

TECHNOLOGY 211

[I'M THE KING OF TECHNOLOGY](#)

[Chapter 211 The Future Queen Takes Charge](#)

--The Outskirts of Riverdale City, Arcadina--

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11 A.M

Somewhere outside the city, 1,302 knights had already woken up, cleaned up....as well as had their fill.

"Titus... I think we should leave now.

Just thinking about how I'm going to tear that arrogant brat into pieces, really gets me excited." said Brody eagerly

How could he not be delighted?

He had been waiting for this day since the day that they left Baymard last year in October.

He was slapped, and even had his right foot stabbed by that sh\*\*ty ex-prince several months back.

Of course when he joined his master, Eli, at the border... he immediately pleaded and begged to hurriedly rush back to the base and gather more men to slaughter the scoundrel.

And throughout his entire journey back, he had been having pleasant dreams about all the ways that the bastard ex-prince would die from his hands.

He felt like letting Landon die on the battlefield was too good for him... so he had planned to catch the rogue alive, and kill him by boiling.

He would place Landon in a large Cauldron, and boil him to death.

And after that, he would personally drink the blood broth and even grind the bones with his teeth.

Even in death, he had planned to never let Landon go.

"Calm down Brody... we'll get going soon.

Oh... did you send out the messenger?" The broad-shouldered Titus replied.

Brody smiled and gathered an ample amount of spittle in his mouth.

'Cai!!!!!!... Pui!'

"I sent him out an hour ago..... hehehehe but whether they agree to the terms or not, my mind has already been made up.

All of them have to die." Brody said while climbing onto his horse.

Titus looked at brody and grinned in agreement.

The last time he came with Brody, they were utterly humiliated.... and had left the scene with their tails dangling between their legs.

They had never faced such a situation in their entire lives.

If word got out, their reputations would be tarnished forever.

This was a 'strong eats weak' world after all.....so if people knew that they were humiliated by a trashy ex-prince, wouldn't they automatically become the biggest joke within Arcadina.

Heck!!.... forget about Arcadina, everyone who could identify them within the Pyno continent would look down on them too.

They might even have to change their names because of this incident.

Reputation was everything.

People only hired the best... .. no one would look for the 500th assassin, when they could hire those within the top 20.

Likewise, no one would give out official assignments to incompetent people.

Luckily, their kind and noble master, Prince Eli..... had kept the matter secret.

Hence their subordinates, as well as their other comrades.....didn't know of their shameful experience.

If word got out, even the men below them would lose respect for them.

No matter how they saw it, that villain, ex-prince Landon.... was the cause of all shame when facing their master.

"Move out!!" Brody commanded.

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--Baynard--

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Standing beside the tall majestic fortified walls, were Lucy, Lucius, Josh and several other warrant officers..

Yesterday, Tristan had arrived at 11 P.M to warn them about a possible attack within the next few days.

Hence today at 6 A.M, once the soldiers woke up.... all of them had been informed about this upcoming threat.

"Princess Lucy, are you prepared?" Lucius asked, as he looked at Lucy warmly.

She too was somewhat of a daughter to him, since she was practically raised with Landon from a young age.

He sometimes wondered what her real Baron father would do, when he realised that the daughter he had thrown away.... was now the future queen of an upcoming empire.

"I'm 75% confident that I'll get it right.... but if I make any mistakes, I know that you and Major General Josh will give me all the aid that I need." Lucy answered with a warm smile on her face as well.

It would be a lie to say that she wasn't nervous... this responsibility was indeed a huge one.

Before her fiance left, he had told her that she and Lucius would be in charge of making all military decisions during his absence.

She was dumbfounded at the thought of commanding an army.

What if she messed up?

Luckily, Lucius and Josh would aid her during this period.... so she felt more relieved.

In truth, apart from Queen Penelope... Lucy would now be the second woman to ever command an empire's battle force within the Pyno continent.

Landon's thinking was simple.

Forget the matter that she was a woman...She was the future queen!

And if something should ever happen to him, Landon expected his wife to be able to protect the land and its people.

When they were younger, Lucy would sometimes protect him by taking beatings for him... or even fighting with others.... but at the end whether she lost or not, she would always forgive them.

He had fainted once from the beatings, and had heard that she blocked several other whip lashes while he passed out.

And of course she forgave them again.

But did those who she forgave stop troubling them?.... Nope!!!

They always came back with more energy to give out the same beatings all over again.

This was a flaw in Lucy's character.

She was simply too saintly for this era.

She would always make even the devil look like a good guy.

A king didn't need someone who would bring more troubles to the kingdom.... what he needed was someone with a good heart and a tough will to fight for his people.

If the enemy had said sorry to Lucy, Laneon was sure that she would forgive the enemy immediately and let he/she go.

Lucy had a good heart, but that was not enough... hence to toughen up her character, he needed her to take control for a while.

She had also been taking some military courses as well... so as to make her understand the consequences of her kindness towards her enemies.

Of course, he also had her do combat training..... so that if she ever got attacked, she would be able to protect herself without waiting for a knight in shining armour.

Anyway last night.... she had been discussing Baynard's attack plan for over 2 hours with the warrant officers, as well as Josh and Lucius.

Initially, she felt sad for her enemy.

But when she realised that they would kill the people, herself and Landon... she immediately steeled her heart.

Her fiance was right.... she was too weak willed.

### [I'M THE KING OF TECHNOLOGY](#)

#### [Chapter 212 Broken Nuts](#)

Time flew by and a rider slowly approached the gates.

Lucy, Lucius and Josh had already been informed of this rider's appearance from the scouts.

From the looks of it, this person was an official messenger.

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"Halt!!"

The rider was confused.... why would they stop him before he could even get close enough to the gates?

In truth... he was somewhat fascinated by the tall stone-like wall in front of him.

It was taller than any city wall he had ever seen.... even the Capital's city wall wasn't this tall.

It looked impressively formidable and sturdy.

It was definitely worth it, for his master Prince Eli, to take the land.

As he continued to observe the scene before him, several ragged looking men approached him on horseback.

He looked at their appearances, and couldn't help but show a bit of disdain towards them.

Indeed, they looked like wild beasts.

As they approached, he subconsciously held his nose in fear of their stench.

"Stop right there!!!

We can speak from this distance, so don't get any closer." The messenger yelled while pointing at them.

The soldiers who had arrived, secretly looked at each other and grinned.

"Hey old man.... enough chit chat.

what do you want?" One of them said arrogantly.

"Yeah... are you here to give us money?"

"Tch!... of course it's to give us money, why else would he come?"

" — "

The soldiers were always taken as Rogued savages, so why not act the part out completely?

"You... you..... do you know that I'm an official messenger who is highly favoured by the crown prince himself?"

Anyway, I don't have time to talk with you lowly street rats.

I'm only here to discuss war times with your bastard leader..... so lead me to him now!!!!!!" He yelled out angrily.

How dare these savages talk to him like this?

He was so mad that his heart felt like it would pop out of his chest any second now.

The men balled up their fists, as they heard this loathsome fellow call their king a bastard.

They sucked it up and smiled at him mischievously.

It was only a matter of time, before everyone would know of their king's true glory.

By then, they wouldn't need to keep acting and accepting such blatant insults from anyone.

"Alright... we've heard you.

But since you called our leader a bastard, you'll have to stay here and wait for our leader here.

After all, how could someone as noble as you step into a bastard's home?" One of the men said with a sarcastic smile on his face.

The rider didn't know how else to refute them, so he could only curse them silently within his heart as he waited for their bastard leader appear.

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After a while, the rider looked up and saw 5 people riding towards him.

There were herculean men, riding alongside a beautiful little girl who was currently all dressed up in a Red attire.

Compared to the other savages, her attire appeared clean... even though it still looked cheap and out worn.

When they arrived, everyone... including the rider, finally got off from their horses and approached each other steadily.

"Speak... what do you want?" Lucy said, as she tried to make her voice sound as cold as possible.

She had been undergoing military speech and body language training with Lucius.... so she knew that if she came off as weak, the enemy would never take her seriously or even respect her.

She needed to be seen as fearless and powerful in their eyes.

The messenger looked at her for a while and burst out laughing..... but of course the more he laughed, the more Lucy's temper flared up.

"Bahahaha!!!.

Don't tell me that all you brawny men have chosen to follow a woman!

Isn't this just too shameful?

Bahahaha!!!"

In his mind, Landon was probably dead or sick... maybe that was why he wasn't here.

But just by looking at the stunning beauty before him, he had already come up with a hypothesis to back his thoughts.

She was a harlot.

A cheap floozie and a pretentious skank who had probably slept with all of them.

If not, then why would these people willingly follow a woman around like stray dogs?

It would seem that her whore-like services were indeed topnotch if she could control these men.

"Hahaha.... no for real... where is your leader?" Asked the laughing messenger, who was now tearing up while holding his belly in pain.

He had laughed so hard that it hurt his belly.

"Is this a joke to you?" Lucy said while trying to reign in her temper.

"Ermm... pardon me little girl.... but do you really want me to believe that you can lead them?

Please.... you probably got this position by spreading your legs for all of them right?

You can never be anything more because you are a woman.... so stop deceiving yourself.

You are at most a sl\*\* who...."

And before he could finish his sentence, Lucy had already taken action.

'Slap!!'

She had worked so hard in training, yet this fool dared to insult her?

What's worse, he dared to question her virtue in front of her face.

She was mad as hell.

In fact not just her, but everyone else was pissed off as well.

How dare dare this ignorant son of a b\*\*ch insult their future queen?

If she hadn't slapped him at that moment, they were sure that they would've sliced off his neck just like that.

"Ah!!!!.... you slapped me?"

You... a lowly peasant woman slapped me?"

Do you know who the F\*\*\* I am?!!!!" Yelled the messenger, as he massaged his swollen jaw while looking at her with bloodshot eyes.

He quickly calmed himself down and smiled at her maliciously.

"Little girl.... A while back, you all denied my master, Prince Eli's request to own Baymard.

If you all had just accepted his previous offer of being his slaves.... then some of you might have survived.

But now, retribution has come for you all.

This time, he had sent his men to take the land and kill every single one of you."

As the messenger spoke, Lucy's heart became even more cold.

Become slaves?...Never!!

When she thought of all the children in her classes, and all the people who gave her warm smiles... she couldn't help but want to slap her former self's thoughts.

Only by completely eradicating her enemies, would Baymard remain safe.

It was time for her to grow up!!

"Little girl... I had initially come here today to negotiate, and give you all a second chance in becoming my master's slaves.

But since you've slapped me, then don't blame me for taking back this privilege.

But if you apologize to me now, then when the time comes.... I'll be sure to keep you by my side so that you'll know what true luxury feels like.

In exchange, you'll have to warm this daddy's bed.

So... are you going to kneel and beg, or not!!" The man said arrogantly.

Lucius and Josh kept looking at Lucy, for any signal to attack this loathsome prick.

But Lucy smiled at them and shook her head slightly.

They all thought that she had given up on taking revenge, as they knew that their future queen was indeed too kind and softhearted.

Lucy then smiled innocently, and walked slowly towards the buffoon.

"Hahahaha.... good!... you've finally recognized his daddy's status right?"

Come on!... kneel down to me... hahahahaha... this is all a whore is good at." The man said proudly, as if he was proving a point.

The soldiers thought that she was actually willing to kneel for their sakes, so they began to feel like they had failed his majesty Landon.

They immediately started questioning whether their training methods on Lucy was right or wrong.

Either way, no one ever blamed her, because they knew how pure and simple minded she was.

As they saw they slightly bend towards the man, their final thought was that they had failed their king.

But what happened next completely surprised them.

'Bamm!!'

"Aowwww!!!!.... my generation..... my generation."

The messenger was now lying on the ground, while rolling and cupping his little man with his hands.

It hurt so bad, that tears began to flow from his eyes unknowingly.

F\*\*\*... it hurt so bad.

Actually, Lucy wasn't bowing.... she was gaining momentum for her kick.

When she bent, she raised her right leg toward the back.... and used her full force to hit the villain's nuts.

She had learned that she was supposed to use this move if she was taken hostage by a man or attacked.... but who cares?

This guy was a villain, so he deserved to have such treatments.

The other soldiers looked at the man groveling on the ground, and subconsciously grabbed their own little men as well.

They began to look at the man with pity.

That move was indeed too brutal.

The poorma had probably had his nuts broken by this move.

Could he ever use this 'thing' again in future?

He couldn't help but look at him and sigh...

'RIP to your little man bro'.

"You b\*\*ch!... you whore!... you...you..!" He said while trying to gasp for air.

"I... I.. I... what?"

Let me tell you, we will never be your slaves... and we will never give Baymard to you all.



So run along like a little dog, and tell your friends that we will never surrender!!" Lucy said.

The men looked at their future queen and smiled, while still subconsciously cupping their little men.

It seemed like their training had indeed paid off.

## I'M THE KING OF TECHNOLOGY

### Chapter 213 Baymards Second Battle

The clouds moved in the afternoon sky, kissing up a portion of the sun's warmth.

And on top of Baymard's city wall, peered several eyes that kept looking at the road ahead patiently.

'Flap! Flap! Flap!'

A large flock of birds flapped out from the trees, as if to announce the enemy's arrival.

The pissed off messenger, quickly turned around and his eyes lit up.

Finally, his saviours were here.

He would for sure, make these savages look bad in the eyes of Captain Brody and Captain Titus.

"Captains... Captains.... you won't believe how these savages treated me." The messenger wailed shamelessly, as he ran towards them.

'Gallop! Gallop! Gallop! Gallop!'

The valiant horses leaped ahead majestically, as the uneasy wind stirred across their bodies .

The soft spring soil was no match for their hooves, as they marched on forward leaving only deep horse footprints in the ground.

Ehh?

Something wasn't right with the sight before them.

As the muscular knight Captains approached, they immediately became puzzled as they began observing the gigantic city wall before them.

Was this really how they remembered it?

If so, then why did it seem so different now?

Was Baymard actually different from what they currently knew?

And why were they so many painted stones lying around the field in an organized manner?

As several thoughts popped into their heads, they began to subconsciously raise their guards even more.

But of course when they heard the messengers detailed explanation, they immediately felt that they were worrying for nothing.

These savages were still wearing ragged clothings, and from the looks of it.... they had still planned on fighting this war with 300 knights.

Also.... from the reports, no one had visited Baymard ever since their previous appearance here.

Hence Titus and Brody soon dropped their guards down again because of these reasons.

They instantly came to a conclusion that the reason why they probably remembered the wall differently, was because they weren't really paying any attention to it previously.

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"So you're saying that a wee lass will lead this battle for them?"

"Bahahaha!!!" Brody laughed.

"Hahahahaha!!!"

"Are her services that good?"

"They're lowly swines, so it's no wonder that they would give up their positions just for a skank."

"Tsk!!...To think that the famous Commander Lucius was such a man."

"F\*\*\*... I want all the respect that I previously gave him back!"

" — "

The men laughed, and the atmosphere became somewhat comical and lax.

Was that bastard ex-prince out of his mind? Or was he just that dumb enough to trust a woman.

Well either way, this totally worked out in their favor... so they weren't displeased at all.

In their minds, these savages were already dead meat.

300 vs 1300... who else could be the victor from such a battle?

"I don't think that they plan on riding out to attack us." Brody said, as he continued to observe the tiny structures that stood way up on the city walls.

"I think you're right!!.

They're probably thinking that we wouldn't be able to break their gate..... but they're in for a real treat if they think that we'll attack with just keep attacking with our swords." Titus said while smiling mischeviouly.

For this battle, they specifically brought out snow powder to destroy Baymard's city gate.

Of course they knew that even if they hit the city walls for an entire day, it wouldn't crumble..... but the gate was a different matter.

They were hoping that they could shoot several dynamite-like tubes of powder with their arrows pointed towards the gate.

Normally, city gates just had 1 iron bar gate that prevented the enemy from entering the city.

But Landon's new Gated tunnel, had 4 reinforced aluminum bar gates.... as well as 2 vault-like metal doors, at the front and back of the gated entrance tunnel.

One could only open these vault-like doors from inside Baymard.

Anyone who has ever seen a bank Vault back on earth, would know just how thick these doors were.

The aluminium reinforced vault doors were 1.3 meters thick, with more than 12 lock mechanisms on them.

All in all.... the entrance Tunnel-like gate region, was fully secured.

Hence even if Brody, Titus and their men made their way towards the gate... there was no way that they would succeed in destroying it.

Some of these doors couldn't even be cracked if one placed medium level explosives in front of them.... talk less of these garbage explosives that they were carrying.

But how could they have known that Landon had made a better gated tunnel?

From where they were standing, the outer gated door looked like an ordinary but neatly done thin iron door.

"Are the weapons ready?"

"Yes Captain!"

"Perfect!!!" Titus yelled.

Their plan was simple.

Some of the men would shoot their arrows of snow powder towards the gates, while others would hold out their armors so as to block raining arrows from their enemies up at the walls.

Of course most of the population would move a little distance ahead, and wait for the gate to be destroyed... before they could successfully lead the men into Baymard.

And even though Titus didn't know the exact distance between the forest area and the gate..... he still showed the men where they needed to attack from, by pointing at the colorful rocks scattered all around the field.

For him, these rocks looked nothing more than mere decorations.

It looked like these savages had wasted their time painting rocks so as to try and attract more visitors to the place.

After all, he could understand their need for merchants to try and communicate with them.

But too bad.... their plans hadn't worked out at all, since no one had visited Baymard ever since.

As for where they got the paint from, he was guessing that it came from the homes of the former Barons who used to live here.

That was the only explanation he could come up with to explain the occurrence of these colored rocks.

But of course, the truth was far from any of his guesses.

Anyway..... The entire field was 1 mile (1,609 metres) wide.

He needed the archers and those holding the shield to get as close as possible at a safe distance of 300 meters, between them and the gates.

And of course, as for the rest of his men, Brody and himself, they would move forward until they were 900 meters away from the gates.

At this distance, their enemy's arrows could never reach them... so this was a safe spot for them to observe the archers.

Hehehe.....but unfortunately, it wasn't the arrows that they needed to worry about.

Brody and Titus looked towards Baymard and smiled confidently.

Soon, they would be able to get their hands on that little twerp dead or alive.

It was time for revenge.

"Archers..... Move Forward!!!!"

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[Chapter 214 Baymards Second Battle 2](#)

Like organized flies swarming across the fields, Commander Lucy and the rest of the men above the city walls..... looked at them with annoyance and hatred.

They were just bugs who thought that they could enslave Baymard's people due to their Master.

Lucius looked at Lucy and nodded slightly at her.

Right, this was it!!

It was almost time for the soldiers to make their move.

If she did a good job, then she would be able to protect her loved ones.

She was both excited, nervous and somewhat terrified.

She felt an awful amount of responsibility and pressure on her shoulders.

But of course as a leader.... she wasn't supposed to show it, so as to keep the men calm and collected during the battle.

As she stepped forward , she couldn't help but wonder how her fiance was able to always remain confident in times like this.

'Suck it up girl.... you have a job to do!,' she told herself.

The students from the academy who were watching her, were also impressed with her demeanor.

Speaking of the students, it has been almost 12 months since Baymard's last battle.

And with all the new students who had arrived within this time frame, Landon had wanted them to also experience the full force of all their long ranged weapons at the City walls.

For this battle, the students would witness the comprehensive power of the missiles... as well as the canons.

Lucy took a deep breath, swiftly walked forward and raised both of her hands in the air like a concert maestro.

After enemy's archers had taken their positions, they immediately waited for the rest of the men to come forward as well.

Their goal was to trap and kill all of them, while ensuring that no one escaped.

That was why they had made several teams for these tasks.

Team 1 would focus on attacking the back of the field from where they're standing, while teams 2 and 3 will focus on the left and right hand sides of the field.

And within each team itself, Lucy had specified what type of military formation they would use to tackle down their opponents.

Bottom line, every missile launcher was supposed to aim at different locations according to the formation.

They wanted their enemies to be trapped in a box, with no other choice but moving forward towards them.

To know the exact position for attacking, several 3 feet stones were blacked neatly around the entire field, as well as every 100 meters.

The stones were also painted by different colors, so as to aid the men in counting the distance without any errors.

One could now know where 200 meters was, or where 1000 meters was.

Again, they had decided the field horizontally and vertically... making squares of 100 meters, all across the fields.

With this, each team could easily allocate their men to these squares depending on their enemy's position.

To make sure that these stones stayed in position, the ground below them had been dug slightly, so as to sink 1/4 of it into the ground.

There were also sticks and ropes placed around the perimeter of each stone in hopes of permanently marking its position.

When people looked at it, they would think that it was done just for aesthetics.

No one would ever think that this set up would be used for military purposes.

"Team's 1, 2 and 3.... get ready!" She commanded.

The men in those teams immediately pointed their missile launchers at the positions that they were supposed to aim at, while waiting for Lucy's signal.

Each missile Launcher could shoot out 8 missiles at once, with each missile being 2.5 feet long.

A hit from these weapons could easily cause as much.... or even more damage, than regular cannons.

Hence they were truly terrifying.

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Back down the fields, Brody and Titus, alongside the men... had already moved closer and settled down so as to watch the archers who were busy trying their hardest to destroy the metal gate.

Titus looked at the situation and felt like something was off.

"Why aren't they shooting any arrows at us?" He asked suspiciously.

"Who knows.... they probably don't have any right now.

After all, we did surprise them with this battle... so it could be seen how unprepared they were.

That's why they dared to hide behind their city." Brody said confidently.

Titus thought about it for a bit, and eventually decided to believe in those reasons.... It made sense after all.

No one knew that they were coming, so how could these barbarians prepare ahead of time?

Maybe they didn't have any blacksmiths to make them weapons, since no one was willing to trade or do any services for them anymore.

They were basically shunned by the entire empire right now, so it made sense that they would choose to hide and watch from above.

"I think you're right!... Maybe they're waiting to ambush us within the city after we destroy their gate."

"Hahahaha....so what?"

We have more people than them.... so no matter how you see it, there's no way that we could ever lose to them."

" "

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As they spoke, Lucy on the other hand.... was now ready to begin the show.

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

'Bheu!... Bheu!... Bheu!'

Instantly, multiple high velocity missiles were fired off at the same time.

As for those below they immediately noticed several bright flashy lights going off and on, on top of the city walls.

Why would these savages light up fire torches and immediately blow them off?

Where they mad, confused.... or just afraid!

Did these savages plan to burn them from way up there?

It seemed like they were more stupid than they thought.

Titus, Brody and their men couldn't help but shake their heads wryly, as they watched the bright lights flicker off and on multiple times.

They couldn't make heads or tails of what these uncultured people wanted to do, so they began to laugh at their idiocracy.

But soon enough, their laughter turned to screams of agony.

'Boom!!!!'

The show had finally begun.

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[Chapter 215 A Cursed Land](#)

'Boom! Boom! Boom!'

A rain of huge orange flames quickly engulfed their target spots..... instantly uprooting the soil from the ground as well.

The ground trembled fiercely as if the heavens were trying to split it wide open.... followed by several dark clouds of smoke that slowly crept across the fields like a wave, that immediately blinded everyone around it.

It was like being in a sand storm of black smoke.

The men couldn't even see the people standing ahead them.... except they came extremely close to them.

Everything was clouded.

In a flash, their eyes became teary.....as the ashes from the smoke continued to surround them like swarms of bees.

Fear covered the men, as they moved haphazardly within the smoke, trying their best to dodge whatever was thrown at them.

'Heeee...he.... he.. he!'

The horses were spooked out and agitated from the attack.

"Ahhh!!!...."

Several men dropped dead from the missile's impact, while others exploded away as the missiles directly touched their bodies.

'Splak!'

Some of the men's body parts and blood, had just been sprayed over Titus and Brody.

"T...cough cough.....Titus...cough.... are you there?" Asked Brody, who had fallen off his horse a while ago.

Dammit!!... the smoke was too thick and suffocating.

Brody felt like the battlefield had gotten 20 times hotter than it was, when they had previously arrived.

Heavens the heat!!

The heat from those heaven-like flames made his entire body feel like someone had begun roasting him over a large fire.

He was dehydrated, and his skin felt like it would peel off at any moment from now.

At this point, even breathing became somewhat difficult for him.... as he kept on breathing in ashes from the air.

He needed fresh air and water from his satchel that he left on his horse.

"Cough...cough....I'm here ... cough"

Brody tried to follow Titus' voice, until he finally bumped into him.

"Cough cough... What the hell is going on?" Brody asked confusedly.

Where the heavens siding with these savages over them? Or was this part of sorcery.

"I... I.. I don't kn..."

'Boom! Boom! Boom!'

Just before Titus could finish his sentence, several more attacks rained on them viciously.

The floor trembled and the ground erupted again, immediately pushing those around it away.

'Boom! Boom! Boom!'

Several cries echoed out from within the smoke, making everyone fearful.

Those that weren't attacked yet, had begun to shiver inexplicably.

As humans, everyone feared the unknown.

Was there a monster within this dark smoke storm?

Why was everyone screaming if it was completely safe?

They had just one thought now..... and that was to run.



They would've been willing to die on the battlefield from sword play, but this was clearly Voodoo.

In their hearts, Baymard was definitely a cursed place.

How else were they supposed to explain the trembling grounds and the massive explosions that occurred within the dense black fog?

Immediately, a few of them tried to make a run for it.... but now could they escape if they couldn't even see the way?

They kept bumping into each other and tripling over dead bodies and holes that were created from the missile's attacks.

'Boom! Boom! Boom!'

'Ahhh!...'

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Lucy looked down at the men who were screaming in agony, and for a second... her heart wavered a little.

In truth, they were also pitiable in their own way.

But she knew that even if they escaped, there was no guarantee that they wouldn't be caught and threatened for information on the battle.

One had to know that even though Baymard would be open to the public soon, they still didn't want bigger enemies to be aware of the weapons at the city walls.

It was always good to give their major enemies the element of surprise, leaving them with no way out.

Obviously sooner or later, the world would know about their defences.

But it was better for them to take out massive armies of ten thousands, before the news about their City's defenses got out.

Since news usually travelled a lot slower and could arrive several months, Baymard might be able to use this at it's advantage.

Who knows, maybe they could kill several enemies before the whole Pyno continent got the news.

Although Lucy felt compassion for them, she also felt that this was necessary in keeping Baymard safe.

Hence, she toughened up her heart and gave out her next orders.

"Team 4..... Take down the Archers now!!"

Those in team 4 were all new recruits from the first graduating batch who moved up a rank.

They were using cannons to take down the archers.... while the warrant officers in the other teams were using the missiles.

For this war, both cannons and missiles were going to be used.

The men needed real battle experience.

Hence this was the first battle where the warrant officers used the missiles, and the 'Privates' used the cannon.

Of course they had been practicing at a large open region in District B.....as well as the Coastal region.

One could practice something forever..... but without real experience, there was no guarantee that they would be able to do the job properly.

Hence, both weapons were presently being used.

.

Back on the fields, the archers and those that were supposed to shield them from arrows.... were so stunned from the sight before them, that they didn't know what to do next.

If their situation was on a T.V screen, people would think that they should've started running by now.

But the question was: Run to where?

The situation on the battlefield was extremely scary to those who didn't know anything about technology or modern weapons.

As they turned to look behind them, straight away.... they could see a thick black smoke mist that looked like it had a mind of its own, slowly crawling and creeping towards them.

Coupled with the wails and screams from within the mist, they had immediately concluded that the mist held some sort of monster within it.

'Gulp!'

They swallowed their saliva down, and started trembling like frightened chickens.

For some reason, they felt like if they got any closer to the gates of Baynard, they would be cursed... .... so they continued staying within their 300 meter range, while trying to look for any other possible exits.

But sadly, they could only see one direction... and that was the direction towards Baynard's gates.

'Bloody HELL!!'

[I'M THE KING OF TECHNOLOGY](#)

[Chapter 216 A Sad Victory](#)

"Sh...should we run back towards the gates?" One of the men asked anxiously, as they kept stepping backward in attempts to avoid the mist that was crawling towards them.

Since the missiles were constantly being fired, the massive hive of smoke had never really settled down... and those within it, couldn't really tell that it was coming from Baynard.

For them, this whole phenomenon came from the ancestors.

Some had even thought that maybe the ancestors had planned to punish Baymard today.... but who would've thought that they themselves would show up and take the punishment for these savages?

They all felt that they were truly unlucky.

As for the archers and those holding their shields..... they were too busy looking for an exit out of this situation, that they hadn't realised that all this was coming from Baymard's wall.

They were too busy trying to avoid the man-eating smoke that wanted their lives.

"Uhh... n... no way man.

We can't go towards the gates.....this place is cursed!!"

"I.....agree with him.....

What if we approach it and the ancestors send that fist of fire to us instead?"

"I thought that the Captain said that this would be an easy job?"

"I regret coming here..... now we're taking punishment for them."

"Look! Look! .... the black spirit is approaching us!"

"Quickly, we have no choice..... let's run for the gates."

Everyone thought for a while, and started running.

But just after 20 seconds of running, they were immediately attacked by the cannons.

'Boom! Boom! Boom!'

Once again..... The ground erupted, and the soil was raised up into the air as the men dived away due to its impact.

"Ah!..... Ah!...'

The field became gruesome.

"D...Didn't I say that we shouldn't have ran towards the gates?

Now we've truly angered the ancestors."

" \_ "

'Boom! Boom! Boom!'

The men tried to run away from the falling cannon balls, but it was too late.

On the other hand within the dense black smoke, Brody and Titus had been doing the same thing as well.

They had been trying to dodge the missiles, while trying to escape from the thick fog of black smoke.

They truly needed oxygen, as they felt like they would faint any moment from now.

In fact, some of their men had actually died from suffocation and not from the missile attacks.

'Boom!'

Brody and Titus had dived in different directions.

.

"Ahh!!...." Titus screamed from the intense pain that he felt from his left leg.

The pain was truly gut-wrenching.

He quickly tried to wiggle his toes.... but to his surprise, he couldn't feel them anymore.

He sat silently for a while amidst the pain, so as to slowly digest what had just happened to him.

Without even touching his legs, he knew.

He knew that his legs had been completely cut off from his left knee downwards.

"Ha ha ha ha ha!"

He began laughing and crying at the same time.

Without his leg, his majesty Eli would never keep him again.

His career was officially over.

Even if he went back, his master would definitely kill him, since he knew too many secrets... hence he could never live a peaceful life again even if he wanted to.

He was very sure that his master would hunt him down to the end of the world, if need be.

Would he resent his master by then? The answer was No.

NO because that was just the way the world was.

Knights were trained to accept death, as well as victory... hence he didn't see anything wrong with it.

Should he just roam around the continent with all of Eli's secrets?.... No leader would think that, that was a smart move to make.

Hence he had to die.

If it were just one of his hands, or even his eyes.... then it wouldn't have been a problem.

But to lose one's legs, meant that such a person couldn't run fast during missions or war.

So such a person would be seen as utterly useless to their masters.

Titus took out his dagger, and when he was about to stab himself, someone kept poking him and saying: 'Blah....blah... blah..' to him.

The first thought that came to his mind, was that this was an annoying person.... but after listening to the voice for the second time, he immediately knew that it was Brody.

Brody had probably followed the voice of his laughter just to find him.

"What happened to you?" Titus asked with concern.

Brody took Titus' hands and placed it on his face.

Titus was taken aback... and sadness immediately filled his eyes.

For sure, he knew deep down that he wasn't a good person.

In fact, he wouldn't be too surprised if many peasants saw him as a villain.

But even villains had people that they loved dearly.

Brody was his true brother, and seeing his situation like this instantly made his grown ass cry again.

Brody's lips had fallen and swayed away, making his mouth look extremely large.

His teeth were sticking out, and the teeth on the right side of his jaw was already visible within him opening his mouth.

His right side face had a huge hole in it, while his mouth had been stretched and torn out wide.

This made his cheekbones protrude, and his eyes become sunken from sadness.

He couldn't say words anymore... as part of his tongue and teeth had been cut off.

He also had deep cuts and bruises on his shoulders and forehead, as well.

And on top of that, his left arm was also heavily injured.... as it felt completely numb to him.

"Blah blah blah..... "

Brody took out his own dagger and placed it in Titus' hand left hand.... he then brought the dagger closer to his heart, as if begging Titus to kill him.

Titus immediately understood and laughed out loud while crying.

They both understood their own situations very well.

Escape for a future?

It wasn't worth it.

It seemed like their time in this world was finally up.... the only regret that they had, was not finishing off that little brat of Baynard.

"Bro, let's do it like this.... let's just stay together and sit close to each other.

We've known each other for more than 12 years now.... so it would be an honor for me to die on the battlefield alongside you." Titus said proudly.

"Blah Blah (me too)"

Somehow, Titus could understand what Brody was trying to say.

They sat together, and waited patiently for their end.

Titus kept trying to cheer Brody up by talking about all the fun things that they had done while they lived.

Like raping women, pilgrimaging homes, burning villages, beating people up, Winning wars, wrestling, Duels and so on..

One had to know that for most knights and rich people, this was the way the world should be.

Like Landon had always said..... no one was born evil.

This era was one of the most uncultured times of all.... and it was usually these people's environment, that made their characters become twisted.

Many knights take their sons on journeys and sometimes end up raping women in front of their sons.

Some go to the markets and act high and mighty, while abusing their powers just to get what they wanted.

People were usually greedy, and would always kill those who were in the same competitions as themselves.

Why couldn't they just fight fairly?

There were also those who would watch innocent people get killed for fun.

There was something ridiculously wrong with this world....and that was why Landon had focused on making the people of Baymard grow a conscience.

No raping, no murdering the innocent and so on.

Brody and Titus continued their trip down memory lane, as they waited for their end.

'Boom! Boom! Boom!'

'Splak!'

Their bodies had just exploded from a direct hit from the missiles, leaving a ghastly sight on the battlefield.

They had finally died.

.

Once the battle had ended and the dust had settled, Lucy looked across the fields and tried to hold in her tears.

Granted, most of these men had done terrible things... but they were also someone's son.

She was emotional on behalf of their families.

She couldn't wait for her fiance to finally unify the world with the help of what he called 'Peace treaties'.

He had told her that this was one of the things that he wanted the most.

Not just for Baymard's sake, but also for all those without any power... be it peasants, slaves and so on.

That way, war would decrease, and maybe... just maybe, everyone would finally live in peace and harmony.

As she looked at the dead bodies scattered all over the gruesome battlefield, she couldn't help but give a silent prayer in her heart.

The war was finally over, and Baymard had emerged victorious.

## [I'M THE KING OF TECHNOLOGY](#)

### [Chapter 217 The End Results](#)

After the whole ordeal, the 'Privates' were busy talking about the battle while observing the entire cleaning process from above the city walls.

Some people were just arriving, while others either stayed or left.... classes were still going on after all.

"What happened?" Asked an overly excited military private.... as he looked at the bloody scene before him.

"Wait?..... you're just coming here now?"

"Dammit!... I had classes a while ago so I could only make it out."

"Bro... You need to shoot yourself for missing this battle."

"Oh my heavens!... how could the field turn this red?"

"Come on, tell me about the battle!"

"Bro... you should've seen Princess Lucy..... she was freaking awesome!"

"Oh... and don't forget about the missile explosions.... It was totally epic!"

"Dude... the full impact of those cannons really blew my mind away."

" \_ "

As they began narrating the entire fiasco, those who missed the entire thing felt like crying.

Why oh why!!!!

Why the hell did they have classes at that particular time?

It was just not fair to them at all!!

.

Lucy stood on the bloody battlefield, as she watched the soldiers clean up the scene.

The foul stench of blood reeked throughout the fields, making her feel like puking in her own mouth.

One could find ears, limbs, eyeballs and other body parts scattered all across the fields.

The entire scene looked like a graveyard filled with the unburied dead.

In truth, the war itself had left her emotionally bankrupt.

She felt so much sadness, as a void of helplessness and pity had enveloped her mind wholeheartedly.

It took her a whole 5 minutes to steady her mind before she could come to terms with the fact that these people would never see their families again.

As she looked over the scene, she quickly went over to aid the men in cleaning up.

The field that was once leveled, had now become coarse and uneven... as several deep holes had been formed as a result of Baymard's attacks.

The soldiers had collected all the armors and swords... as well as coins and any other metal items from the dead bodies.

"Since the armors and swords have different marks, crests and inscriptions on them.... then we don't need to store them anymore.

Send them to the Construction Industry.... Chief Tim would know what to do." Lucius commanded.

"Yes Army General!"

Like last time, these weapons would be melted and used in producing other metal goods all around Baymard.

I mean... why the hell would they use something that has the Royal Crest and seal on it?

"Also.... carefully collect these coins and send them to chief accountant Christopher.... tell him to add it into the military's bank account.

As for the satchels lying all around the battlefield.... as well as those on the horses, I expect you all to collect them and take them to my office immediately." Lucius added.

"Yes Major General!" The soldiers replied.

"What about the horses that survived?" She asked inquisitively.

"Well..... those ones would be sent to the ranch once we collect the satchels from their bodies."

.

Time passed by quickly, and all items that weren't body parts were finally taken off the battlefield.

'Plump!....Plump!.... Plump!'

The bodies were piled up one after the other at one corner of the field.

From there.... the bodies were burnt, the ashes collected, placed in massive garbage bags and put behind a wagon.

Of course because of their superstitious beliefs about leaving one's enemy's ashes or body part around their land, they did more than just collect the ashes.



In essence, they used the excavator to dig up the topsoil and filled it in another wagon.... because they didn't even want to leave any tiny ash trace on Baymard's land.

And when they were finally done, some of the soldiers immediately volunteered to drive the wagons towards the outskirts of Riverdale city and dump it there.

They planned to dump the soil there, but bury the garbage bags of ash deep into the ground.

From there, they were also supposed to burn the wagons and ride the horses back to Baymard.

Now with the dead bodies out of the way, several workers used the heavy machines in leveling up the field again.

And while all this was happening, Lucy, Josh, and Lucius had already proceeded into Lucius' office.

It was time for them to go through all the satchels in front of them.

Last time, they were able to get real helpful Intel from the satchels.... but this time, it looked like there was nothing of major within these bags.

"Now that we're away from everyone else, you guys should tell me the truth.

How did I do today?

Did I mess up?" Lucy asked anxiously.

Everyone looked at her and smiled.

"Let's start with what you did right: you led us to victory, and you followed the plan 75% through.

You also didn't waver, as you showed a brave front to the soldiers.

As the future queen, you were a true role model out there today." Lucius said, while Josh nodded away in agreement.

"Now.... let's focus on what you should improve on."

Hearing those words, Lucy's heart sank a little bit... as it was completely filled with anxiety.

"I would only say that you should work on knowing the right amount of ammunitions to use.

You shot too many missiles and cannons out for this puny army.

But even so, you did well for your first try.

Over all, I would give you an A- for today's job.

Well done Lucy!!!!

His majesty would definitely be proud of your accomplishments in keeping Baymard safe."

'Clap! Clap! Clap!'

As Josh and Lucius clapped, Lucy's nervous heart immediately calmed down.

She couldn't believe it.... she had actually led the men to victory.

This feeling!..... this feeling was really great.

As for her using too much ammunition, in truth.... Landon had expected as much for this battle.

In Landon's opinion, this was their first battle for heaven's sake, so there was no need for them to be compared to those professionals back on earth who had spent over 10 to 20 years in practice.

Please!!!..... everyone would make mistakes on their first tries.

Lucius knew that if he was in control as well, he would have also be somewhat wasteful.

In truth... he needed to personally control the battlefield, so as to learn on his own.

Practice would never beat real life experience where the enemy he would run around in every direction.

Plus... they had been making weapons for over a year now... and this was only their 2nd battle.

Please.... what were they supposed to do with all the ammunitions that they had stored for several months now?

Even if they used a lot, they weren't professionals yet.

They had many more years ahead of them to figure things out on their own.

Hence his majesty had said that they could use as much as they wanted for the battle.

Of course as time goes by, they would be able to know the proper amount of ammunitions to use.

But it was ridiculous to expect a first time user, to launch out several attacks as if they were experts back on earth.

Time and real life battle experience were the only ways that one could improve in this field.

## [I'M THE KING OF TECHNOLOGY](#)

### [Chapter 218 Where Is My Husband?](#)

--Pamlock City, The Empire Of Arcadina--

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"So you're saying that Baron Rodgers hasn't come back for over a year now?" Asked a 41 year old man.

"Yes.... yes... he hasn't come back yet.!" Replied a petit looking woman.

This woman was Baron Rodgers wife, Baroness Cynthia.

In her mind, her husband had left her because he didn't want to keep funding her luxurious lifestyle...  
...but of course, that was far from the truth.

Baron Rodgers was the Baron who had accompanied City Lord Shannon to Baymard.

He had died alongside Shannon.... but in his Cynthia's mind, he had definitely abandoned them because he was broke.

Cynthia came from a low class noble family... while her husband came from a medium class noble family.

But when they lived in Baynard, their pockets were as filled to the brim making their family feel like a high level noble family.

Everything was fine and dandy.... until that moron of a king, took away their happiness and posted them to another city.

There, she had been reminded of her low noble status constantly.

The other women would buy the most expensive bags and clothes.... but what about her?

Whenever she asked for money, Rodgers would claim that he's broke.

Of course she didn't believe him at all.

How could a noble be broke?

He came up with flimsy excuses like: oh.. the city lord had taken part of his shares, or he doesn't have enough money to pay his l mortgages... and so on.

He stopped fulfilling all her needs, and everyone there immediately treated them like trash.

It was utterly mortifying to have that b\*\*ch Desiora, walk around with her expensive facial potions, chain, shoes and so on.

She felt like her husband was intentionally humiliating her.

Even while he was there, those noble women would laugh at her and tell her that they had seen Rodgers kissing and even sleeping around with other women.

In truth... she didn't really love the man, as he was still a medium class noble.

But what made her angry was the humiliation.

And then it happened.....

The night before he travelled, she had asked for money from him.

But of course, he shut her out of his chambers and the next day he was gone.

2 months later, the noble women were talking about the fact that he might have gone to see another woman who has a child for him.

And of course she had easily believed them as well, because while they were there... he had indeed cheated on her for the first time with several harlots.

In fact, everyone's ideas got into her head.... and 5 months after that, she immediately claimed that her husband was dead... and requested for their first son who was 18 last year, to inherit his father's title and position.

She did this in a hurry, lest that man brings a bastard son to take over his position.

After all although she didn't love him, that didn't mean that she would agree for this position and monthly fee to be given to anyone else other than her children.

She would rather die, than allow that to happen.

And since she had been around these noble women all day, it was clear as day to see that she had been influenced by their stories about her husband.

Anyway, since her family wasn't popular and they were seen as the in between of lower and middle nobles..... the King didn't bother to send his knights to investigate the matter.

Rather, he asked the City lord of that city about the situation.

And when it was confirmed, her son Mathias, was finally made the new head of their family.

Of course to get the city lord to agree, she had slept with the guy on the low and had also agreed to him part of their monthly allowance as well.

He also gave funded her lavish lifestyle by buying her new bags, clothes, and so on.... Of course, this was all done without the knowledge of his 2 wives and 3 concubines.

Today, she was here to find out where her bastard husband was hiding.

She wanted him DEAD.

Lying to the king was a guaranteed death sentence.

So if the king realised that he was still alive, then she would be killed for sure.

In her mind, the only reason that her bastard was hiding, was because she had sort on him too.

He had also lied about Baynard.

So he knew that if he reported her, then she too would report him as well.

Hence he had probably decided to go into hiding like a fugitive.

But no matter what, he had to die.... she that she could have peace.

This was a dog eats dog world.

Many nobles and wealthy people married for political reasons or for social elevation.

And even when there are several wives in one household, everyone normally fights against each other..... just so that they could be favoured by their husbands.

This guaranteed power for themselves and their children.

The children overtake the household, land, knights, and even empires.

So after all the years that she had pretended to love her husband, how could she just sit still and watch him give everything to a bastard child?

No way!!!

She was prepared to take him down before he could even see it coming.

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Presently, she had travelled to another city... and was currently staying at Baron Yanger's estate as a guest.

"Don't cry baroness Cynthia... it's okay... I'm sure that we will find him soon enough..." Baron Yanger, in a coaxing manner.

The woman before him looked small and frail.... in fact, she really looked too pitiful to him.

Her husband had been proclaimed dead.... but she had never wanted to give up on him without trying to find him.

He could see the hurt in her eyes, whenever he mentioned Rogers's name.

He had also come from Baymard, but had been posted in a different city from the rest.

As the tears trickled down the woman's beautiful face, Baron Yanger tried his best to resist the urge to hug her.

'Sigh... Rodgers was really a lucky bastard to have had such a woman' he thought.

"Tell me again in detail what really happened?" Yanger asked with concern.

Cynthia wiped her crocodile tears, and began to tell him a story that was 50% similar to the truth.

She of course went through with her white lotus act, instantly making Yanger believe her.

Yanger thought for a while and wondered.

He knew his friend Rodgers very well.

The guy was greedy as hell... and always wanted everything to himself.

From what Cynthia had said, he had left a few months after they had just settled in.

She had also said that their knights had been decreasing in number, and the city lord also took part of their money.... hence he could easily conclude that the issue was money.

"If he had left as quickly as he came, then would it be possible for him to have gone back to Baymard?" Yanger asked.

Cynthia knitted her brows for a second and continued to act pitifully

"Baymard?..... but... but... if he did go there, then wouldn't the king punish him?"

"True... but what if he wanted to go back to Baymard and make his money in secret for both of you?"

"But he didn't leave with many knights....."

"Hmhm... but what if he had close help around Baymard instead."

"You mean....." Cynthia's eyes immediately lit up.

The bastard must've obviously stayed in Baymard with his new family, while he made money.

Dammit!!.... Whatever money he made was hers.

It made sense that he would hide in Baymard.

No one was willing to go there and inquire the wrath of Alec Barn... hence no one would intrude on his space there.

Plus Baymard was a month's journey away from the city she was now deciding in, so the Scumbag probably thought that he could get away from her easily.

She couldn't help but smile, as she realized that she had finally found his hiding place.

In her mind, he was already as good as dead.

"I understand brother Yanger... thank you."

[I'M THE KING OF TECHNOLOGY](#)

[Chapter 219 Edward Page](#)

'Tap! Tap! Tap!'

Spring had once again blessed Baymard with the expected gift of rain.

Almost everyday, rain would drizzle down every now and then across the land.

Sometimes it would fall heavily....while other times, it would only tease the people lightly.

Edward Page could faintly hear the sounds of rain, drizzling outside his bedroom window.

The rain drops almost felt like a gentle lullaby, that kept luring him to sleep.

And coupled with the extremely soft sheets and mattress, Edward felt like he could just melt away from comfort.

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"Honey...are you up yet?"

"You're going to be late if you don't get up now okay?" Said his 24 year old wife Mwani.

Edward was just about to wake up when he felt a sharp pain in his head.

'Ahhh!', he screamed inwardly.

His head felt like someone had shaken it until his brain was thoroughly blemished.

The shooting pain randomly stabbed through his mind... as it devoured his consciousness.

He felt like he would die, if he continued to lift his head and further from his pillow any further.

Why was he sweating so much even though he felt extremely cold?

And why the hell did his body feel so heavy?

He tried to get up once more, but felt it utterly useless.

His body felt like someone had tied several invisible weights to his limbs and neck.

'Sniff! Sniff!'

His nose was also blocked, as he struggled to unclog it up.

His face was flushed red, and his lips were trembling slightly as he tried to get up from his bed.

His wife came out of the shower and immediately saw him still lying in bed.... and gave him a puzzled look.

She looked at her dear husband, and her eyes lit up instantly.

From the look of it, it appears that he was sick.

Honestly... would it kill the guy to tell her about his condition?

'Tsk... Men!' She thought while shaking her head.

Unless they were usually in critical conditions, they would never say anything to anyone.

"Honey... I think that you're sick." She said while hurriedly rushing over to him.

"Nonsense!... how can I be sick?"

Trust me, my nostrils are just clogged up... so there's no need for you to be overly concerned.

After work, I'm sure that I'll be as fit as a horse." Edward said, while trying to beat his chest proudly.

She looked at her supposedly 'healthy husband', and couldn't help sighing.

Truly a stubborn man.

She placed the back of her right hand over his forehead, and was taken aback.

Goodness!!!... he was burning up fast.

"Honey.... I don't care what you have to say right now, but today you're going to the hospital."

.

Edward didn't even know how he got downstairs, but his wife and father had already shoved him down without his consent.

From beginning to end, he had been protesting about going to the hospital... but everyone just treated his words like farts.

Luckily, his wife also worked at the same industry as he did... although it was in a different sector.

So she had planned to fill out an absence note for him when she got to work.

She just needed to fill his name, department, employee I.D number, the date of today, reason for absence and so on.

Obviously after he had gotten his doctors slip, she would help him in presenting it as well.

From there, the industry would give him several days off depending on the doctors note.

Could be a day to even a week off if the doctor had requested it.

Her father, mother, and father-in-law all had to go to work today as well.

So that left the duty of taking Edward to the hospital on her mother-in-law (Edward's mom).... who was off from work today.

Looking at Edward who was currently being forced to eat, it was clear that this person was weak and could faint at any time.

Hence they didn't dare to let him go to the hospital alone.

As for their 1 year old daughter, Mwani usually took her to work and dropped her off at the building that had an entire floor dedicated for nursery.

As for their 3 year old son, they usually dropped him off at Preschool while they went to work.

"But I dont want to go.." said the grumpy Edward who was apparently talking to air... because no one replied him.

When everyone had left for work, Edward's mother immediately ushered the grumpy son towards the bus stop.

And just like so, they had quickly found their way to the Hospital.

The remodeled hospital was indeed more beautiful than the original.

From the outside, one would be able to see a massive building at the car center, with several 2-storey regular size building alongside it.

These buildings were set up in such a way that none of them blocked each others view, when one observed from the gate.

The buildings were spread apart from each other, as different buildings symbolized different needs.

Looking at these buildings more closely, Edward could see that the new building was the grand one at the center..... While the old Estate buildings were the other modified buildings that were surrounding the new one.

There was also a massive car park at the front of the hospital entrance... as well as several roads, emergency vehicles and guard posts as well.

Edward could see people walking in and out of these buildings, while holding small plastic bags with them.



Some were being pushed around on wheelchairs around another building, while others were just talking casual strolls at the hospital's garden.

He could also see medical students in large groups rushing towards these buildings as well.

Edward was honestly awed by the change in front of him.

The last time that he had come to the hospital, was August of last year.... so this was his first time seeing these changes.

And to be honest, he was utterly impressed by it.

## [I'M THE KING OF TECHNOLOGY](#)

### [Chapter 220 Edward Page 2](#)

'Baymard's Hospital'

Those were the words that were boldly written on the massive new building.

Of course, he also saw different words on the new building like: 'Emergency', 'Main Entrance'.. and so on.

As they walked through the massive revolving doors, Edward was immediately greeted with the sight of a massive reception area.

This area had a personality that was much like the rest of the hospital.

The well polished tiled floor was grayish tom color, and looked crystal-like to all those who first got a glimpse of it.

The reception area also had several hallways that stretched towards different directions.

Of course each hallway had different signs that showed the patients where they should go.

Standing there, he began to feel awkward... since this was his first time here.

Everyone else seemed to know where they were going, except for him.

Even though he saw a sign that said: 'Consultations' on the wall.... he still felt like he should ask around to be sure.

Hence he walked towards the receptionists seated at the front desk for help.

"Good day Sir, Good day Madam... how can I help you all today?" Answered one of the receptionists.

After being told that his previous guess was right, Edward had his mother immediately made their way towards the direction for Consultations.

They passed through a short hallway, and were immediately greeted with a massive waiting area.

The waiting area had several seats, trash cans, and 4 mini glass offices at its front.

From here, Edward could clearly see that there were 3 people within each office: a doctor, another staff worker and the patient.

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Looking at the entire waiting room, once again Edward was lost at what to do.

But when he saw that the person in front of him take a tiny paper from a small box attached to the wall... he too moved forward and did the same thing as well.

Once again..... he also noticed that the patient wrote her name on another sheet of paper by another office, so he too did the same thing as well.

And after sitting down, he quickly looked at the thin piece of paper and saw the number '89' printed on it.

"Number 77!"

Said a voice that was resounding all through the massive waiting room.

"Here here!!" Answered another man who quickly got up and walked towards one of the offices at the front.

"Number 78!"

"Here!" Said another man who rushed towards another transparent office as well.

It seemed like those 4 glass offices were there to attend to them.

A few more minutes passed by, and it was finally his turn.

"Number 89!"

"Here!" He replied, as he quickly picked up his documents and headed towards the third office door.

Once in the room, he presented his healthcare card down his workplace... as well as his I.D card.

From there, the doctor immediately noted down all his complaints in his hospital book.... as well as asked several other questions like if he could cough out blood and so on.

And after questioning him, the doctor quickly led him through another door at the right hand side of the office.

Inside the room, was a bed, curtains, several machines and other medical tools.

They took his temperature, measured his weight and height, checked his throat for any signs of swells... and so on.

And once they were done, the doctor led him back to the office to conclude his assessment on the situation.

He had spent over 25 minutes for consultation and checkup.

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"This is serious doctor!!

So you're saying that I have the Fli?" Edward asked anxiously.

One had to know that the flu was one of the main causes of deaths within this era... so he was scared silly.

Even though he had heard about the drugs that they had produced over this period of time, something within him still felt like the flu was a gigantic illness to cure just like that.

Heck!!... his own grandmother died from that several winters back.

The problem with flu was that sometimes, one could have a high fever....which would lead to exhaustion and even death.

So how could he not be terrified?

It had been over 8 months since he went to the hospital or fell ill... so he only knew about these drugs from other people.

Yes... some of his family members used some of these drugs as well... but that was one mediocre illnesses like light headache or something.

This was the flu that they were talking about!!

At this point, he began to feel like he shouldn't have come here at all.

He felt like he would be walking down death's path any moment from now.

Doctor Fabian looked at him and chuckled.

'Sigh... I used to be like this', he thought.

"Yes Mr. Edward... from your symptoms and tests, you do have the Flu.

But not to worry, with the drugs that'll prescribe to you, this problem would be over in no time!"

Hearing Doctor Fabian, a little bud of hope began sprouting within his sunken heart.

At this time, the other staff who had previously left the room when he went for the checkup... had now returned with the hospital book from the hospital's archives.

Previously, he had written his name down on a piece of paper and waited at the reception hall for his turn.

So while he was waiting, those who took the paper hurriedly rushed over to the archives and brought his book here.

From there, the staff worker who was in the office with the doctor would go and bring his book over for the doctor to fill, sign and stamp.

Once Edward left the waiting room, he and his mother went towards the pharmacy... got their drugs and immediately headed home.

Several days later, Edward was no longer depressed... as his illness had subsided greatly.

'Muah Muah! Muah!'

He kissed his one year old daughter on her cheeks with joy..he wasn't going to die anymore.

He couldn't help but hold the bottle of pills in his hands as if they were heavenly gifts.

The power of this drug made him firmly believe that his majesty was heaven's messenger.

'Thank you, your majesty!' He said silently, within his heart.

As for Landon who was currently far away.... provided the people used the drugs, he would be one step closer to completing his mission.

What heaven's messenger?

All this was necessary for his soul to be kept in tact.

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Of course while the people of Baymard enjoyed peace and serenity.... the same couldn't be said for others.

"Dammit!... how did it turn out to be like this?!"