

TECHNOLOGY 1451

Chapter 1451 Forces Unite

B**ch!

Jimila was going crazy.

Was Yanji saying she was lying?

Fine.

She knew that she lied about Lucy saying she would kill them all.

But everything else was true! So how dare they doubt her?

When has she ever lied to them before? Okay... Maybe on occasion.

But the lies wouldn't hurt anyone. And she did it all for the sisterhood (her position.)

So what was all this?

Everyone calmed down, brooding over Yanji's words.

Yanji wasn't saying that all their Head witch said was a lie.

No.

A good lie has more truth than lies in it.

So a majority of what Jimila said should be accurate. But what part in the story was there to stimulate them?

What parts have been left out of the story for the leader's benefit?

They didn't mind this much since it was natural for those in higher positions to do so, provided they didn't go overboard.

And provided the information left out wouldn't be one that would cause their downfall in the future.

Everyone chuckled, feeling that Yanji should just be asking this to relieve her rage on the leader for not asking for their help or assistance earlier.

Do you think that with them all working together, the traitor's daughter would have a chance against an unknown event she might not have been aware of?

To them, the leader had blown off the element of surprise tactic, exposing them from the shadows.

And now Lucy was on guard against them.

Also, they wanted to know who reported the matter to the leader.

Many of the elders inwardly thought that after this meeting, they would find ways to talk to this messenger, assessing things for themselves.

Of course, some things have been passed on via letters, meaning they wouldn't have any opportunity to know so much.

But still, the messages should know a bit about the matter too.

Hmph!

Jimila huffed, knowing what they wanted to see.

Luckily, she had prepared for such matters.

And soon, she called the messages forth.

"Number V7! Step forth and show your face!"

A lady replied from behind Jimila. She was seated in Jimila's row and faction.

Step by step, she advanced.

And standing before the congregation, she finally unveiled herself.

"Elders, Councilwomen... Number V5 at your service."

'V5... You and I will have a little chat of our own.'

With Jimila's failure, Yanji inwardly decided to use this matter to place Edna on the witch throne.

Think about it.

If her faction successfully kidnaps Lucy, wouldn't they win the vote of many?

They would've done what even the leader couldn't.

Now she knew why Jimila planned to do it all on her own.

If Jimila had succeeded, many... Especially the young members would no longer resist Jimila, turning her resentment into blind worship.

Yes. Even here, the strong were respected.

Edna cleaned close to Yanji.

"Mentor... Even if we work together with everyone else, we have to send some of our people ahead... This is our chance to secure our goals."

"Hmm... I know." Yanji replied, agreeing with the matter.

Tonight, she'll send a letter back to the fortress.

It's time for the girls to play.

Many elders thought the same.

Like so, the raging storm had cooled down, and everyone was back to normal again.

"Head Witch Jimila. What is your decision?"

"It's as you've said. We all have to work together. So once you get to your fortresses, send out your teams to meet up at our main Coastal base. They will head out to Pyno together!"

Though they will still arrive later than my hidden team.

Jimila wasn't worried.

The moment she got the news, she sent others out.

Heh.

Jimila sneered, envisioning Yanji's angered expression when her team captured Lucy.

This time, she was sure there would be no slip-ups!

And just like her, others around Pyno's waters were also overly sure of themselves.

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--Somewhere around Deifer Waters, Pyno--

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Swah~~ Swah~ Swah~~

The waves mildly danced in tune with the stagnant breeze and the fish underneath.

The ocean was calm, and the blazing sun was high up in the sky.

The fragrant air flooded the nostrils of sailors, leaving a salty taste in their mouths.

And on several massive ships were sailors doing various tasks.

Some were mopping the decks, others carrying buckets of seawater for cleanup, and some just lasting around.

But no matter who it was, the men were either shirtless or wearing extremely light shirts.

Some held swords, practicing nonstop.

Their sweat trickled down their abs, making their bodies glossy as though in a model advert.

And for others, they completely took off their pants, wrapping them around like diapers.

It was normal that at sea, the men would let loose... Especially if traveling with one another for months and months without end.

Only when getting close to the shores would many act noble and stuck up.

But with no sense around but themselves, they completely chilled off.

Dammit!

Gugugugu~

Many drank their rum ration for the day, trying to quench their thirst.

The bloody sun was a nightmare.

And the heat absorbed into the floors only made the wood emit burning their butts too.

The only consolation was that they were finally around Pyno waters!

The fleet of 15 vessels moved steadily over the waves until they spotted several other familiar ships.

Wait!

Hold on... weren't those ships from their medical academy?

"Captain! Captain! Look over there!"

"Then what are you staying here for? Move closer!"

The Morg Art society ships gave out a signal.

And so, the 2 fleets met.

Yes!

Though the medical society left Deifers, they sailed out of the heavy and usual paths many took, choosing to sail close to the perimeters that distanced Pyno's waters from open ones.

If they were going to come for Baynard, they wanted the element of surprise.

And now meeting those from the Arts society, who would've known that they too were headed to raise a storm in Baynard?

... Interesting.

Chapter 1452 Sweet Revenge

15 lumber vessels to the left, 18 to the right.

Both fleets seemed similar and could be mistaken as being under the same rule if not for the crest engraved on the ships.

One fleet from the Morg Arts Society and another from the Medical society.

Engaging very close to one another, the main ships from both fleets inched in until the space between them was only a jump away.

The decks were filled with hot-blooded men who looked glistening underneath the boiling sun.

"Make way!"

On both ships, an open path was created.

And the leaders stepped out of the cabins above deck level and headed down the open stairway with straight backs.

Din. Din. Din. Din. Din.~

Their boots stumped the slightly creaky wooden floors.

Their light shirts, tied-up hairdos, and swords hanging on their sides greatly contrasted the many bare-chested men on the decks.

The sun was hazy and disturbing, causing many to squint severally.

The men moved along the open path until they stood face to face.

The lead Captain of the fleet and the main society members all gathered to face one another.

"Sir, Marcus Perquo... Number one on the Art society list. Your works are legendary, and even some monarchs can't afford your time. It is a pleasure seeing the greatest Painter, Poet, and Sculptor of our time."

"Sir, Benvolio Higgins. Number 17 on the list of all Medical society members. You created a remedy for Wolf poison and several others. Your contributions are many. And your knowledge is vast. Many pray to have you visit their times just once, even if they aren't ill."

Both men give praise to one another.

It's not that they knew everyone in the many societies in Morgany.

No... They just knew the top 50 people in every society off the bat.

In these turbulent times, knowing talents was important. Information was what they lived by.

Who knows if one day they would make these talents grateful to them, hence winning allies or friends?

Morgany was united against outsiders. But amongst themselves, competition to get to the top of the list was brutal.

Every 2~3 years, the list changes, and newcomers fight their way up.

The top ten, top 50, top 100~500 are published in the open.

The whole process was more or less akin to how scholars get accepted after passing the exams.

Officials would visit the home of the top 500, making the knowledge public to many and celebrating the birth of a genius.

And depending on the position on the list, there would be a reward.

Of course, for Morgany, only the top 5 were given monetary rewards, scholarships for the next 7 years, and a chance to personally pick a teacher to worship.

In this world, people study till they age and die.

Scholars, astronomers, and everyone else studied and mastered more than 4 professions, if not more.

How can one have just 1 profession? That was laziness!

To study was to acquire wealth, prestige, and fame.

Poisons were created constantly, technology was ever-changing, art was changing based on client needs and research, agriculture was going, looking for solutions from disasters, be it man-made or not, was always present and even studying military tactics, swordsmanship, undergoing training and all the rest were a form of learning.

One never stopped learning.

That was what they in medieval times relied on.

So a 7 years scholarship wasn't long.

Some have been in the medical society for 30 years now... Though they were now taken as teachers or elders.

Again, if one doesn't contribute to their various Morg societies, they might be swept under the rug of the many upcoming talents.

That was why the list of the top 500 was constantly changing.

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Following the top 5, the next 20 would be given money depending on their rank. They would also get picked by the teachers as pupils and scholarships for the next 5 years.

And the next 50 after that would be given scholarships for the next 3 years of their education and 3 chances to enter the forbidden libraries.

It can be said that the top 5 and those above these 50 also have these opportunities too.

And lastly, those below these groups would get a year scholarship and a few more opportunities, and a 1-year tax-free period for their direct families.

So if one's father is a farmer or even a merchant, as the rules stated, for this period, they wouldn't be asked to give the 4-seasonal taxes.

So with all these benefits, who wouldn't want to do their best in Morgany?

Morgany had mastered the ability to motivate and keep its people faithful to them.

The top 500 from every society would get celebrated in this manner, whether they're from the Structural (Building) & Technological society or even The food/Agricultural society.

Whether one hates Morgany or not, they had to admit that their organizational skills were outstanding.

So it only made it smear that they should stand at the top of the food chain.

And though celebrating 500 from each society seems like a lot, it truly wasn't.

One shouldn't forget that these 500 are a total of all 5 Morg empires.

Additionally, the various societies have hundreds and thousands of people in them from all 3 empires.

The societies had their headquarters and branch academies in various Capitals, cities, and towns.

It was similar to knighthood, with many entering the knighthood academy, having a vast population.

Nonetheless, entering the academies didn't mean one would be in the many societies.

There were various requirements that one had to meet before one could apply.

And only after acceptance would they get transferred to the genius sections of each academy.

The genius sections were another codename for the society members.

The genius sectors alone took up half the space of the academies and headquarters.

Only society members could grace these places.

And the best of the best hidden guards and men trained in the secret Morg skills were left on guard.

Again, only upon first acceptance would one get the scholarship opportunity.

For rewards like that, even if they continuously kept the spot at the top of the list, they won't get another 7, 5, or 3 years of scholarship.

However, the reward might be replaced by something else.

Sometimes more money is rewarded other times. And depending on whether one was in the top 5 or not, they should get massive galleys of ships customized and made for them.

Some smart people on the top have already amassed 12 giant ships, creating their forces.

Ships were expensive.

So do you know how happy they were to get high-end ships from Morgany?

Some got a chance to join the T.O.E.P.

Others were given titles and so on.

Bottom line, Morgany's rewards made the rest of the world envious.

Which other continent has such a collective benefit plan? (Cough~... Baymard.)

I mean, they weren't asking for shops and whatnot. The scholarships alone were enough to make many struggling peasants from other continents weep.

No wonder they say the peasants in Morgany were a higher grade and far well off than others around the world.

It's because of all this that even the Morg peasants would never think of betraying Morgany.

Please! They were already in heaven. So why risk it?

They even hated foreigners being in Morgany for long.

If they noticed a foreigner, they would subconsciously keep watch on the person, wondering when they would leave.

And if they stayed too long, many would report the matter.

It can be said that the Morg ancestors had done too good of a job at laying Morgany's foundation.

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"Sir Marcus, everyone... why don't we have some refreshments?"

"Hmmm... A little feast would be nice." Marcus replied while walking on the plank towards Benvolio's ship.

He could jump from this distance.

But why break a sweat in this already hot weather?

Up the stairs, the duo went straight into Benvolio's cabin.

Already, the duo knew they would travel to Baymard together. So why not get acquainted?

"You heard them; bring out the rum!"

The men on deck were quick to pass the word to the other ships.

They wouldn't go crazy on the feast.

Rum and good food were all they needed.

It wasn't too long that Benvolio's fleet had left one of Deiferus' Coastal cities.

So they still had a ton of apples and newly bought food supplies.

Apples could last over close to 2 months before rotting—a good source of water and juiciness on the high seas.

With grains, carrots, and a few more ingredients, they began to prepare for the feast.

But while preparations were in ace, their various leaders were now gathered together for a little meeting.

Heh.

A vicious glint flashed through Marcus's eyes when thinking about Baymard.

Almost a little over 3 years back, he was mercilessly distracted and thrown out of Baymard when demanding that they sporadic the formulas for their pens, paper, and other items.

He vowed to get revenge.

And now, he was back!

But one shouldn't think these 15 ships were all Morgany had sent him with.

There should be another 100 ships waiting for them up ahead, just out around the path between the general waters and Pyno's.

Good...

This time Baymard was dead!

Chapter 1453 Thieves & Fraudsters

Like so, both sides agreed to set off towards Baymard tonight.

After the feast and playful bantering, tis' better for the men to rest up and prepare for the journey ahead.

They reckoned the journey should take 3 months and 3 weeks with their slaves rowing in these stagnant winds.

It was just right.

Without Baymardian ships, ordinary rowing ships would take this long or more, depending on their locations.

If one can recall, from the official Caronian Coastal port to Baymard would take a little over a month of ship travel.

Luckily, they had just officially crossed Deifer water territory, entering Yodan's waters.

Leaving the won't they docked at and sailing

Again, one shouldn't forget that Yodan was between Carona and Deiferus.

Leaving the Deifer port, they docked earlier, and sailing to this point took a little over 4 weeks to achieve. That's a month.

Of course, they weren't in the official Yodan zone yet.

In another day or so, they should enter the zone between General eaters and Yodan's.

Following that, they'll have to pass Caronian waters and a bit of Arcadinian waters before reaching Baymard.

So if they were quick, 3 months and 3 weeks should be their arrival date.

By the end of September, they should arrive at their final destination.

This was the normal movement, time, and distance for such travels.

There was nothing medical people could do about this.

Blame their pace on their rowing slaves for being human and the not-helpful stagnant winds.

If this was Fall, winter, or even the beginning of Springtime, the heavy winds and storms should aid them by giving a push on their sails.

Of course, if one sailed against the stormy wind currents, the winds could push them back the entire storm, increasing their traveling time.

Some ships have found themselves completely off track after a storm. Others get sent towards islands instead.

With the situation in windy seasons, one could expect to be helped by nature or pushed back.

It was a 50-50 chance.

But of course, as skilled sailors and masters of the sea, there were some rowing tactics they could make the slaves perform to keep them on track for a while.

In these medieval times, Captain-Sailing wheels with mechanized rules of pulleys and levers haven't been invented yet.

Their entire fate seconded on the slaves rowing the galleys.

And while things were turbulent in wind times, the opposite could be said for now.

The wind was nonexistent, letting all the work fall on the slaves rowing the ships.

The little waves below only aided by a little and nothing more.

Rowing in this hot, boiling weather not only made the slaves sweat buckets, but also caused them to feel exhausted quicker than they would in cooler seasons.

Row, row, row the boat.

Their muscles bulged, and their abs clenched.

Doing such a feat month after month after month was enough to make even the thickest of people develop muscles.

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3 months, 3 weeks.

The leaders in both fleets sat around each other, making brief plans and gathering intel from one another about what they knew of their enemy.

It would

A few hours of delay shouldn't change things much.

The important thing to note was that a month ahead, they would meet the 'HELP' assigned to them.

All 100 war galleys filled with hotblooded warriors would assist them in making a stance in Baymard.

Dare to hoard such goodies and refuse to give the manufacturing formulae for pens, paper, and other Art-society items?

Then don't blame them for being rude.

This world was there, and they would take everything by force!

Additionally, it's clear that these items originally belonged to Morgany.

So they were just teaching a thief a lesson!

How do they know this?

Simple.

Some of their spies had confirmed that Baymard was keeping a genius locked up there.

It wasn't the pairs in Baymard that gave out this info.

No.

It was the spies around the other Pyno empires who came in contact with Baymardian goods, writing back to them.

Additionally, a few of the T.O.R.P members seemed to meet with some other enemy spies from other lesser organizations, who revealed the matter to them after torture.

For now, the truth was not clear whether there was a kidnapped or traitorous Morg Genius there.

But wasn't it likey?

For thousands and thousands of years, Pyno has been nothing but trash.

So how could it change so abruptly if not for one of their own changing it?

Impossible!

They would rather believe pigs can fly than believe such a thing.

They had indirectly conditioned Pyno and many in the world to be weak and rely on them.

So how could they suddenly break out of the system without the help of an external factor?

If one is blind, then without the description, words, or help of a person who can see, they will never know what their surroundings look like.

And in truth, they are right.

The external helper, Landon, was not from this world.

He broke through the matrix, showing the others the way.

In short, he was the One.

But to the Morgs, that external factor should be another Morg.

That was the only way to explain this madness!

They didn't believe that all these ideas came from Landon, a lowly person of Pyno.

Impossible!

These Pyrons were not too smart.

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As for the matter involving the medical society, they too wouldn't let Baymard go.

How dare these frauds treat people without bloodletting or any common sense?

It's not like they cared about the patients.

Their worry was that their patients no longer wanted Morgany's help!

Dare to drag Pyno customers with Morgany?

Who gave these fools the guts?

They, the Morg Society, were not ready to lose such massive amounts of money!

What was even working was that these Baymardians were charging far less.

They would get paid bags of gold and silver coins and so many rubies, diamonds, sapphire, and whatnot because their reputation was Godly, and their visit was seen as a divine miracle itself.

But while they were given such large chests of treasures, the Baymardians only wanted 2, 3, or just a handful of silver coins...depending on the procedure or surgery.

Some drugs were even less than this, costing almost nothing.

10,000 Copper coins = 100 Silver Coins = 1 GOLD.

In short, 10 Silver coins = 1,000 copper coins!

For some people around Pyno, that was their 2 or 3 months' salary.

Baymard didn't just care about the wealthy but also about the peasants.

But when it came to the Morgs, they would take hundreds of gold coins, as well as a few silver coins from a single patient.

Mind you, 1 GOLD = 10,000 Copper!

So imagine taking a few hundred to treat typhoid?

Of course, diseases weren't laughing matters.

Illnesses like malaria, typhoid, and the flu whipped out a vast number of the population yearly.

Thus, many wealthy clients didn't blink an eye when paying heavy amounts.

The amount wasn't just for the illnesses but also as a show of gesture and a way to build relationships with the powerful people of Morgany.

Some even gave out chests of money, equivalent to the price of buying an estate, just to show goodwill.

But now that they're getting and no longer need Morgany's aid, who would want to keep digging out their precious treasures for nothing?

Morgany only made trips for wealthy clients.

To gather a bigger reputation, when visiting a wealthy client, they would stay for a week or 2, announcing their presence in the city or town they stayed at.

From there, other nobles from all around with sick relatives would show up.

And in that manner, Morgany would make more money once more.

Sometimes, they added other wealthier clients like this too.

They expanded their network and improved their Godly reputation.

Even if someone died in their hands during treatment, no one would game them, thinking it was all fate.

After all, they, the Morgs, were said to have the ability to bring a person close to death back to life.

And for as long as the Morg Medical society existed. They had succeeded and built an impeccable clientele list of wealthy people and their descendants.

So how can they not be angry when a majority of their Pyno clients are no longer interested in their services?

Baymard!!!

Those in the Morg society clenched their fists after listening to those in the Art society.

Good... Good...

What a good Baymard.

They were both frauds and thieves!!!

How dare they steal Morg information while also stealing their clients?

Shameless!

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Like so, the men prepared to feast and dine for a few more hours before leaving by nightfall.

They looked forward to teaming up with the 100 war galleys ahead and training Baymard when they least expected it.

And while they were engaged in battle preparation, the culprit of it all was now squinting his eyes dangerously at the trouble ahead.

The seas where he was, were far quiet.

Dammit!

Landon cursed.

Chapter 1454 Danger All Around

Mother of Eyebrows!

Everyone's eyes stared at the giant family of 2-tail boggles with vigilance at heart.

In this world, there we're all sorts of boggles/whales.

But the most dangerous of all was the double-tailed boggle!

It was aggressive, far bigger than any shape Landon had ever known and was always ready to pick a fight.

The school of boggles wasted no time surrounding their ships, as though wanting to take them down to the dark chests below.

The atmosphere was tense, and many could feel death's claws.

There were at least 60 boggles surrounding them.

Dammit!!!

Landon's eyes grew grim.

"Everyone, battle stations! Man the death shooters, ready the missiles and prepare to attack!"

Landon's cold voice echoed out like a heavenly order.

The alarms sounded within every interior chamber of the ships, and even those previously napping were up and out of their beds.

"What's happening? What danger are we about to face?"

Many ran while asking the necessary questions.

And soon, a public announcement was read similar to Landon's orders on deck.

Man the machines! Shoot in all directions! Kill without mercy!

Cold sweat trickled down everyone's face.

It was either them, or these boggles.

Get pulled down into the depths of the ocean without a fight? Naive!

Their meeting such boggles might also be because of the oath they choose.

It's said that many sailors avoided this particular path.

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To get to the empire they were targeting, the closest way would be to pass through the waters between Veinitta and Omania before heading towards Zohl from its bottom region of the continent.

It can be said that not all the waters between Veinitta and Omania were dangerous.

No. In truth, most of those waters were calm and peaceful.

But when it came to a particular coordinate/route, most sailors, if not all, would avoid it.

The seas in this world were turbulent. And many also found themselves at a disadvantage whether they passed through this particular route.

Hence, the route was named the Chaos Route.

In the winter, especially, this route was more dangerous than a majority of places on land.

But why did Landon choose this path? Because it was the shortest point to the Zohl empire he was headed.

The system gave him a deadline or completed his mission. And any delays could cost him his life!

That's right. That was the punishment the system would give if he failed in rescuing that Zohl boy in time.

Imagine if he came late, realizing that an arrow was already pierced into the boy's head?

The system would definitely tell him before he got to see the corpse, and his punishment would begin.

Dare to let a chosen son of the heavens die under your watch?

Landon had cold sweats thinking of how bad things would be if he delayed any further.

That said, going on this route was his best option. Of course, he also factored in a few delay dates just in case.

In the end, even with the delay dates added, this route was still the shortest!

It should be noted that around these parts, the water direction and currents were strange.

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On one sailing route, the water had formed a strange thick upper layer similar to clouds.

And on that route, one could only go towards a single direction, as though being led forward to the edge of a waterfall.

Sailing in the opposite direction was difficult, that's to the water direction.

And in another sailing route, the waters went in the opposite direction instead.

And the push from the start current made sail time shortened by a few weeks for many rowing their boats.

So these many directional routes were popular. You hope on one and get to where you need to be.

It's just that getting oneself out of the route requires skilled rowing maneuvers and experience.

Landon had never seen such waters before in his life.

The more he knew about this world, the more he felt it was a mix of science and fantasy.

Why was one part as fluffy as clouds?

This was also dangerous because sea creatures could easily sneak up on ships from below.

It was almost as though the Goddess that created this world was drunk the day she made this world.

And for him, an earthling used to the earthy world, many things here didn't make sense. Maybe you can blame it on the slight differences in gravity, the slight differences in soil properties, weather, the strange creatures, and whatnot.

But when trying to explain it through science,

Of course, just like how earth had its involved mysteries that scientists couldn't crack, one could also assume that the many blizzard things in this world were also unsolvable mysterious.

But Landon knew the truth in his heart.

From the beginning of time, the Goddess had created her world like this.

End of story.

With people having strange powers and even the Holy city existing... Wasn't this all connected?

What she, the other gods and goddesses watching over this universe chose to bless, they blessed.

The world was filled with wonders that Landon knew could never be explained by science.

How can a waterfall glow against gravity upwards to a blessed towering land in Zalipnia? How can some humans have the powers to do what they did?

Those in the future will never be able to find the answer by relying only on science.

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Din. Din. Din. Din. Din. Din~

The thunderous boots of many echoed across the ships.

Some hopped on the open heavy artillery guns on deck, while others paired themselves in teams, holding out missile launchers, ready for action.

Of course, those in the Control rooms also squeezed their joysticks, steadily locking position with the creatures on the radar.

F***!

Down below, there were 50 boggles that differed from the 60 or so already above the water surface.

Sweet mother of Pearls.

Were they going to get attacked from underneath and from the sides?

"Everyone, secure yourselves! It's going to be bumpy!!!"

Chapter 1455 A Tough Battle

Bam!!

The leading ship was attacked from below.

And those in the Control room gritted their teeth, hiding their anxiousness.

[You have the go-ahead.]

"Copy that, your majesty. Deploying Omega 15 missiles!"

Receiving word from Landon on deck, the Captain wasted no time commanding his men.

"Deploy the Omega 15s!"

Don't think that an explosion from below wouldn't hurt them above.

Anything more, and they would risk damaging their ships.

The chemical reaction from the explosive, as well as the water pressure and forces, could create a hole in their already sturdy ships if they used anything too deadly.

Of course, if their ships had been built with enhanced metal parts, that would be a different matter altogether.

For now, their ships were still at risk.

Even if they were to shoot a big one at an enemy, that said enemy had to be far out of their calculated damage range.

Tick-Tock. Tick-!

Time seemed to freeze in place with burdening tension on everyone's shudders.

Their breathing became hoarse, and the abrupt war zone was even more terrifying than before.

And seated on one of the numbers seats was a Sinju, a newbie Double-S class mission taker.

Yes! Though he had taken other missions before, this was his first time on a Double-S-class mission.

He was both nervous and eager to make contributions.

Holding the joystick, his hands trembled, and his body quaked with worry.

'Come on, Sinju. You've got this. Though you've never had an opportunity to test this out, you've had training on what to do... Come on... Come on....'

He moved his trembling joystick, locking position on the constantly swimming boggle.

And soon, it was time for him to show his mastery.

"Fire!!!"

Click.

Sinju pressed the red buttons at the tip of his joystick.

[Missile deployed!]

The words popped out in red above his attack screen. And soon, he saw the green dot he targeted turn flash red.

Sinju's body trembled in excitement.

It was a good solid hit!!

And though the missile launched was nowhere near enough to kill the boggle, this much made him happy.

But according to their estimate, one boggle might need 5~7 shots to die.

This couldn't be blamed on the missiles being weak.

No... The 2-Tail Boggle was born with a sturdy outer skin that was impossible to slice off with a few blade strikes.

It was too tasking to do so.

That's why even when such boggles were successfully captured with a string of luck, the butchering method involved the bucket going into the boggles body to slice it off from within.

The outer skin was very sturdy. And this was why its skin was regarded as a precious military item.

After drying its skin and doing a few finishing touches, some combined this with leather to make an excellent worth sheath, while others wore it underneath their armor during battle.

Tsk.

To kill so many was truly unfortunate.

But what could they do? Their survival was at stake here!

Nonetheless, his majesty had said if the creatures ran off, they were to let them go. But if they proved tough, then it was indeed their fate to die!!

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Boom!

The States blow turned orange, bubbling and bursting dangerously.

And for a moment, it began to rain fish.

Fish of all kinds flew into the air and onto their decks.

The fish-salty smell in the air was pungent.

But no one cares about this.

"Captain! More are entering the radar zone!"

Someone exclaimed.

And sure enough, many quite a few more boggles from the deep dark depths below were swimming upwards.

They didn't dare to enter the flashes of heated orange chaos.

But only swam at a safe distance as though waiting for an opportune moment to strike or eat the injured fishes.

Provided they didn't plan to harm the ships, those aboard would also let them go.

"Some of you keep an eye out for them. The test of you to focus on the battle ahead."

~Grrrrrawww!!!~

The injured 2-tail boggles cried out in hatred!

If they were humans, they would be described as a petty bunch that held grudges.

You would think they would flee after such an attack. But that would be wrong.

An eye for an eye!

Even if they couldn't deal with those aboard, they still wanted to do some damage to the ships!

Bam!

The left bottom side of the ship jumped into the air as though almost overturning.

What????!

For a moment, Landon saw the famous titanic scene happen right before his eyes.

Luckily they were all started onto the rails. Or else wouldn't some fall off the ships?

De-De-De-De-De~

Those on the stationed weapons began shooting at the jumping boggles like crazy.

"Ahhhhhhhhh~"

They screamed while launching their attacks, moving their weapons from left, right, and around them.

Doe you pieces of sh**!

De-De-De-De-De!~

They seemed to be going crazy in this moment of truth.

However, one of them soon froze before unbuckling himself and jumping out.

Bam!

A boggle's tail smacked the stationed weaponry, completely uprooting it from the ground.

The massive weapon flew off the ship and into the waters on the other side.

F***!

The one who jumped out had cold sweat, thanking his lucky stars for his quick thinking.

If he had delayed for just a second longer, that could've been him sinking in the waters.

Of course, with how heavy the machine was, it would definitely sink to the bottom. So no one worried about it getting found or fished out.

Maybe hundreds and thousands of years, it would be a lost historical treasure.

But for now, this was not their focus.

The big holes were angry. And those both below and above were engaging ruthlessly.

And once, Landon realized how significant metal enhancement was.

Dammit!

Landon began pulling, rolling up his sleeves while holding the rails.

What was he going to do?

Many who spotted him inwardly wanted to ask.

But before they could say anything, his majesty left them with only 2 sentences.

"Stop all missile attacks below the main ship and focus on those above the surface."

Plop~

Everyone watched everything happen before their eyes in a faze.

Did... Did their leader just jump into that hell hole?

(°_°)

Chapter 1456 Her Highness Is Strong

Your majesty?

Plop.

They watched Landon do a professional dive into the hell hole.

(I_I)

His majesty will be fine, right?

These were deadly boggles with a fierce force and thick skin that couldn't be punctured easily. So how could they not worry?

What??!!!!

Lucy, who got word via her walkie talkie almost went insane listening to the report.

How dare he put his life at stake like that?

She was already planning to implement punishment when he got back.

That's right. His image in her heart was very untouchable.

She had faith in his abilities, knowing that he wouldn't take risks he wasn't sure of.

She understood this very well. It's just that, as his wife, how could she not worry?

Even if he trusted his abilities, nothing in this world was a hundred percent sure... Even science said this.

So what of the slim possibility of something going wrong happening?

What a husband!

Boom!

Lucy launched a missile towards one of the boggles that jumped out to swallow her and many others.

The missile went straight into its insides, causing it to swell and rupture its belly.

But even with the big opening on its tummy, the damn boggle was still alive.

Lucy squinted one eye, positioning the heavy launching tube on her shoulders.

It typically needed 2 people to hold and position the large launcher.

But in her case, she carried the black tube over her shoulders with ease.

Brauhhhh~

The boggle shook violently, wanting to make a last shot before disappearing below.

And as if working together with friends, the ship was abruptly tilted by a few below. And the boggle planned to make its attack.

The abrupt ship movements threw many off for a few seconds. But this was enough time for garbage to reign if they weren't careful.

"Your highness, watch out!!!!"

Someone exclaimed loudly while watching the boggle attempt to swallow Lucy and a few others again.

Bungy road on her waist, Lucy hurriedly positioned her already slanted body, making another aim at its mouth.

'Want to eat me, big fella? Sorry, I still haven't enjoyed my marriage life to the fullest.'

Boom!

A massive yellow glow flashed in the boggles open mouth, causing Lucy and many others to turn away monetarily.

"Everyone, take cover!"

This time, they did feel some heat from the attack even at their safe distance.

The attack had gone off before the creature could close its mouth.

Splack!

Its brain mush and a few parts along its throat and upper body began raining in them like mana from the heavens.

The creature's lifeless body made another large splash on the water, immediately leaving them soaked.

The giant boggle fell to its demise, floating above the water surface.

But soon, its body was viciously dragged by others.

Whether deadly or friendly, goggles were generally caring to their kind.

They dragged the body away, forcing it to sink into the abyss below.

Maybe it was a way of burial for them.

Whatever the case, they didn't allow the body to hover above the surface.

But was the battle over? Not a chance!

The boggles were still relentless.

Thus, the battle continued.

There was a reason why the 2-tailed Boggle was both annoying and dangerous.

Sailors say that if one encountered a boggle, whether provoked or unprovoked, that boggle would bully and fight them as though they had some sworn hatred for one another.

This was why people didn't like taking this travel route.

They didn't know why, but the boggle didn't like some of the travel routes, choosing this one and a few others as their favorite lines.

And with the history of man's demise in their hands, who would actively try using this line?

Even the Morgs rarely moved on this path.

Whenever they attempted it, their ships and men would be lost forever.

How can their wooden galleys stand a chance against these boggles?

One tail swipe, and they would be dead, sinking to the deep abyss below.

Even the Adonis worshippers and other major powerful forces dared not pass on these places.

In this world, many regions at sea were damned and already condemned as dead man planes.

Be it the deadly Devil's Gate line that was dangerous in February with thousands and thousands of Laypires coming to mate... or the waters around the chaotic Whirlpool to Death's doors that had nonstop whirlpools no matter the season, no one would dare go sailing in these regions.

The whirlpool zone was the deadliest since it would suck in hundreds of fleets to the abyss below with no mercy.

These places were said to be unassailable for them with wooden galleys.

If their ships get punctured with no hand around them, what are they do except float about in the dangerous waters, hoping to one day reach an island or land?

It could take months and even close to a year in some cases in dangerous seasons.

And that only if they managed to stay alive.

No matter how you look at it, the risks for passing along these places were far too many.

In the end, relying on wooden galleys and human rowing to get them out of such situations was impossible.

So many would never take this route, no matter how powerful they were.

This alone showed how dangerous this path was.

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Boom!

Lucy made another shot.

"Quickly! Load me up!!!"

"Yes, your highness!"

Boom! Boom! Boom!

Those on deck were quick to take action.

And for a moment, the scene looked like it came straight out of a blockbuster movie.

Some were rolling away from sudden attacks, others jumping to the side in a dive while using smaller missile launchers, and some were busy transporting more ammunition back and forth.

Missile and grenade handheld launchers of all sizes were brought out to play.

No one dared to shoot recklessly unless they were sure of its mark.

Any accident, and they could shoot themselves instead.

And just like their situation, Landon was also in a heated battle of his own.

Chapter 1457 The Might Of A Puny Being

Holding his breath, Landon stared at the creatures that now surrounded him.

When compared to them, he was an ant!

The sun's rays provided some light to an extent.

But if one looked downwards, they would only see nothing but darkness.

These paths were deep and far away from land.

One man, 12 giant boggles, looking at him provocatively.

Time seemed to have frozen when the staring contest began.

But seconds more, one of the boggles let out a bubbly sound, making the first move.

The fierce creature swam like lightning, opening its massive mouth to swallow him whole.

As if infected with adrenaline, Landon raised his fist at the mischievous thing.

Bam!

He landed a solid hit at its upper lip.

Bwwwww~~

The creature shook in disbelief, wondering how a tiny being could hand such a deadly blow.

With its skin, such a move could do nothing to it.

Yet, the creature felt the immense pain travel to its entire insides like an electric current.

F***!

What was going on here?

The other boggles looked at the scene suspiciously.

Their buddy won't be pretending, right? How can this puny being pack a powerful punch?

They didn't believe it.

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With vicious stares, they moved toward Landon yet again. This time, they came in packs from all directions.

The tiny being was standing next to the ship as though saying: If you want to attack this ship, then you have to go through me.

The being had placed its fins (hands) on its waist and raised its shoulders in a defense mode.

They, sea creatures, lived by understanding certain behaviors.

Once a creature took a defensive stance, it was either in preparation for the battle or to show its might and dominance.

And as proud, deadly creatures of the seas, they took his behavior as provocation.

And sure enough, they swung all 2 tails viciously while floating on the same spot.

Their eyes narrowed, their bodies tilted in one direction, showing their intimidating tail motion to the enemy.

It was as if they were smacking an invisible floor to show their might. This behavior was also similar to a monkey beating its chest.

Swish! Swish! Swish!

They acted in synchronization, as though they rehearsed for this moment all their lives.

Some fishes swimming not too far away immediately made U-turns in the opposite direction.

Please. They were just cannon Dodgers in these deep waters. So don't drag them into this.

The lizard-horse fish the size of a human, the transparent catfish... So many creatures of the sea nearby moved away after seeing the battle formation from the boggles.

But the person who should be worrying wasn't even bothered at all.

Landon raised his brow, swinging his fist provocatively too.

What?

So only they were allowed to show off their synchronized tail taps?

Well, he too had an arrogant showy display. And that was rotating one of his arms as though getting ready for battle.

Br?

The boggles were even more annoyed to see his arrogance.

'Since you like this ship so much, then don't mind if we mess it up!'

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1, 2, 3!

The boggles rushed to the ship with full force.

They were going to flip it upside down once and for all!

But how could Landon let them do so?

Raising his fist and leaning back slightly, he sent a deadly blow to the nearest boggle.

Bam!

The Boggle found itself falling into the abyss but couldn't do anything to stop its fall.

The force from Landon's blow had sent it flying.

But this was just the beginning.

Twisting his body, he kicked another like a soccer ball, landed a few more punches on others, swam a little distance to the other end of the ship, smacked another boggle in the face, and continued like so.

Bam! Bam! Pah! Bam! Bam!

The boggles had never seen anything like this.

What was he? Who was he? Why was he?

They began to wonder if he was different from the other beings of his kind that they had destroyed severally.

He looked the same as the others. So why was his strength so big?

No matter how much they thought, the boggle brain power could not support such high thinking.

Landon did under backflips, dodged their attacks, gave many of his own, and kept the ship safe.

He was joking when he meant they wouldn't be able to get close.

Like lightning, he could swim from one end of the massive ship to another bottom in seconds.

It was almost as though he cloned himself because at some point, the boggles began seeing his afterimages.

(0_0)

Eh?... They couldn't have eaten some illuminating seaweed, would they?

How come this one being was now turning into 50 or more?

Landon was brutal, increasing strength the more he played.

And soon, he not only attacked the boggles going after the main ship but also attacked those on other ships like a God.

'Get over here!'

He dragged one from an extreme end, throwing it to the others like bowling pins

Steer-Rike!

He knocked them far away with his first throw.

The boggles found themselves heading down but couldn't do anything to stop the motion.

Landon was hell-bent on sending them too far down after injuring them heavily.

He didn't intend to kill them since there were indeed precious creatures.

Though annoying, their value was there.

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Looking at the scene, he inwardly nodded, seeing the clear open seas once more except for little creatures moving about.

At this point, even the other boggles he didn't attack fled the scene after coming to terms with their loss.

The blanket of mist has been cleared from their eyes. And now, they dared not stay any longer.

Will they stop attacking humans after this? Not a chance!

They would still do it again and again and again if they had their way.

But that was not Landon's concern.

Feeling his breath run short, he finally popped his head out for the first time since his dive.

"Your majesty! Your majesty!"

Many exclaimed in joy, seeing their hero emerge.

The battle was finally over.

"Quick! Quick! Get his majesty out of the waters!"

Chapter 1458 Plead Guilty

With both excited and anxious gazes, the many people aboard quickly took Landon out of the waters.

Hahahahahaha~

Their leader was strong!

Many had gazes filled with reverence for all he did.

Of course, with his majesty's superhuman strength, they were sure he smacked the hell out of those boggles.

Truth be told, they still found it surreal that his majesty's strength could beat that of these tough boggles.

Many smiled, watching the soaked Landon get drawn up from the waters.

"Here, your majesty. Here's a towel!"

An overly large towel was carefully placed over his shoulder, and an open path was created.

Landon looked at them with a slight smile on his face. "You did well. Keep up the good job!"

"Sir, yes, sir!!"

They exclaimed, giving firm military salutes!

Their faces might look steel, but their eyes betrayed them, showing their glee.

Landon nodded while looking at his water-resistant watch: "Change Attire and report back on duty by 13-0'hundred."

Right!

Everyone took to the command.

You have to know that during the battle, the jumping boggles completely soaked them too.

And though the hot boiling sun had dried off 60~70% of their clothes, it was still advisable for them to get out of their damp attires and put on another set.

13-0'hundred.

Many moved quickly, not daring to arrive later than told.

And all across the other ships, the wet men and women rushed to get changed and report back to duty.

"You are so bold!"

A clear voice echoed out, causing Landon to freeze.

"...Wife, I? Bold? Since when?"

Landon was already in survival mode, staring at Lucy.

The daggers she was sending him with her eyes were too sharp for him to misread.

She had her hands crossed over her chest and an expression that said it all.

"You dare to take such a risk without even saying goodbye or even alerting me? Do you take our husband and wife relationship as a joke!!"

Lucy was furious.

If she were not without him, she wouldn't be this pissed.

Every time Landon left her in Baymard, the days and hours before his setting out, he would always say his last words just in case he didn't return.

She too would say her mind. Though she was confident in her husband's strength, like she said, anything could happen. There was no absolute certainty in this world.

That's why she was furious.

Heaven forbid that such a thing could happen to her hubby... But what if that was the last time she saw him? How dare he jump into such a pit surrounded by giant deadly creatures without even saying goodbye, alerting her, or giving some support or encouragement or promise.

Had it not been for the walkie, she would've never known he went down there!!!

Lucy's eyes were spitting fire the more she thought of it.

"Landon! How would you like it if I did the same to you?"

Landon?

What happened to hubby, dear, darling, or her usual sweet names she called him?

Landon's heart skipped a beat.

In a flash, he reached out to her as though begging with his life.

"Wife, please don't be angry with me, okay? It's all the fault of my stupidity. Wife, your husband is such a stupid man. So please forgive me. I promise never to do it again, cross my heart."

"What about the 'hope to die' part?"

" "

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Lucy was about to storm away in rage when Landon quickly swooped her up and hurried to their chambers.

Hey, a man has to do what a man has to do.

Even if it meant begging his wife for the entire day, he would do it willingly.

Everyone around the scene watched the couple, inwardly laughing in their hearts.

His majesty might be firm, strong and even intimidating when need be. However, when facing his wife, he was as soft as a newborn calf.

Everyone knew that his majesty was addicted to pampering his wife.

Though they would never let his majesty know, many had already begun betting on it.

"5 Bays says they'll be out in 3 hours."

"What? 3 hours? Are you underestimating his majesty's coaxing skills? 7 Bays says it'll be no more than an hour!"

"You're both crazy! 7 Bays says it will take 4!"

"You're on!!"

Many secretly wished for their fight to take longer, while some hoped for it to end almost immediately.

A gamble of this nature concerning this very topic wasn't new.

For close to 4 years now, many in Baymard who worked close to the couple always gambled on the matter.

Did they feel bad? No!

Blame the happy couple for always throwing dog food at them. Every time they were together, it was almost as if they were seeing each other for the first time.

It made those who were still single cry with no tears.

In the barracks and many other places visited by the couple severally, many people would gamble on matters such as this... Especially when sailing out with them on missions.

One also has to know that his majesty and her highness were also celebrities.

People genuinely want to know about them.

Even if it were just taking tea, people would describe the tea scene as though it were a blockbuster.

And you better believe that the tea set would be sold out in hours.

Many quickly placed their bets while heading out to change.

Hehehehehe~

How long will it take for his majesty to admit his faults before Queen Lucy? Only time would tell.

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And while the best were aces, Landon and Lucy had long arrived at their cabin.

Plop.

The man was quick to get on his knees, hugging her waist pitifully.

They would not be leaving this room until he calmed her down to a certain extent.

You must be joking! This was the woman he slept with, loved, and thought about constantly.

So what manly pride? Who has that ever helped?

"Wife, let's talk about it, alright?"

Chapter 1459 AfterMath

Like so, the couple spent 3 hours in their chambers.

In truth, they made up barely 5 minutes after reaching their room.

However, after that, both took their baths, washed away the salty seawater, and had a meal together before finally stepping out to continue their duties.

What? It was in their nature to drag out anger with each other.

Many people might think they did so because they usually spent time bonding in private after any disagreements.

So now, with them leaving after 3 hours, many thought it took 2 or hours instead.

But for this, Lucy and Landon would only roll their eyes heavenwards.

Most people could indeed stay angry for half a day or longer with partners, but they couldn't.

How could they go to work, sleep, or even part from their partners with such anger brooding within?

The couple stepped out holding hands in warmth, and many had a tactful look in their eyes.

It looks like the couple was back to throw dog food at them again.

"Pay up! You owe me 5 Bays!"

...

With things under control, Landon and Lucy headed to the Control Center for a brief meeting.

And there, they met with several other leading men and women involved with the mission.

"Your Majesty Landon!"

"Her Majesty Queen Lucy!"

Everyone saluted one another, taking their seats, with their secretaries at the side, one taking down minutes and the rest sitting as still as stones.

Some attendees had also arrived from the other ships too.

Landon leaned forward, staring at everyone glance by glance.

"First off, I would like to congratulate us all on our victory. Every battle, no matter how small or how great, should be celebrated!"

~Clap. Clap. Clap. Clap.~

Many clapped for themselves as though giving a pat on their backs.

For every victory, every good thing life brings, it was always important to be appreciative of it all. Even the air they breathed was a luxury because it could be done bad with some of them sinking to the bottom of the abyss.

When the ships rocked up and down, some were indeed thrown overboard but hung at the sides of the ship thanks to them being strapped in.

And of course, whenever this happened, many would cover for them, shooting whatever came their way while aiding these hanging men to climb up the ropes.

In the end, their quick thinking, protocols, drills when attacked by large animals, and luck had saved them all.

This was the first time they had gone through this sort of attack.

Thankfully, their drill-taught skills were good, though not as close to the real situation at hand. In truth, without his majesty's help, things would not have gone this smoothly.

Everyone inwardly recognized this matter while also taking this route.

Unless in dire straits, they would never use this oath again!!

So dangerous.

What other big things lay here? No wonder no ships could be spotted around the many mile radii' on the radar.

When traveling, they would use the radar to dodge ships like ghosts.

The radar released a signal that traveled and mapped everything within certain mile radiuses.

But for a while now, no ship was detected... Not even a sinking one.

Inwardly, they made up their minds that when they arrived at Zohl, they would gather enough information about the waters around these regions.

Another thing they were thankful for was that the attack occurred when the dogs were in their training room 2 floors down.

If one of their dogs got eaten or injured, they would feel terrible. To them, the dogs were their comrades who they respected as individuals.

Of course even without the attacks, whenever they allowed the dogs to run on deck or about, they always dressed them in both lightweight armor and floatation suits too.

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~Clap. Clap. Clap. Clap. Clap.~

The brave men and women clapped for their victory in today's battle.

Landon nodded in satisfaction.

"You all handled things beautifully... Though there are still a few more things we should've all done better: you, me, and the rest of our brave soldiers, marines, and navy personnel. But before we get into that, Status report. Go!"

"Yes, your majesty." Replied the lead Captain in charge of all the other ship Captains.

"No punctures to any ships made, though a few dents have been formed. As for ammunition, what we used was barely 0.03% of all we have in stock."

Landon massaged his chin thoughtfully. "So it shouldn't affect our war and plans for Zohl."

"Correct, your majesty. We still have more than enough for the real battle. However, we still have to consider if such attacks from the sea occur very frequently."

Of course, the ammunition wasn't the main problem.

The issue was that now that a few dents had formed on the ships, though the dents weren't deep if they came across another school of boggles that hit on those same dented places repeatedly, the results would be bad!

These boggles had thick skin that was even a luxury to use on battlefields.

So this alone should tell one how touched their skin was.

If along the way, they met more and more of these sorts of deadly sea creatures, then who could say whether their ships would reach Zohl in good conditions? One or 2 might even sink in the end.

Again, there could be more dangerous and powerful creatures like the boggles out there.

So it was best for them to prepare for the worst!

Landon's eyes narrowed at the few documents that were put together in these 3 hours.

From the report, only 2 major machine parts close to the dents needed maintenance and quick fix-ups.

"Your majesty, the military mechanics & ship engineers are already on the job."

"Good. Keep an eye out for things. Though we've always been battle-ready, we need to be on a higher alert stance. Allocate and prepare more ammunition for the job. Am I clear?!!!"

"Yes, your majesty!"

Chapter 1460 A Forceful Crusade

With the war with man vs. boggle over, the ships were inspected, and the lessons learned were drawn out for future purposes.

And for some, they began writing reports, attack plans, and adjusting protocol for various new rising scenarios that just came to mind.

Today's matter had made everyone's head swell with uncertainty about what the sea truly holds.

Apart from the familiar routes they had used to head towards Zalipnia earlier, they were all new to these paths.

Many also had cold sweat after realizing that if not for Majesty's help... Maybe the situation would've been far worse than expected.

In the end, this route was a no-go route for future purposes... Especially if they sign a treaty with those in Zohl and have to move the ship cruises back and forth between these 2 points.

Such a thing would be disastrous and unsafe for both travelers and these steering the ships.

Like so, they continued their journey onwards with vigilance at bay.

But they weren't the only ones facing battle.

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--The Outskirts Of Whitepold City, Deiferus--

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The boiling sun fried those below, giving them a faint pinkish hue.

The air was stagnant, with little or no breeze blowing by.

The bees buzzed, and the birds chirped merrily.

It sure was a good day to be alive.

Underneath the scorching weather, a fierce battle began to unfold.

In a forest path, several caravans of knightly soldiers marched forth with extreme vigilance.

Their eyes darted from left to right, up to down, and in every other position one could think of.

The air was silent except for nature's melodies.

Some held their arrows tightly while riding their horses, while others had one hand on their sword sheaths.

And for some, their shields were their biggest firms of protection. And for others, their long spears of steel rods were always close by.

The scorching sun enhanced the greenery, making its colors shine even more vibrant than normal. The shadows from the many trees were a good cooling source while traveling through the woods.

The men and women slowly marched forth in silence.

Everything seemed to be alright... Or so they thought.

Henry sat in his carriage, looking over quite a few documents concerning the place they were headed.

Though they were technically at the 'outskirts' or Whitepold city, they were still 3 hours away from the actual city.

Henry thinned his lips, looking at the reports he received.

Whitepold city.

Those here secretly opposed him, carrying out their hideous acts even though the law stated otherwise.

They not only refused to accept his goodwill but also refused to allow them.

As Deiferus' ruler, how could he allow this to go on?

Unlike Baymard's situation, he had a large opposition against his rule.

And over time, though the number had dwindled to an extent, there were still many who hated his 'nosy' interference.

Some protested, saying that if they wanted to throw their babies into the forest, it was their right!

Others called him a tyrant because he disbanded the many ridiculous councils in Deiferus.

Over time, Henry had just chosen to believe that these people were neurotic.

Talking sense into them was akin to throwing water on a wall.

Whatever he said entered one ear and left the other.

These people believe that since the child was brother to them, they could do whatever they wanted with that said child.

Inbthenedn, since they weren't taking in common sense, they released the edict like a tyrant.

He did try the nice way. But since it wasn't working, why try to reason with the unreasonable.

Sometimes, one just has to put their foot down.

What was even shocking was that they took the matter to Baymard, trying to attract more supporters to their ridiculousness.

They also stated that women should be monitored because their blood-shedding was a curse or something like that.

They stated that if a man didn't monitor a woman's cycle, she would develop sorceress powers that could freeze and kill them all in a blink of an eye.

(-_-)

He was sorry...

Growing up, Henry had never believed that rubbish. If it were true, do you think men would still be on top in today's world?

Alright.

Now that he rejected their ridiculous ideas, he would like to see it LIVE and direct.

Come on... He was waiting for all women to start developing powers that could freeze all men in the world.

Every time these people spoke about this, he would still his eyes, wondering why nothing had happened since his reign if what they said was true.

In a nutshell, he worked hard to disband numerous councils. But there were still some adamant about fighting him with the very last drop of their blood.

And in a blink of an eye, these people began a CRUSADE for their beliefs.

From the report, they would storm people's homes with weapons at hand, asking everyone to kneel.

Following that, they held their victims by the collar, asking a simple question.

[Do you believe in Deiferus' Old ways?]

If one's answer was yes, they would be dragged out of their homes and immediately taken away to become the next soldiers in line for the crusade.

And if their answer was no, they would be asked if they were ready to believe.

In the end, any that opposed would be killed on the spot, whether they were men, women, or children. .what was even more irksome was that these people kidnapped the newly born babies of those they killed.

Probably to raise them as crusade warriors too.

Because of this matter, many who once supported him publicly now stood on a neutral stance.

Of course, he didn't blame them because everyone had the right to survival.

His enemies were forcing them to choose the only path of survival when caught by the throat.

So why should he blame them?

To eradicate the problem, he had to kill or catch those at the source.