

TECHNOLOGY 731

### **Chapter 731 - The Slot Machine Fever**

Landon left the other government representatives behind and headed back to the Capital.

Since it will take quite some time for the wall to be built, as well as for electricity and all other resources to be incorporated in these new territories... they had to make these people comfortable.

That's why he decided to send over the first cooking cabinet-like griddles that were made way back.

It would allow them to cook indoors without worrying about the smoke filling up their homes.

Once they placed firewood into the equipment and began cooking, the built-in chimney would send the smoke out through their kitchen windows.

And even though these products would be sent to the stores, if the people wanted them in their homes... they needed to request for them to be sent to their residences.

Someone will send it over and explain the safety points on them.

After all, many of these people didn't know how to read yet.

So personally explaining it was a must.. lest they accidentally burnt themselves or their new wooden homes.

Many of them had already begun moving out of their mud-thatched homes and settling into the newly built wooden ones.

So now, they needed to be as comfortable as possible.

Again, only the stores needed beds, clothes, food and other goods too.

Everything out there will be things that are approved by Landon... at least until the great wall was built.

With that, Landon jumped on his bed and fell asleep.

Tomorrow, he had a long day ahead of him.

'zzzzzzzzzzzz!'

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Time swept by in a blink of an eye.

The hues of the world bloomed anew, and daylight slowly covered the land.

The birds sang and flew across the air, flapping their wings in unison to the morning music.

The soft sounds of people and vehicles could be heard all around the busy Capital city.

There was a sense of serenity everywhere.

Landon freshened up, ate his breakfast and headed out.

Today, he would teach many about PinBall.

Just thinking about it made Landon smile stupidly.

Pinball was a classic game that many loved.

It catered to all age groups and was very simple but thrilling too.

How can Pac Man be the only game in an Arcade Centre?

That didn't make any sense at all.

That's why he decided to create new games that were unprogrammed and unpredictable.

Right now, Tim already had his hand full with PacMan.

So he decided to gather some people within Tim's industry and assign them to create these games.

For the arcade, he wanted pinball machines that had different themes and strategies.

Additionally, he also intended to create the famous claw-grabbing machines, kiddie ride machines, and several other machines too.

The arcade centre needed games for loves, fighters, passerbys, bored people and whatever other categories of people that existed.

Provided the games weren't programmable like Pacman and other video games, then they could they created faster... Since he didn't need to teach the workers any computer programming for them to make them.

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Landon drove towards the lower region excitedly.

'Vrrrrrrrrrrmmmmmmmm!'

'Catchack!'

'Bam!'

He stepped out of his car, closed his door and headed towards one of the industry's buildings.

This building was one of the very few that were used for learning and research within the industry.

And standing outside the entrance, were Supervisor Harvey and Supervisor Mowi.

They had been waiting to receive his Landon.

"Good morning, your majesty!"

"Morning to you both.

So, is everyone there?"

"Yes your majesty.

We just finished roll call not too long ago." Harvey replied excitedly.

Both he and Mowi had been looking forward to this day for a long time.

The moment Landon mentioned that they would be making new products, they had been thinking and coming up with all sorts of ideas about what it could be.

Just looking at the list of tools and materials, they knew that it was some sort of machine.

But what exactly did it do?

"Hmmm.... what about the materials, tools and equipment?"

"Everything is set up and ready, your majesty."

"Good!

Let's go."

With that, the trio stepped into the building.

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Landon stepped into the massive room and looked at the bright faces before him.

There was a mixture of men and women in the group.

And all of them looked at him eagerly, while briefly bowing their heads and saluting him.

As a rule, during work... they weren't allowed to kneel or do anything over the top just to greet him.

If they knelt every time he went in and out of the room, wouldn't that be too much?

Greet him once and that was it.

Bruh!

Landon placed his books on his table and smiled.

It was time to get this show on the road.

"Today, we'll be creating something that will lead to a new disease called the slot machine fever.

This machine in itself is a game.

And it's called Pinball!"

--silence--

Pinball?

Everyone listened excitedly, as they wanted to know more about this new game.

"Do you think that it's a game involving needles and pins?"

"Hmmm

I think you're right!

Remember, his majesty said that it will give rise to some slot machine disease.

So maybe only the hospital needles and pins can cure it?"

"No!

You both are wrong.

The disease thing is only a metaphor.

So it's really a game."

"What?

How can it be a game?

Apart from outdoor games or exercises... Games can only be on boards and not on machines."

"He's right!

Things like chess and scrabble are games on boards.

So how can a game be on a machine?

That will just be too mind-blowing!"

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Everyone whispered amongst themselves in confusion while Landon quietly took out his books from his bag.

Their hearts were beating loudly, as their eyes wide in amazement.

With so many theories coming up, they were all in Fantasy Land at this moment.

Their anxiety was very evident, as they kept wondering what this pinball thing was.

Was it really just a game?

Even Harvey and Mowi were also secretly talking about it too.

Landon chuckled as he heard some of their beliefs.

He wondered how the entire Baymard will feel when he launched the Arcade center.

Many from all age groups will show up just to play these new revolutionary games.

Essentially, people had to buy token coins if they wanted to play.

And once they sent these token coins to the slot on the game, it would be game on.

If they won, they'll get tickets from the machine and they can exchange these tickets for prizes like teddy bears, toys, collectable cards, and whatnot.

Gamers play for fun, a chance to get a new experience, and competitions.

So the bonus of it all is them winning prizes.

Additionally, there'll be a restaurant there for those who get too hungry.

More appropriate, it'll just be a snack bar.

Landon smiled as he thought more about it.

Meanwhile, everyone was still anxiously waiting for Landon to begin.

You're majesty, how long does it take for you to pace your books on the table?

Can you hurry up?

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### **Chapter 732 - PinBall**

Landon who had been taking his time, chuckled at the sight of everyone's expressions.

"I know that everyone is curious about what Pinball is.

But like I said, it's a game.

That said, some of you had guessed it right.

To put it simply, Pinball is a game on a machine.

This game involves just 1 or 2 tiny balls fighting their way along several paths.

But even though it sounds simple, make no mistake... The action is real!

You hit flippers and navigate bumpers to the clamour of clanging bells and flashing lights.

The game itself is unprogrammed and unpredictable.

So the adventure and thrill are what will lead to the emergence of the slot machine fever.

But to create this masterpiece, several strings of wires will need to be strung along for the electronics.

Just like wiring for cars, landlines and other unprogrammable systems, this machine will also focus on this too.

Again, back to the concept of gameplay... the whole idea of the game is to provide an exciting new adventure through gameplay.

And the themes will be created by us.

Some games might take one through the many adventures of James Bond, while others might take us through the wizardry world of Harry Potter.

Our goal is to create and give gamers the best experience through the use of these Pinball machines.

Now, let's begin!"

"Yes sir!"

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Everyone swiftly wrote down the key points during Landon's 45-minute lecture.

And by the end of it, they more or less got the gist of things.

Unlike Pacman or other programmable video games, these games were fairly simple to build compared to the former.

These workers have been wiring landlines, fridges, cars and creating all sorts of things in Baymard.

So once Landon gave them the instructions, it wasn't that difficult to follow.

[Place W2-R on Pin 9]

Things like that were instructions that they had to do.

And for the past few years now, they were very familiar with wiring.

Of course, it was inevitable that they would make a ton of mistakes.

Nonetheless, Landon expected these Pinballs to be ready months from now around the time when PacMan would be ready.

Truth be told, with their experience, they should be able to complete them in a month's time.

But Landon didn't want to rush them.

Soon, Landon's 45-minute lecture was up.

The lecture ended at 10 A.M, and their shifts ended at 4 P.M.

So they had the whole day to at least grasp the initial design phase.

Immediately, everyone gathered around the many massive wooden boards in the room.

The thick wooden boards were rightly the size of a chalkboard.

These boards were also painted white, so as to give everyone a clear idea of what they were doing.

Every board had 3 people working on it.

Right now, they had to string several different wires for the electronics.

But before that, they had to use their measuring taps and mark several points on the board.

From there, they placed several massive pins too.

And once that was done, they began wiring.

"Ahh!

No!!!

I placed wire 3 on the wrong spin spot, and I've intertwined it around several pins already.

So what do I do?" Said one of the workers helplessly.

"Bro?

Didn't you follow the wiring instruction manual that was printed out?"

"I did, but I accidentally mixed them up."

"Sigh...

Bro, if you had made this error later on, it would've been redeemable.

But you had messed up one of the starting wires holding the foundation.

Bro, you have to start from scratch."

"Nooooooooo!!!"

"Sister, you're using the wrong wire.

The instruction says W13-B to Pin 6.

So wire 13 needs to use the blue wires.

We have to use the specific colour coated wires and wind them around the pins, before later attaching them to connectors on the board.

This wooden board is our circuit board, so the wiring colours and formats are important."

"Ahhh!

Thanks, little sister.

If I had messed it up, I might've been forced to redo some of it later on.

Luckily, you quickly saw it."

"Brother, I think we messed up one of the pin locations when we began.

Look, on the engineering drawing, it shows that pin 11 is under connector 7.

But we placed it under connector 4 instead."

"F\*\*\*!

We have to start all over again.

Come on let's take it down."

"Yes..."

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One should know that there were typically over 3 kilometres of wire in one Pinball machine alone.

And each differently coloured wires would be wrapped around several pins many times.

So undoing or taking out everything was such a hassle and very vexing.

Even though they were pros at understanding the basic wiring concept... each product had a different setup.

So mastering it was what killed their time.

Many could wire fridges and other devices without a manual, because they've done it a hundred times already for the past few years.

But this product was new, and they had to look at the manual word for word every time they held up a wire.

Of course, mistakes were inevitable.

Everyone was busy working on their boards.

And while they were at it, Landon and the supervisors also formed a team of 3 and worked on it as well.

Of course, Landon allowed the supervisors to do most of the work and learn too.

"Mowi, I think I messed up on wire 8.

You need to pass it here 3 times, before passing it here again 2.

But you did the first pass once."

"Ahhh!

You're right!

Luckily, it's not one of the earlier wires, so I can just remove the wire and do it again without taking the rest out."

(^\_^)

Everyone was so much in the zone that when Landon reminded them about Lunchtime, they didn't want to leave.

How can time fly so fast?

Impossible!

They haven't even done anything yet.



They thought that it was a hoax.

But of course, they knew that lunch was a must, so they grumpily left.

And on the way, they all spoke about their failures.

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Landon followed the supervisors for Launch.

He had already decided that during these first few days, he would focus only on wiring.

And when everyone has a better handle on things, then he'll teach them what comes next.

But while Landon was making his one plans, the Alchemy/Chemical industry alongside the Tailoring industry were busy working on their own projects as well.

More specifically, they were focused on a joint project that was given to them by Landon way back.

"Old man!

We have to succeed this time!"

"I'm right behind you sister.

The Aquarium will soon be completed, and we don't have the diver's suit ready yet.

Dammit!

These Wetsuits need to pass inspection!

Come!

Let's do it again!"

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### **Chapter 733 - Wetsuits**

2 people were currently walking anxiously towards a research center.

Overseer Sophia from the textile industry, and overseer Wiggins from the Chemical industry were fully energized for today's operation.

No matter what, they had to succeed.

All the wet suits that they had previously been researching on, had been a failure.

What exactly was the problem?

Did they miss something?

For this task?

His Majesty had only given them a list of all materials needed for creating them, as well as brief instructions in the manufacturing process.

He basically told them to try it on their own and research first.

And if they still hadn't produced the right grade of wet suits, then after a month... he would properly show them where their errors or mistakes lied.

Both overseers took this as a challenge and didn't want to let Landon down.

But how could they have known that they would fail like this?

All wetsuits that had been created in the research center didn't pass inspection.

They had divers wear their suits and swim deep in the swimming pools.

Of course, they carried out other tests too.

And that's how they found many errors from their models.

With that, they had been adjusting their techniques, correcting their mistakes and learning more about wetsuits.

But so far, only 10 people, including the overseers, were on the research team.

So progress was slow.

And now, they were left with 21 more days before Landon did his own inspection.

Of course if they failed, Landon would teach them the proper way to go.

But if they pass, then large scale production of these wetsuits will commence.

At first, the overseers thought that just 10 of them was enough for the project.

But they were wrong.

With time running out, they decided to hire 50 more people as soon as possible.

And last week, they had been educating these people about what these wetsuits were supposed to do.

So now, the new recruits had to place all hands on deck fast.

This way, more mistakes and corrections could be noticed and done.

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Everyone crowded around a large glass tank with their lab coats, goggles and other protective gear on, while holding pencils and writing boards with paper on it.

"Number 4, please step into the tank, stay in the water until we tell you otherwise."

"Yes sir!"

With that, one of the volunteers dived into the water and did as he was told.

'Splash'

Everyone observed his reaction and wrote something down.

They were so serious that even if someone walked into the room, they wouldn't know it.

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Overseer Wiggins looked at everyone and pointed at the man in the tank.

"Volunteer number 4 is wearing Test Product 71.

As usual, we will begin our Q.A session now."

You may ask him anything, and we will debate in it here and now.

Begin!"

Immediately, several people raised their hands and Wiggins picked them out one by one.

After all, the whole thing needed to be done in an orderly manner no?

"Yes, Christy, ask away."

"Sir... how did you feel?"

Hot, cold, warm?"

"C...cold" the volunteer asked helplessly.

Couldn't they see that his lips were trembling?

"Sir... just to piggyback on the last question.

Do you feel cold the moment you stepped into the water?

Or was it later on."

"Ehmm... It wasn't that cold when I stepped in.

But now it's colder."

"And how do you feel about the suit?"

Can you do several stretches and swim to the bottom of the tank too?"

With that, the diver did as he was told before coming back to the surface again.

Of course, he stretched out a bit as well.

"It's tight, but comfortable for swimming."

"Can you pretend to scratch yourself in that fake rocky reef below?"

And tell us what happens to the suit?"

The volunteer nodded and did as he was told again.

"The suit isn't torn, but just as a scratch line on it." The volunteer said with his trembling lips.

Can you guys hurry up?

It's freak\*\* cold in here!

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They asked him several more questions, before sending him to the locker room to freshen up.

All volunteers worked in the Chemical industry, so they knew the importance of keeping a tight lip over everything.

Plus they had already signed the contract of confidentiality.

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The volunteer quickly changed, and someone brought the wetsuit back.

"Alright everyone Q.A. is over.

Now, let's focus on the problems with this wetsuit.

Who can tell me why it's a failure?" Sophia asked while holding at the suit.

Her workers, alongside Wiggins, came together to create these wetsuits.

So some of her people were also involved in the research team too, and they had learned a lot about chemistry and everything else that went into creating them.

Likewise, Wiggins' team had also learned a lot from Sophia's people too.

Again, there were new people added to the research team, so they had to ask some basic questions for others to pick up fast.

"Test Product 71 was a failure, why?"

And once again, many people raised their hands.

"Edith, go!"

"Overseer Sophia, from what I know... wetsuits actually use a layer of water, along with other layers of material to trap body heat.

And this all works because of thermodynamics.

Our bodies like to be at a warm 37°C, which is typically warmer than the water.

So if two things have different temperatures, heat will typically get transferred from warm to cool things.

That said, because water has densely packed atoms and molecules, it will suck heat away from the body faster than if one were just surrounded by air... which can get dangerous.

That's where wetsuits come in.

Their designers to stop heat from escaping from our bodies while we are in the water.

So in a way, the wetsuits are like insulators, which keep the heat in at all times.

But in the volunteer's case, his wetsuit didn't do its intended job at all.

Maybe the design phase was faulty, leading to water penetration in the suit.

Or maybe we didn't use the right materials.

Either way, the suit failed to do its primary objective!" Edith said while pushing her glasses in.

And everyone else nodded in agreement.

The suit was indeed a failure!

### **Chapter 734 - Wetsuit Production**

"Excellent Edith!

I couldn't have said it better myself.

Anyone else?

You can also talk about the positives that you noticed too."

As usual, many people raised their hands swiftly.

"Rob, go!"

"Thank you, overseer Wiggins.

Even though we failed in some aspects, I did notice that the suit did offer some sort of protection just as planned.

These suits are supposed to offer protection against jellyfish stings, rocky reefs and other light injuries.

The moment the volunteer went down and 'accidentally' injured himself, the suit did its part and made sure that he wasn't scratched or injured.

This is good!"

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Even though they had failed, everyone was still filled with enough enthusiasm and emotions that could light up the sun.

Their feelings right now were alive and real.

They discussed happily, while secretly screaming in their hearts at the thought of being part of a research team.

Hahahhahahahah!

They could now call themselves proud scientists!

Even those from the textile industry smiled at this thought.

They felt like a scientist in a secret organization.

You say that you're a star?

Sorry!

They were secret researchers working on the next best thing!

And what was it that they were working on?

Sorry, can't say.

It's all part of their secret organization's rules.

Hahahhahahahaha!

(^Δ^)

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Time went by, and soon... they headed towards production again.

They had come up with different theories and reasons why they failed, as well as remembered where they did succeed.

So now, it was time to put everything to the test.

In a flash, everyone went to their workstations.

Wetsuits allowed a small amount of water to seep between it and the body's skin.

From there, body heat will warm the water, insulating the swimmers and keeping them warm.

That was the basic concept of the wetsuits in a nutshell.

The wetsuits were supposed to allow a certain amount of water to pass through, so the body can heat it up and keep the diver warm.

Unfortunately, poorly-fitted or badly designed wetsuits don't trap this water layer very well... and might let too much cold water in, which in turn freezes the diver instead.

So there was so much to look out for when making them.

Immediately, the team worked together to form a synthetic rubber called neoprene by performing several chemical reactions that uses chloroprene and other chemicals.

Of course, they created what they needed based on their errors and adjustments.

"Sister, I'm new here

And even though I've read up on the theoretical part, can you tell me what this material is?"

"Of course!

Right now, we are carving out a synthetic rubber called Neoprene.

Wetsuits work by using this Neoprene, which is made of tiny cells that contain nitrogen bubbles.

Brother, the unique aspect of nitrogen is that it's terrible at conducting heat.

Water is 25~30% more efficient at transferring body heat than air is.

That's why even if the water and air temperatures are the same, the moment you step into the water...you immediately get cold as the water steals warmth from you.

So the nitrogen bubbles inside the Neoprene is what keeps us warm.

And the thicker the suit, the more space and layers available for more nitrogen bubbles.

It's this philosophy that keeps us warmer the thicker the wetsuits get."

"Ahhh..... thank you, sister."

With that, the young man quickly took note of the Neoprene.

Those back on earth would say that the material looks like a mouse pad for computers.

It was soft and flexible.

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Immediately, everyone chose measurements from a size chart and carved out several cardboard patterns neatly.

From there, they used the carved cardboard patterns and placed them on their materials.

With chalk, they carved out the desired shapes.

It was just like a tailor marking out fabric for a bodysuit.

And when they were done, they applied waterproof rubberized glue to the edges of all neoprene carvings.

At this stage, Wiggins and Sophia anxiously warned everyone to handle this phase with care.

"Oh my God!

Are you trying to give me a heart attack?

Why did you put so much?

Doing that might allow the glue to bleed into the other carvings when they're joint together.

Wipe some off now!"

"You!

That's too little.

Don't you know that too little glue can affect the adhesion and waterproofing qualities?

Add some more Dammit!"

(\*^\*)

Everyone looked at their fire breathing overseers helplessly.

We are trying our best, okay?

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With the glue attached to all carvings, everyone began carefully attaching each part to others.

And due to the strong nature of the glue, each part adhered instantly with other parts... and the wetsuit came together quickly.

'So far so good', they thought.

Everyone continued production seriously.

And after joining all pieces together, they flipped their suits inside out and carefully stitched it up with their sewing machines.

This part was also essential and needed their full attention.

Well, since they didn't want to go all the way through the fabric, they used curved needles instead.

This was typically called blind stitching, which was perfect for wetsuits since it wouldn't puncture the fabric or part of the neoprene material within the suit that was supposed to form a barrier between the water and the diver.

Following that they use a hot roller to apply Nylon tap to the back of the seams for extra waterproofing.

And while that was going on, a nozzle blew hot air to melt the adhesive glue into the fabric.

Now, they sewed in their zips at the back and installed a hook & loop stopper to prevent unzipping.

But how could it stop there?

Rubberized glue was also rubbed around the zipper, and another neoprene carving was placed on top of the upper area, creating a waterproof barrier there.

Of course, they had been sewing everything inside out.

So now, they turned the suit to the proper side and checked the zip to test the workmanship.

The suit was tight as it should be, and everything looked okay.

Phew!

It was done.

The suit was completed.

Now, they just had to test out these bad boys and see if their earlier adjustments worked.

Inspection time!

"Call in volunteer 5 from department 2."



" "

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Just like that, Sophia, Wiggins and their research team hurried away hopefully.

They prayed that this time, they succeeded.

Of course, It wasn't just them who fell into the amazing world of research.

Many other industries were running around too.

There was excitement in the air, as well as frustration.

Everyone looked forward to the future.

Things were really looking great.

But while Baymard was on the verge of a technological breakthrough, other areas were currently experiencing a crisis.

"My lord... my lord.

They're here!

They're here!"

"F\*\*\*!

Quickly, haul me out through the window."

"But my lord..."

"I said do it now!!"

" "

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## **Chapter 735 - The Hunter Becomes The Hunted**

--The Capital City, Empire Of Terique--

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"Dammit!

Who sort of people did our master offend?

Just what type of sorcery is this?"

"F\*\*\*!

You still have time to talk?

Run!!!

Run for your lives!"

'Di-Di-Di-Di-Di-Di-Di-Di-Di-Di'

'Peeeeeeewwww...Boom!'

"Ahhhhhhh!!!!"

Within the palace grounds, everyone was scattering around like flies.

Some dropped dead, while others got heavily injured instead.

Their enemies didn't give them any chance to retaliate.

And truthfully, they were scared silly.

They had been attacked by invisible weapons that couldn't be seen with the n.a.k.e.d eye.

This alone made them feel that their master had definitely provoked a wizard or Sorceress.

Bloody hell!!

'Di-Di-Di-Di-Di-Di-Di-Di-Di-Di'

"Ahhhhhhh!"

The entire scene was filled with horrifying and frightening sounds of the fallen.

The strong stench of blood quickly filled the air, as the enemy advanced.

The Baymardians soldiers were here for Nopline!

Several trucks drove into the palace as if they owned the place, while some foot soldiers quickly spread out to cover more grounds.

Everyone was sticking to the plan.

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Captain Scott, King Micheal and 300 more men in his team, rushed towards the palace's main resident building in their army trucks.

Scott ensured that all army trucks had strategically positioned themselves around the building.

Now, they were currently surrounding the enemy.

As for the building itself, It was the largest and safest budding within the palace.

And during times like this, the enemy would undoubtedly choose to seek refuge there.

Scott looked at the building and noticed that over 800 men were surrounding it.

'Vrrrrmmmm'

'Shrack!'

They quickly stopped their vehicles in a slanted position and quickly pulled out their weapons.

Again, some people went to handle the machine guns that were installed in their vehicles.

Scott took out his Walkie-talkie and communicated to everyone in his truck and the other trucks surrounding the building too.

"Everyone, take cover, shoot the targets, stay safe.

Now go!"

With that, many jumped out of the trucks and quickly hid on the other side of the truck, while trying to target the guards in front of the building.

For sure, some even dropped to the floor and crawled underneath the truck to aim at the enemy's feet, knees and so on.

They only crawled halfway underneath the car, since it would be too risky to be exposed.

And while some focused on the men ahead, others focused on protecting their surroundings just in case an enemy tried to sneak up on them from the back.

Again, those operating their vehicle's machine guns quickly opened an opening on the truck and place the machine guns through it.

Of course, the enemy had also noticed their moves, hence the many arrows flying their way.

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'Thup! Thup! Thup! Thup!'

"Die, you bloody bastards!

Die!!!"

'Thup! Thup!'

The enemy mercilessly sent forth their rage, but they dared not advance since they were also terrified by the soldiers.

The swordsmen prayed that the archers would be able to deal with these monsters, as they didn't want to run up to these vehicles and helplessly die.

But in this battle, how could the soldiers let them have their wishes granted?

Captain Scott, pulled the pin from a grenade and threw it over the car.

'Boom!'

There was a dazzling fiery light that almost blinded everyone, followed by a loud thunderous cloud.

"Ahhhhhhhhh!!!!"

Scott heard their cries but didn't stop there, he continuously threw a few more grenades as well.

These frames have a 5-meter killing radius, and a 15-meter wounded/injured radius.

He as Captain had taken note of this and ensured that the vehicles were parked in a slanted manner roughly 30 meters away.

Of course, archers could shoot up to 60 meters and more, so this distance was nothing for them.

The other soldiers took advantage of the Granada attack and shot through the thick smoke cloud before them.

After all, there were more than 800 people there in cl.u.s.t.ers, so they were bound to hit one no?

'Di-Di-Di-Di-Di-Di-Di-Di-Di-Di'

"Ahhhhh!"

"My leg!

My leg!

I'm finished!"

"Will I die here?

Screw this!

I'm going into the building."

"Brother... brother, help me.

Help...Ahhhhh!"

'Di-Di-Di-Di-Di-Di-Di-Di-Di-Di'

(>:TT□T':)

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Within the smokescreen, the gruesome sounds of the injured endlessly screaming could be heard.

Again, the archers couldn't fire any shots, as they too were blinded and scared as well.

Plus, the vibrations and the force released from the grenade were enough to throw them about... ao where did they have the time to target these monsters?

They only knew that if they didn't go back into the building, then they too will die.

"son of a b\*\*ch!

There's a monster in the smoke!"

"No!

If we don't go back into the building, then we'll die out here.

No!

Let me in!

You let me in dammit!"

At this point, many were already banging at all entrance doors like crazy.

And those guards who were stationed inside the holding didn't dare to open up.

They heard the wails outside and didn't dare let these monsters in.

'Sorry brothers.

After you die for us, we will honour you truthfully.'

(+\_+)

.

Outside, the smoke from the grenade had already cleared up, revealing a horrifying picture.

The guards who were still alive looked at their dead friends in fear.

The ghastly sight of several body parts lying around was just too terrifying.

Never in their lives have they seen such a thing in their lives.

Battlefield deaths were typically cleaner because it was just with a sword.

A nice clean cut and that was all.

But these deaths looked as if the victim's bodies had exploded.

Several droppings of some mushy skin paste could be seen around the place, alongside their body parts.

As for them, some were still rolling on the ground while covering their eyes.

The loud deafening grenade sounds were right next to their ears, and the high frequency and high wave forces were enough to make one deaf.

It hurt like hell!

Their hands which now covered their ears, were all bloody from the internal injuries in their ears.

They felt mortified from it all.

How did they become the hunted?

They were Nopline's proud men who tortured and brought nightmares to many.

So how did they become like this in a blink of an eye?

They trembled so much that they quickly turned around and banged the entrance to the building even more.

'Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang!

"You let us in dammit!"

"Let us in!"

(:Y^Y:)

## **Chapter 736 - The Hunter Becomes The Hunted 2**

'Di-Di-Di-Di-Di-Di-Di-Di-Di-Di'

"Ahhhhhhh!!!"

'Boom!'

.

The soldiers didn't care about these men's grievances and quickly took them out.

"Captain, This is Unit 5 reporting in from entrance 5."

All clear.

Over."

"Good!

Unit 2, what about your end.

Over."

"All clear sir.

Over."

"Unit 3 and 4 report in!"

"Good to go."

"All good, sir."

"Good.

All units standby and what for my signal before moving in.

Over."

With that, Scott had the rest reloaded their weapons speedily.

And when they were done, he called in once again and told all units to break all exits and move in.

They would leave no corner unturned.

'Boom!'

'Thang!'

They threw several grenades at the entrance door, but targeted them towards the hinges of the doors.

One should know that this was a palace.

And the entrance doors alone were thick, heavy and made of metal.

Kings in this era liked to be mighty dragons.

So how can their main entrance not look mighty?

All other entrance doors were just large double-sided doors.

But the main one looked more like a gate rather than a door.

So except they launched high-grade missiles or something more powerful, these doors won't fall.

That's why Scott purposely targeted the hinges and stone regions holding the doors together instead.

Additionally, they also drove the truck a bit closer and used the machine guns there to make the job go faster.

And just like that, a single side of the giant door fell.

'Pang!

And as soon as it fell, another storm of arrows shot through mercilessly.

.

'Thup! Thup! Thup! Thup!'

Scott and his men had already anticipated it, so they only stood on the side of the wall adjacent the entrance door and waited for the soldiers in the trucks to take action.

'Di-Di-Di-Di-Di!'

Once again, senior machine gun had saved the day.

The enemy didn't know what hit them.

And now, there was chaos inside.

But to confuse the enemy further, Scott and 3 others threw smoke bombs in the room.

They dared not use tear gas, since they didn't have their masks on and weren't ready to feel the peppery burn in their eyes.

So they used harmless smoke bombs instead.

And those inside almost flipped.

"Fire!

Fire!

They're shooting flaming arrows at us.

Stay away from there now!"

Immediately, the guards stepped backwards in fear.

And in a flash, the thick smokey flames that were previously floating around the door seemed to have multiplied even more.

It rapidly clawed its way into the room, covering as much space as it could.

.

The guards looked at the scene in alarm.

Smoke like this only meant that more than 300 arrows should be shot into the room at once.

The building was all stone and no wood.

So a single burning arrow that came flying into the room couldn't create such rapid flames.

What the hell was going on?

This..was this the monster that killed their men outside?

They heard some of them say that the smoke had a monster in it.

So were they going to be killed by this invisible monster?

Too late!

'Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang!'

Scott and his men ran in pairs and quickly shot their targets.

And by the time the enemy realized it, it was already too late.

Both archers and swordsmen did their best to defend against Scott and his men.

But the results were inevitable.

They had bullets reeled into their skulls.

Even those who tried to attack the soldiers from above the stairs were shot too.

But the battle took longer this time, as more and more archers on the 2nd floor tried to take them down from the stairway.

And so the soldiers swiftly hid behind several statues, pillars and objects around, while taking their shots.

'Thup! Thup! Thup! Thup!'

'Bang! Bang! Bang!'

The battle was fierce.

Nonetheless, they successfully made their way towards the second floor and reunited with other units who were also moving up too.

Now, they just had one goal in mind.



Capture the main culprits in charge of King Micheal's demise.

"Move out!"

"Yes sir!"

(\*^\*)

.

Meanwhile, on the very last floor, Nopline, Kamara, John (Micheal's brother) and Lecter (Kamara's son), were all scared silly by the sudden invasion.

Nopline had even wanted to fly out the window in fear.

His men had tried to talk him out of it.

But when he opened the window determination, he saw the destruction level outside and almost fainted.

F\*\*\*!

Which demon did he offend to get such bad luck?

At this moment, his I.Q was offline.

Likewise, even Kamara and the rest were panicky too.

It took them a while before they calmed down.

"This attack pattern is similar to those men who took that bastard ex-husband of mine way."

"Really?"

"Sure of it!"

I can never forget that day, even if I wanted to.

Could it be that brat, Astar?"

"Might be.

Only he would have a strong motive.

As crown prince, he's probably here for revenge after watching his father die in his presence." John stated calmly, while his brain went to work.

His brother married 6 wives who bore him several children.

And so far, Kamara, Nopline and himself had killed off 4 of those wives and their children.

As for the surviving wives, 1 escaped with crown prince Astar and her daughters... while the other was rescued alongside king Micheal.

Thinking about it more, only they would have the guts to go after Nopline.

They were probably blinded with rage and had been planning this attack for months now.

It's been over 9 months since Micheal was rescued.

So it's safe to say that after putting burying him, they started preparing for Astar to take the crown... which was acceptable.

But how on earth did they know that he, Nopline and Kamara would be here all at once?

No one knew his whereabouts and many always assumed that he was back in his assigned city.

He had always been a mystery to many.

So who informed them of his being here?

Sure enough, there was a spy amongst his men.

Similarly, he guessed that there were spies within Kamara and Nopline's men too.

John frowned as he thought about it more.

He began analyzing everything silently while coming up with their plan of action if they got caught.

.

"What do we do?"

What do we do?

That bastard is going to kill us."

"Calm down everyone.

I have a plan."

### **Chapter 737 - Who Did It?**

While John and the rest were scheming their way to safety, the soldiers on the other hand were slowly making their way up.

"Everyone, advance while protecting his majesty King Micheal.

"Yes sir!"

With that, the soldiers did their best to tackle the hurdles before them, while surrounding Micheal in a tight formation.

As the star of the show, how could they allow anything to happen to him?

They were now on the 3rd floor, and the battle was still as fierce as ever.

'Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang!'

Scott swiftly rolled behind a pillar, leaving behind a thick trail of arrows from his enemies.

'Thup! Thup! Thup!'

"Gruuuuhhhh!

Captain, I've been hit." Said one of the warren officers who was now clenching his teeth hard.

After firing his shots, the soldier received an arrow on his right hand.

At least it wasn't in any fatal areas

Scott did several signals to the man, telling him to stay hidden and alert.

Of course, after this floor was cleared of all evildoers, Scott would keep the injured soldier on this floor along with several others.

That's how they had been doing it since they entered the building.

After clearing a floor, they'll leave a few there to guard all exits and be on high alert for those that tried to sneak away.

.

The man pulled out the arrow painfully and quickly tore a strip of his singlet and wrapped it around his hands.

Now with Scott's guns reloaded, he quickly took out a tiny compact mirror and began estimating the locations of his enemies.

These mirrors might seem like things that ladies would use.

But they were a great help in the military.

And so the military had their own standardized compact mirrors for the soldiers.

One never knew when it would come in handy.

Scott leaned to the right corner of the pillar and swiftly took his shots.

They had to take out these archers if they wanted to advance any further.

Likewise, the rest of the soldiers thought the same too.

'Bang! Bang!'

"Ough!"

Several archers fell to their deaths.

And soon, the number of arrows sent flying had dropped down by 90%.

Scott signalled his men again and one of them threw a helmet from the many dead bodies around them.

The archers, whose nerves had been on a rampage.... all shot at the flying helmet instinctively.

'Thup! Thup! Thup! Thup! Thup!'

The soldiers on the other hand quickly took advantage of this distraction and shot the archers swiftly.

'Bang!'

With the archery team dead, the remaining swordsmen were all left to the mercy of these terrifying monsters.

Some proudly defended themselves, while others tried to escape.

But they were no match for the soldiers.

The entire scene became a blood bath after the archers all died.

With that, Scott and his team advanced further.

.

Nopline was boiling in anger and fear the more he looked outside the window.

He found that the entire palace was filled with smoke, but no fire.

Just looking at the damage level, it was definitely not caused by fire.

So what sort of evil magicians could produce smoke without fire?

Even black powder couldn't make this sort of damage level at all.

Nopline was very disturbed in his heart and let out a low moan.

He even began to wonder if it were people from his secret society that discreetly wanted to take him down.

But some, he pushed that idea out of his mind.

His 'brother's had never touched him since he became a prominent figure.

And having him dead would do no good, as he was currently the middle man in some operations between them and some other shrewd powerful foreign men.

In fact, his being alive was too beneficial to them.

So they as suspects were out of the question.

And even though Kamara and the rest had assumed it to be Astar since he had a strong likelihood for revenge, he thought otherwise.

How could Astar have this strength?

This sort of strength was far greater than his.

So there was no way that little brat would have more men and resources than him who had been here for ages.

This was definitely the work of someone else.

Nopline thought for a while, and soon... his eyes shone like stars.

Was it that commoner Landon Obley?

Nopline's eyes turned cold when he remembered all the things that bastard had done to him over the years.

From destroying his underground attractions to stealing all captured slaves in his training estates and even burning down his properties... this guy was hell-bent on destroying him.

If it was really him, then he wouldn't tell Kamara and the rest.

He wasn't a fool.

In moments like these, even loved ones could betray and turn on one another.

So the moment they know that their enemy was after him, they might switch their plan and even kill him just to appease this enemy.

Yes, he treasured his sister and he spoiled her silly.

But even he would sacrifice her for his life.

So what more of her who now had her son and lover here too?

Please!

She was a mother and would undoubtedly do anything for her son to live... even if it was at the expense of his life.

Thinking about it like that, Nopline dared not tell them his thoughts.

For now, he nodded his head and placed all blame on Astar.

Of course, Kamara and the rest didn't notice anything unusual with Nopline and continued following their plan strictly.

.

As for Scott and his men, they finally made it to the last floor.

At this moment, all units within Scott's team had merged together since there was only one way from the 4th floor to the 5th floor.

Sure enough, there were 2 massive stairways on both sides of the 4th floor's main hall, that led to the 5th floor.

Once more, the soldiers were met with a massive swarm of guards again.

They fought hard and swiftly took out their enemies.

"All units spread out and march towards all assigned wings."

"Yes sir!"

With that, the soldiers did as they were told.

Be it the North wing, south wing, Southeast wing and so on... they did their best to cover as much ground as possible.

Coincidentally, Scott chose the wing that led to Kamara and the rest.

But after stepping into the long passageway for

North Wing, they were taken aback.

What's happening here?

### **Chapter 738 - Red Assassins?**

What's happening here?

.

There were hundreds of injured people lying on the floor with blood all over their bodies.

These people all wore servant attires and looked extremely pale.

And from the looks of it, some of them were already dead.

The dignified long wide passageway looked like one big mess!

It looked like everyone had been attacked by a group of assassins who ransacked the entire place mercilessly.

The soldiers were sure as hell that they didn't attack these people.

So who was it?

Was this all a trap, or was there another mysterious force within the palace alongside them?

And if so, were these unknown people here to help or kill their targets.

Scott's face turned gloomy.

"Units 2, 3 and 5 advance onwards with our guest... while units 1 and 4 will stay behind with me.

Now go!"

"Yes!"

.

Those in units 2, 3 and 5 went ahead with Micheal who was currently wearing a mask.

He didn't want anyone to know of his presence yet.

Scott felt uneasy about the situation and hastily made several sign signals to his men.

Something was too strange about this matter.

But since they were here, they had to get to the bottom of it.

"Everyone, check the injured and the dead."

"Yes!"

The team broke out in a flash and positioned themselves to see these unfortunate victims.

Scott walked over towards one of the victims and began his interrogation.

"What happened?"

"Sir... we... we had been attacked by a group of men wearing red.

They appeared out of nowhere and started fighting us fiercely."

"Hmm...

Give me an estimate of how many people you think were in the group."

"60...no 80... no!... 100.

Yes!

100 of them."

"Then do you know why they came?"

"I don't know sir.

I... I don't know what the master did.

But even though we tried to tell them that we were innocent, they still attacked us without blinking.

They killed my poor sister right before my eyes.

They... they were truly too cruel." The man said with red moist eyes that seemed as if he was just about to cry.

He held onto the dead lady in his arms and rocked her back and forth as he spoke.

"My poor sister!

My poor sister.

You don't deserve this.

Why did they have to kill you?"

Scott squatted down and looked at the deceased woman silently before bringing his attention to the man again.

"I'm sorry for your loss."

"Thank you, kind sir.

Thank you!!"

"Hmm."

.

While Scott and his men continued their investigations, several men amongst the servants all looked at each other mysteriously.

Several eyes looked at the soldiers coldly.

They slowly reached for some objects underneath their clothes and the many dead bodies around.

"Now!!!!"

'Sling!'

The sound of swords and daggers being dragged across the floor echoed along the passageway.

The previously injured men all miraculously stood up and surrounded the soldiers.

They had waited for the other intruder teams to go far from the passageway and step into the North Wing's quarters, before they could make their move.

they had another team in there that would take care of that group.

So now, they focus on Scott's group out here.

Seeing that there were just 65 intruders here, while they made up about 350, they knew that they already had the advantage.

So how could they not feel hopeful?

One should know that Scott had 6 units with a total of 300 soldiers when infiltrating this building.

And as they progressed, they left several soldiers standing guard on each floor.

So on this last floor, they had only arrived here with 91 soldiers.

Of course, backup would definitely arrive when most of the enemy knights and guards outside are defeated.

The palace's size was too big, with multiple buildings, several gardens, fields and even a tiny forest in it.

So they had to ensure that no one would be hiding in these regions.

The entire place needed to be ransacked and properly checked to ensure complete victory.

With that said, it might take a while for a backup to arrive.

So for the time being, Scott and the rest were on their own.

Nonetheless, they weren't worried at all.

.

"Bahahahhahhaha!"



You didn't see this coming, did you?

Now tell me who sent you if you want to live."

Scott looked at the extra-large man in servant clothing who was arrogantly pointing at him and smirked.

"Heh?

Didn't your mother ever tell you that pointing at people is disrespectful?

Why do I have to tell you anything?

What does it have to do with you?

Are you the one in charge of this place?"

"You!...."

The large man's cheeks inflated like a balloon and turned red with rage.

Where these people stupid?

Didn't they see that they had them surrounded?

So what did to fool mean by asking such dumb questions?

Nopline looked at Scott and felt like smashing him to pieces.

When has he ever been talked back at?

Not even the royals could act the way this.

Kamara and John stepped forward to support Nopline immediately.

Time was of the essence here.

So they didn't want to waste it all with these bastards.

They knew that more intruders might be lurking around the other Wings.

So they could take advantage of this, sneak out of the building and secretly make their way through the fields in attempts to escape.

Who knows, they might actually succeed.

Anything was better than sitting here and waiting for death.

Even faking to be a corpse was better than impending death.

They had charcoal and dirt on their hair and faces, giving them some sort of disguise.

They did want to know the real mastermind because even if they escaped, the culprit will definitely send more men to find them no matter where they went.

But knowing the enemy could help them counterattack faster.

That said, they wouldn't want to waste any more time here at the expense of their lives.

.

"Are you blind?

In case you haven't realized it yet, we've got you surrounded, so there no way that you'll escape!

Believe it or not, if you confess, then we'll let you all go.

This your final chance to answer truthfully.

Who sent you?"

**Chapter 739 - Brother, No more please!**

This your final chance to answer truthfully.

Who sent you?"

.

Swords were all pointed towards the soldiers, while Kamara, John and Nopline looked at them coldly.

But how could their measly auras affect these soldiers?

Please, they had survived under his majesty, so what more of these weak chickens?

They even had the urge to roll their eyes and yawn.

They looked at them as if they were looking at fools.

Scott sighed and shook his head.

"Do you really think that we didn't know that this was a trap?

The fact that only the women and weak men were killed by those so-called red assassins if yours proves that your story is nonsensical.

Any enemy would first aim for the strong within any group.

So why did they leave you all alive?

More suspiciously, why would they leave only you (Kamara) alive and kill the rest?

Of course, your bodies and many other clues led us to believe that you all were knights or people of importance and not servants too.

That said, did you still think that we wouldn't prepare after realizing this?

I'm guessing you 3 are the ones we came here to see.

And since you've been unconsciously guarding that boy ever since we got here, I'm sure that he's also someone important to you too, right?

Well, all questions can be answered after we captured you, no?

So if you don't mind, my team and I would really like to wrap this up fast.

Sorry."

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

All 4 shivered and felt cold sweat behind their backs when they saw Scott and his men move like lightning.

The most terrifying thing was how calm and confident the intruders were.

Their heartbeats quickened and their faces turned pale and gloomy.

What type of terrifying people did he meet today?

.

'Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang!'

'Swish!'

'Pah!'

'Bam!'

'Bang!'

Both sides went all in.

The sounds of swords whistling in the air, as well as the sounds of gunshots and fighting, could be heard too.

Since this was still a passageway and not a room, the soldiers had to be careful that they didn't shoot their comrades.

That's why they only shot their enemies when they were right next to them.

No long-range shifts were allowed for these sorts of battles.

Of course, they also kicked, punched, and even used their hidden weapons to take down these villains.

Scott moved fast.

3 enemies moved towards him and sent their swords towards his neck, chest and left belly.

Before they could near him, Scott fell with his back on the floor and shot them hastily.

'Bang! Bang! Bang!'

What?

The men felt cold and their eyes were now filled with shock, fear and horror.

Were they going to die?

Everything happened too fast!

They dropped to the floor like flies, and Scott just rolled quickly before they landed.

'Bam!'

More came again.

"Die!!"

'Pah!'

'Bang!'

"How dare you?"

"You, you, you stop!"

'Bang!'

'Pah!'

'Slap!'

'Bang!'

' '

.

More and more men fell like flies, which scared Nopline and the rest who had been guarded directly.

From the very start, the Baymardians had begun with those closest to the passageway's exit.

So if they wanted to leave, they had to go through these monsters.

Seeing the results of the fight, some people slowly backed away in fear instead.

How should they fight against such weapons?

The moment they ran up to these intruders, their weapons would launch some invisible weapon that will kill them.

So how could they not be afraid?

Nopline and the rest looked at the scene in horror and shock.

Where these weapons from another continent?

Because from what they knew of, the Pyno continent didn't have anyone with such weapons.

So who was really after their lives?

The feeling of helplessness and unwillingness engulfed them when they felt their chances of escaping tune bleak.

Half of their men had already fallen, while these intruders on the other hand didn't lose a single person.

Why?

They gritted their teeth in pain and confusion.

Too bad, the soldiers had no time to care about their emotions.

Scott and 20 more soldiers decided to advance, while the rest stayed around the exit to prevent others from escaping.

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Scott quickly made his way fight his way through the many knights protecting Nopline and the rest, until he was met face to face with John.

Since he was one of the 4, he had to capture him alive because it was not his place to seek revenge or pass judgement on the fellow.

Only Micheal could do that now.

Plus, even though his face was all covered in dirt... Scott could still see that he was similar to one of the target pictures in their mission file.

That's right!

His majesty had already given them profile pictures of Nopline and the rest so that they should never let them go, just in case Micheal wasn't in one of their teams during the battle.

"John, be careful!" Kamara yelled anxiously while watching her beloved battle Scott!.

Her heart bled in fear over his life.

'Pah! Pah! Pah!'

John dropped his word and decided to fight Scott hand to hand.

He had been watching him all this time, so he felt somewhat confident.

And being the smart person he was, he had just realized that his best chance of beating this man down with his fists.

He didn't believe that he wouldn't be able to knock out this fellow's teeth.

After all, even though he was somewhat leaner and thinner than his deceased brother (Micheal), he had been training for the past 33 years from the age of 7.

So how could this 28~31-year-old looking man be better than him?

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"Boy!

Do you know who I am?

Do you know my nickname?

Heh... I since you want to play so badly, then I don't mind giving you a lesson.

Come, boy!

I'll show you what real fighting is all about.

Taste my fist!!" John said coldly before sending a fierce punch towards Scott's right cheek.

At the same time, he quickly followed that up with a kick.

But Scott dodged both attacks calmly and swiftly punched John's belly.

John blocked it, but didn't have time to block what was coming next.

'Pah! Pah! Pah!'

Scott held his fist and delivered a triple kick on his face.

"You!...

You actually dared to hit me on the face?

You dared to slap my face?

I want you to die!!"

John came fiercer than ever and the fight went on again.

They battled for a bit with John only landing a single hit on Scott.

"You son of a b\*\*ch!"

'Pah!'

Scott kicked his right knee making Scott kneel in pain.

"Hey, old man.

If you're going to give me a lecture while fighting, then I rather you not.

After all, it's best for you to save your energy and hit me at least one more time before I reconstruct your face.

Right, old man?

"You! You! You!

I'll kill you!"

John yelled and ran towards Scott angrily.

"You good-for-nothing..."

'Pah!'

"You'll burn in hell for..."

'Pah!"

'You!..."

'Pah!'

"Stop! Stop!"

'Pah!'

"Stop..."

'Pah!'

"Brother?"

'Pah! Pah! Pah! Pah! Pah!'

' \_ '

[John: I give up alright? Can you stop?

Scott: No!

Pah! Pah! Pah!

Audience: (-\_-)]

### **Chapter 740 - An Imposter**

'Pah! Pah! Pah! Pah! Pah!'

' \_ '

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The battle within the palace went on for quite some time until all knights had been subdued.

Both soldiers outside the building, as well as those working with Scott, had now won victoriously.

Only a handful of soldiers got injured with arrows, while the enemy lost woefully.

65% died while the rest remained injured.

They had no choice but to surrender because there wasn't much that they could do about it.

And while the other prisoners were properly handcuffed and guarded, Nopline and the rest had been dragged out of the passageway to the main hall on the floor they were currently at.

'Plop!'

Nopline, Kamara, John and Lecter stared unwillingly at the men who had forced them to kneel disgracefully.

Their faces looked haggard, as if they had been journeying in the desert for years.

And coupled with the dirt and charcoal that they had previously rubbed, they truly looked like slaves.

Their breathing became coarser, as their chests rose and fell in fury.

None of them had ever suffered such a demeaning blow to their pride as they did now.

Nopline was already in tears as he felt his fleshy knees become slightly numb.

Anger, resentment, unwillingness and pain were all the things he was feeling right now.

Kamara and the rest also felt the same too.

But what could they do?

They grumbled and whispered amongst themselves anxiously.

And soon, they saw a masked man walking alongside some other soldiers towards them.

At first glance, they knew that it wasn't crown prince Altar.

The figure was taller and sturdier than Altar's.

So who was he?

Nopline's eyes turned cold when he saw the figure.

Was this the bastard Landon Obley that he had been looking for?

As expected, the guy had targeted him from the beginning.

This bastard was truly hateful.

.

The moment the masked man stood before them, everyone's body turned nervous.

They could feel the man's hatred oozing out of him from a mile away and they didn't know why.

What the hell?

How and when had they offended this fellow?

They trembled silently, while the masked man just stood there looking at them calmly.

And even though they couldn't see the guy's face, they could still feel his rage.

But why did the man feel so familiar?

John gritted his teeth and lifted his face to stare at the masked man.

"Noble Sir, who might you be?

And in what way the Teriquen empire offended your noble self to the point where you have to reel havoc to our empire's palace?



If our tiny empire did offend you in any way, then I promise that I, Duke John will give you an explanation and compensate you to your heart's content!" John said heroically.

Since this person wasn't Altar, then it meant that they still had a chance to turn things around.

Provided they could please this man, then they would be safe right?

In the meantime, Nopline was silently panicking.

He knew it!

These bastards who he had looked after for all these years would readily sacrifice him once if they knew that this man was out to get him.

Thinking like this, he couldn't help but look at John and the rest in disdain.

What a bunch of backstabbers!

.

John waited for the masked man's response, but all he got was silence.

His smile crumbled and his face became slightly embarrassed.

He felt like digging a hole and holding in it.

F\*\*\*!

Wasn't this guy too much?

John felt like the masked man hated him more from amongst them which left him baffled.

'Bro... when did I ever offend you?'

John thought for a while and couldn't remember offending anyone as powerful as this masked man.

What was up with this dude?

The silence made Kamara and the rest antsy.

And soon, they couldn't take it anymore.

"Please Noble sir, we promise to give you an explanation and compensate you properly.

This is our promise as Teriquen royals."

"Oh?

Then my dear wife and brother, why don't you tell me how you intend to properly right all your wrongs?"

John, Kamara and everyone else turned pale from fright when the masked man took off his mask.

"You... you... don't come any closer.

How is this possible?"

"You should've died a long ago.

Why are you still alive?"

"No! No! No!

I don't believe it!

You... you... you aren't my brother.

You're an impostor!"

"Yes!

That must be it.

He's an imposter who wants the throne.

This is all a plot to put yourself on the throne, isn't it?

I know my late husband's body during his last years.

He was weak, sick and as thin as a twig.

And even long before that when he was fine, he still wasn't as huge as you.

So who are you?

You are not my late husband.

You are an impostor!"

"You fake!

My late father left me with the throne and now you lowly imposter wants to pry my throne from my hands?

No way!

Everyone must know that you're fake!

He's fake! He's fake! He's fake!

I, his majesty Lecter Parcely am the real Teriquen monarch.

So don't even dream of it!"

" "

.

Micheal looked at the hysterical people kneeling before him and felt it funny.

They had really gone mad just from seeing his appearance alone.

As for him not looking the same in terms of body size, that was probably because he worked out and followed a special diet that buffed him up like a superhero.

He was larger and felt stronger than before.

Again, he understood why they still doubted him and thought that his face was fake.

That was because many assassins and spies were still masters of disguise.

Of course, face masks didn't exist yet.

So assassins would physically paint their faces and even attach all sorts of hair from animals to create facial hair and whatnot.

They could even create a fake mole and many other deformities from their skills.

Paint, hair, charcoal, wheaten flour, crushed flowers and many other popular medieval makeup skills were used by these assassins to sneak their way in and out at times.

But, if they should ever be met with rain or water, then everything might wash up.

Knowing this, John and the rest felt like the Micheal before them was an imposter.

Yes!

He was an imposter after their throne!!

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"You're definitely an imposter.

My late husband was poisoned by one of the deadliest poisons of all that doesn't have a cure.

So how can someone like that magically heal up and transform from a twig to a giant?

Do we look like children to you?

You are undoubtedly a fake!" Kamara said while shaking her head and with her eyes wide open.

She and the rest were so shocked that they had forgotten that they were captives.

Who wouldn't be?

Someone who they found dead had come back to life after all this while.

No matter anyone's string ability to adapt to arising situations, if a person's dead relative suddenly rose from the dead... it would cause shock, panic, fear and all sorts of emotions to let loose.

Some might run for their lives, while others might scream and even confess to any offence that they had done towards that person.

And amidst all 4 of them, Nopline was the one who wanted to run for his life the moment he saw Micheal's face.

If not for the fact that his hands get handcuffed behind his back, and the fact that his knees were slightly numb, he would've already made a run for it.

All he kept whispering was the word: Ghost!

His voice was so low that no one could hear him at all.

That was how stunned and frightened he was.

After all, he was also the one who got the poison and gave it to Kamara to do the deed.

And coupled with so many things that he had done behind the scene against Micheal for the past decade, he truly thought that Micheal was here for his life.

"Ghost, Ghost, Ghost!

You stay away from me.

Ghost!!!"

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