

TECHNOLOGY 921

Chapter 921 - Wedding Completed

"Look! Look! Look!

Look up there!

It's the Queen and Duke Benjamin!

They're waving at us!"

"Wait?

Is it raining rose petals?

How beautiful!"

"Those tiny dots I saw way up in the air earlier on, were they these balloons?"

"Mommy, mommy, didn't you say that we'll go to the palace after we get this done?

Then let's hurry up!"

"Look! They're waving at us.

Quickly, let's wave back."

(^_^)

Those on the streets jumped and waved happily at the parade of hot air balloons above.

It was a glorious event that would definitely go down in Carona's history.

And following beneath the balloons were the exotic Baymardian vehicles and some of the military vehicles too.

Of course, the nobles from the ceremony also tailed behind, as they too had to be there for the after-event where the cake would get cut.

Additionally, the Camera crew sat in their vehicles and shot the glorious scene, capturing all they could.

Well, so far, everything was a success.

And soon, the hot air balloons had arrived at the landing spot within the palace.

There, there were red carpets and more flower girls ready to take them in.

The band played enthusiastically, and several Baymardians dancers took the lead in their fabulous outfits.

The crowd of people that were already within the palace watched in awe and clapped merrily at the over-the-top performance before them.

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One should know that all this time that the wedding and battle were going on at the Sanpodia, the people had made their way to the palace and stayed on the massive empty fields and spaces allocated to them.

But they weren't bored.

Why?

Because before today, several Caronians were contacted to open small food booths within particular spaces allocated.

Some sold mooncakes; others chose to use this opportunity to advertise their shoot in the Capital.

Again, the royals placed iron rods on the ground, bought some nets from Baymard, and created volleyball and tennis sites.

And to ensure that the calls didn't fly far, they stationed tall nets around the courts that would catch any flying balls.

People could watch outside the nets.

They also had games like scrabble, chess, ordinary card games, snakes and ladders, monopoly, etc.

And wouldn't you know it, bingo was very popular with the elderly.

Additionally, there were puzzle-fitting games to see which person was the fastest.

There were also games where one would need to fish fake plastic fish from ponds or throw little hoop rings onto several objects on the ground.

There was also a hoopla hoop competition.

And believe it or not, there was a complete thrill of horse racing within the premises that actually didn't involve real horses.

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Yes, there were horse races without real horses.

Several wooden carved horses, standing attached to wooden platforms, had strings attached to them and were all mouthed on yet another straight wooden space on the ground.

Each horse was placed in its own space so that it wouldn't hit the other wooden horses.

And, the strings on the horses were attached to what looked like short fishing rods.

The players were to sit on chairs and reeled their wooden horses as fast as they could to cross the finish line.

It was like real horse racing, with the audience having chairs, watching and cheering seriously.

Again, some simple games that also relied on luck were available, like the pull-the-string game where players would just have to choose a string from thousands and pull it.

Hopefully, what they chose had a winning ticket at the end of it.

That's right.

There were prizes.

So after a person won a minimum of 2 rounds/2 winning tickets from any game, they could go to the ticket booth, spin the wheel, and end up with any of the prizes there.

On the wheel, there were a total of 30 possible prizes.

One could get teddy bears, pens, notebooks, bedsheets, buckets, a flashlight, a free drink at the Baymardian drink booth, and so on.

But the most eye-catching prizes were a free bicycle!

Undoubtedly, that's where everyone's eyes were.

Who wouldn't want a free bicycle?

Of course, all games were provided by the Baymardians, and the royals provided all prizes.

For the wedding, the royals had budgeted out 500,000 copper coins / 50 gold coins on prizes alone.

50 gold coins were nothing to them.

The smallest-sized teddy bear alone costs 1 copper coin, and the biggest one was 15 copper coins.

Not to talk of pens, notebooks, and all the rest.

Those things were relatively cheap.

Even the cheapest bicycle that amounted to 150 copper coins wasn't all that bad.

In short, they took this opportunity to bless the people through the event.

And if the prizes ran out, they would remove those that ran out on the wheel and replace them with free drinks, snacks and so on.

For today's event, they were ready.

And so just like that, the people had been so busy that they didn't even notice how much time had gone by.

Many were shocked at how fast the ceremony was.

But little did they know that a fierce battle took place after the ceremony.

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The trumpets sounded, and the dancers danced.

All games came to a halt as everyone focused their attention on the enhancing parade.

This has got to be the most amazing wedding ever, right?

Penelope and the rest were led towards the grand hall, accompanied by all the noble, Sapos, merchants and so on.

There was just no helping it.

They couldn't very well fit everyone within the Capital onto the hall, could they?

Nonetheless, those creating the wedding cakes had also made 15 other grand cakes that were to be sliced and shared with those outside.

Those were the biggest and most comprehensive cakes that many had ever seen.

They were so big.

And so, many of the citizens also got to taste the grand wedding cake!

Could this day get any better?

Rather than having a long party, after the father-daughter dance, bride & groom dance, and the cutting of the cake... the nobles and everyone else were sent outside to have fun.

Some struggled to hit the pinata blindfolded while listening to everyone's instructions, while others joined the hooks hoop competitions, chess matches and played other games.

What made everyone happy were the free hot air balloon rides for all that would go on till 7 P.M.

Instantly, both nobles and peasants began waiting in line like crazy, as they genuinely wanted to experience what it was to fly.

Lucy and the rest also had fun too.

In short, everyone was in on the action.

They had fun till 7 P.M.

And by then, the Baymardians had arranged a live theatre for many to watch.

Everyone sat on the grass, listened to the actors' voices that echoed through the microphones, and fell deep into the stories.

And by 9:30 P.M, when places were utterly dark, the fireworks went off.

Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom!

It was the most incredible light show that many had ever seen.

Even those who went back early could see the dazzling lights from afar.

It was just all too wonderful.

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Carmelo and Adrain, who also had the time of their lives today, looked above and smiled.

Their baby girl's wedding had truly outdone theirs when they got married ages ago.

But they couldn't have had it any other way.

Everyone was happy.

Even the butlers and those who worked today had their one little celebration in the gardens with free food as well.

There was even enough for take-aways.

Many decided to take them home and share them with their families.

And by 10:30 P.M, the guests were sent out.

Some rode their new bikes back, while others held their bedsheets, plastic buckets, pens, flashlights and so on.

As they walked, they talked, laughed and spoke about all the exciting and marvellous games they played today.

"Ahhh, I could've beat old Rodney in Bingo if I truly wanted to."

"Pui!

Who are you fooling?

You were nowhere close to winning!"

"Dammit! Why is my luck so bad?

Every time I spun the wheel, I ended up with either a free drink or a teddy bear. Even a bed sheet would be better. What am I going to do with so many? Maybe my daughters will like them?"

"I know, right? There was someone who won 4 bikes.

That's 4 of them!

What sort of dumb luck is that?

And how can I rub some on me?"

(:TOT:)

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Landon smiled while looming at the leaving guests.

His buddy's wedding was a complete success.

But looking around, he couldn't help but shed a few tears for the staff and those who would clean up tomorrow.

Sigh... The downside of having a grand event is the cleanup.

At least the wedding was done and over with.

Now, he could focus on more things... like getting the arcade opened after returning to Baymard.

It was time for him to complete his primary mission and technologically advance Baymard once again.

Chapter 922 - Going Home

The next day, Landon and everyone else, except for the newlyweds, got up early.

Even though they weren't part of the cleaning crew, they still woke up to lay back, chill and talk to one another.

Of course, Santa's sisters, elder brothers, alongside their wives, husbands and children, stayed back too.

His father, Duke Walters and his mother, the now ranked up, Duchess Angelica, also joined the conversations.

And Penelope's aunt, who was Carmelo and Samuel's younger sister, was here as well.

Yes, Duchess Mina, her husband and her children were here too.

They were here with their children, who were brought from Baymard alongside Lucy since they schooled there.

Those were the children who came with Adrian and the rest years back, the first time they ever stepped their legs in Baymard.

They were close friends with Momo and the rest and loved Go-kart racing.

Back then, the oldest at the time was 9 years old.

And now, he was already 12.

Time sure did fly a lot.

One shouldn't forget that Penelope's brothers, Robert, Asher and Neeson, were here too, as they also teamed up with Carmelo and the girls to protect the people during yesterday's constantly.

They had grown up since then and weren't so willful anymore.

Carmelo tapped other shoulders proudly.

"You all have grown, and your skills have already improved.

So, are you ready to come back?"

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For their changes, Carmelo was genuinely grateful to Landon and Baymard.

These boys had done a lot of catastrophic things here in Carona.

From threatening officials, bribing, and poor managing their territories while squandering the taxpayers' money and pulling the people deeper into debt and poverty.

Unlike the medieval societies back on earth where the lords collected tax money and managed them individually... In this continent and many others, everything was sent to the royals, who would then decide how to share the money.

This was why it was hard for many nobles to usurp the throne or rise above the royals, unlike medieval times back on earth.

Anyway, these guys squandered money that shouldn't have belonged to them after Carmelo had issued it to be used for the people.

As their father, he had tried so much to rectify them, but everything backfired.

He was almost at the point of banishing them to make them learn their lessons, but such a harsh punishment will only make their hatred grow and might even allow them to do other stupid decisions instead.

And so he was almost out of ideas until he tasted the iron discipline in Baymard.

He also emphasized that they should do charitable missions too.

And from the first report he got after his sons went there, they really did put up a fight and tried burning some buildings in an attempt to use the opportunity and escape.

That wasn't all.

They also tried bullying others but ended up getting punished because it was forbidden to fight if one wasn't in training.

Fighting in the cafeteria, dormitories and so on were prohibited.

People could stand outside and fight for practice, which was okay... but both fighters need to agree and consent on it, and no heavy tactics that could kill one's opponent, like trying to stab their opponents with a real knife, which they tried to do and were punished.

Changing then wasn't easy.

It wasn't until their first mission that they saved a few pleasant girls of ages 5~8 that gave them a slight change of heart.

They reached the scene and met a very gruesome picture.

Some girls had their bodies cut into pieces and fed to dogs, while others were used as pleasure objects.

In essence, once the girls died, they were fed to the dogs.

The whole sight shocked them crazy, and when one of the girls even died while thanking them for at least attempting to save her, it was hard for them not to have a change of heart.

Additionally, during the mission, because they were stubborn to listen to orders, they almost died but were rescued by soldiers.

And the inspirational words from the squad leader let them know just how reckless they had been living.

They got to see the real face of poverty when they went undercover and even managed to save some children, who later thanked them with flowers.

One could say that their change began there.

And following that, they did other missions and also attended church services from time to time.

There were moments that they were chosen to escort the priest and share donations to the less privileged around the continent too.

Even the ethics and moral education taught the barracks allowed them to adjust their thinking for the better.

They also worked hard, with their goal being to enter one of the Caronian Brigades in Baymard.

They were now a far cry from being able to enter these top special forces.

Nonetheless, they weren't willing to give up yet.

As for Carmelo, the fact that they were now better humans was what he was most happy about.

What else could he, their father, wish for?

His sons had finally grown up.

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"So, when do you think you'll be able to settle back in Carona?"

Your territories are still yours to manage after your return.

And even though your uncle Samuel has helped you all by cleaning up your mistakes and getting the place back on track, you still owe it to your people and yourselves to prove your worth as royals who are meant to protect them.

I'll be honest, your images aren't the best right now, and I expect you to change that soon.

I want you to show Carona how much you have grown.

Because I, for one, am very proud of you, and I want the rest of the world to be proud of you too.

You all are my precious sons.

And I want nothing but the best for you."

"Thank you, father!"

The 3 princes looked at their Carmelo warmly.

The last time they heard him say that he was proud of them was when they were still 9 or 10.

But they didn't blame him since they were so willful and allowed their positions to get the best of them.

Now, they knew better and were also somewhat ashamed.

"Father, for the matter of us returning, we had already discussed it amongst the 3 of us.
Give us 1 year, 6 months... and we will be ready."

"Yes, father.

Our goal is to learn and later incorporate what we learned in Carona.

We want to assist Penelope the best we can. But at the moment, we aren't ready yet."

Carmelo nodded: "Good."

Everyone was happy.

And so just like that, Landon had decided to stay back in Carona for 5 more days before finally setting out.

But little did they know that trouble was currently knocking at Baymard's door.

But who could it be?

Chapter 923 - She Was Here!

--Robina 4 star hotel, Capital City, Baymard--

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A beautiful curvy middle-aged woman lay in a tub of lukewarm water filled with rosy scented bubbles.

The lady couldn't help but marvel at all the things she had witnessed ever since stepping her feet in Baymard.

Yes, even though the newspapers, pamphlets, books always showed a glimpse of what the place was like... Seeing and experiencing it was a whole over feeling.

She had heard about these phone things, fridges, radios, microwaves and had a rough thought about them.

But using them made her realize how easy life could be.

Not to talk of the miraculous clean water from the taps, the thing called air conditioners that seemed to cool down the heat from outside.

And don't get her started on the magical floors and stairs that seemed to move on their own in public buildings like the landport.

Even taking her picture and doing her hair in the salon made her realize how advanced this place truly was.

In fact, everything should've made her happy, but it didn't.

How could she?

She was frightened by the notion that these Baymardians might be strong.

After all, she, Ex Arcadian Queen Eliza, came here to rescue her son, Connor Barn.

So if the enemy was strong, then where would that lead her?

Her body trembled with a bit of fear, and her face turned pale with worry.

Dammit!

This was all so frustrating!

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When she arrived 4 days ago, her thoughts of attacking were pushed aside.

In the face of such divine technology, how couldn't she panic?

She knew that she couldn't act rashly because this might be the only chance she had to launch a surprise move against the enemy, increasing their chances of getting Connor out.

She wasn't the only one thinking that since even her men and the assassins decided to investigate properly before making their move.

They wanted to confirm whether the facts they gathered out of Baymard were true or not.

That way, they'll know how to act.

Swahhhh!

She got out of the water, did another rise in the shower, carefully wiped her skin and stepped out of the bathroom.

She had to dress up fast because soon, the men would send in their reports.

And after 10 more minutes, right on cue, there was a knock on her door.

Knock Knock Knock.

Her most trusted guard, Soliar, looked through the peephole before opening it.

Good, the head of the assassin group was here.

Now they could go right down to business.

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Eliza sat down in a comfy chair and crossed her legs: "What's the situation?"

The assassin leader glanced at her calmly before leaning back

"There's nothing special, and no over my dangerous people to worry about.

Just as we thought, they are still guarded by the Caronians.

From our investigation, they don't have any Knighthood Academy as we estimated, but they do have a police academy hidden within District B.

We tried to get close to the place, but each time, their patrol dogs alerted people of our arrival.

Those dogs are almost inhuman.

They could detect us even in the dark, chasing after us and even fight against us.

It was like nothing we've ever seen before.

So we decided to give up on District B.

But, we did manage to step into the Police station in District C to 'report that our items were missing.'

And just as we expected, the only weapons they had were those things that they call Tasers, which would only work if we were close to them.

So it's highly possible that just as the Lower region is off-limits, District B might also be off-limits because they don't want people to steal the tasers there.

They might even be manufacturing them there."

Eliza and Soliar nodded in agreement.

After all, they too were also busy with gathering information.

And even from the job offers in the newspapers, they could tell that the lower region was a working place where ordinary people went on and went out.

So far, these sorts of places were highly guarded because of the manufacturing processes.

Even they would do the same if they created all these beautiful things.

Just look at everything within this room?

It was all so heavenly.

Likewise, the tasers might be produced in District B, with only the guards and police officers making them.

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If it were just a regular training academy like any of the knighthood academies, why bother prohibiting people from the place?

All over the continent and even within other continents, Knighthood academies were public and open.

They were nothing worth hiding.

Even some peasants were allowed to the academy under their masters as slaves who would shine their master's swords, shoes, do their laundry and so on.

In fact, if it were a regular training academy, it would be open, allowing any foreigners or citizens to take a look.

But that wasn't the case here, meaning that they did more than train... They also produced the tasers!

At least, they knew the weaknesses of these things.

Provided they predict the trajectory when the front part of the taser got detached, then that was good.

Looking at it now, the Baymardians didn't have much going for them.

And after seeing the 5-storey mighty Caronian embassy in Baymard, they were more convinced that Carona was backing up Baymard.

They even met a few Caronian guards at the embassy gate too.

But what shocked them the most was when they heard that soon, the Teriquen embassy would get completed... meaning that Terique would also send more guards after it got done.

Lucky, they decided to take action now.

Because if they chose to come later when Terique had joined in, wouldn't their mission's difficulty get raised?

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Eliza breathed out a sigh of relief when she listened to their apologies and conclusions.

Good.

Baymard wasn't as dangerous as she feared.

Thankfully, she had hired hundreds of top-ranked professional killers from the Venomous Butterfly Assassins Guild to deal with these issues.

Just looking at how the leader of their group spoke made her feel excessively optimistic too.

"Madam, this mission is a trivial one for the Venomous Butterfly Guild.

I can assure you that this low level of security wouldn't be much for us to handle.

We also visited the option easier and even spoke with your son as planned.

There were guards at the back, so he couldn't tell us anything.

But he kept opening his eyes and shaking his head vigorously while looking at the guard beside him.

He also rejected you from seeing him.

I think he was trying to make me stop talking because the guard might be listening on.

In the end, your son wouldn't give us any helpful information, but we found that the prison layout was far too easy." The assassin said before chewing a gr.a.p.e on the table.

But what he failed to understand was that in the day, he had passed through the visitor area, which was basically laid out in a simple manner for visitors to see their loved ones via the glass.

And as for the real reason why Connor refused to see his mother, that was simple.

If they succeeded in bringing him out, fine and good.

But if they lost, then his mother won't be associated easily.

She can flee or deny everything till the end.

In a way, he was protecting her.

As for the rest, why should he care about them?

He also wanted to tell them that they were playing with fire, but because of his previous fight with one of the Pirate captains in prison, there was a guard by his side at the moment.

Call it bad timing.

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The assassin leader massaged his chin, feeling overly confident.

To him, these Baymardians were idiots.

How could they allow both rich and peasant people to visit prisoners?

This was unheard of!

Were they so confident in the Caronians that they weren't afraid of others mastering the way in and out?

How stupid!

"Tomorrow, we'll make our move while you stay behind and await the good news."

Eliza smiled: "Excellent."

Soon, she would rescue get beloved son, teach that brat, William, the lesson of his life before coming back to deal with these Baymardians who fared to lock her son up.

Fortunately, she heard that he didn't have any body parts missing, or else her revenge wouldn't been far worse.

She tapped her armrest gently.

Soon, she would get her precious son back!

Chapter 924 - Tweezers to the Rescue

In a flash, the sun came and went as yet another day was coming to an end.

The people within Baymard's Capital city were in their usual busy but fulfilled mood.

But little did they know that some people were currently trying to cause tension within their city.

Within the outskirts of District B, several people all dressed in black were currently squatting deep within the bushes.

These men were none other than the Assassins from the Venomous Butterfly Guild.

They were all dressed in black, from head to toe, only revealing their eyes.

They had visited the prison before and knew exactly where it was.

For one, since it was one of the only building that allowed visitors to come by within District B, it was kept at a very far distance and angle from the restricted region.

Firstly, the moment one left District C, moving towards B, all roads branching rightwards out from the main highway led to the restricted regions, while the only left branched road led to the Prison.

Of course, the Prison was kept at a very isolated spot far away from District C and A.

Again, the forest region around it had been cleared by a substantial amount, and the beached-off road leading to the prison had several signs confirming with travellers that they were going in the right direction.

So the assassins already knew where to go.

They moved within the forest region, at a close enough distance to the roads.

After all, without doing that, they would undoubtedly get lost.

Assassin leader Ling Pong stealthily led his group amidst the darkness, dashing and jumping like crazy.

They began their journey at 10:30 P.M, and by the time they were close to the prison, it was already 1:47 A.M.

"Leader, I properly researched earlier on and found out that this particular Prison is only meant for women.

So it's not a training building in disguise. It's still a prison, but for women." Said one of the assassins, who stared at the first gigantic vast prison that they spotted.

"Leader, the men's room should be another 30 minutes from here."

"Good. Let's go then. We have no business with women."

"Right!"

With that, the gang disappeared once more.

And soon, they made it.

Looking at the magnificent buildings and structures similar to the women's prison, everyone took a deep breath to fully prepare themselves.

Now, it was time for action.

They, assassins from the Venomous Butterfly Guild, would do their guild master proud by clearing this mission in one swoop.

Wasn't it just a simple rescue?

How hard could it be?

"Everyone, remember the plan.

Dodge the moving lights, climb the fences, and get to that dark corner there fast."

"Yes!" They whispered while nodding in unison.

With that, the first 10 left the woods in unison and made their way across the very massive empty field.

And as they moved, many a-times, they were almost exposed by the many circular lights that danced around the field.

Dancing was the most appropriate word for their actions because the lights gave them no time to rest, as it moved at unpredictable angles.

They rolled, backflipped, sprinted, did splits and twisted their bodies hard much as they could to remain undetected.

Dammit.

Even they didn't know that their bodies could bend so much.

"To the left! Tilt your damn body left!"

"Bro, thanks. If you didn't kick the back of my legs, I would've been caught by that last one.

Who knew that it would go right and surprisingly move left just a few seconds again?"

"Yager, this is no time to talk. Concentrate!"

"Klint, duck!"

Bam.

"F***!

Who the hell designed this?"

The first batch jumped like fools while avoiding the annoying lights until they finally reached the fences.

But now, they were facing the most challenging part of the mission.

Climbing the fence.

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Climbing the fence didn't seem like a problem to many, but one shouldn't forget how tiny the fence holes here were.

There was no way that their thumbs or fingers would fit into them.

The whole thing was designed to prevent people from climbing in or out.

They also went around the city looking for other fences similar to these. But the only ones they saw had big enough holes to support multiple fingers in them.

So how were they supposed to come out with a proper tool for climbing up accurately?

Their only choice was to bring a bunch of thin but sturdy pointy objects and try their luck.

It wasn't easy at all since all their weapons were kept at the port.

That's right.

For this mission, they shared several small kitchen knives against each other for defending themselves.

As for what they brought to climb to the top, it was none other than tweezers.

Yes, the costly thick ones that were somewhat heavy.

And low and behold, it was a perfect fit.

They first inserted the clapping end of the tweezers into the targeted hole on the fence and made sure that the thick metal fence string was caught in-between the tweezers... before gripping the clapping end again.

All they had to do was do their best and grip the damn thing as if their life depended on it while climbing upwards.

As for leg support while climbing, they didn't think it was that necessary.

What a joke!

Even though the fence was roughly 10 meters high (3-storeys high)... as assassins, they had many-a-times climbed up buildings only using raw arm muscles when their legs were too injured to do anything.

For them, arm strength was all they needed.

They believed that they could haul themselves up with just their arm strength since their toes and shoes couldn't fit the holes on the fence.

Just like that, they took out the chalk powder that they ground up earlier on, dusted their palms and fingers, as well as the tweezers, before beginning their climb.

Each assassin had tweezers on both hands and spares in their pockets.

"Everyone!

Soon, the light will leave the fence and move leftwards as predicted.

We'll only have a few more seconds before it returns and points and the bottom of the fence.

From there, it would travel up in a circular motion, so remember to stay in formation."

Everyone nodded and left, looking at the fence intensely

"Now!!!"

With that, the men began the most challenging climb that they had ever done in their lives.

Chapter 925 - The Demonic Lights

Sweat.

The group of assassins had never repeated so much in their lives.

Why did it seem different than what they imagined?

They had climbed several 3 and even 7 storey buildings in palaces, estates and other places before with just their bare hands, and sometimes with metal arrows.

So if they could succeed while gripping metal arrows, why was it so difficult when holding these tweezers?

They had invisible tears in their eyes as they struggled to make it to the top.

Of course, if they had taken a little thing called Physics before, they would understand that even though the tweezers were sturdy and couldn't break when compared to an arrow that gave them enough holding space for load distribution, the tiny tweezers didn't even fit their entire palms.

So many had to exert more pressure on their fingers and grip them with enough force to support their heavy weights and loads.

Others almost slipped, while some quickly wiped their palms and fingers on their clothes, one hand at a time, thinking that their sweaty hands were the cause of their predicaments.

Of course, they also silently cursed Baymard for creating such a very annoying fence.

Couldn't they be like ordinary people and build stone walls around their dungeons/prisons?

Stone walls were simple to climb since the ageing stone walls had crevices and holes where their arrows could stick into.

And the best part was that no one would know what's going on, on their side of the fence.

But with this Baymardian fence, both sides could see each other once someone brought a torch closer to the wall, illuminating the darkness.

Dammit!

They had no tears but felt like crying.

They even began doubting their raw strength.

But all that was the least of their worries.

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Seeing the circular lights heading their way, their hearts sank with fear.

"It's coming; it's coming!"

At this point, they could either hurry up and get in formation as planned or drop to the bottom and start all over again.

The second option seemed like a nightmare to them.

So they gritted their teeth and moved their tweezers as fast as they could, hauling their bodies up.

Drip the ground and start again?

No way!

With tweezers on both hands, they speeded up indefinitely.

Time seemed to move in slow motion as they struggled to get in formation while looking at their lights dance from the bottom of the fence, ascending upwards.

And within this period, they felt like they aged by a hundred.

Their hearts pounded as loud as drums as they watched the demonic lights slowly taunt them for what seemed like a century.

The light started going straight up before branching right in a curved motion... and finally going back on track straight upwards.

In a split second, everyone's face paled from anxiety as they watched the light spot dance its way around them.

The person right at the top of the gang held his breath while watching the light changed trajectory when it was just a few inches away from his hand.

S-s-s-safe?

Safe. Safe. Safe!

They were safe!

Their predictions were correct.

~Ooooooooo

They had never felt so accomplished before.

Just one slight misstep or wrong predictions would've led to their doom.

F***!

Their mission leader was mighty!

One should know that when they arrived here tonight, the mission leader suggested that they waited an extra 15 minutes to observe the patterns on the fences.

And he was right! Every prediction was on point!

He could even estimate how many knee-steps it would take for them to each get to their position.

Of course, he also gave them a good starting point, which was in line with one of the flag poles on the other side of the fence inside the prison.

They had to admit, their mission leader was a f***ing genius.

Provided they followed the leader's instructions, then everything would be fine.

Damn, they felt alive!

.

Colin Clin Clin Clin.

Their tweezers clashed against the metal fence as they continuously ascended.

But this time, they all had smiles on their faces, and their energy had somewhat been boosted due to their overconfident mindset.

That's right.

They were assassins from one of the most prestigious Assassin guilds.

So what was there to fear?

With so many of them, they were bound to end up victorious and best this annoying Baymardian Prison system.

Just like that, they reached the top.

Who could stop them now?

Slash Slash.

Eh?

They looked at wounds on their hands and felt the pain on their bodies, causing them to get more and more irked.

What the hell?!!

It wasn't enough that these bastards made a very irritating fence, but they also had another trap on top of the fence?

They looked at the thin barbed rows or metal mesh that sliced them in displeasure.

Did these people think that they were hiding esteemed guests as important as the monarchs of Morgany?

They were more so angry that they were going through all this for a simple rescue mission of an ex-prince, who wants even sure of taking the throne back later on.

It was like doing the most work and taking unnecessary injuries for a simple thing.

They secretly swore that after this, they would talk to their guild master back in Arcadina to charge Eliza more.

This was ridiculous.

.

Very quickly, they got to the other side of the fence, descended with their tweezers to a certain level and just jumped to the ground.

Bam.

From there, they began signing the moving lights until they found themselves at the targeted waiting spot.

Of course, while they jumped through that angle on the fence, 3 other teams jumped through different areas.

Flowing that, the next batch of people moved.

And soon, the whole gang was in.

Everyone placed their tweezers away in a safe place, as they now felt that it was akin to a weapon.

No, more like a necessity.

They even felt like every assassin should have a pair of tweezers on them at all times.

It was portable, usable, and even disposable when trying to sneak it past guards on missions.

"As expected, the door used to escort us to visit our target is locked.

But during our visits, we did notice a corridor path used by the guards when they came in and out.

Everyone, follow me."

"Hmm."

They nodded in unison and vigilantly moved through the dark outdoor corridor space.

But what they didn't know was that a set of fierce eyes were silently staring at them from within the shadows.

But whether those eyes belonged to man or beast, it was still unknown.

Chapter 926 - Is This A Joke?

Deep within the darkness, a ferocious pair of eyes glanced at the intruders vigilantly before entering into the night again, as if it was never there in the first place.

The intruders, who didn't seem to notice anything, stealthily walked through the only available path confidently.

But suddenly, several metal bars shot out from the ground behind them, sealing the hallway entrance they used to step in.

Just beside the door meant for visitors to enter was a hallway on the side that led to where they were now.

And now, their only exit point that they planned to use after finishing the mission was shut!

The metal bars revealed themselves like Wolverine's claws and completely sealed the place, followed by another set of metal bars that layered the first set.

Bam!

Everyone leaped and turned around to see what the sound was.

They were startled, alright?

Only those at the very back saw the whole thing.

Instantly, they all took out their kitchen knives that they had sharpened over time and stood in formation.

An uneasy feeling slowly crept into their hearts as they looked left, right and centre to determine whether they had been found out or not.

The air that seemed warm earlier on was now cold and very tense.

They gulped down their saliva and firmly clenched their weapons as hard as they could while boosting their morals.

Yes!

They were high-level assassins that had taken down many important figures within the Pyno continent.

They had snuck into Deiferus' Palace once and stole some secret documents when the place had thousands and thousands of guards.

They had done so much throughout their lives, and their reputations were evidence of their awesomeness.

So what was there to fear?

They forced themselves to smile, all in the hopes of fooling their brains that everything was going to be alright.

But the truth was that within these few seconds, their anxiety had gone up the roof as their eyes continued wandering around, hoping that no prison guards came over and disclosed them.

Were they still safe?

.

It didn't take long before their question got answered because a few seconds after that, several lights came on.

Pam Pam Pam.

Dammit!

It was so bright!

The entire place lit up, and everyone soon realized that they were standing in a vast open circular space.

And looking at it now, it seemed like there was no exit out, except the barred hallway at the back... Or so they thought.

Rumble. Rumble. Rumble.

What was that?

"Leader, look!"

The next scene made their jaws drop downward, and their eyes pop out even more.

How?

Like Harry Potter magic, several sections of the wall around them opened up like magic.

Even in a million years, they would've never thought that those sections on the walls were dogs.

The illusion was truly top-notch.

And as the doors were opening up, they could also see that several bars inside the doorways slowly lowered themselves down into the ground.

But if one thought that there was just one set of disappearing bars, they would be wrong.

Because they so like 10 or more sets, all entering the ground or walls as if it were nothing.

F***!

What sort of security was this?

Following that, several heavy but uniform footsteps echoed out.

They gulped their saliva and pointed their knives at these magical doorways.

And soon, they saw several eyes staring at them from amidst the darkness within the doorways.

When their enemy stepped out and revealed themselves into the light, everyone was taken aback.

Dogs?

They didn't know whether to laugh or cry.

Was this some kind of joke?

They felt like these Baymardians were really belittling them.

.

That's right.

The Prison Combat Dog force was here to take them down!

~Grrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrr.

All dogs growled and surrounded the intruders, all the while giving way to their dog superiors and boss.

These leader dogs were all Hertfilian Chrompo dogs, which looked like a mix between dogs, wolves and bears.

Their claws were as long as a bear's and could also contract and expand.

Their teeth were also sharper and deadlier, and their senses were more heightened than my other dogs.

Their bodies also looked extremely large like a tiger's, and they just had more raw strength than the others.

And so, they were the leaders of the other dogs because animals were far more straightforward than humans.

If one had strength, the rest acknowledged and followed.

Of course, some regular dogs earned their respect by surpassing these Chrompo dogs in combat and were also chosen by the dogs to be leaders.

None of the dogs had any qualms with that.

Strength was everything.

As for the boss Dog, while still being a Chromo dog, he looked like he pushed weights for a living.

It was utterly jacked and ripped, and even its growl could even horrify several deadly creatures deep in the forest.

It was the big boss amongst the dogs, and everyone else just called it Boss Dog.

Its fur was full and clung to its frame, revealing its excellent muscles.

And those hazel-yellowish eyes seemed to have the power of oppression many.

It glanced at the intruders as if they were mere fools and slowly stepped forward.

Instantly, the only doors sat still and even did a salute with one of their paws.

~RuRuuuuuu!

The boss dog nodded at their respectful gestures before pointing at his primary subordinates (the boss superiors) and sending them off to take on different positions around the battlefield.

The boss dog had been out here the entire time, stealthily watching the instructors while identifying those he thinks are dangerous.

In fact, the actions of these dogs were truly shocking and somewhat mind-blowing.

But, just like wolves that knew who to take down while moving in packs, dogs could do the same in their own packs.

They could report their findings to their leaders, communicate by barking loudly, and so on.

And coupled with their training, they knew exactly what to do.

Currently, all dogs wore protective prison vests.

These vests had flexible material for combat that could also protect them against stab wounds.

So unless the enemy stabbed their heads or legs, they wouldn't be fatally injured.

Of course, the vest could only reduce the knife inertia and impact force by 80% due to the rare lightweight but strongly reinforced padding materials within it.

With only 80% blocked off, they might still cut minor bruises or cuts.

So they had to be careful.

Now, it was time to show these intruders what their Prison dog force could do.

Chapter 927 - Boss Dog's Prestige

Ling Pong, who was the assassin leader, squinted his eyes at the dogs before them.

So these were the dogs that his subordinates had talked about?

Actually, they weren't since the dogs the subordinates mentioned were far away on the opposite side of the main highway, around the barracks.

His subordinates tried to infiltrate the barracks, but some came back with their bitten beaten, and their hands and legs chewed on like bones.

The actions of these dogs made them believe that they had stumbled upon hungry animals in the dead of night.

After all, they were attacked by these dogs deep at night whenever they tried to infiltrate the barracks.

But the dogs never had killing intent, as they let them go after a while.

So no one thought more of it.

Little did they know that all those times, the dogs were just heeding to the instructions of the humans around by listening to the silent dog whistle that only they could hear.

And with their training, they knew the instructions based on how many times the whistles blew.

Of course, the Prison dogs had almost identical training to the military dogs. But there were a few more instructions catered to their prison scenarios.

Looking at the dogs, Ling Pong realized that their previous deductions about them were wrong.

Just by how they saluted the big one and even moved in formation, he could tell that they meant business.

He would be lying if he said that he wasn't impressed.

But he never believed for one second that they, as top-notch assassins, would lose to dogs.

If word went out, how were he and the rest supposed to live in the Assassin world again?

No matter what tricks these dogs have, they were still dogs and will always be lesser than humans.

That's why it was very laughable to him when he thought of the Baymardians sending dogs to fight in their place.

As expected, the Caronian soldiers in Baymard might be too focused on protecting the ports and the lower region.

So since Baymard didn't have enough guards, they got dogs to do their job guarding other places.

Or else why was it that every time his men went scouting at night, they constantly met with dogs?

Everything further proved just how weak Baymard was.

Ling Pong looked at the boss dog and sneered.

No matter how big it was, provided it was a dog, he would kill it!

Likewise, the boss dog, who was as big as a tiger, had set its sights on Ling Pong, making him its target.

.

As the magical doors were closing... like lightning, the dogs had already circled their enemies, ready for combat.

~Ruuuuuuuu!

Boss dog gave the signal.

And instantly, all hell broke loose.

The superiors and dogs charged towards their targets like crazy.

Of course, how could Boss dog allow them to have all the fun?

Boss dog's sharpened as it dashed forward while keeping its head low before finally leaping onto the air, straight at Ling Pong.

Blood trickled down as Ling Pong felt a spine-tingling pain grip his heart.

F***!

The bastard bit his hand.

~Grrrrrrrrrr.

Ling Ping could smell and see the dog's wolfish fangs slowly crush his wrist.

Pain.

It was like the dog had disconnected something within his body, making him let go of the knife he held in that hand subconsciously.

Dammit!

Was he going to sit here and watch this bastard get the best of him?

No way!

Right now, the dog was over him while he lay on the ground.

He gritted his teeth and raised the other dagger in his other hand in an attempt to stab the bastard's neck.

But as if sensing his move, the boss dog moved its body slightly higher, causing him to stab the best instead.

"Die!!!"

Pap.

What?!!!

Only a bit of the blade didn't even fully go in, even with his max strength.

Boss dog grinned and quickly raised its paws, slapping the sh** out of Ling Pong.

Of course, it didn't reveal its sharp claws and just slapped his face with its paws alone.

Nonetheless, it hurt so bad that it left a clear reddish paw print underneath Ling Pong's mask.

Pah Pah Pah Pah Pah.

The slaps were so hard that it completely shocked him and left him in a daze.

Forget it.

He was probably missing a few teeth by now.

Blugh.

He spat out blood and glared at Boss dog unwillingly.

"You!!!..."

Could anyone tell him why this dog was so strong?

He felt like there was a conspiracy somewhere.

And he wouldn't be wrong.

Who was Boss dog?

He was warden Mitchen's pet.

And almost every day, Boss dog would have close combat with Mitchen.

Because just like Mitchen and his chief subordinates, Boss dog and his one chief subordinates seemed to have heavenly strength that was bestowed by the Gods.

Both dogs and prison guards fought in close combat for training purposes to see where they needed improvements.

This training had been beneficial because the dogs typically attacked just like beastly creatures.

So if they were out on a mission and came in contact with a hangol or something like that, they would have a better understanding of how to handle such matters, especially when some of the tiger-like dogs were you the size of Hangols.

Likewise, the dogs also learned how to handle humans more.

When it came to Boss dog, he was respected by both the guards and the dogs alike.

The other dogs looked at him in awe.

At times, they stood in line and sometimes reported their updates to Boss dog as if they were humans.

Even when they were sometimes taken out on missions to escort or capture prisoners, they all followed boss dog as his subordinates.

In short, if Ling Pong knew the real prestige of his opponent, he would smile bitterly and feel better about getting beatings from Boss dog.

What a joke!

Belittling Boss dog was akin to belittling Warden Mitchen.

And that was just plain stupid.

.

Pah!

Boss dog landed the last slap before grabbing the knife that Ling Pong dropped earlier on and threw it towards one of the walls far away.

Ling Pong took advantage of this and pushed Boss dog away, finally freeing himself from underneath it.

He stood up vigilantly and decided to treat the dog as if it were another assassin.

This dog wasn't normal.

What sort of strength was that?

It was clearly a monster in disguise!

And so, the real fight between dog and man began.

Who would win?

Ling Pong believed it to be him!

Chapter 928 - The Shameful Baymardians

Ling Pong stared at Boss dog coldly as blood slowly dripped from his bitten hand.

Chriiick!

He tore a piece of clothing and slowly tied it around his right hand that now seemed numb.
Boss dog, on the other hand, allowed him to do so since it wouldn't make any difference.
Ling Pong noted the ends of the fabric with the help of his mouth and slowly took a fighting stance.
Even though his most dominant hand was injured, he didn't fret about using his other hand to fight.
After all, as an assassin, mastering the use of weapons with both hands was key.
So he wasn't worried at all.

He held his dagger in his other hand and spat out the accumulated saliva in his mouth.

Cupuh.

His eyes flashed with a cold light: "Stupid dog, you're going to pay for that last injury."

With that, he dashed forward ruthlessly and sent his blade towards Boss Dog's neck.

Swish.

Boss Dog ducked, passed under his open legs in a flash, stood at his back and bit his butt.

Grrrrrrrrrr!

"Ahhhhh!"

Ling Pong's body tensed up when he felt the Boss dog's sharp fangs sink into his soft cushioned butt.

He gritted his teeth in rage, twisted his body and sent the knife towards Boss dog's neck again.

Boss dog, who had his eyes on the dagger, quickly jumped back and spat in disgust.

Pui!

Ling Ping was somehow offended.

Did his butt stink?

Bro, if you don't like biting butts, then why do it?

.

Boss dog's expression was truly hilarious for those observing the fight.

He thing his mouth wide open as if he had taken in poison or something.

Even though it was a dog, Ling Pong felt that it was taunting him.

"You damn Dog! Die for me!"

Once again, he swiftly sent his blade towards his opponent.

Slash. Slash. Slash. Slash. Slash. Slash.

The duo went at it for a while, with Ling Pong's moves becoming faster and deadlier.

But Boss dog, who regularly trained with Mitchen, knew the cunning nature of humans and was able to avoid the attacks seamlessly.

He jumped, duck, paw-slapped, rolled and used his hind legs to deliver powerful kicks.

Ling Pong, who was several purple bruises from Boss dogs hits, was truly getting frustrated.

Was a dog better than him, an assassin?

He didn't believe that he wouldn't be able to land a single blow on it.

Looking at the blade in his hand, he placed it away and decided to rely on his fists.

He sent several thundering punches and kicks towards his opponent until he finally landed a good solid hit on Boss dog.

Pah.

The hit was enough to send anyone or dog flying and rolling on the ground, but in Boss dog's case, he was still firmly standing, with his head facing sideways, as the hit had turned his head towards that direction.

Boss dog turned his face back and looked at Ling Pong coldly.

Alright. He was done playing nice.

No more mister nice dog.

Like lightning, he appeared beside Ling Pong.

And before Ling Pong could react, the hand that he now relied on to fight was bitten.

Boss dog bit his hand and grinned coldly before slamming him left to right on the ground as if he was Bam Bam in the flintstones.

Bam. Bam. Bam. Bam.

Left, right, left, right.

His body was crushed to the ground mercilessly.

His body tore with bruises, and even he felt like he had some internal injuries from the dog's moves.

There was no helping it.

He had been thrown on his hard floor that was similar to stone by a very inhumane beast.

Instantly, his throat felt full as blood forcefully gushed upwards in an attempt to escape from his mouth.

Blugh.

As expected, he had internal injuries.

And to make matters worse, every time the dog lifted him into the air to throw him back down again, he felt more agony from its fangs.

The pain was so intense that he felt as if his hand would disconnect with his arms soon.

Nonetheless, he was unwilling to lose to a dog.

So he wiggled and twisted his body midair while trying to land back on his feet and throw the damn dog off instead.

But how could it be that easy?

.

Gripping his hand, Boss dog now started spinning around, swirling Ling Pong in the air at an incredibly fast pace.

Dammit!

It was so fast that everything around Ling Pong became blurred.

And the next thing he knew, he was slammed onto a wall.

Bam.

F***!

He felt dizzy.

While lying on his back, he began seeing things in threes and fours.

He struggled to get up but was too dizzy to stand properly.

Boss dog dashed towards him and kicked again, pushing him to the wall once more.

From there, Ling Pong began his first-day training as a punching bag.

And the other dogs who finished their fights all stared at their Boss in awe.

As expected of their leader.

His strength was unmatched.

~Rurururu!

"Get him, boss!"

~Rurururu!

~Ruruuuuu!

The dogs bellowed excitedly, white their tails swishing happily while watching their boss in action.

Boss dog was really ruthless.

Pah. Bam. Bam. Bam.

"You damn beast!"

Stop for me, or I'll stew your flesh and blood for dinner!"

Pah.

"No! No! No! No!!!

I refuse to be insulted like this!

Where are your masters? Come out for me!

Come out, you cowardly Baymardians. Come out and fight me!"

Pah. Bam. Smack.

Ling Pong yelled out angrily.

He was pissed!

These Baymardians sent out dogs to fight them, as if they, as assassins, were unworthy of fighting the real Baymardians.

They made it look like they, the Baymardians, were the top most powerful bosses, which one could only fight after defeating their dogs.

Bullish**!

They were just coward's that relied on the dogs instead.

If an empire or any organization, or even he had these sorts of dogs, then what was the point of hiring people?

These dogs were clearly more powerful than many assassins and were probably the main fighting force here.

So knowing how powerful these dogs are, these cowardly Baymardians hid behind them this whole time.

And he re-used to lose to a bunch of cowards who only won by relying on others.

Whether it was the Caronians or the dogs, these Baymardians had no fighting power and relied on both.

How shameful!

Chapter 929 - Ghosts?

Ling Pong's breathing grew heavier with every attack made by Boss dog.

His eyes looked blood red as he clenched his fist unwillingly.

Why?

How could they lose to dogs?

Shame engulfed his heart as he truly wished that the floor you just open up and swallow him whole.

After today, his reputation that he painstakingly built for over 17 years would go down the drain in a flash.

Even his guild master might not send him on missions anymore.

He would stay as a reserve that just swept, cleaned, organized assignments and helped out in torturing prisoners in the guild here and there.

He would join those losers who he mocked time and time for the last years.

His body trembled when he thought of his impending future.

No!

Right now, he had to flee.

And those that manage to escape with him will have to swear never to mention this matter again.

No one was to know of this.

No one!!!!

His eyes flashed coldly as he took a deep breath in an attempt to gate his strength and relax his mind.

He was done fighting this beast.

Even though he didn't like to admit it, the beast was too strong.

Just one solid kick from it made his body crack the walls. Talk less of all the other kicks he received.

He felt like the dog had rearranged parts of his ribs because his entire chest felt like hell.

And one shouldn't forget those got slaps to his face that knocked a few of his teeth out

Honestly, he was even shocked to be alive at this moment.

Why did he feel like the dog was holding its strength back and just toying with him?

Dammit!

When did he drip to this level that a mete dog could look down on him?

Yes, he was angry.

But he knew that now wasn't the time to act against the beast.

His primary focus should be on escaping.

And after this, he would return here with thousands of assassins from several guild branches for revenge.

More importantly, they had to kidnap these godly dogs and train them to work for the guild.

With these dogs, the guild's strength bought even triple.

He was sure that once he told the guild master about these dogs, the guild master would do whatever he could to have them.

Moreover, could these weak Baymardians deserve such godly dogs?

Another thing on his agenda was for the guild master to overcharge Ex-queen Eliza.

He wanted her to pay 5...No! 10 times more than what was agreed on if she wanted her son saved.

For today's humiliation, Ling Pong would undoubtedly have his revenge.

Someone had to pay!

.

After gathering his strength and secretly forcing his body to shake off the pain and numbness, Ling Pong waited for the opportune moment before rolling away and made a run for it.

During the fight, he also noticed that the metal bars that previously blocked the exit/entryway that they used to enter had now disappeared.

So if he didn't take this time to escape, who knows when the metal bars got raised again?

"Retreat! Retreat! Retreat!!"

Those who weren't pinned down yet quickly followed the leader's orders to escape.

~Whoof Whoof Whoof Whoof.

The dogs barked and tailed them behind.

Ling Pong and the few who managed to wiggle away from the dogs ran as fast as they could throughout.

Now, they were back on the open space that had circular lights moving around, and they honestly didn't give a damn if the lights spotted them or not.

They ran as fast as they could with the dogs on their tails and quickly took out their tweezers.

It was time to climb up again.

The dogs barked and stood at a safe distance while watching them climb up.

Ling Pong and the rest smiled victoriously, as they could almost taste freedom.

"Hahahahaha.

For a second, I almost thought that they could actually climb up as well."

"Me too! I don't know when, but I stopped treating them like dogs a while back."

"You stupid beasts! If you're so good, then why don't you come up here and get us?"

"Weren't you all proud earlier on? Mark our words, you all will pay for humiliating us!"

"Heh. A dog is a dog. This is the best of their abilities!"

But as a wise man once said, one should never celebrate too early until a game was over.

.

Suddenly, something strange seemed to possess the fence.

"Ahhhhhhhhhh!!!"

Their bodies trembled with excruciating pain that utterly shook their brains.

F***!

What the hell was this?

Was a ghost trying to invade their bodies?

Their muscles tensed, and for some reason, they couldn't control their bodies at all.

It was the most frightening thing that they had ever experienced in their life.

Because to them, it felt like a ghost was trying to take over, as their brains slowly lost control of their bodies.

Their heart rates speeded up, and their bodies began switching nonstop.

Some of their hearts even began standing up.

And soon, their hands left the tweezers, and they all dropped to the ground below like flies.

What just happened?

They stared at the fence that seemed to be possessed by ghosts in fear.

Some were even rendered unconscious by it all.

In fact, they didn't even link this up to be the same as the taser guns they heard about.

In their minds, this was the work of powerful spirits!

How else could the phenomenon be explained?

Earlier on, when they climbed the fence, this didn't happen.

And now, when they were trying to leave, the ghosts within the fence refused for them to go.

Maybe this was why the Baymardians allowed the dogs to look after the place at night rather than them.

Arcadina itself believed in their dead ancestors protecting and huffing enemies who tried to attack its people.

So what if the ashes of the Baymardian ancestors were buried here? And they, as the enemy, were targeted the spirits?

Yes! It all made sense now!

Dammit!

They had entered a ghost prison!

This wasn't something that they could handle alone.

They should've bought a Ganman (Arcadianian ancestral Priest) to trap the spirits in a jar.

As Ling Pong slowly lost consciousness, he secretly pinned all his blame on Ex-Queen Eliza.

It was all that b**ches fault.

Everything was her fault!

Ling Pong had no tears but wanted to cry.

How could this happen to him?

His future was so bright.

Chapter 930 - A Man From Morgany?

Bam.

The men all fell like flies unconsciously.

In fact, they should even be lucky that they got electrocuted by the fence at the level they were at.

Why?

Because the higher one climbed, the higher the amount of voltage distributed on the fence.

At every certain distance around the fence, one could see several overly thin flat poles incorporated with the fence.

And around every pole on the other side of the fence, there were stationary circular lights fixed on the poles moving up, down, up, down.

So no one would dare climb the fence from the poles.

Their only option would be to climb on the fence.

And these poles had several metal strings, similar to phone lines, that had been wrapped and coiled with the fence itself.

But unlike phone lines that had these wires covered in insulation, these ones were exposed and touched the metal fence, transferring the electricity by conduction.

One could imagine a centipede that stood up straight and extended all its limbs sideways.

Those limbs were the electric wires that sent shock.

Of course, the fence itself had several thin lines of horizontal inspiration at several points; the higher one climbed.

In this way, they could control which area on the fence would receive the highest vintage... since they could control the amount of voltage released from each cable wire along the flat-pole.

That's why those who were climbing ahead of the others received more shock than those below.

They should thank their ancestors that the Baymardians weren't wicked enough to electricity them at the highest points on the fence.

Bam. Bam. Bam. Bam.

~Ruruuuu!

The dogs who had always kept a safe enough distance now sat down in straight lines while saluting Boss Dog and his head subordinates (the dog superiors) as if saying mission completed.

Boss Dog nodded and walked along the line, scrutinizing everyone while waiting for their human masters to arrive.

And right on cue, several transport vehicles drove towards them.

The dogs gave way stood on both sides like soldiers, allowing the humans to pass through the middle.

Mitchen jumped out and first praised the dogs before running Boss dogs head.

"You did good, Major Boss dog."

~Whoof, Whoof!

Mitchen smiled at Boss Dog, who was busily saluting him.

Honestly, at times, he too thought that the dog was human.

But, he very dearly cared for it.

After all, it had been one of his most loyal companions for 3 years now.

He still remembered when it first set foot in Baymard.

I was very stubborn, young and also liked to cause trouble.

But just 5 months during training, it subdued the other dogs and became the Alpha.

It also liked him as well and sometimes accompanied him out.

~Whoof Whoof.

Boss dog saluted him, stepped back and continued scrutinizing his dogs.

~Rururururururururu.

[Even though you subdued your enemy, you still ended up giving him a chance to stab you during your last battle. You need more training.]

~Rurururrruuuuu!

~Rurururuururu!

' '
—

"Warden, some are still awake."

Mwaaaaaaoooo.

The m.o.a.n.s of pain from those still awake could be heard across the silent night.

The victims slowly rolled from side to side while trying to calm their thundering heartbeats.

As for their leader and those who climbed first, they were very much unconscious.

Only those who climbed last were awake.

Mitchen stepped forward, stooped down and glanced coldly at one of them.

"Wake up."

Pah.

A crisp sound echoed out, and the person who had just been slapped opened his eyes in shock and dismay.

Bro, can't you see that I'm already like this?

Why do you have to bully me even more?

Why can't you talk to the others?

In your eyes, do I look like an easy target to you?

The poor fellow felt unfortunate.

But Mitchen couldn't care less about his feelings.

Mitchen's whole aura changed, as he now looked like a demon from the list of hell.

The pressure he gave the assassin was so great that the guy bowed his head and trembled a bit.

Forget about the assassin. Even others who were awake stopped m.o.a.ning and pretended to be dead.

Yes, they were assassins.

But because of the fence issue, they started thinking of ghosts and whatnot.

No matter how strong one was, they were just mortals. So how could they take down ghosts without Ganmans?

The moment Mitchen's aura changed, the temperatures dropped, and some controllable amount of fear forced its way into their hearts.

Some who peed at Mitchen almost peed themselves.

They, as top-notch assassins, were turned into fraidy cats in a flash.

That's how frightening Mitchen looked to them.

Such a murderous aura was even higher than the murderous aura of the late Alec Barn, who could make many crawl in agony from his rage.

There were many who had strong auras in Arcadina and even the entire Pyno continent.

But they had never felt one as stirring as Mitchen's.

They even began wondering if he could compare with some of the famous Monarchs in Morgany.

It's said that the Monarchs there were so strong that they frightened the late Alec Barn more than once, causing him to tremble.

So imagine how terrifying the continent of Morgany was?

Could it be that this person was from there?

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"Speak."

Mitchen just said a single word. And yet, the assassin understood what was required of him.

But he was very unwilling, alright?

He gritted his trembling lips, rolled his tongue, locating the poison in his mouth.

And when he was about to bite, Mitchen punched him, making him spit it out instead.

Blugh.

"Ugh.

It's useless! You're wasting your time!

Kill me! Just kill me!"

As an assassin, revealing information or betraying the guild was equivalent to death because if the guild ever found out, they would hunt him down till his old age.

Truthfully, if he were the only one here, he would probably confess and find a way to pin it on someone else.

F***!

The guy before him was too terrifying.

So he wouldn't have any problem confessing.

But now that there are so many of them, how could he?

What should he do now?

He was really in a dilemma.