

TECHNOLOGY 1331

Chapter 1331 - Chaos In The Palace

And so it began.

All over the place, be it in the Outer, Inner or mid sectors, the heavens seemed to be angered.

Their fury was like no other, causing chaos and panic to spread across the scene.

-Outer Sector.-

"No! No! The heavens are destroying the palace walls! What do we do?"

"Dammit! I'm still so young and strong, with 3 wives begging for my attention. So how can I die here? Run... Run... I have to get out of the palace walls before they finally crumble and kill me whole!"

"Ahhhg~~ Go back inside! Go back inside! the outside is just as terrible as the inside."

"Oh, heavenly beings... What wrong has this one committed? If you want to take the monarch's life, why go after poor little old me?"

"Oh no! Riggo was sent flying by the heavens... Riggo~!"

Boom!

The outer sector was chaotic, as many were confused on whether to be open targets outside or rush into the walls that were still directly attacked.

Lying trough. What was the right thing to do here? Moreover, they had no physical event to attack. So... What the hell were they supposed to do?

Boom! Boom! Boom!

The heavens didn't give them time to think.

"Take cover!"

"Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhh~"

Many were in a state of frenzy.

And just like them, those in the mid and innermost sectors were dying from their anxiousness too... In particular, those in the innermost sectors truly felt as though their ends were near.

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-Innermost Sector-

The wives, concubines and pleasure women were all trembling in the haram site in full horror.

No one cares about their animosities with the women they used to hate and scheme against. Now, everyone held their children with trembling hands as though it were a doomsday period.

Each convinced stayed in their courtyard, not daring to leave after witnessing what they saw from the tallest points in their buildings.

6-foot stone fences surrounded each courtyard.

Again, depending on how luxurious the title given to them was, the buildings in their courtyards would also reflect their status.

Take the queen, the forest wife, for example... Her courtyard consisted of 6 buildings... With 3 being single floored, and another 2 having only two floors instead. Of course, she lived in the tallest one, with 3 floors.

Of course, the cold palace was a place that had just one building, without even a single fish pond on its property.

For Tilda, she had never lived in the general harem region, as they had long given her a special site behind the palace forest, just for her.

This way, they could guard her and make sure others never saw her, lest disgraced his majesty with her lack of education and manners.

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In the harem, the wives and combines had desperate courtyards. But the pleasure sleeves were typically paired and dumped into a single courtyard, showing their lowly status.

At least, each pleasure slave would be given a single building within the courtyard to take care of their children and have their privacy.

And now, in this final moment, the children who hadn't had their coming were still in the palace, were quickly grabbed by their mothers.

It was a sight to hold, seeing these scheming women turn into warm ones when it came to their children

The queen held their 13-year-old daughter tightly while watching the rain of the many massive yellowish flames pop out now and then from various corners around the outskirts of haram.

It was like nothing she had ever seen before. Things were flying around, and many far cries had long reached her ears. Fire, wind and the thunderous wrath of the heavens had engulfed the palace as far as her eyes could see.

But for some reason, the entire gram region seemed unaffected, as though the heavens had chosen to avoid them. But who was to say that they wouldn't be next?

The queen cropped her frightened daughter's head with all her might while looking at her now pale-face guard.

"Sylas... What do we do?"

What can they do?

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Sylas's muscles clenched in despair, having never seen anything like this.

This wasn't a mortal problem! This was an attack from above! No such weapon existed.

It was impossible for this to be done by human hands.

No weapon has ever been created! But, there were indeed some ancient texts and stories of the heavens punishing people with natural disasters. Some religions around the world believe this to be true.

So could it be that Dafaren, or rather, the monarch, had committed some grave sin?

Was this the sign that princess Tilda shouldn't get married?

Oh no! Could this be the demonic side of that little girl?

Evil! Evil! They were all right... She was just too evil!

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Sylas's imagination had already begun to take root.

"My queen, this could be a sign from heaven or a curse from the demons behind that bastard child!"

The queen opened her eyes in shock, realizing that it was indeed the eve of the brat's coming of age.

"My queen, if I may... After this, just to be sure, we should never aim at that cursed girl again! Or she might just come after the prince and the princess."

Boom!

An explosion occurred in the queen's mind, followed by a stream of memories of her bullying Tilda here and there.

Plop.

Her knees weakened.

She and many others had ganged up to kill that bastard's mother. So what would happen to her and her children once the truth got revealed?

"Sylas! The truth of that incident never came to light!"

"I know, my queen... I'm in this too. So if she knew, she might kill me as well! For now, we stay in the haram since the attacks aren't heading our way."

The queen thinned her lips worriedly: "Yes."

Maybe this was truly a punishment from the heavens... But should in case it had something to do with that little rat, then they would have to keep a tight lip on things.

The queen's eyes shone with a fierce light.

For the sake of her children, she would have to ally with the other wives who were in on this too.

They would have to recheck things, track and kill any witnesses, tying up all loose ends!

The truth must never be uncovered!

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Boom!

The ground underneath Josh's feet rumbled as he and his team had long broken into the innermost sector, making their way past the Palace forest to Tilda's desolate cottage.

Mission: T.P. was officially on.... But how could it be that easy?

Chapter 1332 - Battle Shock

~Rustle! Rustle!~

The bushes and tree leaves all shook ever so slightly as Josh and his men stealthily made their way up to Tilda's cottage.

And only after having gone up halfway up did they abandon their stealthiness, opting to move more freely.

Come on! Come on!

There was only so much time that one could utilize before the enemy became bold.

This was no Pyno, for heaven's sake!

If they were to dilly dally all night, best believe that the enemy would soon discover the presence of intruders, linking it somehow to tonight's operation.

Josh glanced upwards before focusing at the site before him again.

Dammit!

They had approximately 20 minutes left to rescue Tilda, put her in their arranged disguise, and leave the scene before the Air force teams blew the cottage into smithereens.

They had to cover all tracks and even blow down the bodies of any they kill now.

And that's why a part of the forest will have to be blown up too. So for now, they could afford to reveal themselves now that they were closer to the cottage.

It was just that with time ticking so swiftly and with the number of guards they've seen, will they truly have and time to get the job done?

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Josh lifted his shield cover and clocked on a button underneath.

"Omega 02 calling to all Cottage Air Force units. Penetrating danger zone now."

["Copy that. We see you... 37 at 9 o'clock... 56 at 3 o'clock, and 92 dead straight ahead to your coordinates... Good luck. Over."]

Josh's muscles clenched, readying his mind for the number of enemies ahead.

Bear in mind that they had already bypassed so many enemies on their way up here, killing some in secret too.

From the air units, if they were to make a break for it towards 9 o'clock to their left, they would meet 37 people scattered and stationed at various points.

Now, even though heading straight had more enemies on the path, from their understanding, a majority of those villains would also be surrounding the cottage.

So no matter how you look at it, though moving straight had the greatest danger, it was inevitably the way to go since the cottage was there.

They had no time to start making U-circles and turn around at will.

Josh took out both weapons, throwing his head behind his shoulders. "Alina, Cambridge, Wally... You know the drill!"

With that, Josh and Alina broke off, followed by their subunits leaving Cambridge, Wally and their subunits in the open.

Of course, those in the open were decoys, drawing the enemy's attention to them.

Hehehehe.

Thanks to all the crackling noises and wails all across the palace, they didn't have to worry too much about their attention being too loud.

But you, the thing about being a decoy, was that it was never easy.

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~Thup! Thup! Thup! Thup!

Wally quickly leaped behind a tree, avoiding the rain of arrows coming his way.

"Wally! They're heading our way; it's time!" Cambridge bellowed from behind a massive rock.

He took advantage of the loud boom noises passing his message along.

Wally smirked in understanding.

"Good... This is what we want. Everyone get ready!"

~Swish! Swish!

The enemies ahead that noticed them quickly divided themselves into groups.

"Intruders! Intruders spotted! Get more people over; we'll stay here holding the fort!" One of the archers recommended placing 3 arrows on his bow.

If one of these damn intruders dares to move a muscle from their hiding place, he won't hesitate to shoot them dead in the eye!

No one thought that these intruders were ordinary slaves or trespassers who ran here in fear of the chaos around the palace.

Their skills and the fact that they didn't make the sign to show that they were allies could only further prove that they were enemies to them.

Time seemed to freeze at this moment, with everyone's nerves getting stiffer and stiffer.

Gulp.

They swallowed hard, maintaining their positions at the various points along the enemies' line.

Some were on their knees behind the bushes, still pointing their arrows at the many corners around the massive rock that Cambridge hid behind.

Some were on the tree branches, and some stood behind the trees instead.

The scene was too joking, as no one could understand why on such a day, both heavens and these intruders would want to attack them all at once?

Or could it be that such an event from the heavens was foretold in some mysterious ancient texts, leading to the enemy planning an invasion on such a day?

(?~?)

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Armstrong, the strongest enemy Archer around, squinted his eyes deeply at the tree that Wally had taken cover.

Something didn't feel right.

Why were these bastards so quiet and taking this long to sneak a peek?

The man's chest grew tight, having a bad feeling in his gut. And soon, his eyes widened anxiously.

Dammit!

"They're on the move! Quickly! Take cover!"

~Pueeu!

Wally took his shot above the tree he hid behind. How did he get up?

Simple.

With his trusty daggers, he ascended as though he were ascending a wall.

Mind you, the enemy still thought he was on ground level.

So he took advantage of this, climbing a few branches up the towering trees that still had all their leaves intact.

What? It was barely 2 days since Fall officially started. And the trees weren't balding yet.

~Peeu! Peeu! Peeu!~

Wally's silencers were already unleashing their wrath towards those on the opposite side.

And Armstrong, who had now been the one to take cover, was shocked silly after seeing the person beside him drop off a nearby tree, falling to the ground with a good bang!

What?

His heart skipped a beat. Maybe he was blind, but he didn't see anything attack his comrade.

How did the enemy do it?

So what sort of sorcery was this?

Who can explain what was going on here?

Chapter 1333 - Kill Or Be Killed

~Peeu! Peeu! Peeu!

Wally, Cambridge and their gangs began taking care of as many enemies as they could, shocking Armstrong and the rest.

Lying trough. What the hell was going on here?

A wave of dismay clouded their hearts while trying to make heads or tails of the situation.

For one, do you know the distance between them and these intruders? The only thing that can make such a shot should be an arrow or a spear with ample weight and enough considerations to make it go the distance.

Moreover, they were up on a tree, mind you... So even if one shot a spear from where these intruders stood, it was indeed a challenging feat to keep the spear this high up.

The spear's arc should go like a half-circle (semi-circle). It goes up and then descends after a while. So what sort of superhuman strength would allow such an attack this high up in the towering trees?

No matter how one looked at it, only an arrow, with the assistance of the bow, could go the distance. Nothing thrown by human hands, not even a hidden weapon, could make such a feat without getting closer.

So without seeing an arrow land its mark, how can they not doubt whether they were still in Hertfilia anymore?

For them, it was vital to identify what exactly the enemies had used. That way, they would be able to calculate and estimate doing, attack range and all that.

So if they couldn't even begin to understand what they were up against and how the enemy had attacked, then wouldn't they just be sitting ducks here?

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Armstrong gritted his teeth after seeing back up on its way. "Surround these devils and wait for my signal before making a move!"

Armstrong didn't believe that they wouldn't conquer these intruders.

From what he had observed, they were far less in number than they were. It would be disgraceful to die in the hands of these few.

Moreover, as a skilled archer, he felt it his duty to understand what devilish weapon they were using here... Or could it be that they were an evil syndicate that used magic instead?

No matter what the truth may be, Armstrong understood that the enemy had no intention of letting them go. It's either kill or be killed!

Like so, Wally, Cambridge and their gang become the perfect decoys, drawing many to them.

Meanwhile, Josh, Alina, and their gangs were still stealthily moving through the shadows, avoiding the enemies making their way towards Wally's end.

And wouldn't you know it, once they arrived at the perimeter of the wooden cottage, they could only find 20 people stationed around the vicinity.

Josh looked at the gang and nodded at them.

With that, everyone suddenly dispersed.

Alina grinned, moving very freely like the one, becoming one with nature.

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~Swoosh, Swoosh~

Her steps glided from side to side like a snake as she ducked and slithered towards the big guy standing behind a tree.

She would attack him from the side.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

The big guy drowned very uneasily, whoever he heard the thunderous noises from the heavens.

It sounded like thunder, very ear-bursting and disturbing. At least that's what one would think, if not for the countless faint wails that echoed across the scene.

He felt like he was in the land of the dead, listening to tortured beings.

It was the uncertainty, the unknown and the feeling of things getting out of control that made his heart alert.

Bubuum!

~Pheeu!

Alina had missed her shot.

And now, she had been discovered by the big man.

The big man's eyes turned murderous after he had dicked from reflex.

Always trust your instincts.

He had felt that someone was watching him, though he couldn't get or pinpoint their location.

And in such instances, the enemy would typically attack his heart or head for an instant kill.

Thus, he ducked to test his suspicions out, which proved to be the right choice!

Enemy? This close to him?

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Alina raised her guns at the big guy again. However, he had already crouched, sending a sweeping leg motion at her.

What a joke! After reading that the thing in her hand was her weapon, why would he give her ample time to use it?

You either hit him fist to fist or die!

Alina understood his intention, hurriedly placing her guns back into place.

Since the enemy wasn't giving her any opportunity, then she would have to beat the living sh** out of him to do so, right?

Very quickly, Alina avoided his sweeping attack, doing a single cartwheel backwards.

Pah!

She had kicked his lower jaw.

Her attack had landed at the split second when the event was trying to get up, stabilize himself and launch his next attack.

What?

The big guy stumbled in disbelief and rage.

"Did... Did you just hit me? Did you just hit my beautiful face? Good... Good... You've succeeded in getting me angered!"

With veins popping out of his forehead, the big guy was quick on his feet, taking out his dagger. Touch his face? That was his baby!

Griffin was trembling in fury.

Only handsome people would understand how he felt.

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~Swish! Swish! Swish!~

The whistling sounds of the air filled Alina's ears the fiercer the attacks grew.

Hissed...

Alina hissed after receiving a surface slash from the blade. And at this moment, her heart truly skipped a beat.

"You rat bastard. I thought you were strong—however, you're just a paperweight. Dare to touch my face and think you'll get away with it? Heh... How does it feel to be touched by my blade now?" The big guy dawned a cruel smile, looking at his enemy as though he wanted to eat him alive.

Do you know how many things go his way because of his stunning face?

Such a person deserves to die!

Hiss~

Alina felt the slight pain on her belly, which would've been far worse if she hadn't duck on time. Luckily, the wound wasn't deep enough and was just surface level, or else she wouldn't be able to continue running through the palace at full speed after rescuing Tilda.

There was no doubt about it. The enemy was twice, if not three times stronger than her. So flexibility, agility and speed would have to be her ultimate weapons.

What was her goal? To create an opportunity to shoot her enemy.

She wasn't here for a battle of the wits!

Like so, she narrowed her eyes dangerously, focusing on launching her next attack.

This time, she gave it all she had.

"Spinning Bird Kick!"

~Pah!!!!

Her kick smacked the unprepared bastard at the moment when his center of gravity was weakened.

He had been preparing to make a move on his one, lifting his feet to move forward.

However, Alina got to him first.

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Bang!

The mighty giant fell to the ground, holding his aching jaw.

~Grrrr~

"Bastard! How dare you touch my face again?! I'll kill you! I'll kill you!"

The big guy was just about to rise again when he suddenly saw the event point those 2 black stocks at him yet again.

"Kill me? Heh... You wouldn't get the chance!"

~Peeu! Peeu!

"Rest in peace, handsome bastard."

Chapter 1334 - A Godly Defeat

With her target down, Alina gritted her teeth and dragged his massive body away.

Now, she was to take his place and stand guard, on the lookout with several others.

With that, she vanished into a tree branch.

Meanwhile, up ahead, Josh and another were standing right before the cottage's back door.

Their throats rolled with the tension in the air.

Throwing his head over his shoulder, he turned to another beside him and raised his fingers one by one.

1, 2, 3...

He pushed the door swiftly, and what followed were several star-shaped spikes and a few daggers, deeply planting themselves into the ground they stood earlier.

~Pap. Pap. Pap. Pap. Pap!

Josh and the other soldiers leaned against the outer walls, breathing heavily.

So fast?

A thin layer of sweat formed on their foreheads.

The enemy had made their move as though they had been expecting them for decades.

Josh stared at all 31 weapons buried onto the ground as though trying to analyze the number of enemies inside.

In Pyno, he had heard of assassins being able to throw up to 4 star-shaped spikes with both hands all at once.

But there were stories that the Morgs could throw out 6 and even 8 of them in just a single second, hitting its mark.

He didn't know how accurate the story was, but he felt that Dafaren should do better than Pyno.

Maybe they'll be able to throw out 6 at once: 3 with their left hand and the other half using their right.

In just a split second, Josh had begun analyzing things deeply and had chosen the worst-case scenario.

With his guns firmly gripped and ready for action, the other comrade nodded at Josh after getting Josh's estimate.

Worst-case Scenario, there might be 15 people there if one envisioned each person throwing 2 hidden weapons.

Though they felt that the tiny cottage might be too choked for that, let the hidden guards all stay on the ceiling like birds.

From the cottage size, it should have 2 rooms only. Tilda should be in one, while the other should be an open entrance/living space with 2 doors; one door should be the front door, and the other should be the backdoor they were trying to infiltrate.

Alright. Enough thinking. No matter how many were inside, they should be no match for their secret weapon.

Josh raised his fingers in the air while the other soldier quickly reached for his inner jacket.

Time to make their move.

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Tension.

Inside the room, 9 hidden guards steadied themselves in their various hiding positions.

Their masked killing intent was so high, ready to kill any bastard who dared to enter Tilda's cottage.

If something happened to her, and the bride is missing by morning, do you know how deadly the punishment they'll receive would be?

Many secretly gritted their teeth with a vicious light in their eyes.

'Come on. Enter! I dare you to enter!'

Everyone's eyes were directed at the door, with some also looking at the front door at the other end from time to time.

Even with the many terrible sounds around the palace, they quickly isolated their surroundings, focusing on listening to any strange noises around them.

There's a saying that mortal danger brings clarity. And this was true!

And like Pocahontas, they decided to listen to the wind and sounds with all their hearts.

~Shru. Shru.

They heard a rustle. The intruders were about to make their move.

Heh.

The hidden guards all smirked cruelly, raising their hidden weapons for round 2.

However, before they could take in another breath, something flew into the room, transforming into a deadly flash of blinding light!

Boom!

"Ahhhh~~."

For the first time, they who were trained to be silent couldn't help shrieking at the wizardry that had now engulfed their eyes, minds and bodies.

Their senses... Their senses... Their senses were disoriented, with the most concerning ones being their lack of sight or hearing.

Their ears, their eyes... Can someone please tell them what the hell was going on here?

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Many lost their balance on the wooden beams above, falling to the ground in one big swoop.

Bam!

A fierce wave of headache and measure quickly overtook them, as their ears were loudly ringing out nonstop.

Wang! Wang! Wang! Wang!

It was just too awful. But that wasn't all.

One of them felt a heavy burn on his face that seemed to be gnawing at the very fibre of his being.

Make no mistake!

While stun grenades were less-lethal explosive devices, back on earth, countless cases of chemical burns were reported once the grenade attack was too close to their target. Some have gotten facial disfigurement... Especially the person closest to the grenade attack.

Though the chances of this happening weren't too high, it still happens once in a while.

Of course, the other danger was having one's hearing in one or both ears permanently lost.

This typically happens to the closest person to the grenade once it is detonated.

The initial spark releases and fires in that second of detonation were the reasons for the burns and other injuries. Everyone else would be okay if they didn't stand a few inches away from the grenade when it detonated.

It was real bad luck for it to detonate right in front of one's face.

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Hiss~::~

The unfortunate enemy who had it blown up right before his face hissed in horror, holding his head pitifully and rolling on the ground from side to side.

It hurts... I'd hurt like nothing he had ever felt before.

Five whole seconds had already passed by.

And now, everyone was getting confused and nauseated seeing several after images that made them wobble as though seasick.

The entire room was spinning. And no matter how they tried to stand, they couldn't do it.

Bubuum. Bubuum.

Everyone's heart drummed loudly when they soon realized what they were feeling.

Was this fear?

Their emotions were running amok at the godly weapon that had taken them down.

And soon enough, some heard the steady sounds of foreign noise entering the room.

~Din. Din. Din. Din.~

Everyone's face turned pale.

Death had finally come for them.

Bang!

Chapter 1335 - Enemy Or Friend?

~Bang. Bang. Bang. Bang!

With an expressionless face, Josh watched the twitching men rolling on the ground. And his other comrades did the same as well.

3 minutes.

A little stun grenade had done the job that might have lasted them up to 30 minutes of continuous battle since they were so outnumbered.

"Fabian, search their bodies and collect any valuable information you can."

"Yes, Major General." The lanky Fabian replied, swiftly turning his attention to the fallen men.

As for Josh, of course, he was on 'Tilda-duty.'

With steady and slow steps, Josh had his weapon, though he didn't think he would need it.

The fact that Tilda was to be married to a powerful prince from a neighbouring empire meant that even if they bullied her a lot, no one would dare to stay in the chambers, even if it was to spy on her. Seeing a lady in her sleeping gown was taboo, and a man could slice another man's throat for that.

No doubt about it, they should've placed this heavy protection around her since they couldn't very well watch her while she slept.

In the daytime, they might spy on her in her room. But not at night.

Unless they were shameless, Josh felt his guess should be correct.

And wouldn't you know it, the moment he stepped into the room, even though he was attacked, he didn't fret.

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Pang!

A wooden log shattered into many pieces after smashing into his upper back.

What?!

Her attack failed?

Tilda anxiously leaned against the wall next to the door, looking at Josh fearfully.

She looked like a cornered squirrel with raw panic in her eyes, wanting to make herself become one with the wall.

All this while, she had been hearing the frail wails and thunderous claps within the palace. The whole ordeal mortified her, leaving her scared for her life and that of her nana's.

She had so badly wanted to run and search for her nana, but she knew that the many guards wouldn't allow her.

At one point, she even thought of breaking the wooden floor beneath her and sighing a while out of here. But was she some superhuman? It would take months to make such a feat; talk less of doing it in a few hours.

Her eyes were swollen and red from crying. And during her helpless state, she curled underneath the thin sheet of cloth she called a blanket.

She didn't know how long had passed while laying there sleeplessly.

As then, out of nowhere, she heard it... The sounds of the many dropping to the ground just outside her room.

Instantly, her heart fell into her stomach, and she hastily grabbed the first thing she could think of.

However, the attack didn't work, and the intruder was now approaching her step by step.

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"You!~... What do you want?"

Josh looked at the shaky squirrel and sighed.

Her hands were over her face, moving up and down in defence. She had just attacked him, so wouldn't it be right for him to hit her back?

That's how Tilda thought.

She had closed her eyes for what felt like a millennium, only to take a peek and get stunned into a daze.

The intruder was on one knee before her!

"Princess Tilda, I and my men are here to rescue you."

(O_0)

... okay?

Needless to say, Tilda was short of words at the change of things.

Her eyes still bulged out like a squirrel, trying to understand and process the words she heard. But Josh knew that they didn't have time.

"Princess Tilda, please believe me. We are not your enemy. This is your only chance to flee with your grandmother. So we have to go before it's too late!"

Yes!

Tilda woke up from her stupor, thinking of how much her nana had suffered throughout the years.

She clenched her fists, trying to make a decision, though deep down, she had already had an idea of what she wanted.

Maybe this intruder was lying, or perhaps he was telling the truth... Either way, it was a fact that this was probably the only opportunity they would have to flee.

She felt that rather than marrying that demon and leaving her grandmother far away from her to face hell all by herself, it was best for them to take this chance.

No matter where this intruder was taking them, on the way, they would always have more opportunities to escape if they realized that he wasn't as good as they thought.

Some risks were worth the trouble.

Maybe they might be taken into slavery, or perhaps they might face bigger troubles; however, her gut feeling told her to go with it.

In Josh's eyes, she saw no disdain, no egoistic arrogance when facing her.

As someone who has lived in this palace cage, she has seen all sorts of people.

And maybe she was wrong about the intruder before her. However, she decided to go with her instincts.

This was their chance!

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Tilda tried to steady her fearful heart, staring at Josh's eyes intensely: "You... You say you are here to rescue me and my nana?"

"Yes."

"Then in that case. I agree. I will go with you."

"Good..." Josh replied, raising the corners of his lips. "Princess, put this on and take what you must."

"Right!"

With that, Tilda hastened dashed towards a particular corner of her room, lifting a small rectangular cut underneath the wood.

There was a very expensive box the size of a fist in there. It was the only possession of her late mother's that hadn't been confiscated or destroyed.

From there, she quickly threw on the attire Josh had given her.

She was wearing a full attire that only left her eyes out.

The attire was slightly bigger for her but should fit many 12~15-year-old girls.

Josh nodded in satisfaction, seeing how inconspicuous she looked.

"Princess, let's go!"

With that, he also opened his shield.

"Omega 02 reporting in.. Target secured. Prepare for demolition!"

Chapter 1336 - Target Acquired

"Prepare for demolition."

" "

~Plop.

Everything happened so fast. And before Tilda knew it, she had been thrown over Josh's shoulder, fleeing her cottage, alongside another strange intruder.

Her head faced the cottage that was now getting smaller and smaller. And the words she heard still echoed within her mind. It was just that she wasn't seeing anything happen, which left her even more confused than she was.

Demolition? Her cottage still stood as it was, with dead bodies inside. She thought they would burn the cottage to the ground to cover their tracks.

Again, there was a possibility that maybe they had nearby buddies who would do this for them. However, how come the longer she looked, the more nothing happened? Or could it be that these people didn't know the meaning of the word demolition?

Again, what was that strange thing she witnessed Josh do? How could this intruder be talking into his arm? Could it be that he was a little mental?

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Additionally, she had heard some harsh sound (static noise) once the intruder lifted that metal thing. So what was all that about? Tilda's mind was spinning chaotically with all sorts of questions on her mind.

What happened was all like a dream to her. And after another 3 blinks or so, she got immediately taken aback by the fact that others had been running alongside them without her noticing.

What the hell? Since when?

Josh glanced at Alina, and she quickly released another reddish smoke flare into the air.

Piff~

Magic! Magic!

Tilda's eyes opened in disbelief after seeing what looked like a candlestick suddenly smoke.

How? How?... How was this possible?

How can there be smoke without fire?

Tilda's entire body turned to smoke, now feeling uncomfortable and a little fearful.

Anyone would if they spotted such a thing that defied logic and the rules of the world.

Humans had a certain level of fear for what they could understand.

Even in the Early-Man days, the first humans thought fire alone was sorcery. And now, even in these times, a smokeless fire was witchcraft!... Or at least, there should be some sort of heat to produce smoke. So, where the hell was the heat? Could it be that the intruder's hands were filled with fire?

Smoke, fire... Smoke, fire... Tilda's poor medieval brain was crashing.

F***!

.

~Piff~

The smoke went high into the sky.

Wally, Cambridge and their units smoked after receiving the signal.

Alright. They had just 5 minutes to round things up and flee!

Well, it was time to end this.

Each of them threw numerous stun grenades towards the many enemies surrounding them.

As perfect decoys, they had gathered quite a lot.

And just as expected, the sounds of many falling, twitching and wailing echoed out across them.

The enemies were now dismantled and weakened.

~Chack!

Wally's gun was fully locked and loaded.

"Take them out!"

"Yes, Sir!"

With the license to kill, the men jumped out of their hiding places, with both guns at hand.

"Say hello to my little friend."

~Bang. Bang. Bang. Bang!

Bang!!!

Armstrong trembled in disbelief and unwillingness. His breathing became heavy, and his entire being was struggling and gasping for survival.

No~ No~ No~

How can this be?

He had a bright future ahead of him and was unwilling to end things like this. He was a Viet! He was a Viet! To die in this manner was too wicked.

His future, his women, his wealth, his everything... How can he be dying?

The cold air pierced through his body, giving him no time to react. His entire life, from birth till now, flashed before his eyes. And immediately after witnessing the last image of himself, he seemed to be seeing the light.

With that, the struggling Armstrong weakened, with his pupils being mid-dilated.

He was dead.

.

~Bang. Bang. Bang.~

Piff~

With the enemies dead and gone, Wally gave off his signal again before fleeing with the rest.

And high above, the Lead Captain overseeing all Air Force units stationed above the forest was quick to move into position.

"With the exception of units 3 and 4, all units move according to plan. Create a circular perimeter; get ready to take fire! As for 3, m and 4, keep tabs on Team Omega 02, confirming them out of attack range."

"Roger that, sir!"

Swish!

Like so, the air forces created their circular radius perimeter with lightning speed, with Tilda

Cottage representing the radius center and the position where Wally flared his signal being the outer ring.

And now, they only waited for the Omega 02 team to get to a safe distance before raining hell!

Tilda glanced upwards, still looking at the shining, glowing dots dancing around the scene.

One shouldn't forget that they were indeed hot ain't balloons. So one should still see the flames, though from way down below, they looked like golden dots that were a little bigger than that of the star in the sky.

Looking at the swiftly dancing glowing dots, Tilda suddenly was convinced that these stars were heaven's signal and probably the cause of the disaster all around the palace.

Tilda's eyes became red with gratitude, silently staying her thanks for having them give her dastardly father a hard time.

Yup. Anything that made Alexander sweat was a wonderful thing to her. Though it sounded silly, she felt as though the heavens had taken revenge for her.

Who knows, maybe Alexander had committed too much evil, so much so that even the heavens couldn't stand it anymore.

Heh. Deserve it!

.

"Captain, team Omega 02 is out of attack range."

"Good... They begin operation demolition. All units aim... Steady... Steady... Steady... Fire!"

~pheeeeeee...Boom!!!

Tilda's cottage shattered into pieces, with the cold bodies of the fallen men shredding into pieces.

~Boom. Boom. Boom. Boom!

Tilda watched the whole place explode from a distance, only feeling her heart stop dead in its place.

~Gulp.

What would've happened if she chose to stay in the forest and not leave?

(°?°)

Chapter 1337 - Alexander's Horror

Tilda and team Omega were finally out. But this wasn't the end of it. They still had to leave the palace safely.

Josh placed Tilda down, now that they had finally gotten out of harm's way.

Meanwhile, in another corner of the inner sector, Landon and his team had already sneakily infiltrated Alexander's building, moving about in full enemy attire.

As much as he could blow up and destroy whatever he wanted, this was, in fact, Tilda's Palace.

So~... No.

They had to act respectfully when taking care of things.

Additionally, they didn't have time to start looking through all rooms and exits searching for Paula.

They needed information fast. And in these times of chaos with guards running about continuously, some words and orders gave clues to where they should go.

"Smoke! Smoke! Fire below, get water."

"Quick, inform his majesty of the troubles at the back."

"No! Inform his majesty of the front entrance door being shattered!"

The chaos spilled throughout the scene.

Outside the palace, one of Landon's subunits created trouble for the enemy from a safe distance that wouldn't make one suspect them.

First off, grenades had launched towards the massive room front doors that looked like a gate meant for a giant.

They obliterated the door with a force that made those inside fear that the falling fire from the sky was now trying to enter the building.

With the doors and windows all around the building's ground floor destroyed, they began sending less-lethal explosives into the building, causing turmoil everywhere.

But that wasn't all. Some units that successfully snuck in secretly created more unrest in particular regions across the 2nd floor.

They didn't attack all areas, just particular ones. They made it seem as though the attack had come flying in through the windows they securely shattered.

Everything was going as they planned.

The enemy was now having doubts about how in the world they were supposed to protect themselves.

F***!

There was even an instant when some felt an attack that was as deadly as a thousand peppers in their eyes.

First, an unknown white popped engulfed the space, followed by this stinging pain in their pitiful eyes.

It was just too cruel.

Their eyes almost bled, and their nostrils were choked, giving him a harder time breathing.

They, who had never cried, were now suddenly crying buckets. It was uncontrollable. And no matter how hard they tried to calm their eyes down, nothing seemed to be working.

Dammit!

If an event were to attack them now, they wouldn't focus on that person.

The feeling they had now was to drip their weapons and rub their eyes hard.

Mommy... Who the hell were the heavens against?

(:¥^¥:)

Everyone was convinced that it was the heavens firing their wrath to them mere mortals since they saw the spot appear with no fire and create such a magical stinging feeling in their eyes.

Like so, the undercover units were continuously dishing out several less-lethal explosives in the building. After all, they didn't want to destroy the building. So the less lethal ones were the way to go.

Alexander should now be at his wit's end, not knowing where to start or begin.

With this, coupled with the ghastly image of carnage raining and raising the ground several feet into the air, how could Alexander have time to entertain Paula?

You must be joking!

Alexander had long left the room in the guest wing, heading straight to his chambers.

Are you kidding? Fire from the sky was raining down. And you expect him to be without armor?

Moreover, he didn't think anyone would touch or free Paula. After all, it wasn't as if they were under enemy attack. Their problem was from the sky!

.

Kilmonga wore a grim expression on his face, escorting Alexander like a general.

"Your majesty, the situation outside and inside is dangerous. Your majesty, we need to leave via the secret path, at least until matters die down!"

Alexander nodded, feeling that it would be best. The situation was truly unexpected.

More painfully, he was just about to dive and eat his fill when this entire thing began.

Thinking of Paula's body, Alexander suddenly paused.

Should he take her along with him?

"Your majesty, we are already in the corridors of our Wing. Please, whatever it is, let's get you first suited up before dealing with things." Kilmonga said, understanding Alexander's hesitation.

In truth, Kilmonga was also in a hurry to get suited up too!

What he saw outside was too frightening and had brought clarity to his mind, especially seeing the many fallen men outside the palace roads and streets.

No matter what, he had to survive. So they don't have time to care for some woman.

"Hmmm... Since we're already here, then let's do as you've said." Alexander replied, gritting his teeth through his words.

He just thought it was a shame for Paula to perish without fulfilling his revenge.

He turned towards another guard behind Kilmonga. "Get her."

"Yes, your majesty." The guard replied, leaving Alexander's wing, planning to head back to the Guest wing in the far corner of the 3rd floor.

Alexander only asked one person since he didn't think it should be a hassle to bring Paula up.

But unbeknownst to him, right at this very moment, several intruders had already inside the Guest Wing.

Standing in the Grand Entrance Hall of the Wing, Landon quickly identified 5 doors at the end of the hall: 2 up the stairs and 3 at the same floor level he was at.

The Wing was reasonably desolate since many had been running around to assist in one way or another.

And to take care of those in the hallway leading here, they also threw out less-lethal explosives to weaken the others... Killing these enemies would only raise alarm once discovered.

At least for now, no killing.

Additionally, they also released a simple green flare and barged into the Wing's Hall, pretending to be affected by the attack.

The green smoke convinced the 5 guards in here.

What?!!

Has the fire reached this place?

"Fire!"

Chapter 1338 - A Swift Rescue

Fire?

The 5 guards were shocked, seeing the thick smoke seep into the hall from the long winding entrance hallway.

"Quickly! Water? Water! We need water!"

"Yes!" They all responded, dashing into the only storage compartment in the wing.

That's right.

Because this was a guest wing, out of the many rooms, one was used for storing goods that were explicitly used in the wing.

Bedsheets, pillowcases, new and unused sponges for wiping themselves after pooping, and even spare buckets were all kept there.

And whether there were guests here or not, the two 5-foot tall massive drums of water always had some level of water in them. The servants would carry buckets of water from below and fill the drum whenever they saw the water in there running low.

Again, when guests weren't staying here, they would use this water to mop the entire floors and everything else in the wing.

Believe them; it saved time rather than running up and down the many flights of stairs and floor levels in the building.

Knowing where the water was, the men hastily made their way into the storage room and grabbed a bucket, planning to dunk it into the drum and get the water out fast!

In this moment of chaos, no one had time to think things through properly.

Landon and a few others followed these men, while 2 others stayed back to be on lookout duty.

.

Woosh!

The door was opened.

And once all 5 guards stepped in, they were so divided on the task at hand that they didn't even notice Landon and his men pointing their weapons at them from the back.

Thup!

The rain of heavily dosed tranquillizers made their mark on their prey.

With that, they quickly hid their weapons away, picked up their buckets and acted naturally.

And soon enough, all Humpty Dumpties fell with loud bangs.

Bang!

The high dosage had a fast-acting knock-out effect.

Landon and the rest don't touch them at all, leaving the fallen men in the positions they were. It was best for these people to think they had fallen from tiredness.

If anyone came in now, they would be able to hear their drowsy snoring.

Landon and his team removed the tranquillity shots on their bodies, sighing from relief.

So far, so good.

"Mina, Rody, Tristan... Search the other rooms. I'll take the middle one above. Now go!"

.

Tick-Tock. Tick-Tock.

Landon stormed up the stairs towards the room where all 5 guards stood earlier.

And sure enough, he made the right guess.

Lying chained up and covered with a blanket was a heavily panting woman with pain in her eyes.

Her mouth had been gagged, her hands chained to the bedpost, and her hair all messy.

Patches and trails of blood-stained her cheeks and the pillow she lay on.

Landon had a hunch that the woman's naked body underneath the blanket should presumably be covered in blood too.

Paula's body shook, seeing the palace guard make his way to her.

No!.. Was this person trying to take advantage of her now? She had just escaped from one man's brutality. So how could she be willing to get forced into the hands of another?

It was true that in this moment of chaos, Alexander might never know if anyone touched her or not. She had thought that thanks to whatever turmoil was happening outside, she could at least rest easy knowing that no one would touch her.

But now, she understood how naive she was. Provided she stayed in this palace for even a breath's time, her troubles would never end!

.

With protest, she hauled her aching body upwards like a cornered animal. "You!~..._what are you going to do?"

Landon felt uneasy, seeing the look she gave him.

Hey... No one liked to be mistaken as a predator, though he understood her.

Seeing him continuously approach her, Paula was almost at her wit's end. But just when she thought his hands would reach for her body, she suddenly heard several crackling noises.

~Chang! Chang!

Paula looked at her now freed hands in shock and confusion.

"Mrs. Paula, I have come to save you and your granddaughter."

"What?!" Paula was shocked.

Why? Why would this person save her? She didn't know them at all!

She had so many questions to ask, but Landon didn't give her any time for this.

"Mrs. Paula, take this and wear it first; I'll go get the rest of the items."

.

With that, Landon headed out to gather the other clothing parts from a few of his soldiers.

Before infiltrating the building, they had already stolen a simple enemy attire for her.

At present, the majority of those here weren't wearing armor. So it made carrying these clothes easier.

That said, a simple person still couldn't carry all the items.

Even without armour, the amount of clothing the guards wore underneath was a lot. And so, Landon and 2 others had divided her simpler attire amongst themselves, strapping the many pieces of clothing

to their bodies. Landon gave her all the chemise and tops she had to layer. Now, he was going to get her pants and her boots which they specifically bought on the way over.

They had purchased a pair of boots for a 13~16-year-old male. Men typically had bigger feet than women. So they were hoping that this size should do the trick for her. And if it were still too big for her, they would stuff a scrunched-up pillowcase or fabric inside to fill up the gaps.

In a flash, Landon went out and came back in again.

A minute and a half more, Paula was finally dressed.

Landon tied her hair in a bun and hastily gave her a little make-up to change her features with swift hands.

Well, rather than calling it make-up, he had just rubbed dirt across her face and also used chalk to highlight and mould a few corners too.

In the end, she now looked like a feminine man.

Good.... They were finally ready to roll.

Chapter 1339 - The Missing Prisoner

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

Paula followed the strange intruders with caution, anxiety and panic.

What the hell is she thinking?

She didn't know them, so why was she just going along with what they say? For all she knew, their leader might be another 'Alexander.' So what made her think that she wasn't going from the pot to the fire?

Paula's face turned distorted. But even with all her internal conflicts, she still followed along, maybe because they mentioned Tilda.

Who knows if they have already taken Tilda? In that case, no matter how dangerous these people were, she would willingly entire this pit of fire if it would let her see her Granddaughter.

Could it be that they are now holding Tilda hostage? But this didn't make any sense!

Almost everyone hated her granddaughter. So why would someone risk their lives and that of their men to come and save them?

What value were they to these people? Or could everything just be some deep conspiracy?

The more Paula thought things through, the more worried she became.

No! She had to unmask these people for herself after she escaped this horrible place. She had to know their intentions!

~Piff~

Landon and the rest created more colors in the massive Hall, smoking the entire place up. If one were to enter the first wing now, they would think some massive fire had now spread within one of the rooms.

This was also true since Landon's team had set the blinds, carpets and beds in 2 of the rooms ablaze.

They broke the windows and made it look like the attack came from outside.

Heheheh... What would be even more shocking to them would be that the prisoner chained up to the bed had escaped, but her chains were nowhere to be found.

Rather, the posts that chained her down were all broken off.

It looked as though in her last moments before death, she possessed supernatural strength, pulling her chain and breaking the thick wooden bedpost.

Of course, for the fact that her chains couldn't be found, meaning that she had fled while still wearing prisoner chains.

.

~Din. Din. Din. Din. Din.

Landon and his gang successfully left the wing, blending in with the crowd.

But just at this moment, the guard tasked with bringing Paula was now making his way into the wing.

The smoke had partially dispersed, allowing him to see a few guards in the hallway slumped onto the sides, snoring deeply.

But that wasn't all. Once he got into the entrance hall, he spotted a door left open. And again, he found men snoring while holding buckets.

"Wake up; you rat bastards! How dare you sleep when the entire palace is in turmoil?! Are you even his majesty's guards? WAKE UP!!!"

~Pah!

The guard kicked and kicked, but the men seemed fazed by his attack. He looked at the scene and felt it ridiculous.

What the hell? Could it be that his kicks were nothing out scratches to these buffoons?

As a man, his ego was hurt.

Dare to sleep with all this unrest? Fine! Sleep! HIS majesty must hear about this.

The guard left them and hastened his movements, entering Paula's room.

What?!!

He looked at the broken pattern of the wood, roughly estimating how much strength that whore had used to free herself.

F***!

How can she possess such strength?

Additionally, now that she had escaped, what was he supposed to do? Will his majesty have his head?

The guard reached for his neck and swallowed hard.

And not wanting to think about it any further, he bolted out of the room, desperately running out of the wing in hopes of rounding as many as he could to search for her, while he headed back to report the majesty to his majesty.

Of course, with everyone busy doing their own thing and running amok, what chances did he have to gather many?

.

~Ahhhh~

Today's situation was totally out of control!

Meanwhile, the show's protagonists had long descended to the 2nd floor, making their way past the many hallways.

The building was like a labyrinth, loaded with many twists and turns.

Tsk.

As expected of the palace's main building. It was just too big and overly confusing.

Fortunately, they had marked the walls, leaving bread crumbs for themselves.

Like so, the gang made their way to the very back of the 2nd floor, arriving before one of the rooms they had prepared for their grand escape.

"Secure the rope."

"Yes, sir."

They secured an ordinary rope to an object in the room before smoking up the room again. Now, even if someone saw them descending, wouldn't they find it normal for one to flee after seeing fire?

~Thup. Thup. Thup.~

A few people went down first.

"Mrs. Paula, take deep breaths."

"Ye-yes," Paula replied, nodding anxiously. One couldn't blame her for acting like this.

The image she saw outside was too ghastly and horrifying.

The constant noises from the heavens and the injured made her subconscious want to stay back in the building.

Deep down, she felt as though going outside was suicide. The carnage outside, coupled with the heavy smell of blood weaved into the air, was just too foul.

And alongside the clanging sounds, resounded in Paula's ears, making her uncomfortable.

Adrenaline coursed through her veins the eminent she gripped the rope.

Her heart pounded, finding herself frozen this high up.

Mind you, though they were on the 2nd floor, if these were modern times, one would say it looked more like the 3rd or 4th-floor height level instead.

Each floor had very, very high ceilings, with some having grand halls and wings that were too high up.

To people in this world, how high one's ceilings were in ratio to the floor showed how wealthy they were.

So this height was terrifying, especially when one realizes that their life depends on the tiny rope in their hands.

Dear heavens, she had never done anything like this before!

"Mrs... use your legs to hop downwards.. And remember, don't look down."

Chapter 1340 - Escape From The Palace

Don't look down, don't look down...

Boom!

The crackling sounds caused Paula to freeze and tremble, holding onto the rope 3 or so stories high.

Heavens, why didn't she realize that the second floor was so high up?

She didn't think she was afraid of heights, for it was foolishly forbidden in this era to be. After all, the many tall estate buildings were either cleaned by the poor or visited by the wealthy. The temples, city walls, towering landscapes, cliff side's and many other aspects allowed everyone, whether poor or rich, to get used to high levels. Even travelling on a ship and overlooking the waves below exposed one to great heights.

These were troubling times, with people having more serious things to worry about than fear of heights.

However, all this said, now that she had gotten off the tall building, suspended mid-air amidst the thunderous turmoil, how could she not be fearful?

Her biggest worry was not just about the height but feeling that the heavens would soon throw its wrath at them mid-air. In that case, how would she be able to run?

Boom!

Paula turned her eyes away from the scene, repeating Landon's words in her mind.

'Don't look down, don't look around, just focus on the wall before her.'

With the will to see her granddaughter once more, Paula gritted her teeth and continued.

Landon sighed in relief, seeing that she had finally found her courage.

Time wasn't on their side. Soon, those above would run out of ammo, so they had to flee as scheduled.

.

Bam!

Their legs touched the ground, and the gang all ran as though fleeing from their lives.

In this manner of chaos, many were like them, running around as well, not wanting to be sitting ducks for target practice.

Boom!

The grounds rumbled, rising several feet high in the air with every explosive attack.

The mushroom clouds of orange and black smoke could be spotted around the palace popping up in various locations.

Several body parts flew out in several directions, smacking the surviving enemy in the face.

Pac!

Blood...

The roads were bloody and foul stanced.

The many screams and wails sounded like a thousand chickens throttled by the throat.

Everywhere one looked, there was turmoil and unrest.

It was just like a blockbuster movie.

And Paula, who saw this, was mortified by how much she had underestimated the power of the heavens.

~Swish!

Right before them, 2 bodies flew past them, smacking into a building not too far away from them.

Paula's pupils dilated at an alarming speed.

This... This...

They were still in the inner part of the palace. So, would they truly be able to make it out?

Landon looked at Paula and borrowed his brows. "Get on." She was limping.

"No... No... It's okay." Paula rejected.

How can he possibly have the strength to run with her on his back through the long-distance? Besides, though she was older, there should be some distance between men and women. So how could she, a married man, be comfortable with someone piggybacking her?

Landon looked at her, almost rolling his eyes and disbelief.

'You still care about this now?'

In just a single move, Landon grabbed her and flung her onto his back as though holding a kitten.

" "

Paula was dumbfounded.

Who was she! Where was she?

Are men today this strong?

Those around Landon chuckled in amusement after seeing Paula's shock.

Heh... Soon she will come to understand his majesty's full might.

To them, despite his age, his Majesty Landon was the strongest man in the world!

.

Like so, team Landon made their way back to the wall.

That's right.

They were going to flee the same way they came... Via the wall at the mid-slave quarters.

By now, because of the trouble in the palace, many nobles and guards stationed out of the palace would inevitably make their way to the palace to aid or find out about the situation.

So there should be a crowd there either now or later.

That said, if they stepped out of the palace via the front, they would get investigated about what they saw, how things were going, and what palace division they worked or reported to.

Many would want to know if his majesty Alexander was safe. Additionally, they might start finding rescue teams to head in and look for Alexander. The loyalists would use this opportunity to show how much they valued Alexander. And many other nobles would join in to make a name for themselves and gain Alexander's gratitude once the whole ordeal ended.

Leaving through the front door would only get them into more trouble and might even reveal their identities... Especially if a person could make out the disguises of Tilda and Paula.

Too dangerous!

They couldn't afford to dilly dally with these people.

Again, even from the reports they had been getting after reaching Paula, they confirmed that fleeing via the slave/peasant zone was the safest.

The slaves were even more frightful, staying indoors and locking the windows too.

They didn't want the attacks to pass through.

Again, to frighten them indoors, those above had targeted specific regions, ensuring that no one got hurt.

As for the very few guards in this region, the ground team had strategically driven them out of the slave quarters all this time.

And if anyone tried to go their way, they would do the same thing again, diverting the enemy's attention.

.

Team Landon was 'en route' to the point of exit. However, Tilda's group had just arrived.

Tilda was on Josh's back, thanking her gods for making it this far.

Lying trough. Do you know how many scary scenes they met? They had lunged, ducked, jumped side to side and moved in circles to get here.

And not long after, her entire body was sore. Her tiny body couldn't keep up to their running pace. Thus, this man who called himself Josh carried her.

But now that they were finally here, her heart was still restless.

"... Sir Josh.... Where is my nana?"