

TECHNOLOGY 1391

Chapter 1391 - Beyond A Tyrant

Ivo was very tempted to run up against the wall and bash his head to death.

Get out! Get out!

He wanted those memories out of his head.

That wasn't it. It was all a dream.

How could he be a poop cleaner?

Though they gave him gloves, he was still disgusted by it all.

He had to take the time and clean the sponges, making them look new.

He recalled that in the past, he had beheaded a few sponge cleaners because he saw a spec of doo-doo.

But now, he realized how hard it was to keep it clean.

Of course, he changed sponges monthly.

And during that time, he expected his sponges to look heavenly.

As for why he and many portals around the world preferred sponges, many believed that using a strip of clothing wouldn't do the job well.

Anything that scrubbed harder should remove more dirt, no?

Typically, they combined the 2.

First, they used the sponges to take most out before using a piece of fabric to do the finishing touches.

Both went hand in hand.

And though some people used reusable cloths, as nobles, they could afford to throw away their pieces of fabric every time.

But for sponges, the reason they preferred to re-use was that it was believed that the perfect pique phase for cleaning was when it had been used for quite some time.

It was like getting a new shoe.

You know, the more you wear the shoe, the more you open it up and later make it comfortable for your feet.

Famous philosophers had depicted this to be valid with sponges.

However, too much use will make the sponges too soft, like cloth to the body.

There will be a time when the doing will be deemed weak or good enough.

And that's when they threw it away.

There were a lot of words and appraised books from famous teachers, philosophers, and renowned people that showed that this was the essence of proper hygiene.

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The only times they let Ivo out was for him to clean up all sponges and take out doo-doo buckets for the times that he and his wife felt the need to behead and punish others for something so inhumane.

Finally, it was in December that he decided to give him a break from it all.

Oh~... But it looked like he celebrated too quickly because whenever he had to remove himself, they would make him dig a while on the ground and do his business like a wild animal or a dog.

He would then be given water and something they called soap to wash off his tushie.

They said it was good manure to the ground. But who the hell cares about that?

It was winter... Freezing times.

And they had to tushie open. How can he not want to kill them?

What was even sad was that when the crazy hurling winds and storms came on, he would be to time his moments of relief.

This was Romain.

The weather was brutal. And the winds would make a person fly.

He would stand by the door, escorted by many, peeking out to determine when the last minute or second intervals from one tornado wind to another.

He had just a limited time frame to poop and cover the hole, or else he would fly up with his tushie exposed.

Of course, he wouldn't be able to go far seeing the chain they always had him on.

That's right.

Even when letting him out, they still treated him like a dog on a leash.

So if the tornado tried to hurl him away, they would yank him back.

The only downside might be that he could fracture his bone or even have his foot cut off because of the shackles and the dangerous strength of the winds.

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Like so, Ivo had been living in hell, sometimes cleaning the guest wing under supervision.

At least he was not alone.

In the 2nd guest room above the stairs just next to his was Cerberus and 5 of his most trusted men.

They too, went through hell.

And many a time, he had wanted to do the cleaning job for Ivo. But how could the Baymardians allow them?

The Grand Guest wing was enormous!

And apart from scrubbing the floors using the smallest brushes, they also washed their beddings, the curtains, cleaned their very empty rooms alongside the stairway and balcony overlooking the hall.

Yes... They cleaned every 3 days.

Sigh...

In the past, they would get frantic if they saw a speck of dust.

Now, they didn't mind at all.

But did they learn their lessons?

No! They only wanted revenge!

"Damn you, Bastards! You let me out! Do you hear me? I said, let me out!~"

Lieutenant James looked up from ground floor, staring at Ivo's balcony with a slight buckle across his lips.

My, my, my... The guy had talent.

Very swiftly, he drew his attention to the men around him.

"Robert. Thanks for all your work."

"Not a problem, sir..." A 39-year-old man said, nodding vigorously.

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Robert, an ordinary farmer, nodded, feeling a little released with the situation at hand.

You know, one of his sons and a few others became a cripple because they didn't do a 'good' job cleaning the Grand Dining Hall in the main building.

Ivo was called a Tyrant for a reason.

And the people here feared him so much, with many not wanting to work here no matter the pay.

However, what can they do when they get taken from their times and forcefully thrown in here to work?

How can they, ordinary people, fight back?

Even the slaves had it worst than him, a townfolk born here.

He had been working here for 16 years, always wanting to leave but never able to.

However, how would've known that a miracle would come?

At first, he and many of them were afraid to work with these strangers, lest Ivo's forces head over and behead them all.

However, a lot of time had passed, and many started to believe that nothing would happen to them.

These strangers were kind-natured, not belittling or bullying them like others.

With time, many couldn't help wishing they would stay forever.

How can people who risk their lives to treat the curse be bad?

Well, it wasn't a curse since they now knew it was just a disease.

All this just made them like these strangers even more.

However, many were still worried for them... Especially Robert.

If word got out to the young master in the Capital, will they all survive in the end?

Master Ivo might be a Tyrant, but his son, the young master, was far beyond that title.

The boy was something else.

Chapter 1392 - The Academy's Famous Troublemaker

--Knighthood Academy, Capital City, Czar, Romain.--

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~Ting. Ting. Ting.

The sounds of blades clashing could be heard all across the academy.

Wherever one looked, they would see warriors sparring against one another.

Maybe it was because of the emergence of these strange visitors into the Capital city that created the tense atmosphere.

But many sparred with a heavy air, training harder and harder instead.

The sun was up, giving some warmth to these past rainy spring days.

It was already the 2nd week of May, and most of the snowy residue had all but gone, leaving very wet grounds... Especially the sparring fields that were now very muddy, with little shoots of greenery poking out from them.

If it were before, one would hear the upbeat bantering and gambling of some knights, wrestling against each other for money or knight resources.

But now, they all practiced outdoors and indoors, preparing for any emergencies.

If called upon, they would be able to act immediately!

The men were ready for any purpose summons!

However, one person didn't seem phased by the craziness in the Capital.

~Flip.

In a single dormitory-style room, a young man was lazily flipping through the book in his hand.

The young man had shoulder-length white hair with 2 or 4 strands of dark ones at the very front of his hair.

It should be noted that though the people in Romain typically had white hair and dark skin tones, over 80% of them had a few strands of hair with different colors placed on various regions on their hair.

For example, the boy's mother had just 5 bold strands of black hair on the left side of her all-white hair.

And the boy's father, the great Tyrant, had just 10 or so trends of red hair instead mixed with his white ones.

Of course, in Romain, one could say that their overall or dominant white hair varied from silver to various gray undertones and back.

Only a few had pure white hair without different colored strands in them.

Such people were always more or less found in the royal family... Though some nobles and peasants also had these traits.

People with these were seen as pure breeds or nobler than others.

It should also be noted that because of close relations with the continent of Zohl (blue people), mixed children also had many hair color variations too.

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Very calmly, the boy closed the book and snapped his fingers at live-in Butler.

Yes. Most noble students from the academy came in with their butlers and caretakers who would shine their armor for them, assist them dress up, clean their boots, clothes and even fetch their meals.

This was to allow them, the proud knights of the empire, focus on nothing else but training!

The youngster had managed to secure a bachelor dormitory for himself, which only showed how capable he was.

Word on the street was that he managed to secure it long ago when he was still a measly 13 years old.

That's right.

Before he even came of age and matured, the youngster had already shown great prospects.

At the age of 7, he got into the Academy and was bundled up in one room with over 10 boys or so.

At that age, they were allowed to bring in butlers, slaves, maids, or servants.

They were far from officially being allowed to down armor.

At that age, they had to focus more on building a solid formation, all the way up until their coming of age at 14.

So before then, the youngsters would have to do everything for themselves or bully their other classmates or dormitory mates into doing it.

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From the start, the boy had always shone brightly.

Crossing him was disastrous.

And he became a 'problem' to many because he would always beat up his roommates to the point of near-death.

No matter whether they were nobles or not, they tasted his fist.

Make no mistake!

These youngsters all had their hidden guards sent by their families.

In some instances, their butlers were undercover hidden guards.

Those were the academy rules.

Outsiders could not harm the students in any way, even if their masters were in a fight.

They could only watch and do nothing.

The only moment they could intervene was when their masters were almost dying.

They were not to fight the opposing student but take the masters and flee.

That was the way things were.

From the moment he not stepped into his first dormitory, he had long decided to take action.

At first, his classmates and others were annoyed, wanting to beat the hell out of him in teams.

But he was the mists killed in class, using their advantages and hesitation during battles to stab their hands with blades or punch them cold.

Killing was not allowed.

So the boy wasn't punished.

His roommates were always trying to come at him at the start of his mania.

But soon, they began to cower away after eating so many losses.

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Once, a person's bones were so fractured that they had to stay at home for a year to recover before returning to the academy.

They would have to enter the batch behind them while their classmates advanced.

Who wanted to be left in the dust?.. Especially when they had pressure from their families?

Many people in their big and noble clans in the Capital were fighting for the position of patriarch or leader.

Some were sons of elders who wanted to overthrow the patriarch. In contrast, others were the sons of the leaders.

Should they seem weak, their competitors would use this to push them down!

After so many brutal beatings, their families told them to stay away.

But even if they did, the boy didn't seem to want to let them go.

With big headaches and complaints from ALL the big plans, the academy had no choice but to give him a single bachelor chamber, with 2 rooms in it—one for himself and one for his servants.

What was bizarre was that after this, the boy seemed to calm down.

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Chapter 1393 - A Famous Boy

Vitonio Helting...

Though he had calmed down quite a lot, no one dared to underestimate him... except for quite a few, who would try teasing him, wanting to take down the big devil.

Many juniors and even his seniors would always want to stir trouble but ended up badly.

As a rule of thumb, the academy allowed juniors and seniors of 2 levels apart to spar with one another.

After all, it won't be fair for a newbie of 7 years old to spar with a 1st-grade Knightley Commander.

There were rules to everything.

This meant that a few seniors could also challenge him.

They thought they couldn't win but always ended up with very gut-wrenching injuries instead.

What was even more strange was that this demonic tyrant had 2 chummy friends, who would always tag along with him during classes.

The identities of these friends were very off-putting, making many wonder why the big demon chose them as friends.

One was a peasant, while another was an independent noble who popped out of nowhere.

Though their identities were weird, the initial feeling they gave off could scare many away with a single gaze.

They were definitely not normal!

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Vitonio closed his book, leaning against his seat thoughtfully.

"Ambros."

~Swish!

A shadow appeared.

"Young master!"

"Hmm... So you've returned... Any news?"

The fully cloaked Ambros had his head down, retrieving something from his pockets.

Oh?

"What's this?"

"Young master, while I was scouting for information about these strangers, I met with Locke."

Here?

Vitonio tightened his grip on the rolled-up letter.

Locke was one of the men he had stationed in a city not too far from his Klant Town.

For a message to arrive with a red string on it meant things back home weren't looking good.

Who?

Klant was his to inherit! It might be a town, but it was still his inheritance, and he would never allow anyone to touch what he had long taken as his!

Could it be that the royals and many of their foes had finally decided to act?

You should know that his father, Ivo, the Terrible, had all it took to advance in status. Yet, they kept him at the level he was in.

The monarch liked to act as though 'his hands were tied' in changing matters, saying that other nobles disagreed. Vitonio sneered when thinking of it all.

Things weren't as simple as they seemed.

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The Helting Clan was a vast and superior clan scattered across the empire.

That's right.

His ancestors and clan members were also in the Capital. However, they were his enemies.

In short, his father got sent away (banished) to Klant town in his younger days.

And the Helting clan branch here was given to him to overlook. In the end, this also meant that the Clan had decided to abandon the branch here too.

Many because the products there were almost nothing or maybe for other reasons.

In the end, the monarch approved Ivo to be the town lord of Klant.

In the past, his ambitious father had gone against many and lost.

That he understood.

However, if someone tried to project their hatred for his father onto himself... that, he couldn't tolerate!

Whether his father lived or does, what did it have to do with him?

The old man was 43.

Hadn't he lived long enough already?

Vitonio wasn't bothered by the many people wanting his father's neck.

No... What annoyed him was that ever since he came to the Capital at a young age, those Helting bastards in the Head Clan had been secretly making moves at him.

It was quite annoying having to deal with them again and again.

What's worse was his majesty's attitude and the many ambitious people who might want to take his inheritance away, hoping to pull him down.

Vitonio's eyes shone with a calm yet vicious light while untying the red string holding the letter.

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Two minutes went by in a flash.

"look at it."

Em?

Ambros took the note feeling the murderous aura from his lord.

"Young Master! Could it be the work of these strangers?"

From the letter, around the 1st week of last November, Locke headed on to check things under the guise of being a traveling merchant, wanting to rest in an inn or tavern.

You have to know that with all the enemy enemies around him, Vitonio always had his people regularly check on his property... Klant town.

He didn't care about his mother or his father.

His mother has also been a ruthless woman, always trying to please his father.

When he was 4 or so, she would injure him just to frame the other wives.

She used him as a pawn to get closer to Ivo.

And because he was Ivo's only son, of course Ivo would blow his head off if something happened to him.

It wasn't like Ivo loved him so dearly or something like that.

No...

In this world, having a son was also a prestige.

A man could raise their head and talk pridefully in public.

Men who have nothing but daughters were moved and even looked down on.

That is, who is going to carry your name when you're gone? Who will take over your legacy?

Many men refused to accept that all they worked and schemed for would go down the drain because of the lack of an heir.

It was probably why the enemy always came for him and hardly came for his stepsisters.

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Locke had gone to do his routine check. However, he was stopped at the perimeter and told to go back.

What was so shocking was that the entire Klant town seemed to be surrounded by strangers.

Thus, he immediately sent the message to him.

From the description, Vitonio confirmed that they should be the same people who invaded the Capital.

How dare they?

Call it intention, but he had a feeling that if things continued, he would lose Klant town forever.

He had a secret in that Town that he could afford anyone, not even his father, to know.

Vitonio stared at Ambros with a frosty look in his eyes.

"Find their weaknesses!"

"Yes, my lord."

~Swish!

Vanish.

Chapter 1394 - A Messy Czar

Like so, those in the empire of Czar became more and more heated up.

How could they not be?

Even their monarch was biting his nails from anxiety.

These people had just stormed in, behaving like mercenaries.

Of course, organically, these people came in through the 'front door'... As they say.

These intruders originally and very humbly requested cooperation to deal with the curse at hand.

However, the greedy eyes of the monarch, as well as several nobles, couldn't resist wanting to confiscate their carriages and everything they had on them... Including their cool clothes too.

After all, if you do the math, they, the nobles and knights of Czar, were so many in number and could easily overpower these intruders.

Though they might lose a few, what they lose should be a small number.

F***! Do you know how many knights and nobles reside in the capital?

Most big clans have their primary Clan residence in the capital. And each person with status from that noble home would have their one set of guards and public knights.

2,000... 5,000... 10,000... 20,000... The number of guards people had was a lot, not to talk of what the royals had.

The palace itself was a gigantic zone divided into sectors with a vast number of guards in rotation.

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In addition, one shouldn't forget all the talents, both young and old, residing in the knighthood academy.

And lastly, apart from the many movies and those around, there were city guards scattered a mock too.

No matter how one saw it, if they all came together and acted against these people, they would definitely win.

Yes!

With the curse, they did lose quite a few people... However, their losses were less than 2%... Mostly the peasants, with little or no losses from the nobility.

That's right.

These intruders came in 1 week after the curse had penetrated the capital.

But so what?

The Monarch, healers, Apothecaries, and even the Muyins (priests) of their God Jah, weren't grateful at all!

What a joke!

The curse had only surprised them initially. So wouldn't it take time to deal with it?

They felt that using their customary rituals of divinity, bloodletting, and a couple of factors, they should be able to solve it themselves.

So what thanks should they give these strangers?

As per Landon's orders, the Baymardians had discharged towards all regions in Czar, ensuring that they didn't miss a single spot... Or else, even if they cured the already infected places and left, wouldn't their efforts and work be undone if it started all over again in another region?

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Like so, the Baymardians had done their job steadily, with all task units and medical staff from the ships strong out strategically.

And that was how they got to the Capital on time, making the Nobles and the monarchs greedy for what they saw.

However, these people refused to cooperate with them even though the lives of their citizens were at stake.

So what else could they do except to act like mercenaries?

Sure.

These people outnumbered them, but so what?

The Baymardians gave their warning by targeting picking public forest-like zones within the royal and noble estates.

Rick people liked to have lawns that stretched out far, with ponds, little bridges, and even small forest regions in their estates.

Some might have 2 or even 3 forest-like hills in their homes... Some for keeping their abandoned wives far away, while others for sightseeing or keeping wild pets in.

In the end, it wasn't uncommon for an estate to have a lot of greenery.

And the bigger the clan, the more grand and numerous these forest zones were.

The Baymardians didn't want to kill anyone... Yet. Only if they have to would they do so.

As a warning, they exploded these forest zones within all the noble estates simultaneously.

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2 A.M.

The ground shook, a massive crater was formed as though a meteor had crashed within these comes!

Fire had lit up, burning one or two of their precious forest zones.

Luckily, with the way they designed their estates, the fire wouldn't spread out of the other regions of their estates.

Still... The next day, every noble, and even his majesty, all had solemn faces.

This was a slap to their faces.

As powerful men, who could take such an insult and blatant show of arrogance?

At first, they didn't know who did it.

However, the Baymardians themselves, when asked, shrugged their shoulders, saying it would be easy to kill off everyone idle they wanted to.

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Dammit!

Such an explosion and fire all over their grand noble estates meant that these Baymardians had a vast amount of black powder with them.

What if they had decided to kill them in their sleep instead?

And just look at their superior skills?

No one had seen them move... How did they do it?

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Of course, since it happened in early spring, the Baymardians didn't use hot air balloons but snuck in to do the job.

They wanted time-bombs to go out at the same time.

Did you see the holes those time bombs left in the ground? What sort of black powder were these people using?

Some nobles felt that they should've run out of black powder, wanting the monarch to take advantage of this.

However, before they could put their plan into motion, more strange vehicles came in as backup.

And the sizes of these vehicles were even more dreadful and intimidating than the earlier ones.

That's right.

More Baymardians had arrived with Military Tanks and bigger war machines.

(-_-)

Say no more.

Everyone cringed their neck, feeling the heavy tension in the air.

Like so, the Baymardians forcefully began quarantine.

No one in, and no one out.

The monarch pulled blood severely, having people give orders on his behalf.

He was like a paper monarch now.

But what could he do?

The situation in Czar was a mess!

However, the ordinary folks didn't seem to mind.

(^0^)

Chapter 1395 - Good News!

The situation in Czar was unique.

But unlike them, far away in Morgany, things were truly looking up!

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-Estate of 'V,' Empire of Abian-

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The land was vast and rich, with numerous hills and shores running a mock.

The owner of the place had a love for his mares, designating an entire hill with trees, streams, stony structures, and a few well-built stables for them.

The horses were all intelligent and used to living in the space.

They knew where everything was and even knew how to get back to their stables to avoid the rains or the complicated weather.

They were free to do as they wanted.

And the stable boys would always routinely check their needs daily, ensuring they didn't have injuries.

And as per most, if not all, noble estates, it too had 3 major sectors.

The ease was grand and very luxurious.

Everywhere one looked, they would see workers busy with their chores, as well as various wagons going in and out.

This was a typical lifestyle here.

However, on this day, many worked extra hard.

It was obvious.

The master of the estate was finally coming back.

And who was he?

Well, he was none other than the current Head and Leader of the Pirate Organization!

Lord, Master!

No one knew the master's name or what he looked like, apart from a few.

As pirate leader, so many people wanted him dead. His identity was always shrouded in mystery.

There was little to no sound in the estate, yet everyone was moving... Moving, not talking.

Time... Time...

They didn't have time to talk!

His pillows had to be fluffed, his bath water ready, his food ready, with the tasters all lined up too.

Everything needed to be perfect for when the master arrived.

But it wasn't just them, as the master's 7 wives also got busy.

"Dammit! Where are my crescent pearls?"

"You there, get me the beauty potion #5! The lord is coming back. Do you want that b**ch to look better than me? I MUST HAVE THE LORD TONIGHT!"

(*x*)

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The wives took out their best attire from this season's shopping and even had bees and insects sting their Lips to plump it up.

The life of a noblewoman was so tasking.

They could only see their husband one or maybe even 4 times a year if they were lucky.

There was no helping it.

Their husband was the head of the pirate organization.

He had many hidden estates, not just in Abian, but in the other 2 Morg empires.

He also jumped back and forth between the 3 empires in secret, with no one knowing his movements.

Even his arrival at this time was unexpected.

A messenger had ridden to say he would be coming in 2 hours.

Goodness!

Every place was helter-skelter.

The women yearned for their husband, wanting to quench the fire that had burned them for months now... Though they also knew that their husband should've probably quenched his fire with those many vixens around the continent.

Of course, they would never blame their husband.

The vixens were to blame, coming to a married man who already had 7 wives.

How shameful!

Hmph!

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"Come now, girls, prepare fast! Your family is on his way!"

The daughter of the many wives all dresser duo as well.

As for the sons, they had long been away from the estate, undergoing rigorous training to become great pirate members in future.

Only the oldest and second sons were qualified for Heir training.

If one would recall, when a current pirate leader turns 50, he has to step down and become an elder.

And during that side, a new heir is chosen, taking his place as the leader.

He must be a minimum of 25 years old... No less!

It should be said that 860 applicants get chosen from the age of 7.

From then on, the competition between them would only become fiercer and fiercer, until at 24 or so, only one would emerge victoriously.

The rest who survived the long 16-year tournament of training, poison adhering, and brutality, would then be posted to other pirate positions.

Zain had his first 2 sons sent in for Heir training.

As for his other 2 sons, they popped out a little too late

After all, by the time he was 50, some of them would still be 20 or 21.

With 7 wives, and a few illegitimate children from his escapades, Zain had a total of 4 sons and 29 daughters.

Most of his daughters were married off, and he didn't even know them.

What he cared about were his 4 sons!

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~Gallop. Gallop. Gallop.~

The many carriages processed closer and closer.

And in one of them, a burly aide was currently talking with his master on serious events.

"Leader... According to our estimates, it shouldn't be long before the investigation groups arrive Pyno and Veinitta."

"Hmmm..." His master replied with a cold glint in his eyes.

Pressure... Pressure...

The aide felt it hard to breathe.

Whitebeard... The Baker... Who would dare to kidnap the leader's blood brothers?

With the leader's supernatural powers, that person would definitely die a cruel death!

"Go on."

"Right! Leader. We are only staying here for 2 months.

In another week or so, the Holystone should be approaching one of the coastal cities here in Abian.

If we leave in 2 months, we should more or less arrive about the same time it arrives in the Capital city.

Even though the pirate research unit is also stationed in the Capital, our presence there is a must!"

Zain nodded his head, agreeing with his aide.

According to the very hard-to-find information left by his predecessors, the Holystone is the root of power.

According to the legend, the stone should have keys that unlock its potential.

He and many didn't know what the keys were.

However, a few ancient clan names were roughly mentioned.

So if they could locate those coming from their families, wouldn't they be one step closer to solving the mystery?

Did ancestral generations pass down these keys as family heirlooms?

Zain didn't fully understand this matter.

However, he knew he had to capture these people!

Only they had the answer to unlocking the stone's potential!

Chapter 1396 - An Expecting Visit

Finally!

The Holystone was closer to Morgany than ever before.

Just in a week or so, it would hit the shores.

And after a few more months, those in the capital would ultimately be able to get their hands on it!

Soon, the world would truly know what power was!

The Morgs were ecstatic.

Zain smiled broadly, thinking this news alone could topple the annoying stream of bad that had been bombarding him for quite some time now.

First, there was a report from Old Crow Face and a few others about some legendary people from a place called Hamunaptra.

They not only kidnapped the young Rankin but also had the guts to say that he was their heir or something.

Rankin was the son of Countess Yaya, whose father was a great inventor.

The old fool died with his secret technique and creations, hiding them somewhere they hadn't figured out.

What irked him was that one of the old fool's creations had inspiration from some ancient document linking up to the Holy Stone.

They didn't know how important that information was.

However, since they were too clueless of all that the holy stone could do, wouldn't it be best to gather all the information that came their way?

It was the real reason Countess Yaya was forced to marry the count.

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For years, they built a particular tower high up in the sky for her, keeping her locked in there forever.

The only thing they did was bring her food and a few buckets of water.

She cleaned for herself, did laundry, and practically everything else.

Many in Morgany had long forgotten how she looked, thinking she should've long died up in the tower.

But only a few servants and they, the higher-ups, knew for a fact that the woman's life was hard to kill!

Through her many years of future, she hadn't even confessed or given way for one second... This was rare in a woman.

Maybe it was because they hadn't captured her brat of a kid yet.

But since she didn't see his body, she didn't budge at all from their threats.

A mother trusts her instincts.

She knew her son was alive. And if after so many years, they couldn't find him... Heh... Then what bloody threat could they give her to prove his death?

Countess Yaya's only weakness was her son... Rankin.

Just when they thought they finally had him, those Hamunaptra people suddenly swooped in and took him.

They had strange symbol clothes, and their entire fighting styles were strong and very distinctive too.

Their language was neither Pyron, Morg, or Veinnit.

They only knew a few Pyron words, and their accents were too strange and heavy.

They were definitely not around Pyno, Veinitta, or even Morgany.

So... Could it be that there was some hidden island or region far out in the seas that they hadn't seen yet?

Could it be that the cause for many missing or dead private fleets was because when they came closer to this island, they would get killed by these Hamunaptra people?

[... Err... No. Tye dangerous creatures underneath the seas and the many event attacks got to them...]

.

Hamunaptra... Hamunaptra...

"Leader, with the 20 from the top 100 pirate fleets on the move, we will definitely find this place called Hamunaptra."

"Hmmm." Zain's expression was cold.

From the letter, these people even dared to say they were stronger than Morgany and would come for Morgany soon.

This meant they weren't afraid of Morgany.

So what gave them the guts to say so?... What gave them the liver, the heart, the eyeball to say such daring words?

It wasn't as though Zain was scared of them.

No!

What he hated was having venues lurking in the dark.

It was best to bring them out in the light and find out all he could about them.

"Leader, it's said that they fled by ship and escaped the scene. And with the evidence we have, it's clear that they battled with a few of their men, trying to leave the continent Pyno as fast as they could.'

One should know that a lot of pirate fleets stationed in a particular spot in line with their reported escape route was proof enough of their exit from Pyno.

But where?

Zain wasn't sure they wouldn't head for Morgany or Veinitta.

And since Pyno itself was out of the question, they definitely took the boy to either other parts of the world... Or to some undiscovered island they, the Morgs, weren't acquainted with.

Zain frowned.

Could it be the Whirltic zone?

(?^?)

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The Whirltic Zone.

There's a very turbulent corner of the seas directly between Dania and Romain.

There, monstrous whirlpools reigned, making the zone a no ship-traveling spot.

That would just be suicide.

Additionally, no matter what time one went there, it was always raining and thundering.

There were many bizarre phenomena in this world... And the Whirltic zone was one of them.

So... Could it be that there was an unknown island this fine that only its people know how to cross?

Zain didn't like this one bit!

He felt his hunch was correct.

And maybe, there might even be an entire island as massive as an empire in there!

Of course, judging from the distance between Dania and Romain, it wouldn't be another continent.

Nonetheless, having a small size doesn't mean it wasn't a powerful force to be reckoned with.

Just look at how much damage they did to those he sent to capture the boy?

"Leader, for this Hamunaptra matter, I think they have something to do with Countess Yaya... Or else why would they risk so much for her son? Maybe they would also try rescuing her too."

Countess Yaya was the most suspicious.

All they had to do was wait, and these Hamunaptra people will soon come for her!

It should be her father's work that also drew them in.

In that case, did they also know about the Holystone?

.

Zain raised the corner of his lips cruelly.

"When we get to the Capital, strengthen the defenses around that woman.... Wouldn't it be rude for us to miss their visit?"

Chapter 1397 - To The Barracks!

5, 4, 3, 2... 2 days to D-day!

"Dammit! Why the hell is time going so slowly?"

"Ahhh~ I can't stand it anymore! I saw the every for the blue computer keyboards and wanted to go crazy!"

"F***! They even had my favorite character Gon from Hunter x Hunter on the keyboard pad!"

"Amazing! Did you see the advert? How can this computer thing be able to do so much? No way! I want it now!"

"Say no more! I'm going to camp outside the store tomorrow night. Didn't you hear the amazing sales for the first 50 people in each store? F***! I would be a fool to miss out on that! Luckily, I don't have school anymore!"

(*?*)

....

The scene was too lively.

Many students who had long finished their final exams at the beginning of April were all too happy to line up and get their computer pieces.

You can't buy one part without the other.

The Monitors, CPU, and even the plugin keyboards were all one big unit.

Of course, buying some necessities like the CPU fluid cleaner, the keyboard pad, microphones, keyboard protector, and several other basic amenities was one's choice.

Tsk!

No wonder they had long seen many vans filled with workers, coming in and out of various buildings connecting cables to each unit.

That's right.

Almost all buildings had internet services already.

All that was needed was for them to plug in their computers.

There were no wireless connections available. So everything had to be plugged directly into the walls.

Nonetheless, this alone was still jaw-dropping to many.

Schools, police stations, hospitals, even residential regions had long been making adjustments for over 8 months now.

And even though many didn't know how to use a computer, the adverts alone spoke for themselves.

There were adverts focusing on gaming, some focusing on how beneficial this was for work and many other reasons.

Tsk.

For sure, the birth of Esports would soon be a professional job.

And in 2 more days, Baymard would explode!

Not just because of the computers and the internet... But also because of portable music pods too.

Doing a morning jog or working out in the gym would now be more fun than before.

Of course, one must be aware of their surroundings, not boosting the volume to a maximum level while on the streets.

Believe it or not, Landon was going to make it illegal.

That's right.

It was his empire, and he could do what the hell he wanted to.

Just as speeding over the speed limit was wrong, cranking up the volume to a max was also wrong.

What if they get too drawn in that Truck-kun finally takes their lives?

No way!

At most, the volume should be on a 50% level.

That's why on the Pods, there were rational volume choices on the settings like Driving/walking mode, and so on.

Should you be caught listening higher than that, one could get fined heavily.

Anything to stop Truck-Kun.

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Like so, many were awaiting the D-Day itself!

As for Landon's household, they too were all pumped out as well.

Little Momo, Linda, Tilda, and Little Ren all catered around him anxiously.

"Com'on, brother Landon... can't we just go into your office and use them for the first time?"

"Yeah! Why are you so stingy? What's the difference between now and 2 days later?"

The 4 were like little dogs scratching at him.

Little Ren and Tilda had long fitted in with them, acting as spoiled as ever too.

Hey... What could they do?

In the face of such godly things, they couldn't help themselves at all!

Landon shook his head wryly, looking at the youngsters around him.

As expected, he should've left earlier to avoid their hassle.

This entire week, they had been giving him hell all in hopes of sneaking into his office.

Yup!

He already had his computer delivered and set up perfectly.

And these little devils had been too scheming this entire time... Even Tilda was in on it!

"Well, if there's no difference between seeing it now and seeing it in 2 days, then I see your point."

"You do?!"

Everyone's eyes jumped ecstatically.

Their lips quivered with disguised glee while holding each other tightly.

"So... You agree?"

"That's right. I agree... I agree that you'll have yours in 2 days!"

"No~~~!!!!!!."

Their painful cries echoed out across the hallway as Landon hastily dashed away from the scene, vanishing before their very eyes.

Soon enough, he was already outside, running for his dear life.

"Quick! Quick! Start the car!"

His secretary was already in the vehicle, and the moment he hopped in, the cries of the 4 devils bellowed from behind.

"Brother Landon, get back here and face us!"

"Smelly big brother! Just you wait! When you come back, we will have our revenge!"

(*π*)

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Kora who seemingly joined them with the many holding her, also stared at her big brother tearfully.

She had tried to use her baby charms to enter his office alongside him.

But why? Why did her sweet brother who spoiled her silly refuse to get the hint?

It was such a funny scene, seeing a baby with a pink pacifier in her mouth, sucking carefully at Landon.

Brain pushed his glasses and flicked his hair to the side calmly.

"Your majesty, if I didn't know that your sister was a baby, I would've thought she was mad about this matter too."

Landon chuckled, taking hold of the documents Brian was shoving at him.

If he told him that his guess was correct, how would Brian react?

Landon pushed the matter aside, signing the documents his diligent secretary had prepared for him.

"Your majesty, those at the bank called in, reporting that their plans were still going smoothly. And on June 15th, all information concerning the major establishments should be saved in the bank system with their business accounts created."

"Meaning by June 30th, the bank would be able to fully focus on civilian matters."

Yes!

During these past 4 and a half weeks, that was all the bank was doing.

All businesses had to be registered with their accounts before June 15th... Which was in another 3 weeks.

The bank activities would officially launch by June 30th, giving them an additional 2 weeks to round up any loose ends.

Landon nodded his head in satisfaction.

Good...

Now, it was time to head on to the barracks.

That's right.

Today, he would be overseeing a Military battle with units on the move.

But the difference was that this time, they would be using DRONES!

Hehehehe...

It was time for action!

Chapter 1398 - Military Competition

--Baymardian Barracks, District B--

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"Your majesty!"

"Your majesty!"

"Your majesty!"

One by one, everyone gave Landon a firm salute before walking beside him with their hands behind their backs.

"Is everyone ready?"

"Yes, Your majesty." One of them stated.

For the competitions amongst the many brigades, the brigade themselves wouldn't know when the competition was held.

It was only during the late morning hours today that the sirens went off.

They, the higher-ups, liked mixing things up.

In a year, they would get 1 or 2 competitions of this nature, and it could fall within any of the seasons, be it in the harsh climate or the warm and nice summer ones.

They also did the same for the soldiers within the other empires too.

It should be noted that unlike Baymard's situation, for the other empires, they bundled them and put them in the 'foreign brigades created.

So those brigades were very diversified, having talents from Carona, Zalipnia, and even the newly treaty-signed Romain empires.

In total, Baymard had signed treaties with over 15 empires now... Most from Romain.

The talents would enter either one of the 12 existing foreign Brigades.

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Landon had no plans for making other brigades. These ones should be enough, even after signing treaties with the entire world.

That's why the entire District B was for military purposes.

Half of the vast moderate-city sized district would only be for training new arrive.

Of course, the other half had the prisons there.

Though sometimes, the higher-ups did permit some battles to be done on the left side, seeing that they had built quite a few 'abandoned-buildings' for simulations over there.

It can be said that when it came to the matters of those residing out of Baymard, their competitions were more or less different too.

However, it was all beneficial for them.

Without guns, explosives, or other weapons, they primarily relied on their hands, as well as a few gadgets of their own.

For one, they were given practice bows and arrows, which would stick on its target, refusing to come out without a specific chemical for removal.

It was thanks to the Weapon manufacturing industry that such a thing was made possible.

Also, their swords, blades, and daggers were akin to lightsabers... Except that when it made contact with any object, it would release a paint-like fluid.

Like way, they would know if one was killed or hot.

Baymard had done its best to create as many practice weapons as possible.

Out on the field, they would have to rely on quick thinking, terrain assessment, hearing, the ability to create ropes from plants, rock-climbing and even how to use their surroundings to their advantage.

The popular assassin skills that all empires had in common were also enhanced and taught.

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Like so, their competitions and tests of strength differed from Baymard's.

It can also be said that unlike those who had just 1 or 2 competitions a year, the Baymardians had 3.

One was simulated with weapons and every technology Baymard had to offer, while another was simulated similar to how the other barracks operated.

This was so that in any scenario, whether there was technology or not, the Baymardians would be able to stand on the top.

This also made them not rely on modern weapons too.

And as for the 3rd competition, it could resemble any of the first 2.

The higher-ups would pick which one they felt needed more working on, giving the Baymardian soldiers another chance to better themselves.

The first competition for the year took place in the early months of January.

And today, the various brigades would send forth their best Companies and units to represent themselves.

This drill was just in time to show how well they've mastered the latest drone technology that came out a month ago.

How well they used this to their advantage was what he wanted to see!

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Landon and the rest briskly walked into the vast control center, with numerous monitors showing every corner across the scene.

What's more, there were already official monitoring drones flying around.

The official drives were bright camouflage Red to let everyone know they weren't part of the competition.

So they shouldn't feel too bothered about them.

However, if it were a green camouflage drone flying about, that would be an issue.

This was still spring, and the weather was not conducive for Hot air balloon air force unit operations since it would rain mid-competition.

Meaning the air force units could more or less stay in fixed positions, moving their drones about.

The drones were waterproof and could even go under the sea if needed.

So one didn't have to worry about them getting damaged.

Landon walked in with a stoic expression, taking his seat beside Lucius.

"You're just in time," Lucius said, without even looking at Landon.

His attention was all on the screen.

That's right.

Just 2 more minutes and the show would officially begin!

Landon leaned into his seat with an expectant gaze on the many screens before him.

The Poison Lily Brigade, Black Scorpion, Blue Tarantula, and many other brigades were participating.

Good...

Landon nodded at another in the room, taking up the communicator.

Click.

The green bottom came on. And now, his voice would be audible for all to hear.

.

"Today, you all will be participating in your 2nd Barrack competitions!"

On the front entrances of the various barracks, the many soldiers stood firm with expressionless faces, listening to Landon's sage words.

Their bodies were hot, their hearts boiling, and even their feet wobbling.

No matter how many times they did this, the sensation was very jolting.

Some brigade members were new, some old...

The competition was never the same!

"I won't say much, but only remind you that as soldiers, it is your duty to protect, guide and lead.

You are to act in alignment with the moral code and do your duties to the best of your abilities!

Army General Lucius, your Brigadier Generals, the rest of your superiors, and I are watching you diligently.

Soldiers!... Good luck.

You may now begin!"

Chapter 1399 - A Double-Edged Sword

"Move! Move! Move!"

~Din. Din. Din. Din.~

Like a well-fueled unit, the many teams stretched out, covering as much land as they could with very stealthy moves.

Lieutenant Yan, who was the leader of the Blue Moon Battalion, was taking a few men the size of a squad towards the Poison Lily Brigade.

It should be noted that a Brigade consisted of 3,000~5,000 soldiers.

And within the brigade, one could have various battalions formed within the.

Again, a Battalion had 400 men with 3 rifle companies, a combat support company, and a headquarters company.

That said, a Company was a gathering of 130~150 soldiers.

A company was made up of platoons.

And in turn, a platoon was made up of 5 squads.

The chain of order was always like this, never getting broken.

Lieutenant Yan was the leader of the Blue moon Battalion within the Black Scorpion Brigade.

He commanded 400 men.

However, they couldn't very well travel out in such large numbers.

Thus, they broke out into various squads consisting of 10 people.

Some squads were air force units; some were ground teams, some would keep a lookout.

Of course, he left his second in command back at headquarters to control and protect the area while he made his way to capture and take control of the Control center within the Black Scorpion brigade.

The other ground units were also moving towards the other brigades, led by his capable sergeants.

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Lieutenant Yan propped himself behind a tree, steadying his breathing while listening again to the sounds all around him.

His unit also glanced at him, seeing the look in his eyes and understanding their situation.

He heard something, didn't he.

The trees were resulting, nature was singing, and nothing bizarre seemed to echo within their ears.

However, just when Yan thought he heard it wrong, a very frail puddle-tapping sound echoed out again.

Dammit!

Yan raised his hands, communicating with his team.

Trap!

The enemy was trying to surround them as stealthy as they could.

Yan's eyes shine with a vicious light.

Even if he used his father to climb the tree, the enemy would hear it.

Well, then... This leaves them with no choice!

Yan nodded at his team, reaching for his pockets as fast as he could.

Boom!

A deafening sound echoed out, followed by a lightning light.

What?!

The other side was flabbergasted because all this while, Yan's unit had acted as though they didn't realize their presence.

That's right.

Yan had revealed himself a couple of times just to make them lower their guard.

And now, with many eyes on them, one could imagine the blinding disarray of chaos going through their minds.

Bang. Bang. Bang!

Yan and his team were quick to fire shots, taking down any they saw.

"You are dead!... Dead men tell no tales."

Bang!

The entire scene would've been bloody if this was a real battle.

However, not everyone in the enemy team died.

Some had frightening intuition, fleeing the scene the moment their bodies knew they were at a disadvantage.

That's right.

Not everyone looked when the stun grenade went off.

They were quick to realize their standing, fleeing as fast as they could.

.

"Lieutenant Yan, so far, we've been able to gather 6 blue flags!" A soldier said, handing in the flags before standing at attention beside Yan.

Blue flags?

They must be from the Blue Tarantula Brigade!

No time to waste. Their actions were too loud and showy. Enemy Air Force units might send their drones over.

Yan quickly issued out his command: "Everyone, give me a good performance! Let's go!"

"Yes! Guaranteed excellence!" The soldiers stated, regaining their extreme vigilance.

With their weapons at hand, they continued marching on, while Yan took out his communicating to give his report.

"This is Blue Moon Unit 01! We are closing in on the Poison Lily Brigade. In total, 63 enemy flags acquired. No members lost. Proceed entry in 25 minutes."

[Copy that BM-U-01. Your backup unit is 30 minutes away, heading towards target Brigade from the East.]

That's right.

Each infiltration unit had another 1~4 other backup units with the same mission target, just in case the main unit got taken out by the enemy.

Already, one of his backup units was more or less close to the target brigade like himself.

So he had 2 options.

They could either infiltrate the brigade together or do it separately.

Both cases had their advantages and disadvantages.

If they went in together, they would be larger in number. And if they got captured or killed, they would have lost 2 whole units for naught.

It was best to go in separately from different entrance points and meet up at the control center.

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"How far are the other backup teams?"

[U-01-BT-03 is estimated to arrive in 40 minutes if they don't get taken out. And BT-04 is 44 minutes away. However, both backup units have lost at least 30% of their members.]

The voice said.

Each unit had 10~12 members.

"How about the backup team BT-02?"

[They've lost 2 members. Now 9 in total.]

Not bad...

Yan was feeding the stakes.

"Individual infiltration!"

[Copy that. Air Force drones are scanning the brigade terrain. Over!]

Good...

Yan dropped his communicator, thinking how easier it was with these military drones in place.

F***!

They were even better than the air gorges using hot air balloons to roam around enemy terrain.

They flew faster, could descend to lower heights, and pick up information they might have missed.

Of course, with so many years of doing these competitions, old veterans like himself knew her every control center within every brigade was.

What he was focusing on was what the enemy was doing.

Did they have ambush units waiting for them?

What was their security like?

Similarly, with drones now being a thing, the enemy would also use drones to check their perimeters.

So this was undoubtedly a double-edged sword.

Nonetheless, Yan was confident in his plan.

"17 minutes more!"

Chapter 1400 - All Clear!

Tick-Tock. Tick-Tock.

The clock was ticking, and Yan's heart was drumming vigorously.

Freeze!

A drone swished through the air, monitoring the perimeters.

Yan leaned against the tree, subconsciously sucking his belly in, breathing very lightly.

The trees weren't completely grown out, being a little sparse, to say the least.

However, this wasn't an issue for them.

With the proper camouflage technique, this would still be enough to cover him up.

For today's operation, they used drones that didn't have any heat or night vision with them.

These were ranked as the lowest level of drones since they didn't have any extra advantages, apart from covering footage.

Unlike the Bax-05 that can shoot tiny missiles from them or the Bax-02 model that has different modes like night or heat, these Bax-01 drones were simpler ones.

There were various reasons why today's operation would use Bax-01.

First, to familiarize themselves with evasion techniques from such an enemy like drones.

Additionally, what if, when out on a mission, the only available drone technology was this one?

They had to learn how to rely on the simplest drone technology to their advantage.

Whether learning how to evade these drones or using them against the enemy, today's matter would access their understanding of it all.

Of course, in the future, they might have drills using Bax-02 with different modes too.

And for that, many people would probably use the old trick taught to them in the military when trying to remain hidden from a person wearing heat vision goggles.

No equipment was perfect. And knowing the flaws or the loopholes involving each one was essential.

For example, the heat vision goggles couldn't pick up heat through thick cement, could they?

Yan slowly tilted his head upwards, peeking at the drone that was now a little distance away from him.

Moving his fingers, he communicated with the closest person in his team, who then communicated with another.

And one by one, they all got his message.

Timing.

'The drives must have a particular pattern of movement.' Yan thought.

They had to master its movement before advancing little by little.

1 2, 3...

Swish!

Yan's team advanced like scratching tigers moving in for the kill.

Scouts?

Very smart... He almost missed it.

Yan narrowed his eyes, spotting a few scouts up ahead.

Kill!

.

~Croak. Croak. Croak!

The loud sounds of frogs singing out of harmony, continuously bombarded the scene.

There were several ponds not too far away from the scene, with all sorts of creatures celebrating the joy of Spring.

The entire forest zone had more or less recovered its vitality, preparing for the Summer in June.

Yes!

A week more, and the month of May would be done and over with.

Nature was jubilating, with yields and fruits long bearing.

And in the depths of a certain forest region, 2 guards in their fort were diligently keeping a lookout on things.

They knelt in a not-so-deep hole, looking left, right, up, down, and every possible corner, making sure that no one trespassed across the scene.

Their heads were covered with camouflage shrubs, berry bushes, and other short foliages.

The sense was too deceitful, making it hard for any to spot it.

And while their command center had long sent drones to guard the perimeter, they too had their own individual drones flying high in the sky, just in case they missed something.

One of the men had binoculars, focusing on the scene before him, while another manipulated the drone, watching the footage from his arm shield.

Thanks to the latest technology advancements, the footage got sent to the arm Shield with or without the Internet.

That's right.

Even radio waves would do, provided they tap into the drone's frequency.

.

Thanks to Landon and the military weapons manufacturing industry, the drone has its own receiver, amplifier, inbuilt antennas, and everything similar to a walkie-talkie.

Switching to its frequency would automatically show one the image they wanted.

Like Buzz Lightyear, they just had to open the shield to watch the footage.

Of course, a very thin screen was on the left of the opened shield.

And to the right, one would find a few buttons for footage settings.

There was also a frequency changer, sort of like the one a person could find on a walkie-talkie... But a lot smaller.

When changing the frequency, the screen could focus on the matter, showing what hertz they were on.

91.9FM? 91.8? 82?

One should recall that the arm shield also had a built-in microphone and receiver to listen in on orders and instructions from superiors.

They could also make reports, passing on their current situations, especially when in danger.

In short, when creating this arm guard, Landon's vision was Toy Story.

Lastly, at the bottom right-hand side, just below the buttons, would also find a very petite and flexible thumb/joystick, similar to those on a PS or Xbox game controller.

This was a built-in backup Drone controller, just in case one lost the portable remote.

It can be said that Landon had thought a lot when creating this latest arm shield.

But of course, the regular buttons for flashlights, pepper spray, and electrical taser shock were on the outer surface of the arm guard, not requiring them to open up the 'communicator side' of the shield.

In a battle, who would have time for that?

(?^?)

The new arm shields that had been given out were more like testing prototypes because soon, the real deals would be created with a firmer cover that was metal enhanced to make it sturdier, at the same time as light as a feather.

.

The guard controlling the drone moved it around the scene severally.

"All clear."

Nothing shook randomly or weirdly.

"Good." The one holding the binoculars said.

Their eyes shone with determination.

For their brigade, they had to hold the fort, not allowing any trespassers through!

Sadly... their wish was short-lived because, in the next few minutes, Yan and his team had managed to position themselves behind their fort.

Game over!