

TECHNOLOGY 871

### **Chapter 871 - Into The Enemy's Base**

Din! Din! Din! Din! Din! Din! Din!

Peew Peew Peew Peew.

As Vincent's unit slowly advanced, another unit began snipping the event scouts on the trees, bushes and so on.

And after taking care of the scouts, another team swooped in, hid the bodies, wore their outfits over their uniforms and pretended as if nothing happened.

With this, Vincent's unit, which also disguised themselves, calmly passed through as if they belonged to the base.

With thousands and thousands of enemies here, it was impossible for these people to know everyone.

And the fact that Vincent and the rest can calmly walk in means that the enemy scouts and those on the lookout knew them, further proving that they belonged here.

More importantly, almost everyone was fascinated by the strange glowy light phenomenon way up in the sky that distracted them the last few nights.

So many theories had come up, estimating that he might be the sign of a birth of a new king or whatnot.

At least that was the latest gossip that kept them filled the base.

But while they were somewhat lax, Vincent and his unit steadily went in, with the excuse of being hungry and in dire need of food.

They also joined those who talked about the phenomenon and even cracked a few jokes here and there.

So far, so good.

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"Hahahahhahahaha!

I knew it.

The fact that these glowy stars are above us means that our leader, his highness Winston will be the future king.

Look!

Even the stars in the sky now down to his highness.

That's why they're here to watch over us."

"Wa

His highness is amazing!

If the heavens can recognize him, then that means that we followed the right person.

Hahahhahahahah!

I'm sure those idiots who blindly followed the first prince will be very shocked and frightened when they realize that our master is a star chosen by the heavens."

"That's right.

Our master is the greatest!"

Everyone gleefully bragged about their master while Vincent's unit scattered around as planned.

Oh my God, he was actually in enemy territory!

Vincent tried to calm his heart while following a few more men in his unit towards the kitchen.

From the report from the nearby villages, as well as what they had observed these past few days, many women and children were taken by force to be cooks or bedmates while these people wanted for the battle to begin.

They used their privileges and claimed that these women and children were just fulfilling their duty as Deifer Women, which was to provide service and make the knights happy.

After all, weren't women just meant to raise, take care of and birth strong Deifer warriors?

Even the poetry, calligraphy, singing, dancing, and everything else that they learnt was to be used to entertain their husbands whenever asked.

So these women should be happy that they were even given a chance to cook and warm the bed of the men who belonged to Deiferus' future Monarch.

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Vincent, who was now close to the kitchen, began walking tiredly.

He walked as if he was about to drop dead any minute from now.

Bam.

He fell just beside the bonfire that had several others gathered around, either sleeping, eating or gossiping.

To blend in even more, he quickly seized a cup of rum from one of the already scared girls who were passing around distributing food.

"Give it to me!"

"S-s-s-sorry." The poor girl stammered and quickly handed it over.

"Hahahahahaha!"

Brother, are you trying to get this one too?

Pui!

I heard she was as stiff as a log and nothing to enjoy about."

"Really?"

"Yeah. It's true.

She's a dead one.

But what are we going to do?

We have to manage what we have, so I guess she can do."

"Hahahhahahaha!"

Everyone laughed and joked about their experiences with the ladies.

Vincent laughed and following the 14-year-old girl playfully.

Looking at his demeanour, everyone knew that he wanted the little lassie tonight.

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"Stop!"

The young girl turned around in fear.

These past few days had been hell for her.

Sometimes, she would satisfy 5 men at once, and other times, it would be 2.

She had been tossed, turned, slapped, beaten and badly bruised because these men found pleasure in it.

She knew that it was a woman's duty to take care of the knights since the women officially belonged to the empire until they got married.

Of course, no man would marry those that pleasure another knight, which left these victimized women in a pickle.

Because once they got home, they would be driven to desperation, so much so that many chose to continue the lifestyle since even one already saw them as a vixen.

Some committed suicide under pressure while others chose to leave their homes and settle very far away where no one knew them.

There, they would start a brand new life.

Bottom line, the future for these women was typically very saddening.

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The poor girl shivered when she saw Vincent playfully approaching her.

"Y-y-you... What do you want?"

I was told that I could have this night to rest since I'm on kitchen duty."

Vincent just smiled, came close to her ears and whispered.

"Don't be afraid.

Just play along.

We are here to save you."

The girl's eyes open in shock.

She didn't believe it at all

Was this some sort of new game that these people were coming up with so that they could raise her hopes, only to crush it in the end?

Even at that, what could she do?

Her faith was already sealed.

Vincent looked at her and knew her thoughts.

"I know you do not believe me now, but it's true.

His Highness Prince Henry and his majesty, Landon Barn, sent us."

"Us?"

The girl followed this gaze and saw someone nodding slightly.

Was it true?

The moment she heard Landon's name, she felt hope swell within her.

Who didn't know that his amnesty Landon Barn was the father of the helpless, needy and oppressed?

"You... Are you serious?"

"Yes.

I know you have doubts.

But right now, you have no choice but to trust me.

Do you want to live and die here unwillingly, or would you rather take this chance and see for yourself.

As I said, I'm here to rescue every one of you.

But for that, I need your help."

### **Chapter 872 - Femme Fatale**

Myla called her heart and decided to play along.

Over 15 girls have already died due to being pleased day in and day out with almost no rest.

She was already in hell, so why not take a chance?

She bit her lip firmly and nodded slightly in agreement.

Alright, all she had to do was play along.

"Y-y-you... I already said that today's my free day."

Vincent held her firmly, while she on the other hand, began struggling.

"Hahahahahahahahah."

Many saw this behaviour as usual and began laughing while enjoying her struggling like a little rabbit caught by a big bad wolf.

With that, the duo strategically left the scene.

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"Alright.

How many of you were taken?"

"102, sir?"

But 15 are already dead."

"Hmm."

Vincent held her hand and pulled her along vigilantly until they came close to 5 huge tents that were just like those massive canopies that could fit at least 20 people in each.

Vincent stepped in playfully and came face to face with a bunch of men grinding and exhausting the women in the tent.

Dammit!

This was a problem.

He casually went to the other tents and realized that the situation was more or less the same.

The women had no lives while in the camp.

Either they cooked, distributed food, cleaned themselves up or started in the canopies.

They weren't allowed to do anything else or go anywhere else.

Vincent looked at Myla and nodded before yawning exaggeratedly.

And right on cue, someone called him while Myla went into one of the tents.

"Brat!

Where have you been?

Aye!

Old Ganda wants to tell his stupid jokes again."

One of the men in his unit placed a hand over his shoulders and dragged him away.

Seeing this, Myla knew what to do.

She strategically discovered playfully to her fellow sisters, and just like that, the word passed on.

When one woman or girl was informed of the plan, she would strategically leave the men and another who already knew the plan would take her place in keeping the enemy knights satisfied.

And while the men were in ecstasy, some women already began collecting the men's clothes.

Others tied their hair like a man's while riding on the man they were on.

Not too long after everyone began preparing, Captain Jennie and 3 other women in the unit were dragged into the tents by the soldiers in the unit.

Anyone who saw this would think that they were just one of the women within the camp.

Jennie whispered playfully in one of the lady's ears and carefully distributed some items around.

As of now, some of the men in the unit had also strategically surrounded the place.

Some acted tired and laid on the ground, while others just gossiped and praised Prince Winston instead.

But no matter what they did, their eyes never left these tents for one second.

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One of the enemy knights currently being serviced by 3 women couldn't help but feel like a king.

Oh?

Finally, these ladies had learned to be more submissive.

These days, they had to slap them, pinch them and do so much just to get them to give in.

But now, it seems like these women finally know their place as servicers for knights.

This was the service that they deserved.

After all, when war comes, who else would be willing to fight for these women?

It was a win-win situation for all.

These 3 women massaged and kissed him all over, leaving him in bliss.

"Yes... Yes... That's it."

He closed his eyes to enjoy the feelings that overwhelmed him.

But who could tell him why he felt pain instead?

Pshu.

He opened his eyes in shock to realize that a dagger had been sent right through his throat by the woman on top of him.

His eyes dilated as he struggled to move or yell for help.

But the other 2 that also serviced him covered his mouth and held him down.

'HMMMMMMMMM'

He muffled loudly, but the women screamed in ecstasy to cover up his sounds.

Even the manner in which the women surrounded him blocked anyone from seeing what was truly going on.

The enemy knight felt his body growing weaker by the second, and his breathing was heavier as well.

He tried taking in air through his mouth since his nostrils didn't seem to let in any.

With his mouth covered, he felt like he was drowning in a deep sea.

Nothing was going to his brain, and his body was failing.

F\*\*\*!

He was unwilling!

How can a man die in the hands of a woman?

Generally, he was always a vigilant person.

And even though many empires had already been letting women join in battle, many Deifer knights belonging to the high-ranking nobles still believed that it was ridiculous.

Women were there to breed strong warriors, continue the family lineage and entertain their husbands.

So how can a 14-year-old girl pit him?

1,2,3,4,5.

In a span of 5 seconds, he was gone.

But did these ladies dare to relax?

Not a chance!

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"Quickly, we only have 3 minutes to leave."

The women in all tenets wore the male clothes of these men and tired stings distributed earlier around their waists and h.i.p.s to make the clothes fit them more.

Following that, they rubbed dirt all over their bodies because, unlike the men... ever since they got here, they had been required to take baths twice a day since they would be servicing people a lot.

Additionally, they needed to remain pretty for maximum pleasure during intimacy.

After all, no one wanted to sleep with something that smelt like an Ogre or was dirty.

So from far away, the men could always spot these women because they had long hair and were way cleaner than those in the can't, leaving their skins glowing.

Now, the ladies had mellowed down that glow and tied their hair as men did.

Jennie and a few others had previously passed along some fake mustaches made from sheep hair, dyed black and trimmed.

Some even had placed them on their chests to show that they had very thick chest hair, while others stuffed their chests, sides and backs with fake pillows to make them look bigger.

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Time moved quickly, and soon, 3 minutes was up.

Vincent and 5 others entered one of the tents.

"Remember!

Walk like a man, act tough and let your voice be rough.

Only by blending in properly can we successfully escape without any delays.

Is everyone ready?"

The women nodded thoughtfully.

"Alright then, let's go."

Now was time for the hard part.

### **Chapter 873 - Escaping From The Base**

Vincent and 5 others had already divided all 19 women amongst themselves.

So each person would look after 3 people, with one person looking after just 4.

The girls had said that their tent usually had 23 girls sleeping inside.

And from the gist, the rest were on kitchen duty.

But Vincent wasn't worried because he knew that some of the people in his unit would handle it.

For now, his priority was to get them out.

When they came in with the excuse of going for a night meal, Vincent had purposely shown his face to the guards there.

So now, with him exiting the camp, they would just assume that he was going back to his duty post, along with some of the scouts.

But all that was later on.

Now, they had to worry about leaving the tents and making it to the exit safely.

And they had to do so swiftly because it wouldn't be long before someone comes over to get some fun from these girls.

By then, the entire base would go crazy.

Everyone strategically stepped out of the tents with a space of 1 full minute between each.

Of course, to make it even more believable, some of the soldiers and Henry's men, who were secretly guarding the place, also went in and out of the tent too.

Why?

It would look too suspicious if no one were going in after this long.

Everyone prepared themselves to leave anxiously.

Vincent seemed calm, but in reality, he was very much afraid as this was his first time doing such a job.

His fingers started trembling, and he quickly pinched his thighs to dismiss his fear with pain.

What if he fails?

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"Hahahahahaha.

Bro, today I've taken my fill again."

Vincent patted Myla as if she was a man while talking to all 3 ladies and walking out of the tent.

Even though the women were very much afraid, seeing his behaviour and knowing that they were soon out, they dared not miss this opportunity for freedom.

So Myla and the other 2 ladies joined in while making their voices as deep as possible.

They just repeated the words they've heard these men say after getting intimate with them.

"Bro, you're not the only one who has taken my fill.

But ahhh... That girl is really something else."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean, she's a dead fish!

But after showing her who's boss, she dare not deny me again."

"Heh.

What choice did she have?"

All she can do is kneel and beg for my holy liquid.

Hahahahhahahaha."

The women spoke and felt even more energetic when they remembered their previous experiences.

It was enough to make anyone burn in rage.

Their self-worth had been crushed severely that some of them had once thought of suicide.

Wasn't it better to die by their own hands rather than these men?

Just yesterday, a 10-year-old girl had died after they tossed her over for 5 hours straight with people going in and out of the tents as they wished.

Believe it or not, the daytime was their busiest time because at night, yelling and making too much noise might alert any enemy of the knight's whereabouts.

During the day, the noise echoed way less than during the quiet nights.

And even now, all this time, those who had been talking within the camp at night weren't yelling.

They just spoke at a controllably low tune or at times whispered.

So if these women started screaming in ecstasy, they'll take many people up or even invite enemies over.

Of course, these women still have to please others at night.

But the traffic was limited to a certain degree so that the women would control their voices and themselves.

No extreme fetishes or behaviours could occur now.

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Anyway, the poor 10-year-old girl was held down, whipped fiercely for pleasure and forced to please people for 5 long hours without eating or drinking anything.

She was very beautiful and was always one of the most desired.

So the people that wanted to spend time with her were a lot.

Unforbaturly, during the play, someone accidentally bashed her head roughly onto the ground after she kept begging for a rest.

And that's how she died.

Thinking of all they had been through, Myla and the rest really liked that his majesty Landon Barn would get justice for them.

Vincent tried to say more in the conversation.

But listening to these women, he felt them genuinely pitiful.

Sigh...

He quickly kept his emotions in check and rejoined them while talking about other things that might keep these women from crying now.

Doing so would only blow their cover.

The gang took big steps and walked along the busy base that seemed to have many people in clusters.

And just when Vincent and the girls were about to reach the exit point, some walked past them and stopped.

"You there.

Halt."

Buboom-Buboom-Buboom.

Everyone's heart was beating like crazy.

Did someone discover them?

Were they going to be caught?

What's going to happen now?

Vincent immediately snapped out of his thoughts and whispered to the ladies as well.

And like that, they acted as if they were dead tired while tilting their heads and squinting their eyes rather than opening them fully.

Jennie told them that squinting one's eyes was one of the best ways to cover up surprise expressions.

Plus, it would subconsciously remind them to stay in character.

With that, they continued squinting while pinching themselves hard.

What exactly did these people want?

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Vincent stepped ahead and waited for the leader of the clique to approach him.

The man's face was stern and unreadable.

Nonetheless, he looked like someone with high authority.

"Why are you going out only now?"

"Erm... We took permission from Pigoro at the gate to eat.

We were very hungry."

The man looked at them and sneered.

"Heh.

Do you think that I'll let you go if you took permission?

All of you will still get punished.

So after your duties tonight, I expect to see all of you kneeling before my tent.

And don't even think of escaping because I'll just get your names from the guards at the exit."

"We wouldn't dare."

"We wouldn't dare."

"Good.

Now get out of my sight!"

Hearing his command, Vincent and the others felt like they had just escaped some terrible fate.

They quickly ran away, and before they knew, they were out.

The ladies almost cried with joy.

They did it!

They escaped!

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Vincent had never felt so many emotions in his life before.

One could say that everything went very smoothly, but that was a lie.

He had over 15 stumbling blocks that he bypassed without anyone's help throughout the rescue.

There were times that his cover was almost blown, and there were times that he did exceptionally well.

This mission alone quickly made him realize some of his strengths and weaknesses.

And he realized that he didn't know very much about tactics and blending in.

If not for the Baymardians that briefed him earlier on, he would never have known such advanced skills.

Of course, while trying them out, he made many mistakes which he quickly corrected or got away with.

And many-a-times, the soldiers would step in to save him from his mistakes.

Everything was just so new and thrilling to him.

With Henry, all he ever did was run away and hide while praying not to get discovered.

But now, this was his first mission stepping out.

He was very delighted that his highness had decided to stop running and take a stand.

After all, how long could one keep running?

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Din Din Din Din Din

Vincent and the girls were out.

And shortly after that, several others came out strategically too.

With all mistakes out, they could finally blow the place up!

### **Chapter 874 - What's That Noise?**

The moment all rescue units confirmed their mission status as successful, now it was time for phase 2 of tonight's operation.

Instantly, several reports and commands were issued via their Walkie Talkies.

"Team Beta to Control Tower.

The puppies are free.

Preparing to move in now."

"Roger that team Beta.

Over."

"This is Ground Beta to all Beta Air forces.

The puppies are free.

Beginning phase 2 now."

"Roger that ground Beta."

We'll disperse and keep a lookout for any escapees.

Over."

"All right, men.

Let's move out!"

In a flash, the war table and vehicles with heavy machine guns advanced, while a certain group stayed behind in formation at a certain distance all around the camp.

This way, those that did manage to flee would still get caught by the soldiers.

Now, everyone was prepared for the grand finale.

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Drrrrrrrrrrrrhhhh

The noise from the moving vehicles disrupted the ever silent night within the camp.

Eh?

What the devil was going on?

Was there some sort of animal outside causing such a loud ruckus?

Many within the camp were very confused by these strange noises.

They began wondering if whatever it was threatening or not.

Because if it was, then how come not a single person out of the 600 watchmen or scouts had run back to report the matter.

And if it were really dangerous, those at the gates would have at least heard the screams or shouts echoing through the night if any of their men were in battle.

This was just too bizarre.

Or was this phenomenon just like the glowy stars above?

The sounds seem to come from all directions around the camp, so was this some sort of sign?

The enemy was utterly confused.

Enemy Commander Holt jumped out of bed and hurriedly wore his shoes while hopping.

And as he hastily dressed up, he attentively listened to his most trusted subordinates before him.

"Speak!"

"Commander, the sounds are getting louder, and we don't know what to do.

Nonetheless, whether this sound is a blessing or not, we have to confirm where it's coming from."

"Yes, Commander.

I personally think that if the sounds are getting louder, that means that something or some creatures are approaching our camp.

Maybe they're hungry and are in a very large pack.

But, I doubt that they would be able to climb through the towering walls of this abandoned merchant post."

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Holt wore his gloves and nodded in agreement.

Right now, they were in an abandoned merchant point.

What exactly was a merchant point?

It was typically a place where merchants could trade things amongst themselves or with nobles in secret.

Sometimes, what they traded was too valuable to be known to the public.

And they had too many in quantity.

So the client would meet them in a chosen merchant point to take them.

Merchant points were usually located in very isolated areas.

And most people chose to do it in the woods.

Why?

Because they could bring as many guards as they liked compared to cities or other places, which might make them stand out even more, calling unwanted attention instead.

For them, after leaving the merchant point, they could now disguise themselves as farmers and also create wagons with false bottoms to hide the products and take them into their estates.

This way, they wouldn't make heads turn in their various resident areas.

After all, their enemies were always watching their estates.

So it wasn't wise to have a merchant specifically deliver these goods in the open.

And that's where the merchant point comes into play.

The merchant point typically had a circular stone wall with just one gate to go in and out.

And within it, there were no used buildings.

Yup!

The buildings were just pillars with a roof.

Simple, yet very time efficient to complete.

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These merchant points commonly have just 1 or 2 of these pillar buildings in the whole place.

That's why if someone planned to sleep in here, they still needed tents.

As fate would have it, the enemy knights were currently in a merchant point that had been abandoned for 300 years now.

It used to be the go-to-place for those close to the Capital.

But now, there are several other places instead.

Moreover, this place was taken over by Winston's maternal great grandfather, who passed it on to his grandfather, who then passed it on to him since he was his mother's child and the most achieved grandson.

This has been the campsite for some of their operations, but they never turned it into a base because it was too risky.

Why?

That was because its position in nature would give it off

So it was a waste to build a base here.

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"Hmm.

Be it beast or even Ghosts; we have to take action now.

So are the men prepared?"

"Yes, Commander.

Everyone is currently making their way towards the gate."

"Good.

What about the gate itself?

Has it been closed yet?"

"This...

Commander, that's one of the reasons why I'm here.

From the report I just received from the guards, none of the watches have returned.

So do we still love them out?"

"Yes.

If there is any danger out there, they, as Deifer warriors, should be able to take it.

If they do die, then they would've died honourably.

I know that you're worried about our lack of watchmen after this, but at this point, that's the best plan of action now."

"But Commander, those watchmen were specifically trained for their duties.

So if we lose all 600, then won't we lose 8/10th of our scouts and watchmen?

How are we going to continue coping until we are requested for battle?"

"You see, my problem with you is that you only keep thinking about the future and forgetting about the present.

For all we know, we could be facing something severe.

So what's losing a few watchmen if it would let us see another day?

Don't forget.

We have over 17,000 people here.

So what's losing a measly 600 if it would keep the rest alive?

We are here, in wait for King Julius's death and assist our master in ascending the throne.

So if we all fall now, then wouldn't we have failed our mission?

In times like this, sacrifices must be made.

Do you understand what to do now?"

"Yes, Commander!"

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With that, they ran out to find the source of these strange noises.

What could it be?

### **Chapter 875 - Phase 2: The Blow Up!**

Meanwhile, as Holt and his gang were making their way towards the gate, the armed vehicles" were already closing in on the place.

The good thing was that the entire camp was fenced, so they wouldn't have to worry about a fire spreading and burning the entire forest.

That would be disastrous.

It's because of this that they couldn't begin firing until they were directly before the walls.

"This is BAF-12 (Beta Air Force) to Ground team.

The geese are concentrating around the gate.

I repeat, the geese are concentrating around the gate."

"Copy that.

Over."

Lieutenant Jenkins within the leading tank, smiled when he saw the barred gate that was hastily being lowered.

Heh.

They want to stop them from going in?

Not a chance.

Boom!

A terrible blinding light tore the enemy's eyes, followed by an ear-splitting sound that completely shook their core.

The sound of the explosion echoed painfully as if it were the anguished cry of the Gods.

Hot, hot, hot.

The air was as hot, making the enemies within the gate tunnel struggle to breathe.

They were completely engulfed by Orange-blackish flames that seemed to devour their very being.

W-w-w-what was going on?

Slish.

"Ahhhhh!"

Pieces of the barred metal gate flew right into their bodies at an incredible speed that slashed several body parts off.

The explosion created a mysterious force that yanked and threw them far away uncontrollably.

Their bodies trembled as blood continuously forced its way out of their mouths.

Pluh.

In not more than 10 seconds, those within lethal range of the attack were dead, while those at mid-range came out with a few internal and external injuries here and there.

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Holt, who had just arrived at a safe distance, stared at the rising smoke from the gate tunnel in a daze.

He had never heard that kind of thunderous sound before unless lightning struck.

And the destruction level, coupled with the spine-chilling sounds, made him inward grow pale.

But the night sky was so clear and bright.

So he had to rule out the possibility that this was caused by lightning.

But if not, then was it possible that it was an enemy?

Dammit!

No matter who they were or what ghosts had come to terrorize him, he was ready to fight them till the very end.

"Quickly!

Get to the wagons at the end of the camp and bring overall barrels of black powder."

"But Commander, we were planning to use that when we evade the Capital City."

"Shut up!

Are you the Commander, or am I the commander?

Do what I say now!"

Holt was spitting fire at the men as he yelled and rained several commands at them.

"Archers, take position here and fire at anything that dares to set in.

Another set should station themselves over there.

You morons!

What the hell are you still standing here for?

If you've already been told what to do, then hop to it!"

"Yes, Commander!"

"Warriors.

Ready your swords, and stay in formation.

Everyone, the enemy might burst through the tunnel any moment from now.

So be on guard!"

And right on cue, the war tanks appeared.

The moment they saw the tank's long nose, they instantly took action.

They didn't know what it was since its body was still within the thick smoke from the previous explosion.

But seeing the long nose suspending in the air gave them chills.

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"Shoot! Shoot! Shoot!

Shoot that thing now!"

Thup Thup.

Thup Thup.

Arrows upon arrows flew towards the table like crazy.

The air was tense and the enemy was anxious.

Fear crawled like a spider, threading its web of terror in their hearts.

They shot and shot with everything that they had, hoping that whatever was shredded by the thick fog would die already.

But how could things be that simple?

Boom Boom Boom Boom!

Lieutenant Jenkins in the leading tank threw several ground-shattering shots at them in all directions.

And after that, he quickly stepped to the side, giving room for the other tanks to make their way towards their destinations as planned.

Boom.

The first line of archers were sent flying into the air like ants, and their so-called formation was broken in a matter of seconds.

Amidst their destruction, the thing that made them anxious was because till now; they hadn't seen the cause of their suffering yet.

Can you stop attacking us, and at least let us see you?

Those that were on the verge of death felt very hurt by this fact.

Who would like dying without knowing the culprit that led to their demise?

These proud Deifer men were very much unwilling.

But what did that have to do with the soldiers?

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Jenkins went straight ahead, alongside 4 other tanks in formation.

He cleared the land, raised the ground and shattered everything within his path.

The enemy had roughly 15000 if not 17000 men, while they were not even up to a thousand, but had heavy artillery with them.

Now, it was time to go crazy within these walls.

Boom Boom Boom Boom.

Anguish screams came from within the mist.

"Ahhhhhhhhh!"

Those within only yelled out in pain and never dared to voice out their injuries.

If it were another empire, the people might scream: My leg!... or something like that.

But these Deifer men believed that doing so would make them weak.

Their ego wouldn't let them.

So all they could do was scream in the manliest way ever before dying.

Holt was in despair when he saw the results after the smoke had cleared up in some places.

What made him even more alarmed was that, just now, he had been smacked on the face with a finger.

Pah.

The scene he saw was one that he would never forget in his entire life.

The battlefield had become a graveyard of the unburied and the injured.

The sight before him really took his breath away.

The ground had been uprooted, forming several deep holes.

One could also see a lot of severed body parts too.

The men were the most pitiful.

The ground was dyed red as the foul stench of blood filled the place.

How was this possible?

Holt trembled and slowly took several steps back before filling making a run for it.

No matter what, he had to escape.

His highness Winston must be informed.

And where were the bastards that he sent to get the barrels of black powder?

Boom Boom Boom Boom.

Everyone was in hell!

### **Chapter 876 - Why Is It You?**

Boom Boom Boom Boom.

Everyone felt like they were In hell.

The people were flying left, right and centre, in all directions.

And those who went to retrieve the barrels weren't in a better position as well.

From the place where they left, it would take 10 minutes on horseback to get to where the black powder was located... and another 15~20 minutes back since the horses would be pulling the wagons of black powder.

But the thing was that the second they left, the tanks came in.

So as they advanced, they were still in danger of getting shot by the tanks.

Boom.

As they advanced, just behind them, countless explosions occurred, which drained the life off their faces.

Just who had they offended?

Under the rain of terror, Hibon gritted his teeth and led his horse forward in a zig-zag pattern.

"Hurry up!

Follow my lead!

We have to get those barrels fast before it's too late.

This is our only chance of beating whatever is attacking us!"

Everyone nodded and quickly chased Hibon while moving haphazardly.

They galloped towards the tents that stored the barrels as fast as they could.

Soon, everyone's eyes lit up the moment the tent's figure could be seen.

Their eyes glowed as if they had just seen their salvation.

Maybe they could turn the tides?

.

They hastened up towards the tent.

But suddenly, just when they were in very close proximity to it, the enemy fiercely made its move.

Boom!

"Watch out!!!!!"

A more thunderous sound broke their ears, and everyone, including their horses, were sent flying.

Of course, the soldiers dared not blow up the tent because from the words of those who came in earlier, there were over 60 barrels of black powder there.

If they should accidentally block it up, the results would be astronomical.

One could imagine how deadly such a thing would be.

Bam.

The heat, combined with the deadly waves from the attack, made Hibon and his men feel like crying.

Some people fell on the horses, softening their impact.

But at the same time, they became shields for these creatures.

And in other cases, some of the heavy horses fell on the men instead, blocking some of the injuries that they could've had.

Of course, some were fully separated midair from their horses and landed further away.

The horses that survived quickly got up and stamped over the men without a care in the world.

What a joke!

At this point, it was every man for himself and every horse for itself.

'Hee-he-he-hee'

The slightly injured horses got up and dashed away from the scene in hopes of finally an exit out of this death hole.

And the men who saw this felt even weaker.

How far could they run on foot when they were already in this condition?

.

Boom.

The entire camp screamed in agony as they felt the terror of the Gods touch their very cores.

Why?

Why didn't they see that the cluster glowy stars from before were an ominous sign?

The heavens had already warned them, and yet, they didn't think it through.

Why them?

Why?

Everyone was going crazy with their current predicaments.

Wasn't the sign of those glowy stars a good thing?

Why them?

What do they do now?

At this point in the battle, many managed to see their enemy properly.

The results gave them great shock and resentment.

Only one place can create metal carriages.

So how could they not know their enemy now?

They felt like these bastards were very sneaky.

The entire continent thinks that they rely on Carona.

But who would've known that they had this kind of power up their sleeves?

Wasn't this akin to bullying?

More importantly, what did they ever do to them that made these Baymardians leave their empire, sail all the way here and hunt them down?

What deep hatred did they have with them?

The whole thing left a bitter taste in everyone's mouth.

They were very resentful.

.

Enemy Commander Holt was going crazy from the scene before him.

He gripped his hair anxiously before angrily dropping one of his aides.

"Nicodemus.

Where the hell are they?

Why aren't they here yet with the black powder?

Just look at it!

I thought you said that those men that you trained were outstanding.

So why haven't they returned?

Ahhhh.

All of you are useless!"

Pah.

A solid slap brushed against Holt's face leaving him in disbelief.

"You dare slap your superior?"

"Commander, with all due respect, you seem to have forgotten that I used to be your superior.

So don't you think that I deserve respect too?

We are in the midst of war, and here you are, screaming like a shrew?

Don't you know that as Deifer men, we must always keep calm?

Has the pressure really gotten to you?

Look at yourself!

The men below you aren't even screaming or complaining.

But here you are talking like an idiot.

I've said once, and I'll say it again.

You should've never been Commander.

You don't know how to lead, and you're incompetent."

Holt glared at the person before him and raised his hand to strike him down.

But Nicodemus blocked it and tripped him instead.

"You!

When we get out of here, I'll make sure that his highness punishes you for disrespecting your superior!"

"Heh.

The premise is that we get out of here.

But looking around, do you think that it's possible?"

Holy got up from the ground, stared at Nicodemus coldly and sneered.

"Just because you can't doesn't mean I can't!

This is the difference between you and I.

This is why I was able to make you step down and take your position as Commander." Holt arrogantly said, before turning his attention to the few men beside him.

"Everyone!

Follow me; I'll lead us out!

Soon, we will see his highness, Winston."

With that, Holt took the rest and left.

Nicodemus shook his head in disappointment while looking at the stubborn Holt.

'What a fool.'

### **Chapter 877 - Operation Midnight Completed!**

Nicodemus just shook his head wryly and knelt silently.

Had he given up?

No!

But, his approach on the matter was different.

At times, they, Deifers, would infiltrate a place by allowing themselves to get taken as prisoners.

And on the way to the dungeon, they would find a way to escape.

For Nicodemus, this was the best option at the moment.

Why?

Because if the enemy could come in like this, that meant that they had already surrounded the entire outside territory to a certain extent.

Additionally, they didn't know how many the enemy had brought in.

So the odds were against them.

That's why Nicodemus preferred to play along and find a way to escape and report his findings to his highness Winston before it was too late.

He didn't care about his life and death but only wanted to ensure that the message went access.

As for Holt reporting him to Winston, he didn't bother about his threats too.

Firstly, he was almost certain that Holt's approach wouldn't yield any fruits.

Holt liked force and took everything head-on.

The guy's ego was so big that it could probably cover the entire Pyno continent.

One should know that even though there were strict rules for them to follow, everyone had different personalities.

Of course, the leaders tried to pit them against one another to toughen them up.

But deep down, many still had their original personalities.

Some were scheming, while others were easygoing, too arrogant and selfish.

And Holt, who felt like he was Heaven's son, couldn't stand being under him.

So he devised a scheme that left him injured for 3 years.

And by the time he came back, Holt had been promoted, and his entire team was now under him.

Ever since then, Holt had always made things hard for him.

That in a nutshell, was how their relationship was.

.

As for Holt and few others, they were currently running over numerous dead bodies, lifeless horses, large pits and so on.

So far, they have been doing good.

"Hahahahhahaha.

I knew that following the commander was right.

After all, he has led us through countless battles."

"That's right!

This is nothing for our commander

Just look at how easy it is for him to lead us out?

The commander is mighty!"

"Our commander...."

Boom!

What?

Before they could even finish their rain of praises, they were directly hit by one of the attacks.

"Ahhhhhhh!"

Holt flew in the air, somersaulted, and landed horribly on his back.

Pain, pain, pain.

His body was in Pain!

Blood trickled down his ear, and a sword directly stabbed his thigh.

But most importantly, he felt like he had a lot of internal injuries.

He had been running away when he found himself suddenly carried into the air by a mysterious force.

Everything happened to him in slow motion as time seemed to move 20 times slower.

The raging flames engulfed him, and his body seemed to be breaking apart into tiny bits.

What's happening?

The moment he landed on the ground, he realized that his left hand and a chunk of his belly were no more.

Pluh.

He spat out blood and felt his body slowly giving up.

Why did it end like this?

Shrouded within the thick fog, he had so many unanswered questions.

Why?

Why did the Baymardians attack them?

He was very much unwilling to go down without at least dragging one of them with him.

But no matter how reluctant he was, the grim reaper was already at his doorstep

He felt his body's vitality drain more and more as he struggled to take in a whiff of air.

His body trembled in an attempt to push through his predicament.

Sadly, its efforts were all in vain because a few seconds later, he was gone.

Enemy Commander Holt was dead.

.

Henry, who was watching alongside Landon within one of the air balloons above, had cold sweat on his forehead.

The loud booming sounds, coupled with the dreadful screams, made one think the place was hunted.

If he hadn't seen it for himself, he would've never believed that such a thing would be possible.

The amount of damage those vehicles brought was awfully terrifying.

He felt like no one in the entire Pyno continent would be able to stand against Landon.

As for the other continues, he couldn't speak out yet because he didn't know if Baymard was more powerful than any of the empires in Morgany and vice versa.

Phew.

Luckily, he was on Landon's side, or else wouldn't his fate be the same as those below?

Rather than a battle, it looked like a one-side slaughter instead.

None of the soldiers had even shown their faces in the battleground, and the enemy people had already fallen to this state.

Henry looked at Landon pleadingly: "Brother, can you please not use these weapons within the Palace?"

" \_ "

Henry could already see how the entire place would be left to ruins at the end of it all.

By then, wouldn't the whole place have to be rebuilt?

Landon smiled wryly because this was the same thing Micheal requested when attacking Nopline in the palace.

He was so scared that he almost knelt with tears in his eyes and begged.

Sure, they wanted his help.

But not to the extent where everything would become ruins.

People say beggars can't be choosy, but they begged to differ.

What a joke.

If they left Landon to go haywire, then they won't even have a home at the end of it all.

.

The slaughter went on for a while until the enemy's group of thousands had reduced to about 103, with most just injured.

Of course, among the prisoners was Nicodemus, who managed to survive till now.

He willingly allowed himself to get caught in his of finding a way to escape later.

Again some had managed to go around the tanks and escape through the gate but were instantly taken down by those outside the walls.

At 3 A.M, the battle had officially come to an end, with all units and teams successfully returning to the base.

With that, operation Midnight was finally done and over with.

### **Chapter 878 - Julius' Fleeting Time**

With the battle over, all 103 prisoners were taken away, and the tents were also searched too.

The black powder was hauled away and given to Henry.

As for the dead bodies, they were gathered, searched and burnt.

Again, the women were given money found within the tents and enemy knights.

These women were asked to come to the Capital 5 days from now to get sorted out.

Yes, they would give them jobs that might take them out of their depression and provide them with self-worth.

What happened was not their fault, and quite frankly, they could start anew and become one of the pillars in Deiferus' new age.

With that, they sent another team to take these ladies to the nearest municipality other than the Capital, which was a village.

The soldiers met the village chief late at night and had paid him to let them stay in the village for the time being until they left for the Capital.

Everything was adequately settled, and everyone went back to the base.

The enemies within the city have no idea that a majority of their forces had been destroyed.

Soon, it'll be 6 A.M, and the Capital City's gates will open.

Today's mission was the most important one of all.

Future King Henry most ascend the Throne!

.

4 A.M

Those coming back for their missions quickly reported all that went down, while those who had to head towards the City's gates got up from their map, took cold showers to fully wake up, ate and began lining up for a brief meeting.

Landon and Henry chose to take quick naps and get up at 7 P.M instead.

Henry being the man of the hour, had to be present and refreshed when Julius Tudor dies at 10 A.M.

The people who were going in now, were only going in, to position themselves around the city and prepare for their arrival.

Henry yawned and quickly fell asleep.

Today was his big day.

Landon closed his room and warped straight into his space, and slept for hours and hours.

He too was exhausted.

Of course, he also gave Henry a pill that would make him feel very energized when he woke up later on.

This time he didn't buy it because he had leftovers from the last time he bought them 2 years back.

He bought a pill bottle from the system that had a total of 30 pills.

He gave one to Henry and told him that it would relieve his tiredness.

Henry just thought that it was one of those famous godly Baymardian pills that he heard about.

Other places use potions for treatment, but Baymard created something called a pill that he heard was very miraculous.

There were also things like cough syrups and whatnot.

He even heard that some pills dissolve in one's mouth like magic.

With that, the moment he took the pill, his eyes felt heavy, and all he wanted to do was sleep.

Right now, he was having the best sleep of his life

Just what did they put in these pills?

.

Time flew by before they knew it.

Soon, it was 9 A.M.

Within the palace walls, many had already gotten up and were once again listening to the reports of their shadow guards, who were asked to snoop around the palace vigilantly.

Eldora, who stayed in her former Courtyard within the palace, was very much displeased with her mother, who seemed to want her to support her brother.

"Mother, have you been listening to anything that I've said so far?

Just like queen Penelope, I will rule Deiferus and not Ulrich."

Queen Lilian was growing crazy with rage at this unfilial daughter of hers.

Other blood siblings support themselves.

But she wanted to go against her brother, who was the Crown Prince?

She had dreamt of the glory of having her son ascend the throne for decades now.

And in truth, she can't picture her daughter taking over this empire.

She angrily pointed at her stubborn daughter with trembling fingers.

"You-you-you!

Are you insane?

What do you know about ruling an empire?

You don't know anything about war, escape growing crazy and killing people here and there in the Capital.

Do you think that killing an enemy in battle is the same as killing the ordinary folks here in the city?

What do you know about war strategy?

Can you wield a sword?

Can you be better than your brother?

Women were made to birth strong warriors and nothing more.

You keep mentioning Queen Penelope, but I assure you, she's the only exception.

Why? Because she was raised like a man.

So what are you comparing yourself with her?

Are you a fool?!!!"

"MOTHER!

I don't need to know all these things now.

I can learn them after I take the throne.

I'm not here to seek your permission but to tell you that I'll be ascending the throne and not my brother."

Clap! Clap! Clap! Clap!

The loud of palms hitting one another echoed throughout the room.

"Oh?

My dear sister.

I didn't know that you have such aspirations."

Everyone turned to look at the dashing figure coming in.

It was Ulrich Tudor.

.

Ulrich smiled at his sister calmly.

Of course, he knew what she had been up to over the past few weeks since he got here.

From the reports, she also kept trying to make father write a verdict choosing her as the heir to the throne.

But so far, she kept failing and failing to do so.

Heh.

Like brother, like sister.

Both of them had the same aspirations.

Too bad, the throne can only be taken by one.

And that was himself.

"Sister, don't you think that you're a little too delusional?"

"Delusional?"

Eldora looked at her elder brother and smiled coldly.

With the forces she had outside, coupled with those in her estate within the Capital, she couldn't wait to crush this brother of hers who kept looking down on her.

"Brother, whether I'm delusional or not, only time will tell."

"Oh?"

It looks like my little sister has something up her sleeves."

"Call it whatever you like.

Only I will rule this empire, so I advise you to back off peacefully."

Mother Lilian couldn't take it anymore and looked at her daughter in disappointment.

"Eldora, stop It!

That's your brother!

Stop these delusional fantasies of yours

Your brother will be king, and that's that!"

.

Lilian was about to educate her daughter more when suddenly, someone hurriedly entered the room without announcing themselves.

Instantly, she channelled all her rage to him.

"You there!

How dare you barge on like that?!

Whatever you say better be good, or I'll have your head!

Well, what is it?

Spit it out!"

"Q-q-q-queen, prince, princess.

The king has requested the presence of all royals within the palace.

It appears that he would soon take his last breath."

--Silence--

### **Chapter 879 - Death Was Near**

"The king has requested the presence of all royals within the palace."

--Silence--

.

Has the time finally come?

Ulrich quickly passed a message to his guard to rally his men within the city.

Of course, someone else will also send word to those outside.

If the messenger left, then it would take about 7 more hours on horseback before his men outside arrived in the city.

But was he worried? Nope.

Why? Because he had 3/10th of his men inside the city already.

So they can hold back any troublemakers until the rest arrive.

All this time, he knew that Winston had men outside as well.

But if both sides engaged earlier, then they might just end up losing way more men, allowing people like his uncles, other brothers and sister to take advantage of the situation.

Nonetheless, he ensured that he double the number of men Winston had.

He had 33,000 men hidden outside, while an additional 11,000 were here.

He also knew how many men his sister had, as well as his uncles, 3rd brother Bonivier and the rest who wanted to take his crown.

But since he got here, no news of Henry entering into the Capital had been reported to him.

Could it be that the worthless fool had decided to give up?

He felt that this should be the case, but his heart was growing uneasy instead.

He was scared of people who were called trash because they were the most sneaky of them all.

Landon of Baymard, Sirius of Yodan, and many more had popped out of their shells and reigned supreme, showing that they were just pretending to be pigs when they were wolves.

He felt like if he didn't have Henry's head on a plate, he would never be able to rest his mind on this matter.

Just look at how that brother of his managed to escape his clutches last time and loot him of all his hold in that fortress?

He even gave the people illuminating powder, and now they think that one person took the entire team down back then.

That brother of his was the most dangerous of all.

.

In no more than 4 minutes, mother Lilian's maids became secret beauty agents.

They tied her hair, changed her outfit, gave her a large black royal clock, allowed several tiny bees in a tube to sting her lips, plumping it up, before grazing it with a clear Baymardian lip balm.

Nothing she wore was bright because she had to show that she was in depression since her husband was critically ill.

She quickly pinched her thighs and began crying, making the area around her eyes sore, red and swollen.

Looking at her, one would never have thought that she was the same person from earlier on.

Now, her voice was soft as a dormouse, and her face pale due to the power added.

She looked depressed as if she hadn't eaten for days.

Hey, anything to ensure that her son continues to be the crown prince.

She just hoped that there weren't any surprises when the verdict got read.

Ulrich looked at his mother and smiled.

He knew her true face.

But so what?

She was his mother, and he loved her dearly.

As for his sister, he couldn't be bothered whether she lived or died.

The only reason she was still alive was that he knew his mother would be depressed.

However, if she crossed the line this time, then he would have no choice but to eradicate her.

.

The trio left the courtyard, entered mother Lilian's carriage, and drove towards the largest and tallest building within the palace.

This was Julius' place.

Of course as they advanced, their guards also followed them too.

And along the way, they spotted 3rd Prince Bonivier and his mother's carriage, 4th Prince Joffrey alongside other royals like his uncles; Duke Bulkington and Duke Osias, who have been staying in the palace ever since, refusing to go.

Today, they would all be gathered as a family for the first time in over 13 years.

Instantly, the air was tense.

Everyone looked at each other dangerously while secretly plotting as well.

They rode straight for the building and came out one by one.

All queens wore either black or darkish grey to show their sadness.

They climbed the numerous steps and finally passed through the gigantic pillars before entering the building.

There, they entered a very grand hall.

And because they were coming, the servants had placed several couches for them to sit.

Each family had their own couch.

With that, Lilian hurriedly sat by the one closest to the empty throne chair brought in.

Ulrich smiled and sat beside her on the couch.

His sister Eldora did the same, and their youngest sibling, 15-year-old 9th princess Tatiana also sat with them.

On the other couches, like in the case with 4th prince Joffrey, the couch could only take 3 people comfortably, and they were 6 in number; himself, his mother and his 4 sisters, which were sets of twins.

So unless they squished in, they couldn't all fit, so the sisters stood behind the chairs while he sat.

.

Soon, the doors above open and several guards hurriedly rushed down.

Din Din Din Din Din Din.

They instantly filled the room, taking positions at all angles.

And following that, several men came down the stairs lifting a chair that had Julius on it.

"Husband!"

"Father!"

Everyone went down on bended knees before the thin, frail figure that appeared.

Julius was so pale that he looked like a skeleton.

Those who knew that Winston poisoned him, couldn't help but feel amazed by the results.

He looked like the dead already.

Almost all his hair had fallen out.

And coupled with his thin pale head, the crown looked exaggerated big on his head.

His garments that once fitted his body, giving him a majestic vibe, now looked oversized for him.

The man looked like he was in a lot of pain.

And all this was caused by his son.

But even to this day, he still didn't know who poisoned him.

Of course, he greatly suspected his brothers instead since his sons were always far away in their own territories.

And his brothers always made suspicious moves.

Many-a-times, he had caught assassins who were paid by his brothers.

So all fingers always pointed to them.

It's just that this time, unbeknownst to him, it was his son that poisoned him.

.

"You may sit," Julius said in a frail voice.

With that, everyone did as they were told and looked at him sadly.

But hidden within their gaze were happiness and anxiousness.

It was time for the empire to have a new Monarch!

### **Chapter 880 - The Verdict**

9:40 A.M.

Within the room, all the women were crying, while the men looked heartbroken.

"My wives, my children, brothers...

Please, don't weep for me.

It pains my heart to see you all so sad.

But you must be brave and strong because I know that my time is up." Julius said lovingly while cooling at his children warmly.

All his children were here except for one, Henry.

Thinking about this son of his, he couldn't help but feel disappointed even till now.

Back then, he intentionally added to the boy's problems by making him a punching bag for Ulrich.

He wanted to lower Henry's confidence so that he would end up working alongside Ulrich as his lackey in future.

Ulrich has always been his most beloved son.

So he wanted a very obedient person by his beloved son's side.

The problem was that when Henry was 15, he gave him advice to go work for Ulrich.

But the fool chose the second option, and that was to have his territory.

That day, Julius was so mad that he slapped Henry hard and sent him off without any formal coming of age party.

All his hard work with the boy had gone down the drain.

Thinking about it now, he was glad that the fool didn't come to see him because it would only make him die faster.

How could someone be so hateful?

There was a time that Julius felt like Henry wasn't his because out of all his sons, Henry was the weirdest and weakest.

Even the sons behind him could do better.

He seriously suspected that the boy's dead mother cheated on him with another.

In fact, the boy's entire maternal family pissed him off since they weren't easy to control.

And the moment his grandfather, the war legend, was accused of sending assassins to kill his wife, heh, he wasted no time and killed the fool without a fair trial.

Everything about Henry made his blood boil.

Julius felt delighted that he didn't show up today.

.

"Alright, some things have changed.

So before I pass, I'll read my verdict for the empire's future.

Guards, allow some of the nobles and court officials to come in now."

"Yes, your majesty."

The guards quickly did as they were told, and those outside were rushed in speedily.

And while that was going on, the royals were silently in turmoil.

Did father just say that there were changes?

Did this mean that Ulrich wouldn't be the heir?

They now felt like they had a chance, while Ulrich's face was dark.

What does father mean by this?

Hopefully, it wasn't what he was thinking.

Mother Lilian gripped her dress tightly while trying to hold her rage.

She too, hoped that it wasn't the case

Or had any of the other queens said something ill about her son to make Julius change his mind?

Eldora just leaned towards mother Lilian with a calm smile: "Mother, I told you, I will be ruler and not Ulrich. What do you think I've been doing every time I visited father?"

Lilian looked up to the sky and really felt like beating this shameless daughter of hers.

Ulrich looked at her for a bit before silently turning his attention back to Julius.

The court officials and high-ranked nobles who were here since 8 A.M greeted Julius and stood in the hall patiently.

Everyone stared at him intensely, not daring to make any sounds.

.

9:55 A.M.

"Everyone, I've gathered you all here to read my verdict before I pass on personally.

I, Julius Tudor, The current Monarch of the glorious empire of Deiferus, choose my son, Prince Joffrey...."

Eh?

Ulrich's face turned cold.

Yes!

Jeffrey almost jumped in the air with joy.

His heart felt as light as a butterfly.

Hahahhahahahaha.

In your face!

He was the heir!

Hahahahahhahahahaha!

He always knew father had a soft spot for him.

He always... Eh?

"I, Julius Tudor, choose my son, Joffrey Tudor, to aid my Son Winston Tudor in managing the empire."

--Silence--

Crack.

Something broke within Joffrey and his mother.

Joffrey in particular, felt like someone had poured cold water on him.

Aid Winston in managing the empire?

Didn't this mean that Winston was now king?

His eyes burned with rage while Winston tried his best to hide his smile while stroking his chin.

But unbeknownst to him, he too would have his heart chattered by his father.

"Prince Joffrey will be assigned the chief Constable in charge of criminal law in the empire and will directly report to Prince Winston, who will be the Chancellor of the law.

As for my 3rd Son, Prince Bonivier, he will be the official Dapifer, who will represent the future king outside the moire when needed.

My daughters, of course, should be married decently with all their dowries intact.

They are to receive monthly allowances until they are married off.

And for the rest of my sons that I haven't mentioned, all of you are already of age.

So you can continue overlooking your territories or come back and work for the future king.

My wives should also move out and live in their estates... All except one.

Everyone, I hereby announce that I, Julius Tudor, have appointed Crown Prince Ulrich as the heir of the throne upon my death.

And his mother, Queen Lilian, is to stay back and become the Queen Mother of the empire.

This is my verdict."

.

Ulrich and Lilian secretly smiled triumphantly.

For a moment, they thought their positions had changed.

But fortunately, the old geezer maintained his words back then when he made Ulrich crown prince.

Everyone else felt their blood boiling in rage.

Why raise their hopes only to crush it?

Joffrey, Bonivier, Winston, Eldora, Duke Bulkington and Duke Osias secretly looked at the duo viciously.

Who wanted to help Ulrich run the empire?

Nonsense!

They wanted to rule the damn place and not be someone's dog.

They scoffed and thought it didn't matter because they already knew that they would fight and battle it to the death.

No matter what, they had to take the crown!

9:59 A.M

Cough, Cough, Cough.

Julius started coughing like crazy.

Plah.

"My King!"

"Father!"

"Husband!"

Everyone held when they saw the black blood that their king spat out.

The physician quickly stepped forward to aid the shaking Julius.

COUGH, COUGH, COUGH.

The coughing was so loud and scary.

Blahhhh.

Julius opened his mouth and continuously let out a ridiculous amount of black blood as if he were in a horror movie.

His heat felt stuffy as he struggled to breathe.

He raised his trembling hands towards the physician, but soon, the Grim reaper had appeared.

Bam.

His hands dropped on the armrest of his chair, and the Physician's eyes grew wide in horror as he hurriedly checked his pulse.

He froze, turned around and looked at everyone sadly.

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10 A.M on the dot.

King Julius Tudor was dead.