

TECHNOLOGY 881

Chapter 881 - Who Will Win?

10 A.M on the dot.

King Julius Tudor was dead.

"Father"

"Husband!"

"Ming Julius!"

The entire please turn rowdy when the physician confirms Julius' death.

All queens higher their sons while wailing pitifully.

~Ooooooooo

"Husband, why did you have to die so soon?"

No!

The heavens aren't fair!

They should've taken me instead."

"That's right, husband.

You know that if there was something that I could've done to save you, then I would.

But why did you have to get some strange illness now?

Who was responsible?

Who made you sick?" Winston's mother cried sorrowfully, knowing fully that her son was the culprit.

"Husband, without you, how am I supposed to spend my days in future?"

You were my one true love, so why would you leave me now?"

All the wives gave magnificent performances, as the room was filled with court officials and nobles.

They cried, rolled on the ground, decided to kiss their husband's hands one last time and did their best to win many people's sympathies.

Plus, they wanted to do their best just in case Julius wasn't entirely dead yet.

What if he woke up a few minutes later?

Of course, he would favour the person who mourned more.

If after a while he didn't wake up, then they would relax.

Right now, they had been crying and peeking at him curiously.

They, more than anyone else, knew that their husband was a sneaky one.

So what if he and the physician made a deal and all of this was a ploy?

Everyone decided to mourn for him while also taking turns to see and hold him... Especially Ulrich.

He kissed his father's hands and secretly checked his pulse.

Likewise, everyone did the same.

Their father, husband and king was too tricky.

The Princes discreetly smiled after confirming his death.

If Julius saw this scene from above, he would undoubtedly beg the heavens to raise him from the dead so that he could curse them.

What a good bunch of white-eyed wolves.

But sadly, he was already dead and gone, leaving the wolves to do as they pleased

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Ulrich stepped forward sternly and faced the crowd.

"Everyone!

We have lost a great monarch who meant the world to us.

But even so, we must stay strong and ensure that he gets buried according to the Deifer way.

I, future King Ulrich, will ensure it!"

"Thank you, your highness." Everyone said in unison.

The day had finally come for the devil Prince to oversee the empire.

This strikingly handsome man was a person that brought fear to many because of his methods.

Even those who opposed him dare not do so openly for fear of what will become of them.

Ulrich's body trembled with glee, but those who saw him thought he was shaking from depression instead since he had a very stern face.

"Take the body to the 15 building a and invite the royal Brogan to prepare the body for the Deifer ritual and burial.

Also, get 3 Sin-eaters for the ceremony as well.

My father's sins will be transferred to the food and wine through the ritual, and they will eat it, hence gaining my father's sins.

This way, my father will not wait too long on the line of souls that lead to the heavens.

Additionally, prepare a dead horse to be buried alongside him so that he may also move faster along the line.

Release the news of my father's passing.

And as tradition demands, the entire empire is to mourn for 3 whole days only since mourning for long might delay my father's journey to the heavens.

After the news is released, no stores or businesses are to run.

Anyone caught will be killed on the spot.

The only exceptions are the healers and council members that will welcome stronger warriors for the empire.

As for the rest of you, head back home and see me 3 days from now, first thing in the morning.

Now go!"

"Yes, your highness."

With that, the court officials and nobles rushed out of the place like crazy.

And why did they rush out?

It was because they knew that soon enough, a blood bath would occur in the palace, and they didn't want to get caught in between the mess.

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They, as high-ranking nobles, had their factions with people supporting some princes behind Ulrich's back.

They more or less knew the friction that existed between these totals, so it was understandable that many wouldn't give out without a fight.

After all, these past few weeks, they had been visiting his majesty almost every day to finalize some things on the empire.

More still, they too had spies within the palace.

So it was during this time that some saw and heard how the princes, Julius' brothers and even princess Eldora tried to make Julius appoint them as heir to the throne.

They would be foolish to think that this group of people would go down without any form of resistance.

That's why they secretly thanked the heavens that they had this 3-day mourning period.

Even if some didn't support Ulrich, that doesn't mean that they wanted to join in the fight and have everything they worked hard for go down the drain.

They would only join if they were 100 percent sure that the person they chose would be victorious.

But with so many players in the game, it's hard to say whether some won't team up against others to eliminate the strongest or the weakest first.

With that, they said farewell and left in a hurry.

3 days from now, there will be a victor.

Some placed their best on Ulrich, while others leaned more on Winston, Bonivier, Winston and the dukes.

No one even took Eldora seriously.

The number of potential champions were many, with several having a ton of achievements under their belts.

In this matter, it was tough to know the direction of the wind

At the end, who will reign supreme above all?

This question, only time could adequately answer them.

So for now, they had to take cover by hiding themselves within the walls of their estates and manors without stepping one foot outside.

And within 3 days, they will get their answer.

Chapter 882 - A Fight To The Death!

10 whole minutes had gone by since the nobles, and those who took Julius' body had left the building.

Additionally, the princes all sent their mothers away, alongside their sisters... Well, except Eldora, who refused to go anywhere.

Many might think that the ladies were sent back to their courtyards in the palace, but that wasn't the case.

Their sons had secretly made plans for them to leave the palace until they got positive results.

The Princes and Eldora sat in absolute silence for an additional 22 more minutes.

And finally, when Winston estimated that his mother was at least 1/3 way out of the palace, he smiled cruelly at Ulrich.

It was time to take the crown!

One should know that before coming to see Julius, they had quickly informed their men to get those in the City here first before those outside come in later.

And they used over 20 minutes on carriage to get to their father, and it took another 20-something minutes for the guy to die.

Even at that, they spent over 1 hour and 10 minutes crying, giving enough mourning time just in case all of those were a hoax, before discreetly checking his pulse.

As tradition, all the officials had to kiss the king's hand.

So it took a while.

Not to talk of the additional few minutes used by Ulrich to display his disgusting show of power by commanding people here and there.

So by the end of it all, they had used about 2 hours for the entire thing.

And now, they had been staring at each other for an additional 32 minutes.

It was now 11:42 A.M.

His men should already be close to this building.

Of course, he always moved around with 400 guards that could hold off while they wait for the other thousands making their way to this building.

And in several more hours, those outside the city should also be here as well.

Today was going to be bloody.

But Winston wasn't the only one secretly calculating things as well.

Everyone smiled cruelly.

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Ulrich leaned back in the chair that Julius previously sat on and grinned broadly.

"Oh?

Why is everyone so quiet?

You all said you had something to say to me.

So why have you been quiet for so long?"

Bam!

Duke Bulkington slammed his thighs in anger.

"Nephew, enough crap!

You know that you are too young to sit on the throne.

You have no experience or understanding of what it takes to run an empire.

So it's only reasonable that you hand it over to me, your eldest uncle, to hold the position for a while until you've fully grasped everything that needs to be done."

Duke Osias' face borrowed in rage.

"Nephew, I agree with what my brother says.

But you should pass it to me instead because unlike my brother, I have more achievements in the empire.

So I'll be able to properly hold the position while waiting for you to grow up."

Winston was seething in rage while listening to these old geezers.

They were just 2 and 5 years apart from Julius, so technically, weren't they old as well.

To him, anyone above the age of 32 was old.

After all, the coming of age was at 14, when a boy became a man.

So 32 to him was pretty old and wasn't eligible to take over the crown.

So what were these 2 old fogies talking about?

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"Uncles, can you both shut it?

Even if my brother wants to give any of you the crown, I, Winston, won't allow it!

Why should it be given to men who are half a step to their graves?"

"What it, Nephew!

Are you cursing us to die?

We are your uncles; show some respect!"

"Heh.

Call it whatever you want.

All I know is that you're too old to be here with us."

"That's right, uncles.

We don't need you here."

"I second that."

"I agree as well!"

Jeffrey, Bonivier, and Eldora couldn't stand their shamelessness anymore.

This was a right between them and not between these old geezers, alright?

"You unfilial ingrate!"

Both Bulkington and Osias were insanely angry now.

Ulrich got a signal from his men, sneered and stood up from his seat majestically.

"Uncle, brothers, sister..."

I know you want my crown.

But why should I give it to you?

Previously, I decided to send you all to a deserted island to live the rest of your lives there peacefully, hoping that maybe one day, you would grow some sense in those heads of yours.

But now that you're all full of evil intentions, then don't blame me for taking action against you."

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Bam!

Instantly, the door to the left of Ulrich's back burst open, and in came several knights that entered through the door commonly used by maids, butlers and kitchen workers.

Din Din Din Din Din!

Their heavy footsteps could make one feel intimidated, not to talk of their sheer number as well.

They stood behind Ulrich confidently while gazing at those opposing him sternly.

But where Winston and the rest intimidated?

Not a chance!

Their men were also here, so why worry?

"Brother, it's funny you say this because I was thinking the same thing as well.

But rather than a deserted island, my thoughts were more on the line of sending you to another continent as a slave."

"Oh my...

My thoughts were on giving you to the pirates as a male harlot."

"Hahahahhahahaha

Our family sure is loving.

But enough small talk.

The throne is mine!"

Bam!

All doors opened, and several other men wearing different war garments came in through the gigantic double-sided front door for the size of 2 gates.

Everyone came in and stood behind their masters.

Ulrich calmly looked at the scene unfazed.

Of course, he had predicted their every move.

So it stands to show that only he would come out on top.

And no one, not even the heavens, could change the outcome of today's preparations.

This building will be the burial site for his so-called family members.

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Eldora's men formed a shield around her while giving her a bow and arrow.

She had been practicing for this day for a long time now.

Meanwhile, Winston, Joffrey, Bonivier and the dukes unsheathed their swords coldly.

It was a fight to the death!

Chapter 883 - An Unwilling Opponent

Without wasting any more time, everyone quickly launched attacks on one another.

Bonivier, who was closest to Duke Osias, attacked the old geezer fiercely while Duke Bulkington took on Joffrey.

Likewise, Ulrich and Winston were on each other's throats while Eldora hid behind her shields and hastily took out an arrow to hit anyone she could.

Of course, their men just fought anyone who wasn't on their team.

The whole place became too cramped up and was as busy as a marketplace.

So it was even more challenging for Eldora to ensure that she successfully shot Ulrich or anyone else.

Nonetheless, she refused to give up!

Since she wasn't able to wield a sword during this short period, she chose archery instead.

And even though she wasn't a pro, she felt that she could still hit her target, provided she was somewhat close enough.

The battle was on.

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Killing intent flashed within Ulrich's eyes as he twisted his body abruptly, avoiding the blade that aimed at his neck.

Slash.

The blade pierced the enemy behind him instead, which made Winston grow mad when he realized that he had killed his own person.

Dammit!

This was a loss of battle power.

With rage-filled eyes Winston's attacks grew even fiercer than before.

Ting Ting Ting Ting.

The sounds of their stores clashing at an incredible speed echoed through their ears.

None wanted to give each other resting time or breathing space.

But the drawback of this was that because they were wasting too much energy, they had to kill each other fast before their arms became sore.

But did Winston care?

Nope!

Right now, he felt a burst of energy within him that came from his rage.

At times, the human body might not realize that it was in pain because it faced a difficult situation.

When running from a bear attack, some people might not even realize that they were scarred by trees and twigs until they successfully escaped.

Likewise, the intense situation didn't make Winston feel any muscle fatigue or pain.

Right now, he was most concerned with obliterating this broker of his and seizing the crown.

Ting Ting Ting.

"Hahhahahahahahahahahahah!"

Brother, judging from your fighting style, it looks like you've been overpowered by me.

Yes, that's right!

I, the one you looked down on, was able to give you so much pressure."

Ulrich looked at the fool and didn't even bother speaking.

Why speak and waste more energy?

This is why he was always better than this hit-headed brother of his.

He felt like under Winston's rule, the empire might disappear within the next 5 years.

Not that he cared about the people, but he wouldn't allow anyone to destroy his military power.

To Ulrich, everyone and everything within the empire belonged to him.

So he didn't like the idea of people misusing his properties.

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And while these brothers fought, Duke Bulkington and Joffrey were immersed in their own world too.

Ting.

Both leaned close to each other while struggling to push the other back with their swords.

"Nephew.

It's best you give up now because there's no way that you can beat me."

"Old man, has anyone ever told you that you have bad breath?

Can you please close our mouth?"

"Why you---"

Before Duke Bulkington finished speaking, Joffrey knocked his head hard against his.

Bam.

Clop.

Bulkington bit his tongue hard in the process, making his entire mouth bloody.

F***!

He was fuming mad.

Did no one respect him anymore?

Since when did these little frogs look down on him?

Joffrey smirked playfully at the jumping buffoon.

"Ahhhhhh!"

Bulkington angrily came at Joffrey again, attempting to slice the bastard into half.

But just before he could land his attack, Joffrey took out a tiny dagger.

He used his sword to block the attack with one hand and quickly sent the dagger straight into Bulkington's throat.

Ptchu.

Bulkington subconsciously grabbed his neck in confusion, despair and unwillingness.

Why?

Why did it turn out like this?

How could he lose?

Sprshhhh.

Blood gushed out of his neck like a fountain, dyeing Joffrey's fair complexion.

Joffrey licked the blood off his lips in satisfaction while staring at his unwilling uncle, who still struggled to kill him.

He calmly dodged the old geezer's weak attack and bent down to pick his sword.

That's right.

Earlier on when he blocked the geezer's attack, he used one hand to do so, which wasn't enough to hold against the geezer's fierce attack.

So it knocked his sword out of his hand.

Lucky, he moved quickly and sent his danger straight into the geezer's throat.

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Bam.

Bulkington fell on his knees while struggling to gasp for air.

After getting stabbed, he struggled to take down this nephew of his at least so that they would die together.

Sadly, he failed.

And now, the majority of strength had disappeared.

No!

He didn't want to die.

More still, he was sure that these bastards wouldn't even properly bury him.

With no sin-eater, no horse, and no rituals, didn't this mean that he would spend at least 100,000 years slowly walking on the like of souls?

Wasn't this akin to dying like a common slave?

No, he was unwilling.

More still, what about everything that he has worked hard for?

Will it just be swallowed by these brats?

Duke Bulkington's breathing grew heavier as he struggled to distance himself from Joffrey.

But what could a dying man do?

Joffrey spared no time as he hastily got his sword and prepared to slice the geezer's head off

"Uncle, when you die, say hello to father for me."

Slash.

Pap-pap-pap-pap.

The head bounced on the ground for a bit before stopping to reveal an alarmed Duke Bulkington.

He died with his eyes wide open.

"Duke!"

Bulkington's men watched everything in horror.

They weren't able to do anything because they were also fighting more and more enemies as well.

They fought some of Winston's men, Ulrich's and so on.

So their hands were just too full.

But seeing the situation, they knew that they had to find a way to escape from here and quickly flee the capital with their families.

Their pillar of support was dead.

So what else could they do?

Now, they struggled to leave the building as fast as they could.

But how could it be that easy when they were so swamped?

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Ulrich and the rest secretly smiled when they heard the screams across the room.

Good.

One down, 6 more to go.

Chapter 884 - Too Late For Regrets

With his opponent dead, Joffrey quickly glanced around the scene and fought his way towards his next target.

And who could that person be?

Well, it was no other than Eldora.

Yes, Eldora, the pest.

At least, that's how he thought of her.

During his battle with Duke Bulkington, he almost died several times by her arrows.

She and her small group of minions had been shooting at him several times.

If not for the fact that the battleground was so chaotic, he would've died by now.

Once, he ducked from avoiding his opponent's attack, and an arrow whistled through the air and shot the person behind him.

Another time, someone was thrown in the air by another, and that person took the arrow for him.

In this crowded place, it wasn't a good idea for them to use archers.

Yes, the archers could go up the stairs and shoot.

But, this was a battlefield, so the place was filled with thousands and thousands of people.

There was no safe spot for archers to shoot without risking an enemy attack from their surroundings.

That's why only a handful of Eldora's people were archers, while a few others created shields to fight around them up the stairs.

For now, Eldora was safe in that little bubble of hers, but Joffrey was about to break it.

Who asked her to be so annoying?

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Eldora gazed at her incoming step-brother in panic.

Seeing his murderous eyes made her shower with fear and anger.

Why didn't he just like he should've?

Joffrey smiled cruelly and placed his dagger away before fiercely clearing the path towards her with his sword.

Eldora held her bow with trembling hands and quickly took an arrow, preparing to make her move.

Thup.

She missed.

F***!

The faster Joffrey advanced, the more nervous she became, so much so that she started attempting to shoot as fast as she could.

Someone from earth who saw what she was doing would like that she was the failed version of Orlando Bloom in Lord Of The Rings.

Because of her shaky hands, fear and anxiety, she practically missed all her shots.

And the tension in the room didn't make things better one bit.

One has to know that even know she was used to killing people, she did so in the comfort of her private estate.

She had never been to battle and felt very intimidated at it all.

Here, no one cared about her identity, as the enemies sneakily tried to cut her clean.

If not for those guarding her, she would've already died a hundred times over.

She didn't know anything about techniques or even how to block attacks and protect herself.

She honestly thought it would be easy since she has personally killed people before.

But who would've known that the truth would be so different than what she imagined?

Her men also took shots at Joffrey, but it yielded no crowds because Joffrey used those around him to block the shots.

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"Give me more arrows!"

"Princess, we are almost out."

"What did you say?!!!"

Eldora grew pale from fright.

Her lips quivered, and her body shook heavily.

She turned to see her cruel half-brother waving at her and almost fainted.

Dammit!

It was a mistake to get involved now!

She should've just moved assassins to fight for her.

She thought she was formidable because of the number of people she has killed over the years.

But now, she knew it was nothing compared to what her brothers had done.

"Princess?"

The men struggled to hold her limping body in confusion.

Why would the princess go real because of such news?

They still had men and swords with them, so what's there to be worried about?

As Deifer men, they were always battle-ready.

He the thing was, they forgot that she was a Deifer woman and not a man.

She had an entirely different education that didn't prepare her for today.

Eldora quickly got up and held the person beside her tightly.

"Fall back.

Tell everyone to fall back."

"Princess?"

"I said Fall back!

Now get me out of here!"

Eldora was ready to fly out of the building if need be.

She now envied her sister Tatiana who fooled her mother out of the palace earlier on.

F***!

She should've sent assassins while chilling in her estate rather than staying.

Of course, she wasn't giving up on the crown

She just wanted to live today to fight for it another time.

But how could it be that easy?

Just fighting their way down the stairs again and out of the building was another hassle on its own.

Not to talk about leaving the palace.

And with her murderous brother behind her, it was tough to tell whether she would be able to escape or not.

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Eldora and her men tried to move away as fast as possible, but those around them continued attacking them brutally.

And before they knew it, Joffrey had caught up to them.

Some of Eldora's shields were busy with other opponents, while 2 decided to engage with Joffrey instead.

"Yes, kill him, kill him, kill him!"

Eldora started screaming madly while standing against the wall.

The men were at her front, battling to protect her.

And she began to cheer from for them fearfully.

It's 2 against 1, so her brother should lose, right?

She felt very confident after analyzing things.

But soon, her smile cracked when she saw her brother send a father into one's heart while stabbing the other with his sword.

Useless!

A bunch of useless fools!

He pitched her only remaining arrow in her hand and hid it behind her back in fear.

"My dear darling sister, earlier on, didn't I tell you that the battleground is no place for a woman?

Well, since you're so bent on seeking death, then why don't I assist you by granting your wish?"

Joffrey quickly made his move.

And even though Eldora tried to block it, she fell fatally underneath the attack.

But, before going out, she left a little gift for this brother of hers.

Joffrey looked at his chest and started laughing angrily.

Hahahhahahahaha!

Who would've known that a woman would take him down?

In his chest was an arrow that Eldora used to stab his heart.

He slumped by the side of the wall and watched Eldora's struggling body tried to survive.

In fact, he also found himself in the same predicament as well.

He felt very cold and frail.

Eldora was the first to go, and within the next seconds, he too was dead.

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Again, in another part of the room, Duke Osias had killed Bonivier too.

Now, there were just 3 players in the game, Ulrich, Winston and Duke Osias.

Who will win?

Who will be on top?

All 3 stared at each other in determination.

There was only room for one person in this empire.

The rest had to die!

Chapter 885 - So Close, Yet So Far

Ting Ting Ting Ting.

The tension in the air was fierce and stronger than ever.

Everyone was engaged in battle.

Even those who lost their leaders didn't find it easy to escape the battleground.

Even if they went outside, the situation might still be the same because those around the area were also knee-deep in battle.

Within the building, many fell and died, instantly dwindling their numbers down significantly.

Everyone's eyes were alert and keen as they observed their surroundings.

As for the stars of the show, they dared not relax their guard because right now, they felt that they were even closer to victory than before.

All they had to do was kill the two enemies before them and the battle would be over.

More still, they had more men outside the City coming to help them out.

So all they had to do was ensure their survival.

All 3 men attacked each other all at once, finding an opportunity to deal with their opponents sneakily.

And all this time, Ulrich had never overly exerted his strength, as he just continued defending against his opponents.

You could say that he was waiting for them to lose their stamina.

Right from the very beginning, even when fighting with Winston, he didn't even use his full strength because he knew that both he and Winston had roughly the strength.

So if they went all out together, he would tire himself too fast because Winston wasn't an easy target to kill.

And even if he finally killed him, he would still have to fight the rest... In this case, Duke Osias.

So thinking like that, he conserved his energy, didn't talk or even make any attacks.

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Ulrich played it out as if he was barely struggling to survive their assaults, which gave the idiots more motivation and pride.

Winston in particular, was so happy at the thought that he was better than Ulrich, so much so that he started laughing cynically, sending attacks haphazardly, wasting his strength.

Of course, Winston attacked Duke Osias in the same manner.

But when he found that the duke wasn't as 'obedient' as Ulrich, he grew angrier and felt that the duke was looking down on him.

Just remembering their earlier conversation made his blood boil.

Why were these old geezers fighting them for the throne?

If this bastard weren't here, then he would've been the victor right after killing Ulrich.

He borrowed his brows in anger and glared his fangs at the duke.

Of course, the duke also had some scores to settle with Winston, who cursed him to die earlier.

Both looked at one another and subconsciously focused on themselves, giving little attention to Ulrich.

In truth, both Winston and Duke Osias had very similar attitudes.

They hated 'disobedient' people who didn't suffer any blows from their attacks.

It was as if these people were saying that they were nothing.

So thinking like that, both were afraid that while dealing with Ulrich, the other might sneak attack them.

That's why their eyes always fell on each other from time to time.

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One might think that they were foolish and judge them.

But when in battle, one's mind would operate as it liked.

Some decisions might be wrong, while others end upright.

But if everyone were right, then there would be no loser.

Even back on earth, several ancient rulers lost battles and even their memories due to some dumb decisions.

Those in the future could question what the hell these people were thinking of.

But that was because they were fortunate to be born in a time that bettered their understanding of things.

More still, they were just bystanders and weren't actually within the battlefield.

Because if they were, they would know that it was a different feeling altogether.

No matter what sessions these people made, it was their instincts, personalities and willingness to win that led them there.

With that, Winston and Osias, feeling not much threat from Ulrich, turned most of their attention to themselves instead.

Ting Ting Ting Ting.

Their swords clashed against one another fiercely.

Greenish veins filled Winston's hands as he started growing tired from it all.

From a logical point of view, it was best that he utilized this time that he was still in a good strength range to deal with Osias.

Because even if he wanted energy and took out Ulrich who was a small fry, then how would he later deal with this troublesome uncle of his that seemed full of vigour?

It was best to take out Osias now and use the rest of his energy to focus on Ulrich.

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Thinking like this, Winston squinted his eyes while waiting for an opportunity to strike.

And as if the heavens heard his thoughts, the small fry Ulrich attempted to strike Osias for the first time.

Winston smiled cruelly and stroke Osias the moment he blocked the attack.

Ptchu.

Osias glared at the loathsome Winston in rage.

He only noticed the attack when it was also too late.

And at that point, there was nothing he could do because he was also fending off Ulrich's attack as well.

Did they plan it?

F***!

They had planted him.

The attack pierced his heart, leaving a spine-tingling amount of pain that caused him to grit his teeth, trying to bear it all.

Who would've known that a few hours after he was mourning Julius' death, he would follow later on?

At least his brother, Julius, was fortunate that he would be adequately buried and would go way ahead of them in the line of souls.

He felt like he would soon join Bulkington in the 100,000-year march on the line.

He was so close to the finish line, so why did he have to lose now?

Instantly, a deep sense of hatred filled his heart when he glanced at the duo before him.

No!

He wanted them to follow him.

Thinking like that, he used the last ounce of strength in his body and went berserk.

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"Ahhhhhhh!

I want you both to die!!! Especially you, Nephew!"

Osius swung his sword mightily towards Winston, who was the main culprit that caused his death.

He didn't mind if Ulrich survived, but Winston had to join him.

Ting.

Osius sent a day attack towards Winston as if he were about to hit a tennis ball.

Ting.

Winston blocked the attack and instantly pushed back.

Osius attacked again twice until his body suddenly stopped functioning and collapsed.

He trembled on the ground like a fish out of water with unwillingness as he looked at Winston.

And in a few seconds, he was gone.

But did Winston have time to celebrate?

No.

His focus was all on Ulrich.

One down, one more to go.

Chapter 886 - The Showdown

Winston smiled cruelly at Ulrich and launched a brutal attack on him.

Hah!

He could almost taste victory.

Ting.

"Brother, you didn't think that I would be able to make it far, did you.

We were born just a day apart, so why are you father's favourite?

What makes you better qualified than I?

Tch!

If father saw this scene now, he would finally know how mistaken he was to think that you could be better than me in any more.

You were just born ahead of me by a day, and that is and will always remain your only advantage."

Ulrich, who was acting weak, now straightened his shoulders and smiled before blocking Winston's attack.

Ting.

"Well, in fact, I too think that in terms of raw strength, you're slightly tougher than I am.

But when it comes to using your head, not so much."

"You!"

.

Ting.

Both parties repelled each other, and Winston glared so much that if it were possible, steam would've busted out of his ears and nostrils from pure rage.

Ulrich chuckled and smiled playfully.

"Do you really think that I'm surprised that you made it this far?

In fact, if you didn't, then I would've been disappointed in you.

Unlike the rest, I expected you to be my last competitor.

And just as predicted, here you are."

Winston's pupils widened in shock: "You knew?"

Ting.

Ulrich blocked Winston's attack again.

"Yes, brother, I knew.

I mean, throughout these years, it was apparent to see that you always wanted the crown.

So it was easy to conclude that you'd try pulling something today."

Ting.

"Hmph.

As you said, that's easy to predict.

So don't always assume that you know everything.

That's one of the most annoying things about you!"

Ting.

Once more, they repelled each other, pushing themselves a bit further apart.

Winston felt like it was impossible for Ulrich to know everything.

Did he know that he was the culprit that poisoned father?

Did he know that most of the officials were on his side?

Did Ulrich know that he had an army on the way here?

No, he did not.

Because if he did, he wouldn't have been calm all this while.

He was only making small-talk to belittle him.

This was one of the many reasons why he and Winston were like fire and ice.

One had an extremely fiery temper, and the other was chilled.

And what he hated the most was that growing up, Ulrich would always seem well behaved to father and make him look like a complete fool.

Ulrich had been calling him 'idiot' since they were little, and he had always wanted to prove that he was better than the bastard who thought he was more intelligent than him.

The guy was just too hateful.

There was no way he knew everything.

Yes, he only said so to intimidate him.

Thinking like this, Winston scoffed.

.

"Do you think that getting into my head will make me lower my guard?"

Heh.

No matter what you say, the outcome would be the same."

Ting.

"Yes, you're absolutely right.

The outcome will be the same with me killing you."

"SCREW YOU!"

"Idiot."

"Don't you dare call me that!"

Ting.

"Why?"

Aren't you one?"

Or don't you want to recognize your faction anymore?"

I've always said that you're the king of idiots.

So why don't you hold on to that crown so that after you lose, you'll have something that makes you feel better in the end."

"F*** off!"

Ting.

"Language brother, language.

Is this how you were raised?"

Tsk.

You've really disappointed me.

Oh well, I expected nothing more from an idiot."

"Ahhhhhh.

I hate you, I hate you, I hate you."

"Idiot, idiot, idiot, idiot."

Ting Ting Ting Ting Ting.

The duo clashed their swords severally, with one person remaining calm while the other wanting nothing more than to chew the person before them into tiny bits.

Ulrich observed Winston's reaction time and realized that the book was slowing down without even realizing that he was.

Good.

Soon, he'll be able to end this once and for all.

His eyes flickered with a murderous light as he dashed forward and slashed towards Winston's head.

Swish.

Cold seat formed on Winston's forehead after barely dodging the attack.

Why was Ulrich so strong all of a sudden?

He gritted his teeth and stepped back a little.

But how could Ulrich let him relax?

Like an unshakable force, he began pounding Winston non-stop.

Winston's hands trembled whenever he blocked the attack.

And for the first time since they began the battle, he didn't feel very confident in winning again.

Nonetheless, he refused to give up when he was this close to winning.

After Ulrich went down, won't he be the victor?

.

Winston struggled and gave it his all.

But it was just that Ulrich had been prepared for this moment for too long.

The force from Ulrich's attack was too great for Winston's already trembling hands to bear.

Shwring.

Winston's sword fell to the ground and Ulrich smiled victoriously.

"Brother, when you die, say hello to father for me."

With that, Ulrich lifted his sword in an attempt to finish him off.

But just as he was about to do so, something happened that knocked him and a few others back.

Ahhhhhhhhh.

A terrible, mysterious force sent those closest to the door flying backward, pushing the rest in a strong dominos effect.

Some ended up accidentally dying, taking up attacks that weren't meant for them, while others thanked whatever saved them during these final moments.

In fact, from where Ulrich was, he didn't feel the force and all this time, his attention had been on Winston.

All he knew was that some morons flew into him, ruining his chance to kill Winston.

Son of a b**ch!

This was not in his calculations.

Who were those responsible?

There were bodies on him.

One accidentally died from his sword, while the others were still alive.

They happened to just land on the first guy who died.

What's the meaning of his?

The feeling of having his comment rubbed from him made him so pissed that he became overly emotional that invisible tears almost streamed down his cheeks.

He wanted nothing more than to kill those responsible.

Who?

Who was it?

Who took away his moment?

Come out now!

Chapter 887 - The Great Pretender

Who?

Who was it?

Who took away his moment?

Come out now!

.

Ulrich always went crazy when he revered how close he was to slitting Winston's throat.

Winston, on the other hand, felt like the heavens really wanted him to survive.

Could this be a sign that he was truly meant to be king?

Thinking like that, the pain he felt in his body earlier on seemed to have faded away into thin air.

The duo both pushed the bodies over them and stood upright to see what miracle, or demon in Ulrich's case, had interrupted their fight.

And lo and behold, what they saw made them freeze.

As it right on cue, Henry and the masked Landon, strolled in amidst the chaos as if they weren't the culprits.

Of course, several soldiers were already around them, as they stood a little hard of them while pointing their weapons to the enemy before them.

"Bastard!

What are you doing here?"

"Henry wouldn't have even noticed that his brothers were here amidst the countless men, but Winston just had to explain loudly at the top of his voice.

For Winston, this was a heavy blow.

Not to talk of Ulrich.

Seeing how casual Henry was, how could they not be pissed?

The guy even came in while chewing on an apple.

What did he think this was?

Here they were busting their asses off and killing each other, thinking that there were no more competitors in the Capital.

And fighting for their lives with just one more person left for them to defeat, Henry shows up in full vigour without so much as a scratch on him.

They on the other hand, had been fighting for hours and wasting their stamina here and there.

Who wouldn't get angry?

It was like they were running to the finish line with all their strength while he just slept on the ground and miraculously happened to cross the finish line.

Swindler!

.

Ulrich almost puked blood when he saw Henry's face.

He knew it!

Something deep within him warned him that this bastard might try something.

But for several weeks now, none of his spies both in and out had reported any news of Henry being remotely close to the Capital.

He knew when Joffrey came; he knew when Winston came... In short, he knew everything about everyone.

Even when he was away from the Capital, he still knew what was going on here.

That's how powerful his intel is.

So if Henry was around these last few days, why didn't he know of it?

Or did Henry just arrive at the Capital now by coincidence?

No, no, no, no.

What sort of dumb ass luck was that?

No one was that lucky in life.

So it meant that Henry might've been around but had bribed his spies to hide things from him.

He knew it!

Ever since the bastard used hallucinating powder to fool his men that one fairy Godmother destroyed hundreds alone, he knew that Henry was dangerous.

F***!

Just like the other supposedly good-for-nothings around the continent, Henry was just like them.

Like Landon, Sirius, and all the rest, he was just a big pretender who had his greedy eyes on his throne.

Hmph!

He would never have anything over to anyone, not even if his father came back to live and demanded the crown back.

How could he give up his birthright?

All he had to do was hold them off until his men outside penetrate the palace.

And in about 30 more minutes or so, they should be here.

Of course, he didn't care if Henry had penetrated the palace with more men than he currently had outside.

For them to make it this far means that some of them also actively joined the battle to fight their way in.

He said some because the way he looked at Henry, the bastard probably didn't fight at all.

Anyway, Henry should've lost some men before coming here.

Additionally, he knew that Winston had men coming as well.

So if he could somehow trick Winston into making his men put their attention on Henry's men, then this problem would be more than solved.

All he had to do was survive until they got here.

Thinking like this, Ulrich's smile turned broader while looking at Henry.

So what if this bastard came now, sooner or later? He would kill him anyway.

.

Winston on the other hand was turning red in rage.

"You!

You have no right to be here!

Father would've never wanted you here.

Get out!

Go away!"

Henry chuckled and chewed on his apple a bit more, completely ignoring Winston.

"Are you deaf!

Didn't you hear what I said?"

Henry scrunched his brow and looked around before turning to Landon again.

"Did you hear something?"

"Nah... It's probably just the wind."

"You!!!!!"

Poor Winston almost had a heart attack from it all.

Ulrich's eyes turned dark when he saw Henry's attitude.

Was this still the cowardly bit who they used to whip best mercilessly?

For a moment, he almost didn't recognize Henry.

Well, the bit sure had grown.

The last time he saw Henry was 14.

At that time, he came of age and was sent to another city.

Since then, no one bothered about this useless good-for-nothing... At least until recently, when Ulrich started feeling uneasy about him.

Henry scoffed at his brothers while secretly firming his heart.

They didn't know, but his heart almost leaped out of his chest just now.

Winston and Ulrich had felt a very deep shadow in him for a long time now.

And over the years, he truly tried to get over that shadow.

But for some reason, with Landon here, he felt mighty, as if he didn't need to be afraid of them anymore.

He wasn't ashamed to say it.

Amongst the royals within Deiferus and probably within the entire continent, he was undoubtedly the weakest in courage.

Of course, he has been trying to change.

And hopefully, step by step, he would leave his older self and become a man worthy of his people.

But things like this just didn't happen overnight.

Nonetheless, he clenched his fists and showed his most arrogant side towards these so-called brothers of his.

Now, he'll show them just how tough he could be.,

Chapter 888 - The Bitter Truth

The entire room was tense, as those who were pushed back and survived all put aside their differences to face these intruders.

What else could they do?

These people miraculously managed to push them back.

So who wouldn't think rationally and team up with their enemies to fight the intruders?

Of course, those at the back still didn't know much of the situation.

Buy those at the very front of it all were very aware and dared not step forward yet.

So they held their swords formally and vigilantly watched the strange men before them who were pointing several black rods (guns) at them.

There was a great distance between both sides, but neither Ulrich's men or Winston's men at the front thought of making the first move.

One of Henry's men brought forth a metal megaphone and placed it close to his mouth.

Honestly, everyone still felt that Henry was very hateful.

Forget the fact that he was still eating an apple; why did he have to take his sweet time and even get someone following him around with a megaphone?

Henry couldn't be bothered with what they thought.

Of course, he would fight if need be.

But, that depended on how his so-called half-brothers.

"Alright, for the sake of brotherhood, I'll make this quick, plain and simple.

Today, I'm already the victor, and I don't want to waste any more time on this.

So it's best you all surrender now."

"You wish!!!" Winston exclaimed.

What a joke!

How could he give up when he was already so close?

"Hmph.

Do you think that you've really got us surrounded?

Any moment from now, thousands and thousands of my men will break into the palace.

So you better layout and go back just like a weak dog should."

Henry chuckled playfully.

"Bring the box."

"Yes, your highness."

Henry smiled broadly at his half-brothers while waiting for the box.

"Bothers, I hate to break it to you, but your backup isn't coming."

"What do you mean!!!"

"Well, simply put, we destroyed them last night.

In fact, we destroyed everyone's backup.

And yes, that includes your men as well first brother."

Pap.

Ulrich felt like he had just but hit by lightning.

His pupils widened in disbelief as he stared silently at Henry.

How was that possible?

He had roughly 30,000 men out there, and Winston had about 13~17,000.

Not to talk of Duke Osias, Joffrey and the rest.

If they did this last night, that meant that they had at least 150,000 men with them, or more, since they seemed to have suffered no setback.

When did Henry gather so many men?

Since when had he been planning to seize his crown?

Ulrich's mind kept spinning and spinning in rage.

And if eyes could kill, Henry would've already died, resurrected, and died a million times over and over by now.

F***!

The moment he saw the head of the commander in charge of leading his backup army, he was now fully convinced that his army was indeed no more.

In fact, if Joffrey and those who died saw this scene, they would've also seen their Commander's heads there too, since Henry brought the heads of all Commanders here.

If they had known, they wouldn't have even bothered attacking their enemies today.

Now they died for nothing.

.

Winston on the other hand, was on the verge of a breakdown.

Since the start of the battle, he had been planning and waiting for his men to infiltrate the palace and face-slap his enemies to kneel and now before him like a true champion.

But who could tell him why that did was shattered into pieces by this fateful fellow called Henry?

More importantly, since when was he this powerful?

Henry wanted them to surrender.

But even at this moment, they still would not do so.

Both Winston and Henry thought of one thing, and that was to escape.

Just because they lost this battle didn't mean that it was the end.

They decided to go into hiding, rally more forces and supporters before retaking the throne.

Particularly, Ulrich decided to seek out the temple of Dragmus.

As luck would have it, 10 days before Julius died, he told him all about the mysterious temple that even he didn't know existed.

He was told the history of the temple and how they helped the royals to keep Deiferus safe from the pirates centuries ago.

He also told him of other contributions that they also made in recent times.

Not even Duke Osias or Bulkington knew of it.

The information was passed from heir to heir directly.

And after one becomes monarch, the temple would personally visit in secret.

Julius told him that some officials and even some merchants were temple members.

And that he could only know them once he got the crown.

Julius warned him that the temple had eyes everywhere and knew everything, so he should never try to cheat or deceive them.

Previously when Julius was reading the verdict, for a moment, he thought that Julius had changed his mind about him being the heir and told someone else.

But soon, his mind was put to rest, knowing that he was still the heir.

More importantly, Julius had told him that if he was facing any issues, all he had to do was seek out the temple, and they would help him since he was of total blood.

And in return, the temple would increase the percentage paid to them by the royals.

It was like they were paying tax to the mysterious temple because each year, the royals, particularly Julius, personally sent a percentage of income from the empire's taxes to the temple.

And every time the temple aided them, that percentage went up.

Julius had also given him a list of secret meetup points that he could go to anywhere within the empire and use some secret word to let him meet these people.

Since taking the note from Julius, he had always assumed it everywhere he went.

So now, all he thought about was escaping and going to these places to seek the temple's help.

Ulrich had a grand plan in mind.

But it was just too bad that the temple was already on the verge of extinction.

.

Winston and Ulrich looked at each other for a split second before storming towards the back in an attempt to escape.

Their action brought in a wave of movement from their men, and now, everyone had the same thought as well.

And that was to escape or fight their way through if need be.

But how could it be that easy?

Chapter 889 - The Chase

"As planned, all units split up!"

"Yes, sir!"

Instantly, the soldiers, as well as Henry's men, spreaded out according to the layout of the building.

Some moved towards the stairs, while others focused on going through all hallways and paths on the ground floor.

Landon smiled while staring intensely at Ulrich, who was hurriedly making his way up the many stairs.

The building had 5 high ceiling floors.

And from the looks of it, it seemed like Ulrich was trying to go straight to the top.

But this didn't make any sense.

Even though the building was 5 stories tall, each floor had the same height as a 2 story building.

So in essence, it was as tall as a 10 story building.

An average person would try finding an escape route on ground level since it was impossible to jump out the window on higher floors without sustaining any injuries.

Well, they could still do the old sheets-out-the-window thing.

But that would take some time to plan.

Even assassins planned their escape properly if they genuinely had to leave through a window that high.

So if Ulrich wasn't looking for an escape route on the ground floor and wasn't trying to escape through the window, then there were only 2 things involved.

.

Firstly, he planned to disguise himself, play dead, and find opportunities to sneak out.

There were no servants in the building, so he couldn't pretend to be one and get out.

So pretending to be dead was a risky but very possible option.

Again, he could take out Henry's men and wear their outfits as well.

In short, it's either he planned to do any of these to escape... or there was a secret escape route on the last floor that would lead him out of this building, making him end up somewhere a little further away.

But Landon was betting more on the secret passage thing.

And he was right.

Unlike the rest, Ulrich was the only one who has ever seen Julius' private office.

Again, it was one of those, only the heir-thing.

Julius technically saw people on either the 3rd, 2nd or ground floor.

So some days ago, he showed Ulrich the secret escape route that had 3 possible exits, all within the palace.

Once ended up inside the most guarded floor of the Treasure Hall, another ended up in Julius's office within the palace barracks, and the last one ended up in a random building which was just a few minutes away from the palace gates.

This last one was the closest route to use when trying to flee the palace.

Of course, it wasn't wise for the escape route to actually lead outside the palace because if enemies discover this route, they won't even need to infiltrate the palace through the gates and walls anymore.

They'll just pass through the tunnel, and one day the royals would find themselves mysteriously dead.

That's why the routes all ended up at different faraway places within the massive palace.

At least it would take maybe even hours for the enemy to realize what was going on.

And by that time, they would've been long gone.

.

Landon smiled at Ulrich's silhouette after assessing things thoroughly before following him alongside Henry.

"Let's go!"

"Whatever you say, bro," Henry said while unsheathing his swords and following behind the masked Landon.

Peew Peew Peew

Slash Slash Slash.

Landon's not his silencers, and Henry raised havoc with his sword.

The duo coordinated well as they both fought their way alongside the units and teams tasked with taking any enemies on the last floor.

Landon ran forth and shot several people with the accuracy that could make many gunmen on earth kneel.

Under the storm of enemies, he jumped several times, avoiding their attacks, before finally jumping onto someone's sword.

What was this?

The owner of the sword watched Landon land light on his blade and pointed his black iron stick (silencers) at several people.

And in a flash, those people seemed to be placed under a spell as they fell for no apparent reason.

Was the black iron-like stick sorcery?

Landon lightly landing on the sword and shooting, all happened in no more than 3 seconds.

Flowing that, Landon did a backflip while on the enemy's sword and shot more people while flipping in the air.

The sword owner woke up from his shock, gritted his teeth and decided to kill Landon since he was so close by.

But what he didn't know was that Landon only let him leave because he and his sword acted as a ladder.

"Die!"

Swish Swish Swish.

Peew.

What?

The guy's eyes widened as if he just saw a ghost.

He retreated a few steps back and used his trembling hands to touch the hole on his chest.

How could this be?

Now he knew why those people were falling earlier on.

Even as Deifer men, they had never seen such a horrifying weapon before.

This, this... What was this?

He began staggering as his eyelids felt like they were carrying an entire mountain on them.

Bam.

He was dead.

But so were many others.

Bam Bam Bam.

Their bodies dropped to the ground like flies as they died with absolute shock within their eyes.

.

Once again, Henry had cold sweat on his back while watching the horror of these weapons.

Inwardly, he swore that even if he were crazy, he would never go against Landon.

Wasn't that just suicide?

Slash Slash Slash Slash

Peew Peew Peew Peew.

Landon, Henry and the rest forced their way through the stairs and steadily rushed to catch up with Ulrich.

Meanwhile, the star... Or one could say the stars of the show, were running upwards as fast as they could.

That's right.

Winston tagged along.

He was a complete idiot.

He hated to admit it.

But just like when they were younger, in times like this, he knew that Ulrich always had a plan.

So why not follow him?

He refused to get caught while Ulrich escaped.

No way, how could he let that happen?

It's either they got caught together or died together.

"Idiot, Why are you following me?"

"F***!

You.

Who's following you?

Does this part belong to you?

Do you see your name on the floor?

I just happen to like this path, that's all."

" _ "

Chapter 890 - The Building Of Absolute Death

Din Din Din Din Din.

Both Ulrich and Winston, alongside a few others that chose to follow them, moved swiftly in absolute silence.

They were no more than determined to flee the scene.

But who could tell them why the building was so large and complicated?

From the ground floor to the second floor was nothing.

But when trying to go to the third floor, they had to pass through all hallways on the 2nd floor until they reached the very end.

From there, they would ascend to the 3rd floor inwards; the same concept was used.

But the issue was that there was just one set of stairways on each floor.

Now, the floors were made like riddles.

You chose the path you think was right.

And the other paths would either lead you to hallways that slowly descend without you knowing it unless one is very vigilant.

These paths will take you right back to the floor below, at an angle that is very far away from the stairs.

So if one is being chased or ambushed by the enemy and they take this path and end back on the floor below, there was a very high chance that the enemy would already be on that floor and get them.

The building itself was very wide.

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So just moving from extreme ends of the floor to the stairs again took a lot of time.

The enemy would probably be there by then.

Again, some of the stairways led to dark hallways that were never lit.

And there, because of the pressure and weight of the unfortunate people passing by, they would undoubtedly step on very thinly cut wooden tiles that looked like floor decorations.

Yup!

These were traps.

And once they fell in, they would go straight down to ground level and end up in the cages of several hangols.

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The entire hallway was kept dark, and even within the hallways before that, no one lit torches there.

And in situations where one was running for their life, of course, they would try to take a torch from around.

But seeing that there were no sources around after ascending the stairs, they would undoubtedly choose to risk it and go into the long dark hallways rather than waiting there for the enemy to catch them.

So with that, they would undoubtedly meet their doom... unless the God of luck was on their side, and they never once stepped on the thin plank sheets.

Again, even if they had torches, that still didn't mean anything if they didn't know of the thin planks.

Additionally, even if they did manage to make it through, they would still end up one floor below and pop out of a revolving wall that can only be turned from the hallway that had the traps.

So once they pass through and end up on the floor below, they won't be able to go back in again.

The place was really troublesome... but that wasn't all.

On each floor, the stairways were all in one location, with each leading to a tiny balcony that led to several hallways or the correct path to choose.

And the higher one went from floor to floor; the more complex, lengthy and tall the stairways were, with some crisscrossing others.

In short, Winston had only been to the 2nd floor of the building his entire life and had never known that there were so many stairways.

The stairways from the ground level to the 2nd floor weren't that complete and didn't lead to any real doors.

So no one, he didn't know anything.

And even now, because he was following Ulrich, he still didn't know of the dangers around the place.

The only people who had ever stepped higher than the 2nd floor were Julius' secret guards, and a few days ago, Ulrich.

Not even Julius' brothers had gone higher.

Even when the doctor came, he would attend to Julius on the 2nd floor.

.

The whole place was always shrouded in mystery.

And throughout the years, many had tried to find out what was hidden within the place.

But no one had ever come back alive once they tried to infiltrate the higher floors.

That was why many people call it the Building of Absolute Death.

Of course, some of the credit went to Julius' guards, who were former top assassins.

It just so happened that last night, because Julius was sensing his death, he freed them and gave them what he promised.

Anyway, the magnificent building was a confusing death trap meant to dwindle the number of enemies that dared to infiltrate the place.

And around the 4th and 5th floors, there were even more types of surprising hallways for intruders.

It all depends on one's luck for them to make it back safely.

One might think that the stairways were the only confusing thing, but that was a lie.

The floors were made like a maze.

So one could find themselves in a loop if they didn't know the way since everything looked exactly the same.

And coupled with the fact that these people had never been on these floors... many hadn't even successfully arrived at the stairways located at the end of the maze-like floors.

Winston looked at Ulrich curiously.

"How do you know the way?"

"Are you sure that the path we're taking is right?"

"Heh.

What does it matter to you?"

Didn't you say that you weren't following me?

So if you don't like it, then go your own way!"

"You!!!!

Why do you always have to be so bossy?

I'm just asking a simple question.

None of us have ever gone this high.

So isn't it fitting that I ask?

And who the hell said that I was following you?"

Ulrich quickly glimpsed at Winston, and soon, his eyes lit up.

This was the opportunity he was waiting for.

Instantly, he began his performance by acting anxiously.

And as they advanced, he kept leaving the massive group to several dead ends, all the while still making sure he chose dead-ends that were relatively closer to the stairways.

The group was too large and would only be disastrous for him going on.

So why not cut the numbers down?