her nana to heal and rest up. That was the least she could do before leaving for Lingingburg.

She knew that after this, she would never see her nana again. Yes, she was unwilling. But if she tried anything funny, it would be her nan who would suffer.

Tilda's heart was constricted in agony, the more hopeless the situation seemed.

She wished she had never been born into royalty! She wished she could've been an ordinary person with a simple family.

Of course, she knew that even peasant lives were difficult, with some fathers selling their daughters for a few coins, cows and even farmlands. Some even sold them to slave owners.

Whether it was the rich or poor, both still had their extremities. But, it was typically the rich who continuously went overboard. Most poor people did these things because of desperation.

At times, it was even the older daughter who volunteered to do it to give her younger siblings a chance.

Things were hard in the world, and far away hills never looked that green!

Tilda knew all this but still preferred to be born into an ordinary family. At least then, even if she wanted to flee, it would be way easier than now.

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With heavy eyes, Paula struggled to get a single glance at her precious granddaughter.

Her left eye was purple and swollen, as though someone had punched her severally.

Tears trickled down her cheeks the moment she saw her pale granddaughter. With deep breaths, she tried to contain her emotions, turning her attention to the guards, who had just ordered her.

"Get up!"

"Ye-yes...." She voiced, pulling her limping body to take a stand as though she were a maid.

Tilda wanted to help her but was stopped after realizing they were being watched.

Instantly, Tila panicked.

She was not to assist or take care of her nana. This was the only way she could protect her nana.

However, what she didn't know was that with Alexander's plans, the moment she left, Paula was to be secretly put to death.

Of course, they would still use Paula to threaten Tilda in Lingingburg. Even her future husband would do so.

After all, how was she to know if her nana was alive or not?

Tilda was marrying into a birdcage. She would never leave Lingingburg's Capital City. And all the guards around her would be loyal to her husband. In short, she'll be completely isolated out there.

So how would she know what would happen to Paula?

Heh.

She was naive to think they would allow such a rebellious woman to stay alive after smacking Alexander's face severally with her disobedience.

The woman kept trying to save her granddaughter for years now. All these sins had long been added up.

And even Paula knew that her death was near. But she didn't say anything.

If Tilda knew, Paula was sure that it would break her completely. Her fighting spirit would die. And this granddaughter of hers might become very suicidal.

Paula wept at the notion of never seeing her Tilda again.

Death didn't phase her too much.

She, Paula, had been poisoned occasionally, sometimes walking close to death's door and miraculously coming back alive.

She had been tortured too many times to count but had still lived a long life till 47.

She, a grandmother with a 13, nearing 14-year-old child, was very old. And it was a miracle that she could live this long.

So she had no qualms with death. Her only regret was leaving her precious granddaughter helpless in the world.

.

With a forced smile, she gave Tilda a reassuring look while taking a stand behind her as a maid would.

She was given the title of a lower rank maid. So as the rules stipulated, even the guards were superior to her.

"Forgive me for my incompetence. I will do my job to the best of my capabilities."

"Hahaha~... Old hag. It's good that you know your place and your fate. Now, listen to the order of your work. If you should miss anything because you aren't paying attention, then you can't blame anyone for the punishment that would follow!" One of the guards, with a wicked expression on his face.

All palaces and noble estates had rules.

There were specific times for maids, their lords or mistresses' foods. There were also times for cleanup, laundry and other activities that benefited their masters. Getting bathwater and readying it for their masters was a must.

If it were before, Tilda would've never been permitted to use the great 'bathhouse.'

However, Alexander wanted to humiliate Paula before taking her lowly life. So he immediately permitted Tilda to use the bathhouse.

And who would do all the work? Paula!

One should know that even though those in the palace had their private bathing pool in their courtyards, there was still a massive one for joint family bathing.

Alexander had requested that Tilda use one of the pools there every day. This meant that her nana would have to fill it up, heat the water via the big fire on another far end, and drain it after everything.

Even gathering firewood would be left for Paula to do.

.

Tilda was very unwilling after listening to all the workload laid out by Alexander.

Her nana was already limping, with bruises covered all over her. There was also dried blood that seemed to have flowed onto her hands underneath her long-sleeved attire.

Her breathing was heavier, and her entire body was still quaking slightly.

So how was she in a fit position to do all these things?

Chapter 1320 - A Fate Set In Stone!

Tilda ringed her fingers, imagining that she was strangling both Alexander and her grandfather to death.

She hated killing, but at times she did have evil thoughts such as these.

Paula sighed, bowing her head deeply. "Sirs, I will serve Princess Tilda well!"

"Good... Now hop to it and get the princess's food. If you are late by even a breath, 20 planks for you!"

"Yes!" Paula replied, dragging her limping body around obediently. As for whether she would be able to find her way around, how was it their business?

If someone gave her wrong directions, or if she managed to reduce late, then she would still have to take the punishments long-planned for her.

The guards all laughed at her misfortune, with some secretly planning to rape her during her time here.

Word on the street from their superiors was that the woman would die anyway. So why not enjoy a little bit of her sweet body before then?

She was 47 but looked very attractive, even after all her sufferings.

This was normal for women in these times. The high metabolism they built with all the heavy walking and other activities kept them in great shape. A majority could eat a lot but still do the same.

Their bodies had long been used to fasting, with some eating only a single meal every 2 days. As for nobles, though they are every day, they had rules to maintain their figure, like taking strolls around the estates after meals, or practicing and perfecting their dance, and doing other acts too.

Their faces were right with hardly any loose skin, which could make many modern people cry with envy.

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Of course, overworking one's body was detrimental, leading to 3/10th of the population dying before 25.

They died looking extremely young and beautiful, with a good chunk of those surviving in this category being nobles.

That said, this was the case when it came to overworking oneself. After all, this wasn't the only cause of death in these times.

Diseases alone room up another large percentage, causing many to die before 25.

War, battle, schemes and fights were other reasons.

Overall, people had a 70% possibility of dying when everything got put together.

Paula was already fortunate to make it to 47 as a grandmother.

And it was because of her rocking body that these guards still felt very tempted by her.

Yes!

Even the 'old' maids in the palace still tempted them. Everyone was fit, with the only difference being more or less how beautiful or ugly they were.

No doubt about it, Paula was the most beautiful elderly maid to grace the palace since many began working here. So who wouldn't want a piece of the pie?

Mother, they also wanted to know how it felt to sleep with a noble.

Damn! It should be mind-blowing, right?

Because noblewomen were freer than ordinary women, they did learn how to please their husbands. So they should be more skilled and exciting to touch, no?

Their only fear was analyzing whether his majesty or Paula's husband would mind or not... Though many thought they wouldn't since he dared to place her here.

It's said that even Alexander had planned to taste her before killing her too.

This was true.

On the eve of Tilda's wedding, Paula was to grace Alexander's bed for the ultimate disgrace!

.

The guards stared at Paula's disappearing silhouette with lustful looks before returning their attention to Tilda.

"One last thing, princess... His Majesty had informed me to tell you that you are to get dressed and prepared for a special evening."

Tilda froze, trembling even more from uncertainty. "What special evening?"

What has he planned this time?!!

The guard chuckled, seeing her desperate look. "Princess, I'm not obliged to answer that. However, because I'm in a good mood, I don't mind giving you a little hint. Process, it appears that your groom is arriving tonight!"

That monster?

Tilda crumbled in horror, remembering their last interaction not too long ago.

The last time he captured her, he took advantage of her, doing something unspeakable!

Thankfully, he never went too far because of her status as Alexander's daughter.

Only after marriage could he go all the way.

But to her who had already witnessed his strength, the terror in her eyes was evident.

He was coming! He was coming!

What should she do?

Tilda's eyes began dancing maniacally as her mind quickly went blank in a daze.

As for the guards teaching, they all grinned, enjoying the show to the fullest.

Of course, they were also to take note of things to report to his majesty truthfully.

His Majesty Alexander seemed to like listening about Tilda's breakdowns.

"Princess, later during the day, a few special maids will arrive only to do your hair and makeup, to give you a presentable look. They will also arrive with the attire his majesty had personally bought for you." The guard said.

And just before stepping out of the room, he suddenly stopped in his tracks and gave Tilda a deadly stare. "One last thing, princess... His Majesty has ordered that you don't play any tricks to get out of this if you still want your dear, sweet grandmother to live for another day!"

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~Plop!

Tilda fell to her knees, gripping the wooden floor beneath her death hard.

For her nana, she had to survive!

As for the weird dreams they typically had of herself being Queen of Dafaren, she had finally given up on them.

Reality had slapped her face brutally. And now she knew that dreams were dreams.

They could never be something else.

With that, Tilda wiped her tears away, looking like a lifeless doll.

What's the use of putting up a fight anymore?

Her fate was set in stone, and no one could rescue or change it.

However, what Tilda didn't know was that her fate was indeed set in stone... but not the way she thought.

Far away, her rescuers were already on the move.

Yes. Her fate would never change because she was the one true future ruler of Dafaren!