

TECHNOLOGY 1401

### **Chapter 1401 - A Lively Competition**

The duo on watch duty continuously did their best, until soon, they heard a strange noise behind them.

Instantly, their pupils dilated.

As trained Baymardians, it didn't take long to figure things out.

Dammit!

They reached for their weapons as fast as they could.

Sadly, it was too late.

Yan's team unearthed their camouflaged foliage, shooting them right clean.

Bang.

You're dead."

The men all looked at Yan hatefully, thinking of their predicament.

"How? How did you do it?"

It's been hours since they guarded this post.

And so far, they had apprehended quite a few, scouting incoming teams and sending reports for the closest ground team to take those ones out.

As scouts, they did what scouts did, not getting involved with the overall battle.

Their job was passing intel along.

And only if necessary would they make a move.

"How?"

"Simple," Yan said, turning his back to them.

What?

Yan's entire back from head to toe was covered with bushes.

He used vines as ropes, tying them across his body.

Wait! Did they crawl like this?

They were also very smart, moving close to trees, not trying to stand out.

And when the drive would fly by, they would freeze on the spot.

It did take time to move like this. However, their labor had born fruit.

In a blink of an eye, Yan and his team had gotten the duo out of their hiding place before changing attire with them and dumping the pair back in the hole.

"After the competition, send my uniform to xxxxx... And don't forget, Dead men don't speak."

" "

—  
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The men were ruthlessly thrown back, with their camouflaged bushes placed over their hideout as though they weren't attacked just now.

And accompanying them was another person in Yan's team who would take over their drone, keeping a lookout for others too.

Yan room their flags, bundling them with the other flags they acquired.

Very smartly, Yan dug a hole and buried all the flags in it.

They were going into enemy territory.

Putting all eggs in one basket was risky.

There were 2 ways to be on top.

Take over as many brigade headquarters as one could... Or collect as many flags as possible.

Depending on the situation, the brigade with the highest flags could draw with the brigade that took over as many headquarters as others.

There was a system to calculate merit and estimate the value of each flag when compared to conquering headquarters.

Since the start of these competitions years back, there has never been a draw.

So Yan didn't know much about what would happen if that was the case.

All he wanted to do now was keep these flags safe until another unit came over to retrieve them.

You didn't think he would leave them out for long, did you?

No way!

He called Black Scorpion headquarters, requesting headquarters to send a team over.

Along the way towards their target destination, Yan and his team had long been switching their attire with the dead whenever they found the opportunity.

And now, everyone was dressed in similar attire like those in the Poison Lily Brigade.

Good...

"BM-U-01 to Headquarters... ready for Infiltration!"

[Copy that. On standby waiting for results.]

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In the official Monitoring Room, many superiors now had their eyes on Yan's team, watching their actions with disguised appreciation.

"Hey!... This Yan boy is very good. Congratulations, Brigadier Rui, for training such a talent!"

Rui was smiling from molar to molar, listening to the many compliments from the others.

They had watched Yan's strange but thoughtful method of disguise, tricking his event by hiding in plain sight.

With so much greenery, the eye might overlook certain aspects, especially if they were green in color (similar to the greenery).

Rui waves his hands nonchalantly, trying to seem modest.

"You guys shouldn't tease an old man like myself. This junior is the current leader of the Blue Moon within my brigade."

"Blue Moon!" Someone exclaimed with even more satisfaction.

You have to know that Blue Moon was just created last year.

There used to be just 3 Companies of special soldiers in the Black Scorpion brigade.

So when Blue Moon sprung up, everyone was too optimistic about this newbie Group.

However, they proved many wrong.

Last year, Blue Moon and Silver Hound worked together to claim victory over one of the competitions.

It can be said that Blue Moon, this newly risen group, had a lot to play in securing their victory.

Their leader had a flexible mind.

And now, seeing him in action, many knew he was a true talent.

A special soldier in the making!

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Although many complimented Rui, they still had a liver of anxiousness and cries in their bellies.

This time, will the Black Scorpion Brigade still claim one of the competition victories?

No one wanted their brigade to come last.

Every 2 years, the brigades got ranked according to their results and mission awards.

And this alone could tip the scale.

Son of b\*\*ch!

Many restrained themselves from buying their handkerchiefs at their juniors on the screen.

Brigadier Jina was even more angry, seeing that this time, Black Scorpion had targeted her Brigade.

And the moment she saw Yan and his team successfully infiltrate and get a few steps away from her brigade control center, she was even more livid!

"Damn you, Rui! Are you trying to pick a fight with me? It's not enough for you to rob me of this talent back then, but now, you dare to send him to my brigade?"

To get chosen and taken into a brigade, one has to prove their worth in the yearly competition.

From there, the Brigade masters all scramble for the best.

Yan was the youngest Lieutenant and the Youngest person to control a company such as Blue Moon.

This alone was enough to show his talents.

But back then, Jina had her eyes on him but lost a bet against Rui, who was adamant about taking Yan.

Dammit!

Jina gritted her teeth hatefully.

And Rui could only cough awkwardly, raising his hands to the air in defeat.

"Now, now, Jina, you can't blame me, can you? This is a competition, and everyone's brigade is bound to be attacked."

"So, that's your excuse?!" Nina narrowed her eyes at him.

"Fine! After this, you and me, outside! If I don't beat you to a pulp, then I, Brigadier Jina, am not a woman!"

Landon and Lucius looked at the lively group, not daring to insert their input.

Invisible... Invisible...

No one wanted to upset Brigadier Jina.

To Landon, she was truly the reincarnation of the Chinese Zodiac Boar.

Hot-headed and ready for action!

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Time went by smoothly; Landon was pleased with how the soldiers maneuvered the drones.

Already, he could see the advantages and disadvantages of all methods they came up with while using the drones.

Hmmm... Feedback would need to get sent, allowing them not to get over-dependent on these drones.

Many times, they focused on it too much, forgetting their surroundings for brief moments.

This was a flaw.

In the end, The Golden Eagle took victory over the competition, while the Black Scorpion Brigade came in 2nd!

Not bad...

For Jina, her brigade came in 4th.

There were 6 Baymardian Brigades.

All in all, London was satisfied with all he saw.

Drone testing completed.

Now they could use them out on missions.

### **Chapter 1402 - A Few Changes**

Good. Good.

Landon left the barracks in a jolly mood.

He felt like a father watching his child grow up.

The birth of drones was an exceptionally good start.

But it wasn't just the military, Police, and Navy who had them.

For national documentaries and history's sake, he also gave a few to those observing animals in their natural habitats.

There were some ground drones that looked like the Spiked turtle, while others just looked like birds in the sky.

Landon leaned back, driving towards the Lower Region.

With the emergence of the internet and computers, there were just quite a few more things he had to approve of.

The moment Tim heard of his arrival, he hurried over with a broad grin on his face.

"Ah!-... Your majesty, I wasn't expecting you over today. But now that you're here, you've saved me the trouble of sending in the final draft and reports for the many pending matters." Tim said, escorting Landon to his office.

You have to know that during these past few weeks, he had been so busy that he didn't even have time to catch his breath.

Left, right, center... One could find home everywhere these days.

"Riley, get your Majesty's favorite, will you?"

Tim's secretary nodded briskly.

"Yes, sir."

Landon was a regular in Tim's office, only drinking one particular coffee in a specific way.

So the secretaries here knew of his preferences.

However, what he took while in Tim's office, was very different from what he took in Wiggin's office or even Lyore's.

A monarch must never be easy to figure out.

So if you ask all the overseers or those who knew him, what his favorite beverage was, they would be very confused, to say the least.

And occasionally, he would change his presence abruptly when visiting them too.

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"Your majesty..."

Landon took hold of the warm cup of Apple-flavored coffee, nodding at Riley in thanks.

In truth, his best was everything Vanilla.

But no one knew this except for his wife. Even mother Kim didn't know.

Many just thought all were his favorite since he more or less created a majority of them.

Landon smacked his tongue, enjoying the rich flavor that engulfed his mouth.

Deliciously warm.

The Spring rains had long begun to fall towards the end of the Competition.

And now, the entire Baymard was colder than usual.

Everyone had their scarves, warm attorney, raincoats, and umbrellas.

Landon took another sip, finally putting it aside and reaching for the documents Tim sent his way.

"Your majesty, here is the order list."

"Hmmm..."

It was quite long and very detailed.

Landon looked at the list, scanning things one by one.

The first priority on the list was Typewriters.

Tim pushed his reading glasses in, taking a pencil and pointing out key aspects to the matter.

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"Your majesty, as requested, we have allocated a certain number of Typewriters for all city and town Baymardian settlements."

Villages won't be included in this matter.

Flip. Flip.

Landon flipped through the document, bidding in satisfaction.

Before now, the only typewriters available in the other territories were those used and kept in the police stations, village/town/ city head government building, and whatnot.

Ordinary civilians didn't use them yet.

Landon had long made up his mind that before the internet and computers came about, he would test the matters on the typewriters, seeing just how secure they were in other Baymardian regions.

It should be noted that since the period when typewriters were sent out, quite a few thieves have long tried to steal these typewriters.

Some people hired assassins to try sneaking in and taking them away.

However, they failed because of several reasons.

For one, all the typewriters were cabinet and locked with 3 powerful locks in 3 different positions; on the bottom and 2 on the sides.

Additionally, the security within the Baymardian territories alone always made them catch the assassin bore they even tried to sneak into the buildings.

It couldn't be helped.

With night and heat vision goggles, these assassins were like sitting ducks.

The worst thing was that they didn't even know they had been long spotted.

Some would hide in the bushes, trees, or buildings after closing for ages, not knowing that the Baymardians had such strong technology.

F\*\*\*!

At least if they knew, they wouldn't be acting like fools in a playhouse for these Baymardians to see.

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Thanks to the info from his Baymardian soldiers scattered around, he had gotten quite a few vital pieces of information over the years.

Heh...

He heard that in the assassin guilds, the task of speaking a typewriter had time up a notch, even becoming a double-S class mission.

Landon was a person who would never drop his guard down.

Don't look at some nobles coming to Baymard, thinking they were all very friendly with him.

Heh... On the surface, they might be.

However, it would be a lie to say that they didn't want their hands on his lower region products.

Who wouldn't want to understand how his goods were made?

Many would like to create 2nd-hand copies and sell them for lower prices to amass wealth.

That's why the security he kept in all these regions was tight.

These people knew that stealing from Baymard's capital was far riskier and harder.

So they turned their attention to the other territories.

After all, the Great wall of Baymard was still under construction.

And though there were uncountable Baymardians guards stationed around the border perimeters, these assassins felt that they still had a better chance for escape.

Fast-forwarding to this present moment, Landon had already sent more guards around every single part of his territory.

He also wanted them to keep a lookout on things because now, Typewriters would be available in the Public libraries within these regions.

Of course, the village government did have their own Typewriters they had been using for a while now.

However, there would be no public libraries in the villages.

So one must either go to the nearby towns or cities by bus.

Such was the way things were for now.

Luckily, by bus, the traveling time was far shorter than if one were to walk on foot or use carriages or wagons.

### **Chapter 1403 - Territorial Growth**

Yangji City... 100 Public Library Typewriters.

Blue Bell Town... 40 Typewriters.

Hyui Town... 36 Typewriters

Rainbow City...

AppleCroth Town...

Landon scanned through the list, doing his final check.

In 2 days, they would all get shipped and delivered straight to the public libraries.

And like all public libraries, they would get spread out across the tall 2~3 story wooden building.

Make no mistake.

These buildings were the size of a large-scale public library.



He had been building them for quite some time now, using special fireproof woodwork that wouldn't catch on fire easily.

And with the many library rooms and spaces, the typewriters would get distributed across the buildings nicely.

Hey... Now one could easily make their resumes on their own.

Before, the people in these places had to submit a resume draft to the town, village, or city hall to make a resume for them.

This was free of charge from the employment and job-seeking sector.

Such things were already part of tax-payer money.

And even when they get computers in the future, they would still continue to do it all within the same building site for free.

Flip. Flip.

Landon was done with this matter.

Seeing this, Tim went straight on to the next.

"Blah, blah, blah, blah, blah~."

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The duo finished talking about everything on the list.

So far, Tim's Industry was able to meet the quota allocated for each zone in his territory.

"Your majesty, I'm sure those within the territory would be very happy when they know of this," Tim said, admiring Landon's conviction and love for his people.

If it were in many of the greedy empires in this world, the monarchs there would probably charge a hefty amount for a single time use of these typewriters.

Hell!

Ordinary peasants might never get the chance to see a typewriter till the day they die.

But his majesty was different.

Recalling the first time they met, Tim was a little nostalgic.

Landon stepped into his blacksmith shop, giving him the task of acquiring pickaxes and several basic tools from Riverdale city.

The he of back then didn't know how far Baynard would grow.

But because he felt touched and beloved in his majesty, he was able to rise and assist the empire in every way that he could.

Hey...

If there was one person he had absolute faith in, it would have to be his majesty.

He didn't even trust his children the way he trusted his majesty.

Well, the people will no doubt be pleased to see their various regions grow, beginning more developed than before.

This opportunity would mean a lot to many... Especially future writers that would spring up from these regions.

Tim 100% supported Landon's plans to send out public Typewriters in the public libraries, all of which had been fully constructed.

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Landon smiled at Tim's undisguised awe, taking another sip of coffee.

Everything on the list was marked, done, and over with.

Now, it was time to focus on bigger aspects.

Tim spread at Landon, very curious about the big project underway.

"Your majesty... How long have you gone with the Metal Enhancer and high-tier mechanical builder?"

Landon thigh-high a bit, revealing a mysterious smile.

Yes!

These were the important key technologies he was looking forward to.

It should be noted that since the summer of last year when he got rewarded with these technologies, he spent quite some time personally teaching many on every single thing about these technologies.

In particular, He requested for Tim, as well as Overseer Lynchen and Overseer Lilian, to send in a team of 600 veterans that have spent at least 2 years in their industries.

Lynchen was the overseer of the Vehicle and Locomotive manufacturing industry, while Lilian was the overseer for the Ship/Boat Manufacturing industry.

With this team, Landon planned to create another new industry that would not only focus on building metal enhancers but also create high-tier mechanical builders.

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Landon had thought of it all.

This new industry will essentially build the mechanical builders and send them out to the various industries that pay for them.

Whether it was to build a car, ship, or even a plane, they would be more than pleased to have these mechanical builders assist them.

The builders were in the form of Giant spiders that had some anti-gravitational core to them.

They would take on assignments, jumping high up into the air and focusing their respective targeted zones.

Well, it wouldn't be far before the Baymardian soldiers also get their anti-traditional belts... Which he planned to release after planes got launched.

Yup!

Even if he could finish them up now, he still wanted many military personnel to get shocked with the use of choppers and military aircrafts before having the privilege of having anti-gravitational belts.

That's why he decided to work on the belts sometime next year.

Anyway, each industry would need this new builder when putting together complex machines.

One should note that this machine was a builder and wouldn't be making the parts.

So car seats, window glasses, and every other part would still have to be made by the various industries.

They would then use their purchased builder to put all parts together like legos.

This would drastically cut down the 'building phase.'

Of course, this new industry would also be in charge of maintenance whenever the builder needed to be up to date with the current policies and laws or when it had a problem that needed giving.

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Again, all metals moved and proceeded would have to be sent to this industry for enhancement before distributing them to the various industries that needed them.

That being said, since last summer, Landon has worked with that specific team since the summer of last year.

And after 4 months of training and lectures, he finally worked alongside them from December of last year till now, allowing them to make various prototypes, which still need a few touch-ups here and there.

As they say, repetition was the mother of science.

So he divided them up, having each team socialize in a specific construction aspect for each technology.

They repeated the same thing every single day, hour to hour, as though they were on a manufacturing line.

One team does something and passes it onto the next.

Like so, they mastered things faster. And in the future, if a specific aspect needed maintenance or fixing, those who specialized in the parts would be sent for the job.

Tom was very curious about the projects under this new industry.

"Your majesty, when can we see the builder and metal enhancer in action?"

"September of this year."

Yes.... This September!

### **Chapter 1404 - A Restless Young Lady**

Like so, Landon was doing a couple of 'rounding-up' tasks across Baymard.

Some technologies only used in the Capital by the public will now be able to reach the Baymardians scattered in the other territories.

As a leader, he couldn't very well neglect his people that much.

He also took into account safety and long-term losses too.

All in all, he was pleased with how far they had come.

And while he focused on this, far away in the empire of Deiferus, some people were suddenly going crazy with suspicion.

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Tick-Tock. Tick-Tock.

The large Baymardian clock ticked loudly, hanging high above the wall.

The heavy rains outside caused the air to be gloomy. And the cold seemed to have seeped in, generating the elaborate bedroom chamber.

Moisture, cold winds, the smell of dampness... It all registered in everyone's mind, adding to the already burning pressure within the room.

-silence-

Everywhere was quiet, with no one making a sound.

The hidden guards were in their places, the maids out of the bedroom chamber, and the young lady all dressed in black was calmly leaning against her reading chair, with her bottom half tightly wrapped underneath the warm Baymardian beddings.

Because of the weather, she had no choice but to go closer to the fireside.

During these rainy many days, she would keep the fire burning throughout the day and use the Baymardian Solar electric heater at night.

Typically, during sleeping hours, the maids or servants wouldn't be allowed to step into her chambers to refuel on firewood lest they disturb her sleep.

Sure.

They would leave surplus firewood at the side if she felt too cold in the middle of the night.

But anyone who enjoys sleep would know that if they had to get up twice or thrive at night, they would eventually become sleep deprived by morning.

Too many disturbances would wake the body up.

Thus, some would prepare to risk it, sleeping with 4 or 5 blankets at once to keep the heat in and enjoy their rest.

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As a noble daughter, her movements were controlled by the head of the home.

Who knew if she would be summoned early in the morning or given extra lessons on etiquette, literature, calligraphy, and whatnot?

Yes!

Many a time, they hired tutors to live in the same estate as themselves during the cold seasons.

In short, the rain didn't stop the estate's actions.

Since they, with noble bodies, couldn't step out, most likely, whatever was demanded of them to do would be done in the comfort of their homes.

And as long as she could remember, the cold nights of winter, spring, and late fall were more or less harder than the day.

But with the Baymardian solar heater, she didn't per se need to worry about this.

Though catching the sun and charging the solar heaters could be harder to do in these cold seasons, it was not impossible.

Even with the darkness, the sun still emitted what the Baymardians called heat rays.

Again, there were quite a few days when the sun would still shine with little to no clouds up in the air.

After all, it couldn't rain very well every single day, could it?

Even the weather needed a break.

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The same could be said for the Baymardian solar light fixtures.

With the wooden windows and balcony doors shut tightly, the room was definitely dark.

However, no matter how dark the room became during the day, she would only use the various candles and light from the fireplace to illuminate her room.

And by night, she then switched to the Baymardian light fixtures.

Thack. Thack. Thack.

The fiery hues from the fire illuminated across the girl seated by the fireside

Initially, she had been busy readying the few novels from both Baymard and Deiferus, trying to pass the day by

With this weather, don't even think about going out.

She would have to stay in her courtyard until the temperature got raised to a certain extent.

Even if the rains stopped, every noble knew that it was advisable to wait for at least 4 hours before going back outside.

As nobles, their bodies were treasures.

They took care of it way more than peasants did, ensuring that they were fit and healthy to be ranked as the top beauties, eventually landing high suitors that would inexplicably advance their family's situation to the next level.

Such information was something even babies knew.

So looking at the weather, the young lady knew that she would most likely stay indoors for the entire day.

Thus, since her early rising, she had piled up quite a lot of newly bought books, planning to read 1 or 2 by today's end.

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Tah! Tah! Tah!

The rains increased even more.

And the girl who was elegantly reading her book suddenly frowned in displeasure, realizing that she had been on this same page for over an hour now.

What was going on?

Ezenia was annoyed!

"Descend."

Swish!

The lead shadow appeared before her on bended knees.

"Mistress." The man spoke while Ezenia calmly closed her book, placing it back on the round stool-like table beside her.

"Why?... Why do you think that they haven't gotten back to us?"

The guard was silent.

Concerning this matter, the T.O.E.P should've arrived in Deiferus sometime in late winter.

They expected them here in March of this year.

However, this was already the final week of May.

In a few days, June will come. And they still haven't heard a single word from these people.

What could be the issue?

"Mistress, it might be that after rescuing His highness Ulrich, they went into temporal hiding."

Exenia borrowed her brows exquisitely: "So you're saying that those pesky Baymardians might be chased after them, causing them to do so?"

Could it be that those nosy Baymardians became too anxious after losing Ulrich, not wanting to give up in fear of his revenge against them?

Ezenia gripped her armrest with a dark light in her eyes.

Soon, she would get rid of them all!

### **Chapter 1405 - D-Day Arrives!**

"Yes, Mistress. This sort of thing isn't uncommon in our line of work. After all, with how powerful these Morg T.O.E.P were, who would be able to take them down that easily?"

Hearing his words, Ezenia subconsciously nodded.

"You have a point."

The hidden guard had a sense of pride and arrogance in his heart when speaking up about the matter.

In terms of ranking, he was above the top 60 assassins in Pyno, and even he had a problem spotting the T.O.E.P hidden guards.

He also felt that the current number one assassin, Death, might suffer a loss if he were to go against such terrifying people.

That's why he was absolutely sure that these

So in that case, who in Pyno would be able to handle them.

Ezenia rubbed her elbows in annoyance.

For how long will they continue to remain in hiding?

In her mind, they fully believed that Ulrich had long been rescued.

Her maternal grandfather, a member of the T.O.E.P, had long given her a brief summary about the Society she was initiated into.

Recalling all she knew, as well as their influence, it was very unlikely that they had failed.

F\*\*\*!

These were the same people who placed Alec Barn on the throne and assisted many famous noblemen like Nopline and others.

So imagine how strong they were to keep these Pyno Tyrants under wraps.

And one shouldn't forget their scary and powerful skills, being able to leave her invitation without any of her men assisting them.

Say no more!

Her beloved was definitely rescued but kept in hiding for the time being.

Her only question was, for how long?

(:Y^Y:)

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Ezenia was very perplexed.

How long would she have to wait before falling into the arms of her beloved?

Just thinking of all that she had put up with during these many, many, MANY months, Ezenia felt like puking!

Disgusted!

She was disgusted with herself.

Downing time with that weakling, who called himself his majesty Henry, was just too much to nurture for her to bear.

Every time she saw his stupid face, it took all her effort for her not to stab him in the throat.

To think the weakling would forgive her for all she did in the past.

Pff~

Stupid! Stupid!

If he was smart, he should've killed her when he had the chance, burning her flesh and grinding her bones to dust.

However, the idiot kept her alive, instead!

Heh... Then he shouldn't and anyone for what was about to come.

Hahahahah~

She had long dreamt of herself hugging Ulrich while looking down on Henry groveling on the floor, begging for mercy.

But would they give him that?

No way!

Who asked him to look her man far away in the hands of those meddlesome Baymardians?

With a sharpened blade, she was sure that her beloved would slice his head clean off his neck.

Off with this head!

That was the day she was waiting for.



Sadly, it seems that it would take a longer time to realize her dreams.

In the end, didn't it mean that she still has to pretend with that fool?

Exenia was annoyed.

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"Mistress, please take heart. It won't be long before they return." The guard encouraged.

Lying through.

With the mistress as a member, this was his chance to train in Morgany.

So how could he let the mistress not play her part?

No matter what, he was determined to keep the mistress beside Prince Henry.

This was a vital part of their plan!

He only wished that time could fast-forward to when Ulrich sits on the throne. That way, he could leave for the heavenly place all assists dream to enter!

(+?+)

"Mistress, they will return. All we have to do is follow their instructions, and everything will come together nicely."

Exenia nodded, firming her mind to continue playing along with the fool.

For her beloved's complete takeover, she would do it... Even if it meant seducing a frog.

She had long worked her charms around Henry and could see that he had already fallen for her.

She played the part of the lady with a broken heart, allowing Henry to 'mend' it.

And without knowing, he too slowly fell in love with her.

Heh... In the end, what awaited him was nothing more than betrayal and death!

With the T.O.E. on her side, as well as her powerful Grandfather, who could stop her from emerging victorious?

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Ezenia tilted her head, thinking deeply.

"Bring my pen and some paper."

"Yes, mistress."

Swish!

The guard returned, presenting the items she requested.

"Good."

Very carefully, she wrote very steadily, making plans to visit her mother-in-law before the week ends.

Though Tilda kept the existence of the T.O.E.P a secret from her mother-in-law, she did give the women some sense of security, optimizing to rescue Ulrich with the help of her grandfather.

She only said so because she didn't want her mother-in-law to send people to Baymard.

What if they accidentally attack or anger these T.O.E.P members while trying to find and retrieve Ulrich?

Rather, she had her mother-in-law work on collecting as much intel as they could about Henry's movements.

The guy was as slippery as grease.

No one knew how he loved. .it was as though he just got up and decided on what to do as the day went by.

But she knew this was not the case.

If anything, it proved how tight-lipped and loyal his men were.

Very briskly, Tilda wrote what seems like a poem to the untrained eyes.

But to the scheming and dangerous eyes of her Mother-in-law, the woman would definitely know what step to take next.

Tilda finished writing, handing the letter to her lead guard: "You know what to do."

Swish!

He was gone.

Before his highest Ulrich Tudor retired, they had a lot of work to do!

However, the same atmosphere couldn't be felt back in Baymard.

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Like a miraculous blessing, the Baymardians secretly gave their praises and thanks to the heavens for this day.

Yup!

2 whole days had gone by like nothing.

And now, it was finally time!

The internet!... Computers... Music pods...

Hahahahaha~~~

Okay.

It was time to battle at the supermarkets!

(^?^)

## **Chapter 1406 - Pre-Battle Preparation**

-Baymard's Capital City-

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Old Baloo and his wife had long arrived at the Capital 2 days ago for the first time in their lives.

They had arrived from Terique and were both upcoming merchants, trying to make a name for themselves in these changing times.

Old Baloo had always wanted to be a merchant.

Though he had 6 big stores in 3 of the most prominent cities in Terique, he had always leaned towards being a merchant instead.

He had 2 sons and a daughter.

And over the years, he had given his sons 2 stores each to manage with their families, while he remained with the other 2.

As for his daughter, she had long married another with a hefty dowry too.

In the end, because of his super busy Life, Old Baloo had never felt comfortable taking another wife after his first.

Unlike nobles, he was an ordinary person who struggled to get to where he was today, having no time to build emotions between himself and any new wife.

So after leaving her at home for heaven knows how long, who knew if his home would be turned upside down in the end?

He grew up understanding the dangerous harem life, not forgetting how his mother died.

It was one of the reasons why he swore that even if he married up to 20 or even 50 wives, he had to court them enough before deciding whether they were wolves or truly innocent sheep.

Which man wouldn't want to have many wives and enjoy the comfort of rolling within their bosoms?

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A harem filled with women of all sorts of beauty, talent, and skill sets.

This was a male fantasy that not many men could turn down, himself included.

However, because of his past, he decided to see through a woman before officially taking her home.

One shouldn't think that his stores were small.

No.

It should be more accurate to say that he owned buildings that catered to many things.

So in a way, he owned departmental stores.

The first floor could be the actual store focusing on clothes, the second, a restaurant, and so on.

He was a gambler and a juggler, amassing quite a bit from his success.

And it was because of all this that his movements and busy lifestyle had taken him from one end of the empire to another, looking after his many businesses.

And during his business tries, he did entertain his leg in entertainment homes, where the women were mostly made baren, best they carry a merchant's or nobleman's child with their unworthy bodies.

Many men didn't feel happy marrying women who had been with uncountable men year after year, day after day, hour after hour.

On average, these women entertain a minimum of 70 different men from all over the world.

Visiting such places was very typical for them.

And long story short, he had never brought home other women, making his wife immensely pleased with him as well.

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Old Baloo had been too busy for most of his life, but finally, with the changes happening in Terique, he suddenly became freer and freer than he thought.

No thugs, bullied, and overly annoying people to cause trouble.

Even amongst competitors, it was harder to pull underhand tricks anymore.

The newest group of Teriquen police and controlling officers during the day or night made things very hard for many to act.

Change had come so suddenly, catching many unawares.

But for people like himself, he was very grateful instead.

Though he was seen as a rich man by peasant standards, he was more or less on the same level as an upper-class Baron.

He was no viscount, no earl, no marquees, or minister holding some political position.

He was just an ordinary businessman who got lucky and hit it big.

So he was more than happy to welcome everything with open arms, freeing himself from being bullied by the mighty ones above.

Hell!

Who knew that these in the law would make businesses go so smoothly?

Now that he had time off his shoulders, he decided to grow and enter the original career path he had long wanted to do.

And that was being a merchant.

Yes!

Even if he made losses or did poorly, he wouldn't be bothered because the capital investment he planned to use when starting up wasn't something that would make him broke or homeless if he failed.

.

With glittering eyes, Baloo stared out his hotel window with an over my excited child-like expression on his face.

"Wife! Wife! Look! At night, the city lights up so beautifully!"

Baloo's wife chuckled, dragging her husband away from the window.

This wasn't Diandra's first time in Baymard.

But to her husband, it was a whole new ball game!

(\*O\*)

His eyes popped too exaggerated, and his hands held onto the glass, smooshing his face against the walls like a retard.

"Cold! Cold... It's cold!"

"Pff~... Yes. Yes... The glass window is cold." Diandra almost couldn't hold back her laughter, seeing her everyday serious husband turn into a toddler.

This was the magic of Baymard.

This place could make one forget their identity. And ever since they had arrived, she felt her bond with her husband to be the greatest since they got married.

He talked and looked at her not as a noble or titled wife... or a person in his harem, but as herself... Diandra.

Back in Terique, even after seeing sth Baymardian goods, he would go to his office with his closest men, only showing his true face to them.

As his wife, she had seldom seen him this excited before... Except in the bedroom.

His face had remained stoic for as long as she could recall.

However, who would've known that her God-like husband (in her mind) was mortal?

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Diandra quickly wiped her teary eyes, inwardly saying her thanks in her heart.

'Thank you, your majesty Lanson, for creating such a place and making me have this day.'

Married for so long, and finally, she could communicate with her husband.

"Husband, we have to go to bed. Tomorrow, we still have a war to fight."

A war?

Baloo showed a confused yet dazed expression.

.... Can anyone tell him what his wife meant?

### **Chapter 1407 - R.I.P. Man In White**

Silent Night.

Holy night.

All was calm, and all was bright.

The Little ones had gone to bed, and the older ones also followed along too.

The smiles on their faces couldn't be hidden.

Christmas in late May.

Would you believe it?

Neither did they, until their world underwent an exciting spin with all the commercials they saw from before.

'Sleep! Sleep! Sleep!'

Many verbally commanded their shut down, planning to use all the energy they gathered for the battle ahead.

In the meantime, some families first prepared their armor for the journey.

"Knee-pads?"

"Check!"

"Duct tape?"

"Check."

"Protective helmet?"

"Check! Check! Check! Check! Check!"

They say seeing is believing.

If one walked in on these families, they would think they were preparing for the end of the world.

It was already 2 A.M with everywhere as dark as ink with a few stars in the sky.

Weather forecast: Sunny all day.

It was perfect for war.

So how could they not be excited?

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Tick-Tock. Tick-Tock.

Time flew by in a heartbeat.

And before many knew it, it was already 8 A.M.

Din. Din. Din. Din. Din!

Vrrrrmmmmmm!

Peep! Peep!

Cars anxiously honked, and footsteps hurried along hastily.

Today was the day!

Everyone was both excited and determined to get their own Computers and Music pods.

With all the adverts they saw... Say no more! They had long been sold!

Even celebrities sent their agents to line up and get these bad guys too!

But maybe the most excited of all were the non-Baymardian residents, international students, visitors, merchants, and others from outside who weren't used to Baymard's wave of uprising technology.

(\*?\*)

Unreal! Unreal!

Why did their brains grow differently from theirs?

Those from the newly treated-signed Romain empires who just arrived were breathing harder than average, trying to understand everything that was going on around them.

This... This...

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"Oh, my heavens! I can't believe it's all true!"

"Hahahahaha~ even though it's just 45 more minutes before the store opens, I can already see the staff putting the computers on display!"

"Ahhhh~... What did I see? It's on! The guy turned it on! It shines just like a Tv!"

"Guys! Guys! Look again! The light has gone off on its own, but there is some bouncy wavy thing (windows logo) moving across the screen!"

"Yes! Yes! I see it too! But how is it doing that?"

"Amazing!"

"Outstanding!"

"How cute! I can't get over the Hello Kitty keyboard and keyboard! Ahhh~... I've decided. I'll get that, and there's nothing anyone can do to stop me!"

"Pff~... Don't worry, no one will. I'm getting the sleek black one that has my favorite manga character of all time, Sosuke Aizen."

"What? Your favorite character is the villain of Bleach? So after all he did to Rukia, you still like him? Traitor, that's what you deserve!"

"Screw you all! Aizen is just too good, alright?"

"No way! Byakuya is obviously the better option here. Do you know how cool he is? Of course you don't. A mortal like you could never understand his coolness!"

(\*^\*)

One by one, many began to comment on the items they saw on display, talking about the few cool keyboards, mouse pads, and other designs they saw.

The scene was lively, making many not realize just how long they were standing in wait.

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In the meantime, many quickly arrived at the scene across the numerous stores in Baymard.

The locations had long been advertised, and everyone more or less knew where to purchase what they were looking for.

Today was Saturday.

It was indeed a fine day for battle.

And Old Baloo, who had just arrived with his wife, was so shocked by the enormous gathering before him.

As a person who owned stores of his own, he had never had such a large crowd before his place all at once.

It was undeniable that thanks to the new Baymardian concepts of having special days in the year for discounts, he had managed to pull in many crowds severally.

But this...

"Wife... So you're saying that across the Capital city, this same scene is happening before the many stores?"

Diandra held his arm, nodding playfully. "Exactly, husband. It's said that his majesty is both a good leader and an even greater businessman. So you shouldn't be too shocked with this much."

Baloo and his few guards swallowed hard, digesting all the information they had gotten since they arrived in this sacred land.



Diandra glanced at her watch from time to time.

Until soon, her smile broadened, growing even bigger than it already was.

"Husband... Remember the bike helmet I insisted you purchase before today?"

"Yes... It's with the guards... What about it?"

Diandra calmly took her helmet from the guard behind her, fastening it with a calm look on her face.

"Husband, if you want to survive without any injuries in this war, I suggest you and your men put them on."

(O\_0)

Erm... Who are you, what have you done to my docile and quiet wife, and what's with that cheeky smirk on your lips?

.

Baloo was still confused.

But soon, the doors at the very front of the door abruptly on their own.

And out came a man wearing a protective helmet alongside many puffy protective items over his hands, legs, belly, and back.

Looking at the battle-ready crowd, the man didn't have a good expression on his face.

If anything, he looked like a sacrificial lamb waiting to be slaughtered.

And with what looked like trembling hands, the man pushed his glasses in and began reading some already laid out and prepared for today's event.

Without knowing why, the air was filled with unprecedented tension, giving the illusion of being on a battlefield.

Baloo didn't know the man but suddenly felt pity for him.

Thinking of the helmet on his head, he more or less understands what was about to happen.

Sigh... R.I.P.

'Man in white, I hope you come out of it alive.'

Ding!

The nonexistent bell sounded, and the battle was on.

"Charge!!!~"

"Quickly! Quickly! Grab the carts!"

"Dammit! You all better give me a cart, or we are all going to die on the battleline!"

## Chapter 1408 - First Baymardian Victory!

"Carts! Carts! Husband, Grab the cart!"

"Ahh!- Yes.." Baloo replied, shocked that his wife was ordering and shoving him about fearlessly.

But given the situation at hand, how could he be concerned about this now?

Pac!

He felt a pain on his side, feeling someone push him back, swirling girth like a vicious creature in the wild.

Son of a b\*\*ch!

Baloo had initially intended to act calm with pride and dignity.

Originally, he thought that no matter how rampant the people were, the scene could never be as maddening as a true battlefield.

Thus, he didn't take it all too seriously.

However... reality was very far from what he envisioned.

Bam!

"Out of my way, slowpoke!"

"Hey! Hey! That's my cart! You can't do this! I suffered a lifetime and have lived too long in this world to be dragging a cart with you!"

"Please! Old man! Don't use your 41 or 42-year-old self to bully me with age! Just lol at your muscles? I, on the other hand, am 16! So shouldn't you take care of the weak? Can't you see that I'm weaker than you? Let go of the cart!"

"Dammit! There's only one more pink barbie mousepad. Alright! Listen up, ladies! Anyone who dates to grab this with me will face my wrath!"

"What wrath? If you have the guys, come and pry it off my cold fingers!"

The scene was chaotic, especially with the announcements going off.

[Restock on Isle 54, Display center]

[Restock on use 72, Display center]

"Isle 54! Isle 54! Out of my way!"

"Isle 72? That's close to me! Ancestors! Ancestors! Please be with me in this battle!"

(\*o\*)

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Din. Din. Din.~

The heavy stomping footsteps of many echoed across the vast stores.

Many didn't come here to buy everyday items. No way. They came here for a purpose.

And the fully armored staff tasked with restocking more or less diverted the crowd's attention while restocking up on various display stations across the stores.

First, they would send the crowd to another location before guarding and restocking the already empty display isles and shelves.

And when they were done, they would flee the scene, sensing the crowd towards the site they just stocked up on.

While they, on the other hand, used the back staff region to transverse towards the far opposite side of the store, filling the now-empty display shelves and stations.

Controlling the crazy mob of shoppers was not easy.

And any slip-ups were paramount to getting caught on spider webs.

On rush or launching days, all products, no matter how big they were, were covered and protected by heavy and thick rubbery packaging that outlined the boxes.

It was as though they were vehicle tires, not breaking once they fell.

Of course many were still very careful with the computer monitors and CPUs, grabbing and firmly placing them in their carts before leaving via the route the staff created.

It can be said that the carts here were more or less different from the Earth's shopping carts because of this rush mania.

Just like the coveralls on a baby stroller, the topmost front of the cart had a thin metal-frame pullout mechanism to close to protect whatever was now in the cart.

So when passing, those who try to grab what was in their carts wouldn't be able to do so.

Hey...

In this time of war, anything goes.

And the Baymardians who got their computers in their carts were quick to close them up, treating the items like babies in strollers that needed full coverage from the sun.

.

"Red! Red! Husband, get the red one for me! Yes! Yes! That one!"

Baloo gritted his teeth, grabbing the cute red mouse from the shelf.

Pang!

He dropped it in his cart, feeling mightily pleased.

Success! Success!

Baloo felt like crying in joy, looking at the rest behind him victoriously.

He felt so young and on top of the world after this battle.

But of course, he didn't rest easy until his wife pulled out the cover layer of the cart.

Awesome!

He thought he would have to guard and bare his fangs at anyone who tried to send their hands in.

But who knew that these carts had a cover-all system with a little hook-latch mechanism at the bottom end?

Tsk.

As expected, these Baymardians think of everything.

Adjusting his protective helmet and his distressed attire, Baloo raised his holders proudly.

"Wife, let's go."

"Yes," Diandra replied, holding her husband's arm and exiting the battlefield.

Of course, they stood at another corner, waiting for the few of their guards to grab their own items as well.

Lying trough.

With how big the monitors and CPUs were, they couldn't very well grab and carry everyone's items in their carts, could they?

Baloo's emotions were high, feeling an adventurous spirit take over him.

Hahahahaj~

He tightened his grip on his Diandra with a child-like expression on his face. "Wife. Now that things back in Terique have settled down quite a bit over the years, why don't we make it a habit of visiting Baynard together more frequently... Or what do you think?"

"Me?" Diandra was inwardly shocked.

Since when has he ever asked her opinion?

"Ah... Yes! Yes, husband... I'd like that very much." She tried, turning an attractive hue of pink.

"Bahahahahaha~"

Baloo laughed, enjoying his wife's charming and shy gaze on him.

Hey... How come he didn't realize that his wife was this interesting?

He had never seen her more alive than when she was battling alongside him out here.

Sure enough, they made a good team.

Baloo looked at his wife intensely as though seeing her for the first time in his life.

Maybe it was the thrill of the moment, but he felt that no other woman was as beautiful as she was right now.

He felt his body heat up and quickly tried to distract himself.

Tonight, he'll feast.

But for now, it was time to see just what these bad guys could do!

### **Chapter 1409 - Awed & Afraid?**

Computers? Music Pods? Microphones?

Baloo merrily paid the cost, feeling that it was relatively cheaper than he expected.

He thought it would cost tens of thousands of Bays for a single computer unit, complete with the Monitor, CPU, mouse, and all the rest.

However, what shocked him was that each complete the not come up 599 Bays.

Again, if he had been one of the first shoppers in the store, he would've gotten them at various discounted prices.

It was truly miraculous the way these Baymardians priced their items.

Well, it could also be noted that according to the adverts, it was said that the piece 599 was a combo discount, it one bought all computer units at once.

Individually, the price for everything would've been 750 Bays.

One was saving over a hundred Bays from paying the complete set in one go.

But coming in to buy another monitor alone would undoubtedly cost more than what they paid for today.

Baloo was amazed by their marketing and business strategies, secretly taking them in his mind.

'Maybe I can implement some of them in my stores.' He thought.

And just like that, the gang managed to leave the store victoriously, heading back to the hotel.

However, when they arrived, they saw a strange pamphlet of instructions on their table.

[Today marks the start of the Internet era.

For those with computers looking to connect online, ease flow the guideline or call our hotel services to assist you by sailing the number 7, followed by the pound key (#).]

Eh?

Blink. Blink.

This... The duo first looked at each other before looking at the note once more.

Okay.

It looked like it was time to unstable their purchased items and make heads and tails on them.

As for the guards, they too were in their separate shared rooms trying to understand the matter at hand.

Diandra looked at the instructions from the opened monitor box, explaining how to connect the cables to the monitors, CPUs, and everything else.

The process was relatively simple, with a visual picture presentation that explained what to do.

"Husband! Look at the picture! It's a horizontal CPU. Meaning the monitor has to stand on the CPU."

"Ah-~... You're right." Baloo said with trembling hands while carefully placing the CPU on the table like a newborn baby.

Lying trough.

Why were his hands shaking so much?

.

First, they started with the mouse.

"Husband, it's said that the mouse is a USB mouse and needs to be connected to what is called a USB port at the back of the CPU."

Like a person sculpting a fine piece of art, Baloo concentrated as hard as he could, looking at the image on the instructions and putting the mouse USB cord where it was supposed to go.

Success!

It went in after flipping and sensing it in again.

Hahaha hahaha!~

Okay! Okay!

'Breathe, Baloo. Breathe!'

"Wife, please, wipe my forehead."

"No problem, husband."

Dab. Dab.

The duo moved on to the USB keyboard.

After dealing with the mouse, plugging in the keyboard in the other USB port was an easy operation.

Now, Baloo more or less understood just what a USB port was supposed to look like.

And from time to time, his wife would massage his shoulders, giving him a boost of encouragement.

"Keep going, husband. You've got this!"

Yeah!

The adrenaline Baloo felt was akin to how men working on a car or some heavy machine would feel.

He felt it was a manly man's job.

External Computer setup?

Manly!

No doubt about it, many testosterone-filled men would begin bragging about how they did this or how they did that when setting up their computers.

Feeling his temperatures rise and his heart thumping, Baloo knew it was time to move on to the big guns.

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Gulp.

He swallowed hard.

"Wife, pass me those separate ropes (cables) the store staff advised us to buy."

"Yes!" Diandra responded vigorously.

Now it was time to connect the monitor with the CPU and finish up a few strange setups.

"Husband, it says to first use the VGA (Video, Graphics Adapter) connector, connecting it between the monitor and the CPU."

Baloo began his work, noting a few primary connections he should note in the monitors, whether it was for now or later.

These were the DVI, VGA, and HDMI connections.

He also noted the jack and audio connections too. As well as a few USB ports too.

Amazing!

Baloo quickly went to work, identifying what was what and how to put everything together.

Of course, he also plugged the monitor and CPU charging systems into the walls before manually inserting the hotel-internet cable.

Success?

He wasn't sure yet.

However, there was only one way to find out.

The couple took deep breaths, with Diandra having one hand on the Power button on the Monitor, while Baloo's hand was on the Power switch at the back of the CPU.

"Ready?"

"Yeah."

"Alright. In 3... 2... 1..."

Thang!~

A bright light blue page flashed on the screen for no more than a second, followed by some bizarre logo.

And there and then, they heard what sounded like heavenly music in their ears.

It... It...

It worked!

"Hahahahaha~ "

Like children, the couple hugged and jumped around in a circle, too happy to say any words.

Of course, their joy never stopped them from focusing on the screen.

Computer profiles? Passwords?

They created it all, having access to the wonderful world of computers.

(°0°)

Diandra's eyes almost fell out of their sockets after plugging in and taking her headphone out numerous times.

"Magic! Magic! Husband! It works like magic! How can they manage to contain the voice, passing it to the headphone thingy? How is this even possible?"

Baloo only looked at the scene with a dumbfounded expression.

Godly! Truly Godly!

Could it be that these headphone thingies had the body to make any sound become mute in the world?

If he wore them for too long, would he eventually turn mute too?

Shiver. Shiver.

These Baymardians made him both awed and afraid.

Scary... Scary...

Very Scary.

### **Chapter 1410 - Mission Complete**

Baloo and his wife weren't the only ones going crazy with these latest Baymardian technologies.



"Amazing! There's a little icon for drawing called Paint! Awesome! My daughter will like this!"

"Excel! Excel! This is a heavenly gift for us who have to do multiple calculations over and over again. It says we need to make a formula, drag down and later insert input into the columns for the results! Wooo~... Now I don't have to calculate data a million times with a hand calculator. Wow! This sure does save time!"

"Bycrossoft Word! That's what I'm here for! As a writer, having such a heavenly gift is all I could've asked for Christmas!"

"You fool! Can't you see the Adobe and Presentation software too? In short, all office apps are just too good!"

"Ahhhh~... I just realized that you can print stuff off from the computers. All you have to do is connect it to the printers, and the rest is history!"

"F\*\*\* all that! This daddy is here for the internet! Don't you recall the internet search list that was published a week ago? Quickly! Bay-Tube! I heard there are some cool videos about my favorite celebrities there!"

"Wait! The instructions say we can insert what is called a floppy disc... What the heck is that?"

"Alright! Everyone, I need you all to shut up! I'm about to insert the Indiana Jones game!"

"bPod! bPod... This music pod is just so awesome. I can hear everything loud and clear."

"Hahahahaha~... I've found it! I found my favorite celebrity's page on Panda. Finally! I can leave my comments under the barrage! Yes! Yes! Cute! I love this outfit she's wearing. F\*\*\*! Who is this bastard who dared to comment and dislike it? Eat my fist, dirtbag!"

"Awesome!"

"100% Points!"

"God! Will I be able to sleep by the end of the day with this heavenly artifact in my room?"

(+0+)

.

One by one, many stayed in their rooms for over 6~7 hours without knowing it.

There was just so much to uncover within this I chatted territory called a computer.

And the internet was even more impressive.

Before today, a whole 20~30 page booklet had emerged, giving a hint of what people could search for.

There were topics on gaming, beauty, food, fashion, news, weather, schools, and many more.

On BayTube, which was similar to Earth's YouTube, one should know that all videos weren't put there by any individuals or everyday folks.

Simple videos on troubleshooting one's computer or how to handle a cold were all put on the internet.

Everything there was common knowledge that one wouldn't need to pay for.

Celebrities also had their pages on BayTube.

The biggest reason why it would be impossible for everyone to have their own BayTube was that cameras weren't for personal uses now.

One needn't think about the computers having cameras on them since they were the old earthling versions.

And even if in the next 4 or so years, he had laptops, they still wouldn't have cameras until the entire world was unified.

The new camera technology was used in military drones, intending to play a big part in the upcoming war.

So how could they compromise their future victory because of a little fun now?

.

At the moment, Landon felt that he had still been able to keep everyone happy.

First, hospitals and every public establishment had their own websites where one could go on and look for more detailed information on what these services offered.

Phone numbers and even booking appointments would be way easier than normal.

The use of emails and many computer essentials would be readily available at the drop of a hat.

And as he said earlier, even registering or dropping out of some courses, be it for the next semester or the present, would also be simplified.

None longer would they have to physically go to the office or wait in line via telephone.

The spits were all there

And once filled, being could get waitlisted.

Popular facts on hygiene, fashion, upcoming matters, camping, doing simple things like fishing on a campsite, or choosing the right location that works for them, could be shown on BayTube, official websites, or various blogs.

Again, when securing trip spaces and paying online, one could book a hotel or trip online but had to go there in-person to pay for it within the next 72 hours, or the reservation would get canceled.

The option of booking faster was because of the rush, especially when deals were involved.

There was quite a lot to take in with these matters.

And when it came to Esports, he planned to open an entire center that would get live-streamed there.

It would be like a Cyber Cafe, but massive 3 stories tall, filled with Gamers battling steadily.

There were no webcams or cameras for them to do so at home.

But there, they'll be able to build their individual gaming brands and make names for themselves.

As for how they would receive bonuses from fans... By the time he officially introduced Esports in Baymard, credit and debit cards should work online.

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Though Credit and Debit cards would be available in another month or so, he only planned to make online payments a thing next Spring.

During this time, he hopes many would thoroughly understand how to use their cards.

And in the meantime, he would work on card protection security for the computers, ensuring that no personal information was lost.

Sigh... There was a lot to consider going forward.

But for now, this much was enough.

"No! No! No!~ I can't believe I died on my 11th attempt! Tsk! As expected of Tomb Raider. Truly worth the hype."

"Dammit! Speed Punks is so good! Who dares to join me and compete?"

"Okay! Okay! These stormtroopers are pissing me off! Now, it's time to get serious. Die! Die! Die!!!!!"

Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom!

(\*π\*)

Like true gamers, Little Momo, Linda, Tilda, and little Ren had ganged up together in the main hall of their wing.

As per the new rules of the house, they were not allowed to have a computer in their rooms.

In his opinion, they were too young to have personal TVs or computers in their rooms.

When they came of age, then they could have that conversation with him.

Within the wing, there were a total of 12 computers scattered across the grand hall.

6 were around the same location, for when they planned to play together or had their friends over, playing together again.

And as for the other 6, he randomly distributed them around the wing in corners that didn't allow one to see what they were working on.

No matter what age one was at, Privacy was important too.

And he spaced the computers out so that those playing games won't bother those studying seriously.

It should be noted that the 6 computers that were grouped were now enclosed in a boot he had built that wouldn't let the noise from within travel out.

Before the computers came in, he had people create this mini-space in the most inconspicuous far most corner of the hall that blended in perfectly with the room just for this reason.

And now, those gaming could make as much noise as they wanted within the space.

Additionally, they weren't the only ones staying in this wing, seeing as Paula was also here as well.

As for mother Winnie, she married not too long ago and moved out.

.

"Dammit! Why is this level so hard?"

Landon stepped into the space, seeing Momo and the rest in deep concentration with their headphones on, clicking their noise as though their lives depended on it.

"It's time for lunch."

"Ah... Lunch? Who needs that?"

"Yeah! We're not hungry!"

"Not Hungry!"

Landon rolled his eyes, calmly walking into the room.

"If you guys don't pause your games, I'll ban your game-playing for a month."

**\*\*Freeze\*\***

Everyone's heart drummed chaotically.

1, 2...

Pause!

Everyone froze their games, speedily lending the scene.

"Ah~... Big Brother Landon, why didn't you say it was lunchtime?"

"That's right. It's my favorite meal of the day, so how can I miss it?"

"Big brother Landon, could it be that you misheard us earlier?"

No way. They had to flee before their big brother Landon changed his mind.

Tsk!

Now they know how to run?

Landon watched the little imps leave the wing with their tails properly clamped between their legs.

Discipline.

He knew that during school and serious times, they would focus and do what was necessary.

After all, even in modern times with all these distractions, people still read for exams and even use the Internet and computers to their advantage, especially at work.

Thus, he wasn't too concerned about that.

Instead, it was their slacking nature at home that bothered him.

This was the long holiday, and they were more or less free.

But so what?

The house rules still had to be applied!

Lunch was to be eaten at a specific time, making this easier for the staff.

Such simple rules were never to be instructed, no matter how fun their gameplay was.

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Landon shook his head wryly, making his way back to his office.

Ding!

[Host, Congratulations on completing your main mission.]

Hahahahah~

Now, it was time to talk airplanes!