

TECHNOLOGY 1481

Chapter 1481 Strange Man

"Ships... Ships... I must have them—... Eh?"

Vrrrrrrmmmm!~

Like lightning, the many military vehicles drove out so speedily that even the city lord had his eyes shot out of their sockets.

Who am I? Where am I? What am I?

Oh, my Goddess!

Many subconsciously held their chests, watching the strange metal carriages approach the scene.

How! How was any of this possible?

"City Lord, how do we address these people? Do they even speak our language?"

"Forget about the language. City Lord, I don't see a horse at sight. So how can their carriages still be moving?"

"It's impossible for there not to be an animal pulling these carriages at such speeds."

"Yes, you're right. There are many unknown creatures in this world. So there should be something in these carriages, doing the work... But... I just don't understand how they do it."

Look underneath these carriages; there are no signs of animal feet running along. All one could see were the strange black and fat-looking wheels that were definitely not made from wood.

But what sort of material was that? They dared say they had never seen any managerial like that used for these wheels.

Could it be some strange animal skin, some strange wood unknown to them, or a piece of sea stones unique to these visitors?

Ahhhh~...~...

Many inwardly screamed, feeling a swell of uncountable questions bombarding their minds.

But no matter how deep they thought, it was impossible for them to know how these wheels/tires were made.

Heh... Advanced Industrial chemistry, physics, and a good understanding of heat, pressure, entropy, enthalpy, and many other factors came into play when creating this single item.

So they could just forget it!

This strange material/wheels was something home only to Baymard!

F***!

Many were blown away by the coolness of these carriages.

(+0+)

So awesome.

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Vrrrrmmmm~

Landon's vehicle was at the forefront of it all.

And with a cool light drift, it finally stopped after tilting its left side toward the massive crowd.

And soon, the door opened.

Gulp.

Many Titarian knights subconsciously swallowed hard with a hint of nervousness in their eyes. Forget it. They were more in awe than anything else.

Even though they had never seen such carriages before, what man could resist the temptation of a cool ride?

Bloody hell! Did you see how swift the driver's parking skills were?

Landon and the rest didn't know this, but their sudden move would be the talk of the city for months and even years to come.

Some had already planned to rush to the most popular carriage and wagon makers, wanting to see if they knew a thing or 2 about such godly pieces.

Who can make these cars here in Titarian? These would be their biggest topics of discussion going forth.

But for this, the carriage makers would distort their faces to these requests.

Having metal wheels and even metal carriages was impossible from what they knew.

In just a few days, such items should rust!!

Just the humidity, fog, rains, snow, cold winds in other seasons, and even the salty sea breeze in summer should facilitate rusting.

So this would be the highest mystery of all. How do these strangers do it?

More still, having metal carriages and wheels would be too heavy for horses to pull.

Say no more.

Even Murdock one that without these strangers giving out the secret manufacturing processes, it would be impossible for them to recreate these items.

That's why even if he had to confiscate them, he would still torture every single one of these strangers to fess up and give all information to Morgany!

Yes... His plans were already set in stone in his heart.

Instantly, the entire scene was bubbling with curiosity. Even the many knights and men-in-arms wanted to see what these visitors looked like.

Luckily, they didn't have to wait any longer because soon, a strange man stepped out.

Bear in mind that in Titarian, a man was anyone above the age of 14, the coming of age period.

It was a man with dark raven hair and inky eyes that could light up a starry sky.

Too bright.

They had never seen someone with such clear eyeballs before.

Even in medical times, many had a few lines of red in their eyes. Similar to how yellowish teeth were more than common in different variations. Of course, even the Morgs with the 'cleanest teeth' still had a pale yellowish tint.

Things like this were traits common to people of this era.

So seeing such white eyes, as clear as a newborn baby's, was bound to be noticed by them.

What was also very jaw-dropping was the man's attire.

What was this? What sort of clothes were these?

The outfit looked so expensive and manly!

Even the man's black boots were made from materials too unrecognizable.

And again, they couldn't help asking themselves.

Who were these people?

Gallop. Gallop.~

The city lord and nobles who backed away earlier rushed to the forefront to meet this stranger.

From the actions of these visitors, it's clear they mean no harm. At least they haven't attacked them.

And because they chose to show themselves amidst the many pointing arrows also demonstrated their willingness to cooperate with the forces of the law here in Titarian.

It looks like they came in peace.

But this didn't mean they would let their guards down around the people.

"I'm city Lord Zeno. The lead protector of Dario city. I'm sorry if we seem curt, but given the circumstances, we had to prepare for the inevitable."

The fiery red-haired Zeno calmly explained, glancing at the many knights ready for battle.

"Hmmm... I understand. I, too, would've done the same thing."

After all, his arrival was indeed too eye-boggling not to pay attention to.

Zeno narrowed his gaze at Landon. "I take it you're not here for trouble?"

"Trouble?" Landon chuckled playfully. "No, city lord Zeno. On the contrary, I'm here to help."

"..."

Chapter 1482 Purpose

"Help?" Zeno stared eyeball to eyeball with Landon. "How exactly will you be helping us?"

Landon calmly leaned close to Zeno's ears. "I'm afraid that's a secret that only your Crown Prince is aware of."

The crown Prince?

Zeno's body instantly froze.

Were these people the guests of his royal highness?

Zeno was about to question them further when Landon suddenly placed something in his hand.

Good paper!

Zeno held the paper with curiosity, reading through it word for word.

And when he was done, he couldn't help taking a few glances at the stranger before him.

'So this man was a monarch? And he also speaks Zol too?' Zeno inwardly questioned.

You must know that Roma and Zol were 93~95% similar, with a few distinct differences.

The similarity in language was why people from the dark-toned people of Romain and the blue-toned Zohl married one another blissfully.

Their Merchants also had a sound trading system going on. And all in all, the 2 continents were very close, though some empires within each continent went to war with others.

But for these matters, royal marriages often tied them together, settling their enmity for the next few years.

Zeno was still astounded by the stranger's Zol language, as though he had been living in Zohl since birth.

How intriguing.

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The document was just something that proved Landon's identity, though it didn't directly state which continent he came from.

But, it did state their purpose of coming to Titarian. It looks like this strange empire called ByLander, was here to establish official trade with Titarian for some rare ores.

It seems they needed large amounts of the ores, hence their willingness to form official trades with the Titarian empire.

Zeno couldn't help thinking of the ores listed. Were these ores somehow involved with the making of these strange carriages?

(?^?)

Trade... Official trade with the empire and not specific merchants.

This would be nice money for the Titarian empire to yield.

In that case, if he delayed these people any longer, wouldn't the royals more or less get dissatisfied with him?

Of course, there was also a possibility that these people were lying. But even so, there was no way they would be able to go against everyone once they reached the Capital.

Do you know how many clans and noble times have their roots firmly planted in the Capital?

From main branches to side branch descendants, many were all stationed there, not to talk of the knighthood academies and even the many knights under each noble.

Bottom line, no matter how many of these visitors stayed in these metal carriages, Zeno thought it impossible for them to go against everyone.

Yes.

Seeing the sword hanging by Landon's side, Zeno and many others had already assumed that these guests protected themselves with swords, arrows, Spears, spiked hammers, and every other ordinary weapon.

Of course, even if they didn't see a sword by Landon's side, they would still make the same conclusions.

After all, what other weapons apart from ordinary ones could they think of?

Heh.

The only thing that might be concerning would be black powder which all nobles had.

In Zeno's opinion, there wasn't much these visitors could do against many in the Capital who supported the Crown Prince.

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What was written on the note?

Many wished they could stretch their necks far to see what could've made the mighty City Lord Zeni freeze up the way he did.

Even Murdoch, hidden away, also wished to snatch the letter to see what it was about.

Dammit!

Curiosity was getting the better of him.

Murdock stared at the other few men beside him.

"You 3... After this, contact the spies in the City Lord's Palace. You'll be going in."

"Yes, master."

"Good."

Many hidden assassin guild masters also made such decisions.

What was their job? Collecting information!

No matter the cost, they must get City Lord Zeno to speak about what he saw.

Additionally, they also wanted to know what the visitor had whispered into his ears.

They felt the information weighed far more than several chests of his stacked together... Especially the written one.

Their blood boiled the more they thought of it.

If they could get the info, do you know how many nobles would rush to buy it off from them?

What was the most important thing in this era? Information!!

They lived and breathed off it.

With burning gazes, many stared at the document in Zeno's hand.

(*x*)

Must have it!

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Closing the document, Zeno handed it back to Landon.

"I'm sorry for holding you up, your majesty Lai."

"Hmmm... It's alright." Landon waved casually. "City lord Zeno, if it's alright with you, I'll be leaving a few of my men here to wait for some goods from Romain to arrive. But don't worry. They'll be on the ships and will sail out a distance away from the docks, not to disturb the usual operations around the parts. ."

"Not a problem, your majesty, Lai. I understand."

"Then I thank you for that, "

Landon smirked.

These people didn't know, but all this time, the underwater team should've long reached the forest coastline and would soon begin infiltrating the city.

For now, they couldn't trust anyone... Not even this city lord.

And quite frankly, they didn't want to waste time conversing with potential enemies.

In the end, they gather information for themselves.

The T.O.E.P were definitely in Titarian by now.

And even though they weren't bothered about their technology exposure, this was a rare opportunity to gather more information on this strange society and find documents about their next plans of action.

In the end, doing this would also help the chosen boy to eliminate potential dangers and traitors to Titarian's empire.

Sigh... Landon had already accepted that he was not only a babysitter for the sons and daughters of the heavens, but also a clean-up guy for all their worries in this world.

What more could he say?

Chapter 1483 Gone With The Wind

Zeno thinned his lips, staring at the visitor who went back into the vehicle.

"Make way! Make way for them to pass!"

Just like that?

Many had questions but dared not ask.

They could only pull their horses and drag their feet aside to create a wide opening.

Landon smirked, giving one last look at the fiery-haired Zeno. "Thanks."

Bam!

The door was shut, and finally, they were on their way to the Capital!

As for directions, they had gotten quite a few from the people home to Romain treaty signed empires who had visited Titarian before.

This was Titarian's most popular coastal city. And a majority of those they asked gave directions on where to go after docking here.

'After leaving Dario city, we should pass Woodstock village, flower bridge village, mountain peak village, and several others before reaching Barbo town.' Landon thought.

These medieval people knew how to give detailed directions.

What was even surprising was that some who had visited the Titarian decades ago could still recall every little thing they saw.

They would go as far as describing the hills, the ground texture, and even the unique features around each region, letting him know he was on the right track.

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For example, after leaving Dario city, they should follow the main road, taking a left and swirling behind 3 vast, towering hills so wide that it would take 13 hours on horseback to pass through.

And along the roads on these particular paths, one could always spot what they called blue worm birds. Once they see them, you know you're on the right track.

Landon only wanted to pat the backs of these medieval people. Was it just him, or were their brains sharper than those from modern earth?

How can a child of 12 describe things so accurately, whereas a full-grown adult back in his former world wouldn't even be able to take notice of every particular thing that made each road or region important?

The information they gathered was very detailed, though it was rightly missing out on a few cities and places.

This was maybe because during traveling, some would sleep during the day within the carriages and wagons, hence missing out on a lot of information.

Again, some of the information they gathered had different starting points other than Dario city.

So connecting the dots was quite tasking.

Lucy and her team also had a different path to take once leaving Dario city.

They were both heading to the Capital via different routes. And while Landon would reach the Capital sooner, Lucy's team had other things to do along the way before they arrived as backup.

Indeed.

Like always, they had enough to start their journey but not enough to continue further.

But as a wise man said: In this life, there's more than one way to take to reach one's final destination.

Landon's only concern was that they reached fast before the son of heaven's head got sliced off by the enemy.

Because once the boy dies, then he too dies as well!

That's it—no more time to waste.

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Vrmmmmm!!!~~

The vehicles took off in rows of 2, shocking the audience with their speed.

"Wipe! Isn't it moving faster than my horse?"

"That's exactly what I wanted to say."

"Look! Look! It's already moving past the leveled plains and climbing up the slopes!"

What sort of heavenly operation was this?

In a blink of an eye, the vehicles were already far away.

So... Wasn't this a magic trick?

"Quickly! Quickly, you fools! After them!!!"

Murdoch bellowed to his men, gritting his teeth and kicking his horse vigorously.

They must not lose sight of the people.

Chase... Chase... Chase after them!

Murdock looked murderous.

His hair flapped in the wind, and his eyes shot red like Cruella Deville chasing after the puppies.

Gallop. Gallop. Gallop.~

Murdoch chased and chased until he and his boys finally left the forest perimeters and entered the busy streets.

Too bad they were too far behind the vehicles.

"Dammit! Dammit! Damn it!!!"

Murdock was about to explode.

'Mine! Mine! Mine!'

His beautiful carriages were flying away right before his eyes, only leaving small silhouettes the further they drove off.

His aura became so deadly that even the horses seemed spooked.

"This is all your fault!"

Pah.

With a heavy kick, he forced his horse forward. "If you don't catch up, I'll roast you for dinner!"

The horse couldn't speak human, but it knew Murdoch's words were definitely not good.

It allowed with all its might under fear but still failed to keep up with the Horsepower engines of these vehicles.

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Vrmmm!~~

In no time, The vehicles passed through the street regions that seemed the most streets until they finally merged within the bubbly areas and exited the city via the gates, leaving everyone's mouth hanging wide open.

F***!

What did they just see? What sort of carriages were these?

"Brother, I wasn't dreaming, right?"

"This... If this is a dream, then why are you here? Where are all the girls?"

"..."

Like so, the streets were full of talk about the strange carriages.

You have to know that the city itself was enormous, being one of the biggest and popular Coastal cities in the empire.

Thus, to reach the eastern sections, southern, northern, central, and all other parts of the city would take a few hours on horseback.

Yet, these vehicles had stormed through the scene so quickly in a matter of minutes.

In truth, if the city lord and a few other nobles weren't visiting the knighthood academy near the docks, they wouldn't have been able to make it on time to see these visitors.

Likewise, Murdock's villa was also nearby since he wanted to stay close to the docks.

Estates around these parts were not likable because they were close to potential enemy attacks via sea.

After 2 and a half hours, Murdock arrived at the city's gates with a devastating look in his eyes.

Gone.

They were long gone with the wind.

Chapter 1484 A Determined Murdoch

Like so, the wheels of fate began spinning, with many narrowing their thoughts on the strange matters that unfolded.

[Assassin & Info Guild Masters]: Don't they still have their ships around? Then we still have hope! I give you all 3 weeks! I want information on these strangers fast!

[Nobles men]: Buy! Buy! No matter the price, buy the information. If we can get our own special carriages, our forces and prestige will strengthen! In the meantime, we'll be visiting City Lord Zeno too. Whatever secrets he was told, we must also know!

[Noble Ladies]: I can't believe I have the rare opportunity to see such beautiful carriages while on a ride along the streets. Whoever has them must be very wealthy. It just so happens that my daughter has just come of age. I wonder if these people would be staying for long? Hurry! Find out how long they would be and all you can about them. I must let my husband find a way to get us invited to their company. My children must catch their eyes!

[Wealthy Merchants]: Quickly! Prepare to throw a party and invite city Lord Zeno. He must get drunk and get in the company of women. I don't care what it takes, but he must tell us everything he knows... Also, get in touch with his favored wives and beside them all. Give them whatever they desire!

[Famous Carriage makers in Dario]: Did you not see what we just saw? We must learn how to make such godly carriages. If we do so, we'll be able to make a fortune overnight. No! No! We must find a way to contact these people and make their carriage masters take us as their disciples.

[More Carriage makers]: City lord Zeno... Only he can help us now. We've been creating expensive carriages for many nobles like himself. And even now, we still have projects from his household just submitted. So after our long working history with his household, shouldn't he help us this much?

One by one, many started making plans.

And Murdock was no different.

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"They still have their ships around, meaning they aren't going back anytime soon."

Murdock's voice was shrill and heavy the more he spoke. Taking a sip of tea, he stared out his window, with his back facing the gathering of men in black.

"Hear me now and hear me well. I don't care whether you have to eat your foot or slice off your own hands. All that is important is that you don't come back empty-handed.

~Hee-hee-hee~

The eerie cries of the anxious horse echoed into the room via opened windows.

Just below his window 3 stories down was an interesting spectacle that he wouldn't miss.

Hee~hee~hee~hee~hee~...

Several men pinned down the black and brown striped horse with butcher hands at hand.

Its legs shook with fear, and its eyes darted about.

It didn't want to die. It didn't want to die.

Hee~Hee~Hee~Hee~...

Those standing far behind Murdock couldn't see the spectacle. But the wails alone made their breathing turn heavy.

So cruel.

Even if they didn't have a problem killing other humans, killing reliant animals like dogs or horses was something 1 or 2 of them weren't too comfortable with.

A majority of them still couldn't care less. But there was always that one person in the gang of hard stoned killers who had a love for these creatures they relied on.

After riding their horses for so many years and having a strong bond with them, these few would feel a tingle in their hearts if told to put down their horses.

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Heeeee~~

Slash!

The horse was given a quick jab to its neck before it could even finish its cries.

~Gruph...

Its whimpers grew softer and softer with every passing second.

It was blazing hot under the son's warmth. Yet, it was feeling colder as time passed by.

Was this its end?

Pfff~...

Blood squirted out like a fountain from its neck.

Body trembling, heart forcefully pumping blood to save the situation, the horse soon found its vision becoming darker and darker.

Dead.

The poor being was dead.

Murdock took a sip of his tea, staring at the useless pile of trash below.

"I told you. If you don't catch up, you're only as good as dinner to me." Murdock numbered underneath his breath as though talking to the soul of the deceased horse.

It only had itself to blame for being so useless.

Its meat would be the main course for tonight's meal at the tables.

Both he and his many men would feast and the worthless beast!

Shiver. Shiver.

Many men in black couldn't help shivering.

They got their master's message loud and clear.

In translation, if they don't return with good news, they would be the 'dead horse.'

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Very calmly, Murdoch turned around to face his men.

"What I want is good news. Every day, I want to revive at least one new piece of information on these strangers. Whether it's about their favorite food, I want to know. Everything about them is my business!"

With a sweeping gaze, he passed one last look at them. "If you can't tell me direct news about these visitors, I expect to see plans for action laid out. Whether you can infiltrate their ships or bribe them is up to you!"

Murdoch had a bad feeling about their visit.

They shouldn't be able to hinder the Society's main mission.

No matter how fast they moved, he found it hard to believe they would be able to reach the Capital so soon.

And maybe... Just maybe he was overthinking things.

Who said their final destination was the Capital? For all he knew, they could have headed to another city altogether.

Hmmm...

The men in black subconsciously nodded, listening very attentively to their master's words. Anything missed could only result in them losing their necks.

"Starting from today, each of you is obligated to report your findings and plans before the end of each day! Now, go."

In a flash, the men vanished.

Whoosh!

Chapter 1485 A Good Man

Standing alone in the room, Murdoch slowly untied his hair before ruffing it up a bit.

He washed his face with water in a basin and rubbed a hint of pinkish petals on his upper cheeks, giving him a youthful glow that would make one subconsciously lower their guard.

Following that, he donned a flashy get-up and walked out of his room with a stupid look on his face.

Alright.

It was time to continue his flower dandy.

"Ladies... Ladies... I'm so sorry to keep you all waiting."

The playboy was back.

And just like that, Titarian had gotten its first look into Baynard's technology.

The atmosphere in Dario looked steady on the surface but had several ripples underneath.

And similar to their situation was that in Titarian's most beloved city.

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—The Royal City City, Titarian, Zohl.—

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The sun was high up in the sky, giving a warm nudge to those beneath.

The Capital was huge and consisted of several uneven plains scattered amok.

Beautiful.

The many colors of the landscape were fairytale-like.

If one had watched the 'sound of music,' one could envision hills as big and WIDE as those, all gathered in one place to form the Capital.

Yes. In this case, the hills were indeed alive with the sounds of birds tweeting about so lyrically.

[Look over there, Simba... Where everything the light touches is ours.]

Standing on these hills, the Capital looked as though it covered the entire world.

One wouldn't feel they were climbing up a cliff when passing here.

One could picture themselves in a massive modern city, moving up the streets and sometimes down the streets heading downtown.

No matter what city one was in, there were always slopes and dips along the way.

Sometimes one's vehicle would drive and other items down.

That was the usual landscape for many places, including Baymard.

However, one should also note that if this empire was called the land of hills, then it meant more than 90% of their terrain went up and down continuously.

The problem was that while ordinary cities had slopes skin to little waves in summer, the situation here was akin to waves in the fall and winters.

There were sloped hills everywhere that allowed people to work their leg muscles, even if they didn't want to.

It was like hiking a mountain every single day.

And just like how humans could adapt, the home legs of those in Titarian were so strong and powerful that ordinary people might not be able to take one hard kick from them.

It can also be said that because of their body changes, most women here had the smallest waist sizes ever but very well-endowed lowermost parts.

What could one say? They worked their butt glutes every damn day they moved up and down the many rigorous hills.

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Speaking of the landscape, the ancestors back in ancient times had cleared out of the forest hill ranges, building homes on these hills. Beautiful purple stones were also used as roads too.

These purple stones were called glow stones because they glowed out in the dark, illuminating the entire Capital beautifully.

But these stones weren't rare.

They were just ordinary rocks found everywhere in Zohl.

So far, there were only 2 types of glow stones known to them: purple and orange.

Some placed these stones on their mansion walls during construction as a form of night illumination and decorations.

Ah yes...

The streets also had poles and rails scattered about, similar to those on the streets of the many Romain empires.

The only difference was that while Romain used these poles to hold on and save themselves during the terrible tornado rain, hail, and snowstorms in colder seasons... Here in Titarian, they used them to tie their wagons, carriages, and carts about, lest they run downhill.

After all, letting the horses stand still on an inclined hill with the pressure from the carriages pulling the horses back wasn't a good idea.

But what was intriguing was that the rate of accidents that occurred here was similar to the accident rate of any other empire, despite the fact that they were more at a disadvantage than others.

This was because of the city's structural planning.

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Firstly, the roads were built lower compared to the sidewalks and buildings.

It was almost as though the roads were in small gutters of their own.

Additionally, the ancestors had added soil and more stone to the steep parts of the roads, reducing the speed when one was going downhill.

And in other places, there were even speed bumps there too.

One could go on and on about the various remarkable solutions these Titarian people had in place over the ages.

But that was a matter for another day.

For now, many began decorating their beloved city with vines and ribbons.

"It's sad that our ruler is no more. But after tears come joy. Our great Crown Prince will soon take the throne!"

"Yes! Yes! I like Crown Prince Gregory. I've seen him before and find him quite nice. He has a good heart and cares for us, ordinary folks. So how can I not support him?"

"That's it. We, common folks, need a person with our interests aligned... Though I'm also sad that the late ruler passed away so suddenly. What a good man. He really treated us well. At least, he left something worthy to take up his mantle and follow his ways."

"Sigh..."

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Comments like this echoed out within the bustling streets.

If the late monarch were bad, these people would've been celebrating his death and even dancing on the streets to curse him to hell.

But the situation here was different.

The people felt that a good man had been taken away too soon.

And though they had a good feeling for Gregory, change always made humans fear.

What if Gregory couldn't continue what his father stood for? What if somewhere along the lines, he changed for the worst?

Many hoped that his royal highness, Gregory Ghoul the 3rd, would be able to properly carry on his tasks as the next Monarch to Titarian.

Like so, many began planning for the big coronation day, knowing that nothing could go wrong.

But little did they know that at this very moment, trouble seemed to have had its way into the Capital city.

A hooded man looked at the bubbling streets with a wicked smile on his face.

The man lowered his head, hiding his emotions.

And soon, he vanished amongst the crowd.

Chapter 1486 The Man In Green

'How blissful. Too bad... Things can't always remain like this.'

The hooded man smirked dangerously, placing his hand behind his back and sneakily stealing an apple from a street hawker.

~Crunch.

He bit into its juicy exterior.

Along the bustling streets, he walked, moving in zig-zag patterns, avoiding the running children, peasants with goods bought from the marketplace wrapped in their shirts and ankle-length gowns and skirts.

Some were drunk, while others seemed lost instead.

"Stop! Thief! Thief!"

Occasionally, there were cries from victims and many stall owners who had their fruits, vegetables, and goods snatched by the quick-handed street thieves.

Well, even the hooded man could be considered a thief since he stole the apple off a hawker's basket.

Sure enough. It wasn't stealing if one never got caught.

The victims could only blame themselves for being less cautious than he.

With powerful legs, used to walking far distances, the man walked for close to 4 and a half hours until he arrived at a high-end Inn in the Royal city.

4.5 hours on foot. On horseback, the time should've been shortened by 1/3. Yet, the man still chose to walk instead. Maybe for reasons only he would know.

'The Hiltor Estate' The man murmured the name of his destination while now buying into a banana he had long robbed from another street seller.

Don't look at him with disdain. Unless caught, stealing was never a crime.

(V^V)

The hooded man felt no guilt over his thievery, thinking of his final destination.

Indeed, taverns, inns, and other resting places had their ranks and categories.

The Hiltor Estate was one of the biggest in the city's eastern part.

Here, newly arrived nobles, wealthy merchants, or nouveau rich folks would occasionally stay for months until they finally secured a permanent estate, villa, or residence within the city.

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To acquire an estate wasn't an easy thing.

One would have to go to auction times and fight for these estates. Or, one could go to the source and visit the current estate owners who want to sell them out.

Of course, some people could also secure a spot and begin estate construction.

Construction could take 2~20 or more years depending on the estate size, the number of builders, the weather, terrain, and the type of material used to build the estate.

In this world, over 60% of estates were wooden ones, while the other percentage was made of stone.

With wood, they would place several layers of wooden walls together to make them as thick as the stone walls in case battle arrived.

The wooden walls would also be treated and smeared with special lubricants that lessened the fire spread during unfortunate incidents.

But during estate construction, the lords would still live on the land while construction was going on.

They just needed a single building completed, as well as the walls surrounding the entire property, done in order to move in.

Depending on whether it's done with wood or stone, it could honestly get done in 6~18 months.

And even if the inside of the vast open space only has a single building done, at least the lord would be able to sleep, knowing the walls were up for protection.

His army could set tents in the enclosed space while waiting for the rest of the estate buildings to get done.

Hiltor Estate.

Many newly ranked wealthy people who hardly had contact with those in the Capital waited here to settle their residence issues before moving out.

Some also took this place as a true vacation or business inn, coming to the Capital to carry out their assignments away from the prying eyes of their relatives.

A majority of guests had relatives and clan members here. Yet, they chose to remain invisible and low-key.

.

Sigh...

Carrying no sacs, bags, or luggage on him, the hooded man walked up the inclined hills, passing by several open farmlands and a few other estates about.

Each estate was so far apart, maybe for privacy reasons.

The particular land he was on was one where flowers of every color bloomed everywhere one looked.

The scene could tempt one into running through the fields of flowers, singing to a ridiculous tune.

The man walked for over 18 more minutes, passing the many scattered private estates around the scene, until his eyes fell on the largest estate right at the top of the hill.

'Tch!... No matter how many times I see it, it still leaves me in awe. Too bad it's nowhere near the structural beauties in Morgany.' The man inwardly commented.

Though the man hadn't gone through all the empires in Zohl, he felt the estate's aesthetics were definitely ranked high up as one of the most beautiful in the continent, second to the many royal palaces.

The glow stone mixed in with the ordinary ones created a stunning sight.

And coupled with the vibrant sea of flowers surrounding the entire hill, it looked like a fairytale castle estate.

.

Clang. Clang. Clang.~

On the roads, many carriages moved back and forth, some leaving and some arriving.

Wagons from peasants and merchants also moved about too.

Though the estate had its own farms in the estate, producing its own, it couldn't make everything—hence the need to buy things from outside.

Additionally, curtain drapes, clothes, and other common supplies were also purchased constantly.

On the road, some also walked alongside the hooded man in green.

Hm?

No horse, carriage, or wagon filled with goods?

'In that case, he must either be a hidden guard or an ordinary peasant called in by the head staff.' The guard thought, assessing the hooded man's situation.

Either way, it wasn't his business to be nosy. So what if the guy was a hidden guard? Do you know how many hidden guards, assassins, and rest stayed in the estate with the many nobles?

Nothing shocking about that.

"Worker or guest."

"Guest."

The guard's eyes flickered. Sure enough, he was right on the money. "How long?"

"2 months at most." That's how long he would be staying.

"Anyone expecting you?"

Huh.

The hooded man raised his left brow slyly. "Lord Mushu."

What? Lord Mushu?

The guard froze before coughing to hide his surprise.

"You there, come over."

Immediately, another guard of lower rank rushed toward them.

"Senior, I'm here."

"Take our guest in, get horses and ensure our guest finds who he's looking for. Understood?"

"Yes, senior!" The young guard affirmed.

And like that, the hooded man trailed behind the guard, walking along the long tunnel entry gate under the estate walls.

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Upon entry, the young guard did precisely as told while being respectful to the hooded man, who seemed to be an influential person, not to be offended.

Horses. Horses...

Across the estate, there were more than 5 massive stables, some for keeping the guest's horses while others for estate matters.

And not too far away from the gates was a stable filled with over a hundred horses for situations such as these.

In no time, 2 fiery-colored horses with overly fat and strong legs were brought to them.

In Titarian, these sorts of horses were the main types used. Just like humans here, the horses had developed powerful legs. And ordinary horses might not be able to do so well here.

Gallop. Gallop. Gallop~

The estate was so huge and filled with blowers, statues, ponds, open fields, and over 40 buildings scattered about.

Indeed.

There was a reason why the estate was well-sought after. It was like a medium-sized Knighthood academy with sleeping, teaching, and training quarters.

The vast buildings were all at least 3 stories high, with each floor having private quarters similar to wings.

Nobles would get these wings, each having several rooms in them for their men. In this way, privacy was also guaranteed.

And the setup resembles that of their homes, with each wing having a ground and upper floor, as well as a general open space in their wings.

But of course, some sleeping quarters weren't wings but standard single rooms for individuals who came in alone.

Tsk.

Sure enough. Though the Hiltor estate was dubbed a 'dark' estate because of its sky-high prices, one couldn't deny that it did live up to expectations, making it worth the money.

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The duo rode along the busy estate roads, stopping by the first building they saw.

First, they sent someone to contact Lord Mushu's side, confirming matters.

And after a while, the hooded man's identity was verified.

"Take him to Building 29, 4th floor, 8th Wing."

Right!

The hooded man led past many buildings scattered amok beautifully.

And soon, he arrived at his destination.

"If you will excuse me then." The butler said humbly, bowing and taking his leave.

His job was done.

The hooded man playfully entered the wing, staring at the many men gathered around.

"Good news, we presume?"

"Yes." The hooded man replied. "Everything is set. Now, we wait for the kill!"

Chapter 1487 Number One

The hooded man in green took down his hood, revealing his lighter-shaded dark skin.

It's clear that the man was a mixed breed, having one of his parents or grandparents being dark-skinned as those from Romain, with another parent being Blue-toned.

It was hard to describe, as his light-dark complexion had blue undertones that only radiated his good looks even more.

His hair was also of a different texture and his fingernails permanently tinted pale blue.

But this was nothing out of the ordinary since Romain and Zohl often birthed mixed children everywhere one looked.

Man's dark raven hair had blue and white streaks, only serving to beautify his appearance further.

Taking off his gloves, he followed through the open hall space, reaching the very front of the stairway.

He was waiting to be summoned.

And everyone else around him was either working on some documents or training bare-chested.

Of course, the Hiltor Estate had a public training ground called the Hiltor Arena.

But for fear of one's skills getting seen or noticed, many only used the arena to do light training, nothing too flashy or intense.

Many also didn't want to be seen by other guests, not wanting to reveal their true strengths to spies or potential enemies.

But that didn't mean they didn't use the area.

On the contrary, everyone would send a few of their men to head there and test out the skills or attitudes of the many forces gathered here.

1 breath, 2 breaths, 3 breaths... 4...

The man stood with a straightened back in utter silence.

Suddenly, the door opened from above.

"The Lord will see you now."

Wasting no time, the man ascended the stairway, reaching the door on the extreme left.

Just from the door's position, one could see it was the biggest room in the wing.

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'So grand!'

The hooded man took more of this, stepping into the room behind another.

The room was huge, having a bathing pool that glowed thanks to the purple stones used for its floor.

And on a far corner of the room was a fireplace, a few chairs and tables for private dining, and a grand balcony terrace for viewing.

Polished copper and bronze mirrors beautifully hung around the walls.

And the canopy bed draped with golden curtains had over 10 feathered pillars scattered on it, as though the lord was a master, waiting for his harem to come over.

The hooded man walked in calmly, reaching the front of the small pool and taking to one knee.

"Your humble servant has returned, my Lord."

"Hmmm..."

The man in the pool hummed.

Though he was naked, his face was still covered by the silver mask.

~SWAHH~~

2 ladies rose it from underneath the waters.

"All clean, my lord."

"You may go."

The naked ladies nodded humbly. "Yes, my lord."

Their only task was to clean the lord, do his laundry and take care of his needs overall.

Bam!

The doors were shut, leaving only the masked lord, the hooded man, and 2 others.

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Tying his bathroom, the hooded man took a seat calmly.

Though they couldn't see his face, his aura was still terrifying enough to make the seemingly playful nodded man turn serious.

"Espar..."

Bubuum.

The hooded man felt his heart tremble. "My lord. Your humble servant is here."

"Have they arrived?"

"Yes, my lord. As we speak, the members from Murdoch's side have arrived in the hidden fortress."

If Murdoch were the 2nd person in charge of most T.O.E.P operations in Titarian, then his lord would be ranked #1.

They were tasked with working with #2 and #3 to complete their task.

Their goal was to assist the special assassins who had just arrived from Morgany.

His master, Lord Murdock and Lord Shangtsu, each brought out 500 of their most skilled assassins to assist.

Don't look down on this number.

One shouldn't forget that they too were Society members, meaning their men would also train in Morgany every now and then.

So in comparison to the many in Titarian, they clearly stand tall amongst the lot.

Their task was to kill the Crown Prince and assassinate his main supporters.

They only needed to take out these heads, not concerning themselves with the armies underneath the men.

No... That would be for the one who placed the wish in the first place.

Yes... They were talking about Cletus Ghoul, the crown Prince's uncle.

He used his one wish to eliminate Gregory Ghoul. Apparently, no matter how hard he tried, Gregory's luck value was too high, surviving all first attempts at his life.

In that case, he had no choice but to go hard!!!!

This time, the boy and his many supporters were bound to die with no way out.

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Mushu passed a grape underneath his mask, biting into it while deep in thought.

The Society had sent in just 20 remarkable men to assist in getting the job done.

But as for the army under the supporters... That was up to Cletus to handle.

"Kill the head, and the rest will scatter," Mushu spoke out with a gentle tone.

"If that idiot can't even handle the army's wrath after we clear the difficulty for him, he didn't deserve to sit on the throne, talk less of being a member of our society!"

Mushu didn't like Cletus. His home was evident.

How can someone find it difficult to kill such a defenseless crown prince?

Useless!

Mushu had the capabilities to have killed the boy ages ago for Cletus but didn't want to.

He didn't like Cletus to begin with. So why do the pretentious prick?

"My lord, according to the report, Duke Cletus has already rallied the opposition for the big day."

Huh.

Mushu was still not impressed. "What a low and cowardly way of dealing with the enemy... But at least he does have a few working strings in that head of his. Though I would've loved to see him fail, this surprise attack would indeed give him a guaranteed victory."

Chapter 1488 Plans Set In Motion

Espar frowned, disdaining Cletus even more.

The guy was truly a useless pile of bones.

"My lord, Cletus is far weaker than you. So why don't you become monarch?"

"Yes... Why don't I?" Mushu smiled playfully underneath his mask.

"To you, am I living far worse than a monarch?"

Espar shook his head. "No, my lord."

If anything, his lord lived a better life than many said monarchs.

"If that's the case, what do the titles mean to me? Having it would be akin to being a live target for my enemies."

As monarch, he would be too in the public's eyes. Whereas, even though he was still a well-known figure presently, he still had leeway to move about as he pleased.

But a monarch would have to relay their every action or give excuses here and there to the ministers and many people who needed to keep up with him or spy on his activities.

And for a Society member who wanted to keep things on the low, it would be troublesome.

Make no mistake.

There were indeed monarchs out there who were part of the Society. However, Mushu felt it was too much work to keep up with such a life.

That said, even if he didn't want the seat, it didn't mean he would feel comfortable having 2-faced people sit on the throne.

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Mushu's deadly aura leaked out again.

'My lord sure is scary.'

Espar forced himself not to take a step back from reflex.

His lord was oozing with so much bloodlust that he could drive a pack of animals away with a single stare.

What an unhinged beast!

Espar already knew the body language his lord was displaying.

But he couldn't blame the lord either. With a slippery 2-faced person like Cletus, one had to grab the bull by the horns!

"My lord, I fear that once Duke Cletus takes the throne, this can only spell bad news for us. However, with his wish made, he will be one of us... a T.O.E.P member. So we won't be able to touch him."

"I know," Mushu confirmed, casually leaning back in his seat. "I know... But you're forgetting that he too won't be able to touch us."

That's right!

Everyone felt a little relief. Too bad Mushu's following words poured cold water on their backs.

"Don't be happy just yet. Cole... What's the Society's first rule?"

"No killing other members... Unless... Unless... killing Time."

As Cole spoke, everyone's expression turned cold.

If that bastard became monarch, he might grow his forces until the end before coming for their lord.

In this time, who knows how the bastard will grow?

"You all understand what you must do, right?"

"Yes, my Lord!!" They exclaimed fiercely. "They must grow stronger than Cletus's men and use that opportunity to kill the bloody bastard. By that time, it would be more difficult because Cletus would be monarch in complete control of the vast palace, setting traps for them.

He could even stage an assassination attempt in public to put them in a dungeon and kill them off justifiably.

By then, he would be the hunter and they, the prey!!!

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Huh.

Mushu revealed a crazed smile underneath his mask.

It's not clear who the true hunter will be by then. So it was too early to comment.

The last killing period was a year ago, and they still have 2~3 more years before the next one takes place.

But during this time, who said he couldn't have his fun? Naive!!!

The rules said not to kill each other, but it didn't say they couldn't torture, abuse, or even beat one another.

Mushu cracked his knuckles playfully.

That's right.

He wanted to practice hoolism.

If you have a problem with this, come over and beat him up.

Additionally, they could steal and make trouble for Cletus, keeping his hands busy while spinning around in circles.

Mushu let out a deep laugh, envisioning himself playing with Cletus.

Till the killing date, he had more than 50 ways to spin the 2-faced idiot.

And when it was time to make the kill, he would also be the first to draw his blade, giving the fool no time to think.

This, Mushu was sure of.

"There's nothing to worry about. We still have time to play with this little friend of ours. For now, our task is to assist the Society in granting his wish. The coronation is 4 days away... On our end, we must not disappoint. Understood?"

"Yes, my lord!"

"Good."

What the Society had proclaimed, no one can stop it.

So the Crown Prince's fate was sealed.

And in 4 days, he will die!

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—Royal Palace, Capital City, Titarian.—

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Seated in a vast office, a young dashing blue-toned boy of 17 was busy placing deals on heaps and piles of documents.

But he wasn't alone.

Many men dawned in colored robes and moved about the room busily too.

Some sat before the nearby desks, while others crowded beside the young man to oversee his activities.

"Your highness Gregory, the sudden collapse of Ganjia Cliff has left those living underneath it in Ganjia town in despair. But the worry is that this collapse was brought about by the famous Zieglers."

"Your majesty," another said. "After the coronation, we must address this matter fast. one Ziegler alone is terrible. So if there's a pack of them, it would truly be disastrous!"

Gregory massages his temples, listening to the many ministers and officials.

Indeed. After his coronation, he still had a lot to do.

However, this wasn't what was bothering him now.

Hiss~

He blinked severally.

It's twitching again. His left eye is at it again.

Every time his left eye switched like this, danger was always near.

But from the scouts and many others, no suspicious armies or people have been seen making their way towards the Capital, talk less of them entering the city.

So could it be he was overthinking things?

(?^?)

Chapter 1489 A Dangerous Beauty

"Your highness, what's wrong with you today? Why do you look so out of it?"

Minister Abdali spoke for everyone.

They had also noticed his highness's strangeness.

'Could it be that his highness is getting the shivers before his big day? Was he anxious about the Coronation ceremony?'

—Silence—

The entire room fell into a solemn state of quietness.

The sounds of papers and documents being turned over, stopped.

Those taking sips of tea also stopped.

Many paused on their feet, while others leaned forward in their seats instead.

Now, everyone was looking at Gregory squarely.

What could be troubling his royal highness?

"Your highness, please speak. Tell us what's on your mind."

"Uncles..."

Gregory swept his uncertain gaze past the gathering of men.

"Uncles... Maybe I'm overthinking things... But I fear that my coronation might not be as peaceful as we hope."

"Are you talking about Duke Cletus? Impossible! It's impossible for him to make it over here on time even if he wanted to." Someone added, and many also nodded in agreement.

Abdali tapped the corners of his chin thoughtfully. "Everyone, I think his highness might have a reason to worry. After all, even if Cletus isn't the problem, let's not forget that some other sneaky people are also vying for the throne."

Everyone looked at each other tactfully.

Of course they knew who Abdali was talking about.

Duchess Camila, that over-ambitious woman, might try pulling a disposable act during these next few days, or even on the violation day itself.

They wouldn't put it past the woman to openly contend against her cousin-nephew and kill him publicly.

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You see... Camila was a unique woman and the only cousin to the late Monarch, making her Gregory's distinct aunt.

She too had Royal blood flowing through her veins and pushed her sons to enter the royal court to keep fighting against Gregory.

Their ambition for the throne was high. And unfortunately, since the woman and her sons were stationed in and around the Capital city, they also heard about the late Monarch's passing, making it impossible for them to hide the news from the sneaky woman.

Don't look at her beautiful face, stunning body, and charming voice.

The woman was a pure devil even more cruelly than Cletus Ghoul.

The woman was a nightmare to those who crossed her path.

And as for her husband, he too was another slippery character.

It's said he dissolved his marriage to his first 2 wives, driving them and their children away from his private estate.

For Camila, he drove everyone away without delay.

The couple might be vicious to others, but to themselves, they treated each other like gold.

And in truth, Camila was one of the most beautiful women many had ever seen in their lives. Even they had to admit that Camila was prettier than their wives.

That walk... That voice... That face...

Sigh...

Too bad it was all placed on a vicious woman.

Even after getting her husband's first wives out of the paper, she didn't rest with her overflowing jealousy. And before many could react, these ladies soon found themselves with burnt faces or torn open wounds that destroyed their beauty.

And as for their children, she made sure they never stood tall compared to her darling sons and daughter.

Served them right to compete with her, a woman of royal blood!

Of course, many of these facts were things people in the empire didn't know about. Only they with power had gotten wind of these things.

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In the eyes of the public, Camila was a loving and kind woman who couldn't even hurt a butterfly.

She had also mastered the art of looking weak in public, gaining a large group of followers who could swear on her innocence at every turn.

Additionally, the love affair and dedication between her and her husband made so many women yearn for her kind of love, seeing her as a role model.

All this made the 2-faced woman look even better in the public eye, but to talk of the fact that her children were also famous and well-sought after too.

Too bad this couple hadn't become theater performers.

Even their private lives were too dramatic.

These 2 seemed addicted to killing, so much that they would act out cheating scenes on a regular.

Sometimes, the husband would invite young ladies over just to watch his wife boil in jealousy, so much so that she would kill the seductress there and then.

But many times, those who came in were innocent, thinking they would be made or anything of that nature.

Likewise, Camila would invite handsome paupers too.

All in all, Camila was a dangerous woman that even they had to thread along on thin ice when dealing with her.

She and her husband had powerful hidden forces not just in Titarian but in a few other Zohl empires too.

Who didn't know that her husband's older brother had willingly married a princess from another empire?

The man left Titarian and headed to one of the nearby empires to marry in for good.

And while there, he managed to kick off the Crown Prince of that said empire, uprooting himself as monarch.

Such a thing was hard to accomplish. But with the princess so in love with him, she used everything in her power to put him on the throne, hoping he would rule beside her as queen.

But this was where she miscalculated.

Many said she died in the cold palace during childbirth, while others said she was poisoned by her beloved instead.

In the end, a man from Titarian became a monarch for another empire.

And once more, to further secure his stay there, he married countless women from many powerful families.

One should never underestimate the forces behind Camila's husband.

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Everyone's face turned grim, thinking of the psychotic couple coming after his highness' throne.

"Your highness. During these next few days, I propose you make sure all food and drinks are tested before taking them in!"

"Yes! Minister Abdali is right. You will also need to have more guards by your side. We can't leave your survival to luck!!"

They knew his highness was a fellow with immense luck. But who could say whether his luck would run out when the crazy duo attacked?

They did make counter-plans against the duo.

But now that Gregory had brought it up again, they also felt overly worried.

Good heavens! The couple won't execute his highness in public, would they?

Chapter 1490 They Are Here!

--Lampard Grand Estate--

In the vast estate, open fields of colorful vines flooded the scene.

The Lampard estate, just like many other estates along this hill site, was covered with beautiful colored vines wherever one looked.

The vines here weren't very tough and could snap out like flowers on the fields, making gardening and clearance easier.

So beautiful.

Words couldn't describe the sight's beauty.

The trees were also unique, and were called slouching vine trees.

Their leaves were all vines, and their bodies slumped downwards like an old man holding a cane.

But if many were almost amazed by this fairytale sight, then when night came, they would definitely be blown away even more.

The purple stones used for the estate roads and paths, all lit up at night, making a faint purple hue to fall on these trees strategically grown about the estate.

What's more, the fireflies always danced magically on this particular hill like bees enticed with honey.

But that wasn't all.

The little ponds scattered about were also lined with stones on their perimeters, making the fishes and everything else in the ponds look magical.

Indeed, all Titarian hills had their own characteristics, all of which were beautiful without a doubt.

Yes... The Lampard Grand Estate was a one-of-a-kind private estate owned by Duke Lampard.

It should be known that the dashing duke came from the Folly Clan that owed an entire Bill to themselves.

It can not be stressed how big and wide each hill was.

Take an estate for example. Estates had large hands, Fields, and spaces to themselves... Just like Lampard's own.

And on this hill where his estate resided, he had many neighbors and other estate owners here too.

But the Folly Clan owned an entire hill with both direct branch members and distant branch members living on the hill.

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Only the direct Branch genres lived at the central part of the hill in the grandest of places, where the Clan's Pavillion, most equipped training facilities, and other buildings were placed.

But the Folly Clan weren't the only ones owning such hills.

The biggest and most prominent Clans owned a single hill, while other Clans could only share hills with others.

But though some clans had some main Clan sites, they were too bothered since they also had many branch clans scattered in different cities and towns within the empire.

That said, many clan members in the capital, including many popular and famous people, all stayed in their lavish courtyards scattered within the Clan sites.

But for some people, they chose to move out, not wanting to conform to clan decisions.

Yes... People like Duke Lampard hated being questioned for his every move.

When he sent his first 2 wives and children packing, the Clan head refused to accept his decision, saying the children were his blood.

Bieber, Lampard couldn't care less. The reason he married those women was because they gave off the feeling that they would be good in bed.

Too bad they weren't whores. So the only way to get them to open their legs was to marry them.

And marry he did... Didn't he?

Finally, after he was done with them, he sent them packing.

He had eaten their soup clean and climbed over their towering walls. And now, he was done and bored with their presence.

Goodbye~

He sent them packing with not a care in the world... Especially after meeting his one true love.

She was the only one who could make his body boil the way it did.

Even to this day, Lampard Folly was still mesmerized by her scent, her looks, her smile, her cruelty, the ground she walked on, and everything else about her.

He wished he could join his bones to hers, so she would never have to leave his sight for a breath's time.

Yes...

Lampard Folly was in love... Though many powerful men speculated Camila gave him a love potion instead.

It was the only reason they could come up with to explain how a man could fall in love with such a cruel woman.

Wasn't that just psychotic?

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The birds chirped merrily, swaying from side to side while perched on the colorful slouching Vine trees.

Tweet. Tweet. Tweet.~

A bird flew towards a grand balcony terrace, landing on the white stone rails.

The balcony had several lounge chairs, a small table with fruits on it, and many maids fanning a gorgeous woman with fair blue skin, dark raven hair, large crescent eyes that tilted upwards, pink nails from birth, PINK full lips like a cartoon's and the thinnest waist one would ever see.

Oh my...

The woman laid on the ancient lounge-like cushioned couch in a seductive manner.

She dawned an all-white flowy goddess attire, tightened on the waist to fully accentuate her figure.

The maids fanning her couldn't help swallowing hard from a single look.

How can anyone be this good-looking? Even, they, women, felt tempted.

The woman had birthed 3 children, yet she still blokes 16!

It was no wonder that their Lord was crazy over her. It's said that during their youth, the Lord fought for her like crazy, killing all suitors without mercy.

Such a woman loved for decades and kept as the only wife to a man was indeed the envy of almost all women, including some of them.

However, after thinking of the woman's true nature, many couldn't really appreciate such a beauty.

Their mistress... Well... Their mistress was also as mad as their lord.

Like so, the maids continued fanning their mistress while feeding her grapes and other fruits from time to time.

Some massaged her feet, while others held large golden leaves as shade.

"So hot." The woman murmured, feeling the summer's heat invaded the land.

Inside was hotter than out here. So she dared not go back in.

"Fan harder!!!"

Bubuum.

"Yes, Mistress!"

Blow. Blow. Blow.~

The ladies fanned, knowing that their lives depended on it.

But not too long after, a maid from inside rushed towards them speedily.

Din. Din. Din Din~

Her footsteps were very uneven.

"Mister! Mistress... They are here!!!"