

TECHNOLOGY 971

Chapter 971 - Grievances

Since the mildly injured guard received first aid from a few other guards and was blocked, the reporters knew they couldn't interview them.

So they decided on the crowd instead.

"Sir! Can you describe what you just saw?"

"Girl, you've asked the right person.

You know, from the angle at which I sat in the dinner over there, I could already tell that those 3 were up to no good.

Who wears a school bag when wearing those shoes?

Isn't that an insult to fashion?

What the hell were those bastards thinking when pairing them together?

In my opinion, whether an item is cheap or expensive doesn't matter very much.

What matters the most is that they complement each other when paired.

So as a fashion major, looking at it makes my eyes bleed!

Who does that?"

".... Sir, can you get back to the story?"

"Well, as I was saying, from the moment I saw them, I knew they were up to no good."

...

The news reporters continued interviewing as many as they could while trying their best to talk to the guards as well.

But who were they?

As royal security staff, there were some rules that they had to follow for the better of everyone.

For example, they weren't allowed to give or accept interviews on the royals without permission.

Doing so might one day make them accidentally leak some hidden clues that could compromise the safety of their employer and some of their comrades while at work.

There were always spies and assassins lurking in the dark.

So they had to be careful at all times.

At the same time, word had already gone out to the police station, getting several air force units on top of the matter.

Of course, the police cars were on the lookout for mother Winnie's official vehicles as well.

Josh, Mark and Lucius had already gotten word too.

As for Landon, even though he was still in the hospital because he had always placed trackers on all his loved ones, the moment the knife was approaching her neck and overflowing with murderous intent... The system had already alerted him.

Who?

Who would dare?

While in the hospital with Lucy, Landon secretly watched everything from there on out.

Looking at everything, he couldn't help but reveal a slight smile.

Lucy looked at him in confusion?

"What's making you smile all of a sudden?"

"Well, I just think that there are too many fools in this world."

"Hey! What do you mean?"

Landon flicked her forehead playfully: "Of course I'm not talking about you. How could I when my baby is so cute?"

He hugged Lucy and gently stroked her hair while silently watching Mother Winnie's side through the system's monitors.

How would she deal with them?

This, he had to see.

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Winnie, who had a knife close to her neck, adjusted her glasses calmly and continued marking her papers, which left the assassins in even more confusion.

What was this operation?

Sister, didn't you see that we have a knife against your neck?

Can't you at least pretend to be frightened?

Black, Silver and Wind felt everything funny and amusing.

They were one of the most feared assassins in Yodan, who had successfully made several men peed themselves.

Yet, this woman didn't even flinch or pretend to be scared when meeting them for the first time.

Was this some sort of joke?

Even when they met The now Duchess Ivy of Yodan, she indeed showed some initial reactions of fright before calming down.

But in Winnie's case, it was as if she was looking down on them and indirectly saying that they weren't worth her time?

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They looked at her in annoyance.

"What the hell are you doing?

Drop those papers now if you don't want your throat slit!"

Winnie raised, and silently raised her face and squinted her eyes at Black and the rest.

In particular, she was more focused on black, as she coldly stared at him with every fibre of his being.

The moment she heard how the other assassins called him, she knew who he was, even without him taking off his mask.

"I know you.

Or rather, I should say that I know your brother."

Black was taken aback.

Did she figure it out?

No! Impossible!

Does she remember that time?

Black felt like he was probably overthinking things a bit.

"Lady, what nonsense are you sitting out?

Heh. If this is your way of trying to wiggle your way out of this, then you can forge it!" Black scoffed.

Winnie nonchalantly ignored his arrogant eyes and leaned back: "Believe it or not. I know him."

How could she not?

The bastard's brother was the cause of her initial exile from Yodan.

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At the time, Ivy had hired Black's elder brother to sneak into her courtyard and 'accidentally get caught.

Of course, as a skilled assassin, he later snuck out, leaving her to take all the blame, saying that she had a wild man over, leading to her divorce.

At the time, even though she never facially showed it, she was so shocked and confused by the fact that a n.a.k.e.d man was seen leaving her courtyard.

She had never laid on any bed with this man other than Maclaine, so where did the n.a.k.e.d man come from?

He stormed out of her bedroom chambers and was apparently seen by only 3 people at the time.

Yet somehow, that number multiplied to hundreds who swore to have seen him with their very own eyes.

He probably didn't want to flee when many people watched because he still wanted an escape route for himself.

But even at that, the effect of having just 3 people seeing him still did the job.

At that time, she looked at Maclaine and said just 3 words to him: I am innocent."

That was it.

She never did anything more to defend herself because her enemies had hired to hundred other witnesses and did many things behind the scenes

So her defending herself was meaningless.

After coming here and accidentally seeing Sirius, she got the name of the man who dared to run n.a.k.e.d in her courtyard.

That was how she came to know of Black's brother.

Good.

She can finally air out some of her grievances.

Chapter 972 - The Past

Winnie's eyes dimmed as she remembered all her pain in the past.

Black didn't need to say who sent him.

Without a doubt, she knew it was Ivy.

So, after all these years, she's decided to finish her work.

Back then, she and her children were hunted down and saved at the last minute by Santa, who then brought them here.

Never again would she ever wish to be in such a helpless predicament.

As for Ivy, coupled with her insane jealousy of Winnie's glamorous life here, another thing that might've pushed her to kill urgently was because of fear.

Right now, Winnie held a certain degree of power here, which terrified Ivy, giving her sleepless nights.

What if Winnie decided to seek revenge?

In fact, Winnie won't even need to send assassins to take her down sneakily.

As someone with power, she could straightforwardly state her claim that she was wrongly prosecuted back then and put pressure for Ivy to get punished.

This was what Ivy heard the most.

The tables had truly turned, and Ivy now held little to no power in Yodan.

One shouldn't also forget that Sirius, the person she had tried to kill times without number, was now Monarch of Yodan.

So he would side with mother Winnie and use this opportunity to eliminate her once and for all.

Of course, Ivy would never have thought that Sirius never had any intentions of killing her.

Despite how Maclaine acted, even though the child he loved the most was Sirius... Ironically, the woman he loved the most out of his wives was Ivy, seconded by Sedora.

These 2 sneaky women were the ones that genuinely held a place in Maclaine's heart, and they were the ones who also tried their very best to eliminate him, so their sins could take over.

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In truth, these women felt betrayed.

Imagine giving your beloved all your love, only for that person to appoint another child as heir?

Without a doubt, they held grudges for his decision.

But no matter how bad they were, they had never tried and would never dare kill Maclaine.

Despite their craziness, they also loved him.

Additionally, he was now their shield against Sirius.

They weren't fools.

They knew that the only reason Sirius kept them alive was because Maclaine valued them a lot.

Should the day come when all his attention on them diminished, they would lose their backer.

Of course, for these ladies, they themselves had no idea that Maclaine loved them.

After all, he had betrayed them by marrying countless wives and concubines back then.

So they felt like he was just satisfied with their company and nothing more.

Of course, they also failed to understand that Maclaine married to keep some of his ministers happy, lest they revolt.

At times, he married commoner women like mother Winnie to gain support.

To Maclaine and many other monarchs, being Monarch was a never-ending game.

And sometimes, sacrifices were needed.

However, Ivy and Sedora only felt betrayed and thought Maclaine didn't care for them the way they did.

Little did they know that if some unforeseen circumstance befell them, Maclaine would break.

Likewise, Maclaine held high love for Sirius too.

The whole thing was just one big mess!

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Anyway, over the years, Sirius had done a good job at making Ivy very powerless.

First, he accidentally allowed Maclaine to know that they were planning on assassinating him once.

And then, he and Maclaine had a heart-to-heart talk.

Even though most of Ivy's power was taken back when she permanently left the palace and settled into Maclaine's estate as per tradition... She still had her own men from her natal home, as well as a few that Maclaine assigned to guard and stay loyal to her.

But after that incident, when she teamed up with Sedora and a few other ex-queens to assassinate Sirius, Maclaine sent their men from their natal homes away and only left his own men to guard his wives.

Of course, the big incident happened close to a year ago.

And within this period, the women had been acting humbly, doing embroidery, poetry, etc.

Some even started gardening to express their humility even more, while others uttered their heads in novels, day in, day out, forgetting the world and acting like changed people.

They even tried cooking for Maclaine and doing other house chores for the first time in their lives.

And just like that, Maclaine seeing their bruised hands and pitiful demands, gave them a bit of freedom after so long.

God!

It was almost a year of constant acting here and there.

It was enough to drive anyone crazy!

Now, they were finally allowed to set out of the estate.

That's right.

They were no longer grounded.

However, even if they wanted to leave, they still needed Maclaine's permission.

And while outside, they would always be escorted by his men.

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It was a constant prison for them, but they dared not show any annoyance because even some of the maids were spies watching their every move.

But of course, no matter how vigilant Maclaine was, they knew his weaknesses and knew how to lower his guard in their presence.

After all, many of them had been married to him for a little over 2 decades now.

So how could they not know their husband?

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The moment they got freedom, they instantly started making moves in the dark, especially aimed at Winnie.

Ivy had already been grounded for so long because of the last incident.

So what would happen once Winnie expressed herself and forced Maclaine to take a side?

She dared not waste time anymore and visited her natal home first.

There, she left a message for her secret guard, and the rest was history.

The other women were also terrified of Winnie too because they had all given tell to her, from killing her most trusted maids to poisoning her once, doing so much.

So how could they not be afraid?

Rather than sitting there waiting for attacks, it was best to strike while the iron was still hot.

And so they did, sending several forces to her.

However, Mother Winnie was clueless about their plans.

Typically, Sirius would have already noticed and alerted Landon on these things.

But it just so happens that the women were making their lives when Sirius was fully engaged with the temple, alongside Landon.

Nonetheless, even though Winnie had no clue about the troubles coming her way, it would be nothing for her.

Well, since they came to her doorstep, it would be rude for her not to reciprocate their good feelings, no?

Winnie's eyes turned cold as she glanced at the trio.

For all the trouble they had a hand in, she would pay back ten folds!

Chapter 973 - What Now?

Winnie slowly closed the folder of quiz papers in her hand and calmly tucked it away ever so gently.

From there, she took out her hairband and tied her hair up in a ponytail amidst the confused gazes of the assassins.

Lady, what are you trying to do?

Winnie ignored the assassin and smiled at the driver through the rearview mirror.

"Lipo, don't you think that today is a rather fine day?

I hear that for the next 4 days, rain is expected to fall constantly.

But you know, even though I like sunny days, I find that I also like rainy days too.

It sure has been a long time since I was drawn into such days."

Lipo, who still had a knife against his neck, calmly glanced at Winnie without a hint of emotions on his face.

'Duchess, what do you want to do?' Lipo thought in his heart before getting her signal.

As expected of a Baymardian royal.

Hahahahaha.

She was communicating by blinking in morse code.

As a royal, she was obligated to leave it.

Who would've known that it would come in handy so fast?

Lipo inwardly panicked when he got her message and refused to let her take such a risk.

It was only after communicating in Morse code with the other Drivers chasing them, did he follow her instructions.

He blinked back and calmly drove along the highway.

'Good luck, Duchess.'

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Of course, all this time, the assassins had been pissed off by their blinking.

Did they blink because they were scared?

It was common for people to dart their eyes or tremble once afraid, so they secretly felt that this should be the case.

It was just that these frightened people still had calm expressions on their faces.

Black and the others scoffed in disdain.

Heh. Pretend all you want.

Who had the knives?

They had the knives!

They were in power.

They were in control.

As of now, they were the Gods in this car.

"I've told you to stop blinking like that. It's annoying," Black said before pressing the knife harder against her throat.

Of course, Mother Winnie said nothing and silently sat upright while patiently looking at the roads.

Suddenly, the car abruptly made a sharp left turn, causing Black and the rest to lean right.

And in this split second, with the knife nowhere near his throat, Lipo lowered the screen that separated the driver from the passengers.

That's right.

The vehicle they were driving was Winkie's official Limo.

Whenever she had to work at the government office, that was the one she took, just in case she had to make sudden public appearances and whatnot.

Of course, the limo wasn't overly elongated and was similar in length to those used by the Presidents and royals back on earth.

It was very comfortable and roomy, with a lot of leg space.

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~Drrrrr~

In a flash, the screen stays up, isolating Winnie and the assassins from the driver.

Lipo quickly turned the vehicle around, heading straight for the police station.

Of course, he didn't forget to leave a little gift to the assassin too.

With that, he clicked on the purple button fast.

Now, everything was in Mother Winnie's hands.

Silver quickly stabbed the screen with his knife, trying to break

But no matter what he did, the glass refused to break.

Eh?

He had tested breaking a glass cut before and even glass artifacts.

So why was it so hard to break this screen?

He looked at the Driver in anger while watching the bastard turn the vehicle around.

What the hell was going on with these people?

Didn't they care about their precious duchess anymore?

How could this stupid guard be so selfish?

F***!

Why did everything suddenly go out of script?

Wasn't the driver supposed to do his very best to keep her alive?

So why was he now act recklessly by not obeying them?

Didn't he value her life anymore?

Silver didn't know whether to feel bad for Duchess Winnie or feel hatred for the driver.

What bad luck!

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Silver's heart drummed loudly while watching the driver head towards the opposite direction from their planned route.

He was so pissed that he increasingly stabbed the window to air out his frustrations.

Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam!

"Dammit! This daddy's plan is completely destroyed by You!

You pull down the grass wall now, or your precious Duchess gets it!

I mean it! I know you can hear us.

So lower this thing for Lao Tzu now!"

Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam!

Silver was so angry that his soul almost flew away from it all.

Here he thought that Duchess Winnie was highly favoured.

But now, it seemed that it was all a big scam.

Their info and observations over the last few days were wrong.

Son of a b**ch!

A deep wave of panic spread through the tightly knitted space as tension continuously choked them.

Instantly, Wind tried opening the doors but found that it wouldn't budge at all!

"Dammit!

It must be that disposable driver who did it!

The doors won't open no matter what I do."

"Then try breaking the door windows."

Bam, Bam, Bam, Bam!

"F*** me!

What sort of glass window is this?

Why won't they just break?"

Wind sent his knife towards the window countless times but yielded no results at all.

The sad thing was that the bloody driver was shaking the car back and forth like a mad man.

Wind had lost count of how many times he kissed hard.

He was undoubtedly doing it on purpose!

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Looking at the situation, Black signalled for Silver and Wind to get closer since he didn't want the driver to listen to what he was about to say.

"Brothers, we have to think fast!

This bastard isn't taking us seriously.

If we don't draw his attention back, he won't heed her words anymore."

"Good idea.

I think we cut off her finger to show how serious we are."

"Agreed."

Instantly, everyone's eyes shone coldly as they looked at her fingers.

Woman, don't blame us for torturing you before taking your life.

If you want to back e anyone, then blame your unfavoured self!

Chapter 974 - Strong Woman, Winnie

Looking at Winnie's fingers, Black stretched out his hand to grab them.

But just as he was about to touch them, she grabbed his wrists coldly.

"Has anyone ever told you not to touch a lady without permission?"

Eh?

Black tried to pry his hands away by surprisingly found that he couldn't.

What was this strength?

Winnie smiled playfully, exposing her clear white teeth at them.

"Since you don't know how to respect a lady, then why don't I guide you?"

Black, Silver, and Wind didn't understand the severity of her words.

But it wasn't long before they knew what her so-called guidance was all about.

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Very swiftly, Winnie tilted her head away from the blade on her neck while putting more pressure on Black's wrist that she was still holding.

With what could be described as God-like strength to him, Black found himself flying upside down and smashing the white screen in shock.

Winnie had applied pressure to his arm as if she were arm wrestling him, sending him flying in one swoop.

Everything happens to Black in slow motion, as he was still in a daze about what just happened.

More still, he felt like his hand was about to be cut away from his arm.

God, what was this operation?

Bam!

Eh?

Silver and Wind could believe their eyes.

Were women this powerful?

No way!

It must've been that bastard driver who made the car jump, causing Black to fly.

Even though they didn't feel any abrupt movements, they believed that it was the car and not Winnie's strength that caused Black to fly.

Hmhm.

It must be.

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The car was very spacious, and even though it only had 1 row of seats here, it was spacious enough to fit 2 and a half rows of seats.

So there was enough fighting space around.

Earlier on, she was placed at the center by these assassins.

Silver alone was on her right.

But rather than seating, he squatted on the very spacious leg space while holding a knife against the driver's neck.

And on her left were Black and Wind.

So with Black thrown away, Winnie could now be Wind clearly.

Seeing Blacks' knife in Winnie's hands, Silver on her right and Wind seated a little further on her left, all rushed towards her swiftly to retrieve the weapon.

Even though they assumed that she might not even know how to use it, they still felt uncomfortable leaving it in her hands.

Frightened rabbits were almost always prone to go complete psycho when pushed to the edge.

So even if they were confident in their skills, they didn't want to risk getting injured now

After all, they had to save their strength for the big escape.

From a single glance, anyone with discerning eyes could tell that they were underestimating their opponent.

And this would be their biggest setback.

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Looking at the incoming duo, Winnie still remained calm as if they didn't faze her at all.

Silver was closest to her, so she decided to deal with him first.

Seeing his hand trying to reach her, she grabbed it with her left hand and quickly raised her right leg, kicking him back with her heels.

Silver was almost going crazy from the pain.

Who knew that a woman's shoe could be so deadly?

Lady, are you sure that's not a weapon instead?

It nearly took his eye out!

Bam!

Winnie's kick quickly sent Silver flying backwards as he felt his spine about to break after hitting the greyish wall that held the glass screen ahead.

Son of a b**ch!

His face was bleeding.

Even with this small victory, Winnie dared not relax.

The moment she dealt with Silver, Wind came forth from the left fiercely.

This time, she leaned back, dodged his punch before grabbing his hand and kicking the area under his armpit with her heels again.

Everything happened so fast that no one had time to react.

And before they knew it, they were all thrown away by this seemingly weak.

Alright.

They were done underestimating her.

If word got out that they lost to a mere woman, how would they be able to keep their reputation?

Even if they explained to others that she had heavenly strength, no one in the assassin world would believe it.

Right now, they had no choice but to take her down.

It was at this moment that they decided to kill her and damn the consequences.

Even if they were to die today, they had to ensure that she went with them.

Who asked that driver not to listen to their warnings?

These Baymardians only had themselves to blame.

They were even more convinced about killing her when they found that she had seized their knives and kept them in her bag.

Of course, they had more knives in their own backpack, but time was of the essence, and now wasn't the time to start unzipping and searching for things.

Who knew if Winnie would use this time to attack them?

Moreover, with her strength, they had a feeling that if she used a dagger, she might instantly kill them on the spot.

So they decided to first beat her to a pulp, drain her energy rendering her weak, before slashing her open.

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All this happens in under 6 seconds.

And soon, everyone, including Black, was up on their feet again.

They quickly spread themselves out vigilantly while looking at her coldly.

"B**ch! You're going to pay for that pulling sneak attacks on us.

Since you don't want to live anymore, then you go die!!!!"

Like clockwork, the trio coordinated with one another, bringing a rain of fast attacks that would be difficult for just anyone to dodge for a long time.

~Swish, Swish, Swish.

Bam. Bam. Bam. Bam.

The air whistled as Winnie continuously dodged their fists, making them punch the seat instead.

Their hand work grew faster and faster, as they ready wanted to beat her senseless.

Now, the battle was at its pique.

Chapter 975 - Finally Over, Hidden Dragon Winnie

Very quickly, the trio used their most deadly techniques in dealing with Winnie.

"Mountain Fist!"

"Lightning Strike!"

"Crab Claw Grip!"

Bam!

The tension in the air was suffocating.

Their attacks became more and more lethal as they targeted Winnie mercilessly while increasing their strength.

Be it her face, neck, arms, and belly... they directed their fists to these areas while also stomping their feet at her legs when possible.

Even the calm Winnie could also feel the pressure too.

No doubt about it, they were good.

Sigh... She should've allocated more days for practice.

Currently, she only had 2 practice days in a week, where military instructors would visit the Palace's secret training room and train them.

For the last 3 and a half years, she had been training 2 every week.

It was required for all royals to train.

If something happened to Landon, Lucius and everyone else who could protect them, it was better for these women to become the hunters rather than the hunted.

If something did happen to Landon or the rest, making them lose their lives in the hands of these women, Baynard should continue to strive.

They needed to show their strength, so no continent or empire would look down on them just because they were women.

And so Winnie practiced twice weekly, while Mother Kim practiced thrice.

Everything depended on one's schedule or when they felt like they could train.

In all honesty, they took this time as gym time, which was not only healthy for them but also gave them better figures.

Mother Winnie and Kim were in their late 30s and still looked like they were in their 20s.

Their diet, training, peace of mind and everything else contributed largely to their youthful appearances.

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~Ahhh.

Winnie was hit again.

She couldn't help but appreciate the skill level of these assassins.

Even though she continuously dodged their attacks, she still got hit a few times, which hurt like hell!

Even though she had been training nonstop and had to fight the soldiers as if she were in a real battle, field experience truly felt different.

And so when it came to this department, she had almost no real experience.... Well, except for when she assisted in fighting some bad guys on Penelope's wedding day.

So when it came to experience, these assassins had the upper hand.

However, she did realize that her body was stronger than they were.

So rather than suppressing her strength, why not go all out?

Of course, she would try to limit her strength to the level where she didn't directly kill them.

After all, the police would definitely want to interrogate them.

The assassins smiled broadly when they saw that some of their attacks had reached her.

But it wasn't long before the script flipped on them once again.

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Winnie quickly raised her head and smiled back, making Black and the rest taken aback.

Could it be that they injured her so much that she had finally lost it?

Who would smile when beaten?

Could it be that they had accidentally damaged her thinking?

Winnie didn't give them time to dive into the matter, as she quickly blocked their attacks and sent out a few punches of her own now.

Wind looked at his almost fractured fist and suddenly felt it ridiculous.

God, why did it feel like he just punched a brick wall?

Winnie strengthened her entire body, taking everyone head-on.

It was the same as how one could firm their abs or let it go flabby.

But in her own case, she realized that she could firm her entire body when need be, making it wickedly strong.

Could it be a gift from the heavens?

Black and Wind also found the issue unfathomable.

She almost broke them!

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Winnie's attack speed increased greatly.

And every time she punched someone, she would hold them close, making sure that they didn't fly away.

How could she let them go?

She wanted to give them the beatings of her life.

Because in the face of absolute strength, experience doesn't count much anymore.

"You bloody b**ch!

How dare you break my nose?

I'll kill you!... I'll..."

~Pah!

"Ahhhh... B**ch!

You dare slap me?

I swear, you're going to pay for that.

You're going to..."

~Bam!

"Wretch!! Stop for me!

Don't you know that it's through the mercy of my brother that you are still alive till now?

If he had decided to truly lay in bed with you, don't you know that you would've been...."

~Bam, Pah, Bam, Bam, Bam

[Driver]: "_"

Lipo watched everything through his rearview mirror and doesn't know whether to feel sorry for the assassins or scorn them.

Today was really an eye-opener.

He had no idea that the duchess was this strong.

The woman punched the car, and even he could feel the tremors from here.

He even had a feeling that her punch might be able to leave fist debts on the vehicle.

Could this be what they meant by a wolf in sheep's clothing?

She was obviously a strong lady, so why did many assume that she was frail?

Damn! He was almost fooled by her too.

Seeing the damage, he secretly lit several candles for their assassins and drove towards the police station hurriedly.

What else could he do?

He had to hurry up before the Duchess killed them.

Or should he first drive to the hospital?

Earlier on, he had pressed the Purple button, directly seeking the back, ensuring that no one could get in or not.

So even if the assassin wanted to run away, it was impossible!

Now, the pitiful assassins were receiving the beatings of their lives.

Sigh...

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~Bam, Bam, Bam, Pah, Bam!

The crisp sounds of beatings echoed out within the car, as the assassins didn't even have enough strength to protest.

Their ribs and other body parts felt shattered, as even taking in air seemed like a hassle.

"This is for all the innocent people you have harmed."

Pah!

"This is for my guard, who you stabbed earlier on!"

Pah!

"This is for the injuries you gave me earlier on.

Do you know that I have a commercial to shoot in a few days?

So you know how much incontinence you've put me through?"

Pah!

"This is for bringing such despicable means into my home.

This is for Baymard!"

Pah!

"And these last few ones are just because I can.

What!

What are you going to do about it?"

(:T^T:)

Miss sister, aren't you bullying too much?

~Pah, Pah, Bam, Bam, Pah, Pah!

Chapter 976 - A Satisfactory Outcome

Landon watched everything and secretly sighed from relief.

Even though Winnie received a few hits, she could still have everything under her control, as she continuously 'guided' the assassins.

Looking at the fight, he also assessed the potential of these assassins.

One should know that currently, Baymard received hundreds of spies and sometimes assassins who stream in and out daily.

Of course, Landon was always known of their presence, thanks to the system.

As for why he had overlooked their arrival, it was just a matter of convenience.

Like he said, hundreds of spies rolled in and out weekly.

So keeping tabs on everyone would mean that he would probably stare at the system's monitors all day.

That's why he developed the habit of checking everything by the end of the week only.

He typically only checked things out if a large number of spies or enemies arrived all at once.

Of course, this in itself was tricky.

The system basically detected spies, assassins or enemies by their wave fluctuations of emotions

Those carrying too much murderous intent, those who acted differently from the rest and so on... Everything was noticed, as nothing could be hidden from the system.

Now, it was up to Landon to check things out.

But because he was always busy as hell, he made a schedule for that.

It was impossible to do it every day.

Besides, he had much confidence in the Baymardians.

So they should and would be able to handle things without him.

If he kept babysitting them forever, then they wouldn't grow.

He had never gotten involved with these matters and allowed them to do their thing.

Just like the batch of assassins that came in when he was away, he didn't need to do or mention anything because the other guards had already dealt with them.

Soon, he would be leaving Baynard and starting his mission of travelling from Continent to continent.

So, where did he have the time to step into these matters constantly?

He decided to only step in if and only if a victim was moments away from losing their life.

Before that, he hoped that the soldiers, guards, police officers, firefighters and so on, could do their job regardless of what it was.

So unless necessary, he would never step in.

The last time he was involved with handling spies was sometime last year.

And now, the Baynardians didn't need his assistance anymore.

.

As for all Assassins and spies here, Landon truly felt bad for them.

Why?

Because since Baynard's existence, none had ever succeeded.

Baynard held a record for making assassins and spies who made their moves disappear into thin air.

One thing to note was that not all spies were bad per se.

Some came here to observe the market, estimate and come up with various methods on how to get things done in their own cities or towns, while others even kept tabs on books and whatnot.

Even some famous jesters came over from time to time to spy at Baynard's comedy act and take notes.

It depends on what the spy wanted to do.

Of course, even within this particularly harmless group of spies, some still got greedy and jealous as they tried to sabotage the Baynardians.

And over the years, they had been caught one by one.

As for the assassins... in all honesty, if the killers wanted a chance of victory, they needed to upgrade their tools and tech.

That's right!

Many of their problems couldn't be solved with ancient methods anymore.

Assassins here, we're used to climbing stone-like walls and buildings with tiny crevices here and there, allowing one to ascend as if rock climbing.

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Here in Baynard, the surfaces of buildings and walls were never so smooth, making climbing easier.

Even homes made with wood were also irregular, as they didn't make their boards as flat as planks. Back to the matter of stone walls, the assassins could climb up many floors and sneak through windows. They could also climb building roofs and run from roof to roof if need be.

But over here, the structures and buildings made it near-impossible to do what they typically did.

How exactly were they supposed to climb very tall, smooth cement walls?

Of course, they could also latch a hook to the other end of a rope and throw them up the wall, hoping it would catch on.

But that would only be possible if they were trying to get through a 2-story wall or building.

Anything higher, and they weren't sure they could throw to that height.

Another thing was the risk of the anchored hook getting noticed or seen.

Another thing that irritated them was glass buildings.

How exactly were they supposed to scale them?

They had no tools that could make them stick to the side of the glass while ascending.

They needed 'Mission Impossible' type of tools, where they would scale glass buildings at will.

In short, many times, their only option, once they got to Baymard, was to sneak in through the front of many buildings because to their knowledge, there was just no other way.

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For them, the only thing that made them a little pleased was the fences around.

At least, those were available.

It was just that since no one had ever escaped Baymard's clutches, the incoming assassins and spies had no idea how the Baymardians actually captured the others.

Everything was a mystery, and no one even knew the depth of Baymard's security.

Additionally, their weapons got taken.

So now, they had to think hard about several creative ways to do their jobs.

That's why things were harder for them, as Baymard was now a nightmare place to many.

Fighting against tear gas, bullets, installable walls and buildings, electric fences, lack of accurate information, and many other things were just a few concerns out of the many.

In short, their usual ways of dealing with things wouldn't work here unless they upgraded their tech.

Plus, in all honesty, Landon would never let them succeed.

Maybe things would eventually happen when he was no longer in this world.

But until his death, he would keep his promise of making Baymard a complete haven for many.

Seeing that Winnie had handled everything smoothly, Landon closed his monitor in satisfaction.

With that, his mind drifted towards his main missions again.

Tomorrow, he'll start his plans.

Chapter 977 - The Big Day

And so, just like that, Landon was on the move again.

The next day, he visited various sectors, giving them brief introductions to the projects, as well as scheduling various times where they would meet again, alongside some government officials from the various ministries, to get permission, do other documentation and sign contacts on the matter.

Time flew by, and very soon, everything got settled, with many overseers and companies jumping with glee.

"Hahahahaha. Your majesty, don't worry. I will personally oversee the creation of these new beverages and food recipes."

"Your majesty, say no more. The military drones would be up and running in no time."

"Your majesty. This is truly genius! So this tiny music pod thing will be able to store music? Great!"

"Your majesty is mighty! These new drugs will undoubtedly save countless lives for others in different regions of the world. I will get on it right away!"

"Your majesty, the last arcade games already blew everyone's mind. So how can I not be excited about this Game Boy thing? Your majesty, leave the rest to me."

"Your majesty, thank you for trusting this matter to our Publishing Firm. I will select many of our most promising staff for the project. With your guidance as our mentor, I ensure that we will learn our best to create this manga-thing to the best of our capabilities."

"Your majesty, thank you for allocating this project to us at the Baymardian Motion Picture Studios. With you as our teacher, we will definitely create animated movies!"

"Your majesty, even though I don't fully understand this Internet thing, I will do my very best never to let you down!"

(^_^)

One by one, Landon visited all the places that he needed to be at.

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With all the commotion going on, the days flew by in a blink of an eye.

Halloween passed, marking the end days of October.

Soon, Landon's 20th birthday passed on November 3rd, followed by classes officially ending for many students on the 10th, marking the beginning of final exams.

Several events passed one by one.

And before everyone knew it, the year was quickly coming to an end.

Of course, even though Landon was 20, he had only 4 years and several months here.

Next year March would make it 5.

Well, time sure did fly by fast.

He hoped to finish his new projects before he was 22 and also desired to get planes in the air before he was 25.

As for satellites, maybe by 30?

Sigh... One never knew how life would turn out.

But one thing was for sure.

Time was running fast!

As for now, he was preparing for the official U.N meeting a few days from now.

The other Monarchs should be arriving any day from now.

That's right.

Everyone would be here.

It would be the first U.N meeting ever!

The newspapers were already going crazy, as the matter had just been released to the public 2 weeks ago.

The entire meeting would be broadcasted live, which had intrigued many.

Especially those in power.

They even cancelled their tickets just to stay longer and watch it.

It was a national event that involved the entire Pyno continent.

So how could they not be excited?

Plus, many certainly wanted to get a complete understanding of this United Nations thing.

It's said that in future, other Continents and empires would also join in.

But was that really true?

The newspapers sold out like hotcakes, as both tourists and citizens were overly excited and discussed the matter, hoping for a change in their own empires too.

Who didn't envy the way the Baymardians lived?

They wanted to know the progress report of the change in their various empires throughout the years, as well as what future changes their leaders could give them.

Again, this was an opportunity for them to know other issues they weren't even aware of that plagued their empires.

Everyone had their ears perked up, ready for the news.

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As for security, it would be carefully covered, just in case someone dared to assassinate the monarchs while staying here.

The reason why the news was only released 2 weeks ago was so that the enemies in their various empires wouldn't even have the time to plan an attack.

But the time the news reached their ears, several months should've gone by, even if they had spies here.

In fact, the Monarchs should've already been back to their various empires when the news reached the ears of their enemies.

From the meeting itself to the sleeping quarters in the palace and whatnot, everything was getting organized in detail, with the maids and butlers running around like headless chickens.

There were also many activities planned out for the royals.

They would visit the sick in the hospital, see the children in the orphanage who had prepared a little thank you for their support.

They especially remembered Micheal, because when he was here, he did a lot of charity too... even though, at the time, they thought he was just an ordinary person.

If not for the newspapers a while back showing him shaking Landon's hands and announcing the treaty, many would never have known that they walked and worked alongside this man.

Of course, the Caronians had also contributed here and there when they visited the Orphanage.

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The Baymardians typically gave money, clothes, several items, surgery and so on as charity for those suffering outside.

Countless people had been saved thanks to the money, clothes, toys, and so on, that got donated to the church and some of the supportive Foundations in Baymard.

Their actions had touched many, encouraging people to lend a helping hand to many others in this cruel world.

However, even though the Baymardians took care of their Orphanage, many still gave support whenever they came by.

Be it a large amount of money or something as small as 10 Bays, people gave what they could.

Some also made it a habit of giving to those along their journeys whenever they travelled.

Some had donated their used clothes to some villagers before coming here.

And others had helped people who didn't have enough money to pay for medical bills instead.

Anyway, the Monarchs would visit the Orphanage and do several public services too.

Of course, because they also supported the many helping foundations in Baymard, they would visit those brought to Baymard urgently for medical aid.

They would see the pain these people endured, as well as the impact their support brought in these people's lives.

Of course, these things would be done on different days across the 1 and a half weeks that they would be here, giving time for some other touristic activities for them to do.

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And so once again, Baymard was left in a chaotic state, as many organized plays, songs, dances and so on for the arrival of the Monarchs.

But as fate would have it, Baymard wasn't the only one doing some don't of preparation.

Very far away, some people secretly met, making plans for when they unleashed hell!

Chapter 978 - Disbelief! It was Impossible, Right?

--Shylock City, The Empire of Yodan--

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~Tap, Tap, Tap, Tap, Tap, Tap~

In a very dark, dimly lit and creepy hallway, a young man drenched in blood from head to toe hastily plunged across the hall fearfully.

His blood-coated hair stuck to his face, and his clothes were also dyed red too.

No! He didn't want to get caught again.

He couldn't take it anymore.

He just couldn't take it anymore again!

The young man ran barefooted, leaving trails of blood behind with his every footstep.

And as he advanced, he continuously slipped and slid many times while looking back from time to time.

Plop

He fell to the ground and quickly rose to his feet before running frantically once more.

His hands constantly left bloody paw-prints on the already creepy-looking walls.

At this monomer, his chest started hurting badly, as he felt a suffocating pain swallow him whole.

He gritted his teeth and panting heavily while advancing as fast as he could.

He turned his head back again as if looking for his pursuers.

But no matter how hard he looked, he couldn't see anyone.

Nonetheless, he could hear the sounds of sharp, heavy footsteps slowly knocking on the floor.

And even though the sounds of these footsteps grew louder and louder, he knew that the people after him were probably taking their time strolling behind him in the shadows.

Dammit!

If not for his injury, he would be able to get out of here fast.

Too bad he didn't even have the energy to keep his heavy eyelids open for long.

Was this the end?

What should he do now?

.

The young man ran frantically across the hallway before branching off towards the right while looking back.

Bam.

He seemed to have bumped something, or rather, someone, who made him stumble to the ground in agony.

Plugh

The fall seemed to have aggravated his injuries even more, as he felt a wave of blood forcefully trying to gush its way out of his mouth.

Who?

The young man looked up, only to see a tall giant staring at him from above.

Mommy...

The moment he saw the figure, he subconsciously shrunk his head backwards like a turtle and used his hands and less to slide back on his butt in fear.

"Y-y-you... You bloody bastards!

If you have the guts, then mill me and be done with it.

Kill me! Kill me! Kill me!

Anything is better than that!"

...

Looking at the badly injured man sliding away on the floor, The tall figure smiled coldly before calmly advancing like a snake watching its prey.

And soon, several other men, all dressed in a similar manner to the tall figure, slowly revealed themselves from all ends of the hallways.

Just like that, the young, bloodied man found himself surrounded by these brutes.

"Kill me if you have the guts!

Take my life!

Kill me now!

Kill me! Kill me! Kill me!"

The young man had no clear idea why he was going through all this. But deep down, he had a hunch.

The lead tall figure ignored his screams of anxiety from the young man and calmly stooped down before squeezing the young man's jaw fiercely.

"Isomi Fernard, a spy for the Pirate association, born xxxxx..."

What?

Isomi looked at the tall figure in disbelief.

His eyes opened wide in shock and alarm.

So all this time, they had known of his true identity?

F***!

Isomi didn't even have time to think things over before getting dragged away by his legs like a piece of meat dangling in a butcher's shop.

Bam Bam Bam.

His body smacked the sides of the walls and floor harshly as these bastards dragged him without a care in the world.

Would it kill them to move carefully?

He felt like a chicken waiting for slaughter.

And soon, he found himself in a very spacious room filled with 80 people who all wore masks.

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The moment the tall, burly man came close enough to the masked leader in the group, he calmly dropped the bloodied man before dropping to the floor on one-bended knee.

Plop.

"Your excellency, I have brought the traitor back."

"Hmmm." The masked leader stared at the bloodied man coldly.

What he hated the most were backstabbers.

Additionally, he also hated the operating organization more than anything else.

So how could he not be pissed?

Master K almost had a heart attack when he remembered the sudden changes over the last few months.

Within Yodan, his main base, which was his headquarters, was utterly destroyed by those damn lawless pirates!

He didn't know about other bases within Yodan and Deiferus.

Over the last few months, things were really hard for him.

Firstly, someone was killing the temple survivors or those that weren't their respective bases during the attack.

He highly suspected that it was the pirates.

Another thing that bothered him was the reports he got.

The first thing he did was head towards the temple's 2nd most popular base, somewhere in the woods around Shylock City.

But what he saw gave him goosebumps.

The place was also destroyed as well.

Seeing this similar pattern of destruction, his heart skipped a bit as fear quickly made a home in his heart.

Could it be that all his bases were destroyed?

No! That's impossible!

Thinking like that, he quickly sent some of his men to head towards the other bases in Yodan.

By now, some of them should've already arrived at their targeted destinations.

And in a few more months, he should receive letters from them about the matter.

He didn't believe that all his bases could get destroyed all at once.

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Master K passed his hands through his fingers, deep in thought, as he thought about the matter once more.

Everything about the pirate organization annoyed him silly.

And now, seeing a spy amongst his men made him even more pissed off than before.

He looked at the bloodied man as if looking at a corpse.

Chapter 979 - Pirate Spy

Isomi, whose vision was blinded by blood trickling down his face, lowered his head vigilantly and dared not look at the masked Master K.

Even while working undercover here, he had never seen Master K's true face before.

In fact, he doubted if anyone had ever seen his true face.

Isomi knew that he had to think fast, or else it would be game over for him.

No way!

With many of the temple bases destroyed, how could he pass this opportunity to inform the pirate organization?

With the temple hit hard, this was the organization's time to deliver the finishing blow.

He couldn't afford to die now!

Hundreds and thousands of years ago, this same temple tricked the Pirates, forcing them to lose countless members and reside in Morgany.

And over the years, both parties had been fighting against each other ever since.

So now that the pirates finally had the upper hand, he would be a fool not to inform them.

As for him, he was a pirate land-walker assigned to the Spy/assassin branch within the organization.

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One should know that pirates assigned to headquarters hardly took in the life of sailing on the seas.

They were known as Land-walkers or Land Pirates.

The organization itself carried out several missions in different continents and empires.

So these people would always leave to gather information or carry out specific missions paid by the royals, nobles and even the organization.

In short, Land Pirates carried out all land-related missions while Sea pirates covered water-based missions instead.

At times, both would work together.

But many times, they worked individually instead.

Additionally, because Land pirates needed to look and blend in with ordinary folks, they didn't wear or do some of the flashy things that sea pirates did.

One would've never guessed them to be pirates.

Apart from the Spy/assassin department, they also had other departments that focused on paperwork, restricting those travelling around the seas.

There were also departments focused on managing the organization's money, needs, and so on

In short, the organization worked like an enormous beehive where everyone knew their duties.

Isomi was very determined to get the message across fast.

.

As for Master K, his mind was focused on revenge!

He calmly smiled at Isomi as if unbothered by the fact that he was a pirate and steadily approached him before stopping right beside him.

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"Isomi Fernard. You have 2 choices right now.

Either Die or tell us everything you know about the organization.

From how they managed to destroy several bases, to where their members typically hide, to their building layouts, and even small details like what they eat... we want to know all you know.

If you should choose to come out clean, you'll only receive heavy punishment and not death.

You choose."

-Silence-

Everyone fell in complete silence while looking at Isomi in disgust.

How dare he betray them?

Everyone clenched their fist feeling that his excellency Master K was too kind.

If they were the ones, they wouldn't dare keep such a bastard alive, even if he finally confessed all they wanted to know.

As for Isomi, his mind went to work fast.

At first, he thought of lying.

But with how smart these temple people are, they wouldn't let him leave this place until they properly investigated all you said.

Then, he thought about other tactics to use.

But in the face of Master K, could those tricks still work?

Isomi truly felt helpless, as he had the strong urge to survive.

He wanted nothing more than to eliminate these stinky Temple people.

So even though he would get caught down the line, Isomi decided to send these bastards on a wild goose chase instead.

In truth, Isomi also believed that the destruction of the bases was done by the Pirate organization.

But just in case it wasn't, he still had to send the word out by any means necessary.

.

Isomi's throat rolled impatiently: "Y-yy-your excellency. I'm willing. I'm willing. I'm willing to say all that I know!"

"Oh? How cooperative of you.

Were you not the one shouting a moment ago that we should kill you instead?

So why the change of heart?"

Isomi quickly placed his bloodied hands on the ground while on his knees and bowed several times to Master K: "I -I-I-I-I just don't want to die! Please give me another chance, your excellency!"

Master K looked at him and chuckled.

"Hahahahhahahaha.

Isomi Fernard.

Apart from pirates, do you know the thing I hate more than a traitor?

It's a captured traitor who likes playing games.

Do you think that I can't see those petty thoughts of yours?"

Boom!

Isomi flew backwards in pain.

~Plugh.

He spat even more blood as he felt his chin dislocated.

Master K had given him a wicked kick straight before his chin.

His hands trembled heavily as he tried to carry his already painful body from the ground.

Son of a b**ch!

.

Master K looked at Isomi and slowly advanced towards him again.

Who was he?

He was someone who could sit in this position because of his superb observational skills.

K had met, interrogated and spoken to thousands and thousands of men in his lifetime.

So pulling a fast one on him seemed a bit redundant.

From Isomi's expression and calculated eyes, he knew that the guy was definitely up to no good.

He didn't even want to listen to the guy's jabber because he knew it'll all be fake.

This bastard seemed very loyal to the organization and wouldn't dare betray them.

So whatever he said here would undoubtedly be a lie.

If so, then what was the point of keeping him alive?

Originally, K wanted to keep the bastard alive until they gathered all they knew.

Even though he promised not to kill the bastard, his subordinates made no promises.

So if they wanted to move him, then why should he stop them?

Well, now that he had already determined what sort of person he was dealing with, then there was no reason to hold back any longer.

K smiled coldly while looking at Isomi.

"Feeling pains already?"

Too bad. We're just getting started."

Chapter 980 - New Base Located

~Bam, Bam, Bam, Pah~

"Ahhhhhhhhhh!!!!!"

The sounds of Isomi's gruesome screams exhaled across the large, dimly lit room.

~Crack

The constant sounds of his body breaking were all he could hear amidst his agony.

His whole body was throbbing with pain as he felt his body being ripped to shreds.

Dammit!

Didn't they say that they would give him a chance for survival?

Even though he was prepared to face death, no one liked torture.

A quick and fast death was always the best.

Why let him experience such pain?

Even during his training as an assassin, he had been trained to take on all sorts of pain.

But nothing can compare to having one's limbs and body parts severed without even giving him time to breathe.

Isomi forcefully opened his eyes while groaning in misery.

~Blugh.

He spat out another wave of blood and struggled to plead for mercy.

No matter what, it was best for him to stay alive and fight another day.

How could he be reconsidered to die like that?

Isomi, who had already lost his left leg, gritted his teeth and tried not to faint when he saw them bring a lit torch closer to his severed limb.

~Brrrrrrr~~~

The raging flames added a whole new meaning of pain to his subconscious.

Son of a b**ch!

His breathing turned even heavier, and his voice became raspier too.

The flames continuously turned on his severed limb, stopping any more blood loss, at the same time, giving him hell.

He only felt it a pure miracle that he could still manage to keep himself awake all this time.

He clutched his heart and tried to steady his breathing.

It was as if someone had gripped his heart, shook it many times and pokes it with a thousand words all at once.

Time seemed to be moving too slow as he began counting numbers in his head.

His body couldn't stop trembling, no matter how hard he tried to control it.

And the blood, which had no other way to go, continuously gushed out of his mouth and nostrils, making him feel weak as a chicken.

Isomi felt his current state somewhat miraculous.

F***!

How was he still alive?

.

Isomi looked at his detached leg and felt very unwilling and complicated inside.

Even though he knew that there was no other way to join them back, he still reached out for his leg and refused to let it go when he saw one of the men take it away.

"That's mine... You give that back." He protested weakly while stretching his other hand towards it.

That was his!

Seeing his reaction, K nodded towards someone, who took the severed leg and fed it to K's piranhas in a pond within the center of the room.

The moment the leg was a few inches away from the water surface, the hungry Piranhas jumped and launched themselves onto it.

Isomi didn't see what happened to his leg after that.

But from the bubbling sounds of the water, he was sure that those little bastards had probably cleaned his severed leg right to the bone.

And all this didn't even take up to a minute before the water remained quiet again.

Isomi's head started spinning from all his rage and pain.

But how could K let him go to sleep like that?

~Snap.

"Get the water."

~Splash!

The cold water hit Isomi's face, bringing him back to reality again.

And before he knew what was going on, his body was stretched apart from limb to limb yet again.

"No! No! I beg of you.

Enough... I-I... I will talk.

Please... No more..."

K raised his hands, and the men holding him paused.

"Start talking."

Isomi nodded bitterly as his mind quickly went to work.

Even to this moment, he still didn't think of betraying the organization.

He just couldn't bring himself to do it.

Not only were they his employer, but they were his family as well.

He was an abandoned orphan who they picked up and trained.

So betraying the organization was akin to betraying one's parents in his mind.

And to be honest, he would be willing to die for his parents.

Nonetheless, that didn't mean that he should stop trying to survive and just accept death.

Provided he could give credible information, then wouldn't his days be longer?

If possible, he hoped to prolong his days till a few from the organization found him.

In his mind, they were the ones who destroyed the bases.

So didn't they mean that they might still be on the temple's case?

There was a high possibility that they were still here in Yodan, looking for Master K and the rest who survived.

So all he had to do was live till then.

.

"I'll talk. I'll talk for real this time."

"Oh? Then start from what assignments you were given all these years." K said while turning around and walking towards his throne.

~Cough, Cough.

"Your excellency. I was tasked to monitor your movements and send detailed reports monthly.

But ever since I started working here, I've never been able to enter your right circle.

So I could only give them vague information based on what I observed."

K nodded while listening on.

This was understandable.

After all, even the Sacred Elders, Primates (Bishops) and the rest didn't know his movements, no matter how much they checked.

It was a mystery to many and one that had kept him alive all these years.

K listened carefully to Isomi's words about his dirty here, as well as the location to where some spies are hiding within Yodan and several other things.

Even though K didn't fully believe him, it wouldn't help to check things out for now

If he were lying, they would kill him without hesitation by throwing him to the piranhas.

But if what he said was true, they might as well gather all they could about the Pirate organization and later take revenge.

Soon, K had Isomi taken out of the room for treatment.

.

"Your excellency. I don't think he's telling the truth." One of his aides said.

K massaged his jaw playfully: "HmHm. I feel the same way. But for now, we keep him alive. Make sure to monitor him closely. Lest he tries to send word out through some unknown means."

"Yes, your Excellency.

But, there's something else that this lowly one has to discuss."

K looked at his aide curiously: "Milandus. What is it?"

"Your excellency. It's about Baymard.

I estimate that the Holy Primates and their crews should be arriving at Baymard any day now.

Your excellency. It is time."