

TECHNOLOGY 1441

### **Chapter 1441 Project AirPort**

The sun was out, and many had arrived with their secretaries, assistants, or guards, assisting them in taking notes.

Everyone's ears were perked to the sky with this new and surprising project that they knew nothing about.

Airport?

What was that?

They knew of seaports and even Baymard's famous Landport.

But who can tell them what an airport was?

They had a hunch but pushed their thoughts away, feeling that maybe they were overthinking things.

Project Airport.

It was not too long that their Queen began looking for a suitable site, alongside the Baymardian team that delivered a special letter to her.

In the end, this site was chosen.

It wasn't in the heart of the city. And neither was not in a slum region or overly crowded site.

What was surplus over here were beautiful sceneries of greenery that differed from the hustling and bustling of the central city site.

Quite a few nobles had personal grand estates here. But they hardly stayed in them since by carriage side, it would take close to 2 hours to get to the bustling zone.

The Capital city was vast. Its history was also a combination of quite a few towns, villages, and a city back in more ancient times.

To move about the place would take people hours and hours.

From some extreme ends to another end in the city, one could use up to 6 hours!

But this wasn't so bad.

Even in modern cities, people could stay on the roads for close to 2 hours in the same city when leaving for work early in the mornings.

Some cities were just that big.

For those in this location, leaving towards the central heart of the Capital city was a 2-hour journey or more.

Most nobles chose to step closer towards the central site, as close to the palace as they could... Only a few stayed here.

But for the Baymardians, such a sight was perfect.

There was so much space and instead land!

Thus, the Chief Baymardian personnel in charge of the project chose their current site with Penelope a while back.

And now, the project will officially begin taking shape.

Before the rains begin in October, the runways have to get done!

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Penelope stepped forward to address the crowd opposite her.

She could see their curiosity almost bursting through their eyes.

But she knew that once they knew how powerful this project would be, they might all have heart attacks!

"Everyone, thank you for taking time out of your busy schedules for such an abrupt meeting."

Many shook their heads as though saying: it's nothing.

Such a strange and mysterious project... How could they miss such an opportunity when invited?

You must be joking!

Their faces lit up. And subconsciously, they also leaned forward too.

Their curiosity was getting the better of them.

Hehehehehe~

Penelope lightly chuckled.

"In our beloved Carona, the transportation sector has long grown to an incredible rate that none of us expected. Our public road transportation system is kicking off nicely."

Many, especially those in Carona's transport ministry, all nodded in agreement.

There are even some public wagons that would take one out of the city to any of the nearby towns or cities.

The Capital city, as well as several other cities, towns, and villages, have all been grouped into what the Baymard's called a Prefecture/province/state.

The changes are slow and steady, but they believed that in the next 4~6 years, every part of Carona would be able to have such services.

"Though we've been able to accomplish so much, we still have a long way to go. And on that note, Baymard and Carona will be partnering up once more to expand our growth by establishing Project Airport!"

~Clap. Clap. Clap. Clap.~

Many clapped at the momentum of Penelope's words.

What a way to introduce a project.

Bravo, your Majesty. Bravo!

~Clap. Clap. Clap. Clap.~

Santa had a fat smile on his face, appreciating his wife.

Hey, he really scored big time.

Just look at how amazing his wife was?

Too cool!

(^\_^)

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Penelope raised her hands, calling for silence.

"Project Airport!... What is it exactly? There are seaports for the sea, Baymard's Landport for the land... And of course, the latest and new type of them all, AIRPORTS for the sky!"

Boom!

Her revelation shook them to the core.

You know, they have only guessed so much, thinking that they should be wrong.

But who knew that it was precisely what its name insinuated?

Sky travel! Sky travel... Will it be with those Baymardian Air Balloons?

"I know what many of you are thinking. But you're mistaken. No balloons will be used. And just like the Baymardians ships, they will be able to travel with some of your bags, suitcases, and luggage."

Really?

Many felt that maybe her majesty was wrong.

Apart from the Baymardian Balloon that looked lightweight enough to reach for the sky, they couldn't see any other way flying would be possible.

'Her majesty should be wrong.' They thought, though not bothering to state their conclusions.

For now, the fact that airport travel would be a new thing was already too exciting, to say the least.

"To my right are the Baymardian representatives and workers who will help us with this project."

From Penelope's understanding, the airport operation was more or less similar to how the Main Bay-Caronian Ship port is run... Except for a few changes.

What exactly was a runway?

It would be a lie if she said she knew what it was.

One by one, Penelope began dividing the labor and pairing many with those on the Baymardian teams.

This airport was a joint matter. Contracts will have to be signed, budgeting worked on, money recovery plans and estimated yields assessed, shares talked about, etc.

The many Caronian delighted were pleased with all they heard.

However, Penelope's last words made them have goosebumps.

"For many of your sub-tasks, I will appoint my husband, his highness Benjamin Hamilton, to work with you all!"

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

(°π°)

... Your majesty... Are you serious?

### **Chapter 1442 An Intimidating Start... But So What?**

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With Penelope's command, operation Airport began.

But just like the case in Carona, the many other empires were also ready to take action.

For now, the airport project will only focus on Pyno.

And only a year and a half after its launch will physical plans get drawn for the other treaty signed empires far from Pyno.

There were several factors to consider, as well as several weather factors to look into too.

They in Pyno had a better understanding of their weather and were focused on mapping and aligning all records and ancient documents on Pyno's hourly weather that had been recorded since ancient times.

But of course, during this time, the astronomers and many others from the other treaty signed empires also worked hard on gathering information about their prospective empires too.

And by the time airport talk in these empires begin, half the work should already be done.

There was a lot to consider.

Thus, airport travel would only be in Pyno.

Of course, another reason why Baymard continued to collect this information was in the future, their missions might take them through various unknown places across the world.

The more world data collected, the smoother their journey.

Like so, the entire Pyno seemed to be filled with unprecedented vigor.

From better sea travel, better road travel... And now, air travel.

Hahahhahahah~

What more could they say?

They enjoyed this new age, wanting to benefit as much as they could for their future generations.

Thus, they took the project seriously.

And just like them, many others had their own projects and missions to fulfill.

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--2nd Baker's Street, Capital City, Baymard--

The fresh smell of baked bread floated across the air, tempting all those walking along this street.

2nd Baker's street... One of the only 3 baker streets in Baymard's Capital.

You would think having so many bakeries in one place would be a bad idea. But the truth was far from that.

Some customers in a rush didn't want to wait in line for long. So they would leave their favorite shops and enter their 2nd, 3rd, or even 5th favorite.

Some liked items in many of these bakery stores.

So they would enter each of them, picking out what they like the most.

Prestige bites? 64% dark chocolate croissants, blueberry bread, honey bread, banana bread with a high of white chocolate cream shattered on it, whole wheat bread... And all the rest.

One could buy their bread and sit inside the stores or have them on the go.

In short, all stores, be they on the left or ride side of the street, were always busy and shared similar customers amongst themselves.

They also had their signature bread, as well as their signature drinks too.

The entire place smelt of freshly baked bread that gurgled everyone's belly.

And leaving one of these rowdy stores were men in ordinary, plain-looking attire.

They dawned light black pants and vibrant shirts that were common for many to wear around these times.

And on their faces were dark sunglasses, which didn't make them stand out, seeing that many in the crowd also wore their headed sunglasses.

The men bite into the bread in their hands, secretly acknowledging its deliciousness.

Soft and Tasty.

And this fact only made them frown even more.

Even the food here was far better than theirs. So how could they not be angry?

They walked along the streets with their ears perked high, gathering any information that they could.

And soon, they took the train, headed back to District D, and went straight into their hotel rooms.

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~Bam!

The doors were shut tight.

Bone and Claw went straight into their bedroom chamber.

And on the bed were the many items they had bought over their time here.

However, stepping into the room, Bone suddenly froze.

"Check properly! Why do I feel that someone has been here?"

What? Did someone come in?

Impossible After leaving the sign, no cleaner will come in. Claw thought.

This wasn't their first day here.

Over the past few days, they had tested this fact.

If you put the do not disturb sign up, no one would come or knock on the doors.

They had tested this in many ways.

And besides, no one was looking for them or gas suspected them of anything, seeing that they weren't followed.

Even the many threaded traps they placed right before the doors were still intact.

If someone had entered and weren't aware of these, they would've long broken the thread.

But at the moment, it was still intact.

Looking at their balcony, they also made several traps there too.

And even their balcony door was shut from inside.

The only thing that was open by a few inches was one of the windows.

Looking at the open gap, it was impossible for a human or even a dog to enter.

That space was too tiny.

And they were far high up on the 23rd floor!

From all they knew about Baymard, they would never allow someone to climb their buildings.

And besides, they had only left for 4 hours.

So who would have climbed the building walls in broad daylight under the eyes of the bustling crowd below?

Impossible!

Even if they did, there would be no way for them to enter the room.

They kept the window open in that manner because closing all windows at all times would only make them look suspicious, as though they were hiding something.

Plus, it was good to let fresh air circulate within the room.

In the end, all their traps were unbroken. So Claw greatly doubted his brother's worries.

But just to be sure...

1, 2, 3...

Clean.

Everything was as they placed them.

As hidden guards, their eye of observation was sharp.

If they left even a toothbrush carelessly, their minds would note how everything was.

Nothing was out of the ordinary.

Claw frowned. "Brother, could you have made a mistake?"

"Well, maybe I'm overthinking it." Bone replied, running his neck. "It might've been a bird that flew in through the window and left... Or maybe nothing at all."

Apart from a bird, he didn't see how anything could enter the room?

And the traps also showed how trustworthy these hotel cleaners were

That is, even if an assassin broke the traps and reconstructed them, Bone would know if it was his work or not.

But everything was okay.

Sigh...

'It must be the failure from our last operation that's getting to me.' Bone thought, sitting on the bed with a stoic expression.

And just like Bone, Claw wasn't in a laughing mood.

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Tick-Tock. Tick-Tock.

The hours flew by in a few blinks.

The sun was setting, and the moon began to rise.

Some clocked out of work, while others clocked in.

The last 'Traffic-packed' hour was as heavy as usual with the darkness in the sky.

Some were also going to bars, while others headed to the cinemas, theaters, and circus acts.

The night was busy for many.

And it's this business that allowed the dark forces to move with ease.

And by the time the city regained its silence, Claw and Bone had already infiltrated the forest region right before the Lower Realm entrance.

But rather than entering through the very front, they chose to try their luck from the sides.

They knew the place was fenced.

But if they could go over this fence from an inconspicuous angle, half of their work should be completed.

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Midnight.

~Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!~

The duo sped through the trees, making as little sound as possible.

Their flash steps were precise, giving the illusion of them lightly gapping the soil.

Their breathing noises were non-existent, and their momentum steady.

And as they moved, they would pause for a while, have a look around their surroundings, and confirm their inexistence.

In the early blanket of the night, the duo glanced at each other tactfully.

So far, so good!

10, 20, 30, 40 minutes more, they had moved across the terrain.

And soon, they began seeing the towering silver barred walls from a distance.

Up on a tree, Bone squinted his eyes dangerously.

'How very clever. Just as expected, they distanced the trees from the walls.' He thought.

Like a monkey, Claw was also pitched up on a tree, taking in the site far ahead.

What an intimidating sight!

Just at the end of these rows of trees was a deep trench that gave the illusion that the Lower region was standing on a low rocky cliff.

The trench was wide, long, and deep.



But more dastardly was that the sides that the barred fences stood rested on were too steep and also covered with this impossibly smooth Baymardian Stone (cement.)

It was too smooth.

Normal medieval stone surfaces had holes that they could use to ascend as high as they wanted.

But these Baymardian ones were just too annoying!

Looking at the steep angle, climbing up towards the barred walls would be a nightmare!

But were they so easily deterred?

Not a chance!

Bone and Claw sneered.

"Let's go, brother!"

"Right!"

They had already done their scouting and research.

#### **Chapter 1443 Man Vs.... Whatever.**

Like monkeys, Claw and Bone jumped from tree to tree, fully masking themselves within the luscious foliage.

Their skills were strong.

And even after leaping from tree to tree, not a single leaf fell off.

It was all about the technique.

They stayed little to no time on a single branch, not putting their weight on them too much.

Did they put the security of this place in their eyes? Not a chance!

From the weak public security, as well as their own experiences, they more or less looked down on this place.

It may have all these treasures here. But it was only safe because of the other empires working hard to protect it.

Again, if these people were truly skilled, they should've noticed them the first time they tried infiltrating District B.

Tch!

The duo felt that such treasures shouldn't belong to the weak.

Their eyes glowed, planning to make a detailed report to their master!

Dafaren must own it all!

With cruel smiles mastered on their games, they leaped from tree to tree, choosing this method to avoid the stray animals lurking below.

It should be noted that because Baymard didn't want to destroy the overall ecosystem of the place, they left squirrels, rabbits, deers, and other harmless creatures within the many forest zones across the Capital city.

Without a doubt, there were a few dangerous ones like the buck-tooth wild boars that were purposefully kept in places like these forest zones.

These animals liked to stay deep inside the forest zone, seldom heading out. However, if one were to enter the aces they marked as their territory, they would attack without delay.

And their cries would, in turn, alert the guards too. It was a good strategy.

As a caution, there were many signs along the road along these zones, warning people of what to expect if they dared enter these restricted places.

The brothers didn't give the animals time to find fault with him because wouldn't it be ridiculous if they, top dogs under Alexander, had failed a task because they were caught in a squabble with wild animals?

Impossible!

Such a shame could never be tagged alongside their names.

Forward they leaped, one branch at a time.

And soon, they came face to face with what seemed like the biggest hurdle of them all.

Arching their backs, they became one with the leaves on the trees.

"Brother, this is it." Bone said, already spotting a good infiltration point.

"Look! Over there!" Bone pointed at the only blind spot.

At present, countless lights were dancing around the deep and wide trench.

Just like the case when infiltrating District B, doing the lights took skill, but not impossible to do.

So this was not their worry.

Instead, they were looking for a blind spot along the opposite side that would give them a mile time to climb the steep, smooth stone base.

From the stone base, they would immediately need to switch equipment since the barred fences were stationed on the towering base.

Already, that stone base was as tall as 3 adults stacked on one another.

And the fences again were even more towering!

In truth, the fence was sitting on ground level.

But because of how deep the trench was, one would think it was very mighty.

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Alright.

They had their tweezers in place for climbing the overly tight-knitted fence.

It would take a lot of thumb strength and grip to pull this off.

But who were they?

Brum!~

They rolled down the deep trench, quickly dancing around the flashing circular lights.

With their black attires, they blended in nicely with the darkness.

Typically, one might've been able to spot them under the moon's hue.

But because of the many overly bright lights, anyone staring at the scene wouldn't know that their eyes have adjusted, thinking that everything else is pitch black.

The many bright lights only have a deeper contrast with the darkness around.

And Bone and Claw used this to their advantage.

Hup! Hup! Hup! Hup!

They flexibly stretched in all directions, feeling that things were as easy as having a piece of fine bread.

But suddenly, a low growl came from afar.

What?!

The duo threw their faces to the side, only to see over 30 dogs running towards them with bloody eyes.

Yes!

The hounds were out.

And it was clear that this trench was their territory.

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Woof! Woof! Woof!

The loud bastard dogs began to alert probably every Baymardian guard there was!... these were the duo's thoughts when hearing the Baymardians on the side of the fence question what the dogs were barking at.

Dammit!

First, they blocked in District B by the plants and all of that rubbish sh\*\*. And now, it's the dogs?

What sort of bullshit\*\* bad luck is this?

Bone and Claw almost puked blood on the spot.

It's clear as day that these Baymardians didn't have skill but relied on great luck and the ability to make others work for them.

Just look at these dogs?

With the dogs, would these Baymardians know of their presence?

Too hateful!

The duo gritted their teeth, made a U-turn, and were off.

But how could the dogs let them go?

Leading the pack was the mighty Sergeant Bullseye, a well-decorated and titled dog who has done honorary tasks.

Bullseye was a Chrompo dog with a mix of features from both a wolf and a bear. And its size was even bigger than that of a wolf.

And one couldn't get it started with its retractable claws and sharp fangs.

You infiltrate and dare to mess with the Sergeant in its territory?

Throwing its head behind its left and right shoulders, it began to give its orders to the rest just like a wolf king commanding its pack.

Whoo~whoo~whoo~whoo!~

[You lot, take to the woods and cover the left! You lot, to the right! The rest of you! Follow me!]

~Whooooooooo~~~

In a flash, the fully armored dogs dispersed.

Into the forest, they went.

Man vs. Dog... The Battle was on!

### **Chapter 1444 Borrowing A Knife**

Bloody bastards!

Claw and Bone were speedily running through the woods while spotting countless curses in their hearts.

Leaping from tree to tree would be slower; thus, they chose to run.

After all, who knew if the Baymardians were following the dogs from behind?

So unfortunate!

How did they end up in such a situation?

No matter how fast he ran, they could still hear the heavy, pounding steps right behind them.

But however many times they turned around, they couldn't see the dogs in sight.

Yet their entire bodies were quaking and thumping with suspense.

It was almost as though the dogs were only inches away from them!

Dammit!

Claw gritted his teeth while pushing several branches away.

"We have to lose these dogs!"

Their whole aura spelled danger... Especially the lead dog.

Such ferociousness was akin to that of a wolf or some other wild deadly creature in the wild.

If they hadn't seen it for themselves, they would've thought these dogs were truly wild beasts!

They had no time to fight off such creatures.

They had to flee before the Baymardians noticed.

Bam!

A stone smashed into a tree like a dagger.

And suddenly, the air became even more dangerous.

"Who?"

The duo felt their chest grow tight.

A wave of acid welled up in their bellies, and for a moment, time seemed frozen.

**\*\*pause\*\***

They passed for only a second.

However, it felt like an eternity.

A thin layer of sweat formed on their faces, realizing that they were not alone.

And soon, a powerful voice echoed from a branch on a tree they had just passed.

Claw and Bone's eyes enlarged, quickly taking cover behind a few trees. But the stranger didn't attack them at all.

Dammit! They had no time for this.

Woof! Woof! Woof!

The dogs were still on their tails. But this was not their concern.

There was someone else here!

"You! What do you want? We have no enmity with you!"

The stranger was dressed similarly to them.

And judging from the depth at which he managed to bury the rough, circular stone into the tree, they knew he should also be an assassin or spy.

They had a hunch that it wasn't a Pyno spy too.

The spy's purplish eyes were cold and ruthless.

It was like staring at an unhinged beast.

"You know... Because of you 2, my operation tonight has been unuseful!" The man started with an unhurried tone. And in the next moment, he did several front flips, landing on the ground.

And as he spoke, he acted before Bone and Claw could react.

"Because of you 2, they already know that there is an intruder here. In that case, since you all started this, why not be my decoys?"

"You!..."

Pap. Pap.~

The stranger smacked the sides of their shoulders like a karate chop.

And in a flash, he vanished, leaving the duo to their demise.

But one thing was for sure. The man came from a place far more excellent than Veinitta.

"Brother, I can't move my hands!" Bone was already going crazy with anger and all sorts of raging feelings in his heart.

Who knew that today they chose to infiltrate the scene would also be the day that another hidden force would make a move too?

Everything happened too fast, leaving them dizzy.

As spies, they used their hands frequently.

And though they could change without limbs, the task of fleeing would be far more challenging.

If they had workable limbs, they could climb over walls, leap on trees, and whatnot.

But to rely on only one's feet means they only had to run.

Yes, they could use their neck muscles, but the outcome of their escape would be slower.

Their limbs should remind like this for a few hours before returning to normal.

However, these hours were the most important to them!

Claw's eyes flashed in horror after listening to the hounding sounds of those damn dogs.

"Brother; now's not the time to complain! We have to leave!"

"Right!"

In not more than 3 seconds after the stranger left them, they were back on their feet -- what other method of escape could they use?

Din. Din. Din. Din. Din~

Hearts pounding, body temperatures rising, the brothers have never felt so close to failure before.

Even when they fled District B and fled other scenarios in the past, none have been so intense.

Many it was because of the presence of high powers looking at this piece of meat that allowed them to feel all the stakes at hand.

Who? Who was that stranger who wanted to use them as a decoy?

The duo ran at full speed with their hands falling to the back.

How we, their pursuers, were incoming in closer and closer than they expected.

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Grrrrr~~

Bullseye let out a vicious growl.

Its eyes were still focused on his target.

1 2, 3...

It and its squad had all arrived close enough to make their move.

~Awoooooo!~... Whoof!"

Bone and Claw didn't need to know how to speak 'dog' to understand what the terrible lead dog meant.

Thup. Thup. Thup. Thup!

Look left, look right.

There were dogs running by the sides, advancing at their place while closing into them.

And some also hastened up, planning to go right to their front, cutting them off!

Bone and Claw's faces were grim.

"Brother, we have to shake them off! For now, we split."

"Agreed."

Whoosh!

Bone jumped over a fallen log, taking a right turn. And Claw went the other direction instead.

'Brother, good luck.' Both inwardly said.

They were brothers who had always been together.

They trusted themselves more than anyone in the world. And their bond and love for one another were real. Both hoped that each one would be safe.

How very touching.

Woof! Woof! Woof!~

Bullseye issued out several other commands, sending most towards Bone, while he and a few other dogs followed behind Claw.

And just like that, the chase began!

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Zigzag, left, right...

Each brother moved in irregular and confusing patterns. And sometimes, they did manage to shake or confuse their pursuers.

However, the dogs were always quick to react, adjusting to their plans.

Dammit!

"What sort of bastard dogs are these?" Claw was almost at his widened with these damn dogs.

Claw's scalp was prickled and his mouth dry.

He began regretting that he didn't bring many others on this mission.

He thought he and his brother were enough to handle things in a small Pyno. But now, he knew that he was too hasty in handling things.

Pyno might be small and weak.

However, it had all these goodies that others were eyeing too.

If those under his command had accompanied him and his brother here in large numbers, they would have been able to handle things more adequately.

With large numbers, no matter how talented that strange spy was, he wouldn't be able to use them as decoys.

Claw wanted to vomit blood when thinking of his ill-luck since coming to Baymard.

But soon, he thought of something interesting.

'This place... Wasn't this the place that... Hah!'

Claw's eyes home with a playful light.

It looks like his luck wasn't all bad after all.

Swish!



With a quickened pace, he headed in a particular direction in the forest. .and soon, he spotted what he was looking for.

And in a flash, he headed into a rocky cave.

1, 2, 3~

~Braoooooorrrr~!!!

The pack of buck-toothed boars was awake.

And now, they were charging out of their nest with vigor, trying to kill the bloody son of a b\*\*ch that trespassed on their territory so late into the night.

Say no more.

To them, such a being must be ill-intended!

Braooooor!!!~!!!

The loud battle vet echoed out, followed by the thundering footsteps of the boars.

Now, up to 15 adult boars had stepped out, chasing the slim figure that had disturbed their peace.

But when they finally stepped out, they became shocked by what they saw.

11 trespassing dogs stood on the opposite side like wolves on a hunt.

The boars were furious and very protective of their young still inside the cave.

One should never forget that dogs were descendants of wolves.

In the eyes of these wild animals in the forest, they were still hunters!

To the boars, it was clear.

She hunters were out for a night snack. If not, why appear here in such a large gathering, even taking their scent?

Though wolves travel in packs, when scouting, they would go alone.

Additionally, the dangerous aura from dogs meant they meant business too.

The boar might be a lesser intelligent being. But it could sniff out danger just like any other beast.

What to come for their children?

Braorr!!!~

They kicked their feet and charged ruthlessly.

After all, they were roughly the same size as the dogs, if not bigger and fatter. And their buck teeth were sharp too.

They also had their batten experiences too!

Charge!!!!~

The boars charged at the dogs.

And the culprit of it all, secretly left the scene, looking at the dogs provocatively.

'What to capture this daddy? You all are a few years younger!'

In a flash, he vanished after borrowing a knife.

He left them to kill one another.

The plan was indeed good...

Unfortunately, Bullseye had plans of his own too.

### **Chapter 1445 Sergeant Bullseye's Secret Pleasures**

Baooorr~!

With hooves as hard as stone, the boars charged like raging bulls, opening their teeth, ready for the kill.

~Swish!

Bullseye leaped towards a tree and pushed it.

And before the boar knew it, Bullseye was now high above its stature.

Too late.

Bullseye smacked the back of the boar head, directing it towards the tree.

~Bam!

The boar smashed into the tree.

Brutal!

Its teeth sank into the tree like a steel metal plate.

This alone showed how deadly its bite would be.

The heavens didn't give it long arms but compensated it with those sharp teeth.

They were beaker-like, yet so sharp as though they were fangs.

Grrruph! Grrruph!

The boar shook from left to right, struggling to part its teeth from the tree.

Curse its opponent for pulling out such a dirty trick.

How hateful!

Woowooooof~

Bullseye was like a general at war, calling out his subordinates, who had also begun tricking the boars.

No!

Their fight wasn't with these beasts but with the sneaky human that fled the scene.

~Grrruuh! Grrrugh!

Bit by bit, the boar began freeing themselves from their predicaments.

But when they finally turned around, the enemies they had long vanished.

Gone? Well, good riddance!

The boars were proud.

The enemy should've been afraid of their mighty display, yes?

Hmph!

The boars crawled, taking several looks around their territory before entering the cave one last time.

In their simple minds, their display of power was what did the trick.

Boaaaarrrr!!!!~

They are mighty!

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Sniff. Sniff.

Bullseye and his team used their nostrils to sniff the bastard human's tracks.

And this time, they didn't bark at one another, only choosing to move in silence.

Strong.

As a Chrompo dog, Bullseye's sense of smell was more terrifying.

Soon enough, they could also see their target's silhouette.

The air was heavy, and the silence only made things feel worse.

Claw felt his heart leaping out of his chest the closer those familiar footsteps echoed seemed.

"Dammit! You bastards have already caught up to me this quick?!"

Claw threw his head behind his shoulders in rage.

What about the boars I left for you?

Useless! Useless!... What a bunch of useless boars!

What dangerous?

Didn't they say that the buck-tooth boar was one to kill any that it could ill-intended?

So what about this situation?

The fact that the dogs had gained up on him showed that they probably didn't have a brawl with those boars.

Claw dangled his limbs, trying to see if they had regained some workability.

But too bad, it was all his wishful thinking.

They were useless!

Claw only felt the ups and downs in his head, knowing that when bothered, he would indeed have to fight.

And looking at a nearby sharpened twig on the ground, he quickly rolled forward, grabbing it with his teeth.

But this move allowed his enemies to catch up quicker than he expected.

Surrounded!

Claw's eyes shone with a vicious light.

Even if he had to go down, one of these dogs would go with him!

.

One man standing in the center, surrounded by 11 dogs at every corner.

Some dogs on an elevated path in the uneven woods, others on a log, and some on the leveled paths.

Unless he could climb a tree, escaping would be impossible!

Claw tightened his grip on the stick in his mouth.

'So you want to attack? Then bring it on, then!'

Wwooooo!~~

Bullseye gave the battle cry.

Go! 5 dogs advanced while the other 6 stood guard.

The image of these 5 attacking dogs was fierce, their fangs protruding out of their lips viciously.

~Swish!

Claw moved like water, dodging some while kicking a few mid-air.

Just because he had no workable limbs, one shouldn't underlook his strength.

Drawing a curve on the ground with his legs, he took a defensive stance.

And whenever the fallen dogs raised to attack, he decisively kicked them away.

Pah. Pah. Pah!

2 dogs were slapped on the face, while a few others were backed away by the sharp stock in his mouth.

And Bullseye sat as still as a statue, watching the scene like a king while releasing a low grunt.

~Grrruph.

[The human is good. But his arms are unusable.]

What?!?!?

Claw's face distorted with ugliness, seeing 2 dogs hanging on his arms.

When?

Everything opened so fast after he kicked a few away.

And it was only at this moment that Claw realized he was tricked.

The dogs had been playing a good one on him.

.

At the start, though he was focused on these 5 dogs, he still kept an eye on the other nearby ones.

But as the fight progressed, he slowly paid less attention to them, thinking that even if they wanted to change strategies, just like wolves, they would howl things out.

However, he was wrong.

Without the howl of the big guy, 2 other dogs had unexpectedly stamped their mark on his arms.

And before Claw could react any further, another dog jumped onto his chest, biting the exposed part of the stick in his mouth.

Claw's face was black... Especially when seeing how close their mouths were to one another.

'F\*\*\*! Isn't this an indirect kiss?'

The dog that was disgusted by Claw, also gave him an angered side roll too.

~Grrrr~

[You think this daddy enjoys doing this? I too don't want to be so close to your mouth!]

For a moment, the scene was both messy and funny.

And in a blink of an eye, Claw's legs were pinned by 4 other dogs, and the rest rushed forward to kick him on his belly.

It was akin to a movie scene, with all 10 dogs jumping on him all at once.

No matter how he struggled, failure was inevitable.

And wouldn't you know it, the big man fell to the ground like Humpty Dumpty.

Bam!

All 10 dogs pinned his clothes down, abounding deep injury to his flesh.

Seated on his chest, looking down on him was Bullseye.

His retractable claws would extend and retract intimidatingly whenever its prey showed any resistance.

Claw had no evidence but felt this dog was secretly enjoying the process of intimidating him?

And what was up with his godly strength?

~Pah!

Bullseye slapped his jaw, almost knocking out all of his teeth.

[Claw]: (:T^T:)

### **Chapter 1446 Brother's Reunited**

[Smile.]

~Pah!

[I said, smile and stop twisting your face.]

~Pah!

Claw wanted to die.

Never had he been bullied so much.

The dog kept grunting and barking as though speaking to him with its sly eyes.

But hello?... He didn't understand 'dog,' okay?

Pah. Pah. Pah. Pah~

Seeing the pitiful gazes the other dogs gave him, Claw didn't know whether to laugh or cry.

What was his life?

If another human were doing this, he would feel slightly honored.

He was never afraid of torture or death. To him, prestige, face, and reputation were all that mattered.

The strong would prevail, and that was the way things were done.

That's why the moment he realized he would get captured, he was only worried that his majesty Alexander wouldn't be able to get the information.

Even if he died, he wanted to be avenged.

Yes! He could accept death at the hands of a human.

But getting bullied this much from mere dogs... Want this disgraceful enough?

No matter how strong the dog was, it was still a DOG!

If those in Veinitta and worldwide hear of this matter, even if they didn't know him personally, they would frown at him in disgust.

He would be famous for the wrong reasons.

Look! He wasn't even taken down by wolves, deadly creatures, plants, or human enemies.

His subduers were Dogs!

Oh my God! Just kill him now!

What sort of embarrassment was this?

~Pah! Pah! Pah!"

The more resistant and unwilling he was to lie down, the slaps he got.

Even till this moment, he wanted to escape, even if it meant biting the dogs to death.

Thus, Bullseye was quick to put him down with 'light' slaps.

If anyone saw this, they would think Claw was exaggerating his pain from the slaps.

It looked like Bullseye was literally tapping him.

But only he and the Baymardians who worked Bullseye knew just how powerful the seemingly ordinary slaps were.

And in the distance, approaching their location were a few Lower Region guards.

One of them was still controlling the drone that was in the shape of a bird, firmly sitting on a tree branch, looking down at the disturbing scene.

Tch!

"Sergeant Bullseye is at it again."

"I knew he would be able to handle it. Pfff~... Aiyoo~~... The beatdown is too funny to watch.'

" I know, right? I almost feel that the poor guy is too pitiful. At this rate, won't he lose all his teeth?"

"Though the guy was in the wrong, it would be too much for him to end up toothless... Bahahaha~... The popped-up image of a toothless spy is cracking me up!"

"I was a bit worried at first, seeing Bullseye come close to boar territory. But now, I feel that Bullseye is truly too smart. He handled things very well!"

The lead lady ahead of the guards chuckled, listening to everyone speak in high regard about her dog.

Ahe, Captain Hulania, was the proud owner of Bullseye.

From the moment she sported the dog during her starting years in training, she and Bullseye were as thick as thieves. And though The military still owned bullseye, she was officially written off as his caretaker.

Though the military still took care of him, when handling certain matters, she was always called in to discuss.

Again, as a well-titled Sergeant, Bullseye had taken missions alongside her and others.

And sometimes, she would be allowed to take Bullseye out of the military for personal matters with permission, of course.

Bullseye was close to her husband and her sons.

Yup!

She was proud of this dog of hers.

.

Like so, Hulania led the group of guards towards Bullseye's location.

And the moment they arrived, they seemed to see Claw's eyes saying: 'Where have you guys been? Why are you only coming now?'

(-\_-)

The poor Claw had been embarrassed enough.

He could accept anything from human hands... And not a dog's!

Claw was like a broken doll, laying there as though wanting to conclude.

In the end, he had no strength, his teeth were all loosened, and his damn arms were still immobile.

And it was all thanks to the bad luck that seemed to be surrounding Baymard.

Could it be that this place had so much bad luck, sucking out the goodness of every visitor, using this goodwill to replenish the land?

How else would one describe his situation?

First, they had bad luck when infiltrating District B.

And then, fast forward to today's matter, they not only stumbled upon dogs but also a hidden spy from an even more dangerous place.

In short, what irritated them the most was that the ones who were supposed to catch them (the Baymardians) have only succeeded now because of this bad luck.

So... So... without all these factors, wouldn't they have escaped ages ago? Wouldn't they have successfully infiltrated and stolen all the information they wanted?

Augh~

Claw was so unwilling and aggrieved!

He wouldn't be cursed by something dirty, would he?



No matter how he looked at it, that was the only explanation.

'Ahhh~~~... I'm so pissed!'

~Clang.

A cold and heavy metal cuff clipped around his wrist.

"You're under arrest. You have the right to remain silent, for anything you say or do will be used against you in the court of law."

" "

"Boys, take him away!"

That's right.

There were 6 police officers in the group.

They had been on Claw and Bone's tails since the District B incident.

Everyone had been aware of the presence of these spies from the get-go.

Heh...

Everything had gone according to plan.

Claw was taken out of the forest, on my to see Bone already seated in a police vehicle.

'Brother, they got you too?'

The brothers who still couldn't feel their hands only cursed that damn hidden spy for their troubles.

Blame it all on the bastard!

But how could they let him go?

The brothers looked at each other, coming up with a devious plan.

WeeOoo~WeeOoo~

The vehicle left, escorted by a few others!

But in a faraway corner, the purple-eyed spy looked at the scene with countless thoughts brooding within.

For his own safety, he too knew what he must do.

Flee Baymard before those brothers rat him out!

### **Chapter 1447 Purple-Eyed Spy**

Flee!

The word thumped into the purple-eyed spy's mind like a beating drum.

The man knew that the longer he stayed, the more likely those imbeciles who disturbed his operation would speak out.

Squinting his eyes, he watched the vehicles leave off into the distance.

'Since it has come to this, I can only flee first thing in the morning.'

Thinking about all he had already gathered, the man smirked with a playful glint in his eyes.

His holiness must be ecstatic with the info he collected!

Yes!

He had been sent to not only investigate the missing Adonis warriors 3~4 years ago but also to find out why the many backups they sent over seemed to disappear.

That is, there was no word from these people. No return hidden letters, no secret messages left out or anything.

They knew it was most likely Morgany's work.

So rather than sending several larger forces to their deaths, they selected a handful, sending them to Pyno.

However, when these shoes arrived, they were shocked that Pyno now had an additional empire amongst those he knew.

When did this happen? And how come they weren't aware of it?

Coming to Baymard, they were even more shocked to see that these Baymardians had signed a treaty with Romain empires like Zalipnia.

The spies all had pale lips when thinking of what the treaty stood for.

As it stops now, Baymard had signed treaties with the rest of the Pyno empires before branching off to Romain.

In their eyes, the treaty was either a scam from Baymard or a forced decision they came up with after realizing how weak they were.

A thin tree is no match for the howling winds.

So they should've been forced to reach this point with the other Pyno empires.

If they wanted to leave peacefully without wars raging nonstop, doing so was their best option. As for them signing treaties with other Empires out of Pyno, that might not have been Baymard's idea.

Just like his Adonis, who are branching out of the continent of Lampe to conquer others... These Pyno lowlifes should also have the same ideas -- though their methods are sneaker and full of deceit.

First, they show goodness, allowing the other empires to lower their guard before striking!

It was clear that Pyno was trying to stand up for the first time in their cowardly history.

When recalling all the absurd laws like no slavery in the official treaty, he only laughed in disdain.

Who were they fooling?

How can slavery be abolished?

Impossible!

This should be a trick to let the peasants stand on their sides.

The spy couldn't imagine a world without slavery.

That was like imagining a world without water.

Who would clean the manors? Who would service them at their every beck and call?

And do you really expect them to pay slave wages?

Sure.

Maybe they bought the slaves a million times cheaper than the work they slaves would do for the rest of their lives.

But so what?

Wasn't food and a roof in their manors or homes enough compensation?

As for freedom to move as they liked, why should slaves have it?

The more the spies saw the rules, the more convinced they were that it was all a hoax.

It has to be!

After accessing things, the spy was convinced that these people were as slippery as a 3-head eel that looked beautiful on the outside but deadly and toxic on the inside.

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3 A.M

~Bam!

The spy was back in his hotel room, quickly piloting all his things together.

Though he wanted to use a Baymardian suitcase or luggage, he knew fleeing meant heading back to Lampe.

And he didn't want to cause so much attention or cause the morgs or anyone else to shine greedy eyes on his items.

Thus, he chose to use his ordinary sac-bag.

In there, he only took small Baymardian items like toothbrushes, 1 or 2 bars of soap, 1 roll of toilet paper, pens, a few rolled sheets of clear white A4 papers, a jotter, a calendar, sachets of sugar, all the perfume sachet samples he had gathered over time, and a few more that were lightweight.

He rolled them neatly within his clothes and still kept the rolled items in large travel zip lock bags. Yes!

All these things were proof and evidence to prove to his Holiness that all he said was true.

He also took a female compact mirror to prove that people in Pyno indeed had glass buildings and windows everywhere.

Without proof, no one would believe it.

He was sure that when he unveiled the compact mirror, many in Lampe might gather together in awe at how clear it was.

Their mirrors were stunned bronze, coppers, and old surfaces.

So seeing oneself this clear for the first time is too shocking.

Even he was blown away after seeing what he looked like.

Was that the face he had been carrying all these years? Why did it seem different from what he thought?

The polished metal surfaces had a blur to them. Hence it was a shocking factor when looking at the Baymardian mirror.

Some who thought they were too ugly couldn't help marveling at how better off they were.

At least, even if they were 'ugly,' it wasn't to the extent of what they thought.

All in all, anyone who comes face to face with Baymardian mirrors would be tempted to kneel in awe.

He also took 2 packs of noodles, tightly rolling them up. There was a tiny traveler's pack of toothpaste and mouthwash too.

Lastly, he took out lipstick and what they call lipgloss.

The Alchemists would be pleased to study such things. After all, creating beauty potions and elixirs of immortality was still a hidden agenda for almost all powers in this world.

The spy thought a lot, gathering all the evidence, including brochures with Baymardian images, carriages, etc.

1, 2, 3...

The spy flew about his hotel room like crazy.

He was within district G, a commercial district with a national park, ski resort, and other attractions.

Though the hotels here weren't as high-end and lavish as those in District D, they were very comfortable and budget-friendly to those who couldn't afford high luxury.

The spy quickly kept his now packed sac aside before heading to the showers.

The Port opens at 6 A.M.

And now, it was already 3:57.

2 more hours to go.

## **Chapter 1448 On The Run**

~Shahhh!~~~~

The purple-eyed spy was taking a relaxing shower and enjoying his last moments in Baymard.

But down below on the ground floor, 5 ordinary-looking Baymardians had now gathered in one room.

"Captain, he's in the showers!" One of them spoke out, listening to the faint drizzling noises from their equipment.

Their undercover agents had been cleaning the man's hotel room in his presence.

The spy had been here for 3 weeks.

And during clean-up time, the spy would keep a close watch on them.

Sometimes they would be allowed to clean, while other times, they would see the Do Not Disturb sign on his door.

Of course, the spy also had common sense to allow them to go in at least 3~4 times a week.

After all, the hotel needed to change the sheets, take out the garbage, sweep, wipe out the dust, vacuum, etc.

To have their guests stay for 3 weeks without changing the sheets was impossible!

The spy also had less suspicions since it was a common thing in Baymard.

He had seen them go to work and leave immediately, not even bothering him.

And while leaving, they would sometimes meet other 'cleaners' in the same hallways, chatting about sheets, detergents, etc.

They would also knock on the doors of the other guest rooms, finding out if other guests staying in the nearby rooms needed cleaning services too.

And the undercover agents chosen weren't big in stature, all looking weak in appearance.

For the past 3 weeks, they had been going in and out, not attempting to bug the place yet.

Why? Because their information stated that the spy meant to stay for 5 weeks before leaving.

Of course, they also feared that the spy might abruptly change his mind, leaving earlier than planned.

And that's why they were trying to bug his room.

Still, such a thing couldn't be rushed.

So for the last 3 weeks, they didn't make any attempt, acting very ordinary and getting the spy to put his focus on other places.

And sure enough, as the days went by, the spy's eyes weren't as overpowering whenever they came in to clean.

Typically, only 2 would come in to clean. 1 focused on the bathroom, while the other focused on the actual room and balcony.

Sometimes, the spy would stand by the door, having a clear view of the bathroom to the right and the room ahead.

He watched their actions in that manner, realizing that they had a cleaning pattern.

For the cleansers, whenever they finished a task, they would also put a stock on a document, showing the places they had to focus on.

The spy had seen the list before since they weren't hiding it.

-Clean bathroom mirror... Check!

-Clean bathtub... Check.

-Take out bathroom trash... Check.

-Wipe down T.v... Check!

The list was a standard thing in Baymard that almost all hotel cleaners followed.

This way, even those new would know what their tasks were.

Seeing them following the list strictly, he knew they were doing their job. And his vigilance had begun to drop.

Before, he used to stand by the door, watching both of them at once.

But now, he would either go to the balcony, waiting for them to finish with his room. And if they wanted to start with the balcony first, he would be in the room instead.

The undercover agents acted well.

And it was only today that they finally got a chance to bug him.

When wiping the fridge, Tv, and massive cupboard space, they planted a small microphone, mixing it with the cables.

With headphones being a thing, of course, they had learned how to create smaller and more powerful microphones than before... Though these were still kept a secret, all for military purposes.

Bugging the room, they finally left.

And sure enough, though the spy didn't talk, they could guess what he was doing in the room.

The man always had his blinds down, they couldn't see into the room.

In the end, maybe today's matter had made the guy break character so much so that they heard his and of fleeing Baymard.

And though they wanted to catch him, wouldn't it be better to watch this big fish lead them to other big fishes?

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The lead man in the group took out his walkie-talkie, quickly contacting the barracks.

"Sir, we have to deploy operation Pin The Tail On The Donkey."

[I understood. Stay alert and update me if things change. Over.]

On the other side, the big army man quickly rose to his feet while contacting another.

[Sir!]

"Warrant Officer Miguel! Your team of 4 has an hour and a half to prepare. You've been long briefed on this. So follow the donkey!"

The man said before quickly switching the frequency channel to contact others.

No!

This spy was leaving via the landport.

The men had to be there before the spy.

Carriages and horses could be taken from the port if the spy chose to leave in this manner.

And if the spy chose to leave via Baymardian territorial public transportation to the borders, they too would have to move in that way.

Such a spy should have 'friends' within Pyno.

So before leaving, the spy would definitely stop by the closest acquaintance, arranging a ship to take him to wherever.

Of course, the spy could also belong to someone in Pyno. So why not follow?

Such a mission was very sudden and might keep those heading out for longer periods.

But it had to be done.

Catching spies one by one and prosecuting them all in Baymard wouldn't reveal all their cards.

So if they wanted to know what games their enemies were playing, they had to dove deep into the belly of a boggle (whale.)

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Like so, both the Baymardian undercover agents and purple-eyed spy were ready to leave the empire.

And just like their case, a storm was surging deeply amongst the witches!

**Chapter 1449 Infighting**

The day was bright and fair.

The sun was high up in the sky with fluffy white clouds all around.

Beautiful.

Nature exposed her beauty, like a charming woman seducing her target.

The leaves were full, luscious, and vibrant.

The birds hummed, the butterflies fluttering, the little noises from the nearby creatures singing in tune from time to time.

In a little over a week, summer would take its full bloom.

But in preparation, mother nature had slowed her crying. And for the past few days, not even a drizzle could be seen across the land.

Ah yes...

This was the weather many loved.

Many were indeed happy to see themselves make it through another harsh year.

The sunny weather felt like a liberation from all they went through.

It felt good to be alive.

Along the streets, many pulled their carts, drove their wagons, moved on foot, farmed, and lived their best lives, not fearing impending death from nature's harsh seasons.

Just like bears and other creatures of the world, many were already planning to gather little by little for the winter.

This was the time to fix any problems, build more, and gather enough grain!

And for others, this was the time for love.

No rains, no snow, no cold winds... They could stroll around with their partners, enjoying the sweetness of youth or old age.

This was the most crucial season of the year for many.

Not only because of prosperity but also because of wars.

Generals led their armies, clans clashed to destroy themselves, secrets stolen, people kidnapped... With the sun came more dangers.

As they say, the more the light grew, the darker the shadow reflected.

Likewise, just as many were happy and full of bubbly life, the same couldn't be said for others.

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--The Blood Hall, Hidden Fortress, Tenola.--



It was still the heart of daytime.

Yet, a massive hall that should've been well lit with sunlight was as dark as night itself.

In several circular rows and columns, over 800 women sat in absolute silence.

They were as quiet as statues, never speaking or even coughing.

Their faces were 'invisible,' thanks to their black veils.

Their hands laced with black gloves, their robes black and everything else black, as inky black.

Take a closer look!

It might look like they were all from one faction. But attached on their veils were massive symbols belonging to the specific elders they followed.

These came from the many hidden fortresses scattered around Tenola.

The seating arrangement was akin to 13 triangles placed in a circular pattern like a flower.

All 12 Elders sat at the forefront of each 'triangular row. And the last, most prominent row was meant for the Leader of the witches and those belonging to the main fortress.

Everyone had a firm expression on their faces.

And why did they visit the main fortress?

This was for the Full Moon Festival!

And as usual, they feasted on the men captured after the purification process.

This year, they had been promised a major surprise - The Traitor's daughter!

Many of them wanted to watch the historical moment when the Traitor's daughter would be in their hands.

Such a thing will no doubt be recorded down in Witch history!

Who didn't want to go down in books in that manner?

Additionally, they had high hopes of offering such a high sacrifice to their Goddess of Witchcraft & Sorcery so they could get more and more of her blessings.

Many of them wanted strange powers that they believed only their goddess could provide.

Others wanted to rise in power, while some wanted immortality.

There they were, minding their business in their many fortresses, when suddenly, they received word from the leader about this matter.

Their hopes were raised too high because of all the announcements and promises their current leader had sent out over time.

Too bad reality was such a disappointment.

Overpromising led to greater dissatisfaction.

So to say they were disappointed with their leader was an understatement.

What sort of leader can't even capture a wee little girl in such a lowly place like Pyno?

The more they looked at their leader through their black veils, the more dissatisfied they were with her.

Though veiled, Jamila could still feel their dissatisfaction from her high seat.

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Elder Yanji!

She was in the current movement that had long wanted to replace Jimila with another.

Fluttering her fan, she crossed her legs, looking rather alluring.

Though witch council elders are those from 46 and above, they were well maintained, looking like people in their early 30s.

And coupled with the fact that these were medieval times, even if they grew fat, what could be considered fat might only be chubby in the eyes of modern people.

Well, they might have been chubby if not for the fact that in their line of work, they never stopped training, lest they meet assassins that wanted to take their lives.

Fluttering her face, the 48-year-old elder narrowed her crescent-shaped eyes at Jimila.

"Forgive me for my abruptness, Head Witch. But the festival was long done and over with a week ago. And all this time, you've not spoken or given us an explanation for the disappointment during the festival."

Exactly!

Why haven't you spoken about it?

The other elders and their followers felt their blood boiling.

Even if there was some logical explanation, why didn't she speak on it until now? Was it guilt or a way to look for excuses for her failure?

Forgive them for being rude, but their precious dissatisfaction with her over the years was now amplified.

(\*^\*)

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Looking at Jimila, even her stature didn't seem pleasing to the eyes anymore.

When a person has given up on another, even the other person's eyebrow movement becomes annoying.

Though they couldn't see her face, they still found other ways to get dissatisfied.

'How ugly! Just look at her short hands? Aren't they too short for the Blessed robe? Isn't this evidence that the robe is rejecting her? The robe is a gift from the Goddess herself. Is she truly worthy of wearing it?'

'Why does she keep focusing on one section of the room? Is she favoring them over us seated here?'

'Just look at her deflating sacs on her chest? Even Elder Yanji, who is older than her, has a fuller sac. It's clear that the leader isn't receiving all the blessings and nutrients from the daily sacrifices offered. So isn't this proof that she isn't worthy?'

One by one, many inwardly had things to say.

And though Jimila couldn't see their faces or read their inner thoughts, she could still feel their dissatisfaction.

Squinting her eyes, she carefully stared at the troublemaker who sparked the flames -- Elder Yanji.

The woman had been trying to replace her with the 34-year-old Edna, one of their most talented genius witches.

Her ideas were new, fresh... And most importantly, have never failed!

Many believe that she, the soon-to-be 41-year-old head witch, should pack up and give way for this innovative genius.

They, the witches, might look out together on the surface. But in reality, they had many cracks within them, with people all wanting to be the leader.

It was similar to a monarchy, with rulers fighting to take the throne.

They might despise men for this fact, but they were quite similar when it came to power.

It was true that many had their hidden agendas, but when it came to outsiders, they would stand united.

Maybe that was their only redeeming quality.

That said, many believed the vibrant 34-year-old Edna with her brilliant mind and blessed power, 'Toenail,' should become the head.

Edna's toenails could grow as long and sharp as foot claws at her will.

That's why when fighting she would rely more on her feet.

Many have wanted the two of them to have a showdown to decide who gets the throne.

But why should she?

She was already the head, so why put herself at a disadvantage, especially knowing that her opponent was crafty, smart, quick-witted, and more than what meets the eye?

Looking at Edna, seated directly behind Elder Yanji, Jimila knew that the duo, as well as the followers and several other siders, might use this matter against her.

Luckily, she had prepared for their 'attack.'

"Elder Yanji, I understand your concerns and that of others... But before jumping to conclusions, why don't you all just listen?" Jimila tried to speak calmly, but her hot-tempered nature made her voice sound a little harsh to many.

Edna smiled. "Indeed. Everyone, I think our leader is right. Surely, she must have some grave explanation for it all. So we shouldn't rush into this matter."

Once again, Yanji's faction had taken the lead with Edna's heavenly voice had suddenly calmed many down.

It was weird to say that even when using the cone-shaped metal megaphone, her voice didn't sound like yellings.

It was very noble.

Edna smirked underneath her veil.

This position was hers!

### **Chapter 1450 True Or False?**

-Silence-

The room regained its former quiet.

But underneath it, all was a raging storm.

With black veils and straight backs, the women narrowed their eyes at Jimila.

'Whatever excuse you have, better be good!'

Their anger was enough to make them launch their daggers at her.

"Ladies... Let's act civilized and not like some shrews in a marketplace."

Jamila's veins were popping.

What she hated the most was people undermining her authority.

From past Head Witches to now, she didn't think there was any who had faced such blatant disrespect as her.

When did she permit them to talk?

Was her authority no longer important?

"Moving forward, this should be the last time we speak out of turn! There's a reason you all have the speaking boards. If you want to say something, RAISE THEM HIGH UP!"

The speaking boards were similar to those used in auction sites.

No one spoke again but still had no respect for her underneath their veils.

But Jimila was satisfied with this much.

"Now then... Let's get down to it."

In no time, she spoke about the matter.

The traitor's daughter killed her fellow sisters, her traitor's promise to extinguish and kill them all (all made up), her intelligence and betrayal while working for a man, her Witch powers of super-strength, how the surviving spy fled, and so on.

And the more they listened, the colder everyone got.

Even Elder Yanji and the genius Edna were furious.

Indeed.

The reasons for failure were all there. And the anger they had towards Lucy magnified.

And sure enough, another elder quickly burst into flames of rage.

"How bold! The traitor's daughter dares to kill our members? She dares to kill her own sisters? Sacrilege!!!"

"Exactly!" Another exclaimed.

The news was just too intoxicating and murderous.

"She dares to swear to extinguish us all? How naive! Does she think she will have a chance like that bastard mother of hers? I say we go to Pyno, bury her so-called new family before her eyes before dragging her back!"

"Weakling! Has she no shame in licking a man's foot? What a waste of intelligence!"

Many felt personally threatened.

Things have changed since her mother's incident. And then have grown stronger and even more ruthless over the tears.

So if she thinks she'll be able to take them down, then the little bastard should think again!

Who were they? Witches!

Everyone grumbled to one another, talking about what they should do to counterattack her threats.

If their leader doesn't deal with this matter to their satisfaction, a riot could happen here and now.

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Raising her board, Yanji stared at Jimila with a wicked smile plastered on her face.

Oops...

Her expression was hidden underneath her veil.

Motherf\*\*ker!

Jimila already rolled her eyes underneath her veil.

She hadn't even pointed at Yanji, giving her permission. Yet the woman had already begun opening her mouth.

"Head Witch Jimila. I think I speak for everyone when I say that the traitor's daughter is truly a despicable little worm."

Yes. Yes, a despicable little worm.

Many bobbed their heads in agreement as though she was truly their spokeswoman.

(-\_-)

Some elders and others knew that Yanji was secretly looking for fault.

But what about it?

They had long been tired of Jimila and wanted a change.

To them, this was their worst leader in Witch history!

So turning the cheek and acting blind to it all was easy.

With everyone listening, Yanji worked her magic, stirring everyone's emotions.

And as she spoke, the atmosphere turned even colder, with burdening tension in the air.

"Head Witch Jimila. Though I do agree that such reasons can excuse you for your failure to present the Traitor's daughter, there are still some disturbing factors with your story. FIRST!: Even if our sisters were headed to a scum place, why did you underestimate an enemy whose mother had almost eliminated our entire society? Even if told she was a weakling, it's best to give it your all and overkill the b\*\*ch. So... Why go so cheap and send so little?"

Yeah. She's right!

Yanji's words sparked even more questions than before.

Why did the leader have to act so secretive?

It can be said that the leader had only been working with her people here in the main fortress. But what about them in their fortresses?

A darl glint flashed in their eyes.

Even if she sent her goons out, she could still have prepared for backup by sending orders to them to head out quickly.

In that way, they would be coming for the traitor's daughter in batches!

But no, she acted so secretively as though wanting to hug all the glory for herself while guarding against them.

Earlier, they felt that their leader's excuse was reasonable.

But after Yanji's words, their thoughts had done another 180 in the opposite direction again.

Oh... But Yanji wasn't through.

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"Head Witch Jimila! As per my first point, if you had worked with us, success would've been inevitable. I don't mean any disrespect. But with sister Edna's brilliant mind, we might've gone far."

Jimila felt all her veins exploding.

'If you don't mean any disrespect, then why don't you just shut up? And don't think I don't see you pushing Edna for my position, you old hag!'

In just a second, Jimila had developed the superpower to unleash a thousand curses on Yanji.

She would like to kill and over Yanji as a sacrifice!

And hearing Yanji's voice again, she just wanted to kill the b\*\*ch!

Too bad that was against the Sisterhood.

If she made a move on a sister and anyone found out, she would not only step down from her position but get put to death too.

"Head Witch Jimila. My second point is probably my most important." Yanji spoke in a soft tone, different from her earlier one.

"Head Witch Jimila... I agree that all actions the traitor's daughter exuded were evil and treacherous. But there's just one thing that disturbs my beautiful mind... How true is all you've said?"