

TECHNOLOGY 1411

### **Chapter 1411 - Enticing Rewards!**

[Host, congratulations on completing all your main missions!]

Hahahahahaha~

In his office, Landon was twirling around on his office chair, flapping his hands and legs about too excited to speak.

Finally! Finally!

The Baymardian technological upgrade he was waiting for was finally here!

(:TOT:)

Landon wanted to get on his knees and cry in joy but had no tears in his dry eyes.

Sniff. Sniff.

Today would go down in his private historian board.

The council of Landons in his brain were jubilating and dancing around a lit fire like wild cave dwellers.

'Damn you, system. You're going to make a grown man cry... For this, I can forgive you for all the bullying you gave me over the years.'

Sigh...

Though Landon had now calmed down, the smile on the corners of his lips had yet to go down.

He was smiling so hard that his haws were hurting badly.

The last year and 9 months were truly hectic but rewarding.

And apart from passing on new medical and surgical information, as well as creating several new batches of drugs, he also;

>Created 90's computers & Wifi connectivity.

>Created manga and animated movies.

>Created Military Spy Drones.

>Created music pods and Headphones

>And finally, he made Gameboy and Gamegirls.

Good.

These were all part of his Technological primary mission.

They took quite some time to do, but in the end, he managed to cross the finish line successfully.

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Landon rubbed his plays playfully, tapping on the blue transparent screen floating before him.

[Rewards:

>All knowledge on Aircraft, Military Air Force planes, and Helicopter manufacturing and piloting will be his.

>All information on the manufacturing and operational use of DNA Sequencers.

>All knowledge on Amusement park running and creation.

>15 Random Food, Snack, and Beverage recipes.

>All information of 10 Random medical and surgical procedures.

>And finally, 40 recipes for new pharmaceutical drugs and surgical fluids.

Okay.

Landon wasted no time seeing the newly sprung main mission that shot out.

[>Main Task 1: The system has long awarded the host with alien tech to ease aircraft manufacturing. Thus, the host has no excuse to miss the deadline.

Mission Deadline: 11 months.

Punishment: Death....]

Landon subconsciously nodded, agreeing with the system as well.

The deadline was more or less April of next year.

So he had nothing to worry about because come this September, all Alien tech should be ready to go.

Thinking deeply, Landon planned that from September to December, he would have to teach those chosen for the job all they needed to know about the various aircraft.

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As he said, everything more or less came down to division of labor.

Those making choppers will only know how to make choppers.

Basic information like the dos, the don't, and everything else would have to get drilled into their heads.

Altitude, air resistance, and all flight factors would be taught to them.

They had to know why each part was necessary. And during this time, they would personally work in making the various parts, doing tests in a room that mimicked all conditions the places would face high up in the air.

Anyway, because time was of the essence, Landon would give them the complete guidelines, not daring to hold back on any information.

After all, the Holy core was out there.

And any time-wasting was only disadvantageous to himself.

Of course, one should know that he still had to optimize his designs since the core's strength grew and awakened, the more useless his technology would be to withstand its power, lest he too optimized what he made.

That's why the research and testing center was a must!

He wanted them to fully understand it all because even after aircrafts get made, the researchers would still have to bury their heads in the labs.

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That said, even amongst those tasked with putting the choppers, every unit would have to specialize in distinct parts of the choppers.

There would be those focusing on wiring and controls, those focusing on the outer frame and whatnot.

Yes!

Even if they had the alien machine builders, it was their job to supervise, double-check and test if things were the way they wanted them to be.

After all, if an event snuck in and changed the manufacturing design instructions on the giant spider builders, any accident would still be their negligence.

This kind of thinking was similar to the many check ups done in an Oil production plant.

Just because they could see all pipelines on the screen didn't stop workers from doing physical routine checks across the pipelines.

Yes!

Technology was there to aid them. But that didn't mean they would have to drop their guards down.

They still need to supervise the whole work proceedings, as well as make any changes on the spot if need be.

Bottom line, Landon would have different teams working on putting the commercial planes, commercial choppers, military choppers with weapons, and even all other aircraft design types the system had rewarded him with.

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That said, it was important to know that those assembling the various aircraft were different from those manufacturing the multiple parts.

For part manufacturing, he would also create several teams, guiding them on what to do.

For example, one team might be responsible for creating all Aircraft seats, be it for choppers or commercial planes.

This team would make all the seats according to the book of dimensions, material types, and other guidelines he gave.

If there was an order for 50 commercial aircraft seats, then 50 would be made by them and sent over.

One should note that there was a difference between first-class seats and economy-class seats.

Again, some seats had the pull-down table trays on their backs, while for others like the business class, seats might not necessarily have these features.

All in all, he expected them to meet his demands after his hellish training.

Sigh...

Moving forward, it was clear that Landon planned to utilize the essence of labor division if he wanted to meet the system's deadline.

### **Chapter 1412 - A Stressed Out Man**

~Tap. Tap. Tap. Tap. Tap. Tap~

Landon drummed his fingers on his desk severally, thinking of all he had to put in place fast.

When it came to the airplane seats, those making them had to make the armrest region have microphone plugs and buttons to lower the seats for those needed to relax a bit.

But of course when it comes to the TVs, like he had planned earlier, the planes will have TVs stationed at various intervals across the plane.

And the rows and columns of people at those particular sections would have to plug in their microphones to listen in to whatever was showing.

Back in the early 90s, TVs on airlines were often more or less like so, with various groups sharing one TV suspended above.

Of course, they will have no control over what's showing.

Nonetheless, everything will be family-friendly, something that all ages would enjoy.

Only if the staff noticed that there were no children around the age of 14 within the section would they be allowed to show something a bit mature.

In the end, only TV viewings Business and Economy class would have these settings.

As for First-class customers... heh... they would have their own personal TVs instead.

Of course, though there were 3 Main airplane classes, each class had sub-classes too.

There was Economy, Premium economy, Business class, Couch and all the rest.

In short, the higher one climbed, the more spacious and luxurious their seating arrangement would be.

Some airplanes would have stairways leading to an upper floor, while others would be small with no business or even first-class options.

For now, Landon wasn't thinking of going over the top.

He wanted to make just the right amount of planes that could fly according to schedule to and fro any of the empires within the many hours of the day.

During a day, one could have more than 15 planes take off to various empires and roughly the same land back on ground floor.

Some flights were just 30~45 minutes, while others were 8 hours, depending on the takeoff location.

All in all, Landon had to estimate and create a backup batch for when some aircraft were under maintenance.

These airplanes would be landing and taking off from the Pyno Capital cities.

This was the only location for now.

So you best believe that people will hurry over as fast as they can to hop aboard and fly away.

Those closer to the coastal cities would prefer the ships.

But for those who were 3 months away from the shores but only 1 month away from the Capital, which direction would you think they would move towards?

Of course, the downside is that if they were using planes, they wouldn't be allowed to transport the same amount of items they did when using the cruise ships.

Flight travel was more of a convenience for those traveling light, wanting to reach their destination in a matter of hours.

That said, because there would only be one airport in each empire, one could imagine how full the planes would be.

If his guess was correct, almost all planes would be fully booked.

Damn!

In the end, there was still a lot to do before the system's deadline!

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Very quickly, Landon took out a few unneeded exercise books, making his plans and noting all major aspects he had to deal with before the official launch date.

As he said, from September to December, he would be focused on passing on his knowledge to the teams he selected.

It should be noted that during this time, the first few parts should've been completed.

And during this period, they should've also built pilot simulator rooms.

While they had been busy understanding these aspects, the selected pilots should've had multiple tests, as well as classroom training too.

That's right.

Landon planned to also use the months of September to December to teach the pilots theoretical knowledge first.

And come January, they would first train using the built simulators.

By the end of the month, they would have another set of aviation tests.

Those who made it would then continue to phase 2, piloting the various prototypes.

Be it a helicopter or commercial aircraft; these pilots would train till March, having multiple tests in between their training periods.

Landon was very particular about this.

Of course, while the pilots did their thing, those putting the real planes should also be working their hardest too.

But this wasn't all.

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First, he had to deal with the matter of the airports.

This summer, he had to let the other empires start choosing empty estates and massive terrains for their airports.

The system had allowed him to create Sundays in these regions.

Meaning he would have to send a construction team over there A.S.A.P.

He wanted the runways laid out before Winter.

If they can start this July, that would be great!!

And to speed things up, he also planned to send letters to the other monarchs, which should get to them 2 weeks from now.

So they can easily pick locations swiftly.

As for the International Baymardian Airport, come January, construction should be done and over with.

And even if it got delayed a bit by the weather, it should be at most done by March.

In the meantime, from September till the very last opening date, all airport teams had to get trained... Especially the air hostesses.

Those working within the airport in the check-in and checkout stations would more or less know what to do since Baymard already had a Coastal port and Landport.

Security staff, cleaners, runway workers, official on-site maintenance staff, and many other workers would have to recruit.

April of next year.

Now that Landon thought about it... The time seemed too short.

But what could he do?

What made him weep was that all this stress came from his main mission alone.

As for his many side-missions, they were another matter altogether!

### **Chapter 1413 - Future Plans & Rewards**

Dorian shook his head from side to side, feeling the tightness around his schedule.

One shouldn't forget that apart from aircraft, he also had to create DNA Sequencers.

This was a very essential medical and forensic machine that would boost their security and health assessments up a notch.

Paternity tests, DNA sampling, and other procedures involving both medicine and crime saving would be done easier thanks to this machine.

Of course, unlike the deadline concerning the aircraft, he had a more extended deadline for this matter.

The system had given him a year and 9 months.

Again, for his other main task, he had to create an Amusement Park with at least 8 different types of attractions.

Only then would the mission be considered complete.

So he could start with this 8 and later expand to an even bigger size over the hours of 6 or 12 years if he liked.

Overall, the system had given him 1 year and 11 months to create the first 8 attraction types at this amusement park.

Well, that was almost 2 years away from now.

8 attractions in 2 years? Very doable.

Should he start with bumper car rides, followed by spinning teacups, carousel, and other minimal attractions?

Well, yes!

He planned to have 4 of these being very lax, while the others would be very adrenaline-junkified.

1 would be themed roller coaster rides, 1 would be a slow rollercoaster tour ride across the Amusement Park, while the 2 would be standard flying rides or high-angled swinging rides.

Some should know that these 8 were just the basic types.

Meaning he would replicate each type, giving them a different theme and style.

For example, he could create a flying Dumbo ride that spun around with many customers on each Dumbo. Or change the design style and direction with another theme too.

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In the end, he could make quite a lot with these 10 initial ride types.

But for sure, the ones that would be created the most would be the ones that would take a shorter time to construct.

Maybe the Alice in wonderland, slow-spinning cup ride, or perhaps the Marry Poppins horse rides going around in circles.

Hey... Those would take shorter construction periods to make than the themed roller coaster rides.

Of course, some roller coaster rides would be simple and very short, while the big guys would probably take the longest to make and test out.

In the end, his next 2 years would be busy.

And this was not considering the times he would have to head out of Pyno.

Provided he showed the basics to the team, he was confident that they would adequately handle things without him, just as they did when making computers and the internet.

He only needed to be there for the initial learning phase.

And after that, they would have to study independently, make a few errors, test each part of their designs and see if it passed the test.

After all, as a busy man, he couldn't very well do everything for them, could he?

Last but not least, he also had to create new drinks, food, drugs and teach new surgical procedures.

And for these, the system had given him 2 years and 2 months to complete.

Well, this November, he will be turning 21.

This was already the last week of May.

So by the time he was close to 23, he should be finished with all of his main technological missions.

And that brought him to his expecting rewards.

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Landon smirked, looking at the Blue transparent screen before him.

Tsk.

Just as he expected, once he was done, the system would reward him with more medical and surgical knowledge, as well as more recipes for food and beverages.

But apart from that, he also got;

>Advanced knowledge on Criminology, Forensics, and Face-changing techniques.

>All knowable on the manufacturing and use of 3 Random military heavy artillery weapons.



>Manufacturing knowledge on 10 Beauty products.

>And finally, all knowledge about satellite launch, manufacturing, and use.

That's right.

Satellites!

This reward alone sure was enticing.

But by the time he might create and launch it into the air, he might be 25 or so in age.

Damn!

The time sure flew by in a blink of an eye.

Wasn't it just a while ago that he came into this world as a 15-year-old boy?

Heh.

Landon shook his head in nostalgia, feeling a little old.

Soon, even little Momo and the rest would come of age, living their own lives and starting married too.

Old man.

He was slowly turning into the age these Medieval people referred to as Old man age.

Back on earth, one's 20s was a sign of vitality

But here, it was a sign that sooner or later, they would have one foot buried in the ground.

[Host, I feel that I should remind you that while your main technological missions have been completed, you still have the others to get done.]

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Killjoy!

Why wasn't he surprised by the system's abrupt comments?

Tsk.

Looking at the many side and main missions left uncompleted, quite a few gave him a headache.

There was the one involving that Nopline number 2 of Veinitta.

Yup.

The mighty slave owner had immense strength, having far more power than Nopline ever did.

And what did the system require him to do?

Destroy all of his public and hidden fortresses, as well as his slave camps too.

In Nopline's case, the system pinpointed where the slave camps were.

But in this guy's case, he needed his spies to begin the hunt.

And then, there were the many other cases involving Omania, Tenola, Romain, and Zohl.

And at the moment, the most pressing one would have to be the one in Zohl.

Landon had timed things perfectly.

In a week and a half, he was leaving for Zohl.

And before the Airplane project begins by September, he will be back.

This time, he was out to save the boy loved by nature!

### **Chapter 1414 - Enter Prince Charming**

Okay.

It was time to get to work.

~Swish!

Like lightning, Landon began writing letters to the other Monarchs, requesting that they choose an Airport location fast.

Of course, by the time they solve the matter, he would be out of Baymard.

So Lucius would hand things moving forward. And on this mission, he was embarking on, for the very first time, Lucy was coming with him.

Pupp~

The dialing sound echoed out within his office.

"Alison. Ready yourself in a week. You'll be leaving with me."

[Roger that, your majesty.] Alison replied.

His majesty was at it again, wasn't he.

Tch!

As one of the many secretaries working with his majesty, how can he not be used to his majesty's surprise actions?

He had expected to head out this time. And sure enough, his guess was accurate.

Just like that, Landon was busy away in his office while the entire Baymard jubilated over the emergence of Computers, the internet, headphones, and music pods.

But little did they know that they were the only ones feeling boisterous.

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-Raydon Coastal City, Empire of Lingingburg, Veinitta.--

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Today was yet another glorious day.

The sun was high up in the sky, and the busy peasants began their usual loud bantering about the place.

Like a flock of loud birds gawking into the wind, the rambling blurs from the streets had managed to seep into the magnificent estate, called the Estate of Trans.

This estate was famous in the region, belonging to one of the most eligible bachelors within the empire.

Daily, many pleasant daughters who wanted to climb up the ranks would attempt to walk across the scene, hoping to one day stumble upon Mr. Bachelor.

"Oh, Goddess of Light! Are you saying that not too long ago, sir Sebastian's official carriage had pulled into the estate? Dammit! Why am I so unlucky? Why didn't I arrive sooner to see the scene? Hey! Who knows if he would have seen my beauty and fallen heads over heels for me?"

"You? With those big nostrils of yours, you still want to catch my husband's eyes?"

"Tsk! What's wrong with having a big nose? At least I will be able to save up enough breath (air) for my darling if we should ever drown together. At least I'm better with you with those flat sandals you call bosoms!"

"Pff! How ridiculous! Have you ever bothered to look at yourself in a polished bronze mirror before?"

"Of course! I'm gorgeous; you think I don't know?"

"You?... Excuse me, but what mirror do you use?"

"Mine!"

"Mine!"

"My husband is mine!"

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Outside the estate, the girls were all fighting one another like crazy, even though they hadn't seen their prince charming yet.

But did that stop them? No!

As a noble, they knew that this estate was just one of the many estates their prince charming owned across the empire.

From the talk around the city, Prince charming was based in the Capital city. And the times he came down to use his Coastal city was when he wanted a break from his duties or wanted to travel out.

Their prince charming had no wives at all.

He was one of the hottest dream men all girls wanted to latch onto.

All they wanted was one night.

Yes!

If they managed to get pregnant for him, then wouldn't that mean that their child would be his first son?

Even if the child were born from lowly means, no one would be able to deny that the child was his first son.

Who didn't like good things?

Many ladies passed around shyly across the scene, often bringing stolen bread or food from their homes to bribe the guards with.

As peasant ladies, their thinking was far too simple compared to the noble ladies of society who had multiple degrees in various first-hand scheming techniques.

These simple peasant ladies gave items to the guards in hopes that the guards would look favorably on them.

They wanted information about this chanting bachelor. And many a time, they stupidly believed that the guards could pass their words onto their prince charming.

"You! Didn't you say that my parking trusts in you completely? Then why don't you go on there and put in a few good words about me?"

"Eh? So you're one of my darling's hidden guards out undercover on the gates? Amazing!"

"Thank you! Thank you for passing my message across!"

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Like so, the guards decided the ladies, collecting not just good but sometimes money as well.

And when their shift was over, they would move these brainless women who wanted a shortcut to climb higher in status.

Talk to their master on their behalf?

Stupid.

Why would their master ever look for these substances, bad-skinned women?

The toll of overworking under the sun and lack of care for their bodies caused their skins to crack.

Their lips were also bleeding from dryness, and their hair very unkempt.

No matter how one looked at them, they looked as though they had never brushed their hair for months, which was typical for leasing women.

They didn't take baths often and usually emitted a foul body odor.

Meanwhile, noblewomen typically smelled like flowers, so fragrant and nice with clear skin that radiated their beauty even more.

Just the pimples and acne on the faces of some of these peasant women was enough to drive their master away.

Ridiculous!

Even the women in pleasure homes looked far better than them.

So what gave them the guys to have hopes on their master looking favorably onto them?

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Tsk!

The guards continuously sneered at the brainless women while still not forgetting to make them hopeful.

Hey!

If they told these women that their master would never look at them, who would bring all these goods and money?

They didn't know how the women managed to get the items. And quite frankly, they didn't care.

As for who their master was... Well, it was none other than the famous genius Lingingburg.

That's right.

They were talking about the renowned Sebastian BARN!

### **Chapter 1415 - The Barn Curse!**

"My darling has arrived!"

"Ahhh~~ I can't believe he's finally back in the city."

(^0^)

One by one, the peasant women shyly flocked across the gates, holding hand-woven baskets of various sorts.

From time to time, they would pretend to be strolling about or here on some business matters.

Some even lied that they had brothers and cousins working as guards here, while others came to try applying for any available positions, be it as an assistant cook or even a maid.

Yes!

With the many slaves in the estate, what chance would they have in getting these positions?

It should be noted that the peasants that did get hired were primarily put in positions that overlooked the slaves.

These peasants would be the Chief cooks, Chief maids, Head Stablemasters, Head Gardeners, etc.

That was how it has always been, not just in the estate, but almost everywhere else in the continent, and maybe the world as well.

Only a small group of peasants would get hired as the heads and controllers, ordering the slaves around and correctly instructing them on how to do their jobs.

So where did this busy estate have the chance to hire so many pleasant ladies all at once?

Heh.

The ramblings of these women were so loud that one could hear their mumbling voices from the innermost sector of the estate.

And standing beside a window was a playful-looking blond with very soft and delicate features.

He lifted his curtain, seeing far across the massive territory, settling his gaze on the estate front walls that seemed very small from this distance and height.

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Tch.

"As expected of you, Mr. Bachelor. Your charm never ceases to fail." The 20-year-old blond man said, swiftly throwing his head behind his shoulders, staring at the famous Bachelor in the empire.

"Is it fun?"

Sebastian dawned an expressionless face, listening to his loud friend playfully mock him.

Timothy chuckled, slowly making his way back to his seat once more.

His friend might have a calm look on his face. But how long has Timothy known him?

Sebastian's cold gaze was truly terrifying. And coupled with his deep black inky hair and eyebrows, he looked like an unhinged beast.

Maybe it was because of the vibrant between his overly dark hair and his skin, but Sebastian's entire body looked like he was sculpted and christened by the heavens on a special day.

It was no wonder that many could go crazy over him, to the point of committing mass murder for his attention.

Some ladies have even commented that whenever they met his deep yet beautiful eyes, their souls would fly away just from that single look.

What a man.

And he wasn't the only one like this.

Be it his father, Grandfather, or siblings... they had a very devastating handsomeness to them that could make millions of women drop to their feet in worship.

That was how strong the Barn looks were.

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In all his life, Timothy had never seen anyone more good-looking than Sebastian.

Maybe they did exist, but in Lingingburg Veinitta, he hadn't seen such a person.

Even the ruthless crown prince of the empire was second place in his heart when it came to handsomeness.

Amongst all the Barns here in Veinitta, it was evident that Sebastian was the most good-looking.

And it was because of this that even the unmarried royal princesses had secretly begun killing each other like crazy.

If Sevastian wanted, he would be able to rely on these women and single-handedly kill off all his enemies in the shadows without lifting a finger.

To have such good looks should be a crime!

And even his majesty had a headache because of the many people in his royal family who wanted Sebastian.

At first, he thought of engaging him with his 5th daughter, but then, a war broke out amongst the ladies... and all hell ran loose!

The ladies decided to composite fairly for Sebastian's heart.

It wasn't just them as even the mighty daughters of nobles having strong military power also stepped in.

What a joke!

Just because the princesses were royal, they could have Sebastian all for themselves?

Impossible!

Timothy chuckled, thinking of all his friend had gone through over the years.

To his friend, his handsomeness was a curse.

But many in the world would like to have such a face.

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Speaking on the matter of handsomeness, before William's portrait was revealed, Timothy would've sworn that Sebastian was the most handsome man in the world.

But William Barn of Arcadina was also devastatingly striking, even a little more good-looking than Sebastian.

F\*\*\*!

What sort of family was this Barn?

Why were they all so good-looking?

Why were the heavens so unfair to the rest of them, men?

(:TOT:)

Apart from William Barn, another cousin of his friend should be the low-life struggling ruler called Landon Barn.

If he had to rate things, he would say this Landon fellow was absolutely handsome... Even more attractive than Sebastian's brothers.

But not more handsome than William and Sebastian.

It can be said that this Landon Barn had the same level of handsomeness as his step brothers, Connor, Eli, and James.

All in all, the Barn looks were too frightening.

And one shouldn't talk about the women birthed from this lineage.

It was as though the heavens had specifically favored them to all look so good!

Timothy had to admit that though he was also considered good-looking, almost every woman would turn their attention to his friend once they saw him.

When they were young, he was brimming with jealousy deep within.

But over time, he got used to it... especially after seeing all the trouble his friend's good looks had caused him.

Tsk.

It was a Barn curse!

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Very coldly, Sebastian raised his thick black inky brows, staring at his friend.

"If you have the time to talk, then you have the time to work."

"Ah!--... No! No! Can't I take a little break? Didn't we just arrive?"

Sebastian couldn't care less about Timothy's aggrieved expression, focusing on the document before him.

And right at that moment, there was a knock on the door.

~Knock. Knock. Knock.~

The duo looked at each other briefly before turning their attention back to the door.

5 knocks... It should be a top 4-tier guard under his command.

But he wasn't expecting any news or anything of some sort.



So why were they here?

### **Chapter 1416 - All Hail The New Monarch**

Top 4-Tier Guards.

They weren't hidden guards, but those walking about the place out in the open to all to see.

Of course, the biggest difference between them and regular guards was that they had access to more assassin-like skills and also had access to a range of hidden skills taught by their Veinita Barn household.

These men were the ones guarding his office and places he considered sacred.

Additionally, they sometimes handled business for him when he wasn't around.

One could see them as caretakers and estate managers of the highest orders, running all his vast wealth for him.

They worked in his interest like spiders creating a perfect web, expanding his influence across the empire.

And to keep them completely loyal, they were all poisoned by a one-of-a-kind poison provided by the T.O.E.P.

Yes.

As a member, he had this privilege.

The poison's cure was in the hands of the Morgs.

And even if a person someday found or developed a cure of their own, they would still die.

Why? Because without the T.O.E.P.'s orders, anyone who dared to detoxify these people would have to face the wrath of the T.O.E.P.

How dare they work against the Morgs?

Every 4 months, tiny clay vials would get sent by an unknown source to these Top 4-Tier guards.

What was sent was enough to relieve the poison, keeping them alive for another 4 months before it started acting up again.

With the Morgs on Sebastian's side, these people dared not betray Sebastian... Even if they secretly hated him to the core.

Of course, the feeling they got from Sebastian was utter fear.

The youngster was cruel, not letting a single enemy get away.

His methods were truly dreadful. And not many wanted to cross his oath after seeing him in action.

That being said, these Top 4-Tier men were the ones handling his affairs when he wasn't around.

And even now that he was back, they still continued doing the same thing.

However, with him in the estate, they had quite a few rules to adhere to.

Rule number 1: Except the news is deathworthy, no one was to disturb the master.

Sebastian had no time for rubbish.

If they dared to bother him, then they better be prepared to die for whatever reason they barged in.

Meaning that if he judged the news to be a waste of his time, he would kill them on the spot.

Why did he have them if they couldn't have simple tasks?

Just because he was here didn't mean that they should start bombarding him with these minimal tasks that, by the way, they had long been doing.

All he wanted to see were the reports.

And if there were indeed something that caught his eyes, then he would actively question it.

Oh?

Since they dared to disturb him, then it better be worth it!

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"Come in," Timothy responded, while Sebastian still had his eyes gazing at the document in his hands.

And soon enough, a guard hastily marched in, leaping for Sebastian as fast as he could.

"Speak. What is it that has got you running mad?"

"My lord! It's urgent! A letter has just arrived from a Scarlet Messenger!"

What?

Scarlet Messenger?

Wait!

Could it be?

"Give it to me." Sebastian took hold of the profound brownish parchment letter that had been rolled and secured with 3 Scarlet ribbons.

Timothy looked at the 4-Tier guard. "Leave."

"Yes, my lords."

The guard responded, taking off in his flash to continue his estate management.

Now, his job title had switched from a guard to one of the many m estate Caretakers within the vicinity.

Bam!

The door was tightly shut, and Timothe calmly sat opposite his friend, carefully looking at his friend's facial expression.

Was it good or bad news?

Thrip!

Sebastian undid the Scarlet ropes, feeling very overwhelmed.

This was the moment of truth.

It was now or never.

Unraveling the scrolled message, Sebastian diligently read every sentence word for word, not daring to miss a single thing.

Scarlet messengers were a higher trained messenger legion scattered across the world, all belonging to the T.O.E.P.

Again, they were an elite messenger group tasked with delivering Absolute Orders from above.

This meant that Sebastian would have no right to refuse or question them.

Hopefully, it was what he was thinking of.

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"Well? What does it say?"

Timothy felt his heart thump dangerously the heavier the silence within the room.

That's right.

He too was a T.O.E.P member. But he was taken in as Sebastian's aide.

He and Sebastian were, as they say, in the same pot of soup.

So if anything went wrong on Sebastian's side, he too would lose ruthlessly.

Maybe it was because of this and many other factors that would never allow them to betray each other.

United they stood, decided they would fall.

Gulp.

Timothy's apple nervously bobbed up and down his throat.

"Dammit, Sebastian. Can't you speak up?" Timothy was about to impatiently curse at this friend of his when he suddenly saw him reveal a deep and cruel grin.

This... This...

"Bahahhahahahaha~"

Tonight quickly burst into laughter.

Good. Good...

"Old friend, I know that look. With this, we're good to go, yes?"

Sebastian nodded, still carrying that grin on his face. "Yes. The envoy we sent to Arcadina arrived safely."

One should know that the moment the envoy reached the coasts of Arcadina, he sent a message to the T.O.E.P, who in turn had sent him word now.

Anyway, the envoy decided to sail up to the Capital using one of the massive and vast river routes in Arcadina.

It's said that the moment the envoy arrived, the Arcadians were shocked and in awe, giving face to them as though they had never seen such magnificent ships before.

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Though they had no way of knowing whether the envoy was safe after arriving at the Capital city, the reaction of the Arcadinians had allowed them to estimate and envision what would've gone down.

After all, who in their right minds would dare to stand against the T.O.E.P?

If his guess was accurate, that cousin of his should be fleeing towards Baymard now but wanting to die in his hands.

But how was that possible?

For his grandfather's reputation and loss, he would kill and hang William on the city walls.

Yes. Arcadina will continue to be riled by Barns... Barns from his grandfather's lineage!

Sebastian smiled cruelly.

All hail the new monarch!

"Good! Inform the men who were on standby.

Well, leave for Arcadina in a month!"

### **Chapter 1417 - Enter Warden Samantha**

Just like that, a world of chaos was about to hit Pyno hard.

A new Monarch contender was heading their way to disrupt their peace and tranquility.

But all this was for the new future.

At the moment, Landon and his secretary Alison, Lucy and her secretary Dilaila, were now walking across a parking lot within the barracks, heading right for the meeting location.

Lucy felt her chest swell excitedly, having the rare opportunity to accompany Landon out on a mission.

Landon flicked her forehead playfully: "Love, this isn't a getaway trip. I'll need you to be extra careful, never dropping your guard for a moment!"

Lucy nodded her head vigorously like an obedient lamb. "I know. I know. I'll take it seriously!"

Her expression turned stern. But with her puffy cheeks, why did it seem too cute instead?

"Lulu!"

A voice called out from a distance.

Eh?

"Ruby! You're on this mission too?"

Ruby was Gary's wife.

Hahahahaha~

The ladies were pleased, knowing that they would have each other's company while out on the voyage.

Landon shook his head, watching the ladies bond excitedly the closer they got to Grand Hall 05.

And on the way over, he also spotted Warden Mitchen, his secretary Winnie... As well as Warden Samantha, alongside her secretary, Alfred.

That's right.

Warden Sam, as they liked to call her, was the female warden in charge of the Female Prison on the opposite side of the Male one.

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Make no mistake.

Women prisoners were also not to be trifled with.

The prison also had dangerous female prisoners who had done various despicable acts in their lives.

It was just that too many of these female prisoners their actions were justified because they did the things they did for love.

Killing over 50 love rivals, taking care of overly beautiful maids lest they seduce their men, and all other atrocities more or less had to do with a man.

But in this game of love and war, they had always felt that it was because of these women that their beloved had never looked at them.

Again, though women were genetically born weaker than men, sometimes, strength wasn't all it took to win.

Women had even more scheming minds, having the ability to make a lie in a heartbeat, looking as honest as can be.

They could also access a room in a matter of seconds, making dangerous plans too.

It would shock many to know that this year alone, the female prison had reported more pre-sneak-away attempts than the men.

And quite frankly, they managed to get further than the men before getting caught.

What shocked others were that some women were even willing to bite off their fingers and use the bone as a tool.

Brutal!

What man had that courage?

These women were maniacs!

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In a fight against men, they would definitely try their hardest to win by hook or by crook!

Believe it or not, Warden Sam had her hands too full with the crazy ladies.

And do you know how to make them crazier?

Just mention something about their beloved, and they would even act wilder than they already were.

Inmate fights usually originated because someone joked about another person's handling methods or their beloved.

"Heh! You're so stupid! What's the point of burning the b\*\*ches face? If she came after your man, wouldn't it be better to yank her heart out and feed it to her before she died? Your method only proves that you don't love your man!"

"B\*\*ch! How dare you mock my love for my man? For him, I can even kill the monarch! So who the flipping hell are you to question me?"

Bam! Pah! Boom!

(-\_-)

Like so, their fights always started in that manner with them fighting over men who, by the way, might be too scared of them or don't even care about them at all.

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Again, when it came to redemption and changing one's ways, he found that the male prisoners were far better in this aspect than the females.

Whether they entered the hole or even faced scarier aspects, they would only promise to change, but never pull through till the end.

Yes. They were indeed scared and shaken. But their motive and love for their beloveds were so great that they just didn't want to give up their ways like that.

That's why Landon had racked his brains to create more punishment sites that would get rid of this aspect for them.

And as of now, it seems to be working.

Things weren't as bad as they previously were, with quite a few changing for the better.

It can be said that the male prisoners that came in weren't shattered in the head.

But the females were generally more or less physiologically broken.

Yes. One can say that the reality of not rising to the top in power or not securing the throne was painful.

But in the end, it was a shallow pain compared to these women who had a deeper pain.

Love hurts.

And can even destroy one's sanity.

Sigh...

Warden Sam had it tougher, trying to glue these broken pieces of shattered glass.

But in Warden Mitchen's case, he was more or less handling teacups that only had cracks on them.

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One should never underestimate a woman's wrath.

Just look at Ulrich of Deiferus's case?

It was a woman who was doing everything she could to get him out of prison, even using her only T.O.E.P wish for love.

But whether he loved her or just used her for power was another matter altogether.

In the end, if she got broken, getting her back on her feet would be a task for the heavens.

If she were a modern woman with nukes in her hands, she might blow up the entire world, letting it feel the same pain she had deep inside.

Medieval women loved harsher and harder.

Once they identified a person they wanted, they hammered hard without caring even for themselves.

Such a love was too terrifying to modern people... Almost insane.

But to those here, it was just perfect.

That said, though the majority got in here because of love, some were here for other reasons like endless greed that put them in here, the desire to kill and eat flesh, and many more.

They were serial killers with beautiful faces.

And all in all, Warden Sam always had her hands full!

### **Chapter 1418 - Mission Briefings!**

"Your majesty."

Warden Sam saluted.

Landon looked at the bold and gallant, heroic 37-year-old woman before him, lightly nodding in acknowledgment.

Warren Sam had a long oversized rank-decorated white coat over her shoulders, with a full black attire underneath.

Her entire aura was frightening, which sharply contrasted with her good looks.

She wasn't the delicate type of beauty but an ice queen, similar to Penelope.

And when it came to strength, she and Mitchen were on par with one another.

Each month, if any of them were still in Baynard, they would fight at least once a month.

And their underlings would watch with interest while also wearing protective gear too.

It's said that when these 2 fight, they always destroy buildings and throw broken concrete building pieces and other heavy items at one another at will.

F\*\*\*!

Do you know that during one of their battles, they had accidentally created a now-famous pond in District B?

That's right.

They punched into the ground so much that they created a crater.

And in the end, after the rains fell, that space had now turned into a place where ducks and other creatures swam merrily.

Phew.

The wardens were not to be messed with.

From uprooting trees, smashing each other with those trees, and doing other jaw-dropping stunts, no one was daring enough to stand too close during their fights.

Maybe only people like his majesty, King-Father Lucius, Major General Josh, and the rest would be able to handle these guys.

Of course, just like Mitchen's top underlings, Sam's top underlings also had a fraction of their super strength too.

And to perfect and hone their skills, they also trained in the Shaolin way.

It can be said both Sam and Mitchen were equally terrifying.

Thus, they both went out on missions towards the various corners they were sent out to.

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"Your majesty, queen Lucy... "

Mitchen, Sam, and their secretaries were quick to salute the gang, joining in on their conversation.



"Your majesty, I hear this time, I've got a mission for us?" Mitchen asked curiously.

And Sam also had her ears perked out too.

You know, this was the first mission she and Mitchen would be taking one together... Or could it be that she was wrong, and they would be heading out towards different directions as they usually did?

Landon could only smile, catching a glimpse of the curiosity brooding in their eyes.

Mitchen was a bubbly guy, while Sam was colder and more quiet.

You would think they would be like fire and ice.

But when together, these 2 complimented each other quite well.

"Well, aren't you all just a few minutes away from knowing?"

He would tell them in the meeting hall.

So what's the rush?

This...

Mitchen and Sam looked at each other tactfully, seeing the brooding excitement deep within.

Hey!

It's been months since any of them stepped out for a mission.

Compared to the heaps and piles of paperwork they had to do as Wardens, they often preferred to head out.

Yes!

With the prisoners, they indeed had headaches now and then.

But all in all, going out and exploring the vast world that they never knew of still filled their hearts with adventure and excitement!

A few years back, they thought the world only had 3~4 continents.

But over time, their world scope had begun to expand!

So who wouldn't want a taste for adventure?

Traveling to new civilizations, seeing different people of color, meeting new animals, plants, deadly dangers that mother nature threw at them.

Though dangerous, who wouldn't be a little enticed by the adventure ahead?

Hahahahaha~

The wardens inwardly laughed in glee.

And their secretaries, Winnie and Alfred, also shook their heads wryly after seeing the spunky look in their eyes.

Sigh...

It looks like their Wardens were planning to go all out again.

They looked at one another, tactfully understanding their predicaments.

And like so, the gang continued towards the Grand Meeting Hall.

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--Hall 05, Sector L, Baymardian Barracks--

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

The vast hall that fitted over 10,000 was as broad and extensive as 2 massive warehouses joined together.

The ramblings from the seated men echoed out within the space.

Some were curious, others more or less calm, some began chatting about their week, while others chose to close their eyes and quietly lean against their seats.

Of course, there were still those who poked their heads out the many doors to keep a lookout, ready to give everyone a heads up once their superior arrived.

Indeed.

The gathering was large, consisting of marines, soldiers, several Navy officers, and a few prison special units too.

"Hey, what do you think this mission is about? For it to be a Double-S rank, surely, it's going to be more than life-threatening, right?"

"Eh? Double-S rank? How is yours Double-S, while mine is an S-rank one?... Could it be that I've come to the wrong Hall?"

"Dammit! Could it be that I'm the one in the wrong Hall instead? Hall 05, Dwindleton Building... This is it, right?"

"Yes, this is Hall 05. So what is up with the many mission ranks all gathered together? Ah!- could it be that this meeting is to address not just one mission, but several other missions?"

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What was this?

Many were still taken aback by their thoughts, feeling their hearts continuously beat too loudly against their chests.

For some of them, this was their first big mission.

So imagine entering the wrong hall for the meeting briefing?

Even if they left now to find the right hall, they would no doubt reach late, making their superiors think they weren't serious.

F\*\*\*!

Many secretly sighed in relief after confirming that they were indeed in the right place.

Phew.

'Be cool. Act cool... Alexandria! This is your first S-Class mission!'

Both women and men puffed their chests out, looking forward to their upcoming tasks.

And soon, someone exclaimed a brief warning to many.

"They're here! They're here!"

Word traveled fast across the vast briefing hall.

And just a few seconds later, the entire place was as silent as a cemetery.

" \_"

... Okay.

It was time for the briefing to officially begin!

### **Chapter 1419 - Full Speed Ahead!**

--Silence.--

Tap. Tap. Tap. Tap. Tap.

Except for the knocking sounds of rugged boots, the entire place was quiet.

And one by one, the superiors headed for their seats on the podium.

"Sir!"

Everyone immediately stood and gave a firm salute once their leaders readily faced them.

At ease.

Landon gestured, speaking into the microphone already set up on his table.

Following that, the enormous white roll-down screen emerged, and the lighting in the room got dimmed down by quite a bit.

Landon took his seat, allowing one of the superiors to take the stage.

The projector was turned on.

And soon, the briefing began.

"Today, you're all here to pick up your assignments," a stern cold faced woman said.

General Sulian.

Her gaze was frosty and wasn't one to be trifled with.

Inch by inch, her eyes scanned across the vast space. And though it was logical that those at the middle or at the back wouldn't get seen clearly by her, they still felt a cold sweat form across their foreheads from that single gaze.

Gulp.

~Click.

Sulian clicked a button on the remote, and the next slide came on.

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"As some of you might've noticed, your mission ranks and code names are different from others. Well, think no further! Today, we'll be allocating assignments for 4 consecutive mission ranks; S, Double-S, Triple-S, and finally Platinum!"

What? Platinum?!

You have to know that some years back, the mission ranks had added 2 new ranks above the Triple-S rank. And these were the Platinum and Gold ranks.

The Gold-rank was now the highest and deadliest mission rank!

It was almost akin to a suicide mission!

And even though the Platinum rank was less dangerous than the Gold, it was still a deadly affair.

Platinum! Platinum rank!

Just what sort of mission was that?

Already, many felt their hearts constrict, clenching their muscles and feeling their breathing grow rapid.

Scary... But also exciting!

Many began to dream of when they would ever be qualified for such a mission.

To be selected meant that their capabilities, ranks, military contributions, and several other factors were very pleasing, long passing the qualified mark.

What a mission rank!

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Taking deep breaths, many stabilized themselves while listening to General Sulian.

"Today, our briefings won't be as deep and detailed as before. After assignment distribution, you will meet your mission leaders and arrange your briefings, tackling these matters all on your own."

Everyone nodded, being that it was reasonable.

After all, since these missions were top secret and classified, it wouldn't make sense for those in other missions to know too much about specificities.

In all sense, they were probably having the initial briefing just to show who their Mission leader was, as well as to pass on various details to them.

Looking at the various wardens and quite a few other top army and marine personnel, many guessed that they should be the mission leaders or would somehow be assuming or acting together with them while out on the field.

Hmmm...

"And just as usual, you will be given time to have your briefings, understand your mission information, come up with your infiltration or attack plan before submitting them according to each mission rank's deadline!"

For some missions, they would be leaving in a month. And for others, they would be leaving in a month and a half instead.

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Again, 2 out of these 4 missions had already had a pre-briefing set up a while back.

These 2 were those who would be leaving in a week and a half for their mission.

However, the reason they got added once again in the mix was because of new intel.

Some things have changed. And additionally, they now had drones with them and other weaponry at their disposal.

The military was like this.

Plans that they made earlier could change at any time.

Now, they had to go through all their earlier plans, back to the drawing board, and resubmit new ideas or counterattacks.

One week and a half... Their changes won't be much, but at least, it should be an improvement from their initial plans.

Of course, many were still anxious because of their missions' unknown factors.

For example, those heading to Zohl, in particular, the empire of Titarian, had no clue of what the natural terrain there was like.

Alright. Even in this summer, how much danger would mother nature give them?

For example, look at the case of the Zohl empire of Titarian where some of them were headed?

The Land of Hills.

That was Titarian's nickname.

It was called Titarian, the land of hills, because supposedly, there were hardly any even or straight paths there.

It was as bumpy and hilly as a camel's back.

Up, down, up, down.

This was probably why the people of Titarian had such strong and powerful hind legs.

Thus, in such a place, terrain preparation was essential.

They couldn't even sneak up on a person because of the up, down, up, down terrain.

Well, except the hills were covered with enough forest, sneaking by would truly be difficult.

And who knows just what sort of creatures and attacks from mother nature they would find there?

Again, it was also said that Titarian had all sorts of land terrains on its hilly plains.

What was more unbelievable to Landon was that just within the same eye-view... one could find a desert-like hill filled with sand to a person's right... And to the left, a bushy, thick-forest hill instead.

How?

How was this even possible?

The more he listened, the more he always felt it went beyond geography and the earth's laws of the world.

But then again, he wasn't on earth anymore, was he?

After all, wasn't it the Zalipnians that had a sacred island high above the sky covered by a backward waterfall?

The power of the Gods here was real!

So science wasn't always to be trusted.

Thus, Titarian's entire landscape was also bound to defy logic.

### **Chapter 1420 - Chosen Mission Leaders**

One by one, each mission was tackled.

"Those assigned to the S-Class', you'll be headed by myself, General Sulian. Priorities: Safely get to Tenola undetected. gather information on the Witches!"

Hmhm... Sounds about right.

Many nodded in thought.

And very briefly, she pointed out a few key factors, clicking the remote and changing the slides one by one.

Of course, as leader, she also informed them of when and where she would be holding her private briefing.

Additionally, she mentioned some general knowledge on the matter, telling them what to bring when coming for her briefing and what she wanted done.

Alright. Moving on.

"Double-S class! You'll be led by his majesty Landon and Queen Lucy! Task Location: Titarian, Zohl! Get there undetected, save mission target. Capture or kill enemies, and finally, and in any means to relive matters and sign a treaty with Titarian. This is our first attempt to connect with a Zohl empire... So... Do your best!"

Right!

Many puffed their chests out with firm expressions on their faces.

Must let everything go smoothly!

Sultan was pleased with their overall reaction, subconsciously nodding in satisfaction.

This was the energy she liked to see.

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This time, Sulian allowed Lucy to take the stage, briefly talking about when and where she and Landon would have their briefing.

Just like in the case with Sullivan, she highlighted quite a few matters too before taking her seat once more.

Alright. Everyone now knew they were getting up there in uncharted territory.

That's right.

The big leagues.

"TRIPLE-S class! Your mission is ranked in this manner because you will be against an entire empire!"

Yes.

With the double-s mission, it can be said that Landon was going to fight against the limited few T.O.E.P members who might get sent to assassinate the gifted boy from Zohl.

It was an assassination attempt and a plan to put the boy's uncle on the throne just as they placed Alec Barn on the throne years back.

So maybe they would send 5~10 thousand men?

They weren't sure but felt that at max, it should be 20 thousand, and at a minimum level, it should be around 5,000 highly skilled professionals having Morg technology with them.

In that case, would they also come with the first Siege weapons invented in Morgany?

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Additionally, one shouldn't forget that the boy's uncle should also have a powerful force and any just waiting for the T.O.E.P to arrive.

This uncle of his would probably use his any against the boy's noble supporters.

From what Landon gathered, at least 65% of novels were by the boys' side.

However, if the T.O.E.P and his uncle caught these people by surprise, do you think they would have enough time to rally up their soldiers scattered across the vast empire?

Again, the boy's uncle might gather the opposition and team up with the T.O.E.P to surround the entire Capital, leaving those inside helpless.

These were all their thoughts and guesses of how the enemy would attack.

It can be said that those on the Double-S missions would be against the T.O.E.P and the 35% opposition that was stationed in the Capital.

Of course, not all of the 35% might act.

Some might still choose to be neutral, wanting to see how things would go before moving a hand.

All of these were possibilities, but as Baymardians, they liked to work with the worst-case scenario when coming up with battle strategies.

That said, the reason why the Tripple-S class mission was more challenging was because this time, the Baymardians won't be seen as intruders, fighting against a monarch and almost all nobles in the Capital city.

Hehehehehe...

That's right. The Triple-S mission was precisely where many had expected.

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"Mission location: Czar, Romain. Word has long been sent out that the monarchs and nobles there have grown too anxious ever since the Zombie virus team monetarily took over the field. On the surface, it looks like we still have control over the site. But from the reports sent in, the cornered rabbits would soon find a way to break free, killing off our teams there. And that's why we need to move in fast!"

Yes!

"This time, we will be against them all! And at the moment, they had managed to send reinforcements from their hidden fortresses via eagles! This is an oversight we failed to catch on time."



When the Baymardians in Czar realized the situation, it was too late.

Quite a few eagles had long been sent. And surprisingly, some messages they caught were sent to another empire that supposedly had a very close relationship with Czar.

This was bad!

Apart from the many feisty nobles wanting to crawl on their skins, they might be getting a visit from an external army too.

Well, they couldn't have their bed there unguarded in such a way.

"Everyone, over time, we have made contact with the future Czar monarch. And now, we will assist him in getting on the throne!"

Yes!

Benvolio D'avant.

That was the name of their Czar's future Monarch.

Everyone nodded deeply, listening to Sulian's words.

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"There shall be 2 leaders for this mission. Warden Sam will handle all things in and around the Capital. And Warden Mitchen will handle matters across the other regions."

Most forces would be heading for the Capital.

So Warden Sam would have her hands full.

And Warden Mitchen would more or less have her back, tying up loose ends and zooming through the land as planned.

And as wardens, what was their primary goal?

Capture prisoners!

Everyone looked at the wardens and their secretaries, feeling that it was just right for them to handle these matters.

Of course, just like the case with Landon, Lucy, and Sulian's missions... they would also be assisted by a few well-ranked marines, military personnel and their prison personnel while on the field.

Good. Good. Good...

These missions were truly mind-blowing.

However, many subconsciously held their breaths when thinking of the big gun that hadn't been revealed yet.

Platinum rank...

What sort of mission was this?

