

Chapter 1341 - The One

"Where is my nana?" Tilda asked anxiously, not wanting to leave without her.

Josh had said they would soon be out once they reached that wall. But all this time, she hadn't seen her nana.

Tilda pursed her lips stubbornly. They wouldn't be fooling her, right?

Josh continuously advanced, carrying the worried girl on his back: "princess, I swear on my life that she's on her way. In another 15 or so minutes, she should be here. But if we don't leave now, it'll only delay our time to flee the palace's perimeters later on."

Tilda's face beamed.

If one took an oath or swore, it generally meant they were serious. These times were superstitious times with beliefs, and people worshipped many they believed were gods.

Listening to Josh's words, Tilda sighed from relief, squashing most of her worries.

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~Din. Din. Din. Din~

The gang leaped towards the wall. And right on cue, those hidden above dropped the ropes via the many spaces along the crown in the upper walls.

"Alina! Take her up!"

"Yes, sir!" Alina replied, swiftly turning her attention to Tilda.

And in a flash, Tilda had been properly secured, alongside a few others.

A few would go the same rope first, followed by Alina, Tilda and then a few more.

"Princess, follow my lead."

"Hmhm.." Tilda hummed nervously.

But soon, unlike Paula, she quite liked the experience.

If anything, she felt even more energized and pumped up. This feeling was so new and alien to her. And looking at her dainty hands being able to accomplish this, she felt on top of the world!

Of course, Alina's advice made things easier for her.

One step at a time, she placed her feet in the same regions that Alina did, along the many crevices on the old stone wall.

She focused most of her strength on her leg, making the task a whole lot better than having to reel herself up this high.

Though she didn't know about gravity, from Alina's words, she understood that focusing on using her arms as her primary pull-up tool would only cause her greater fatigue.

Step by step, she advanced with little or no problems. And soon, she had arrived at the top.

Blink. Blink.

She looked down from the crown of the wall, only feeling it surreal.

Amazing!

This was the best experience she had ever had in her life!

Woohoo~

(^?^)

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Tilda felt alive though it was unfortunate that she wouldn't ever get to do this again. After all, how many times would one scale a palace wall in their life?

Sigh... At least she was grateful for this much.

Luckily, she still had one more go at it.

"Princess, we have to descend."

Tilda's face glowed with excitement, following Alina once more. And this time, she found that descending was a whole lot easier.

~Pup. Pup. Pup~

Tilda hopped like a bunny down the other side of the wall, arriving on an open clearing just before the thick bushy forest surrounding this corner of the palace.

Tilda looked at her hands and inwardly laughed

Hahahahahaha~

How very exciting!

Making it this far, Josh quickly pulled open his shield.

"Team Omega to Control Tower. Dumbledore has left the academy... I repeat, Dumbledore has left the Academy."

Dumbledore? Who's that?

(?~?)

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Tilda had no time to ask questions, as Josh and the gang once again picked her up and fled the scene hastily.

At this time, Josh couldn't help sighing from relief, seeing that his previous fears were for naught.

He thought they might run into that troublesome man who had strange powers. However, they had nothing but smooth sailing when doing this mission. And it was all thanks to the real protagonist of the show, 'Smoke.'

That's right.

The rampage he witnessed was indeed eye-opening.

He saw a person jump out a window 2 floors up just because of smoke with no fire. Of course, even the non-lethal weapons did give off some heat. So maybe they felt the heat and decided to flee first.

In truth, if it were the time before Baymard came to Existence as an individual empire, Josh would've probably acted the same, especially on a night that seemed to be raining terrors from the heavens.

One would be considered normal for thinking like this. Their current knowledge didn't allow them to think beyond. If they keep that their worries were absurd by hot air balloons, how would they feel in the end?

Apart from the attacks from the air force units, tonight, they were able to create this much turmoil due to Smoke, followed by explosive hand grenades, the blinding light from stun grenades and other less-lethal weapons too.

Of course, Josh knew that in the future, things might not be as easy as they were now.

But at least for today's matter, he secretly wiped the nonexistent sweat off his face, thanking their lucky stars that they didn't meet that person.

Or... Wouldn't things be more complicated than they already were?

At least that person hadn't seen them. And even if he did, given his position, Josh felt that the man might not even care so much about what they were doing.

He felt that, similar to Nopline, a man with such power should be slightly identical to Alexander's strength and might secretly oppose Alexander. So why would he aid Alexander?

He wasn't one of these novels who had to kiss Alexander's tushie to get favours.

Additionally, Josh felt that such a man would also have no intersection with Tilda and Paula. So he wouldn't go far and beyond to find them.

However, that was where he was wrong.

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Castello stood up abruptly, looking at the documents in his hand.

Was she truly the one the Order was looking for? Was she the descendant of the long-deceased 5th Grand Witch of Tenola?

Paula... Paula... So she was the one?

To think he almost missed it

Castello vanished in a flash.

And where was he going? Of course, to the palace!

Chapter 1342 - The Wrath Of The Heavens?

To the palace!

Castello vanished with several of his hidden guards.

Earlier tonight, he had sent 2 of his aides to sneak into the palace to find the secret document that Alexander stole from Morgany. This was one of his missions from the order.

He let them deal with this while he focused on finding THE ONE... The descendant of a brand high witch who had long passed on hundreds and hundreds of years ago.

The order searched for this particular descendant for over 20 years now. And each year, they would get one step closer to their mark

Last year, they finally pinpointed a specific location with a high probability of her being there.

Who knew that his own Dafaren was where this descendant was hiding?

Though his mission had been authorized last year, it was only a couple of months ago that he received the notice. After all, what can one do? Decisions were carried out in Morgany before being dispatched to whichever location. So, of course, it would take this long and arrive around now.

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Anyway, Castello had focused on this descendant, seeing the 9-star mark across the mission document.

To show importance, each mission or task would have stars stamped on them with ink and a wooden stamp.

The number of stars from 1~10 showed the order's ranking about how important this mission was to them. Likewise, his rewards were truly great once he got the job done.

Not only will he climb up the ranks, but in terms of opportunities and wealth, all this would increase substantially.

More of his men would be allowed to train in Morgany; he would also get 5 giant Morg ships of the finned quality, a free 3-year pass across the waters, never having to pay a single dime to any of those pesky pirates.

Oh~ but that wasn't all.

He would get a grander slave supplying contract than he already had, hence expanding his business... Maybe far out of Veinitta.

He would also be graced by 4 of the most powerful painters, sculptors and poets, to create paintings, statues and hymns dedicated just to himself. Do you know the honor in that?

Finally, he would get a single one-handed pass to call upon the famous Morg healers, apothecaries or any inline with medicine to give his request.

Bear in mind that he had to choose one and only one person when giving his request.

So if he used this chance to call on a healer to treat some hidden ailment, he couldn't very well call on a poison master to create portions for him for free.

Sigh... Did he also mention that he would be getting 10 Kilmo Horses? They were a far higher breed than the Dafaren horses.

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In this world, there were indeed various types of horses.

In Veinitta, they already had a mix of horses, some like the ordinary stallions with one head and 4 legs. These were primarily residents in Pyno and a few other continents.

They also had Tremp horses with lizard/dragon-like tails that were the real and true original horses of Veinitta. These had been here from the age of time.

Various continents also had their own particular horses resident to their region.

However, it was a well-known fact that the most common horses were the stallions, making up the majority of horses seen in this world.

Only Veinitta, Lampe and Zohl had different horses home to their continents since the beginning of time.

And of course, because these horses were all superior to ordinary ones, Morgany had long been taking and breeding them.

And in this world, the most powerful horses were those that came from Lampe, the location of their damn enemy, Adonis.

The horses could run for extended periods without breaking down and be two times stronger than the measly stallions.

In many cases driving battle, the horses had kicked the enemies down, doing half the job of the knights.

Additionally, these horses had 1, 2 and even 3 heads at times.

They were just a league on their own... So who wouldn't want these bad boys?

With Lampe being the order's enemy, it was hard for anyone, talk less of him a Vielt, getting his hands on a single horse.

But now, the order had promised him 10, all males... So how could he not be happy?

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Having such a reward was already too good, although he knew that the order would send males.

It was to prevent breeding or getting pregnant.

It was too risky to send in female horses... Thus, they would send in males that have their little things tampered with after drinking the famous horse-infertility fluids.

These horses won't be able to breed and produce heirs, even if they were doing the dirty with a stallion.

Well, at least he was happy that he would get to ride on one of these babies in this life.

Thinking of all the rewards waiting for him, Castello and his hidden guards hastily got on their horses, charging for the palace at full speed.

It was just that the scene they witnessed was something too hard to describe.

What??!

Castello looked at the plummeted and bloodied grounds, feeling thoroughly chilled.

Many whirls of Smoke flew higher in the air at various points across the palace. And the constant cries of the injured still made many shudder.

This... This... How can this happen?

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3:54 A.M.

The sky was dark and still. Yet just outside the palace, a crowd of over 5,000 were all gathered around. Guards, famous knights, and nobles from all directions had left the comfort of their homes and gathered out here in horror.

Those who were there earlier began retelling the scene of what they saw.

"The wrath of the Gods descended on the palace without warning."

"It was terrible! The grounds shook, and there were blinding lights that had completely turned off my senses! I couldn't see, hear or move properly."

"Horrible... The Gods must be angry!"

Castello's pupils dilated the more he listened.

Blink. Blink.

The Gods?

Chapter 1343 - Mission Accomplished!

Castello listened to the many retellings and felt dizzy.

You know, he did believe in the God of Chaos and Destruction, Izoh.

From eyewitnesses, as well as the evidence of destruction around him, Castello was convinced that it should be Izoh's doing.

However, some people also said it should be Princess Tilda's evil powers.

That princess was known as an evil entity, feared and hated by almost everyone.

Nowadays, if a person died in one's family, they would curse Tilda, blaming her for killing the person.

What were the odds that the day before her coming of age and marriage, this disaster would strike the palace?

Of course, people were indeed skeptical. However, just a few moments later, he got word that her cottage and even the forest region were left in ruin.

From this alone, it was highly likely that she was dead. Meaning this might not have had anything to do with her.

Then maybe this was indeed Izoh's wrath, intending to punish Alexander.

Heh...

Who knows how that bastard had annoyed the God of Chaos & Destruction?

Castello knew and believed in the God Izoh because his grandmother had specially told him how his late grandfather also had his powers. It's believed that in their family, several generations all had this same power as he did thanks to Ivo.

Not believing in the God who gave him all this was stupid.

There has also been hidden information about how Izoh unleashed his wrath on those he punished.

Humans weren't powerful enough to do such things.

From the blinding lights to creating smoke with no fire, destroying the ground and a few buildings... who else can do this apart from Ivo?

Of course, for now, he decided not to draw any conclusions yet.

His aides had been in there trying to steal the document when all went down.

If he can find them, he'll be able to get their retelling of what happened. Who knows if some here were exaggerating?

Castello frowned deeply.

Paula should've been in the palace when all this went down. Meaning she shouldn't have perished with her granddaughter in the mountains.

Good, good, good...

If she were still here and alive, then that would be great.

And if anyone said she was dead, unless he found her body or bones, he would never give up!

Heheheh...

Of course, Castello wasn't the only one momentarily shocked.

Inside the Palace, in one of the guest courtyards, the young groom-to-be was also thinking things deeply.

He sat in the darkness and watched the entire thing unfold before his very eyes.

Tonight had shown him just how weak humans were.

His eyes shone with a strange and vicious light.

"Find out about tonight, and acquire every little book on Dafaren has to offer on the heavens. Now go!"

~Swish!

All 6 hidden guards vanished.

With that, the young man walked step by step towards his window, looking towards the heavens in utter silence.

However, if one looked at his eyes, one would see the turmoil and unrest within them.

Whatever the cost, he must find a way to acquire the power of the Gods!

If he had this power, he would crush mountains with a single thumb.

He had heard of people in this world having strange powers... So why was he left out?

Though tonight's attack wasn't the work of a mere human, if he could get even 1/10th of such a power, his plans would go smoother than expected.

The young man clenched his fist coldly. Since the heavens looked down on him by not giving him any power, then he would just have to find a way to get it!

Date to belittle him? Keep dreaming.

After seeing what he saw tonight, he was ready to fight against the heavens for what he deserved!

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Like so, tonight's ordeal had reminded many that the heavens were always watching over their every move.

And while they were thinking of what to do, the real culprit of the matter had long fled the palace, finally arriving at their take-off point.

4:23 A.M.

~Gallop. Gallop. Gallop~

The horses arrived at the hidden site after a rigorous run.

And soon, Paula heard a voice she was long used to.

"Nana!!"

"Tilda?... Tilda!"

Both women rushed towards one another with teary eyes.

They didn't lie... These people didn't lie to them.

Tilda buried her head on her nana's bosom, crying her eyes out. "Nana... I thought I would never see you again..."

"Good girl." Paula tightened her grip around Tilda, patting her in the back.

Both women just couldn't believe that they had succeeded in fleeing the scene.

In truth, it all went too smoothly that along the way, they were very fearful, thinking Alexander's men would soon find them.

Ever since they left the palace, they had been fleeing for 2 whole hours now. So all this time, their hearts had always been tense.

Landon and the rest allowed the women to have their reunion while prepping to leave.

One should know that before 1 A.M, they had long infiltrated the palace and got to their attack positions.

By one on the dot, the air force units began their rampage, and they focused on sneaking into their targeted regions and getting their targets out as fast as they could.

And by 2:30 A.M, they had finally managed to escape the palace.

Following that, they used the next 2 hours to get here. Of course, with all the chaos and guards running amok in the city, they acted as messengers, riding horses around and gathering knights to head towards the palace.

Sigh... The cat and mouse game made them a tad bit tired.

But at least, since in the air, they would finally be able to get some shut-eye!

They only had a few hours to get as far as possible from the Capital before sunrise at 6:48~7 A.M.

Paula and Tilda stared at the hot air balloons in confusion.

Aren't they supposed to be taking the horses and fleeing?

So why are these men getting on these strange things?

Chapter 1344 - Dreaming Of Reality

Paula and Tilda raised their heads anxiously, wondering why they didn't see more horses to accommodate the many people here.

Eh?

"Nana... What's going on? Do they intend for us to stay low here for a few more days before leaving?"

Paula nodded with uncertainty, feeling that this should be the most probable reason.

They had just fled the palace. And who knows if anyone might've discovered their actions and were now searching for them within the cities and on the roads?

Fleeing the palace can't wasn't as tasking as fleeing the entire city.

They had pretended to be guards, mining across the duty posts and walls of the city. They headed to the most isolated region before their rescuers magically placed many men on the walls to sleep.

And the next thing they knew, they were headed down the walls and fleeing the scene before their presence got discovered.

Thanks to the darkness and the lack of vibrant moonlight, once they got to the other side, they could quickly flee without fearing for incoming arrows from any who discovered them.

However, things had gone too smoothly, leaving Paula still very on edge.

Could it be that their rescuers had indeed chosen to stay on the low in case someone spotted them?

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Forget it...

Looking at the many giant floating clouds before them... The ladies were quick to forget about their inward dilemmas.

Now, their gazes were only filled with wonder and curiosity, seeing the strange baskets hold the giant clouds above.

What was this thing?

Though they didn't know what it could do, they still felt a wave of awe while staring at the many hot balloons before them.

And while they were at it, Landon and the rest were doing their final checks before liftoff.

"Your majesty, Major General Josh, fail-safe gas tanks in position. All other checks are confirmed and ready to go."

"Good... Secure our guests... It's time to fly!"

In a flash, Paula and Tilda found themselves spun about, listening to the men while putting on something they strangely called a 'Parachute.'

Because the female intruders had aided them in wearing this strange contraption, Paula and Tilda didn't have much resistance, noticing how thoughtful their intruders were.

If it were another group, they wouldn't even care about their discomforts, sending their subordinates to rough handle and order them around.

They who had seen the bad side of humanity were quick to notice all these little details.

In the eyes of the world, they were indeed strange, neither acting proud, arrogant or overbearing.

And this alone made both Tilda and Paula a little more confused. What exactly did these people want for them?

If they were ass-kissers or overly friendly, then Paula and Tilda would've been sure that these people had rescued them because they wanted something from them.

This was scary because once they gave whatever these people wanted, then wouldn't these people kill them in the end?

Again, these people weren't mistreating or overwhelmingly them. They treated them as though saving them was only for sport, not wanting anything from them.

Paula had to admit that they were the first bunch of people she couldn't see right through.

But why? Why would these people go out of their way to rescue them?

Paula squinted her eyes at them, wanting to understand their true purpose.

Sadly, no matter how she looked, they were just too unreadable.

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Landon chuckled after the defensive Paula.

He stared at his watch and gave his command.

Boarding Time!

"Please, your highnesses, her on."

Get on?

Paula and Tilda got nervous, stepping into one of the 18-stall baskets.

Their hearts were beating out of their chests the minute they saw the inside of these baskets.

What heavenly weaving skills!

The intricate details and meticulous design made them feel the wealth of these intruders.

And once led to their stalls, they were even more blown away by the things inside.

What was this strange transparent thing there that had water in it? (plastic bottle)

What about the other strange rectangular things with the word Juice on them?

Apple? Orange? Could there be an entire apple inside the small box?

But that wasn't right. The moment they shook them, they could hear the swishing of fluids inside.

So was it truly a full apple in there?

And what beautiful design the boxes were. How on earth did they do it? Could it be that they paid painters to paint on each package?

The more they looked at them, the more they felt that these boxes were like a work of art that should be placed on a pedestal in some grand palace.

Pringles, Doritos, energy bars, chocolate... What the hell were all these things?

And why did their packaging look too beautiful?

Both ladies felt that each item must've cost a fortune!

With nervous hands, they quickly placed them back, focusing their attention on the warm blankets, gloves, socks, scarves and pillows in their stalls.

Warm... Warm! They had never seen any other clothing that was so meticulously done and warm.

Oh, but that wasn't all.

They also saw 1 or 2 books (magazines) in their stalls, showing some amazing scenes that made their eyes nearly pop out of their sockets!

Thanks to the flames keeping the balloons up, their eyes could see the nervous images shown to them.

Baymard? Where was that?

Hiss!~~

Tilda's eyes flashed the moment she saw the name. And very quickly, a hazy memory from her dreams became clear.

Last year, she dreamed of some mysterious and far away place that shouldn't make out. Everything was blurry. However, she knew that the place started with a letter B.

Now, she could identify the entire name.

Tilda's like quivered with all sorts of emotions once everything clicked.

~Hahahahaha~

Though most of her dreams were still hazy with uncertainty, her intuition was screaming at her, indicating that this was the place.

Tilda hugged the magazine with a deep smile on her face

Baymard.... What a beautiful name.

Chapter 1345 - Lift Off!

The pilots within Tilda's hot air balloons were giving their final instructions.

They were at the very center, surrounded by the many stalls. And for this balloon, there were 2 captains.

"This is your Captain speaking. All passengers, please settle down. At this moment, all stall doors should be closed, and everyone should be strapped to their stalls for take-off. As instructed earlier, you'll find 2 sets of straps within each stall: one located at your topmost corner for those who want to stand, and one located at the very bottom for those intending to sit through take off."

Oh?

Tilda and Paula were very attentive, listening and searching for whatever the pilot had instructed.

Of course, massive red arrows pointed to the straps (safety /seat belts), making it easier to see what they were looking for.

Everything was new and exciting, with both ladies deciding to stand instead.

What a joke!

They were very curious about what was going to happen. So why would they sit way down and choose not to see?

Say no more!

Both women stood, listening to the Captain.

"A notice to all passengers... As we take off, please keep your arms within your stalls at all times. This has been your caption, over and out."

Tut...

The Pilot finished his announcement.

And seeing this, Landon and Josh, who were in the same hot air balloon, finally gave out the signal. Soon enough, one of the pilots took his megaphone for all neighbouring pilots and passengers to hear.

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"Pilots! Get ready for take-off, in 10...."

Take off?

"9...!"

"Nana... What do they mean?"

"8...!"

"I... Maybe they want us to prepare for sleep?"

"7...!"

"Could it be what I think it is?"

"6..."

"Impossible! How can that be?"

"5... 4... 3... 2...1... Lift-off!!!!!"

'Druuuuuuuu!!'

Both women felt the trembles from the balloon, causing them to anxiously lean away.

What was going on? Why was their body turning heavier with every passing moment?

They hastily looked around for answers as though trying to figure out if something was wrong with them or not.

However, before they could ask the soldiers neighbouring them, the basket shook even more.

And now, they finally understand what was going on.

They... They were flying!

Flying! Flying up, up, up and away like birds!

But, but, but how could this be?

Tilda stared at the trees and the horses getting smaller and smaller, almost not believing their eyes.

"Nana, am I dreaming? How can we be flying?"

"This... Granddaughter... I'm as shocked as you are."

"Look! Look! Look! I can see the many city lights from here. Amazing! They all look like ants."

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Tilda was bubbling with excitement, feeling a heavy adrenaline rush take over her.

Oh my God!

There was a certain indescribable feeling that one would get after reaching so high up.

It was like therapy, making her believe that humanity could accomplish even the most impossible things.

Humans were complex, yet some beings.

Before the invention of boats, humans argued and swore that it was impossible for humans to sail across the waters. And after it was done, their minds expanded, even more, forgetting all their earlier arguments.

Likewise, seeing how they could fly now, Tilda felt a hidden part of her mind unlock.

Of course, now, she had indeed accepted the concept of a lightweight basket flying with them.

However, if you tell her that humans could enter a metal plane and fly, she would never believe it.

Wasn't that a tad bit far stretched?

Paula and Tilda stared at the scene with nothing with reverence in their eyes.

They weren't fools.

The attack from earlier and the strange dancing stars they saw above the palace during that time should've been these people.

It might've been a coincidence... But seeing how these people maneuvered around as though they knew exactly where each attack would fall further proved their guesses.

These powerful rescuers... Who exactly were they?

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~Drrrrmmmm~

The hot air balloons rose steadily.

And after reaching a certain height, the pilots made another announcement, and the soldiers visibly relaxed, with some people starting up conversations and others focusing on filling their bellies instead.

Alina, who was positioned next to the ladies, popped open a Pringle can playfully.

"Your highnesses, aren't you 2 hungry? Why don't you eat up?"

"No, no, no... They look so expensive. It must've cost you all a thousand gold coins to get a single one. So how can we?"

"Pff~~ your highnesses, I assure you that many of these cost only a few copper coins and nothing more."

"What??!" The duo stared at Alina in disbelief.

How can that be? The paintwork and even the entire Pringle can were made of materials they had never seen before. So how could it be that cheap?

Animal chuckled, looking at their dazed expressions: "Your highnesses, once we get to Baymard, you'll understand. For now, eat and drink up. It's good for you."

With that, the duo obeyed cautiously, opening the first few snacks they could get a hold of.

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'Crunch!'

Tilda bit into a pringle and nearly lost his soul.

So delicious!

She licked her fingers, not wanting to waste any of the savoury taste.

And after that, she followed that up with a mouthful of Apple juice

'Ahhh!.... How very refreshing!' She thought until she spotted Alima's smile, making her blush in embarrassment.

Did she get caught licking her fingers?

Tilda felt very ashamed. But soon, she saw Alina licking her one finger too, showing that there was nothing to be embarrassed with when conquered by food.

Of course, Paula was the same as well. .after eating a white chocolate bar, she felt her entire being floating on clouds.

Too good!... This was the stuff dreams were made of!

~Gulp. Gulp. Gulp~

She swallowed a mouthful of water, opening her eyes in amazement.

No strange aftertaste... No faint smell...

Even boiled stream water still had its own aftertaste.

Then how can it be so clean and fresh?

~Grrr~

Paula's belly sang merrily after accepting food for a long, long time.

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Landon spread at his watch, readying himself to stay up throughout the flight.

Well, it was almost 5. And they had to land around 6:40.

Though it was a short flight, it should cover enough ground, getting as far away from the Capital as possible.

Landon sat in his stall with a broad smile on his face.

Finally, they could return home.

For this, Landon was ecstatic. However, far away from him, back in his own home... A few others were not so happy.

A burly man wearing an ancient robe stared out of his hotel room with a horrid expression.

Baynard.... It was all their fault!

Chapter 1346 - The Opposition Arrives

--The Capital City, Baynard, Pyno--

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6 A.M.

A broad-shouldered man sat on the balcony within his hotel room, having an early cup of tea in his ancient robe, while reading a newspaper and watching the many bubbling and buzzing Baynardians move up and about.

And standing alongside himself were a few of his guards, watching over him.

The man dawned a grim expression, reading the news on the papers.

[Rolnad Council arrives for the big meeting! Are they for or against women?]

[Is Baynard wrong? Will the world truly end because of their involvement?]

[Witness interviewed: The Rolnad Council is talking nonsense!]

[Rolnad supporter interviewed: Baymard will be the end of us all!]

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The man read the papers, seeing the many talks about today's matter.

Of course, this person was none other than Council leader Gillard from the Rolnad Council.

This council was a Deifer Council that had recently been at war with Henry and everyone else.

In particular, they were angered by Baymard's nonsensical and nosy theorems that had made things difficult for them over time.

It was funny because though they hated Baymard, they appreciated almost everything else it had to offer, with some even coming to the clinic and hospitals in secret just to treat their sons, daughters, wives or even themselves.

However, when it clashed with their hidden interests, they were very much opposed to these bastard Baymardians.

Of course, Baymard wasn't a tyrant, allowing for opposition parties and meetings to be heard concerning the matter... Especially when it involves the general Pyno public.

Make no mistake!

For the council to remain active meant that they had a strong following. And the attitude and actions of those followers had caused harm to many others.

Look!... It was okay to believe in what you want to think and do those things to yourself or those in your group... But why drag others into this?

Sacrifices and many other barbaric rituals involving kidnapping, rape, throwing babies away, and so on, was something they would never stand for.

Oh... So it was okay to do it to others but not to do it to yourself and your family?

In many cases, they never dated to injure or harm themselves or their loved ones, only using others as guinea pigs. In that case, if they truly believed in what they were doing, shouldn't they lead the way and show how it's done?

Heh... They were just a bunch of hypocrites!

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Boom!

Gillard slammed his fist on the table, reading the very controversial highlights on the paper.

Some stood for the Pyno leaders, while others stood for the Roldan Deifer Council.

The guards standing on the side also wore terrible expressions too.

"Leader! These people are just too much! What do they mean by writing all this jargon?"

It was ironic that these people were angered because the newspaper also had controversy about Pyno's decision by showing interviews involving both Rolnad and Pyno supporters.

However, these people refused to see this, only feeling that they were being bullied.

Dammit!

What do these Pyno supporters mean? How dare they question their Council?

Gillard squeezed the paper as though he were strangling a person.

He closed his eyes for a bit, thinking deeply.

"Copher!"

"Yes, leader," replied one of the knights now on one-bended knee.

"Get the other council members... Soon, it'll be time for the so-called meeting. I'd like to see how a woman would be able to go toe to toe with us!"

Copher obeyed while sneering at the thought of today's meeting.

That's right. The person spearheading this was none other than Queen Lucy. And this alone irked him whole.

But it wasn't just him because when the other council members arrived, they too wore distorted expressions on their faces.

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"Leader! When have we ever been insulted like this? Yes! Our council does have a section for women to handle women's matters. However, even at that, the women don't make the decisions. We are the heads, sending out decisions for them to carry! So when have we ever been on an equal footing with women?"

"That's right!" The long-bearded Maximus added: "Leader, how can we talk about important issues such as these with a woman?"

"Yes! Women, especially the Queens, are supposed to be overseeing the Harams, focusing on holding tea parties, poetry gatherings and little things of that nature. Ministers and all other important men are the only ones who are supposed to be in the court or in the presence of any important decision-making that involves an entire empire! So what is this? Why don't I understand how these people's heads work?"

"Yeah!... They say his majesty Landon is out. Then in that case, isn't King-Father Lucius available? What about the other government officials? Aren't they available as well? From what we gathered, they should all be there, attending the meeting. But if that's the case, why are they allowing a woman to spearhead the whole thing? Or could it be that they look down on us too much and are using this to insult us?"

The more Gillard and the rest thought about it, the more they felt it to be true.

In short, the other monarchs should've also joined in to press their heads in this manner, all in hopes of belittling and insulting them, right?

Gillard squinted his eyes dangerously: "Good... Good... What a good Pyno!"

With immediate effect, everyone rounded up, discussing the matter and making plans to counterattack at any given turn.

The battle they would engage in was not an easy feat.

However, with the material they planned to show for today, they were confident that they would bring everyone in Pyno towards the right path.

And soon, they got a call from below.

.

~Ring~

["Good morning, sir Gillard... The delegation has sent your limos as scheduled."]

"Hmm."

Gillard briefly looked out the window before grabbing his coat.

With that, the entire gang headed down to the ground floor.

... Alright.

It was time to enter the Battlefield!

Chapter 1347 - A Righteous Claim!

Today's weather was dull, with very little to no sunshine.

Many quickly checked the weather report before stepping out.

"No~~... The weather says there's a 90% chance of rain from 11 A.M to midnight. Dammit! Does this mean that I won't be able to walk back home after work?"

Many were now used to listening to the weather reports on a daily and weekly basis, thanks to those in the weather & Atmospheric Academy.

With thousands and thousands of years of recorded information, it was easy to overlap and map out the chances of rain, snow, or sun shining hourly... Though at times, it would get delayed for a bit or arrive earlier than expected.

But all in all, the chances could only be said to be slightly different.

This alone had saved many while going about their businesses.

Like so, the news reporters had long planned for today's matter, setting up cameras in their vans or building tents to accommodate them for the time being.

The rain today would only get heavier by 3~4 P.M.

Thankfully, the meeting would end at 2 P.M.

This meant that they had to hasten their post-interviews before the weather got harsh.

8. A.M.

The various news reporters from different stations were posted around, looking at the roads for the emergence of the many protagonists today.

"Look! Look! It's Queen Lucy! Quickly, take a shot!"

"Over there! Whose vehicle is that?"

"Wait!.. Isn't that the same vehicle that picked up the Rolnad council when they first arrived in Baynard? Look! There's even the famous green-friendly flag on the limos, indicating that those inside should be foreign guests."

"Ahhh~ the chuckles are pulling up. Look! You were right! The Rolnad council is here! Well then, what the hell are you waiting for? I want eyes on them. Make sure you get them good!"

...

Like so, the camera crews from various stations were going crazy, competing with one another. Meanwhile, Gillard and his men finally stepped out, heading into the massive building before them.

Looking left, looking right, Gillard lifted his nose to the sky arrogantly.

"Sir Gillard, please...this way."

"Hmm..." He replied, filling the security staff into the massive room.

And once he found his seat, alongside that of his men, he sat down arrogantly, crossing his arms against his chest.

Here, many shook hands and saluted one another to express peace... But when a person tried to be nice to Gillard, he only felt they were provoking or mocking him even more.

'Bastards! Just you wait! After the sufficient evidence I present, you'll all be begging me for assistance!'

Lucy glanced at the grumpy fellows, not bothering to care about them.

Jemini stood by Lucy's side like a statue, carefully observing everything around her. "My queen, they're planning something. I don't think they'll be able to go down without a fight."

Lucy suddenly smiled. "That might be true, but are you forgetting that we have several other secret weapons of our own?"

Almost immediately, Jemini's eyes twinkled, looking at the other incoming guests.

That's right. They had other counterattacks too.

Tick-Tock. Tick-Tock.

Time flew by swiftly, with representatives from all Pyno empires attending. There were also a few others in various professions that were allowed to grace the massive hall too.

And soon, it was already 9 A.M.

The cameras were recording, and the meeting had officially begun.

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First, Lucy gave a brief welcome, outlining the agenda and firmly addressing the prominent giant in the room.

"And now, we will give way for Council least Gillard," Lucy said, gesturing to Gillard, who was now leaning forward, closer to the microphone on his table.

This was it! This was his moment!

With a confident smile on his face, Gillard went straight to business.

"For easier purposes, my council had properly organized our facts, lest some of you brainless people don't understand."

Brainless?

Is this how you begin?

Everyone in the room was cold, though they held their anger.

Seeing this, Gillard sneered.

What? Has his intimidating aura finally pressurized them?

"Yes, brainless is what you all are. Your various theorems are what will cause the end of the entire world as we know it!"

" "

"First up, let's talk about one of the root issues caused by your facts and misleading advice to many. As many of you know, all women have your bloody shedding linked to the phases of the moon."

The Rolnad members glared at everyone, fiercely nodded as though trying to force everyone to accept these facts.

" "

And the more Gillard spoke, the more confident he was.

"Women!... We all know that because of their connection with the phases of the moon, this is in itself evidence that they are linked to the moon goddess, the key holder of fertility!

Again, many of you are also aware that a woman's shedding symbolizes heaven's punishment on them! That's why, unless women's periods are strictly monitored and synchronized, the world will descend into chaos! Look! It's already begun plummeting, with the emergence of the Zombie virus!"

(-_-)

....

Lucy and many listened, almost their eyes heavenwards.

So they're blaming it all on women and them, the Baymardians?

Do women hold that much power over nature?

Firstly, the fact that a woman's shedding was linked to the moon's phases due to some supernatural or heavenly punishment was inaccurate.

The reason why such a myth might come up was that a majority of women start a new monthly period every 29~30 days, which was similar to the moon's 31-day orbit around Hertfilia.

Back on earth, the moon's orbit was a 29.5 one... But here, it was a 31-day orbit.

Thanks to Landon's input and books, though they've never gone to the moon, many could undertake this basic fact.

Of course, even back on earth, the 18th and 19th-century humans had studied and understood the moon before sending the first astronaut or satellite to space.

Those 18th and 19th-century people had debunked most of these myths... though a bit too late since women had been suffering oppression for centuries, through the 9th, 10th, 11th to the 17th century.

The moon's orbit around the world and the fact that most women begin a new period at that specific time caused the myth and link to be made.

Lucy found Gillard's claims ridiculous.

Was he trying to say that the Zombie virus resulted from less monitoring of women?

Please!... If they had such powers to turn the whole place apocalyptic, wouldn't they know?

Chapter 1348 - The Power Of Women

The corners of Gillard's lips raised, seeing how much he captured the audience.

Their expressions were all stern, but he didn't worry. For sure, they should be angry because of their stupidity, right?

"Everyone, it is a fact that not monitoring women will lead to disaster! Our council has tested and believes that if a blood-shedding woman were to be stripped naked and walked around the fields, insects would fall off crops. And she would also be able to scare away hail storms, whirlwind's and lightning!"

[Everyone rolling their eyes]: Really?

"Again, this blood being let out was very contagious and drinking it has been proven to cause Weltus (Leprosy) to their victims. So, that said... Over the years, we in the Rolnad Deifer council have been

monitoring women diligently. And over this period since Baymard's involvement, something bizarre occurred."

Bizarre?

Everyone looked at themselves, wanting to understand the crux of the matter and how it involved Baymard.

Gillard stared at Lucy provocatively, as though saying: I will expose you!

Hmph!

He was sure that the facts he would lay out now would be enough to cause absolute hatred unto Baymard... After all, it was all their fault!

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With deep breaths, Gillard steadied himself.

"As the heavens are my witness, I put it out here today that during the period of Baymard's involvement, the majority of women have increasingly shed more than thrice a year! Look! Isn't this strange?"

The other council members nodded.

Who doesn't know that women are supposed to shed only once or thrice a year?

Now they're shedding up to 7 times (months) a year!

This made monitoring harder, with the women beginning to have opinions.

Some refused to get monitored, speaking about some bullish** rubbish called women's rights.

Yes!

Since Baymard took over, the rules had changed, giving these damn women a voice. Before, though they did have a voice, it was more or less controlled by the men.

However, now, they don't even want to strip naked and get inspected anymore.

They, the council, had now been called Perverts by a few of these women.

How dare they? What they, the council, did was for the greater good!

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The council felt very righteous with their actions.

However, they had to admit that the most annoying thing was that some men had begun turning down their summons.

That's right.

Husbands of these women had begun rejecting and refusing to send their wives over to get stripped and checked.

For thousands of years, no one had a problem with it... But now they do?

Why in heaven's name should a woman's opinion be important?

The men who refused to obey their summons slyly did so, saying they didn't want to break the new laws put in place.

In other words, they were telling the council to leave them out of this and pick their battle with the Deifer Monarch and Baynard.

Of course, apart from the fear of the world plummeting down to chaos, the council was also pissed by the dramatic slash in their income.

You know, they charged heavily for inspections, depending on social class and status.

Make no mistake!

Back then, everyone, including slaves got checked.

If one didn't get checked, they could be fined and jailed. Even their masters sent their slaves to get checked.

And the money flowed into the council's treasury.

Additionally, these councilmen sometimes forced and raped slaves, peasants or lesser people, all in the name of dishing out divine punishment.

If a woman didn't shed for over a year, you best believe she would come in for divine punishment and a few more rituals.

Of course, what they didn't know was that the workload, stress, lack of nutrients were a few of the many factors that kept these women from menstruating.

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Again, if women shed more than thrice a year, they would also proclaim that they had done something wicked that led her to shed more than thrice.

Even though noblewomen led a better life, the average spewed blood 3 times, with the minority shedding twice.

Why? Heh...

Though they received nutrition and lived comfortably with little or no work, one shouldn't forget how much pressure stress can affect the body.

Do you think it's easy to be a part of a haram?

From planning and scheming against others, always watching one's back for poisons and framing, to constantly fighting for one's husband's attention, and power in the haram... How can they sleep well at night?

Even protecting their children alone took a toll on their bodies.

The life of those in the haram looked easy on the surface but was very hard.

One would never know when their maid might turn into an uncovered agent for the enemy.

These women also had to strictly take etiquette, poetry and dance lessons that could go on for hours without rest.

Additionally, they could also get punished by their husbands or mother-in-law to kneel for days in the ancestry building or only eat a light meal once a day.

In short, there were so many aspects that didn't allow these women to have their periods as much as they should.

However, now, many have begun seeing them up to 7 times a year... So what does that say?

To the Council, this meant that these women were all too bad, so much so that their divine punishment from the heavens had decided to visit them this much.

In conclusion, it also meant that these women might be the ones to plummet Deiferus, Pyno and even the world into turmoil.

Look! The Zombie plague might be their doing.

So if Baynard were to continue in this way, in the end, won't all women turn evil?

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Gillard was confident of his facts, bringing up 'evidence' after 'evidence' against Baynard.

He wanted the entire Pyno to understand the implications of their actions.

Women would bring hail storms, lightning, plagues, and all sorts of disasters if they kept going like this!

And the more he spoke, the tenser the air grew.

"Everyone! I believe that all these pieces of evidence are sufficient to prove our claims. That is why my esteem council has taken it on our shoulders to put an end to this! For now, I rest my case!"

-silence--

Chapter 1349 - Case Closed

-Silence-

The room fell into a deep stillness.

You look at me; I look at you.

Many were left in a daze, processing Gillard's words.

Lucy raised her brow nonchalantly, positioning herself closer to her mic.

"Sir Gillard, thank you for your many comprehensive shreds of evidence laid out today. And as one of the people representing Baynard, I would like to address some of your claims. And to assist me with that, will be the renowned Doctor Gerson!"

What? Doctor Gerson? That famous Doctor Gerson?

You have to know that he was one of the first batches of doctors in Baymard.

And over the years, his skills and exemplary work had led many to see him as one of the prominent faces within the hospital.

Many healers across Pyno had ventured to him, begging to be his disciple. But sadly, he turned them down... Or rather, he postponed this tutelage for the future.

Everyone understood this because only when the U.N's primary mission to unity and peace enveloped this world would he freely teach foreigners.

"Oh! It's truly him! Hahahaha~... I can't believe I'm seeing him at last. Maybe after this, I'll be able to befriend him before heading back to Terique."

"You know, he treated my first wife's illness that had been plaguing her since the birth of our last child. We had gone to healers from all over. Yet, no one could do anything about it. However, this Doctor Gerson solved the matter as though he were taking a simple stroll around the town."

"Godly Doctor Gerson! It's really him!"

(^0^)

...

Many whispered amongst themselves, glancing at Gerson with awe.

Lucy smirked playfully.

Well, since these councilmen didn't like to hear the truth from a woman, then they wouldn't be so opposed to Gerson, right?

Sigh... It was sad to say that these councilmen weren't the only ones amongst the group who secretly thought and looked down on women.

They had been conditioned like this since birth. So though change was on its way, it was still a slow process for those out of Baymard.

For the Baymardians, after working with women day to day and even sitting in the same classes with them, change was faster for them to adapt.

After all, some girls took first place in classrooms and even created mind-blowing inventions.

From then on, the myth that women had a smaller and stupider brain than men was debunked.

Even in the military, the women had shown how fierce they could be, proving that battle wasn't all about burly sizes.

Thin women could pull down a giant with tactics, knowledge and skills alone.

It was sad to admit, but many still looked down on women, seeing them as nothing new than bed and housemates.

Lucy nodded to Gerson, giving him the go-ahead.

And sure enough, his words had gained a strong hold over the foreign audience.

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Gerson examined all he could, adjusting his glasses in conclusion.

(*□^□)

"Sir Gillard, from our immense understanding of the human body, I can assure you that this is the real reason why women shed more than thrice a year."

"You~... You... No! Impossible! It is the punishment from above!"

Her son shrugged.

He couldn't say whether it was some divine punishment or not... But he could guarantee that it was a way that the human body prepared the uterus by shedding its walls in preparation for fertilization from any incoming sperms.

This was necessary for childbirth.

You know, it's she to the hard pressure, stress and workload placed on women that their menopause it within their mid-20s.

Would you also say that this is divine punishment?

In Baymard, the general menopause level had been raised to 31 years old now... With the exception of a few like Queen Mother Kim, who got pregnant in her late 30s.

So would you condemn the child and call it some demonic child?

Of course, he also believed in the divine miracles because even his majesty's strength alone was a divine miracle... Talk less of princess Lucia and her visions.

There was no doubt that the heavens were real.

However, when it came to this aspect, he was more than confident that divine punishment had nothing to do with this.

The same heavens gave him a brain and a brilliant teacher like his majesty.

And after having many tests to confirm their theories, how could he not feel confident in what he presented?

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Like so, Gerson concluded, giving room for Miss Balalaika, one of the young but talented Astronomers, to further explain the myth about the moon linked to women. And to back her up were a few other Astronomers too.

One by one, all of Gillard's claims were looked at and debunked.

Lucy gazed at him expressionlessly. "Sir Gillard, for your last claims of Baymard indirectly causing the Zombie Plague, I beg to differ."

"You~--"

"Sir Gillard! Are you saying that this is the first plague to emerge in this world?"

"No... That's not..."

"Sir Gillard! Are you not aware of the many plagues in Deiferus and Pyno over the centuries? Back then, your council still monitored things as you pleased. Then in that case, why were these plagues, diseases, and natural disasters still occurring?"

"I-..."

Gillard's face turned red and distorted.

This damn woman had made him speechless! Many also felt her momentum, feeling choked by her aura.

F***! She was just as powerful as his majesty.

Heh.

Now that Lucy had got him right where she wanted, how could she let him go just like that?

"Sir Gillard! Through history, natural disasters, and slides, plagues and diseases have always been prevalent long before Baymard's existence... So, Mr Gillard, as the smart, intelligent and brilliant man that you are, don't you think it's unfair to attribute all these to us? Do you know that we, as a nation, can sue you for slander?"

Gillard lowered his head, hiding the hatred brooding in his eyes.

And Lucy couldn't be bothered.

Want to come to Baymard with these nonsensical pieces of evidence? Think again.

Case Closed!

"Mr. Gillard... Do you have anything else to say?"

" _ "

--silence--

Chapter 1350 - This Is Baymard?

K.O!

Lucy completely crushed the Councilmen, though they still refused to believe or admit it. They left the meeting with distorted faces, putting it out there that they would never accept these explanations that Baymard gave.

Both sides were now in a hidden war against themselves. And everything was said to be shown to the many Pyno citizens later.

The key aspect that to change still lay in the people.

Whether they believed the councilmen or Baymard's explanation was all up to them.

However, Lucy had put it there that rape, forcefully 'punishing' women or anything of this sort would be dealt with according to the new Laws of each empire.

Unless someone could bring forth factual evidence that women had such chaotic powers, they wouldn't consider allowing such practices to go on.

Lucy also spoke about the throwing of babies, the sacrificial killings of virgins and many other situations that some still practiced.

Yes. Tradition was and will always be important. But so was growth and development.

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In the past, some people created beliefs solely on fire. Thinking it was some rare thing.

But as humanity developed, some things had to change.

Likewise, some poisons were considered beauty regimens back then. But now, they knew better, knowing that these poisons, taken in mild or heavy doses, could kill a person.

Some traditional practices were good and could be maintained, while others had to go.

Just because it's tradition to sacrifice virgins doesn't mean it can't change.

Look! Even Baymard had its own traditional practices. But those harmful to the citizens were quickly erased.

That said, tradition was tradition... Which was different from political rulings.

As the rulers, government officials, and essential personnel, had the duty of protecting their citizens. So they were just doing their job, traditions aside.

The death rate cannot continue to drop. And the future was something they were constantly worried about.

So they were sorry to say that any traditional practices that were cannibalistic and ruthless would have to go!

Case closed!

In fact, if they wanted to be tyrants, they should've just forced these damn councilmen and everyone else to disband.

However, this wouldn't solve the problem. The council had at least 30% support from the Deifer population.

Though the support rate has dropped, it was still a lot. That's why they acted cordially and civilized, wanting the message to spread out.

Really and truly, if they had been monitoring all these past years, how come misfortunes and natural disasters still occurred in Deiferus?

Sure, one could blame it on a few women... But weren't their methods supposed to be flawless?

Hey! They said it themselves.

'Flawless.'

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Lucy and the other Baymardians wanted to see if the world would truly descend into chaos because of the Deifer Council not monitoring things.

For sure, there were other continents and empires around.

And shockingly, many do believe that a woman's cycle was linked to the phases of the moon.

It was fascinating his humans were.

These people didn't know each other but came up with the same conclusion, linking the moon to a goddess.

Of course, thanks to those in Zalipnia, they also heard about some other Romain empires that believed in this.

Some didn't think it was punishment, while others also believed it was a sign of several ancient curses, with various stories and myths of their own.

In the end, what was common between all these stories were the many philosophers who sat in groups, analyzing and linking the female menstrual cycle to the moon.

That said, Lucy would like to see if hailstorms, lightning and the end of the world would come because more women were seeing their periods too frequently within a year.

She for one, now saw hers 6 months in a year... That's every 2 months.

Her body was still healing from all the damage and toll she took growing up in Arcadina.

Their medical science says they should see it 12 times a year for a completely healthy body.

This only meant that she still had a long way to go.

That said, were they going to accuse her of being a wicked demon because she saw hers more than thrice a year?

If it were before Baymard's existence, Lucy would've thought something was wrong with her.

But now, she only rolled her eyes, not believing this insanity.

In the end, the councilmen gave their vicious threats, proclaiming that they would never stop!

Heh...

In that case, they shouldn't blame anyone when they get arrested for charges of rape, assault and murder!

Like so, the well-awaited meeting ended with Lucy and a few others making the councilmen lower their heads with hatred.

The days flew by with many Baymardians busy as usual.

And in a blink of an eye, their beloved Monarch had returned.

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-Coastal Port, Capital City, Baymard--

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~Thap. Thap. Thap. Thap. Thap!~

The heavy rains poured nonstop, creating a blurry film across the land.

Fall was here.

And all everyone could hear were the loud tunes from the rain.

Tilda and Paula placed their hands in their overly large but warm jackets.

Their eyes moved around, and their mouths might've hung open if not for the cold chattering of their lips.

~Ding Dong.

[Passengers for Ship Angel's Fruit to Terique, please head to Gate C12.]

Paula and Tilda the port, looking at the many people going about their way with such expensive clothes and bags.

To the duo, the many things they saw were priceless.

One shouldn't talk about the building itself. Magic doors that open on their own, glass windows, walls and signs that lit automatically, moving floors, and even the giant portraits (advertisements), all made them doubt whether they were still in Hertfilia.

Amazing!

The rain had done nothing to lessen their excitement.

"Miss, this is your temporal identification in the city."

"Mine?" Tilda stared at the document, taking it with trembling hands.

Such unique and clean paper... Wouldn't it be expensive?

Baymard! Baymard!

What sort of Godly place was this?

(*0*)