

TECHNOLOGY 1461

Chapter 1461 Henry's Dilemma

His opposition was so irritating and worrying.

Why?...

Why couldn't they just settle down for a bit and give him a moment's rest?

The more Henry thought about this, the more furious he was.

But he didn't lose his cool since he had long expected the opposition when he took the throne.

In Arcadina, many didn't oppose William because Alec was already a nightmare. In Terique, they welcomed Astar's reign with open arms after Nopline's demise.

In Carona, Penelope was well-loved.

And of course in Yodan, though Sirius had faced opposition since his father Maclaine had been on his side from a young age. It helped him build a solid foundation in the shadows. So Sirius taking the throne once the matter was revealed was only natural.

But in his case, he had the most regulations all coming at him at once.

This was probably why Baymard sent more help to him than those in the other empires.

But of course, he couldn't rely on Baymard all the time.

The Baymardians were mostly here to find and save all babies thrown in the forest zones maliciously.

The Baymardians were more focused on humanitarian works, leaving matters of rolling the empire to himself.

They had only helped him during the beginning months of his rule and during the period when the first batch of his Deifer knights got sent to Baymard for training.

The Baymardians did pull out a while ago.

The only time they guarded him was if they were there for a special mission that requested them to work alongside him for a specific period.

In the end, most things were left to him and his trusted men as should be.

He was already grateful to Baymard for doing this much.

So unless he felt defeated, he wouldn't ask for their help in dealing with these Crusaders.

Look! Baymard was already training his men and many he sent over there.

It can be said that the training was successful because those who returned had a massive shift in attitude and work ethics.

His private Royal Barracks in Deiferus changed with many teaching the others how to act and what training drills they would follow.

Their schedule was strict, and most of those who returned simulated the Barrack situation similar to that in Baymard's.

The prison systems and training regimes were also in effect.

This in Henry's mind, was the biggest gift Baymard had given him.

It was just that he couldn't help wondering how Baymard's training fared against the almighty Morgany's.

This was something that many subconsciously asked with no ill intentions but pure curiosity.

You have to know that getting a chance to train in Morgany was akin to getting the opportunity to enter heaven's doors.

So many thought that if Baymard, an empire in this lesser continent, had such powerful training skills, imagine how powerful those from Morgany would be?

In the end, this question was an unanswered one.

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The city of Whitepold.

Henry had a stern expression, thinking of what they might face ahead.

According to their report, Whitepold held 2 major factions that spearheaded the killings.

He was here not only to make a statement against these crusaders but also to cleanse Whitepold city.

Suddenly, he heard the abrupt sound of someone tapping the carriage window twice.

But he didn't reach for the window.

It was one of his aides, Twilight, that opened the plastic-glass-looking window with ease.

That's right.

Baymardian windows primarily used in vehicles were also imported by various carriage and wagon builders.

Who wouldn't want such a clear and stunning window when moving about?

The Baymardians were so kind enough to sell these glasses in rectangular, circular, and square-shaped of various cut dimensions particular for wagons, carriages, caravans, and other enclosed modes of transportation.

Of course, the thick usual wooden windows they typically used weren't removed from the wagons.

They chose to layer both windows together.

Standing outside a carriage, the windows were the see-Baymardian ones.

And if a person wanted privacy, not allowing those outside from seeing the inside, they would unlatch the wood window latched on the inner carriage ceiling, lowering it like a flap.

Again, it should also be noted that the transparent Baymardian windows could also be lowered or raised too. And Landon had nothing to do with the ingenious ideas of these carriage builders.

Even shocking to him was that they had used the same idea that plan windows used.

When seated in an airplane, if you don't want to see the outside or the clouds anymore, what do you do? You raise the shaded part to seal the windows.

They used this same logic to make the windows raise or lower the Baymardian windows from the inside.

And the carriage parts below the windows were slightly thicker since the transparent window would slide down into the wood.

Baymards locomotive windows were popular, and many wooden vehicles were quick to hop on this trend.

And now, all around Pyno, many had these clear Baymardian windows on their carriages, wagons, and all the rest.

But of course, another thing that many might realize was that there was indeed a slight difference between the windows exported out compared to the overly thin framed windows in Baymard.

These particular windows exported out were arrow tested by the Baymardians. This was also placed in the advertisements for the windows.

Baymard was safe: but out here, they weren't.

That's why those exported were made differently, not as flexible and 'soft' as those in Baymard.

And to serve as an even greater backup, the wooden windows were also left by the carriage designers.

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~Knock. Knock.

The tapping noises echoed with the carriage.

Raising the red curtains, Henry and the other 2 inside the carriage stared at the person riding alongside their window on horseback.

"Your majesty, the scouts are back."

The man said, passing a thinly rolled paper.

Henry nodded. "Fall back and wait for further instructions."

Depending on the message, their plans might have to change.

Chapter 1462 The Enemy We Know

Fall back?

Everyone stared at each other with a subtle look in their eyes.

Their master, his majesty, didn't need to say much for them to understand the gravity of the situation.

Subconsciously tightening their grip on their reins, some hurried in front, while others moved in different directions, and some only pulled their horses to a halt, guarding their monarch.

Their eyes still darting around magically, many that went ahead and around began breaking into the many parts of the forest looking for a suitable campsite.

In a flash, things had changed.

But what exactly was it that caused this heavy feeling in the atmosphere?

Henry's aides, Dan and Elroy, read the note with firm faces. And the more they read, the more distorted their expressions.

How bold!!!

Bam!

Dan smashed his fist on the table with trembling hands.

"Your majesty, these bastards are getting too much!"

Dan's chest raised and lowered numerous times all in this single moment.

If not for their sharp scouts, who noticed something wrong far up ahead, wouldn't they just be walking into a trap before thinking about everything in the city?

Dan squinted his eyes murderously.

One doesn't need to be spoon-fed to know the truth.

Though calmer and more composed than his colleague, Elroy's eyes still flickered with a dangerous light.

"Your majesty, our plans and actions have been leaked."

"I know," Henry stated. "It seems we have traitors in our midst."

Taking a sip of hot tea, the composed Elroy only looked outside the window as though peering into a far-off horizon.

"Your majesty, the enemy is prepared and has territorial advantage over us." Turning his attention back to Henry, Elroy's gaze was even more unfathomable than before.

"Your majesty, forgive this one for not realizing how mad these people are."

Who would've thought the opposition had such alarming plans, acting completely different from what they imagined?

Though the opposition was against them 'publicly,' in through, they had never stood face to face against Henry and his forces.

Rather, they would want for opportunity moments before stepping out of the shadows and making their moves.

This was the first time the opposition had decided to take such a bold step in the face of Henry and his forces.

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According to their initial path of action and behavioral methods, these people should still stay in the shadows, not wanting to feed any spies with more information than was already available.

Yes!

Though a majority of Whitepold city was more or less under the control of these forces, it can be said that the people there were still not aware of this fact.

The various council and opposition members acted on the policy of not pooping where they ate.

They did begin the crusade of forcing many to adhere to Deiferus' Old ways. But all this chaos happened out of Whitepold city.

The peasants were still left in the dark, fearing the enemy they didn't know was right under their noses.

Their ignorance was also advantageous to the enemy since Peasants were the most likely to wag their tongues innocently.

In the pubs, taverns, and even on the streets, the peasants gossiped to pass the time. And they spoke about anything they saw... Even an interesting butterfly would be gossiped about by them.

Thus, the enemy would quickly gather info about many that come into the city.

Having these people live in fear would only make these peasants too frightened to speak in public.

As one could see, the benefits of allowing these peasants to live blindly were immeasurable - though the downside was that even they, his majesty's forces, might be able to benefit from this too.

Everything depended on how the enemy controlled the situation.

And just like Henry's side had predicted, in all working establishments in the city, there should be 2 or more spies acting like ordinary people.

The man in the tavern wiping off the used jugs, the market seller pulling a cart of tomatoes, the farmer tilling the soil... All around the bound people of Whitepold city, there were forces watching their every move.

And if not for the quick witnesses and a few Baymardian skills the scouts had picked up, they would've been caught by the enemy.

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In Deiferus and Pyno as a whole, these scouting skills were more or less the same for many who started with training from powerful forces or assassin guilds.

Of course, the degree to which one could master a skill would set them apart from the rest. Additionally, though assassins, killers, and trained scouts developed their own unique skills, its level in Pyno was still limited, maybe because their vision was also limited too.

With time, many stole other people's moves or got inspired after witnessing them, causing a variety of skills to spread out like wildfire.

And one shouldn't also forget that now and then, Pyno killers would compete to know who was the strongest.

It was pride to get to the top out of tens and hundreds of thousands.

As general knowledge, more than 80% of Pyno skills were known to all in this dark profession.

Even back on earth, common skills had circulated the entire world. One could look up duo skills, martial arts, and even military skills.

What differed was how they used this said public knowledge. Even with the same training, some emerged stronger than others.

But the downside of both forces belonging to Deiferus and knowing 80% of their skills was that both sides could most likely pick out the flaws or scouts that dared to walk into their territory in disguise.

If a scout was successful, it only meant they had a higher mastery than the enemy.

And sure enough, it was thanks to 1 or 2 lessons from Baymard that canceled the enemy's suspicions, thinking the scouts to be ordinary.

After all, in such a vast city, ordinary everyday folks came in and out regularly.

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Elroy folded the note and handed it back to Henry.

"Your majesty, we need to make camp fast!"

Chapter 1463 Fishing Them Out

Make camp!

Very quickly, Henry's men found a suitable location, and without delay, they cued over while eliminating their tracks.

Carriage tracks weren't easy to eliminate, though they would take some time to fade out.

If this were a muddy or cold period, doing this would be easy. But in this dry heat, their tracks were bolder on the forest floors and grass.

~Clang. Clang.

The wagon constantly clashed with the floor, creating a subtle silence within the carriage.

No one said a thing, waiting until they found a good campsite.

But even though their mouths were sealed, their minds were quick at work.

Mad people!

Why were their actions so different all of a sudden?

Henry frowned. 'Are they finally ready to come out of the shadows and reveal themselves to the peasants? Could this be a sign that they are about to start phase 2 of their Crusade?'

Henry had a bad feeling churning in his gut.

Based on their initial and, they were to split up not too far away from here, with some heading towards a certain corner on the far left of the city, while the other group would enter Whitepold city under the guise of doing a routine check.

Dan's face was purple from rage. "Your majesty, we can no longer send our men in. It would be suicide!"

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Every now and then, his majesty would always send his people to do routine checks in all cities, towns, and villages. So it was normal and not out of the ordinary for Henry's men to enter the city.

And based on the way the enemy had always acted, they should indeed continue their pretense, operating in the shadows.

But now, things have changed!

It was more evident that a traitor was in the midst, seeing as the note said the guards in the city had doubled and the enemy was planning to execute them the moment they stepped into the city publicly.

So how can Dan not panic?

Cold sweat formed on Dan's forehead.

The enemy had truly caught them on guard. Luckily, it wasn't too late to make things right.

Again, the place where the first group planned to camp would also be a massacre sight if they dared to step in.

Fortunately, their scouts had passed the message before they could enter dangerous waters in this vast forest.

So far, they hadn't seen any enemy scouts because they were still too far off.

All in all, fate was on their sides, or else wouldn't his majesty Henry die too young and too fast?

Maybe the realism why the enemy was ready to go all out was because they heard Henry was here.

Such a temptation was enough to pull them out of the shadows.

With Henry dead, not only would the throne be available for grabs, but the rules and laws in Deiferus could be switched back to the old ways.

Women controlled and kept in their places, devil children thrown away before they grew up onto disasters, peasants kept in their place, slave trading brought to life, human rights bullish** coming to an end... All these would take place.

And they, the noble council members and forces, would once again reach their high stage where they initially belonged.

What were they fighting for if not for these all?

Their cause was just and noble.

And they wouldn't believe it any other way!

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Like so, Henry and his forces deviated from their original path, making a U-turn for a long while before branching into the Campsite found far away from the forest trails.

One by one, they guarded their campsite.

Some climbed the bushy trees with arrows in their hands, while others headed out to hunt, gather water, and do the other necessary deeds.

Of course, there were also a selected few that went back towards the roads and the far distance ahead as scouts.

If anyone should attempt to infiltrate the camp, their task was to spot them from a distance and report the matter A.S.A.P!

But for these tasks, only Henry's most trusted, who had been with him from the start, could do them.

Stepping off the carriage, Henry narrowed his eyes at the many men dangerously.

For this matter, he wasn't here alone.

Accompanying him were 5 commanders and a few of their forces too.

It can be said that within the next 2 weeks, more people from everyone's forces would keep on pouring in as the battle progressed.

A real battle could take up to a year if need be.

But in a standard place, to lay siege on this massive city, Henry had estimated 2 weeks at most, given the many generals and legions under each commander.

However, with the enemy seemingly knowing of their arrival, the battle might drag on for 2~3 months if the enemy also had forces pouring in from all winds of direction too.

Henry's eyes moved dangerously.

The possibility of having the traitor under his camp was slim. It's most likely that one or even more of his dear commanders were traitors.

But seeing that the traitor hasn't acted meant they are currently outnumbered by Henry and his men.

Thus, they dared not act yet.

To be sure, he only trusted those in his team who had been with him from the very start.

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In a flash, the tents were set up, and all leaders headed towards Henry's tent.

"Your majesty, what's going on?"

Everyone already had a hunch but wanted to get a confirmation on matters.

Henry didn't act suspiciously, calmly sitting cross-legged on the ground.

"Sit."

His voice was calm and surprisingly mighty.

Sure enough, he was a different person from the weakling he started as.

Since when did his majesty become this intimidating?

You look at me; I look at you.

The Commanders and their aides all followed his actions, also looking very majestic.

Good!

Henry inwardly smiled with a strange degree of cruelty at heart.

His commanders better pray they weren't linked to this matter, or... Heh...

Henry's anger was no longer quenchable!

Elroy and Dan were also taken aback, realizing how dangerous Henry's voice was.

This was the first time they had seen him like this.

The duo looked at each other beautifully with smiles in their eyes.

How would their young monarch handle these old goonies?

Heh

It was time to fish out the traitor!

Chapter 1464 A Dark Night

Although every Commander and their aide sat calmly, their inner minds weren't.

They felt something very off with their little monarch.

-silence-

... The faint noises from their surroundings engulfed the room in utter quietness.

And soon, Henry abruptly bursts out in laughter.

Hahahahaha~

Seeing their monarch laugh so cheerfully, everyone only felt it creepy.

This... This...

Their monarch was still okay in the head, right?

Why did they feel too uncomfortable looking at him?

Henry's change took them unawares, maybe because they were used to seeing his naive side.

Henry tapped the overly large floor cushion beneath him, looking at them one by one.

But while some didn't dare to speak, there were still some bold ones in the group who wasted no time in asking the needy.

"Your majesty, we are your commanders... Your people and your trusted officials. You have to say the word, and whatever you want shall be done."

"Really?" Henry scoffed inwardly but didn't show it. "You're right, Commander Brinkley. My worries are your worries. That's why I called you all here to share the news my scouts have just sent in."

Immediately, everyone's body tensed up.

Their war plans had long been fixed and related to their life and death. So how could they not worry?

With ears perked high up, they stared at Henry, not wanting to miss a single thing.

"Our plans must change. The enemy has caught a few of our scouts, so even though they might not know who sent the scouts in, they must be prepared for an enemy attack. Elroy, the note."

"Yes, your majesty."

Elroy quickly passed the note to the commanders, who read it one by one.

It's just that if one had seen the original note, they would know that this was a different one.

Only the trio, Henry, Elroy, and Dan, knew of this secret.

Reading the note, many quickly took Henry's anger to be because a few of the scouts had been captured.

Indirectly, this showed the enemy's strength when compared to theirs.

The atmosphere was sullen, and without saying a thing, everyone knew their plans would have to change.

"Your Majesty, you made the right call." Commander Ferguson said, calmly folding the letter.

"Hmmm... I think so too."

"..."

What happened to his Majesty's modesty?

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Very quickly, Henry placed the overly large map on the small foldable floor table before them.

The men were all seated on cushions with cross-legs and straight backs.

Everyone was given what they called a positioner, which was essentially a stick with a flat rectangular end attached to it.

They used this to move the little block pieces placed on the map.

"Any suggestions?"

Brinkley frowned before pushing his block piece towards a certain direction on the map. "Your majesty, since this location might be compromised, my army will take the Ghoul trail, up the steep hills and down the flowers of Hertica. We should be able to reach one of the far-left corners of the city walls from there."

Henry nodded. "Are you sure you can? The flowers of Hertica aren't easy. I've never been there before. But from the many rumors gathered about that place, it's not a good passing ground."

Brinkley pumped his chest twice in assurance. "Your majesty, leave it to me. Decades ago, your father had sent me to capture some foreign spies in Whitepold city. And upon arrival, we chased them through the flowers of Hertica. And though they got away, we learned more about this strange place. So yes. Now, I'm sure we can handle it! Plus... The enemy would never think us daring to move through such a place."

The flowers of Hertica.

Everyone listened, feeling good bumps just from the name alone.

The reason why the trail leading there was called a ghoul trail was all because of these flowers of Hertica.

Gulp.

They swallowed hard, imagining themselves being the ones to pass through there.

Now, the gaze they gave Brinkley was one of awe and pity, wondering if he was just out here seeking death.

Not only would he have to fight the enemy, but they would also have to battle their way through Hertica. So wasn't that too overwhelming?

The name Hertica came from the legend or, rather, the origins of the place.

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It's said that centuries ago, a young lady, Hertica, married her husband in deep love and bliss. But because of her unreasonable nature of not wanting her husband to take in another wife, she became too petty and bold.

It's said that her cause drove her to insanity to the point where she committed countless despicable acts, ripping the hearts out of any woman who dared to marry her husband.

She selfishly felt that her husband owed her too much since he allowed the council to throw away all of her children born to her.

Yes.

Every time she birthed, they would say the child was no good. This was because all her children had defects/birthmarks on their faces.

It drove the overly selfish woman to insanity, feeling there was nothing good about this life.

And now that her husband no longer wanted her, how could she accept this?

Heh.

She went full psycho, ready to get her pound of flesh.

Many believe that because she didn't allow the council to supervise her, she slowly developed evil powers with all the mass killings she did.

In her time, the woman was a legend and a nightmare.

How can a single woman evade the government for decades without getting caught? Wasn't that sorcery?

She was a witch. And thus, they burnt her in the place now known as the flowers of Hertica.

But something strange happened not too long after her demise.

The place called Hertica turned into a ghoulish site with all sorts of things going wrong there.

Whether it was a coincidence or proof that she was indeed a witch that developed powers due to lack of supervision, it was a fact that the place was now deadly.

Everyone felt a shiver go up their spine, envisioning Brinkley's dead body after passing through the place.

Mad man!

The Flowers of Hertica was no place to go!

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Henry narrowed his eyes at Brinkley, with no one knowing what he thought.

"Alright, Commander Brinkley. You and your men will do as you've said."

"Yes, your majesty," Brinkley answered humbly.

Hmm...

Like so, everyone's initial plan of attack had changed.

Nothing was as it was initially.

And in no time, the commanders left Henry's tent with their aides.

Henry leaned forward, staring at the backs of the leaving men. "The fish has caught the hook."

Elroy and Dan also smiled. "As predicted, your majesty."

"Alright. You know what to do. Now go."

"As you wish."

With that, the duo left their monarch in the comforts of the hidden guards.

Good.

Tick-Tock. Tick-Tock.

Time passed by quickly.

And soon, the day turned into night.

But while many were supposed to be guarding the site or sound asleep, some began to feel itchy.

In a certain tent, a man with a deep scar on one of his eyes sat with his hands crossed over his chest.

"The man leaned forward, calmly writing something down. And when done, he whistled a natural sound.

Whoosh!

A shadow appeared before him.

"Take this note... You know what to do."

The shadow snapped the note like lightning. "Yes, my lord."

With that, he vanished as though never there in the first place.

The strange lord leaned back, taking an apple and biting off it.

Was he scared or intimidated by this weak monarch? Not a chance. To him, people like Henry were too predictable, rigid, and naive.

He was willing to follow Henry's father, but not this son that everyone initially looked down on.

A cold smile spread across his lips.

'In the end, you will be a short-lived Monarch.'

~Crunch.

He bit into the apple in a relaxed manner.

Soon, the blood bath will begin.

The man was still engulfed in his thoughts when the sounds of several footsteps approaching quickly some him up. If nothing else, it should be someone sending for him.

Well, it looks like it was time to go, continuing his act.

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~Swish!

The shadow was quick to move, leaving the overly large campsite undetected.

And soon, he jumped on the trees as stealthily as possible.

The task wasn't easy.

Up on the trees, there were already several guards with arrows watching over the campsite. And on the ground floors, there were still many hidden about.

Of course in the daytime, some of his lord's men had volunteered to help with several tasks accompanied by Henry's men. So they had checked and seen the many positions where these archers and guards were stationed.

With the intel passed on, as well as the darkness, he quickly snuck away, making little to no sound.

And soon, he was out of the camp's perimeters, making a quick run for it towards Whitepold city.

But little did he know that things weren't always as they seemed.

In the dark, several eyes opened.

It's time.

Chapter 1465 The Man's Shock

Rustle. Rustle.~

The hidden guard moved like lightning, still keeping vigilance on his surroundings.

But after journeying for another 20 minutes at full speed, he began to relax his guard, only looking out for any predators or creatures of the night that might be out for a late snack.

The man in full black with nothing visible but his eyes only smiled underneath his mask.

Everything was going according to plan.

Looking at the massive log ahead, he jumped and performed a front flip over it.

But before his feet could touch the ground, something unexpected happened.

Thap!!!

What???!

The man's eyes widened in shock, seeing the arrow move in slow motion inches away from his head while doing a front flip.

Everything was just like those blockbuster Baymardian movies.

F***!

The man developed cold sweat while reaching for his weapons.

And the moment he landed, he quickly rolled towards a sizable nearby tree for cover.

It's over! It's over!

Those bloody sons of b**ches probably followed him.

Dammit!

The man rolled the poison underneath his tongue, readying himself to bite the bullet if need be.

With his 'Crows' in hand, the man peeked out from behind the tree.

[**Crows were small spiral-bladed hidden weapons that varied in.]

Take this!!!

The man released over 6 crows in various directions.

So fast.

The men running along the forest behind with their hands towards the back, all tilted to the sides or rolled about to evade the attack.

Those on the tree also jumped higher, performing stunning moves at a deadly pace.

The air was murderous and heavy, with the feeling of death constantly surrounding the atmosphere.

A cold light flashed.

And soon, a deadly dagger from the hidden guard plunged into a tree, missing yet another target from Henry's men.

What??

They were able to don't his curved bladed attack?

Tap. Tao. Tao. Tao. Tap. Tap. Tap~

The hidden guard squinted his eyes viciously while using flash steps to move across the forest, running on the ground and sometimes jumping onto the trees with 2 or 3 steps.

And as he moved, he continuously launched hidden weapons at those following him.

'Dammit! I'll soon run out of crows to shoot. I've already thrown 3 of my daggers, and I can't afford to throw the remaining 2. It looks like soon, I'll have to have a showdown with these bastards if it comes to it.'

With a large leap, the man made a big jump onto the nearby tree branch.

But midair, he was once again attacked by an enemy arrow.

And this time, it got him.

Thup!

A force pulled the man forward in a blink of an eye, pinning his left arm onto a tree.

The arrow sliced through his flecks from one end to another, directly falling between the 2 main bones on his forearm.

Such pain was one of the worst because if he shook slightly, the arrow would touch his bones.

And believe him, the pain from the arrow itself, as well as the air flowing in, was enough to give one nightmares.

But as a skilled hidden guard who has been tortured to get used to such high levels of pain, the man didn't make a sound, though his body was reacting to the sudden anger.

In just this brief moment, a heavy layer of sweat had already begun to form.

And though he studied his breathing, his heart, no matter how much he tried, refused to calm down.

The heart hastily pumped blood to the injured region. And his inner body and white blood cells were already gearing up to take charge.

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The wooden arrow end couldn't hold his weight suspended high up on the tree.

And what was so painful was that the point of breakage was in his arm.

Snap!

F***!

There were definitely splinters in there.

Grrrr~

The man gritted his teeth, circularly pulling out the other end of the arrow from his forearm.

All this happened in just under 3 seconds.

But make no mistake. This time was enough for the others to catch up to him.

What bad luck!

The scene was silent with no one saying a thing.

They were all trained hidden guards who lived by silence.

They allowed their actions to do the talking for them.

1, 2, 3!

The men all rushed forward to attack this lone hidden guard.

3 ran forward, while 2 jumped from above the trees instead.

Want to attack him? No problem. Even if he were to die, he would drag one of them down.

So bring it on!!!

The injured hidden guard quickly took his battle stance, using his last pair of daggers on him.

Kill!

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Swish!

His blades moved like the wind but were quickly blocked by 2 enemies. This forced him to use his feet to attack the rest.

Pah. Pah. Pah! Pah! Pah! Pah! Pah!

Like a martial arts movie, the men all began to dance underneath the moonlight, twirling and twisting their bodies in various directions.

Ankle-to-ankle blocks, thigh-to-thigh blocks, knee-to-knee blocks, sweeping kicks, backflips holding the opponent... So many attacks were launched.

For a moment, the deep murderous air was too intoxicating and choking.

One of the men quickly used a Baymardian hand combat move to gently glide the injured man's incoming blade to the side, before using the notion of determining the man's 'center of gravity' to bend to harm, indirectly causing the injured hidden guard to stab himself.

Pffffff~

A little stream of blood squirted out amidst the injured guard's shock.

How? How?

"You!!!!~"

What sort of play was this? How did they manage to twist his arms so unnaturally?

Even if they did so with his injured arm, he was a person skilled and trained to fight under such pain.

So even if he were tired or not, if one didn't see the injury or notice the layer of sweat on his body, they would've been under the illusion that he was fine.

Even when using his injured arm, he still exerted the same strengths in his attacks.

But who can tell him how they twisted his arms so much that he managed to stab himself at an unbelievable place?

This has never happened to him before!!!

Chapter 1466 No More Mr. Nice Guy

It was hard to explain.

Yes. One can stab themselves, but the way these Hidden guards caused him to do so left his body in a stare and paralysis.

The guard's eyes opened in disbelief.

Just what did they do to cause his right arm to freeze up? Why wasn't he feeling the connection with his arm anymore?

Maybe to more giant prominent Continents like Morgany, they did know a thing or 2 about a few pressure points and skills of numbness.

But as a skilled Pyno trained guard, he has never heard of such a technique before.

And now, he couldn't help wondering if his arm would ever get usable anymore.

Sorcery!

Pah!

The man's blades were kicked out of his hands within the millisecond when he went into shock.

Motherf**ker!

In a flash, he found his hands and legs quickly bundled up with ropes.

No! No!

He still failed to take one down even till now?

The man shook unwillingly at his downfall.

But what was even more shocking was that these people magically made his arms and legs go completely numb. So he was truly at their mercy

Blame these sorcerers for using unseen techniques to take him down.

Dammit! Did this mean he would have to bit the bullet now?

Pah!

A vicious punch punched into his jaw unexpectantly.

And even though the poison didn't fall out of his mouth, it still rolled out from underneath his tongue.

Following that, they punched his throat and belly all at once. And of course, as a natural body reaction, the man spat out the carefully wrapped poison, as well as a mouth load of blood.

Puff~~

The guards stared at each other tactfully.

Mission accomplished.

They had used the quick knowledge they learned in Baynard on his to force poisons out of an enemy's mouth.

In doing this, they used time more than anything else, not giving the killer a moment to think lest he bit the poison.

They learned how to use the enemy's body against himself, making him gag the fan thing out.

They had been doing this to all enemies they came across, whether they be death-killers or not.

.

The men looked at their numb target, readying them to carry him back.

But first, there were a few things they had to get out of the way.

The lead guard stared at the rest.

"Dark 1, Dark 2, gather all hidden weapons thrown along the way. Dark 3, Dark 4... Remove all traces of any fighting."

As for him, he'll continue tying up the prisoner and keeping the man as silent as a rock.

Why? Because they didn't want to startle the enemy once they reached the camp.

Their task was to capture this man and sneak him back into the camp, and into a special tent Henry had prepared to host their 'guest.'

Receiving orders, the other guards quickly vanished into thin air like shadows of a mirage, leaving the lead guard to his task.

"You before cough it all out." The lead man said in a cold voice.

Hateful!

The injured guard stared at him with a bloody mouth, wishing he could rip out the man's tongue and give it to him to eat.

Pufff~

He released all the built-up blood in his system while the lead man prepared to gag him.

The lead guard ruthlessly threw a thick rolled-up piece of fabric into his mouth without warning.

And as though wrapping up a nonimportant gift, he wrapped large Baymardian tape across the man's mouth, going around and around from the back of his head to the front and over his mouth again and again.

(:V^V:)

~Strack!!!

The lead guard finally cut off the end of the wrapping tape, leaving things as they were.

But no... This wasn't the end of things.

Reaching for the man, he sharply pressed a finger behind the earlobe into the pit between the jaw and neck. He then tapped other regions that created the overall effect he was looking for.

And soon, a faint~medium level of numbness sped out from within the man.

Mmmhmmhmmh~~~

He mumbled to no avail.

Why did he suddenly find his tongue and throat a little heavy and numb?

For a while, the injured man found that even mumbling loudly seemed difficult.

The eyes he shot the lead guard were that of scrutiny, wondering how much sorcery these people had up their butts.

.

In no more than 10 minutes, the others returned.

"All done."

"Good." The lead man said, piggybacking their target.

"Let's go!"

Swish!

They ran through the scene from whence they came.

And as they ran, they made a mental note of the ace they were at.

If their target was leaping towards Whitepold city from this direction, then the enemy might have stationed forces closer to them than they thought.

The lead guard's eyes shone with a firm light.

'I have to report this matter to his majesty!'

Tap. Tap. Tap. Tap.

Their flash steps once again emerged as they lightly leaked through the scene like ghosts.

Even with the leader carrying their target, his actions were suave, though his footsteps left deeper prints than usual.

Time flashed by swiftly. And soon, they reached the perimeters of their campsite.

But they weren't in just yet.

Their camp had 3 main circular perimeters all across the scene in layers taking one a total of at least 20 minutes to pass through all the numerous archers and guards strategically positioned along the way.

Hiding behind thick bushes, they gave a signal and waited for their inside team to let them through.

Of course, they would still be moving from the shadows. But if anyone above noticed them, they would be shoot.

They had also chosen the entry path that had their inside team lined up too.

This was the team Henry trusted the most.

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Like so, the men had completed their mission.

And now, it was time to execute all traitors!!!

For the first time, Henry refused to go soft.

Chapter 1467 Strange Markings

Bam.

The numb hidden guard was thrown ruthlessly before Henry.

And with one knee to the ground, the other men in black bowed without saying a thing.

"Go."

Whoosh.

In a blink of an eye, they had vanished from the tent, leaving just Dan, Elroy, and Henry.

Dan quickly searched the bastard, finding the hidden more on him.

"Here, your majesty."

Henry unfolded the rolled-up paper, looking grim.

"It's as we expected. Our 'plans' and location have all been noted down... But what do you think?"

Elroy squinted his eyes, starting at the numb guard below. "His employer is indeed a ruthless man. Not only does he want to kill us, but he also wants to take out the spoon that fed him."

Pah!!

Elroy plunged a fierce kick to his belly.

Mmmh!--

The numb guard wanted to spit out blood, but the gag in his mouth prevented it.

Everyone looked at the guard with frosty eyes. If not that they couldn't afford to startle the enemy, they would've long tortured him clean.

"It's safe to assume that from the start of our journey, the enemy might've long known of our coming. These tractors should've been sending letters to the enemy weekly or monthly during our travels." Dan stated.

"Hmmm...." Elroy crossed his arms and tapped his fingers on his chin thoughtfully. "From the note, they still don't know of our arrival today. So we have an edge over them!"

Yes!

Because travels could take months and weeks, with inevitable delays or unforeseen circumstances, the enemy would only have a rough destination of when they should be arriving.

The enemy might dedicate an entire month to be on high alert on the look out for them.

They could've arrived last week, this week, next week, or even 3 weeks later.

When on horseback or in carriages pulled by horses, the journey would definitely take LONG compared to the Baymardian vehicles.

What's more, along their journey, they had stopped in various places and waited to regroup with the various Commanders and a few of their legions.

So things had indeed been delayed by quite a bit.

This was also why in these times, one could dedicate a month or 2 as a procrastinated battle time against a certain enemy since they wouldn't know the exact date the enemy would arrive.

Of course, from the looks of things, the enemy should also have a large number of scouts scattered about the perimeters too.

Fortunately for them, though this massive forest zone was still taken as part of Whitepold city's, the place they were currently at would take several hours to get to the city's 'real' perimeters.

They reckoned that the scouts should all be around those regions.

.

Plop~

4 other enemy hidden guards were also dropped in the room by others.

What?

Did you think the enemy had but 1 spy in their entire camp?

"Your majesty, 6 others died during the chase."

"What of the bodies?"

"Discarded... All traces cleared... But just as requested, we have the heads here." The men in black replied while handing over all the items they could on the dead, as well as the heads.

The heads were what they would use to find the spy's employer in their camp.

Additionally, they also took note of all body marks and tattoos.

Why? Because most hidden guards were rightly owned, trained, or sponsored by Deifer nobles, all bore almost non-visible marks similar to some 'pass' their employer might have.

A 'pass' was a large carved circular golden block with a symbol.

For example, the owner of a pass could control a certain army.

Passes could be inherited and passed down from generation to generation.

Like Commander Ferguson, who had the Tongshi pass, controlling the mighty Tongshi Army, a strong force with a mighty reputation in war and history.

The men quickly found various markings on the bodies, peeling off the skin bearing the marks and taking them to Henry.

Of course, if not for their trained eyes, finding these marks would be near impossible.

Believe it or not, some even dared to mark themselves... 'Down there'... Allowing the bushes of nature to cover the spots. Some marked their little men in the most inconspicuous ways ever.

For some, it was between their butt cheeks, under their armpits, on their chests, the back of their ears, and even under their feet.

(-_-)

In the end, the guards in black had served every nuke and cranny with expressionless faces, neither in disdain nor joy.

In their line of work, touching dead bodies was but ordinary.

.

Dan quickly took the bloody black sacs filled with body parts. "Your majesty, we have to deal with this majesty fast before the stench of the dead gets discovered."

"I know. To make things faster, you both will assist me."

They didn't have much time on their hands.

Like so, the trio checked the contents of all letters gathered, seeing them be more or less the same.

Tonight, 11 people were sent out by various people in his camp to deliver the same message.

If one of these people had succeeded, maybe 6~9 hours later, they would find themselves subordinated first thing to more morning.

Out of the 11 sent out to deliver the message, 6 died in the hands of their men, and the other 5 were now numbly tied up and gagged before them.

The trio worked fast. And soon, they were able to pinpoint quite a few matters at hand.

The atmosphere quickly became serious the more they discovered.

At least, what made them let out a collective sigh was that from the notes sent out by all 11 spies, they could rest assured that none of their Commanders were involved with the enemy.

Why?

Because not only were the writers of the letters vicious, but they were also greedy.

Though discrete, each letter vaguely spoke of taking down the commander above them.

They wanted the enemy to kill the commanders no matter what.

Who were the commanders?

They were legends that amassed great wealth and prestige.

And underneath them were their many generals. Though each general had their forces, they worked under one COMMANDER!

If the commander told them to go east, they would go east. If said to move in circles, they would have to do just that!

Of course, all commanders also had their separate private armies too.

Who wouldn't want to be a commander?

.

It should also be said that the temptation was quite high in this matter.

But what was very enticing was that the Commanders were akin to emperors to the generals.

Yes. The generals may all have their individual passes and armies they looked after. But once the Commander issued his orders, their army would do the walking.

That said, Deiferus had a unique rule like none other in Pyno.

If a Commander dies, his seat can be inherited not by his family or something else with merits... but by one of the Generals beneath him.

No one else from anywhere or any other camp could take this position unless they were once a general under the deceased commander.

From there on, the newly appointed Commander would also enjoy all perks that came with being a Commander.

At the moment, though the enemy seemed strong, they still didn't have enough forces when compared to Henry.

Thus, they had to push their men up in ranks from the shadows.

But even if Henry dies, his supporters would still go against the enemy. So they might've thought of this as a long-term plan.

Henry's expression turned chilly. "It looks like they've decided to start assassinating all Commanders."

"Meaning the generals are the most suspicious!"

With that, the trio looked at the tied-up men beneath them.

How cruel.

"Even though we don't recognize the Symbols on the bodies, these commanders should."

"Hmmm..." Both Elroy and Dan nodded.

These commanders were people who oversaw all their generals did. So how can they not know the passes?

Marking was normal and seen as an honorary thing. Even the Witches in Tenola marked themselves.

In armies or groups that had tens and hundreds of thousands of them, how can one distinguish their brother from another?

Some organizations were scattered in various empires. So when meeting a foreign 'brother,' the symbol would show their friendliness. Some tattooed their inner lip, others in places where they would be ready to pull their pants down and show.

All in all, marking was a normal thing in medieval times, with at least 70% of the population doing so... Especially the assassins who belonged to various organizations.

There was an uncountable number of symbols across the entire world.

And only those in direct contact with these bearers of the marks would know a thing or 2 about them.

In all his youthful life, Henry had seen over 200 different markings and could remember them all.

Medieval people survived by acquiring knowledge and avoiding danger. So how could he forget all the markings he had seen?

Searching his brain, this was the first time he saw these strange markings.

"Send for the Commanders... Only they will know who these marks belong to"

Chapter 1468 An Unforeseen Battle

Whoooo~... Whoooo~

The faint cry of a night owl whispered in the dark.

Crickets chirped, fireflies danced, and the gently yet hot breeze caressed the cheeks of many.

The night sky was clear and filled with stars with no clouds in sight.

Beautiful.

One could get drawn in and mesmerized by their surroundings.

Yet... on this fine, warm night, a brooding chill passed through many like an electric current.

In the overly black massive tent fit for a ruler, several men gathered around in silence.

Their faces though looking expressionless, still managed to capture all the rage within them.

Want to kill them off so easily? Naive!!!

Commander Ferguson narrowed his face on the piece of flesh before him.

"You're majesty, I know of the ungrateful bastard who owns this."

How could he not?

This symbol belonged to one of the generals, whom he thought was like a son to him.

His heart quaked with pain.

What did he not do for this guy?

Amongst all his generals, this particular one was the person he blatantly favored.

What was so ironic was that he planned to step down 3 years later, handing the position over to the bastard.

Ferguson clutched his chest, bowing his head sadly.

Though no one could see his expression, they knew his pain was evident.

Who did not know how much Ferguson favored that General of his?

Back then, some even speculated that the said general was Ferguson's illegitimate child he had when he was 14. (Legal age in Deiferus).

The way he favored the general was no secret.

But who would've known that one would raise a white-eyed wolf in the end?

Sigh...

Brinkley lay his hand on Ferguson's shoulder, saying no words of comfort.

For a moment, the atmosphere was strange, with feelings of anger, disbelief, and betrayal.

Brinkley also had his own surprised alarm when seeing the marks on one of the captured hidden guards.

.

Heh.

No matter how one got old, life truly had a way of surprising them.

Reading the note his dearest General sent out, Brinkley released a chilling yet murderous laugh.

Unlike Ferguson, he strived not to favor any of his generals. So he wasn't too hurt like Ferguson.

All he saw was a traitor who wanted to kill him for his position.

But he had bad news for the fool.

He, Brinkley, was still 41 years old and will either die in position or retire at 50!

So they can just forget about eyeing his position now. He still had 9 good years to keep this seat.

Reading the many notes, everyone more or less understood that if they didn't eradicate these old believers, they, as Commander, would continuously receive a wave of assassins from the enemy.

For now, the other generals underneath them might be innocent. But who is to say they won't get tempted in the future?

The event wanted to push its people into the main power positions once they died.

So more generals would definitely get tempted in the future. Some might turn down the offer, while others might greedily accept.

But whether they showed loyalty or not was a reality that could happen in the future.

So why not eliminate the root fast, stopping such a situation from happening?

They already had many people attempting to assassinate them yearly. So why add another devious bunch into the mix?

As a rule of thumb, enemies no longer hidden in the shadows should be killed off quickly!

The Commanders clenched their fists in determination.

"Your majesty, we must get rid of the council in the next 3 years!!!"

Yes... 3 years tops!

(*^*)

Seeing their fiery eyes, Henry nodded in agreement. "I know. That's why moving forward, I'll need all the help I can get from you. But first, let's handle all spies in our camp."

Right!

Everyone thinned their lips, leaning in to listen to Henry's instructions.

And the more they listened, the more they realized that this monarch of theirs might not be as soft-hearted as they initially thought.

Who was this?

Where did their previous monarch go?

....

Tick-Tock. Tick-Tock.

Time was a gift that waited for no man.

1...2... 3 A.M came in a blink of an eye.

The camp was chill, with a good fraction of people already asleep.

The other fraction stayed up, guarding the camp diligently.

Everything seemed to go as it should, with nothing but the sounds of nature acting as a lullaby to the sleeping warriors.

But unbeknownst to them, their seemingly peaceful night would soon come to an end.

With his head on the soft cushion, Jameson fell to a light sleep.

As a warrior, one could never sleep deeply.

His senses were always alert, and his body honed to overcome obstacles and any surprise attacks.

The man who initially had his eyes closed suddenly opened them fiercely.

Schrip!!

A dagger plunged into his cushion several inches to the left, away from his head.

Jameson held his breath momentarily.

Luckily, he had reacted on time.

Assassin?

With a quick roll, he quickly rose to his feet.

And in less than a breath's time, the duo began exchanging attacks, twisting and turning their bodies in all directions.

"Who sent you?"

-silence-

The man in black didn't respond verbally, only allowing his blade to do the talking for him.

Swish!

The danger whistled in the air with the chilling sounds of death on its bladed tips.

Dammit!

Jameson rolled over his sleeping mat, quickly taking the dagger underneath his pillow.

'Come on!!'

Ting!

Their blades clashed.

And at this very moment, time seemed frozen in place.

The fight was intense and vicious—each one wanting to kill another with a single move.

With an unforgiving attack, the assassin sent his dagger toward his opponent's heart.

Schrip!

A long horizontal line formed on the tent's left walls.

Pah!

Jameson kicked the assassin through the opening, forcing the villain out the tent.

Yes! He did it on purpose.

The battle, though seemingly quiet, should've alerted all 6 personal hidden guards stationed around his tent.

However, none of them had shown up since the battle began.

Analyzing things quickly, Jameson concluded that his guards should either be held up or dead.

In that case, it was safe to assume that there was more than one assassin sent to kill him.

However, he didn't think they would be more assassins compared to the number of warriors in the entire camp.

Are you joking?

He alone had 2000 men here. So imagine how many the other generals and commanders had out together?

.

Seeing how only one had attacked him while the others were preoccupied with his hidden guards, he quickly concluded that they were no more than 7 intruders.

What he feared was that the other intruders would kill his hidden guards and gang up in numbers to kill him off.

That's why he decided to force the assassin out in the open for all to see.

This way, at least, he would have a chance of keeping his neck.

Strong! The assassin he fought was quite strong!

But who?... Who would've sent them to finish him off around these parts?

Could it be the council?

Jameson's expression turned grim.

After receiving his note, had the council sent these men to eliminate him because they didn't want to hold to their own end of the bargain?

For all he knew, maybe they had any hidden trump card to play the part of a Commander after the whole charade.

Jameson clenched his fist murderously.

Good... Good... What a good council.

Dare to deceive this daddy?

Apart from the council, he couldn't think of anyone else who would hire assassins to take him out while here.

Make no mistake. He, like many in powerful positions, had tons of enemies.

But those said enemies didn't know his current whereabouts now.

There were only those here and those with the council that knew his location.

So it all narrows down, doesn't it?... Or could it be another General who is jealous of all the favoritism he got from Commander Ferguson?

It's no secret that Ferguson would probably choose him as an heir for the position. But if he dies, the other generals would be viable to take over.

Jameson lowered his head and stepped through the opening to meet the assassin he kicked earlier.

'Bastard! I'd like to see how you'll handle things when your presence comes to light.'

Sure enough, his plan seemed to be working. However, after stepping out and seeing the scene before him, Jameson had a bad feeling in his gut

"Assassin!... Assassin!!!"

Someone saw the dark figure make the wind and was quick to alarm many.

What? An assassin in the camp?

In his camp, those sleeping woke up like vampires in a coffin, singing to their feet without delay.

They grabbed the sword underneath their pillows, hurting out to see this said assassin.

And stepping out of their tents, they were quickly taken aback.

F***!

Since when did their camp get surrounded by the Commander and his men?

How could the Commander and his men arrive so fast?

They... they were surrounded in all directions.

No matter how slow Jameson was, he knew he had fallen into a trap.

Chapter 1469 GoodBye, Mr. Traitor

What was going on here?

Many stared at the scene in confusion.

But the Commander and his forces only surrounded the scene with their chests raised to the sky in utter silence.

You look at me; I look at you.

No matter how they saw it, the scene was too out of place.

But it wasn't just Jameson's men who felt this. Rushing to the scene were many from the subcamps belonging to the other Generals under Commander Ferguson.

They had been alerted by those still up, saying they spotted the Commander taking a large gathering of men towards Jameson's camp.

So how could they not show up?

The Generals squinted their eyes with no one knowing what they were thinking.

An assassin?

It looked more unlikely.

.

Jameson's throat bobbed as he swallowed the built-up saliva in his mouth.

'Was I discovered? No! Impossible! I've been going against him in secret for a year and a half now without him discovering anything. The fool would never think bad of me. So I must be overthinking it.' Jameson said, comforting himself.

Settling his thoughts, Jameson kept his face as expressionless as he could.

The moment he showed any signs of weakness, uneasiness, or guilt, the fool might grow suspicious, feeling he was hiding something.

Looking at the assassin who was trying to flee, Jameson decided to turn his attention to the intruder. After all, the old fool must be here for this matter, right?

With enough brainwashing, he raised his hand arrogantly, pointing his dagger at the swaying and anxious-looking Assassin.

"Give it up! Your end is inevitable."

"Inevitable?" The assassin sneered, suddenly standing relaxed, as though whatever was going on had nothing to do with him.

"You!~~~~".

Jameson's self-brainwashing had begun to falter. And the last hope he had was quickly thrown away the moment Ferguson spoke.

"That's enough!!!"

Ferguson's voice echoed out. If one listened carefully, one would hear his pain.

Step by step, the gallant man proceeded towards Jameson with his hands behind his back and a few of his men beside him.

Ferguson stared at Jameson in disappointment. Don't think he didn't see the expression this ungrateful white-eyed wolf made after seeing him arrive.

Though he quickly covered it up, Ferguson had seen his true feelings of jealousy, hate, greed, and hostility against him.

Ferguson only hated himself for being blind.

'To think I had taken him to my home, introduced him to my family, and welcomed him with open arms... Tsk... Ungrateful vagabond!'

"Commander!"

Many saluted humbly whenever Ferguson passed their way.

"General Jameson!"

Bubuum.

Hearing his name, Jameson felt a loud thump in his heart.

"Commander!" He saluted, slightly bowing humbly to shield the turbulent emotions in his eyes.

Ferguson didn't bother talking to him, turning around to face the large gathering.

'Does he know or not?'

Jameson's uneasiness only grew deeper.

"Warriors of Deifer! Knights of pride! Since our young monarch took to seat, Deiferus had grown very prosperous. There is more food in the empire, and our families live better lives than before!"

Yes... That's right.

Many nodded in agreement, feeling the wave of their commander's words.

They weren't nobles but warriors with humble backgrounds. Before, some privileges could only be available to children from noble homes.

But now, their little sons, daughters, nieces, and nephews had access to this.

The times are booming, literacy has reduced significantly, their children seem happier, and many already feel comfortable with this new way of life.

Whether one hates their monarch or not, it is a fact that Deiferus' growth was something even the ancestors wouldn't have foreseen.

Unlike the nobles, they, ordinary folks, cared more about their day-to-day living.

What was even more fascinating was that their wives had started doing new and innovative trades, wracking income for their households too.

Before, women were indeed allowed to work. But they did jobs like being a maid, cook, farmer, laundry washers, and whatnot.

The jobs they did evolve around household tasks.

But now, the possibilities seem endless, with new job opportunities popping up now and then.

Though the pay as a common soldier was good, sometimes, it wasn't enough to deal with the many problems at home. So having their wives share some of the burdens was quite good.

Before, they lived hand to mouth. If they wanted to buy something, they would start saving and may be limiting their daily need to make things up.

But now, with both parents bringing a certain amount of income, their families have enough money to eat well and have fun.

Sending their children to a good Academy was no longer an issue, seeing how they could now make up the money faster than before.

It also made them feel good knowing that even if their wages were delayed for a while, their families wouldn't be in dire straits wherever they were.

Additionally, the overall economy of the empire was good, with people getting restricted on how high they could charge their goods.

Everything had a price range and guidelines that merchants had to obey, allowing ordinary people to get a taste of the 'luxury' life too.

Before, ordinary peasants couldn't afford to get a painter to paint their portrait, seeing that Painters charged thousands of copper coins for their services. But now, things have changed!

Those once proud painters who extorted them lowered their prices voluntarily, charging as low as 100 copper for a simple paint style. Complex paint sales would get charged higher. And the bigger the painting, the higher the price too.

All in all, the changes were acceptable to them, far better than before.

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Hmmm...

Everyone nodded, feeling the Commander's words true.

Ever since his majesty Henry took over, their families lived far better than before.

The more they listened, the more solemn the atmosphere became.

"We, Warriors of Pride, have been fighting alongside his majesty to keep our glorified empire at peace from the enemy. We marched through Deiferus' many plains sharing one goal in mind... eradicating the enemy!"

Ferguson's voice though not calm, gave a thunderous clap in their eyes.

"In our midst, there is a traitor amongst us!"

Traitor?

Many looked between Jameson and the man in black. A majority didn't think it was Jameson, feeling that the man in black should be someone they know who betrayed them.

That is... How can General Jameson be the traitor? Even those in Jameson's camp felt so.

But as for the real culprit, he only felt cold sweat form on his back.

Bubuum.

'He... He knows?...'

Jameson's eyes darted about unfocused.

Even his men didn't know of his scheme.

As they say, if one wants something to be kept a secret, the more people one told, the more likely word was to spread. So how could he inform all 2000 of his men?

Only his hidden guards and one of his aides knew of his plans.

As for the rest, he planned to inform them after the Councilmen surrounded the group.

There, he would tell them to choose between death or joining him.

Jameson had calculated and thought it through.

... It was just that he didn't see the scenario of Ferguson's sudden change.

He had been with Ferguson for over 12 years now. And barely 5 years back, he got promoted to General that led to his scheming.

But Maybe because he proved himself in knowing Ferguson like the insides of a book, he had subconsciously relaxed his guard.

However, reality was quick to smack him in the face.

.

Sling~

Ferguson unsheathed his blade at his dearest General.

What?!!!

The traitor was Jameson?!!!!

Everyone was in an uproar!

How could it be him?

Those in Jameson's camp didn't know how to react. The other generals also had various expressions of disbelief.

Even though they were jealous of how Ferguson treated Jameson, they never thought Jameson would betray the Commander.

'After all the commander did for him, he dared to do so?' Someone murmured in surprise.

Heh.

Ferguson didn't even want to talk much or ask Jameson why he couldn't wait for him to step down from his position at free will.

In 4 more years, he would be handed it over to him.

Sure enough. Impatience was a sin.

"General Jameson Smith IV. You are hereby charged with treason for attempted murder on his Majesty's life, attempted murder on your commander's life, attempted murder on the lives of the other Generals working alongside you, and a plan of mutiny, to call us all!"

Boom!

The words exploded out like drums. And the other Generals and warriors grew colder by the second.

So he wanted to kill them too?

What a good General Jameson.

Plop.

The hidden guard he sent out was thrown to the ground without mercy.

"General Jameson, in addition to those charges, you're also charged for conspiring with the enemy to do with us all. And as for your punishment... The choice is death!!"

"No!!~"

Jameson roared in disbelief, not wanting to accept his defeat.

He was this close. So what went wrong?

He lifted his head towards Ferguson to deny his accusations. But it was already too late.

Plop.

Everyone watched his head fall to the ground in utter silence.

(°π°)

Dead... He... He was really dead.

Chapter 1470 An Unfortunate Mosby

Slash! Slash! Slash!

Across the camps, a few heads rolled in various corners.

Some spoke of their resentment before dying; others remained silent with no remorse.

Ferguson lowered his head, staring at the severed head with turbulent emotions.

Initially, he hoped it was all some conspiracy, planning to give Jameson a chance to speak up on the matter.

But the moment he saw Jameson's eyes, he knew this General of his was guilty.

When Jameson first spotted him, the shock, followed by hostility and contempt, all flashed in his eyes in just a few seconds before returning to normal.

Henry sat in his tent, listening to the news from his hidden guards.

"Your majesty, 6 were executed in Commander Fergeson's camp."

"7 in Commander Brinkley's."

"5..."

"10..."

The hidden guards who watched the execution firsthand reported the matter diligently, not adding or subtracting anything from their tale.

Henry nodded, satisfied with the outcome.

"Tell the rest to keep a lookout for more."

Some might've not made a move, hiding in the shadows... One could never be too sure.

Before the commanders left, they changed their battle plans from what was initially proposed.

Soon, their real battle will commence.

Sigh...

Henry slumped into his cushions, looking nothing like his Noble self the moment he was alone.

Now that the matter had temporarily ended, he felt exhausted.

His emotions were no longer overly raged, and he returned to his naive self.

'So tiring. Hopefully, we can finish this matter quickly.'

He has to admit that he missed the Capital... More accurately, he missed his warm bed and just his room that was now his sanctuary.

Closing his eyes, Henry finished calling it a night.

1, 2, 3...

Zzzzz~::~

The young monarch was sound asleep amidst the restless camp.

And similar to the camp's atmosphere, in another place, many also had turbulent thoughts storming in their hearts... Though not as violent as these warriors.

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--Ventila Border City, Baynard--

10 A.M.

Mosby held a newspaper, crossing his legs within the massive wooden building.

There were public seats everywhere with several posters of strange yet eye-boggling adverts all around

'What good woodwork!' He thought, running his hands along the fine wooden walls.

Mosby's face turned pitiful, like a child deprived of candy.

'Dammit! If I knew, I wouldn't have left Pyno when I did.'

That's right.

Mosby had left Pyno the same month Baymard was officially open to the public.

At the time, the 31-year-old Mosby was a low-level merchant who hadn't started his career too long back.

At first, he used to be a shop owner for most of his life, working with merchants.

However, the longer he spent knowing merchants, the more profitable their profession seemed to him.

And so, after saving up enough money and handing his shop to his only son to look after, Mosby left Pyno.

Why leave? Because he wanted to make a big name for himself fast.

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Like so, he decided to head into a bigger continent to get rare goods to supply in Baymard.

And without thinking deeply, he set sail with his newly hired crew to Veinitta.

But who would've known that the journey would be so terrible?

They met pirates almost every step of the way. And by the time they reached Veinitta, they were very broke, with almost nothing on them.

Mosby had initially heard he should prepare money for these pirates, which he did.

But no one told him they would be this excessive.

Now, stranded on another continent with little to no money and their goods all seized, they were forced to find ordinary jobs to make ends meet.

It was the toughest and darkest time in Mosby's life.

Those in Veinitta looked down on them from a lesser continent. His accent was different, and his demeanor also weakened.

Every night when jumping onto his hay-stacked bed, Mosby would recall the appearance of his wife and son in regret.

He was already a well-off store owner. So why did he feel tempted to be a merchant?

He indeed wanted to give his family a better life. But shouldn't he also be grateful and content with what he already had?

During his time there, the other crew members also went their way, some deciding to head deeper into Veinitta and start new loves, while others joined various factions, gangs, and even Crews belonging to those on the continent.

But just like himself, those who still hoped to return all stayed in the coastal town they arrived at, planning to work and save up enough money to return.

And those who quickly saved traveling expenses were the first to bid them farewell... Or so Mosby thought.

Who knew that after six months, those who left would return with even more shocking news.

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What?

The Pirates blocked passage into Pyno? But why?

Mosby only felt the last hope in his heart shatter.

Was he destined to remain and suffer in Veinitta for the remainder of his life?

Years had gone by like that.

And many slowly lost hope, leaving the coastal town for better job opportunities in other regions across Veinitta.

But Mosby remained, always thinking of his family. And maybe because of his prayers, the heavens finally decided to heed his cries.

While working one day, he overheard the matter of the pirates now allowing people to pass.

That day, he froze in place while wiping tables, wondering if the news was true or not.

Dammit!

There was only one way to find out...

Without thinking any further, he hopped on board a public ship with very little belongings.

And whenever the pirates stopped the ship, the ship crew would show some documents, which made the pirates back off.

As for what the document was, Mosby didn't care!

He was just happy he could return home!

(^?^)

Days passed, weeks passed, months passed...

And soon, he arrived on Baymard's shores.

Lucky, his hometown was just a month and a half away from where he was dropped off.

Mosby initially had a smile on his face when returning, feeling that fate was on his side.

But who can tell him why Pyno became prosperous only after he left?

(-w-)