

TECHNOLOGY 1511

## Chapter 1511: God?

Boom!

Everything happened in slow motion, with many already realizing it was too late before they could squeeze out a single blink.

"Ahhhhhhh~!!... My ears... I can't hear a thing!"

"Help... Help... I can't see."

What was going in here?

Panic and fear of the unknown completely engulfed many as the blinding heavenly light took away their sight.

"It hurts!... It hurts!!"

~Pitchui!

Many accidentally stabbed those around them, too confused about where they were swinging their weapons.

Their ears bled, and their eyes tingled.

Blind! Deaf!... They were both bound and deaf, all due to this sorceress guard.

And now, for the trust time, many felt they were facing an underworld creature cloaked in human skin.

How can one produce heavenly light in a snap of a finger? How can one not only take away their senses of sight but hearing as well?

With trembling hands, those closest to the attack held their ears in horror.

No... No... What was an assassin, knight, or killer without hearing?

"Ahhhhh!!~"

It was hard to tell whether they were wailing for their imminent futures or the pain wallowing up within.

Yep, the effects would only take 5 seconds for their Sight and hearing to slowly start recovering if hit by one grenade.

Yet, this time for them felt like an eternity!

Or those with working ears, recovery wasn't an issue. But it was hard to say for those too close to the attack range.

The flash from the stun grenade had emitted a blast of heat upon detonation.

The heat was so fierce that many felt the tingling burn in their ears.

The flash temporarily activated the photoreceptor cells in their eyes, blinding them for this period and causing them to lose complete balance of themselves.

Up was down, down was up, left was right...

For a moment, some had made U-turns without even knowing it, stabbing those at the back.

But did you think this was all?

No.

The pressure from the blast's shock waves was enough to cause internal injuries, especially along the more delicate membranes apart from their eardrums.

This penetrating trauma was enough to drill the pain straight home into their hearts.

This was a battlefield, and the enemy could strike at any time.

On the battlefield, a blind and deaf person would be the most scared of them all.

At this moment, they all thought of just protecting themselves and no one else.

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"Ahhhhh~"

Boom. Boom. Boom. Boom!

The loud thunderous claps from the grenades echoed out, with Landon giving them no time to rest.

With several flicks, he unleashed over 15 stun grenades into the vast room.

Even some event guards blocking the balcony way stared in, got disoriented too, and finally fell off the balcony, falling all the way down to the chaotic battlefield below.

As for whether they made it or were crowd surfed to safety, those within the hall would never know until the end of the charade.

Dammit!

What the hell was going on here?

With their heads kidding the grounds, the 3 T.O.E.P members trenches violently, feeling the true limitations of what it would be like to have their senses stolen from them.

They couldn't hear any movements or even cries. Whether people were cursing, wailing, or even making plans, their ears were blocked.

Their sight, they could probably live without.

But their sense of hearing was too essential!!!

The only thing they had left was the sense of touch or feeling.

If a stampede ran towards them, they would be able to feel the little tremors underneath their feet.

But if only 1 or 3 people came to them, it wasn't enough to make these stone floors move.

This... This...

What sort of monster had they made an enemy out of?

Even annoying was that they found themselves in disarray, meaning he couldn't pinpoint north from east and west from south. In this way, how were they to get out of this mess safely?

One of the T.O.E.P men touched his left ear, feeling his blood constantly ooze out.

He poked his ear in, meeting immense pain.

It was as though his ear was pulsating on its own like a beating heart.

His face was grim and his body murderous.

This wasn't good.

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Bang!! Bang! Bang! Bang!

Landon shot the last set of grenades up while sending the remaining supporters to the balcony. There, he also secured a Bungee line rope too.

The operation was too fast for many to make heads or tails on the matter.

But what did they see?

Several people in sleek arrives crawled out the windows of the room directly now the balcony and ascended the scene.

They gathered on the balcony and stared at the remaining guards around.

"No one makes a move, or it will be your head that gets blown up!!"

(°x°)

Say no more.

'We obey your every order!' Many of the nobles, especially the many high-ranking ladies and girls on the balconies, were the first to do as told while raising their hands in surrender.

You can call them cowardly all you want.

But did you hear the strange booming sounds from the hall inside? What about the light a few of them saw?

Godly... Godly...

When dealing with the unknown, no one dared to play smart.

Of course, there were some like Camila and Mushu who weren't completely petrified just yet, but still obeyed because of the fear of the unknown.

They did as they were told, putting their hands on their heads, dropping to their knees, and letting their foreheads kiss the ground.

Mom... What sort of crazy day was this?

Of course, another voice told them to harness such strange powers for their greedy goods.

"Take them down!"

Landon gave orders, and the strange men quickly secured Abdali and the rest, sending them down, passing through the massive open window.

Hehehhehehe...

As for Gregory... sorry, but this guy stays with him on his shoulders.

As for the war underhand, Landon smiled while staring at the scene before him.

And with a simple tap of his arm shield, he spoke to those above.

"Begin operation: Unleash Hell!"

### **Chapter 1512: The Heaven's Wrath**

Up on the hot air balloons, a certain Captain smirked playfully.

"Operation: Hell commencing! All units lock on targeted regions!! What is our goal? To create diversions!"

The air force units began locking on their targeted zones scattered about the massive palace.

And those below were stunned the moment they got a glimpse of the skies.

Hyah!!

A man with a bloodied sword stabbed and pushed his opponent aside after getting a glimpse of the strange phenomena above.

"What are those? Round birds floating above?" He couldn't help murmuring to himself.

But he wasn't the only one.

Many went into vigilance mode, seeing the strange round birds high up in the air, flying at the same spot, no longer moving from where they stood.

This... This... Wasn't this already too bizarre?

4 other T.O.E.P members were also keeping a wary watch amidst the vast crowds outdoors... Though they didn't overthink it.

After all, even if these words swoop in to carry people away, what are the odds these words would come for them instead?

No... The 4 T.O.E.P continued their battle, clearing out a few major supporters in high-ranking positions.

They were here below to assassinate these powerful unit leaders, leaving the rest of the armies to Cletus, Mushu, and the rest of the opposition to deal with.

However, not being could've prepared them for what happened next.

Hehhehehe...

The Air Force Commander raised one of his hands, with his communicator in the other.

"Steady... Steady... Fire!!!"

Boom!

The sky cried, and the ground shook.

It was as though the scene had become a heavenly toilet for the gods to sh\*\* on!

Boom!

A huge chunk of soil quickly jumped into the air and shattered around, accompanied by a thick screen of heated smoke, similar to a monster's mouth.

"Ahhhhh~"

Several people found themselves thrown into the air by a mystical force beyond control.

This? You? We?... What was going on here?

~Hee-he-he-hee

The horses ran amok in confusion, panic, and distraught.

What were they looking for? Any closest exit they could find.

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Trample. Trample. Trample!

Many found themselves trampled by these monstrous horses with high hind legs and powerful bodies.

Ahhhh~

Some rolled down the sloppy terrains, bashing their heads on stones.

The battleground was now filled with even more chaos than it started with.

To describe the horror many felt was beyond.

The 4 T.O.E.P men crashed into a far corner, getting so closely hit by the heavenly poop descending on them.

"No... No... It's not supposed to be like this. Cough, cough, cough~."

One of them whispered while coughing heavily.

What was that heat?

When the attack landed, it formed an enormous black and orange blob that slowly turned into a hot white mushroom cloud, burning his entire body.

Hot... So hot.

It felt like some monster unleashed from the very depths of the underworld.

This sort of heat was ten times stronger than any he had ever felt before.

He and the others had been running towards their targets from what they deemed to be a safe corner.

But who would've known the heavens would decide to strike the place they and their allies were?

The effect was even more devastating than Black powder.

Cough. Cough~

The man's face was covered in dirt.

He thought this was all that was wrong with him.

However, reaching for his boy, a monstrous pain flooded his being.

His... His...

The man's eyes quivered in exaggerated shock.

A good chunk of his waist was no more, and his insides were now hanging out.

With bloodied hands, he tried his best to save the situation to no avail.

It was as though a giant mouse had bitten his left waist from below his rib lines to his hip bone.

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Grrrrr~

The man gritted in pain, refusing to make any sounds, even till now.

The air moved into his open wounds, causing his entire body to sweat profoundly.

Hiss!~

What sort of pain was this?

His heart couldn't stop beating wildly, his blood flowing out like a stream and his punctured intestines and belly mixing with the ground and all around him.

Pain... Pain...

The man's lips quivered unwillingly.

"I will survive... I will become the strongest member... I must live..."

Crawling on the ground unwillingly, the man used his dagger to move about with the zeal to fight and save himself despite the odds.

But how could it be that easy?

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Boom! Boom! Boom!

Almost the already thick cloud of smoke, no one could see what was going on in there.

All they could hear were the constant wails and agonizing screams from those within the mist.

It was such a dreadful sight that made even the enemy commanders dare not March into the must to save their comrades.

"Good Heavens... What have we done?"

Plop.~

Some quickly surrender, going down on their knees, seeing this as a sign from Titarian's Goddess in the heavens.

Even a blind person could see these heavenly attacks only targeted those who wanted to overthrow Gregory.

That's right.

The first set of attacks had landed on the gathering Calvary of over 2000 men marching in from the east side of the palace.

In that manner, the attacks had targeted large groups of their men. But they found that the attack never reached any place where the supporters lay, even here on the leading battlefield.

This... This was for sure a sign.

(+π+)

Many already felt they were fortunate enough not to get hit by such attacks because of the supporters.

That is...If the supporters weren't by their sides right now, they would definitely be dead.

Mommy... Have they annoyed the Goddess? Was Gregory the one true ruler appointed by the heavens themselves?

How dare they?

Plop.~

No amount of rewards could save one if they incur the wrath of the heavens.

"Oh, Goddess... Please forgive these foolish ones."

[AirForce Units]: (-\_-)... You're... You're not forgiven!

"Fire!"

"Fire!"

"Fire!"

Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom!

### **Chapter 1513: Morgany Must Always Win!!!**

"Ahhhh~"

The wails and screams of those within the mysterious mist quickly pierced through the sky, creating a very ghastly imagination for those around.

Bubup. Bubup.

Abdali felt his heart threaten to jump out his chest the moment he and many ran across a hallway with windows showing the outside. h

[And the Goddess said... Let her fury burn the land...]

This was a scripture passage from their own Bible.

Everyone watched the scene with different emotions burning within them.

What are the odds that these rescuers would know that today, the heavens would unleash their wrath below?...

Could these people be speakers for the heavens?

Were they a group of heavenly entities that descended to save them and his highness Gregory?

It would make sense to think so when recalling not just Landon's strength and speed but also recalling the strange attire and things they had seen these people use.

At this moment, the way they looked at the Baymardians escorting them changed.

(+?+)

Words alone couldn't describe what they were feeling right now.

Hooray!... They chose to stand on the side approved by the heavens... And that was his majesty, Gregory!

F\*\*\*!

After today, no one could tell them anything!

They were on cloud 9, already floating high like a motherf\*\*\*er.

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Ting~

The few who remained stubborn, fighting without end, though their hearts were already greatly wavered.

But no matter how they fought, it would be a lie to say they weren't distracted.



The massive screen of smoke cleared away very slowly, leaving behind a horrendous sight for them to behold.

Blood...

The scene was covered with dark shades of red and brown as the blood from the dead or injured continuously moved with the ground beneath it.

But this wasn't all.

There were large files across the terrain that seemed like the heavenly figures from above had playfully poked their fingers into them as a form of gameplay.

"Moooooh~..."

Injured men moaned and gasped for air pitifully.

Some men lost feeling in their legs, using their blades and hands to crawl out the deep hell holes and craters.

Several people took a few steps back, looking at the apocalyptic scene with horridness.

A person missing their eyes, several without hands, some with massive holes that shot right through their bellies... Who wouldn't take several steps back?

So gruesome.

They gripped their hearts and tried to steady their breathing while calling their comrades for help.

"Please... Help... Help me..."

"Captain, please help me... I'm bleeding."

"No... No! I don't want to die like this. If I die in the hands of the goddess, without a chance of staying alive and training for my sin, it's clear where I will be heading from now."

"It hurts... It hurts... I don't want to die."

Many saw their Zombie-like colleagues and dared not approach.

You just die there in peace. Please, don't drag them into it.

They were afraid that if they left the side of these supporters, they too would get hit by the heavenly poop flying down.

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Cough. Cough. Cough~

Blood gushed out the mouth of one of the T.O.E.Ps, as he quickly dropped to his knees.

He had somehow lost his leg hand, while his right hand was also broken, twisting to an unnatural angle.

But just when he thought he would soon find an exit point out of this mess, another wave of assault made him fly backward.

Grrraahhh!~

He gritted his bloody teeth after slamming hard to the ground.

Pff!~

A mouth load of blood shot out.

"Motherf\*\*ker! Hahahahaja~... I can't believe a person like myself can get hit."

"Blue7, is that you?"

Someone called out. And soon, he realized he was stepping on the arm of one of his T.O.E.P comrades.

Half of the man's face was skeletal, with the heat and fire from the attack burning off that part of his skin cleanly.

Goodness!

He thought he had it bad. But this guy now had such a face, and his foot cut off from his ankle.

He also had stab wounds, probably from many in the massive mist blindly running about once they first momentarily lost their sense of sight and hearing.

Looking at his friend, this wasn't what astonished the man the most.

On his friend's throat, an arrow shot right in through the middle at a life-threatening point.

The fact that the guy was still alive, though struggling, was already far miraculous. However, he knew the moment the arrow was removed; he would die.

Every time the attacks went off, stones and all sorts of objects would slash about the scene.

That was probably how the arrow found itself in the man's throat.

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"Hah!~... Would you have believed we would've lost out here in Titarian of all places?"

The dying man chuckled at their luck.

Even with the arrow still embedded in his neck, he felt death hovering closer and closer.

It was just that he was unwilling to die in such a lowly place that wasn't his motherland.

Why? Why did it have to be this way?

"I may be dying, but you must live and pass the word on! Our people must know of the danger Titarian holds... ~Cough. Cough."

"I know."

Clung.

The arrow was taken out, letting a fountain of blood squirt upwards.

And in no time, the dying man's face turned ashen as countless beads of sweat formed on his forehead in a blink of an eye.

'It shouldn't have been this way... It shouldn't be this way... Morgany must always win...'

These were the man's last thoughts while watching his life flash before his very eyes.

Dead.

The man's eyes lost their liveliness.

And the other injured T.O.E.P quickly searched the body, took any evidence he could find, and prepared to find an exit.

Amongst the 4 of them here, he had already spotted 2 dead before spotting this last friend of his.

The surviving man gritted his teeth and dragged his body away.

His comrade was right.

It was now up to him to get the word across!

#### **Chapter 1514: Iron Monsters On The Move!**

'Must report... Must report...'

The one T.O.E.P member dragged his body, trying to find a way out of his current predicament.

But as for those in the Hall far above, they finally woke up from their calamity, only to see chaos all around them.

Cletus's blood ran dry.

This... This... Was this the end of the world?

He raised his feet and moved past the many injured and dead knights around the scene.

He and the only surviving T.O.E.P member within the space carried their heavy feet towards the balcony in a dazed-like state.

They didn't even need to go outside because from the massive balcony ironing, they could see giant mushrooms of fire and smoke explode into the air.

Before, if Cletus wasn't entirely sure if the Goddess' powers were real, today, he fully understood just how puny they, as mortals, were.

Good Heavens... This was a sign that the end was near, wasn't it?

On the balconies, many nobles remained on their knees, daring not to move an inch, best they call the attention of the heavens.

It was clear that after today, the Goddess' Synagogue will undoubtedly be filled with believers who would read her words of protecting the sacred Titarian land.

Protecting the land...

Again, many thought this was a warning to those with bad intentions who dared to disturb Gregory's coronation event.

Cletus' body quivered.

'I thought attacking before the oath ceremony would keep the heavens calm... But could it be that we were wrong? We're the heavens saying that once the overall Coronation began, no one was to stop it?'

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Boom!

An explosion occurred at a near-watchful distance, followed by the gruesome wails of many.

And soon, Cletus began imagining himself lying in the smile, being killed by whatever creature lurked within it.

The ways of man were not the ways of the heavens.

Then... Then... Knowing he had offended them, wouldn't it be right for him to flee?

The one he wanted to kill was nowhere in sight now. So it was best he saved his behind first!!!

He was just about to make a run for it when he suddenly heard the T.O.E.P member beside him murmuring in disbelief.

"No. No. No... This can't be happening. We have been planning this for a long time now. So how can it end in failure? More than our ally forces are invited or dead. But how can Morgany lose? We have never lost to anyone or anything before!... No. No. It's all fake... It's all a lie... We still have a chance."

A chance?

Cletus sneered, listening to the rankings of this dazed masked man.

Before today, he was even willing to lick these people's feet, thinking them so skilled and superior, almost above human level.

But after seeing the heavens in action, he realized they too were mortal. Look! In the hall, aren't the other 2 T.O.E.P men dead?

They probably died without knowing how it all happened.

For him, all he could say was that he was constantly blinded and made deaf by the strange light that exploded out.

At that point, it was too late for him to react.

Every time his sight would recover even a little bit, more flashy lights and explosive sounds would burst into his ears again.

One couldn't even place their hands on their ears for fear someone around them would accidentally stab them.

Yes!

Even in his deaf and blind state, he had been battling with those around him, trying to stay alive.

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In the end, it can be seen that they massacred themselves while allowing their targets to flee.

And in the room, at least 7/10th of them were dead, with the other fraction either injured or miraculously alive without a scratch.

The hall reeked of foul blood, with a nauseating stench mixed in with musty sweat.

Blood. Blood... Blood everywhere!

The hall that was once golden and majestic now had splatters and spillings of blood everywhere.

'I'm afraid even in narrative, no one would ever believe we could massacre ourselves so blindly!'

Cletus's confidence was shattered.

This was not how he wanted his name to go down in history.

A person the Goddess disfavored would be undoubtedly hated and cursed at wherever he went.

But why? Why couldn't he be monarch?

Back then, the throne was passed to his brother when it should've gone to him!

He had always been more talented than his brother in everything. So why would his father be so adamant about making his brother monarch?

Flash forward many years later, he successfully killed that bastard brother of his.

Yet, he was once again defeated by his son instead?

It's just not fair!!!

Cletus truly felt the urge to cry.

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'No! This isn't the time to wallow in sorrow. If fate doesn't want to give me an opening, I will just have to go against the heavens!'

In no time, Cletus regained his child exterior.

'What's important now is to flee.'

With that, he rushed back into the hall and decided to find a way out of this mess!

'I'm already part of the T.O.E.P... Though they ended up being useless today, being with them is still my best bet... It's never too late for a gentleman to take revenge.'

Like so, Cletus and the only surviving T.O.E.P member around him fled the scene together.

Yes. The T.O.E.P man had also regained his former self, knowing that today, they won't be able to make any more progress.

'Abort Mission! Abort Mission!'

The alarm bells rang out in their hearts.

And like so, the duo fled the scene jointly, knowing they were now wearing the same pair of pants together.

Yes...

Though one of them liked to hold himself in high esteem, in the moment of truth, their thoughts were all connected as one right now.

"We must leave the Capital city fast!"

Hmmm...

Cletus agreed. And in no time, the duo vanished from the scene, feeling things should be easy for them who had mastered the way and had allies by the city walls.

Too bad they had underestimated the 'wrath of the heavens.'

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Vrrrrmmmn!

Around the gates, the many Baymardian vehicles had long stormed into the scene, causing havoc.

"Run! Run! Strange metal monsters have infiltrated the city!"

"Archers go! Shoot! Shoot with everything you've got!!"

~Thup! Thup! Thup! Thup!

For a moment, a dangerous blanket of arrows flew into the air, trying to hit these dancing iron creatures moving about maniacally.

What great speed!

They thought all these iron monsters could do was dodge. But before they could react, a long tube emerged from the corners of the creatures.

And in no time, small balls fell into the window openings along the city walls.

In a particular section of the stone wall, the strange ball fell through the opening.

Pff~~~

A strange poisonous eye-tearing smoke abruptly sprayed out.

"Ahhh~... There's fire inside the ball!"

"So painful! So painful!... My eyes... My eyes!"

Many felt a swinging pain erode their eyes, as though one had rubbed all the spices (pepper) in the world into them.

Tears trickled down their faces uncontrollably

Please make it stop...

Their eyes were already swollen red and very itchy, so much so that they couldn't think of anything else than calming their eyes.

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Plop.

Many fell to the ground, dripping their weapons and running their eyes for some relief.

The smoke went straight through their throats, making them cough out their 'Intestines.'

Well, it felt like that because they coughed so hard that their insides began hurting.

"So chiming... I can't breathe... I can't breathe..."

In no time, many chose to run out of the walls, forgetting that there were iron monsters outside.

Too late!

Fhup. Fhup!

A set of tranquilizers were shot in their bodies.

And in no time, they dropped like flies.

Bam!

Men down!!

"Everyone, move in!"

"Yes, or!"

The Baymardians who got off the vehicles tactfully nodded before making their way into the city walls.

For now, they didn't know who was foe or supporter of Gregory.

But they knew before today's charade was over, the traitors would've been singled out from the good bunch.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

The vehicles continuously launched grenades into the walls while the gas-masked Baymardians made their move.

Of course, some vehicles headed further into the city, scattering about in various directions while following the instructions from the Air Force units.

[This is Airforce East-18 to Team Bravo... Supporters surrounded and in need of assistance. Battlefield ready commenced at the city's Eastern Zones.]

"Roger that, on our now. Over."

Vrmmm!!!

The vehicles moved along the busy hilly roads with a fierce light.

F\*\*\*! F\*\*\*! F\*\*\*!

(°π°)

Several people placed their hands on their heads in shock.

"Did you see that?"

"I seemed to have an epiphany, seeing myself owning and riding such iron beasts someday."

"F\*\*\* you! If anyone is to ride on such a monster, it will be me!"

"Who am I? Where am I?... Is this still the Capital City?"

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Vrmmmm!!!

The whole place was chaotic!

As for the protagonist son of Luck, he was just about waking up now.

[Gregory]: (!..!)

Can anyone tell him why the world has changed so much?

### **Chapter 1515: The Big Reveal**

'I must be dreaming... Or else how can the world change so much?'

Gregory felt tempted to close his eyes again and return to 'sleep.'

If not for the pain he felt at the back of his neck, he would still believe he was dreaming.

"Rise and shine, Rapunzel. This monarch just saved your life."

"..."

Rapunzel? Who is that? And are you also a monarch?

Watch out!!!

Bam!

Landon held the sword flashing at him, using only a single finger.

F\*\*\*!



"I must be dreaming," Gregory muttered in disbelief.

Even the attacker froze with his mouth hung open and his eyes bulging.

'Bro, are you sure you are human?'

This move was just too exaggerated!

If this guy wasn't an enemy, he would like to go down on his knees and beg the hit to take him in as his pupil.

Unfortunately, such a thing could never happen now.

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Bam!

Landon kicked his armor, sending the guy rolling away like a bowling ball.

Strike!

He cleared a few more enemies rushing his way.

And for amongst, the scene made Gregory numb with awe the longer he watched Landon fight.

At this point, he didn't even need to give Landon any heads up. The guy seemed to have eyes already plastered at the back of his head.

Then... Then... What else can he do to help?

The answer was nothing!

Sigh...

Gregory lazily laid on Landon's shoulders, wishing he had a cup of tea and some good snacks to eat while watching the show.

What was even more ridiculous that at some points, Landon would jump high into the air while fighting those below.

At first, he was anxious while high up. But now, he could even cross his feet and watch the stunning battle from above.

Landon jumped out of a window with him, landing one floor up as though he were doing a simple skip.

Forget it.

If he had to explain how much he had passed through in just these brief moments, he felt he would talk from today till tomorrow.

One had to see it, to believe it.

Even future historians might also think it a myth or a lie.

That was how good this savior of his was.

But aside from that, his savior's actions and the many glimpses of chaos he witnessed unfolded outdoors made his hairs stand erect.

The heavens... The heavens had unleashed a monstrous hell in his palace that caused many to scream and wail in horror.

Gregory had never seen anything like this!

'Too powerful!...' He inwardly muttered.

How to defend against such an attack?

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Ting! Ting! Ting!~

Landon fought vigorously, taking Gregory toward the topmost room in the building.

And sure enough, in no time, he reunited with Abdali and the rest.

"Your highness!"

"Uncles!!"

Gregory was glad they were all alive without a single scratch.

But who? Who were these strange people escorting them?

"My men..." Landon calmly reported, finally taking off his mask.

And sure enough, the other Baymardians all went down on one knee.

"Your majesty..."

Bloom!!!

The title alone responded like a booming drum.

Whether it was Abdali or the other supporters, they all left their lips quivering uncontrollably while staring at the dashing youngster in his early 20s.

He didn't give off any mean vibes but looked friendly and approachable. Yet, they dared not show any signs of rudeness.

After all, do they have the same strength this great youngster had?

So terrible!

Abdi and the rest felt dizzy after seeing his face.

Sigh...

"The world is now for the young. We old people must take a step back." Abdali commented, inwardly acknowledging Landon's strength.

He was no more than 42 years old. But in today's world, he was far more than—a Grandfather.

In fact, he already had a great-grandchild.

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Looking at Landon, they too bowed respectfully before him.

As customary actions, they were only to kneel before Titarian's Monarch while being to other monarchs instead.

But the degree they bowed had to be different and deeper than usual.

"Hmmm..."

Landon waved his hands casually, and both his people and Gregory's supporters stood or straightened their backs.

Landon calmly placed Gregory down.

And instantly, Abdali and the rest looked at Gregory with curious eyes that seemed to ask; when did he make friends with such a powerful monarch, and how did he know in advance to invite such a person here?

(O?O)

Questions, questions, questions...

There were too many things they wanted to ask. Too bad Gregory himself was clueless about the identity and purpose of this new friend of his

Land chuckled.

"I'm sure you all are wondering who I am. Pardon me for my rudeness. You may call me, Your Majesty Landon Barn, ruler of a small but prestigious empire called Baymard."

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Baymard... Baymard... Baymard?

Many scrunched their brows, trying to see if the same could tingle their brains.

Why? Why wasn't it ringing any bells? Was it a place around them? Could it be a mysterious island of some sort?

Never heard of it.

... But this didn't make them look down on the place. After all, didn't you hear him say 'small' but 'prestigious?'

"If I may ask, your majesty... Where might your glorious empire be found?"

The corners of Landon's like raised greatly. "Pyno."

Boom!

Yet another explosion took place in their hearts.

A restless feeling seized their brains, and a sharp jolt of adrenaline crashed their systems.

Pyno?... How can that be?

(???)

Fine!

They had to admit that though they knew little to nothing about Pyno, the few Merchants who stumbled into their territory from Veinitta sometimes mentioned Pyno as a dump.

Some said Pyno was overall similar to Zohl in technological rank, as well as many other aspects.

Many also looked down on Zohl extensively, also calling it a dump.

Compared to Tenola and even their good buddy, Romain, Zohl was still far back in many aspects, despite its land and strange creatures inhabiting the place.

Well, at least they were far better than Omania.

(V^V)

### **Chapter 1516: Time To Round-Up!**

You look at me; I look at you.

Everyone was in a state of shock.

They don't mean to willingly look down on Pyno, but can one blame them for their reaction?

Yes!

They had to admit it was incredibly tough for them to know any other continents except those surrounding Zohl.

Many say once leaving for further regions, they would meet with all sorts of dangers on the high seas, as well as creatures in such uncharted waters that they, Zohl people, had never ventured.

Thus, over time, they had been beaten to stay put in their safe bubble, not daring to endeavor too far away from their neighboring continents.

That said, they still didn't know how many continents existed in this world... Talk less of knowing how many empires existed in Pyno.

The 'Flat' world seemed to have many mysteries they desperately wanted to uncover for generations, centuries, and thousands of years.

One should know that back then, they spent most of their time dealing with creatures the size of dinosaurs.

Imagine!

Such creatures existed even after the 'big event' that wiped out animals 10 times bigger than dinosaurs.

Anyway, they, as humans, worked hard, putting an end to the tyranny of these giant beasts.

Back then, they wouldn't have been able to do it if not for the Heavens, giving a few of them powers to fight these beasts in Zohl.

And when the beast era was finally over, humans started waging wars against themselves, wanting to swallow all territory greedily.

In the end, Zohl broke out into 14 parts or 14 Empires.

But don't think it was done overnight.

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History was brutal

At the time, all empires had Coastal cities, towns, and villages, with no one wanting to find themselves smudged in the middle.

What a joke!

In that case, when leaving Zohl, they would have to sneak past the borders of another empire just to reach the shores.

This alone was too risky; and no one... No ONE wanted such a situation.

So even if they had 10 coastal regions, they guarded these places like treasures, especially since it facilitated merchant activities and moved money into the many empires.

For a moment, the war was on to conquer as many coastal regions as possible while expanding their territories in all directions.

And like so, the wars were fought for centuries and centuries until these 14 empires were established.

But when things got finally settled, many started developing 'technologies' that benefited their everyday lives and not just wars. Though slow, they progressed with a few inspirational ideas from their neighboring empires and continents.

Once Merchants brought foreign goods, many would try to copy and duplicate them.

In that manner, things started picking up, and the people's knowledge also began to grow with some creating unique items from inspiration.

Too bad when it was finally time to break out of their Zohl shells and see the new world, they were decades and generations behind the very powerful Morgany.

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That's right.

The seas were conquered, and time waited for no man.

What's more, compared to powerful places like Tenola, Veinitta, Morgany, and Lampe (Adonis), they were but specs of dust left in the wind.

Now, they and Pyno were always seen as places with trashy technologies and living standards.

The weapons they used, their roads that were not all stoned and accessible, and their peasants earning and living far worse compared to their in the big continents were just a few of the reasons why they ranked where they were.

How many people die from strange diseases, limited knowledge, the air pollution compared to big regions... yada, yada, yada.

Yup!

Even air pollution was taken into account.

It was vital to know that all places in this medieval world, no matter how advanced they were, smelled like sh\*\*... (Except Baymard, of course.)

The potent degree was also taken into account since some places knock one out clean with scent alone.

Ultimately, Zohl and Pyno were always seen as trashy continents, no matter how beautiful their lands were.

.

Everyone looked at Landon in disbelief.

How can the savior say his 'Prestigious' empire was in Pyno?

It really didn't add up!

And subconsciously, they lowered their expectations for what his empire would look like, even though they had been amazed by the attire these Baymardians wore.

Their brains had already made up their minds on what to believe.

Abdi coughed awkwardly. "Well, yes... Erm... Your majesty Landon, no matter where you're from, we will treat you with the utmost respect just for saving our lives and that of his highness's."

"Yes!" Many nodded as though saying: 'You don't need to lie about your empire being prestigious just to get their respect. We would honor you anyway.'

'...'

Landon was inwardly helpless.

Why won't they just believe him? Was Pyno's reputation that bad?

Ugh... Forget it.

Time to round things up.

"You may all be wondering why I saved your highness, saved yourselves, and also saved your empire's future... And no... I don't want anything drastic in return but peace."

...

(-\_+)

[Supporters]:... Are you sure?

With one eye open and one eye closed, they started at Landon in disbelief. Who would go all out, use so many resources, as well as put their lives on the line for peace?

Sorry... But they had never had such an ally in these warring times.

Most people say this but are truly there for hidden agendas.

So was this a trap?

Gregory was the only one they had ever seen in this entire world that could say such a thing, and they would believe.

In their hearts, everyone else who said the same thing was a con-man.

[Landon]: (Q\_Q)

"I know you'll find it hard to believe, not after things are settled, why don't I show you my vision?"

"Fine with me," Gregory spoke out for the first time since he got here.

He had been observing the wind of things.

Yes... He would access this savior of his for himself once the chaos was over.

Landon chuckled. "Don't worry; I'll properly show it all then. But for now, I must leave. General Hilda!"

"Yes, sir!" A stunning woman stepped forward, shocking everyone.

It was only now they realized there were women in the bunch.

"Keep them safe and stationed here at all times!... I'll be back!"

Like Batman, he finished out the window.

And where was he going?

Landon stared at the objects moving on his interface.

'Cletus Ghoul... You can't escape your fate as one of my Baymard Prisoners!'

Whoosh!

### **Chapter 1517 The Big Reveal**

'I must be dreaming... Or else how can the world change so much?'

Gregory felt tempted to close his eyes again and return to 'sleep.'

If not for the pain he felt at the back of his neck, he would still believe he was dreaming.

"Rise and shine, Rapunzel. This monarch just saved your life."

"..."

Rapunzel? Who is that? And are you also a monarch?

Watch out!!!

Bam!

Landon held the sword flashing at him, using only a single finger.

F\*\*\*!

"I must be dreaming," Gregory muttered in disbelief.

Even the attacker froze with his mouth hung open and his eyes bulging.

'Bro, are you sure you are human?'

This move was just too exaggerated!

If this guy wasn't an enemy, he would like to go down on his knees and beg the hit to take him in as his pupil.

Unfortunately, such a thing could never happen now.

.

Bam!

Landon kicked his armor, sending the guy rolling away like a bowling ball.

Strike!

He cleared a few more enemies rushing his way.

And for amongst, the scene made Gregory numb with awe the longer he watched Landon fight.

At this point, he didn't even need to give Landon any heads up. The guy seemed to have eyes already plastered at the back of his head.

Then... Then... What else can he do to help?

The answer was nothing!

Sigh...

Gregory lazily laid on Landon's shoulders, wishing he had a cup of tea and some good snacks to eat while watching the show.

What was even more ridiculous that at some points, Landon would jump high into the air while fighting those below.

At first, he was anxious while high up. But now, he could even cross his feet and watch the stunning battle from above.



Landon jumped out of a window with him, landing one floor up as though he were doing a simple skip.

Forget it.

If he had to explain how much he had passed through in just these brief moments, he felt he would talk from today till tomorrow.

One had to see it, to believe it.

Even future historians might also think it a myth or a lie.

That was how good this savior of his was.

But aside from that, his savior's actions and the many glimpses of chaos he witnessed unfolded outdoors made his hairs stand erect.

The heavens... The heavens had unleashed a monstrous hell in his palace that caused many to scream and wail in horror.

Gregory had never seen anything like this!

'Too powerful!...' He inwardly muttered.

How to defend against such an attack?

.

Ting! Ting! Ting!~

Landon fought vigorously, taking Gregory toward the topmost room in the building.

And sure enough, in no time, he reunited with Abdali and the rest.

"Your highness!"

"Uncles!!"

Gregory was glad they were all alive without a single scratch.

But who? Who were these strange people escorting them?

"My men..." Landon calmly reported, finally taking off his mask.

And sure enough, the other Baymardians all went down on one knee.

"Your majesty..."

Bloom!!!

The title alone responded like a booming drum.

Whether it was Abdali or the other supporters, they all left their lips quivering uncontrollably while staring at the dashing youngster in his early 20s.

He didn't give off any mean vibes but looked friendly and approachable. Yet, they dared not show any signs of rudeness.

After all, do they have the same strength this great youngster had?

So terrible!

Abdi and the rest felt dizzy after seeing his face.

Sigh...

"The world is now for the young. We old people must take a step back." Abdali commented, inwardly acknowledging Landon's strength.

He was no more than 42 years old. But in today's world, he was far more than—a Grandfather.

In fact, he already had a great-grandchild.

.

Looking at Landon, they too bowed respectfully before him.

As customary actions, they were only to kneel before Titarian's Monarch while being to other monarchs instead.

But the degree they bowed had to be different and deeper than usual.

"Hmmm..."

Landon waved his hands casually, and both his people and Gregory's supporters stood or straightened their backs.

Landon calmly placed Gregory down.

And instantly, Abdali and the rest looked at Gregory with curious eyes that seemed to ask; when did he make friends with such a powerful monarch, and how did he know in advance to invite such a person here?

(0?0)

Questions, questions, questions...

There were too many things they wanted to ask. Too bad Gregory himself was clueless about the identity and purpose of this new friend of his

Land chuckled.

"I'm sure you all are wondering who I am. Pardon me for my rudeness. You may call me, Your Majesty Landon Barn, ruler of a small but prestigious empire called Baymard."

.

Baymard... Baymard... Baymard?

Many scrunched their brows, trying to see if the same could tingle their brains.

Why? Why wasn't it ringing any bells? Was it a place around them? Could it be a mysterious island of some sort?

Never heard of it.

... But this didn't make them look down on the place. After all, didn't you hear him say 'small' but 'prestigious?'

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Pyno?... How can that be?

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Fine!

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Compared to Tenola and even their good buddy, Romain, Zohl was still far back in many aspects, despite its land and strange creatures inhabiting the place.

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(V^V)

### **Chapter 1518 Time To Round-Up!**

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Many say once leaving for further regions, they would meet with all sorts of dangers on the high seas, as well as creatures in such uncharted waters that they, Zohl people, had never ventured.

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One should know that back then, they spent most of their time dealing with creatures the size of dinosaurs.

Imagine!

Such creatures existed even after the 'big event' that wiped out animals 10 times bigger than dinosaurs.

Anyway, they, as humans, worked hard, putting an end to the tyranny of these giant beasts.

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What a joke!

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This alone was too risky; and no one... No ONE wanted such a situation.

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The weapons they used, their roads that were not all stoned and accessible, and their peasants earning and living far worse compared to their in the big continents were just a few of the reasons why they ranked where they were.

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Yup!

Even air pollution was taken into account.

It was vital to know that all places in this medieval world, no matter how advanced they were, smelled like sh\*\*... (Except Baymard, of course.)

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"Yes, sir!" A stunning woman stepped forward, shocking everyone.

It was only now they realized there were women in the bunch.

"Keep them safe and stationed here at all times!... I'll be back!"

Like Batman, he finished out the window.

And where was he going?

Landon stared at the objects moving on his interface.

'Cletus Ghoul... You can't escape your fate as one of my Baymard Prisoners!'

Whoosh!

### **Chapter 1519 So That's It!**

Run!

Those were the only words resounding in Cletus' mind as he followed the masked T.O.E.P man across the building's many hallways.

Though the outdoors was chaotic, it was indeed the only way out, or so he thought.

Cletus frowned. "Hey! Aren't we going the wrong way? Why are we heading upwards instead of finding a safe way out?"

"Stupid..."

The masked T.O.E.P killer calmly retorted, not bothering to waste his breath on the fool following him.

If not that the Society had a use for the moron, do you think he would spend time helping the fool escape?

The idiot claims to be a royal who grew up in the palace until his brother took over as Monarch.

Yet, he didn't know this building, as well as 3 others, had connecting underground passages to take the ruling monarch out if there were destination attempts or enemies around when important speeches or events were held?

.

Truth be told, the secret could only be shared and passed down to the ruling Monarch or crown Prince and a select few.

So of course, Cletus was left in the dark all his life, even till now.

Yet, what he couldn't know under his nostrils, Morgany far away knew very well, with detailed maps on most features this palace held.

When Cletus heard the man say there was an escape way out from within, he felt very complicated.

'Are you the Titarian Royal, or am I the royal here.'

Why did it seem their positions were switched?

Now he couldn't help wondering what else he didn't know about the palace.

Idiot.

The T.O.E.P killer dashed through the scene while avoiding any incoming passerbys, be they friends or foe.

Ting. Ting. Ting~

... With the chaos outdoors, many dragged their outdoor battles indoors.

And now, they were turning the entire place upside down.

Jump, duck, slide, twist in the air, the killer dodged all abrupt attacks, unintentionally heading his way while clearing a path for Cletus.

It was quite annoying, but since the Society had marked him as Titarian's ruler for the time being, he bloody well had to stay alive.

Everyone could die but him.

"Keep close."

.

Up the massive stairways they went, making a sharp pass to one of the many hallways on the floor.

The building's design was similar to how many were built in this world-- Complex and challenging.

Each floor had a grand hall with a railed stairway leading to a small indoor balcony overseeing the open hall.

From there, one would have to pick any of the many maze-like hallways that could confuse one silly. To get to a higher floor, one had to locate the stairway on the opposite side of the current floor.

Back and forth, forth and back, one would move in that manner until they got to their destination.

And in the duo's case, they were headed for the 5th and topmost floor!

Thup!

The killer shot daggers at the Royal guards heading towards them defensively.

Though not as impressive as the mysterious guard's moves, Cletus still had cold sweats watching the killer move with water, stabbing those who approached in a few breaths.

He saw the killer twirl like a tornado, fitting inside between 2 royal guards.

Pitchuu!

The blades sliced the bellies of these men. But the protagonist of the show wasn't done yet.

He twisted his body, kicked the chin of one, and somehow used the guy as a human shield.



Slash! Slash! Slash!

Blood spilled everywhere.

It was such a beautiful yet cruel dance that once again proved Morgany's might.

"Keep up."

"Right."

.

Cletus thinned his lips and tightened his grip on his sword.

Why did he feel he wouldn't be using it any time soon?

Din. Din. Din. Din. Din~

The duo advanced as fast as they could.

And soon, they not only reached the 5th floor but were well on their way onto one of the wings.

'It should be here,' the killer inwardly commented, recalling all information he had about the building.

This West wing was a medieval office-style compartment area with many rooms for the monarch's private use.

The wing should also have a large hall with blue floors.

One might think the secret tunnel would be in any of the rooms or office spaces... But, have you ever thought of the words: hiding in plain sight?

The duo ran across the Wing's long winding hallway leading, with Cletus still curls about it all.

You have to know that since he was born, he had never gone into this wing.

Their father forbade it. Again, when he was young, he did have a strong sense of curiosity about the place.

But he felt there shouldn't be anything too particular about the wing since his father practically forbade him and everyone else from entering many other wings and rooms not only in this building, but in several other palace structures too.

Back in, he had broken into many of these forbidden places, only to find nothing special about them.

That's why his interest in these forbidden places learned with time.

But thinking about it again, what if his father had just randomly assigned other places as forbidden just to give the mask the real places he didn't want others to go?

If he thinks about it more, he did find a few aspects of his children strange.

At this point, Cletus' face was distorted.

'Really! Just how much do I not know about this palace?'

.

A golden door as thick as a gate stood before them.

It had a heavy metal staff placed against it.

"Quickly! Assist me in opening it."

The duo worked hand in hand, struggling to carry the giant metal column away from the door.

If the room were in use, the door would always remain open, with uncountable guards stationed about.

Of course, the few guards that were supposed to be stationed here were taken out for the masked T.O.E.P killer.

1, 2, 3...

Up she goes!

The duo were already turning red from how heavy the column was.

So heavy!

If it falls on one's foot, they best believe their toes would get crushed in an instant.

No!... If fallen too fiercely, it would even mince the too up too.

With swift but careful moves, they placed the column down before pulling the doors open.

Following that, they once again carried the column into the hall and pulled the doors, before finally putting the iron column across the thick golden gate-like doors.

Yes! They were shutting it from the inside.

This way, even if someone noticed their actions and called many to chase after them, it would take one hell of a fighting force to break through the door.

.

~Bam!

The column rested nicely against the doors. But their actions never slowed down for a second.

"Hey? What are you doing? Shouldn't we be looking for the exit in one of the wing's rooms?"

Cletus ran for a bit across the blue-floored hall but couldn't help pausing when seeing the killer's actions.

If he had a secret passageway, he would put it in one of the rooms, specifically in the grand office he mostly used.

Isn't that just common sense?

(?^?)

"Shut up."

"..."

The killer was trying to focus, looking at the floor's strange patterns.

It was all a code.

And what happened next only shocked Cletus silly.

"You!~..."

Is this killer humming to a Titarian famous folklore song that everyone knows?

It's fine that you like the song. But is this the time for that?

Forget it... Why should he be anxious about their safety when his damn partner didn't even care?

Augh~

Cletus briefly watched his partner hop about the place before looking at the starry paintings on the ceilings.

'This guy wouldn't have lost his sense of reasoning, right?'

.

The killer didn't care.

He kept looking between the floor and the start painting above while humming the famous Titarian song.

"When in the dark, the night sky shines bright... Left turn on 1, right twirl on 2... Bow to the goddess~... "

Catchack!

The moment he did a bow, the pressure he applied on the spot he stepped on triggered an incredibly small piece of flooring, the size of one's tippy finger.

And Cletus abruptly stood erect.

"What was that?"

The killer didn't respond, continuing the dance.

And the more the killer moved, the more evident it was that the entire floor had several hidden mechanisms that could only trigger one after the other in some hidden 'order.'

So even if one stepped on the 9th trigger, but the 1st, 2nd to 8th can't get activated in the right pattern, the 9th wouldn't move.

"The song..." Cletus murmured, finally understanding it all.

How smart.

'Father, you really could hide a secret!'

Bam!

The killer stepped on the last trigger, and soon, he heard a faint sound coming from one of the rooms.

What? So he was right?

The trap door was in one of the rooms, as speculated?

"Let's go. We only have 50 breaths before it closes on its own.

The killer had a faint smile of accomplishment on his face.

50 breaths.

Time was ticking.

The duo began their run across the hall.

But just then, one of the windows suddenly shattered.

And in came their worst nightmares.

#### **Chapter 1520 Killer: Can I Get A Time-Out?**

Pack!!!

The massive wooden window shattered into pieces.

"You!!!"

The duo couldn't believe their eyes.

Even till now, this bastard still wouldn't let them go?

(>/:TπT:)

The duo didn't know whether to commend his relentlessness or lament for their fortune, having such a bastard behind their tails.

F\*\*\*!

Don't think the windows were normal.

From the inside, one would only think these windows were tall wooden windows.

But after opening the windows, one would come face to face with thick prison bars built into the stone walls.

This way, not even an assassin could break in from outside.

The place was truly secured. This was why they focused on the massive door, using their poor energy to block the only opening with the ridiculously heavy column.

But who knew they would meet a human monster who could break through the iron bars as though it were nothing?

Suddenly, they had chills, imagining they were the iron bars instead.

Lying trough.

If this guy punches them, wouldn't their bodies break into half instead?

(>:°Δ°:)

Cletus felt his legs wobbly from this realization.

His attitude is now different from his pompous demeanor when dealing with Landon a while ago.

But apart from this shock, something else made him stand frozen in disbelief.

"It's you!!!"

.

You?

The anxious T.O E.P man furrowed his brow, looking between Cletus and the now unmasked guard.

"You know each other?"

He didn't think they would be friends. Or else why would this guy still be against Cletus if there were on good terms?

Enemies? Was it because Cletus had somehow angered this guy that he decided to turn in their plans today?

So did this have anything to do with Gregory but everything to do with Cletus?

The T.O E.P swore that if his guess were right, he would secretly put a sac on Cletus' head and strangle the guy to near death. He wouldn't kill him but vent some of his anger and pretend it wasn't him.

"I know him..." Cletus answered in a daze. "He and his group suddenly appeared from under the water, saving me from those Adonis followers."

What? Him?

You have to know that when Cletus reported the matter, they felt it was impossible.

Cletus said there was no other ship in sight for as far as the eyes could see.

But how was that even possible?

Are you saying these people lived underwater and came out just to save him?

Impossible!

.

Everyone was more willing to believe Cletus and his men had been so engulfed with their battle against the Adonis flowers for hours that they didn't see the ship or ships belonging to their saviors.

Or could it be these saviors had somehow managed to tame whales or bigger sea creatures to bring them along?

Again, that was just too fantasy-like.

Do you know how far at sea Cletus and his men were during the battle?

The more many thought about it, the more excuses they gave as to why these saviors appeared out of nowhere.

Some even said they had long hidden in the Adonis ships waiting for the right opportunity to strike.

Others also claimed they might've been captured rowing slaves who made their moves at the strategic moments.

Even those with Cletus during the battle had brainwashed themselves, claiming they probably saw things wrong.

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"You! You! You! You! You!!!~~"

Cletus felt his insides churning, pointing at Landon with his trending fingers.

Recalling the brutal battle he watched and how easy it was for Landon to take out the Adonis followers, Cletus turned cowardly.

"I... I've not offended you, senior... So why are you so against me?"

Cletus spoke, without knowing his Jody was subconsciously moving behind the T.O.E.P killer.

'...'

So now, he was Cletus's shield?

The killer was tempted to plunge his dagger into Cletus' throat.

What bad luck to be working with a scum!

But this was no time to dilly dally.

The enemy had come with no open arms.

It was either they fought, surrendered, or died.

Judging by this guy's strength, the logical thing to do is surrender and gather information before secretly uncovering a way to escape and report his findings.

The Society might be more pleased with his capture since it was useless than him dying now.

But as a proud Morg who had never lost to any other than his kind (Morgs), how can he be unwilling to surrender without a fight?

There might be a chance for him to make it out. Though still, one must always keep on fighting!

The killer narrowed his eyes, reaching for his blades.

'Fight first. And if it's beyond me, surrender only then. But no matter what? I must not die! How dare this man kill members of the Society?'

Even if he didn't deliver the finishing blow to end this guy's life, the Society would never let him go!

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'Die for me!'

Whoosh!

Several lights flickered.

Thup! Thup! Thup! Thup!~

Several small objects were deeply embedded in the wooden windows.

Hidden weapons!

"8-hand Throw!"

Thup! Thul! Thup! Thup!~"

The killer's throwing speed creased, giving the illusion he was a Buddha with 8 hands waving out.

Landon jumped onto every possible surface like spiderman.

He did a backflip, landing on the wall for just a millisecond, before jumping off to another location crazily.

F\*\*\*! F\*\*\*! F\*\*\*!

Cletus ran as fast as he could, seeing Landon jumping toward him.

Cletus, who had already gone a far distance ahead, was shocked to see the maniac jump toward him.

What was more pitiful was that since Landon was facing him, the hidden weapons from the killer might accidentally plunge into his body too.

No! No! jump somewhere else, buddy.

Just the crazy attack from the killer made him know Morgany was even more unfathomable than he previously thought.

What sort of speed was this?

Though not as fast as Landon, one must admit this Morg guy was like a phantom far above anyone Cletus had seen in Titarian.

If the killer had these moves, then imagine how strong their superiors and leaders would be?

'I'll be damned!'

Whether it was the killer or Landon, it made Cletus now he was just a small fish in a big pond  
50 breaths...

That was how long they had at the start before the mechanism closed on its own.

Already, one could hear the mechanism underneath floors making several closing sounds.

38 breaths had gone by. And now, he had but little time to get up the stairs, head to the grand office, and find the trap door.

Breathe in... Breathe out...

The breaths were going, and his only escape door was closing.

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Dammit!

Cletus commanded his legs to pick up the pace. At the same time, he couldn't help letting out his rage at Landon, seeing the guy was once again focused on the killer rather than him.

"You hateful bastard! Did I kill or poison your mother? What did I ever do to you? Why are you trying to end my life so desperately?"

"Why? Because you're ugly."

[Cletus, who didn't expect a response]: "\_ "

Bam!

Cletus jumped ahead in time to avoid a massive chair thrown at him.

"You! You!... You barbarian!"

The chair shattered into pieces as Cletus scurried back to his feet in horror.

'Crazy bastard!!' He cursed inwardly, fleeing like a dog whose tail had been clipped.

Landon watched him run but didn't chase after.

He had stalled the guy for the remaining breaths. So no matter how fast he ran, Cletus shouldn't be able to escape.

Alright. He wanted to see what battle level this guy was at.

"You're good."



The killer tried controlling his breathing. "Not as good as you."

1, 2, 3...

The killer lightly jumped with daggers in his hands. It seemed his most confident weapon to use were blades.

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~Swish! Swish! Swish!

The entire room turned into a tornado of cold winds, sharp enough to turn the space into a chopping board.

Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!

Landon slowed down his speed. And sure enough, the blade hadn't even touched him, yet there was a cut line below his ears.

What skill!

Morgany was indeed good. After going back, he had to adjust the training the soldiers and the rest did.

Understanding the true might of an enemy would save them when the big war comes.

Assessing time was over.

Vanished!

The killer had no time to react when he suddenly felt his body drop.

Bam!

What just happened?

'Ahhhh!!' He inwardly screamed.

Landon twisted his legs WWE style, so much so that the killer began tapping unwillingly.

What sort of vicious move was this?

Bam!

The killer again smashed to the ground with another famous move that almost knocked all his teeth out.

Many back on earth would recognize Landon's moves to be similar to King's lives in Tekken.

Dizzy... Dizzy...

He was already dizzy, until he heard Landon lightly chuckle.

"Don't faint yet; we are just getting started."

Wait? What?

The killer wanted to cry.

Bam! Bam! Bam!