

**Chapter 891 - Ulrich's Ultimate Plan**

Ulrich hastily led the gang through the wrong path in the maze that came to a dead-end before intentionally smiling bitterly and raising his voice for all to hear.

"You're right.

None of us have ever made it this far.

So if all of us are charging together, we might not even have a chance to escape.

Have you all forgotten what this place is called? And how dangerous it's said to be?

For all we know, we might be walking straight into a trap.

This time, it was a dead-end.

But what about the next time?"

The gang, as if struck by lightning, seemed to have been enlightened by his words.

The gang was made up of his men, Winston's, Joffrey's, Osias', Bulkington', Eldora's and Bonivier's men who had survived till now.

And at this moment, no one cared about anyone's identity as their current enemy seemed too mighty.

Their only thoughts were to escape.

And listening to Ulrich's words and seeing how they constantly came to dead ends, they felt that he was right.

If they kept slowing down like this, the enemy would undoubtedly catch up to them.

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So they had to take their own path.

Instantly, they started whispering and sneaking out of the group to find their one way.

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"That's right!

No one has ever gone this far.

And don't forget that even my master, prince Joffrey and the rest had never made it this far.

So following prince Ulrich, as equivalent to following a blind person.

Just look at how many dead ends we've come to."

"I agree.

And I don't know if it's just me, but I feel like we've passed along this path not too long ago."

"I was thinking the same thing.

Hey, I think we've already passed the right path because the more we advance, the more stuck we are.

I think we should've taken a right turn 6 hallways back.

My heart tells me that that was the right path.

Come, let's go now."

"Hey, am I the only one who thinks that we should've used the 6th staircase to ascend rather than the 4th?

Now just look at it!

We're stuck here with all hallways meeting at a dead-end.

F\*\*\*!

I'm going back before it's too late.

Maybe the enemy hasn't arrived at the staircases yet.

So maybe I can quickly change my fate."

"Yeah, I'm with you.

Let's do that.

But, just one question though...

Do you remember how to get there?"

"Of course I do!

I'll just do the opposite of what we did come in.

After leaving the stairs, didn't we go straight, turn left, right, right, left, left, left, left and right?"

"Eh?

I thought we went straight, left, left, left, left, left, right, left, left, left, left, right?"

"Wait?

Why are your directions wrong from mine?

And why do you have 12 directions while I have 9?"

" "

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In a flash, the massive gathering quickly reduced in number just like Ulrich had wanted.

If hundreds of people kept following him, the enemy might discover the escape route quicker than expected.

Why?

Because the massive group kept attracting other lost people, and the group would just keep growing and growing.

And by the time the enemy came by, some might still be trying to escape through the route.

But why was this a problem since he was long gone?

The reason was simple.

Because the enemy didn't know the escape route's final destinations, the enemy might first tighten security around the palace perimeters to ensure that no one got in or out.

And if the route led very far out of the palace, then there was nothing they could do.

Nonetheless, they would first strengthen their vigilance on the gates and around the palace so that the path did lead to any place within the palace; then, they would catch him.

This was where the enemy had an advantage.

From Julius' words, the distance between this building and the furthest building that the route led to, could be covered on horseback within 50 minutes.

And if it were on a carriage, it would be an hour and a few minutes since carriages slowed down a bit.

So imagine him doing this distance on foot underground, which might even take over 2 hours for him to do.

Mind you; this was to get to the building close to the gate, and not actually the gates.

So he would still need more time to strategize and escape the gates, which was just 15 minutes away from the escape route exit.

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Anyway, if the enemy didn't know about the escape routes and thinks that he's still hiding within the building, it could buy him a lot of time.

Right now, the enemy was still fighting and taking care of Winston, Joffrey, and everyone's men.

So by the time they finished up and decided to search for him properly, he might be a long way gone.

Just the time spent searching for him would be a lot.

And when they realized he was in the building, they might send word to the gates.

But that would still take over an hour on horseback for the message to get across.

So he might've already escaped successfully and left the palace.

Now, if the enemy discovered the escape route fast, then by the time he pops out of the end of the escape route, they might already be looking for him around the palace's gates and perimeters.

With many finally leaving, Ulrich secretly smiled calmly.

Winston looked at him deep in thought before scoffing and staying put.

What a joke!

At this moment, his I.Q was online.

The others didn't know Ulrich well, but he did... at least to some extent.

And the one thing he knew was that Ulrich would never make decisions that would put himself in danger.

He might sacrifice others, but never himself.

No matter what Ulrich said to deter him, he knew that this brother of his had a plan.

And sure enough, after a while, the bastard started acting seriously.

But this time, there were only 10 people in their group; everyone else had gone off to find their one way.

With that, they kept advancing until they successfully climbed the final stairway leading to the 6th floor.

Seeing the confident Ulrich, Winston felt that they might just be able to pull it off.

But just after climbing, they heard the echoed sounds of people wailing terribly.

F\*\*\*!

The enemy was close.

### **Chapter 892 - Dangers Prowling Around**

F\*\*\*!

The enemy was close.

Ulrich, Winston and the rest ran as fast as possible while trying not to call attention to the other people fleeing the scene towards the many stairways in confusion.

Of course, some people below the stairway were still within the massive.

Even though they could see the glorious stairways, they were still a little far away from it.

So with the enemy closer to them than the stairways, they had no choice but to fight back.

Ulrich thought of them as chess pieces to stall the enemy.

And while Ulrich and Winston were in their own dilemma, around the 3rd stairway, another dramatic scene was slowly unfolding.

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So far, Landon, Henry and a few others were the only soldiers that crossed the 3rd floor.

Why?

Because Landon was leading them while following Ulrich through the system's monitor screen.

His team wasn't overly concerned with taking down all the enemies, as they sometimes avoided it in an attempt to catch up to Ulrich.

In short, one could say that they would shoot a few, scare the others off and continue on.

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They left the other enemies to the other teams and soldiers who would take their time to explore the place properly.

To put it simply, none of the soldiers or Henry's men knew of the dangers within the building yet.

But, they were about to find out.

Din Din Din Din Din.

While running across the ridiculously massive hall, Lieutenant Vlad looked at the stairways thoughtfully.

"Squad leader Angie, take your squad and head towards the 1st stairway.

Nick, Krima, Torto, Peter, Quino...you take your teams towards the 2nd, 3rd, 4th, 5th and 6th stairway.

And I'll take the 7th.

Now go!"

"Yes, sir!"

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With that, they broke from their formation, with everyone following their squad leaders and making their way towards their designated stairway.

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Peew.

Vlad shot the person ahead of him on the stairs and swiftly his body to the side, making him fall off the stairs.

Another in front of him turned around to punch him.

But he ducked and punched the guy's belly, making him hit those in front like dominoes.

Way ahead, some who were caught by surprise, were accidentally thrown off the very tall stairway.

To put it into perspective, one could imagine an ancient massive cathedral church created in medieval times... and imagine several stairways shooting from the bottom of the cathedral to a distance that was very close to the ceiling.

And the stairways were so narrow that any slipup could make one fall straight down, giving them a fatal injury.

And depending on how they fell, some might die.

"Ahhhhhhh!"

Crack.

The man fell face down and cracked his forehead on the hard floor.

But did anyone care?

Nope!

They were busy trying to escape.

And besides, the man wasn't the first person to fall.

Just like that, Vlad and his team fought their way up as if they were struggling to battle their way towards the heavens.

They ducked, punched, shot and attacked those ahead mercilessly while throwing their bodies over the narrow stairway.

And when they were 2/3rd through, an enemy discovered a bucket filled with a mixture of grease and water kept at the side of the balcony.

All this time, everyone had been running for their dear lives and didn't have time to think of what could be inside the bucket.

But now, an enemy discovered it and decided to send those on the stairway, along with the soldiers packing.

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"Hahahhahahahh.

Look! Look!

It's greasy water.

They probably got it from the kitchen pots after a good meal.

There are even bits of food in it."

"Brother, do you think that we can use this to slow down these intruders?"

"Ahhh.

Why didn't I think of that?

This way, we'll be able to buy more time for ourselves.

But what about the others on the stairs?"

"Tsk.

What does that have to do with us?

Our masters are dead, so it's everyone for themselves."

"Your right!"

With that, the mischievous duo, who were previously whispering, suddenly ran to the stairs anxiously, as if they wanted to tell the person stepping onto the balcony some sort of secret.

But who would've known that they would kick the person back and later throw the greasy water on the stairs?

"You bastards!"

The person who was kicked, quickly used his reflex to hold onto both sides of the stairs with his hands.

Phew!

He was saved.

Or so he thought, because in the next seconds, the duo threw half of the greasy water on the stairs, and another half towards the man's face, making some of the greasy water fall and coat the sides of the stairs, making it slippery.

F\*\*\*!

His hands began to slip as he quickly lost control of his grip.

He tried to hold on for his dear life while glaring at the duo who ran away into the dark path ahead.

But no matter how hard he tried, he still ended up falling backwards.

And those behind him who had thought that he was okay earlier on almost cried when he knocked them hard.

Bom Bom Bom Bom Bom

Instantly, the entire stairway became chaotic.

It was like an avalanche, with some people rolling down the stairs, bowling-pin style, while others got thrown over.

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Vlad, who noticed the problem, quickly took action.

"Safety Bungee cords!

Now!"

Like lightning, Vlad took out his emergency bungee cord and secured it along the sides of the stairs.

And the person behind him secured his own on one of the ends of Vlad's cord.

Just like so, everyone did the same and even tied one of the cords around Henry's men to secure them too.

From there, everyone quickly fought off all falling men by deflecting them off the stairs.

And when no more enemies were raining on them, they carefully advanced until they reached a spot that was too greasy.

Vlad looked at it thoughtfully.

So this was the cause of the accident earlier on?

Well, this was not a problem to them, as they carefully advanced as if they were rock climbing while using the cords.

And soon, they were all safely on the balcony.

Now, it was time to enter the seemingly dark tunnel.

"Everyone, stay vigilant."

They all turned on their flashlights from the latest military wearable arm guard gear that acts as an arm shield, can release pepper spray, has an in-built taser and so on.

With their torches on, some began pointing like Buzz Lightyear in Toys' Story.

They pointed up, down, and sideways quietly.

And so far, they hadn't heard anyone's voice or seen anything out of the ordinary.

But soon, all that would change.

One of the men close to Vlad, stepped on one of the lightweight planks, snapping it and sending him straight down.

'Snap!'

Shwoop!

"Mandel!!!"

Everyone got anxious now.

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The air grew tense, and their hearts beat so loud that it was about to pop out of their chests.

They could feel the air in their chests swelling up into a ball of anxiousness, for fear of what would happen to their comrade down below

What's going to happen to him?



"Everyone, we have no time to waste.

Charlie!

I'll leave the team for you to lead.

Inform all other team's about the dangers in these hallways.

There might be more trap doors ahead.

And looking at the broken pieces here, these beautifully painted wooden boards aren't here for decoration.

That's probably why the place is kept dark.

While I'm gone, watch out for other traps.

This place isn't as easy as it seems.

Jenifer, Serra, Luke, Asher, Geo.

You 4 Follow me.

We're going to save warrant officer Mandel."

"Right!"

With that, the team dropped right into the while without delay.

They had to hurry.

Who knew what dangers were lurking below

### **Chapter 893 - A Monster? Time To Finish This**

Shwuuuuuuuuuu.

Bam

The gang slid along the spiral hole and landed on a pile of hay that cushioned their fall.

One could say that the enemy was being kind.

But that could only be true if one didn't factor the 50 hangols within the place.

It seemed these hangols weren't the only animals or creatures here because they could hear the sounds of other ferocious beasts close by.

It looked like not all traps lead here.

And the reason why hay was placed there was probably to ensure that those that fell didn't die from the fall.

Why?

Because Julius and his predecessors wanted all intruders to face a far gruesome death of having their bodies getting torn limb from limb right before their very eyes.

The pain would no doubt be unbearable.

Where exactly was this?

Was this in a basement level below the ground floor?

Bam.

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Instantly, Vlad and the rest got up from the hay and pointed their guns and the many hangols that stared at them hungrily with saliva dripping from their mouths.

It just so happened that since last night, they haven't eaten a single thing since Julius retired his private assassins.

After all, it was the job of the future heir, A.K.A Ulrich to get his most trusted men to take over the responsibility.

Bottom line, these hangols weren't fed yet... until free food started descending from above.

Sure, they had already started eating a few unfortunate people who fell.

But with 50 of them here, it was barely enough.

Of course, some enemies struggled and managed to team up and kill or heavily injure 6 hangols.

But they still ended up at a disadvantage.

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Instantly, Vlad and the gang spotted Mandel, who was backed up on a corner, shooting the hangols.

And hiding behind him were 2 injured enemy knights who had almost been torn to shreds by these beasts.

"Jennifer, Serra... You two focus on my left.

Luke, Asher... You'll take care of the right.

Geo, focus on our backs, and I'll focus on the front.

Move!"

With that, the team dashed towards Mandel while taking care of all the hangols that they could.

But these beasts were indeed troublesome below.

Like lions, some sneakily crouched down in an attempt to pounce by surprise.

And after Geo ran out of bullets, right on cue, one jumped onto him in an attempt to chew his head off.

Geo quickly placed his arm armour gear over his head, and the bastard chewed on it ferociously while staring at him coldly.

Grrr-Grrrrrrrrrrrr-Grrrrr

Seeing that it couldn't bite through the gear, the creature raised its paws and unsheathed its sharp claws.

It was about to slice the shit out of its prey, but all of a sudden, its despicable prey threw something into its mouth.

Plop.

~Oooooooooo

What was that?

The hangol's eyes turned red, and his entire mouth and body felt hot.

A cloud of white smoke started coming out of its nostrils, and his belly felt like it was undergoing a battle for survival.

F\*\*\*!

What did this human feed it?

It opened its mouth and panted like a dog as it tried to calm the burning sensation from within.

And what exactly did Geo give it?

Well, it was tear gas.

That's right.

Geo dropped a can of tear gas through its massive throat and neck.

Who asked it to keep biting his arm?

~Oooooooooo

The poor hangol felt like it was in hell, as it desperately wanted water.

It began sweating heavily all within these few seconds.

And Geo wasted no time in reloading his bullets and shouting the damn thing with his silencer.

Peew.

He could've tased it using the built-in taser in his armguard, but he just wanted to see the effects of swallowing tear gas.

And so just like that, Vlad and his team focused on dealing with these ferocious creatures, all the while alerting those above of their situation below.

Meanwhile, Landon, Henry and his crew had finally got caught with Ulrich and Winston.

Dammit!

How did these bastards know the way?

Ulrich carefully ran while grumbling angrily.

Father said that only he knew the way.

So why was it that Henry was able to catch up to him with no prior knowledge?

Although the distance between them was somewhat far, Henry and his men were catching up to them at a very alarming speed.

Firstly, they had been battling for a very long time before Henry showed up.

So they were tired, and their bodies were sore.

In short, this wasn't their peak conditions.

At least in Ulrich's mind, he contributed it to that.

Landon squinted his eyes and looked at those around.

"Everyone, climb on.

I'll be much faster."

" "

Eh?

Henry and his right-hand men felt like they heard things wrong.

Did you just ask us to climb on you?

Do you know what you're talking about?

Brother, I admit that you're powerful, but what you're asking for is impossible, alright?

While Henry and his right-hand man looked at Landon in disbelief, the other 6 soldiers didn't show any emotions.

They on the other hand, just did as they were told, as if this was just a walk in the park for them.

And right before Henry's shocked eyes, Landon held one's hands and threw him over his shoulder.

1,2,3,4,5,6...

Like a magic trick, all 6 were on Landon, who by the way had no expression of pain on his face.

It looked like he was carrying a hat or something light.

All 6 were in a manner that wouldn't let them fall.

The whole thing made Henry doubt his life.

What did he just see?

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Landon didn't give Henry any time to think as he grabbed his hand and threw him onto the pile alongside Henry's right-hand man.

What a joke!

He didn't want this damn thing to carry on for long, so he wanted to stop Ulrich before he reached the secret escape route.

It was time to finally end this battle once and for all.

He had a wedding to catch Dammit!

"Everyone, while on tight."

With that, Landon boosted his speed to 50% and quickly caught up to his targets.

The wind force blowing against Henry's face left him in a daze.

Was his brother running as fast as a horse, if not faster?

Bro, forget it!

From today, I'm your biggest fan!

Din Din Din Din.

Ulrich and Winston turned their heads and almost puked blood from what they were seeing.

You can still run at that speed while carrying so many people?

What are you, a monster?

A thought popped into Ulrich's mind, making his head swell.

Brother, you wouldn't be the Fairy Godmother, right?

### **Chapter 894 - The Battle Conclusion: The Victor Is King**

Brother, you wouldn't be the Fairy Godmother, right?

Ulrich anxiously looked at the masked man who was gaining on them as if he was some ferocious beast, all the while carrying so many sturdy men on him.

F\*\*\*!

Wasn't this too magical?

What sort of training regime did the masked man undergo to get to this level?

For a moment, he thought that the man was going so fast that he could see a trail of dust left by the masked man still floating in the air.

Winston was also amazed as well.

Both gritted their teeth and tried their best to outrun the crazy man.

But how could it be that easy?

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

Like a vicious Rhino, Landon ran while locking onto his targets without mercy.

And when he was close enough at a distance he wanted, he slowed down considerably.

"Powin, Gregar, Alice, Susie, get off."

"Yes!"

With that, all 4 jumped off carefully while making sure that Henry and those who they supported earlier on were secured.

From there, Landon picked up the pace again and this time, he overtook Ulrich and Winston before stopping facing them head-on in the hallway.

Great!

Now, they had blocked the front and the back of the vast hallway.

So if they wanted to escape, they had to go through them.

Without wasting any time, Henry and the rest understood what to do and jumped off Landon.

This was the final battle!

There were 9 of them, while Ulrich's group consisted of 10.

But that wouldn't be an issue.

"I'll handle Ulrich while you take on Winston.

Leave the others to our men.

We have to end this fast."

"Right!" Henry replied while nodding before unsheathing his sword.

Winston frowned in disdain after listening to their conversation.

Did the masked man think that he was weak?

Is that why he sent a nobody to take him on?

And what did they mean by we have to end this fast, as if he, Winston Tutor was weak?

Even though Winston felt like he should be happy that it was the shrimp that would be fighting him, his ego still got hurt because of how much self-worth the masked man gave him.

Ulrich, on the other hand, turned serious.

He was a fool.

He couldn't see that this masked person was probably a highly-skilled assassin.

But how did Henry manage to buy him over?

Ulrich knew that if he wanted to defeat the guy, he had to use his head and concentrate without any distractions.

Little tricks won't work with him like he did with Winston and the rest.

The man was the real deal!

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Landon calmly stepped forward and didn't even bother taking out a weapon.

Ulrich drew his sword and took several steps back while coming up with his plan.

He didn't know why, but he felt like his back was chilly just from looking deep into Landon's eyes.

Nima, what exactly is this man?

When Landon walked ahead, he would take several steps back.

But soon, Landon jumped playfully, and Ulrich jumped backwards one step as well.

Landon jumped again and started humming while making Ulrich anxious every growing minute.

For this, Ulrich was very helpless as well.

Are you attacking or not.

Why must you tease my nerves, almost giving me a heart attack?

Ulrich clenched his sword with his sweaty palms tightly while looking intently at Landon's every move.

Suddenly, out of nowhere, Landon charged at him like lightning.

Bam.

F\*\*\*!

Too fast!

Ulrich, who thought he would be able to catch all of Landon's move, found himself thrown to the wall by the masked man's deadly punch.

Ahhhhh, his belly.

Dammit. It hurt so bad.

What were his hands made of? Iron?

Cough, Cough, Cough, Cough.

He struggled to get up while coughing loudly.

Where was he?

He quickly looked around and found that the masked man was still standing in the same spot as if he wasn't worried that he would escape.

Ulrich realized that he would have a better chance if he attacked first than waiting for death.

So he gritted his teeth and rushed forward with his sword firmly in his hand.

Landon saw this and smiled.

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Swoosh.

The sword whistled in the air as Ulrich continuously tried to cut his opponent down.

But the bastard kept dodging with a calm expression on his face as if he could predict his every move.

Soon, Landon dipped to the floor and tripped him.

Bam.

Feeling the impending crisis, he hastily stood up again.

But by the time he raised his head, his eyes opened wide in shock.

All he could see were a pair of legs coming at him at full speed.

He tried to dodge the attack, but there it was too late.

Bam.

Ughhh.

He hit the wall again, causing him to spit out a mouthful of blood that wanted to erupt out of him.

Plah.

Dammit!

Why is it like this?

Unlike last time, Landon didn't give him any time to rest.

He grabbed Ulrich, carried him high up in the air, and quickly went down on one knee just like 'King' in Tekken.

Ahhhhh.



Ulrich was known directly on that knee, almost snapping his back like a twig.

In short, if Landon had used force, he would've snapped.

Ahhhhhh.

It hurt.

He felt utterly numb as he found that his body didn't seem to be obeying him.

No matter how hard he struggled, he couldn't get up.

Of course, Landon hadn't broken his spine but had inflicted a sharp amount of pain in the area that would require him to stay still for at least 2 weeks before he could get up again.

Ulrich lay on the ground convulsing and spitting blood from his internal injuries while holding his chest tightly.

Again, was the masked man's knee made of iron?

For a moment, he almost saw his life flashing before his very eyes.

Those who saw him looked at him pitifully.

Henry also thought that his situation was pitiful.

Brother Landon, why do I think that Ulrich is so miserable?

His pale face, coupled with his expressions, made it seem like Landon was bullying him.

If Landon knew his thoughts, he would undoubtedly be speechless

How did he end up being the bad guy now?

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The fight didn't take long, as the soldiers and Henry's right-hand man dealt with the rest in a flash.

And after they were done, they stood by and allowed Henry to take down Winston himself, while Landon focused on Ulrich.

Hey, when the bosses decided to lay, what else could they do but watch?

And so, just like that, the battle for the throne had come to an end with Henry emerging victoriously.

But Winston and Ulrich were very much unwilling, especially Ulrich.

Why?

He was the rightful heir to the throne.

So why was everyone fighting to take what belonged to him?

And why should Henry have such an able person by his side?

"You... Who are you!

Why would you help him?"

Landon smiled while calmly looking at Winston and Ulrich.

"Who am I?"

Well, you could say that I'm his Fairy Godmother.

As for why I decided to help him, you two can assume the positions of his wicked step-sisters.

Now, does that answer your question?"

" "

'No, it doesn't!'

### **Chapter 895 - The Aftermath**

After giving Ulrich internal injuries that leave him bedridden for 2 weeks, Landon did the same to Winston, who had already been defeated by Henry.

This way, even if they wanted to flee, they would have no way of doing so, except they could crawl faster than a person could run.

Without a doubt, they would be heavily guarded at all times.

But it was better knowing that they wouldn't be able to go anywhere.

Landon had asked if Henry wanted them dead, but Henry refused.

Killing them created more problems for him than keeping them alive.

Why?

Because their mothers and maternal clans were still very much alive and kicking.

Killing them would give too much pressure for him to handle.

In the end, Landon would leave him to rule Deiferus, and the amount of clean-up that he had to do was a LOT.

Like it or not, his men weren't that skilled to handle such high-end enemies like those in the empire... Especially those that belonged to the council.

That's why he was glad when Landon decided to take Ulrich and Winston as prisoners.

This way, these forces would focus their attention on Baymard in hopes of rescuing the duo.

Their mothers would first use all the power at their disposal to rescue them, which in a way, kept Henry safe for the time being.

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For sure, Henry was worried a bit that he was putting Baymard in danger.

But after seeing Landon's reassuring smile and remembering the scene from earlier on outside the city, he fully believed that Baymard was a haven.

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That said, Landon wouldn't leave him dry and hanging.

Tomorrow, another team should be arriving in the Capital.

And that team will stay with Henry for a month before switching with another team again.

The soldiers here will keep Henry's enemies in check and assist him in taking down or tracking whatever was needed to be done.

At the same time, so as not to draw attention to themselves, Henry's men will take over guard duties around the City gates at night so that when the Baymardian vehicles drive in around 2 or 3 A.M, it won't cause any issues.

And the vehicles, once marked in the innermost private training courtyard meant for only the king, would be kept away from prying eyes.

No maids or workers will be tasked to go in and clean up the place.

The soldiers would stay there, clean the ace themselves and also do whatever it is they had to do there.

In short, their operations would very well remain hidden unless some people were sneaking around 2 or 3 A.M and happen to see them when they drive in or leave the city

Again, once the next group of people come over tomorrow, those within Henry's men who got chosen for training in Baymard would follow him out of the city alongside the soldiers.

Another thing to note was that before the battle, Landon had told Henry all about the Temple of Dragmus.

With their defeat, the team will bring some of the treasures and findings from the temple hideout to the palace at night.

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Additionally, amongst those coming in, the team were a few military secretaries that worked in the barracks.

They'll come over and teach Henry and a few of his men how to correctly record and look over things.

Unlike other empires, Henry's would be the hardest and most challenging one to change because of the rules followed by those in power.

The majority of commoners were ready for change, but the main problem lay with the wealthy.

So Henry would no doubt face oppression, especially from the council members.

Deiferus would now undergo a massive change, making this period tge most dangerous of all.

That's why Landon couldn't start ship transportation and other things yet.

He decided that only when the danger period lowered to a certain degree would he do so.

In short, there were a lot of things that Landon had to iron out with Henry before leaving tomorrow night.

But for now, they had to clean up the ace and adequately understand the building's strange dynamic.

Landon had already scanned through it with the system, but he decided to let everyone explore and discover things for themselves.

Even Henry was shocked by the discoveries.

No wonder his father never allowed anyone further.

The place was a real hell hole.

Any slight misstep, and it was game over.

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The soldiers also found the place where the hangols and other deadly creatures were kept.

And Landon decided to buy them and take the animals to Baymard, which made Henry even happier to get rid of them.

Feeding people to animals was a vicious act to him.

And who knows, one day, his men or himself might be the one to fall through the holes since they haven't mastered the building's layout yet.

It would be foolish to die from one's own trap.

In short, Henry felt like the building should be closed and shouldn't be used until he renovated and changed some things.

What if in future, his son or daughter falls through those narrow stairways and dies?

He could continue forbidding them here and there just like his father did, but at times, that didn't work.

He heard that when Julius was young, one of his siblings went in there and never come back ever since.

So who knew if the person died in the end?

Children were sneaky.

And at times, they were very clever and could bypass even a.d.u.l.ts.

Maybe his paternal grandfather (Julius' father) didn't have tight security in the place during the day, allowing the child to sneak in.

But since then, no one found that child.

So who knows if such a thing would happen to him?

What if a traitor who was by his side decided to push him down the stairs instead?

For safety, some things had to go or get changed.

The place was called the building of absolute death, which brought about the ends of both royals and intruders.

There was even a ruler several decades ago who died mysteriously in the place.

So who knew if he fell on his own trap?

That's why Henry decided to change a few things about the building.

The escape route remains, but the traps were a little too much.

And so the place would be closed until further notice.

.

With that, they had successfully dealt with all major issues for today.

And all that was left was for Henry to get crowned.

Finally, he could leave.

It was time to attend Santa's Wedding.

### **Chapter 896 - Mission Completed?**

Ding!

'Congratulations on completing the 2nd side-mission, saving King Sirius and uprooting the Temple of Dragmus from both Yodan and Deiferus.'

Landon was taken aback by the sudden alert.

The last base somewhere, either in Yodan or Deiferus, was probably being taken care of right at this very minute.

Good.

Hahahhahahahahaha.

He felt a little lighter all of a sudden, as if a heavy burden had been taken off his shoulder.

He wasn't a fool.

He knew that some of the members of these temples were probably spies in the Capital and other major cities, leaving their lives like ordinary people, without even knowing that the temple had been uprooted from the face of both empires.

So now, all he had to do was find the list of members and track them down.

And that list would probably be within the location where their leader was.

Well, since the mission was successful, it meant that even their leader's base was taken care of.

So now, they had to look for the list of spies around and surprise them.

As he said, these people probably didn't know what was going on because, like it or not, travelling would take weeks or months for word to go back and forth from the spies to their masters.

So the soldiers could use this against them and pinpoint them before they got an idea of what was truly going on.

These spies might come together and start the whole Temple thing again, or worse, they might create a new cult.

No one had time to clean up another major incident. So it was best to nip this in the bud.

.

More still, while at sea before coming here, one of the Navy ships that went out on the mission to Yodan relayed a message to his ship saying that when they attacked the main base, the temple's leader wasn't there.

They only found his office and even several secret compartments with documents and whatnot.

But he wasn't there.

Landon's bet was that he was probably someone within one of the neighbouring cities, towns or even villages close to the base.

Most likely, he lived a regular life outside the base.

As the leader, he probably wore a mask at all times while in the base because he didn't want his identity revealed.

So outside the base, no one knew what he truly looked like.

This was also for his security as well.

Only himself and the central elders wore masks while in the base.

Everyone else typically showed their faces, or at least that's the information the soldiers gathered.

More still, in a secret room within his office, they found a list of all members and several portraits of them too.

Each painting had at most 20 people painted on it and a document behind the painting explaining who was who from left to right.

In short, even finding these portraits was an intricate feat because within the secret room, there was a tough-to-find hole that the men had to crawl through like rabbits, which led them to another room.

But there was more.

In that room, there was also a trapped door, which led to a secret tunnel that took through a 15, minute walk to an underground chamber filled with all these things.

All this just to hide the documents of all members.

Anyway, from what he got, the Leader was still wasn't found, which was severe since he could rally up the whole thing again.

That's why Landon felt the need for them to find the spies who were around the empires.

They already knew what the spies looked like and also knew what jobs they took on, so they might as well catch them.

.

Landon nodded while listening to the system's notification before scrunching up his face again.

'System, why haven't you notified me on completing this particular side-mission yet?'

'Host... But you haven't completed the mission yet.

The mission was to put Henry Tudor on the throne.

But from the system's status inquiry, Henry Tudor is still a prince.'

So you're saying that I won't be able to complete this mission until Henry gets officially crowned?'

'Yes, host.

Why is your memory so bad?

Isn't the situation the same with the now King William Barn, whom the host placed on the throne months back?

Landon knew it, but he was just trying his luck, okay?

Who knows, maybe the system will be kind to him once and consider the mission completed.

After all, he wished that he could get the alert before he left for Santa's wedding.

But he knew that it would be near impossible.

Henry had some cleaning up to do before he could sit in the crown.

Several powerful nobles would oppose him and might even want the crown to change hands to them.

In their eyes, Henry was a weak prey that they could deal with.

So without other stronger contestants like Duke Osias, Ulrich and so on... Now, every Tom and Harry would think that they could snatch up the crown.

Thinking about the future enemies, Landon couldn't help but shed some tears for them.

Why go against the heavens?

The only result is death!

With that, Landon closed his eyes and fell asleep.

.

The night passed by in a flash, and before he knew it, it was a brand new day.

Today was his last day in the Capital.

Now, it was time to draw attention to himself.

Yesterday, they purposefully let the word out to the maids and butlers about what happened to Osias and those that they met dead... because that was the truth.

There was no need to make people believe that Henry killed Joffrey and the rest when he didn't.

Doing so will only incur the wrath of Osias' family and the rest.

And to make the news more believable, yesterday during battle, they did allow 2 or 3 escape at the start of the fight.

And they even yelled out the words: [Fire the black powder], making them believe that the force they felt earlier on came from black powder.

Of course, the few that escaped were those that had their masters killed.

None of Ulrich and Winston's men were allowed to flee.

Well, it was easy to spot who was who because of their battle uniforms.

Anyway, those that escaped would undoubtedly tell their master's family of how their master fell, which has nothing to do with Henry.

As for Ulrich and Winston's families... well, today, he and Henry took out the time to invite them over.

### **Chapter 897 - The Letters Have Arrived**

--In an estate outside the Palace--

.

Crash!

A porcelain cup shattered on the walls, frightening the guard who delivered the letter.

He received the note at the gate and passed it along, thinking that it was news from the Son.

But now, he started to doubt it.

Mother Lilian's body was boiling in rage when she read the note.

Last night, an injured man had already reported to her that her daughter, Eldora, had died in the hands of Joffrey.

But the thing that made her somewhat happy was that her daughter was able to kill him too.

At least she avenged herself.

Nonetheless, the person also said that Henry had shown up on the scene, taking advantage of the battle like a coward.



But Lilian wasn't worried because she knew that 30,000 or more of her son's men should be arriving soon.

Her son was and has always been a smart one who has lost his sense of rationality.

And even though she was worried, she still had absolute confidence that someone like Henry couldn't take down her son.

Also, when she heard the rough estimate of how many people came with Henry, she almost laughed at his stupidity.

But who could be thought that he would be the victor?

What did the bastard mean by inviting her to the palace?

Even though she felt that it was a trap, she knew deep down that she had to go.

If she didn't, who knew what they would do to her child?

Right now, if she wanted to gather up forces and meet Ulrich's supporters, and even her father, it would take time.

One should know that this was still the mourning base of the late King Julius, and some people would refuse to do anything because they didn't want the results to affect their political image.

Who knows if their enemy could use this against them and say they were treacherous?

This was a sacred period that any believe to be very spiritual and holy for the crossing of one's soul.

More still, even if everyone did agree to help her, they would undoubtedly have to spend a day or so thinking or coming up with a plan before just marching over there like moving targets.

There was no way out of it; the timing was terrible.

But she had no choice but to go.

After all, the letter said that she should be here before noon.

So who knows what will happen to her son if she's late?

How can they bully a widow this much?

Lilian's face turned black with rage.

"What are you standing there for?"

Hurry, gather all the guards now!

We are going to the palace!"

Just like that, the seemingly calm morning turned chaotic with everyone running around the place like crazy.

And such a scene was also very similar to what was happening in another estate.

--The Elegant Willow Estate--

"Can you all move it?

My son is in peril, and you're busy strolling around?

Get the men ready now!

We are going to the palace to see 2nd Prince Winston!"

(\*^\*)

Things were already in motion, and all Landon and Henry did, was wait for his guests.

This should be fun.

.

Today, the streets were empty, and the entire lace looked deserted as many locked themselves indoors to mourn for the loss of their king.

The once quiet and deserted roads, now had several horses and carriages, were charging on it at full speed without a care in the world.

They went so fast that even the carriages seemed to be flying, as they constantly jumped and against the uneven roads.

Without a doubt, the speed of the horses would damage the carriage wheels at this rate.

Those in the carriages were in the worst state ever, as their carriages kept throwing them left, right and center in the confined space.

Their hair and outfits that their maids had neatly prepared now looked dishevelled as if they got out of bed.

But did those within them care?

Nope.

"Faster!"

The women in their individual carriages yelled all through the way to the palace, as their anxiety and fear had gotten the best of them.

What did they do to their sons?

They prayed to the heavens that not a single body part should be missing from them, or God so help them... they would show the enemy what happened when one goes against a mother.

'Hyah Hyah Hyah Hyah Hyah'

"Faster, faster, can't you make the horses go any faster?"

" "

—

The coachman had black lines on his forehead when he heard the screaming voice from behind him.

Ever since they left, the 1st Queen had been screaming at the top of her voice.

It was truly a miracle that her voice hadn't turned hoarse at all... because he wouldn't mind if it did.

Was that bad?

'Hyah Hyah Hyah Hyah Hyah'

Halfway through the ride, Lilian spotted 2nd Queen Kyla's entourage and instantly knew that they were both in the same pot of soup.

It seemed like the reasonable thing to do was to put aside their differences and work together?

Maybe not.

Because right now, these ladies had turned the whole thing into a race... with Lilian winning.

And finally, they were at the palace.

.

"My queen, please, let me arrange your hair."

"You shut up.

Who has time for that?

Get out of my way!!!"

The maids who followed along were very helpless in this matter and could only watch their masters force their way through the place like angry peac.o.c.ks.

The women seemed to forget their pedigree because even now, they moved alongside each other, pushing one another with their bums while moving forth.

'Your royal highnesses, can you both pay attention to your status?

When you get judged, won't I be the one blamed for my incompetence in allowing you divulge in such acts?'

Sigh... It was truly a hard, hard, hard job to be an attending maid.

Landon and Henry watched the ladies from the window and chuckled.

"Your stepmother's are certainly something else."

"You have no idea.

But can you blame them?

We have their sons, after all."

"Hmmm.

It's time to give them a warm welcome."

### **Chapter 898 - Angry Mother Birds**

Both women hurriedly made their way into the building and were quickly sent to the largest grand hall in the palace, that they were more than familiar with.

This was the hall where all palace ball parties and social gatherings were conducted.

And at times, some meetings would also be held here since there was a fixed massive throne up there.

Looking at Henry, who was seated on the throne comfortably, their hearts sank deeper.

It should've been their sons who sat there, not some puny, worthless kid that they used to belittle years back.

Even if they were displeased, they dared not show it.

After all, their sons were in his hands.

Still, they didn't bow before him because he was still a prince... The 5th prince, for that matter.

The palace hierarchy rules were simple.

The first queen and her children were above the rest and couldn't bow to those below them.

The 2nd queen and her family had to only the king and the 1st queen's family.

Just like that, the hierarchy continued.

So even if they had another child now, that child would still be superior to the other wives beneath them.

Meaning that child wouldn't have to greet those below him first.

Instead, the other wives would have to bow and greet him/her every time they saw them.

That said, Henry was so far behind and should be greeting them since he was still a Prince and not the King.

.

Henry chuckled and didn't care for their disdainful nature.

"Mothers, I only called you here to inform for one thing.

And that's to let you see your sons for the very last time in..."

Sling.

Without waiting for him to finish talking, the ladies unsheathed the swords of the men closest to them in a flash.

The f\*\*\*?

They honestly moved so fast that one would've thought that they were assassins.

Don't mess with a woman's child.

Their anger had already erupted like a volcano.

"You shut up!

What do you mean by seeing my Ulrich for the last time?

Do you want to die!!!"

"You dare touch my Winston?

Hahhahahahhahahaha.

Boy, you are too young to play power games with me.

If you try it again, I'll show you that you are still a little boy who cannot ejaculate with his eyes open."

(-\_-)

Henry felt very insulted at this moment.

As for the last comment, well, as Deifer warriors, it was believed that when pleasuring one's self, real men react and reach ecstasy with their eyes wide open.

Only real men could keep it open, while weak men closed their eyes.

Landon on the side felt very embarrassed and awkward too.

Ladies, we are talking about your sons, so why are you shifting your insults somewhere else?

They just wanted to make Henry feel like he wasn't a real man, or rather, they wanted him to know that he was a very weak Deifer.

But was this really the best time?

.

Lilian and Kyla's hearts sank when they recalled what Henry said.

Their bodies started trembling, their hearts speeded up, and their eyes burned with a murderous glint.

Dammit!

They really wanted to kill this good-for-nothing son of a b\*\*ch.

As for Henry, he aloofly waited for them to lash out as if he had all the time in the world.

"Aunties, I wasn't finished.

So I will advise you to hear everything out before disrupting me again!" Henry said coldly.

As a future king, he had to act the part.

And Landon released some of his aura to help him out, which made the woman shut their mouths unwillingly.

"Now that we have some peace, I hope that we can maintain this atmosphere till we finish our little meeting.

After all, as royal members, it is most unbecoming of you both to yell loudly like shrews.

It is most unbecoming."

'Your head! Who are you lecturing? You're the shrew! Your stupid dead mother is a shrew!' Both women cursed inwardly while maintaining a cold expression too.

Henry looked at them and smiled.

"As I said, before I was rudely interrupted, today will be the last time you see your sons in the Capital city."

--silence--

Eh?

So their sons wouldn't get executed or put to death?

A flicker of hope emerged in their hearts, lessening their anger and anxiety a bit.

At least the brat had a conscience.

In the way, no matter where their sons were, they would gather up their forces and save them.

Now, they only needed to know what the bastard planned to do with them and where their babies would be sent to.

But would the bastard give up the location that easily?

For all they knew, he could be sending their sons to some faraway place as slaves.

No!

No matter what?

They had to pry the information from the brats mouth.

How could they let their babies suffer?

.

"1st and 2nd Mother, I know what you guys want to know.

And in truth, I'll tell you where I intend to send your sons.

You see, I have no intention to hide it because your sons won't be in my hands anymore.

Someone else has stepped forward to take them.

In fact, my sitting here comfortably was thanks to my men... as well as that person and his people.

So as of tomorrow, your sons will no longer be in my hands.

That's why I called you here as my last action of kindness to you, to see your sons while you still can."

What?

A heavy load hung in the hearts of the women.

Who was it?

Who helped Henry take down their sons?

Was it minister Roderick?

Or was it Duke Campbell?

Thousands and thousands of thoughts raced through their brains as they went through the list of powerful people in the empire.

F\*\*\*! Who was it?

They looked at Henry anxiously while registering the urge to shake the words out of his mouth faster.

Boy, can't you speak any faster?

At the same time, they perked their ears for fear of missing a single word from his mouth.

"Mothers, you don't have to think so much.

I naturally have every intention to tell you."

"Alright!

Then speak up!

Who is it?!"

The masked Landon stepped forward playfully.

"It's me!"

(-\_-)

'You, who?'

### **Chapter 899 - Deiferus Drama Over, On To The Next**

The ladies felt like their patience was running out with these people that loved to play the guessing game with them.

You, who?

The masked guy just said it was him.

So?

Were they supposed to know him magically or something?"

There were thousands and thousands of wealthy within the continent, out of the millions of people.

So who exactly was the masked man?

"Ladies, I can only tell you that I intend to stay here for a week to assist Henry deal with a few things.

And after a week, I will be taking your sons with me to a very far away place out of Deiferus.

As for seeing them again, of course, I will permit you to visit them whenever you feel like it.

So, you ladies are welcome to visit them in Baymard any time."

Baymard?

The ladies were taken aback.

Yes, they did admit that the things from Baymard are eye-catching and even inspirational.

But Baymard was more of a small market/trading empire where everyone could do business freely.

It was a weak empire sheltered by Carona and had to pay tithes and taxes to Carona to ensure protection.

They even heard that yearly, Baymard carried half of its income and gave Carona to continue securing their safety.

Such a place was no doubt weak compared to Deiferus, so why would Baynard dip their fingers into such dangerous waters?

Could it be that they and Henry made some beneficial deal that would profit Baymard greatly?

They probably got the Caronian knights to assist in this battle too.

Because how else would 30,000 of Ulrich's men and about 17,000 of Winston's backup forces be wiped out?

.

It was a well-known fact that Baymard didn't have that many knights.

In fact, Baymard had no knighthood academy.

So they got aid from Carona to take care of those backup forces.

And Henry probably marched into the Capital with the not-so-big gang that their sons had in the palace.

Not to talk of the fact that the bastard took advantage of everything and waited for everyone to start killing each other before swooping in and dealing with those that survived.

Yes, everything made sense now.



Henry alone couldn't take down their boys.

He had help.

Earlier on, they thought that their sons might be leaving the Capital soon, but since the masked man would stay here for a week before leaving, this was their chance to gather up a few more people and strike before the 7th day.

As for believing the masked man, of course, they did because it was a fact that Henry would face a lot of pressure if he ever wanted to take the throne.

Not that they sympathized with him, but they desperately wanted to have hope that the masked man would stay out.

Even they could see that Henry was still too weak to do it all alone like their sons.

So the masked man's reasoning was convincing.

Nonetheless, they would place spies around the palace when they went home to ensure their sons stayed here for a week.

And in the meantime, they would do their best to save their sons within this period.

Today was day 1.

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"Hickory, bring them out."

"Yes, your highness."

With that, the women who were immersed in their thoughts instantly snapped out in a panic.

They wouldn't have done anything to them, right?

Sure enough, they did!

The moment they saw their sons carried in with stretchers, their hearts broke and bled rivers of blood deep within their bodies.

Seeing their once-proud sons carried in on bamboo stretchers, their hearts shattered into fragments that were more numerous than the stars in the night sky.

They stretched their hands in fear of their speculations.

Did these bastards cripple their sons!!!!

Pang.

"Out of my way!

Get out!"

They threw the swords in their hands and dashed forward, pushing their men who tried to protect them.

They ran straight for their broken sons, who were now placed on the floor on top of their stretchers.

Both Ulrich and Winston looked frighteningly pale.

And the bandages around their injured body parts only made their conditions look worse.

In truth, the soldiers had been treating them like patients... But both Winston and Ulrich hardly ate anything because they were still skeptical and thought there was poison in the dishes.

If not for the fact that the soldiers had to pry open their mouths and force them to eat, they would probably starve to death.

Ulrich and Winston dared to do this because they knew that their mothers would come to the rescue.

After all, their maternal families were great clans, and their grandfathers alone would be able to save them.

So they tried to hold on before that.

And sure enough, their mothers were here.

.

~Ooooooooooooo

"My baby, my baby, come... Tell mother who did this to you. Just point to the person, and that's all you have to do."

"My darling baby, don't worry, mother will avenge you."

The women didn't care if Henry heard them because seeing their sons that looked half-dead and wrapped like that made it hard for them to contain their emotions.

The scene firmed their desire to rescue their sons even more.

No matter what it took, they had to get them out of here!

And so the women left the palace in a hast to make preparations.

They sent spies to keep a lookout around the palace and also made their way to visit their fathers, the head of the clans and other influential supporters of their sons.

Both mothers were in good fighting spirit.

And by 11 P.M, one of the spies returned and told Kyla that there was no movement in the palace.

Likewise, at midnight, Lillian's spies also informed her of the same thing.

Anyway, the city gates closed at 10 P.M.

So they knew that if the masked man had to leave, it would be before 10 P.m.

Nonetheless, they still had the spies send their reports hours later, just to be sure.

Of course, another batch of spies would watch everything throughout the night.

But getting the reports of no movement at this time of the night made them sleep with a bit of peace of mind for now.

It looks like the masked man did intend to leave after a week.

Or so they thought because when they woke up the next day, another letter from the palace came their way.

Apparently, it was from the masked man.

[Ladies, I'm sorry.

But you see, something came up.

So we had to leave last night.

But I do look forward to your visit to Baymard.

Bye-bye]

.....

"Quick!

Gather the men and leave the city now.

Chase after that bastard and bring my son back!

That damn bastard!

How dare he bully widows this much?

Bastard! Swindler! Fraudster! Sc.u.mbag!!

Bastard!"

Both women cursed loudly in rage until they finally passed out.

Bam.

(XOX)

"My Queen."

"My Queen."

"My Queen."

As they slowly lost consciousness, they couldn't help but want to slice the masked man into pieces.

F\*\*\*!

They had been had.

Meanwhile, the culprit of it all was long gone, on his way to the wedding.

Finally, he was done with this Deiferus drama.

On to the next.

### **Chapter 900 - Burn The Traitor!**

Landon watched everything from his bed and chuckled.

Since they left last night with vehicles, how could it be easy for anyone to chase after them?

Their only chance of seeing their sons, was if they paid a visit to Baymard.

Landon closed his eyes and rested for a bit.

Now, he was on his way to Carona.

Meanwhile, Back in Baymard, several people were both nervous and excited with the massive turn of events today.

Momo sat in his classroom patiently while waiting for the time to go by.

At noon today, there would be a Parent-Teacher Assembly/conference (P.TA)

Right now, he was supposed to be having a lesson.

But his History, Mr. Apollo, cancelled classes today to prepare for the conference at noon.

So everyone was either joking with their friends, lying around or doing homework.

Momo fell in the first category.

He was currently engaged in a deep conversation with his friend Maxwell, and another new student Natsu, about the latest Mighty Morphin Power Rangers that aired yesterday.

Of course, they were also accompanied by several others too that surrounded their desks.

.

"How could you miss yesterday's episode?

Evil Sorceress Rita Repulsa was at it again.

This time, she managed to kidnap the blue ranger.

I tell you, it was disastrous!"

"I know, right?

My heart almost couldn't take it anymore.

She used her staff and weakened his morphing powers."

"And then, and then, what happened?

Wait... Why are you all so silent?

What happened to the blue ranger?

That's my favourite ranger!

I even have his action figure and everything.

So you better speak now.

Dammit!

If I knew, I wouldn't have gone grocery shopping at that time.

Now I really want to know how epic the episode was."

"Bro... It's not that we don't want to speak, but the episode ended in a cliffhanger.

We don't know if the blue ranger is still alive or not.

For all we know, he could be dead."

"No!

You take that back!

How can Rita Repulsa kill him alone?

Why target the blue ranger and not the others?

This is bullying!"

Momo patted Maxwell's shoulders pitifully: Take heart, bro. It's not too often to choose a new ranger as your favourite."

Maxwell: I don't want to. I like the blue ranger.

(T:°^°:T).

Ah yes, in an era where the concept of movies and TVs were still relatively new and exciting, even something like power rangers was enjoyed by the elderly... Not to talk of the children.

The fact that characters could appear after a puff of smoke or levitate and float still amazed people as they wondered how they did it.

Of course, the show had been modified a bit to have good martial arts and choreography, with villains also wearing costumes and whatnot.

Even the set was built and customized for the show in the studio, and the storyline had also been tweaked a bit to give it more flavour and purpose, making people want more.

Everything was new and exciting to the eyes of many.

And for most men, they loved watching action scenes, so Landon's new and improved version kept their hearts guessing every second.

For sure, Momo and his friends were also in this category as well.

As for Little Linda, she also loved power rangers; her favourite was the yellow ranger.

So when she stepped into the classroom with her group of friends, they were immediately interested in the conversation, but they were so shy and dared not step forth.

Why?

Because Natsu, the new student who entered their class from S-class, was too good looking.

Each school grade had 5 subclasses that all students fitted in; S-class being the highest, A-class following that, B-class, C-class and D-class.

For example, one could be in grade 10, but because of their results, they would be placed in any of the categories.

But here's the cool thing about the school.

For one semester only, each person would enter their designating subclasses according to their scores.

But in the next semester, everyone got shuffled, with all classes having a mix of both strong, weak and so on.

This way, the students can help each other and bond.

This method turned very effective because those who weren't doing well did learn from those who were great.

Even when they went back to their own classrooms in the next semester, they were still on friendly terms with the top students, sometimes studying in the library together.

And now, this was the shuffling semester again, which brought Natsu, the hunk of the entire grade, from S-class to A-class.

Natsu was ranked 3rd most handsome by the girls and even had his fan club.

But the guy was still fairly dense and didn't even know that many girls liked him.

.

The girls giggled and blushed while peeking at him from time to time.

And soon, Little Linda encouraged her friend to give the homemade lunch that she struggled to prepare for him.

"Erm... E-e-excuse me, Natsu... I made this for you to thank you for teaching and helping me with my homework."

Natsu, who was a strong foodie, quickly took the box excitedly.

"Sweet! My favourite.

Thank you, Aminie."

"Y-y-y-your welcome.

If you're like, I can make you some more later on."

"Eh?"

Wouldn't that be much for you?"

"No, no, no... It's no problem at all.

I...."

Pap.

Before she even finished her sentence, the boys around Natsu all stood up with fire in their eyes.

And in a flash, the boys all wore their lab coats, gloves and had dark plastic bags over their heads, all the while wearing lab goggles.

And Maxwell, who seemed like the leader, had a long ruler in his hand.

Meanwhile, the boys quickly arranged their lockers in a rectangular formation.

Like lightning, Natsu found his hands tied up as if he was a prisoner.

"Guys, what's going on?"

"You heathen! Don't you dare talk to us!

Do you please guilty or not!"

Natsu was even more confused: "Guys, what the hell are you talking about?"

Bam.

"Shut up, you traitor!

For a moment, we were almost blinded and fooled by you.

A man as blessed as you is no friend of ours!"

"Yeah!

How dare he blatantly enjoy food from the class queen?

Does he not know the pain of being single?"

"Brothers, what are we waiting for?

I say we burn this traitor!"

"Yeah, burn him!"

(\*^\*)

Momo looked on bitterly.

Even he was almost swallowed up when Linds said that they were dating.

It was a miracle that the boys stopped looking at him with disdainful eyes after a while.

'Good luck, bro.'

The class queen who listened, grew anxious and tried explaining things properly.

And the boys paused to listen to her.

Maybe they misunderstood the situation?

"Erm... It's not like that."

"So you don't like him?"

"I, I, I..." She held her head and flushed harder.

--silence--

Bam.

"The judgment has been passed. Guilty."

"Burn the heathen!"

"To think that I even shared a pencil with him.

People as popular as him shouldn't be near me.

What a jerk!"

"Roast this bastard!"

(\*^\*)

With that, they carried the tied-up Natsu outside the window and vanished.

Meanwhile, the dean who had received reports that everything was prepared for the parent-teacher meeting, was in a very good mood.

He got up from his seat with his coffee in his hand and calmly walked towards the window with a smile on his face.

Ahhh, what a great day.

"Burn the heathen!"

"Burn the traitor!"

He saw a tied-up Natsu carried in the air like a sacrifice and slowly backed away towards his desk.

He picked up his I'm one and held it silently.

"Hello, is this the police?"

I want to report a crime."



" "

—

And so that was how Momo spent his days in school.

It was another perfect Baymardian day.

Meanwhile, very far away, someone else was having a not-so-great day.

What went wrong?