

TECHNOLOGY 1381

Chapter 1381 - Awakened!

Bam!

The doors opened fiercely, and in came the haggard Tilda.

"You're 2 minutes early, Miss Dina."

Gulp.

Tilda quickly adjusted herself, giving a deep bow to the Military lecturer before her.

"I apologize for my tardiness, Teacher Botu."

That's right.

Her teachers were the same military lecturers who taught the soldiers in classrooms.

And for Tilda's matter, they treated it similar to a mission.

Secrecy was of the utmost importance here and out of the corners of these walls; no one was to know they had taught Tilda in any way.

She was their mission target. And every one of her teachers was all determined to do their best!

Tilda thinned her lips, understanding her mistake.

Though she was 2 minutes earlier than the appointed class time, it was still bad for her to arrive this late.

She should be here 10~30 minutes before the class begins, giving her ample time to make out her books or writing material.

Being late because of directional reasons wasn't good enough.

Yesterday, she was escorted past the many similar hallways, making many turns to get to this hidden classroom.

And today, she did wake up earlier than usual to figure things out.

However, once she got into the building, she still got lost.

Typically, it was always around Wednesdays and Thursdays that she would be able to master the route without a synch.

However, class locations kept changing at the start of every week.

And her timely arrival only meant that she still hadn't trained her brain to its full potential.

Do you think they, the soldiers, assassins and everyone else were born with eidetic memories?

Perfumers could train their sense of smell to pick out every ingredient used.

Food tasters could train their tongues to feel and know every ingredient given.

Likewise, the brain in this era was too essential. They could master things and hardly forget because of their training.

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In fact, in the first days of the week after being escorted, she should've been able to find her way without getting lost.

If one were kidnapped with eyes closed, they, the guards, would still know how to escape.

Left, right, left, left... Calculate pace, seconds at heart and many other clues.

Again, even if they made all hallways similar, no 2 things in this world could ever be the same.

Even the processed food packages of the same product weren't the same after being passed through human hands.

Food cans or even printers get stretched, and other objects get wrinkled or damaged instead.

Likewise, the hallways had flaws. Look for them, and the rest was history.

If she was going to be a monarch, a simple: 'I got lost' actually said a lot about what she lacked.

Her observational sight and reaction were just too poor.

Botu glanced at the very well-mannered lady, inwardly sighing at heart.

They had a long, long, long, very long way to go.

"Take your seat."

"Yes, teacher," Tilda replied, trying not to feel down.

She had indeed gotten better over the many months. But she knew she was still weak.

~Ahh!

Tilda ran her fingers underneath her hair, touching her neck in displeasure.

Something was heating up behind her neck.

It stung. It stung bitterly.

Eh? Could a mosquito have bitten her?

Tilda was concerned but decided to brush it off.

For now, she had to focus on her lectures.

But little did she know that her bloodline had been awakened!

And in another building, Paula, who was getting ready to leave the palace, also felt a burn at the back of her neck... Though hers was much stronger.

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Dizzy... Dizzy...

Bam!

The guards were shocked beyond belief.

"Mrs. Paige? Mrs. PAIGE, are you alright? Quick, get the stay-in nurses over and contact the royal doctor!"

Many couldn't understand what went wrong with his Paige.

One minute she was up, looking good and rosy, and in the next, her face was pale, and her body began to weaken.

Paula's eyes grew blurry, listening to the many concerned voices.

No... It's happening again!

Paula had never understood why she would sometimes have this heavy dizziness overwhelm her.

However, when she was younger, she had a doctor check her, only to say she was down with a fever.

At first, she believed it. But what sort of fever would keep coming so strategically?

Again, after coming to Baymard, she had done a full body check, but luckily she only had a few minor issues.

Yet, these headaches would come once a month, more potent than the last, typically late at night.

And everyone she had a checkup the next day, she would find no issues.

Paula began to sweat heavily.

This was the first time she had been attacked at night and during the day all at once.

That's right.

Last night, she had a headache.

Usually, she should be fine the next day.

But who would've known that she would have another surprise attack out of nowhere?

Paula gripped the guard who held her, whispering her final words before falling into a deep sleep.

"Please don't tell Dina... She has a lot of classes today."

Plop.

She was out.

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Tick-Tock. Tick-Tock.

The steady sounds of ticking resounded in Paula's ears.

'Eh? Where... What happened to me?'

Paula groaned and shook ever so slowly, finally waking up from her predicament.

Her senses returned one by one. And after a few flutters, the blurry film before her became apparent.

Awake. Awake. Awake.

"Quick! Inform the doctor! The patient is awake!"

Paula heard

The voices were mumbled when reaching her ears; the more Paula tried to steady herself.

With one hand to her head and one on the side bed, she leaned up with the support of the nearby nurses.

"Mrs. Paula... Try not to strain yourself."

"That's right. Please just relax."

"Hmmm..."

She replied.

And soon, the doctor arrived, accompanied by his majesty.

Landon narrowed his eyes profoundly.

['Host, it's her bloodline.... It's linked to the Holy Core!']

Chapter 1382 - The Keys!

Landon didn't know whether to laugh or to cry.

Who would've known that her Bloodline was linked to that of the Holy Core, somehow?

'System, why am I only hearing about this bow?'

[... No comment host.]

Veins popped off on the sides of Landon's head.

Tech!

Of course, the bloody system wouldn't have anything to say!

Damn bastard!

Forget it.

Landon took deep breaths, trying his hardest to maintain his smile when facing Paula.

If he continued to dwell into the system's remarks, then wouldn't he have high blood pressure before he turned 30?

Landon listened to Paula, realizing that these headaches were a common thing for her, except these past few months, things seemed a little more different.

"Mrs. Paula, so you mean since the summer of last year, these headaches have been coming in stronger than they used to?"

Paula nodded her head vigorously.

"Yes, your majesty. It's just as you've said."

In the palace, she could typically relax her guard and call Landon more intimately.

But when outsiders, even the doctors, were called in, she typically switched up, calling him his majesty.



Her identity was that of someone who had once helped him in Arcadina back then.

Thus, he brought her to the palace to pay her back for her generosity.

This was the identity she used.

That said, she could still call Landon intimately in public, but some people with evil intentions might think she's rude, pompous or taking advantage of his gratitude.

All across Pyno, she was sure that Landon had enemies who disagreed with his vision, trying to make things harder for him.

That's why she didn't want to be used against him in any way.

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Landon rubbed his hands against his chin, deeply analyzing her words.

'System, care to explain further?'

['My stupid Host, her headaches are entirely her fault.']

'What do you mean? And how does this relate to the Holy Core?'

['Host, to fully understand her situation, one must look at her ancestral background.']

Oh?

Landon raised a brow, listening to the system's explanations and insults.

Bottom line, Paula's ancestor ages ago was one of those in charge of transporting the Holy core to its resting place.

It was strange to say that Paula's ancestors originated from Tenola.

And back then, they were one of the fiercest and most trusted people, who, along with others, placed the core in the mountain.

One could say that back then, these people probably had Wuxia Cultivation kind of strength.

They probably jump in with the holy without using ropes or anything of that sort.

The heavens made them that strong because of how terrifying the beasts back then truly were.

Even now, with many still extinct, the present beasts were still too terrifying. So imagine the past?

Well, Paula's ancestor that started it all was blessed with the power to locate whatever one was looking for by having visions or focusing on touch.

They could also find people if one gave them personal information on that person.

Sometimes, they also had visions about certain people too.

They could also see themselves too.

But it was necessary to note that this power was different from Lucia's, whose own could only be beneficial for Zalipnia.

In Lucia's case, it always involved visions which sometimes caused her to fall into that state for hours, days... And the longest was for a week.

Plus, Lucia couldn't find people, objects or animals at will.

The difference was there.

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Back to the matter of Paula's ancestor, from the system's words, he and 4 other ancestors were the ones who held the core and placed it down in the mountain amidst the presence of others.

And during the exact moment when the core touched the ground, something happened that transformed them into Keys.

That's right.

All 5 of them had the power to unlock the Holy Core, unleashing its full capacity.

And only a person with an awakened blood could do it.

Again, because of this connection with the core, these 5 have purer and stronger bloodlines than any other 'blessed people.'

And as they say, more power called for more concerns.

And unlock other blessed people, those who have these unique bloodlines, need to fully awaken them to stop the headaches.

The Holy Core's powers were strong!

So it needed them to train, hone and focus their energy on controlling it all.

However, how could Paula know this?

One should know that it wasn't every generation or everyone that turned into blessed people.

For example, take Astar's situation.

He was blessed with a ridiculous strength that needed ample food to maintain.

But look at his siblings, father and even his grandfather... No one had this power.

In some cases, it could take up to 10 generations before a person with an activated bloodline turns up.

Things die, people forget, and many facts become myths instead.

Paula might not be aware of her activated bloodline.

All she knew was that since the age of 17, she had constantly been having this headache.

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'System, so she and Tilda are the only descendants having this bloodline?'

['That is correct, host. Since the dawn of age, power holders have dwindled. And thousands and thousands of years later, only a few still stand']

'In other words, the enemy who wanted the core might come for her, yes?'

['Host, see you're not that stupid after all.']

'Yes. Yes. Yes. Yes... Whatever you say.'

Landon replied, restraining himself from rolling his eyes heavenwards.

5 Keys!

For the T.O.E.P to have successfully located the core after hundreds and thousands of years of searching meant that they should also have some knowledge of the 5 Keys!

Maybe their knowledge might be limited. But still, Landon wouldn't dare to assume them clueless.

No! It was best to prepare for the worst.

Which brought him to his next question - Just how many KEYS had they found?

They needed a descendant with a fully activated Bloodline that hailed from those 5.

So just how many had they captured?

Did they know about Paula? Were they looking for her, or was he overthinking on this matter?

Landon's expression turned grim.

Too much uncertainty.

Chapter 1383 - [Bonus ]The Keys! 2

The 5 Keys!

'System, I want to find them!'

['Good host. All I can do is pinpoint the general scope of where they might be. It will be up to the hist to find them for himself!']

Pup!

Landon stared at the blue interface before him, looking at the general locations.

One was in the Continent of Omania, another in Morgany, Pyno (Paula), Dania and Zohl.

Of course, the system had been kind enough to say what empires they were on and what regions too.

For example, the one in Zohl was located around the eastern region of Glutia.

Meaning it was up to him to check the eastern regions.

It didn't say NorthEast or South East.

Nope.

The system said east, limiting his range further, which was good for him.

Landon took note of these locations, realizing that no one seemed to be captured yet.

But that didn't mean that the enemy wasn't coming for them.

The event might not even know what they looked like or who they were. But once they begin their search, it shouldn't be long before they gather more clues and find precisely who they were looking for.

What was intriguing was that looking at the system's information, some regions had 2 people with awakened bloodlines that seemed to stem from the same direct family and not cousins or indirect ones.

And in Pyno, there were also 2... Fairly located here in Baymard.

Landon tilted his head in surprise.

Eh? Could it be that Tilda had awakened her bloodline?

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'System, does it make a difference if the enemy captured Tilda or Paula?'

['Host, if Miss Tilda has awakened, it would depend on the strength of her bloodline. That said, this system can tell you that Mrs. Paula's bloodline is way stronger than the 2nd person in Pyno.']

'Meaning the enemy would have a higher chance of unlocking the Core using Paula.'

Yes!

Landon's eyes twinkled endlessly.

Assuming Tilda was the awakened person, maybe capturing her would only yield a 1 or 3% core unlock.

However, Paula might be able to unlock up to 20% of the core's potential.

Yes! This was how he looked at it.

There were 5 primary bloodline Keys.

So the stronger the bloodline, the more potential it had to unlock up to 20%.

Then doesn't this mean that if he can get the keys, the Morgs won't be able to fully unlock it?

Landon's body trembled.

Yes! Yes!

For now, he still has to upgrade his space if he wants to keep the core inside.

At first, he was worried that the longer the core stayed with the enemy, then unlocking it to its full potential would be inevitable, only being a matter of time.

However, that doesn't seem to be the case.

If he found the keys, no matter how long the view stayed with them, wouldn't it be useless?

Heh.

He finally found a shortcut.

But of course, he would never be able to get all 5 keys.

And this was because one of the unique bloodlines only had a single descendant alive, living in Morgany!



The enemy already had one key lurking amongst them.

And soon, they should be able to unlock a certain percentage of power. Maybe 10 or maybe 20%!

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All in all, some key bloodlines only had a single person with the activated bloodline.

Dammit!

Looking at another location, Landon just wanted to cry for himself.

Dania?... Dania of all places?

Wasn't that the 2nd Lampe/Adonis continent?

Yup!

Adonis had long turned the entire container unto their own.

So he would have to let his people infiltrate the regions and manage to survive and live in that ridiculously Cultic place while trying to find the key.

Do you know how occultic that place was?

Sure. . they say they are a good religion and a proper temple.

But their activities were all cultic in his eyes.

And for his men, it could take days, weeks and even months to find the Key.

So imaging it all was truly daunting.

The more Landon thought about it, the more he felt like making plans right away.

In Dania's case, it was best to go in by air... Meaning he would have to take advantage of the summer.

And if the worst comes to the worst, they would have to infiltrate by sea, but using the submerged ships.

After knowing all he did, Landon had to make plans before the T.O.E.P made their move!

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With the doctor, nurses and everyone excused, Landon calmly sat beside Paula.

"Aunt, I know what's wrong with you."

Paula was taken aback.

"Really? Little Landon, what is it?"

She gripped his hand anxiously, not knowing whether she wished to get the answer to the question she had always longed for.

The air was frozen cold, as goosebumps covered her entire body.

Body felt uneasy, tightening her quivering lips at Landon.

She... She wasn't dying, was she?

"Relax, aunt. It's not what you think."

"It's not?"

Landon shook his head sideways. "No. You're more or less fine and healthy. But aunt, have you ever wondered about their ancestors?"

" "

Paula almost smacked Landon in the head. What did her ancestors have to do with her?

Since she could recall, her grandmother said she was an orphan who grew up in Veinitta.

So beyond her Grandmother's generation, what could she possibly know about them?"

"What? Do you mean my ancestors originated from Tenola? Little Landon, are you joking with me? Look at me! I'm not as fair as they are."

Well, this was because her ancestors had come to Veinitta generations back and had married people here.

In a sense, she was 60~70% Veinitta and the rest, Tenola.

So how can she have the same skin completion as them?

Landon chuckled, explaining a few key points of what he knew.

"Aunt. From now on, you'll have to train your powers!"

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Like so, Landon began to make preparations. And in a blink of an eye, 4 more weeks flew by.

The month of May was finally here, which made many look forward to the blissful summer even more.

But to others, this was a time of war instead!

### **Chapter 1384 - The Battle Against Giants**

The cold was unbearable.

And the sky, as dark as ink.

However, as dark as it might be, it was no match for the darkness swimming in the eyes of many.

~Caipui!

A burly man spat to the side in a manly way, looking at the towering walls before him.

It's been a week since they began their siege, and soon enough, they will be able to break through!

"Holy Kardinal Everett, your holy Generals and Monkards have been gathered."

Said a knight, dawned with a diamond eye-shaped symbol on his armor.

"Hmm.."

Everett hummed, making his way back to his tent not too far from where he was.

And the knight who spoke out only followed behind with reverence in his eyes.

Just speaking to such a Holy Kardinal was as though he was receiving the Adonis' blessings on the spot!

The knight looked back at the city that would soon be theirs, snickering and their stupidity to hold the fort.

Heh.

In the face of Adonis, who can win?

Surrender now or face 'His' wrath!

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Everett lifted the flaps into his massive tent, walking past many seated.

But as prestigious as he was, the moment they saw him, they all stood and performed a strange greeting, doing the eye-symbol with their hands.

"We salute the Holy Kardinal Everett the VII. May the light of Adonis shine upon us at this hour... To Adonis!"

"To Adonis!"

Everyone briefly closed their eyes, communicating with their 'almighty.'

"At ease."

"Yes, Your holiness." Everyone replied.

In the room, the Holy Generals sat directly behind the Holy Monkards.

Each Monkard had 2 Generals seated behind them.

In essence, the Kardinal spoke directly to the Monkards, and the Generals controlled and spoke directly to the Monkards.

The chain of command was so, with each group having their units of trained men.

But make no mistake.

Though only 2 Holy Generals were brought in by each Monkard, this wasn't all they had under their sleeves.

They only brought their most trusted and prized Monkards into the room, leaving the rest to keep overseeing the general battle that was still going on.

As Monkards, rising to this high position meant having at least 15 Monkards in their command.

And each General also had a team of at least 8000 men, with some having up to 11,000, dividing them into different units.

As for the Kardinal, he had 10 Monkards under his command.

The Kardinal's robe was Holy Blue; though he had 3 other main coloured options he could wear; Blue with black lined robes, Blue with white lined robes, or Blue with orange lined robes.

The Monkards could choose between purple robes and 2 other colored robes lined with different colors too.

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Everett took his seat, rating his ring for all to see.

"With the blessed being given by our great and Holy Leader, we shall win this battle.

First, the Thamans! How are things going with them?"

Thamans... A.K.A priests.

They were believed to convert enemies on the battlefield using their staff.

If one can recall, the staff colors vary from strongest to weakest as; Black, Dark Green, Purple, Red, Blue, Yellow/Golden and finally, Silver/Clear Crystal.

And only high ranking Thamans could use clear staffs, having a higher willpower and strength of manifesting Adonis' powers.

The clearer the staff, the more power they can wield.

One of the Lords smiled, feeling very pleased with the situation.

"Your holiness. The Thamans in my units have had great help since the beginning.

There was a tricky situation along the walls, which we couldn't get over. But after the Thamans prayed, a strong wind descended, curving many enemy arrows away.

With this, we managed to move several more steps closer, finally leaving the barrels of explosives along the barred city gates.

If this continues, it won't be long before we can break through the gates and infiltrate the city!"

The Monkard smiled merrily.

Right now, they are at war in the continent of Omania!

Here, ? of the empires in this continent experience snow.

No... They only had 2 primary weather types: rain and Sun.

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Typically, when it's snowing for the rest of the world, it would be the sunniest time for them.

And when it was the pique of sunny days around many parts of the world, they would have heavy rainfall too.

In short, their weather was more or less pleasant, with 7 and a half months of sun and 4 and a half months of heavy rains around July to October.

But make no mistake.

At the beginning of their rain to sunny transition, the weather is typically chill and just alright with enough sun... Though it won't rain.

And as the time goes on, the heat picks up, creeping up on one.

And soon, the crazy Hamattans begin, blowing wind and just all around.

The winds can get brutal, as though one were in a sand storm.

No... If those back on earth saw this sort of sand storm some, they would think the end of the world was near.

But for those in this world, such things were normal.

The weather here has always been extreme.

And the grounds here were also far sturdier and richer than Earth's.

There were also strange metals in Omania that would be unidentified for an earthling.

It should be said that it was a tough place and the land of giants. This was basically because the people here were far taller than the average man.

Make no mistake.

The heights in this world varied from what the medieval age heights of people back on earth were.

For example, Landon and many others were already past 6 feet, with the average woman being 5'8 and above.

Even with the way they lived, they could grow to this height.

Well, maybe it was because of the slight deviation of their gravity figure here, which wasn't 9.81 m/s<sup>2</sup>, by the way.

It was slightly close but not the same.

The difference was very negligible in calculations. Yet, it caused so much change in the world itself.

... Or maybe it was because of the other changes from nature and factored around them.

But still... They were all too tall for processed people.

Then imagine how they would be in the nearest future?

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Omania was the land of giants because the women there averaged 6'2 and the men were 6'8.

And though this was their land and they were more skilled in winning battles here, they seemed to be losing against Adonis!

### **Chapter 1385 - A Determined Adonis**

Everett nodded in satisfaction, listening to the situation outside.

"Your holiness, the Battlefords under my Holy Generals, are now preparing for phase 2. It shouldn't be long before we can enter the city!"

"Good...."

The air was already thick with the foul stench of old blood.

And right in his tent, he could already smell the heavy aftermath from a week-long battle.

Everett's expression was chill

Getting to this point was not without a few sacrifices.

Scattered across the battlefield were his dead battle fords

At present, because they hadn't infiltrated the city, their enemy had the advantage of attacking from above without carrying about attacks from them.

One should recall that even though Morgany was about to create the first Ballista, it wasn't long ago.

Again, it wasn't long ago that their hidden Lampe prince had stolen the design from Alexander's person.

So it would take a while to reach Lampe.

That said, they over here didn't know about it.

In short, they couldn't imagine such long-range weapons could exist.

That is... Wasn't it just a fairytale?

The way of battle had always been like this, to minimize the death rate before the barred city gates got destroyed.

If they also knew that stone-throwers, A.K.A, Catapults were also made in Pyno, many would no doubt open their mouths wide in shock and delight.

Such Godly things was what they needed!

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However, even though they couldn't fathom the idea of having long-ranged weapons, they still managed to find several ways of protecting themselves during battle.

"Monkard Joshua... How is the 'Holy Home' coming up?"

Joshua chuckled playfully.

"Your holiness, they are all ready for infiltration!"

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The Home!

In essence, they were wooden structures created at Adonis war sights that could cover a total of 10 horses with the riders, only leaving the horses' hoofs exposed.

Of course, to support the frame, there are several support systems that are worn by the horses to keep things steady.

And the wooden structures are built so tightly together to avoid flying arrows penetrating the structure.

Of course, there are peep/arrow holes for those inside to release their own attacks on the enemies.

And when they had to leave the device, there was a door at the corners with a latch on the inside.



This was why it was called a home.

And there were 2 types.

One could be held up by 10 horses in 2 rows. And another that could be held by men as though they were in a rectangular formation.

And if worse comes to the worst, they would drop their feet, covering their weaknesses, if the rain of attack was too heavy.

It should be noted that both types were the same size, length and width.

One could take up to 10 horses, and another could take up to 20~25 men.

The men moving the structure weren't entirely the same as the men shooting from within.

Everyone worked together to create a balance to things.

And of course, outlined and attached to the exterior of these Holy Homes, we're multiple shields too.

Hey...

One had to get many forms of protection, alright?

After all, wood had its own damage capacity too.

If they allowed too many arrows to pierce the wood more and more, it would soon begin to creak and open, leaving room for enemy arrows to penetrate and kill them from within.

That said, the Holy Home was designed to look roughly similar to how knights move in formation, with their armors covering all sides.

They stoop when they can and advance when necessary.

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Everett was very pleased with the overall situation. However, how could he make his men feel happy with this much?

He tapped the paper before him with bloodshot eyes.

"It's been a week. And looking at these merry results, do you expect me to be happy?"

Our Basic Troops, Auxiliaries and Legions have all been lost by 1/30th.

Tell me! We still have other areas to claim after this. So if we keep losing this much, do you expect me to be happy?

Our Calvary, Spearmen, advanced Militia... we lost so much before we could even enter the city.

So should I be happy?

ANSWER ME!!"

Bam!

Everest smashed his table into pieces right before their very eyes.

Everyone sucked in their breath, feeling the heavy tension in the air

Strong. . strong...

How could they forget that their Kardinal was a Skull Crusher?

Though fewer people died than they expected, a loss of people was still a loss.

Luckily, after finishing things up here, they just had to conquer and control the following 3 towns and 16 villages, followed by the next big City.

And by then, backup should've arrived at the scene.

That's right.

They were expecting Backup by October of this year.

One shouldn't think that it was far away.

For one, just transitioning to the nearby village took a day and a half.

If they were just traveling to the next Big City with no intention of fighting, the journey alone would take 3.5~4 weeks... a month.

However, now that they were fighting, this alone would prolong things.

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For one, before they could leave this city, they would have to stay here for another month or 2 to subdue and control things completely.

They had to look for all hidden enemies in the city and quard the place too, before moving on to the next.

This was the Omani Empire of Klain, one of the most fertile empires with all sorts of strong metal ores.

Omania as a whole had numerous uncountable resources.

But Klain was a good start if Adonis wanted to own and rule over the entire continent of Omania.

They will conquer the region and claim Omania as theirs.

However, what they didn't know was that Morgany had long been eyeing Omania too.

The reason why they hadn't been able to conquer the place for the specs was because of too much division of labor.

It was true.

Because Morgany was focusing on too many, if not all projects in this world, they couldn't commit to a full-scale war at present.

But Adonis was different.

All their forces were strategically targeted to expand their influence.

Unlike Morgany, who was busy guarding the seas, going here and there, and even doing things Adonis found meaningless.

Of course, all that Morgany had done was still great, seeing that they are able to always be on top in this world.

In truth, Morgany was sneaky, making everyone feel like they needed Morgany. They almost hypnotized the world to see their continent as a place where the Gods lived.

But Lampe was more direct rather than tricking many. Lampe was a true tyrant.

And in terms of strength, it wasn't bad either.

There was a reason why they were the 2nd strongest force in this world.

However, even if Morgany couldn't make a move on Omania now... Who said they would ever allow Lampe to take over?

NAIVE!

### **Chapter 1386 - A Tight Power Struggle**

Left, right.

Everett's eyes slowly moved over everyone in the room.

"1 day... That is all the time you have."

If they couldn't infiltrate the city by then... Heh... Well, it's best they didn't anger him.

They had to act fast before those bloody Morgs realized their actions.

Of course, the reason why they chose to take action against Omania was that even the Morgs despised the place.

Yes! It was rich in resources.

In this world, many continents were also rich with unique resources too.

But Omania's blessings were its ores.

However, just gathering enough ores to fill an entire fleet of ships would take a lot of Omani workers and a lot of time.

That's right. The Morgs had initially intended to force the Omanians into slavery, making them do the labor.

After all, in their eyes, the Omanians were all lowlife slaves.

Why?

Because Omania looked even more down-ridden than Pyno.

Omania was ranked by them as one of the bottom continents in this world.

It was just so bad.

Maybe because the monarchs and elite groups all wore strange skirts, or perhaps it was something else... But they just looked down on them.

It can also be said that their infrastructure was very old and not 'modernized.'

It looked like they were living in a period hundreds of years in the past.

.

To be honest, if anyone back on earth saw these towering giants, the first thing that would pop into their minds would be the burly Highlanders of ancient Scotland!

And here, they called their traditional attire a Dingah.

These men had a sort of heroism in their bones, and we're very prideful, refusing to become slaves to Morgany.

The only downside was that they were very hot-headed.

And their women were also no joke as well.

The women would rather die than allow themselves to get taken away.

To die such an honorable death was truly worth some accolades.

That was the Omani way!

Maybe because most Omanians stood together, Morgany didn't dare to act too rashly since they didn't want to send or gather almost all their resources to battle against an entirely different continent.

It wasn't like they were fighting some city or even an empire.

No!

They would be going against an entire Continent with 8 empires in it!

To do so and keep sending backup constantly... would mean that they would have to pull out all ships stationed on the seas and even recall a majority of their spies and T.O.E.P members across the world just to take down an entire continent.

And you know, one doesn't have to give the enemy any chance to climb up, so the backup would have to keep coming, maybe every 3 months or 2.

.

Honestly, if Morgany did all this, It would not only let them lose some knights/power in war, but it would also make them lose their hold on other continents and empires in the world.

Heck!

They would lose control of the high seas, causing other ambitious continents like Veinitta and Tenola to rise and reclaim the waters.

Not to mention that they already had very important projects and missions they had long been working on, so how could they drop everything for Omania?

Hello? Wasn't that madness?

The matter of the Holy core had been a big priority for hundreds and hundreds of years. So who was time for Omania?

In short, the world power will shift if they concentrate all their forces on Omania.

Morgany was able to infiltrate many regions because more than 60% of nobles and the people in those regions were somewhat willing to be bribed or used.

But the strange highland-style heroism here didn't allow the Omanians to listen to their crap.

It was better to die honorably than to live such a cowardly life.

More than 70% of the Omanians thought similarly.

Yes.

They might have issues amongst themselves and even scheme with each other.

But that didn't mean that they would allow foreigners to enslave them!

Are you crazy?

In matters concerning foreigners, they almost all stood on the same side.

Even the fact that they remained a little undeveloped in this world's era showed how stubborn they were in accepting change.

They might be ranked as one of the poorest, but the people don't think so.

They hunted creatures, had food, a roof over their heads and a claim to their own land.

So what was there to feel sad about?

They unanimously refused any forms of slavery to foreigners... Though amongst them, there were slaves of war roaming about.

They just didn't trust foreigners.

It can be said that even Landon will have difficulties after meeting these people.

To get an Omani's trust was akin to passing an elephant through the eye of a needle.

.

That said, Morgany was more hell-bent on information gathering, slowly seeping and controlling the people with several projects and hidden organizations, making many see them similar to Gods.

But Adonis didn't roll like that.

One should recall that Adonis already had 2 continents; Lampe and Dania, under its wing.

So they were really for a full invasion, focusing on Omania, Romain and Pyno.

They had decided to start with these 3 continents and see where things led.

However, just a few months ago, back in Lampe, the leaders were shocked to find out that the teams they sent to spy on the situation returned with horrible news.

It can be said that back in the Capital, they were already making decisions to focus their entire energy on Omania now.

These Adonis followers in Omania didn't know it, but soon, they will have triple the backup they were waiting for.

If Adonis couldn't claim Pyno or Romain... Then they sure as well wouldn't give up on Omania.

Bubuum!

Everyone's heart drummed loudly, saying their goodbyes to the Kardinal.

The Holy Monkards swallowed hard.

What the hell are they waiting here for?

They better get a move on it before the Kardinal lowered the time limit any further.

Looking at their Holy Generals, everyone began to voice their commands.

"By Adonis! You all better show some real results before nightfall!"

"That's right. Though those pesky Morgs won't act in large numbers, they'll give us a headache if they catch on to our plans!"

"Listen here! I don't care if we have to work all night. But you must get into the city before this time tomorrow!"

(\*^)

### **Chapter 1387 - New Alert**

Like so, the Adonis followers began to hasten their approach.

And over the towering city walls, a burly man with a long black and gray beard stood majestically, watching the enemy continue their fired waves of attacks.

"City Lord, please... You have to leave!" Replied one of the men standing behind him.

Rupert's hands tightened against the walls, looking at the scene in utter silence.

"Where is my family?"

"City Lord, just as you've requested, we've tied them up and sent them out."

If they didn't tie them up, these people wouldn't leave, dying for honor.

In fact, over the last couple of days, even allowing people to vacate was quite a challenging task.

Some proclaimed that they would rather die in their properties than flee a battlezone... And these were ordinary farmers who held their pitchforks and sat in front of their doors as though waiting for enemy attack.

As a warrior, Rupert admired their fighting spirit.

But as a city Lord, it was troubling.

You have to know that even if these people infiltrated the city, they wouldn't kill the ordinary folks.

If you kill all people in Omania, who will you rule over?

No...

They needed the ordinary folks to continue farming and feeding their armies. Cleaning, booking, timber, fishing, harvesting ores, building, hunting for food, merchandising in the city, opening food stalls for gathering money into their pockets, and many other reasons were why they didn't kill them.

But knowing how stubborn the majority of people here were, they would fight on the spot and get killed instead.

Of course, these intruders can't kill everyone because that would also leave them at a loss.

These people came to conquer and not divide tasks and do manual labor.

So there will always be a balance to things.

First, they might pick a few and kill to make an example.

But what happens if the people aren't phased at all by the example?

His people were hot-headed and felt it an honor to die that way.

They would provoke the enemy even more.

That is, even if they died, they would all start a big riot, wanting to take as many enemies to the grave as possible.

And to further control matters, the enemy might have to chain them up and allow them to work... Similar to how the ancient Egyptian ordinary folks back on earth got chained and whipped when working.

This battle has been going on for a week now.

And on day 2, he called every one, issuing out his order.

He knew his people very well. If he didn't give them a mission, they would act too rashly.

Thus, he told everyone to act fearful of the enemy, gathering information and doing their best to survive until hope comes their way.

That's right.

He had bundled up his family, sending them with several guards away via the hidden exit.

They were to head straight for the Capital, informing his majesty Abrodus of the situation at hand.

He was also not worked up about the enemy finding the secret escape path because it was somewhat... As they say, enchanted.

The strange vines blocking the path could only open via extraordinary methods that only he and a few knew.

Those vines hovered over the secret wall were impenetrable.

So forget it.

That said, he also had over 90% of the guards across the city flee with his family.

Of course, they will be back, joining the reinforcements to take down those intruders.

If they stayed here, the enemy would put them to death!

.

Rupert looked at a few of the guards and chuckled.

"Are you all sure?"

The guards behind him looked at the sky, closing their eyes only briefly.

The faces of their loved ones flashed within their minds.

The good, the bad times, fun and even minutes of some members passing from illnesses all reminded them of just how human they were.

"City Lord, we will fight and die with you."

'Wife, daughter, son, family... Sorry...'

They would never see them again.

But someone had to keep the attacks raining to distract the enemy and give ample time to flee.

The hidden passageway led to the outskirts facing the Capital's direction.

However far, it could still be caught up with if the enemy entered now and realized they were missing.

Thus, the men on the walls never stopped attacking, as though confident in their victory.

Rupert smiled, knowing that his life was coming to an end.

In short, the enemy might lock him up in the dungeon, trying to get out as much information as they could.

But for how long?



If whatever they wanted to uncover was found, he would be killed.

Yesterday, Rupert had kept all important documents in the palace vault.

Yes! Just like the hidden passageway, the doors to the vault that the enchanted vines alive them.

The enemy would do anything to enter that place; maybe that would be why they would keep him alive.

The enemy might not even know that it's a vault, thinking that he kept his family and the other 80% of the city guards in some strange oasis.

.

According to the city's history, there was a powerful ancestor thousand and thousands of years ago that had the power to manipulate and grow these vines.

He positioned several enchanted vines here and across many regions within the empire.

His legend lives on because he used to walk on water, relying on his vine powers from the Vine God!

He was a powerful Omani whose legend still resonated across the land.

Thousands and thousands of years later, the vines had never lost their power, still maintaining their enchantment.

It was thanks to his firm belief in the vines that Rupert felt relieved.

Sigh...

Good times.

He indeed lived a true and fulfilling life.

But now, his fate was hanging on a string.

Rupert looked to the heavens in distress.

'Please, oh wise Vine God... Please, send your holy aid to us.'

.

~Ding!

Landon already had a bad feeling.

['Host, you have a new mission.']

### **Chapter 1388 - New Main Missions**

[Main Missions:

>Adonis is once again on the move. And this time, their focus is on Omania.

Task: Prevent them from successfully invading the continent.

Deadline: 11 months.

Punishment: Ripped apart in the void for 7 days.

>Sign a treaty with at least 1 Omani Empire.

Deadline: 1 year.

Punishment: Reduction in overall strength by 20%.]

....

Landon looked at his main missions, inwardly planning his next moves in his mind.

First off, one should know that by the first week of August, he would be leaving for Zohl to save the boy who was blessed by nature.

By the time he got back, he would only have about a month and a half to chill before reading over to Omania.

Unlike Zohl, Omania was closer to Baymard.

Once again, Landon estimated that he would come to their aid by next winter.

There was no helping it.

He couldn't be in 2 places at the same time.

He had to finish his impending mission in Zohl, whose deadline was nearing dangerously, by the way.

If there was anyone to blame, it would have to be those damn people who kept trying to assassinate the boy.

He had to deal with that, as well as establish a treaty with the boy before leaving.

Once he does so, that would be his breakthrough into Zohl.

He still had the other 13 Zohl empires to convince.

But at least, it was a start.

This was the month of May, and thus, he had 3 months and 1 week to prepare a team before leaving.

Landon sighed, taking his noon tea while waiting for a few people to see him.

~Ring~~

The phone rang, waking him up from his stupor.

["Your majesty, your 12:45's are here."]

"Hmm... Send them in."

["Yes, your majesty."]

Landon subconsciously sat upright, watching all 6 people enter his office.

And after a brief salute, they took their seats.

Of course, Alicia, one of Landon's many secretaries, also came in but sat a little further at the back.

Today, they were here for a brief follow-up meeting of no more than 30~45 minutes.

.

~Flip. Flip. Flip.~

Jotters and documents were flipped the longer the meeting carried on.

"Your majesty, here are the stats;

Regarding the Zombie virus, in the city of Yaxu, more than 99.98% of the volunteered patients reacted positively to treatment. As for the others, we are still conserving them to steady their cases. Although some in this group no longer show signs of extreme sweat release, we still aren't too sure about their situations." Doctor Pia stated.

That's right.

She had just arrived from the contaminated zone.

And only after quarantining herself did she visit Landon.

Once the returning ship she was on was close enough to Baymard's docks, they had to stay aboard for a week and a half.

And during this time, they were checked, inspected and made sure that they didn't carry the virus.

And even when she passed the port and headed for her home, she was asked to stay another 3 days indoors.

So in total, she was quarantined for 2 weeks.

And during that time, she was checked and warned not to leave.

Of course, she was a doctor.

So she understood this fact more than anyone else.

And during this time, she wasn't free either.

She spent her time on the phone talking to the many teams in Baymard, assisting them in understanding the notes and documents sent from the team back in Romain.

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As many might know, it was only in mid-February that they distributed the cure to the many Romain teams.

She was on the ship heading to Romain.

And while there, she gave the treatments some time to show signs before speeding through the empire of Czar, going from infected city to city, town to town and village to village to gather result reports.

And from there, she headed straight back for Baymard.

What they focused on was how the patients reacted to the virus.

Each curing stage had to be checked.

It wasn't until the patients got fully cured that one should begin patient documenting.

No!

The moment the patients received the cure, they were observed diligently.

In particular, they began by observing the volunteered group of patients just as planned.

Luckily, the volunteer group showed immense signs of recovery.

Several weeks later, many of them no longer looked like sunken skeletal beings.

For sure... They did look pale from illness, but one could see that their body was plumper than before.

It was as though the food and nutrients they were taking in were finally getting absorbed.

What made many of these volunteered patients weep was that their jaws no longer cracked and felt broken when they chewed.

Their tongues did swell up, but the swelling happened to go down in a week or 2.

Followed by the burst of flavor they taste whenever they are.

Before, all food tasted ashy in their mouths. But now, they felt like human beings again.

.

Pia not only collected reports but also saw a few patients for herself.

The pictures of the before, and the, them of now we're too different.

The other looked like a juicy corpse and the latter like an average sickly person.

It was already evident that the cure was working well.

However, they still had 0.02% of volunteered patients that she didn't see many striking changes from.

They only stopped sweating excessively. But chewing and doing other tasks were still burdening to them.

Maybe the treatment was slower in response for these people... Or perhaps it was ineffective.

Whatever the situation, they would have to keep a close eye on these victims and open a case study.

City by city, town by town, village by village, Pia and her team relayed the situation in each region.

And for each region, several pie charts were also done, simplifying the report further.

Landon nodded his head in satisfaction.

Excellent!

Everything was going according to plan.

### **Chapter 1389 - A Firm Decision**

"Well done," Landon asserted, sweeping his eyes across the group before him from left to right.

"Your team will stay in Baymard and continue following up, while the next team will be sent forth to Romain."

"Thank you, your majesty... It's truly an honor." Pia said, swelling with pride.

Everyone also nodded enthusiastically.

They had been gone for so long. And now, their rotational shift is over... At least for a while.

The next team would proceed towards Romain, carrying out the instructions on Phase 2.

It should be noted that though these volunteered patients had begun to see signs of recovery, Landon wanted them to pass the initial stage of observation.

By the time the next team arrived, these patients should've been in the final-observational stage.

If things still showed positive signs of recovery, they would begin spreading the cure to everyone... Not just a few volunteered.

Only then would they take such risks of injecting hundreds and thousands of people with the cure.

Just think about it, if they failed, stimulating and maybe killing everyone instead?

Though the situation was desperate, they couldn't rush things.

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For one, with the observational recovery seen by the volunteered patients, it should be another 2 months AT MOST before they fully recover... If everything went well.

This means that before the next team arrives, they should be fine.

Some might even recover a month later; it all depends on their bodies.

Of course, though a majority was estimated to be okay after 2 months, there were still the cases of those who would take longer and those who weren't showing immediate signs of recovery.

Maybe they're allergic to something, or their bodies have other issues tampering with the final results. .in the end, the work in Romain might take up to another year before they decide to you'll out, after checking and ensuring that no virus carriers escaped their grasp.

Again, they had to keep their eyes and ears open to the situation in the neighboring empires in case a carrier managed to find themselves there, spreading the virus once more.

All in all, everything was going swell. .and Landon was inwardly not based because he was confident in the veins he perfected.

That's right.

You have to know that in the initial testing phase with managers, the doctors made groundbreaking advances, which made him proud.

They started on the right track but stumbled a little along the way, aggravating and killing the hamsters.

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The doctors all felt cold sweat, imagining if it were the patients they were treating.

Say no more.

They went back to the drawing board again and again.

Of course, thanks to the doctors in Romain, the situation was stabilized and quarantined, giving them leeway or some limited time to create the cure.

And though Landon would've liked to allow them to do their thing again and again in hopes of coming up with the right formula, people were dying of agony... And, his mission dateline was also approaching.

The system had assured them that once he spread the cure and lessened the illness of even a single person, the mission would be deemed successful.

After all, curing so many people would take time that couldn't be rushed.

He just had to give one person the right formula, and the system would mark his mission done.

However, he won't receive the reward till everyone gets healed.

At least with the mission marked as complete, the punishment was no longer void.

Phew.

He almost died for a moment; luckily, he stepped in halfway and pointed the doctors and medical researchers in the right direction.

With a few simple words, everything clicked in their minds.

And step by step, he gave his input when they got stuck.

Finally, when the first volunteer patient received treatment, Landon got the system's alert.

This alone showed that his cure was correct.

That's why he felt confident.

As for the patients with special cases, he would probably have to look into their matter.

Doing their case studies and getting results would benefit other patients similar to them.

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Like so, the doctors rounded up giving their reports.

And after they left, a couple of soldiers and Marines stepped in instead.

Pap!

They stomped their feet and gave a military salute.

"Your majesty!"

"At ease... Have a seat." Landon said, gesturing to the men in uniform, who also came in with an enveloped report.

Landon took the envelope, seeing that the seal hadn't been broken.

Hmmm...

He opened the report and read it in scrutiny.

The men had expressionless faces. However, the shock in their eyes was very undisguised.

No matter how many times they saw it, his majestic reading speed was too Godly!

Flip. Flip. Flip. Flip. Flip!~

With the flick of his wrist, he speeded through the 26 paged document in just 1 minute.

F\*\*\*!

This was his majesty's legendary reading ability!

The fact that his majesty could do this was not a secret... Especially in the barracks.

It's also said that his majesty knew every word and page in every book just from a single glance.

It figures... Since his majesty was indeed the creator of 96% of Baymardian books.

The guy's brain power was out of this world.

Many secretly thought he should be the more intelligent person alive.

It wasn't rare for one to be interested in so many professions.

Many high ranking people had 7 to 10 different professions they specialized in and did well.

However, his majesty seemed to specialize in ALL!

If this wasn't a genius, they didn't know what was.

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Landon stared at the document, frowning deeply.

This was the second report on this matter. He thought these people were civilized after he gave his initial hint.

However, they dared to attack his people?

The empire of Czar...

As expected... The heavens had a good vision.

The current ruling monarch was not the monarch the system wanted.

Corruption and greed were at their highest.

You have to know that during the quarantine period, the Virus had already reached Czar's Capital.

And their monarch was more than greedy for what he saw.

Heh.

So they wanted his vehicles?

Na?ve!

Landon tapped his fingers on the table thoughtfully.

At first, he wanted to give that monarch some time to enjoy his last remaining years on the throne.

So who asked the guy to provoke him?

It was time to place the chosen one on the throne!

"If they don't want to listen, then we'll just have to make them listen!

And to begin, we'll start with the first reported troublemaker.... Ivo the Terrible."

### **Chapter 1390 - An Insulted Man!**

--Klant Town, Empire of Czar, Romain.--

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In a massive empty room, a loud stream of curses echoed across the hallways, just as expected.

For the last couple of months, it was customary to hear the screams almost every moment of the day.

Many only shook their heads wryly, going about their businesses.

While others acted as though they didn't hear a thing, carrying laundry, drinking tea, having their meal like it was just the don't howling away.

"What a good day." A person commented.

You'd think by now, the person screaming would've lost his voice or hurt his throat.

Many had secretly placed bets on this matter, saying that 'this month would be his last screaming month.'

Late October, November, December, January, February, March, April, now mid-May...

Every month, they thought the person would break his throat or something.

However, who could've predicted that this guy had the strongest neck and throat of all?



What a guy!

.

"Let me out! Let me out now! This is my town palace! Do you sh\*\*heads think you can get away with this? Damn you! Damn you and your master!"

In a very grand guest Bedroom chamber, everything, except for the bed, its beddings, and curtains, were taken out.

And the big man on the bed was also chained with the thickest shackle he had ever seen.

What was even crazier was how long the chains were.

So insane!

You have to know that he was currently in the guest bedroom wing on the 2nd floor or one of his many buildings in the estate.

Of course, each floor was as tall as 2-stories... Except for the first floor that was as tall as 2.5 stories instead

When one steps in, they would be treated with a tall and open space, looking at the ceiling high up.

This was a sign of luxury!

That said, though he was on the second floor, one could say he was on the 4th or 5th floor based on modern earth home heights.

Not to talk of the fact that he was now in a guest wing, which in itself was similar to a separate 2 story building since it had its own hall and 5 rooms; 3 below the strain and 2 above.

In short, the space was grand.

F\*\*\*!

These bastards red his left ankle to the stairway in the wing, opposite his grand room.

That is, they passed the chain severally along the stairway, leading to the wing's balcony, overlooking the wing's hall.

And just opposite his balcony was the room he was in.

.

They created a cone-shaped hole at the very bottom of the wooden door, allowing the chain to pass through.

The space was just enough for the thick chains.

But this alone wasn't what made him crazy!

With the hole there, they could somewhat hear into the chambers if he tried to do anything crazy.

But in his case, even if he heard their words, he couldn't understand them at all!

Dammit! What sort of language was that?

He spoke Roma. However, these people were talking gibberish.

That's right.

The soldiers weren't speaking Pyron but English.

With the Morgs being the leading force in this world, it also means that their language is something many would learn to know the enemy better.

It can be said that any language similar to Morgany's was the leading language in the world.

And Pyron had 95~99% similarities to it.

Just some spellings and flange differed. .that was it.

They feared that he might know Pyron and continuously spoke only English.

And whenever the doctors came in, wanting to disguise something important, they would take them to one of the other guest rooms, which they turned into an office, by the way.

It can be said that the only time they allowed him to step out was when they had to take him to the bathroom.

What was insulting was the way they allowed him to relieve himself?

F\*\*\*!

As someone of his status, he had his private toilet in his main building.

He sat on the stone platform and pooped into the hole.

Whatever happens to the sh\*\* after that was done with his business was none of his concern.

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Also, he had the family sponge that he sometimes shared with his wives to wipe his ass.

That's right.

The women felt it a privilege, fighting over who would use it.

Everyone wanted to use the golden sponge... Even his only son and daughters.

Of course, except for his last daughter, the others had come of age and moved out long ago.

His son was in the prestigious Knighthood Academy in the Capital. And his daughters were married off to other bones scattered around the empire, all for the sake of benefits.

No one cared about those who would be tasked with cleaning the sponges. All they focused on was using the golden sponge.

Of course, sometimes, they also popped in buckets and dumped sponges in there, wanting to punish some slaves, maids, or people to clean it up.

There were also times that they forced others to eat their sh\*\*.

Everything was normal and seemed to scream: I'm powerful, and I can do what I want!

However, since these bastards came, things changed.

The first month they arrived, they forced him, of all people, to clean up his sh\*\* and also clean his sponge.

And even though they gave him strange blue gloves he had never seen before (cleaning gloves), he was not grateful but wanted to hack them to pieces instead.

Those gloves weren't made of fabric and didn't seem to allow water to pass through them.

What sort of material were they from?

Ivo felt they should be no doubt priceless... But that was beside the point!

If word got out that he did such a thing, how would he be able to maintain his reputation?

Rather than calling him Ivo the Terrible, they might start calling him Ivo the sh\*\* cleaner!

.

Ahhh~~~

Ivo held his head in horror.

Dammit! Dammit! Dammit!

Whenever he thought of those times, he just wanted the ground to open up.

Revenge! Revenge! He wanted Revenge!