

## Witch 1241

### Chapter 1241: God's Eye

*"What's going on?"*

Roland tried to speak or move his body, but he was completely paralyzed. Several pictures fled in front of him.

Numerous black dots paced back and forth around the pit like ants on the move. Slowly, a platform rose. However, compared to the giant pit, the platform was incredibly small like a mound of earth.

To Roland's surprise, he had seen buildings of the same material before.

He had seen them on the mural in the Temple of the Cursed.

Roland zoomed in "screen" with his mind, and the noises grew louder. The black dots turned into wriggly creatures, which were exactly the main character on the mural, the radiation clan.

He suddenly remembered that this was exactly what the mural depicted.

A dozen radiation clansmen ascended the platform while holding the God's Relic. They encircled the platform, their bodies contracting and expanding alternatively, as if they were holding a kind of ceremony.

Below the platform were thousands of Match Men, who were pushed into the fathomless pit before the celebrating Radiation Clan.

The last piece of the Relic was inserted, and the transparent crystal became complete. It emanated a dazzling glow and drifted toward the pit. Then it plunged and disappeared from the sight.

Roland suddenly realized that this was probably what Lan called the "Bottomless Land".

But this was just the beginning.

Roland's eye widened as he beheld the following scene.

An orange light beam erupted from the pit and soared into the air. This was exactly what the ancient witches had described as the strange phenomenon upon entering the Dream World, but the light beam was much more intense. A "Bloody Moon" hung in the sky right across where the Erosion took place. For a split moment, the Heaven and Earth were connected, and Roland realized that the entrances to the so-called Bottomless Land and the Erosion were simply the two ends of the light beam.

The Radiation Clan swarmed toward the pit as flying moths darted into the fire.

But they did not plummet into the abyss. Instead, they drifted off as if supported by something and rose to the sky.

In an instant, there were innumerable black dots around the light beam.

*Is this... the upgrade of a civilization?*

Clouds scudded across the black dots and the light beam. Watching those black dots enter a new realm, Roland felt the whole upgrade process extraordinary.

Nevertheless, a deep sigh interrupted his train of thought. The voice reverberated across his head, so clear that Roland was positive that it was not an illusion.

Then time became seemingly faster, and the pixels on the “screen” became denser.

The image changed drastically.

Roland saw a few cities and towns dotted around the pit. Apparently, not all the members of the Radiation Clan were willing to enter the new world. Some preferred to stay. Probably, they feared the sky and the unknown adventure ahead of them. Roland did not know. He only saw several black dots disappear into the passage that connected the Heaven and Earth, like those legendary, audacious adventurers who set off for their journey. They looked, however, extremely lonely since most of their clansmen were already gone.

Now, the light beam dimmed.

In the end, it flickered and then vanished.

The noise screen again occupied Roland’s vision, which marked the end of the story. Roland speculated that peace would be restored eventually. The legend of the road to Heaven would become a part of the history of the Radiation Clan, a written record for future reference. Perhaps, someone else would come to seek the pit and look for the upgrade method to reach God, but this would be something many years later.

When Roland thought that this was the end, a “towering wall” suddenly appeared at the end of the horizon.

At first, he had thought it was an illusion, since the “noise screen” blocked his vision. However, when the “wall” approached the pit gradually, he finally saw what that was.

A huge wave taller than the Impassable Mountain Range pressed in and submerged the little towns below instantly. The wave was so high that the top of it almost reached the clouds in the sky. Sun rays glazed off the wave and formed a new horizon.

Roland could imagine how desperate the Radiation Clan were when they saw such a horrific scene.

But the disaster did not stop here.

After the tsunami, volcanos at the distance suddenly erupted. Ashes were sent flying in all directions and dimmed the sunlight. Thunderbolts cracked through the air. Then there came heavy rain and harsh winter. The geographical movement became, unprecedentedly, active. After several major disastrous transformations, the world had transformed into an entirely different look.

The screen started to hiss again.

The image distorted, and the pixels almost filled out the whole “screen”.

Before the scene vanished, Roland saw the glacier melt, and a green plant break through the soil and sprout.

“Your Majesty...”

“Your Majesty, are you alright?”

Someone shook Roland and looked at him apprehensively.

His eyes snapped open, and the pixels disappeared. He found himself again in the port area.

“All... done?” Roland mumbled as he studied his palm.

Phyllis thought Roland was asking her, so she said, “Yes, we killed all of them. Not a single one fled. Their magic cores also disappeared a few minutes later. You stood rooted here like you’ve fallen asleep. Your Majesty, are you really OK?”

Roland was not sure whether he was alright or not. All he had seen a moment ago did not seem like an illusion, for he could remember all of them. They were more like some extra memories coming out from nowhere. In addition, he felt extremely exhausted, as though he had lived thousands of years in just a few minutes.

He somehow understood that sigh.

Roland thought of Lan’s words.

“The truth is always what you understand.”

Was this... the last of the Battle of Divine Will?

Roland took a deep breath and said, “I’m fine. I just saw some strange phenomena.”

“Strange phenomena?” Phyllis echoed while blinking. “This isn’t the time to say this, Your Majesty. The light beam just now almost lit half of the port and should have attracted a lot of attention. We must go. Otherwise, the Association will notice us.”

“Got it. Let’s head back the way we came,” Roland agreed with a nod.

Roland was not sure whether those were the Apostle’s memories or something else, but he believed that one day, he would find the answer to these questions.

And Roland believed that day would come soon.

## **Chapter 1242: Departure from the Northernmost Port**

At the Northernmost Port in the Kingdom of Everwinter.

“Don’t push. Stand in line!”

“Abandon the luggage! The King of Graycastle will provide you with sufficient food and clothes. If you want to survive, throw your luggage into the water!”

“Hurry up! Ladies and children first!”

The port was filled with refugees who were swarming toward the ships. Had the First Army and the lord’s guards not maintained the order, those refugees would have probably trodded on each other to board the ships.

“Captain, we probably... can’t accommodate so many refugees,” the chief guard said apprehensively as he looked backwards at the ships packed with refugees that were now slowly departing from the port.

“It’s very brave of them to come to the Northernmost Port at this time of year,” Uncle Sang commented as he gazed at the front. Within three to four days, the Red Mist had spread out from the crest of the Impassable Mountain Range. The sky was awash with a crimson color, which cast a shadow over everybody’s heart.

“Captain... save a spot for me,” someone muttered.

Uncle Sang said with a smile, “If Nail asked me, I would definitely save a spot for him, even if that means I have to get off the ship.”

Over half a month ago, they had received instructions to leave the Hermes Plateau for the city at the far north of the Kingdom of Everwinter to carry out the immigration campaign. Compared to defend the Holy City, Nail preferred this task a lot better. He felt more relaxed after taking this mission and also became more communicative during the voyage. As soon as he reached the Northernmost Port, he started the campaign.

They were not the first Graycastle men that arrived at the Kingdom of Everwinter. Many of his colleagues had visited the kingdom and evacuated the cities ahead of time. The evacuation work did not go very well at first until the Bloody Moon emerged. Rumors were circulated among the community that the “Bloody Moon” represented the end of the world. Therefore, when local residents saw the crimson moon in the sky, they were terrified and immediately asked the soldiers stationed there to get them out of the city.

Unfortunately, the situation turned for the worse.

Four or five days later, they were informed of the presence of the Red mist.

On the same day, the First Army encountered demons.

They did know the outcome of the battle, but the advance team started to retreat to the south, and Nail’s team also received instructions to retreat to the next port.

In the meantime, there was a huge increase in the number of refugees. Hundreds of thousands of people rushed to the Northernmost Port every day and asked the soldiers to take them away. Nail could not ignore their pleading, so he asked his men to build up a defensive line while at the same time asking the army at the rear to send him more ships via the carrier pigeon. Because of this, their retreat plan was delayed for several days.

Uncle Sang knew that once the news of the Red Mist was spread out, fewer ships would come to the north. Those Chambers of Commerce retained by His Majesty would not risk their own lives to carry out

the mission. They would probably, very reluctantly, agree to sail out, but they would never reach here. These were probably the last ships that came to rescue.

Nail had foreseen that this would happen beforehand, so he had asked his team members to prepare some explosives in advance. They could not only ignite the explosives in the event of an attack from the demons but could also destroy the equipment on the ship that was not easy to take away to prevent the demons from obtaining these technologies.

“Captain, there’s smoke at the front!” someone shouted.

“Again?” Uncle Sang said. “Everybody, man your post!”

Shortstaffed, with no witch scouts to help them, they had to rely on the traditional means of communication to deliver messages.

This was not the first time that the demons had visited the Northernmost Port. There were actually a few demons’ bodies outside the town. According to the manual distributed by the management team, these demons were mostly Mad Demons. Although the enemies were scattered around and appeared not to be very powerful, it did indicate that the demons had set foot on the Kingdom of Everwinter and that they were slowly approaching as the Red Mist permeated.

As a troop that had been stationed at Hermes ever since the battle at the Coldwind Ridge, Nail’s unit did not participate in the Taquila battle. Although Uncle Sang had told him a lot about the war, this was, essentially, his first time to confront the demons. After several fights, Nail concluded that as long as the Mad Demons were more than 200 meters from the defensive line, they were easier to deal with than the church’s God’s Punishment Warriors.

Uncle Sang was not too worried about the beacon. Instead, he was more concerned about Nail’s decision. Without a doubt, it was impossible to take all the refugees away with only two ships. What would the captain do with the people left behind? Would he abandon them to their fate or take them to the south?

Just then, he saw a Mad Demon outside the barbed wire erected on the street.

Uncle Sang frowned.

Like most of the port cities, the Northernmost Port did not have a city wall. Therefore, they had built the defensive line at the dock. Apart from refugees, all the residents were gone. Naturally, the city attracted demons. However, to Uncle Sang’s dismay, the scouts were gone, too. Technically, they should have retreated after seeing the beacon and returned to the defensive line faster than the enemies.

Gradually, more Mad Demons appeared and swarmed toward the dock.

“Fire!”

The two machine gun squads opened fire together, and shells rained down at the demons. The demons were swift too. They immediately took refuge in the buildings nearby. After the dust and smoke dissipated, there were only two bodies left on the barbed wire.

Gun shots soon rent the air.

Apparently, the sniper team opened fire at the demons who lurked on the roof.

This was their military tactic. Considering that they did not have a broad view in the urban area, they had set up many obstacles over the past week. The soldiers had blocked most of the streets and alleys with garbage and property debris. These obstacles could not completely stop the demons but could hold them back. If the demons did not want to waste their time on removing obstacles and clearing the road, they would have to confront the machine gun squads directly.

Then, they would face a bitter and ferocious fight. Since there were not many demons, Uncle Sang did not think that the demons would dart to the front and spear. The demons should have retreated considering they were outnumbered. However, they were sticking to this hide-and-seek game, as if they intended to exhaust the First Army's ammunition.

The demons today were apparently more persistent than those a few days ago. It seemed that they had a lot of war experience.

Uncle Sang sneered. Had the God's Punishment Army been so persistent, they would have had a difficult time. Nevertheless, the First Army was now better equipped. They had 100 soldiers, four Mark I Machine Guns, and ammunition that could last at least one day. Uncle Sang was sure that the demons would end up dying here if things continued like that.

However, the situation suddenly changed.

With a loud bang, dust was stirred up in the residential area in the north of the dock. A huge armored monster broke through the stone walls and rose on its rear from the debris.

"Spider Demon?" a soldier asked in surprise.

"Load the anti-demon grenade!"

Uncle Sang's heart sank. The manual did mention a type of demon that resembled a spider. However, this demon was a little different from the Spider Demon he knew.

Its limbs were covered with much thicker black stones that almost took up half of its body.

### **Chapter 1243: Rescue**

Two soldiers immediately approached the new enemy and fired the anti-demon grenade.

Two strands of smoke shot toward the gigantic Spider Demon from behind the bunk. They could not miss such a large target. Uncle Sang's heart leaped to his throat as he watched the trajectories of the two shells. For some reason, he had an undefined feeling that the thick armor the demon was wearing was not that easy to deal with.

He was right.

One grenade hit the target and was bounced off into the ground.

The other one hit the demon's front leg and exploded. Nevertheless, the demon was not stopped at all. On the contrary, it leaned a little forward and strode in their direction against the dust.

“Shot the body, you thickhead!” someone complained.

“Let me try!” Another soldier volunteered, who carried a box of shells and crept out of the trench.

Uncle Sang did not stop him, but he was not as optimistic as the others. Now he came to the realization why the new Spider Demon looked somewhat strange to him. Compared to the misshapen Spider Demon on the manual, this one looked more coordinated. The “armor” it was wearing was not made of random irregular-shaped stones but neat polygons. If those stones were connected, they could probably form a perfect trapezoid.

Also, its limbs swung on its side when it walked, which made it harder for the soldiers to shoot its torso or abdomen. No wonder the two previous shots had missed the target.

As Uncle Sang had expected, the next few shots did not stop the Spider Demon either. The demon almost automatically curled up the moment the soldiers fired.

In the meantime, Mad Demons appeared again in the rupture created by the Spider Demon.

“Damn it. Can’t those guys be more serious?” a machine gunner complained as he adjusted the muzzle.

“Enough!” Uncle Sang yelled briskly. “Retreat to the second defensive line and abandon this area. Prepare to ignite the explosives.”

“But...”

“Shut up,” Uncle Sang hollered. “If the demons besiege us from the side, we’ll be stuck here!”

Horns trumpeted across the battlement. Nail’s team retreated to the port according to the training procedure. The refugees panicked as the monster slowly approached them.

The soldier responsible for igniting the explosives connected the detonating cord to the motor and set the motor in motion. “Captain, we’re ready!”

“Very well. Let them have a taste of the explosives,” Uncle Sang said as he stared at the monster that clashed in every direction and motioned. “Just a moment... now!”

As the soldier pressed the lever, there was a huge roar. In an instant, the ground beneath started to quaver. The air was impregnated with smoke and dust.

Some explosives had been buried underneath the Spider Demon. The Spider Demon was thus sent flying into the air, and its stone armor became a huge burden. Its joints snapped under the impact. By the time it fell, it had been completely immobilized. Limped and seriously injured, it collapsed to the ground.

Someone in the battlement whistled.

Before they could take a break, another bang occurred in the east of the dock.

Another Spider Demon emerged on the battlefield.

Uncle Sang was glad that he had made the right decision.

He had a vague feeling that the attack of the demons this time might be very different from the previous attacks, Apparently, the demons intended to besiege and eliminate them. The fact that the scouts did

not come back in time indicated that the demons had cut their retreat. Had he been hesitant a moment ago, the machine gun squads would have failed to retreat. Although the First Army had now abandoned their stronghold in the alley, they could still rely on four Mark I HMGs to repulse the Mad Demons.

However, this did not mean that the crisis had been resolved. They never knew how many Spider Demons there would be. If there were two more... no, one more Spider Demon, they could hardly hold onto the battlement. What was worse was that many refugees were waiting for the departure at the dock. If the battle sparked panic among them, the whole situation would get out of hand. They would not only be unable to save these people but would fail to board the ships as well.

After the smoke dissipated, the demons stepped forward onto the field where the explosion had just taken place.

Numerous gun shots rented the air.

“Boom!”

While Uncle Sang was worried about what step he should take next, he suddenly heard a familiar roar behind him. Immediately, he knew where that sound came from. This was the sound of the 152-caliber Longsong Cannon that the First Army was most familiar with!

There should not have been any artillery here.

Uncle Sang turned around in dismay and saw an iron ship slowly dock. The cannon parallel to the deck was directly aiming at the defensive line.

“That’s... the ‘Roland’!” a soldier, who recognized the iron ship at once, exclaimed.

“Didn’t they leave already?”

“Who cares? We have support!”

“Long live the king! Kill those filthy monsters!”

Shells brushed past the soldiers and landed on the battlefield in succession. Around 10 meters away from the trench, smoke and dust permeated the air. Some shells hit the sandbags before the trench and exhaled a rain of sand and earth that showered down at the soldiers. The soldiers would have loathed the Artillery Battalion with the most venomous words had it occurred in the past. However, now, everyone appreciated their help. The roar of the Longsong Cannon became the most beautiful music they had ever heard.

Had Nail not abandoned them but been awaiting this moment all along?

Uncle Sang noticed that some refugees, under the guidance of the soldiers, boarded the “Roland”. Most of the refugees got on the ship.

He did not know what Nail had said to the management team, but evidently, this was a good opportunity for them to withdraw.

“Everyone, listen. We have to go to the dock,” Uncle Sang yelled. “One by one. Don’t fall behind! Once everyone leaves, the explosion unit should ignite the rest of the explosives!”

Soon, the order was delivered and spread out throughout the whole trench.

They started their final retreat.

Although quite reluctant, they had to leave the Mark I type HMG and the rest of the ammunition behind. This was the king's order. Personal safety took precedence over weapons, for soldiers could always create new weapons.

The troop thus entered the dock area, and the demons, in the meantime, also took the second defensive line against the gunfire.

But no sooner had the demons snatched their victory than an earsplitting roar shook them.

Thousands of kilograms of explosives sent the Mad Demons into the air.

In the aftermath of the magnificent explosion, the "Roland" whistled and departed from the ravaged Northernmost Port at a full speed.

#### **Chapter 1244: Change Over Time**

Zoey stood at the bridge and peered down at the crowd on the deck. The "Roland" was not large enough to accommodate 1,000 people. After all the refugees boarded the ship, there was literally no room to sit.

For most of the refugees, it was their first time traveling by sea, and they soon felt nauseous and dizzy. The crowded environment further aggravated the situation. Even those who rarely got seasick felt their stomachs turn uncomfortably when surrounded by sick passengers.

Zoey appreciated the fact that she could not smell anything.

"Mortals are so weak..." Carol's voice came from behind. "I can't believe that we used to be like that too."

"Yes, that's incredible," Zoey said with a nod of approval.

She knew what Carol was referring to.

After the captain had received the instructions to support the army, he had immediately sought the God's Punishment Witches for help. Since the main task for the "Roland" was to locate the God's Stone mine, Zoey was the decision maker. The magic core from the underground civilization was, at that time, on the ship, and its giant frame almost occupied the entire deck, so there was not much room for more passengers. Zoey should have declined the request to avoid creating potential safety hazards.

She would have refused to provide assistance had this occurred in the Union age, for back then, the rare magic core had been far more important than mortals. She would choose the magic core over a city without the slightest hesitation, let alone taking refugees. However, now, things were a little different.

After having a brief discussion with her peers, Zoey made a decision that even astonished herself.

She shipped the magic core to another port city and asked the First Army who garrisoned there to look after it. Then she steered the "Roland" back to the Northernmost Port. She had even told the garrison that if she did not return in a timely manner, they should take the responsibility of sending the core back to Neverwinter themselves.

"But it doesn't feel bad," Carol said smilingly while shrugging. "To be honest, I thought you would decline the request, and I was torn too."

"I hope they won't fail His Majesty," Zooley said darkly.

What had changed their mind? Zooley searched her memories and remembered the First Army who had fought ferociously against the demons at the ruins of the Holy City, the nurses who had treated her in the hospital, the ordinary people in the Dream World who looked no different than the witches, as well as Roland Wimbledon...

"I hope so. We risked ourselves coming here to this area permeated with the Red Mist," Carol said as she patted Zooley on the shoulder, and then headed to the bridge. "Anyway, we completed our mission. I want to go back to Neverwinter immediately and have spicy hotpot. Oh, my mouth waters..."

So did Zooley's.

She heard her stomach protest. Fortunately, Carol shut the gate just at that time and therefore did not hear the noise.

Zooley cleared her mind and gazed upon the sinister Red Mist at the distance.

The Battle of Divine Will that had brought the Union numerous nightmares came once again, much earlier than they had anticipated. The demons had also achieved great progress, but somehow, Zooley felt peaceful.

This time, they were not fighting alone.

Hackzord was suspended above the city he had just occupied.

There was no smoke or ruins of properties. Most buildings remained intact as if the battle had not taken place.

Human beings hardly resisted. They were even weaker than 400 years ago. Had he not trusted Ursrook so much, he would have thought that this was the territory of the enemies in the Sky-sea Realm rather than human beings'.

Within one week, their army had advanced several hundred miles and also built their outpost in the cities not yet permeated with the Red Mist. Hackzord had to attribute the swift operation to the help of the mankind. According to his subordinates, they had only decapitated hundreds of people before the frightened lord and the nobles knuckled under and agreed to provide supplies to them.

It was just like the first Battle of Divine Will.

It appeared that the news that they had burned the Snow Reflection Castle had already been spread out and made a deep impression on other lords.

As more and more cities were conquered, Hackzord gradually received a lot of information from local people. He did not understand why the mankind, who had united together back in the Union age, was again scattered. He did not understand either that why humans' territory, small as it was, was further divided into four kingdoms that never communicated with each other. The Union that had once dominated the continent was gone.

What had men achieved in the past 400 years?

The four kingdoms were not weak in his opinion, for his best commander had been killed by men.

Did they not know the importance of teamwork?

Yet anyhow, Hackzord was relieved.

He had successfully carried out the plan for the Western Front, although he had experienced some hiccups. He had successfully activated the Birth Tower as the king expected him to.

In a way, he was much more reliable than the boasting "Bloody Conqueror" and the irresponsible Mask. At least, he had fulfilled his promise.

Through a series of Distortion Doors, Hackzord returned to the rupture.

This was the last stronghold on the Land of Dawn, and Hackzord had decided to name this prospective city "Sky" after him. He was sure that this new city would be remembered by the whole clan.

Just at that moment, his guard sent in the update report.

Hackzord quickly skimmed the report through and noticed that a large number of refugees began to flee the Kingdom of Everwinter. He would not have paid it particular notice had those people been regular refugees, for most of them would die on their way.

However, to him, it seemed to be a well-organized, carefully-planned campaign. All the refugees were heading to the Kingdom of Wolfheart in the south by water or land. The troops who attempted to stop them had experienced fierce resistance, which was very similar to what Usrook had mentioned in his letter.

Although several units led by the Upgraded had gained the victory, they had not completely stop the refugees. More troops were needed to stop them. This was also one of the drawbacks to erect the Birth Tower in the mountainous area. Without the Distortion Doors, the Junior Demons and Inferior Demons could not travel to men's territory by themselves.

Hackzord knitted his brows and asked, "Where's Nightmare?"

"Her Excellency is still asleep in the Red Mist pond."

*"Damn it. She has been there for more than 10 days. I hope she's not lost in the Realm of Mind,"* thought Hackzord to himself.

Hackzord summoned the Distortion Door and went straight down to the bottom of the rupture.

Valkries still remained in her original position. She was sitting cross-legged in the pond, looking quite relaxed. There was not the faintest sign of her being devoured by the Realm of Mind, except that she had been there for an exceptionally long time.

This indicated that she was still roaming the Sea of Mind.

Had the person in front of him been the Bloody Conqueror, Hackzord would have given him a slap in the face to wake him up. He did not mind that this action would cause damage to the Bloody Conqueror's memory, but he would not recklessly do the same thing to the Nightmare.

Why did she have to pick this time to explore the Realm of Mind!

Hackzord felt a little agitated about those fleeing refugees. Dimly, he was aware that something fishy was going on, but it was hard to explain the situation to the king. The king had dispatched two Senior Lords to the Western Front already, so it was not likely that he would send another one simply to deal with these low lives. The other Senior Lords would definitely laugh at him if he requested for one more. However, the truth was that he had made every effort to conduct this operation, but the Senior Lords could not care less about this mission. The Senior Lords simply acted on their own and provided little help to the battle. Therefore, due to the lack of a reliable Senior Lord at the Western Front to properly command the troops, the army was unable to carry out an expedition.

Had Nightmare assisted him in pursuing those refugees, he would not have run into such an embarrassing and difficult situation.

Hackzord glared at the sleeping Nightmare and finally left the Red Mist Pond.

It seemed that he had to guard the Western Front himself.

Chapter 1245: The Great Immigration

At the Sedimentation Bay in the Kingdom of Wolfheart.

White drove his wagon into the busy dock area.

"Ladies and gentlemen, we've arrived at our destination. No matter what life you used to lead, you'll have a brand new life from today onwards. I wish every one of you good luck. It has been a privilege being of your service! Now, I can offer you one more additional service as a courtesy," White said as he reined in his horse.

His business had been pretty good recently. After the arrival of the Graycastle ships, he had obtained more business opportunities, especially of short-distance transportation services. Every time he transported residents in the surrounding towns and cities to the port, he could earn around 10 silver royals, and normally, he could do that twice a day. He could have offered another ride at night had he not cared too much about the condition of his wagon. In that case, he would actually earn a little bit more than what he had got back in the church.

Further, the compensation was not paid by the passengers but by the Graycastle men. He only needed to stamp on the traveling document before he proceeded to the sentry post to request for his

remuneration. The compensation was based on the number of the passengers he carried, and the Graycastle men had never delayed any payment.

Because of this, many people at the Sedimentation Bay started to provide similar transportation services, including sailors and handymen. Even though a lot of them did not know how to maneuver a carriage, they could ask someone who did to join them. The service was in such a high demand that they did not really need to worry about attracting customers. It was a job that allowed people to earn quick money. The only factor they needed to consider about was the traveling distance, as the farther the towns were, the higher expenses it would incur.

Graycastle men would like to offer help to anyone who was willing to leave the Kingdom of Wolfheart, both rich and poor. Apparently, the King of Graycastle did not really care about money. White thus did not want to lose such a lucrative business opportunity.

Everybody loved money.

White had also heard of the war in the north. There was suddenly a huge influx of refugees in the Kingdom of Wolfheart, so the rumor could possibly be true. Also, Smarty had told him that the lord of the Sedimentation Bay, Baron Jean Bate, transferred a large number of his personal properties to a ship, in an apparent attempt to leave this place. In consideration of these recent events, White also had to find a retreat for himself.

If he could earn a huge sum of money now, he would be able to live a better life in the future.

“What kind of service?” someone asked immediately.

“Some useful experience and kind advice,” White answered as he pointed at the port where a great number of large ships docked. “Look over there. Although everyone wants to leave for Graycastle, not everyone will have a pleasant journey. I had been at the Sedimentation Bay before they came here, so I know a lot. Perhaps, my advice could help you.”

“Then... please tell us...”

“Sure, but you have to pay me. Not much. One silver royal would do.”

White knew poor people did not really care about what kind of situation they were venturing into. They only needed to be fed and clothed. Therefore, he mainly targetted at refugees who had a little bit of savings. They loved to hear little tips and advice. Since White did not charge much, and they did not even pay for the ride, they did not mind buying the information.

Because White used to be that kind of person too.

“Haha, that’s a game that Rats normally play,” a well-dressed man with brown hair sneered. “But this man is obviously not as daring as Rats. One silver royal only. Here you go.”

Soon, the servant beside the man handed White the money.

White smiled stiffly. It appeared that the man was a noble, a diminished noble actually, for he had to now share a wagon with civilians.

“... Here’s my payment,” another young man said hesitantly and produced a silver royal from his pocket.

White waited for a while. It appeared that only two people were willing to pay, but it was better than nothing. He then decided to let the customers go.

Just at that moment, the young man said to the other passengers, "Don't go just yet. I'll share the information with you for free."

"Hey, what did you say?" White stiffened.

"I paid," the young man swelled up. "I paid for your information, but it doesn't mean I can't retell it to someone else. What? Anything wrong here?"

"You—"

"You probably want to bail out, but you won't benefit anything from it. Even if I share the information to everyone at the port, it won't affect your future business. However, you'll lose one silver royal if you choose not to say."

White's lips parted. He suddenly did not know how to respond to such a sharp argument.

"You thickhead. You can do whatever you want. Why did you tell him?" the noble protested irritably. "You're wasting our time."

"I'm not doing anything wrong. I have nothing to hold back," the young man said flatly. "I think it's unfair not to let the coachman know."

"Fair?" the noble echoed while casting a scornful glance at the young man as he looked at a fool, and then turned to White. "Oi, leave that man alone. I paid you. Are you telling me or not?"

White glared at the young man. He had to admit that the young man was right. "Alright, alright. I'll say. What bad luck... you guys stay here. I'll tell you all."

Then White related the information he knew to his passengers. He told them what kind of people Graycastle men preferred, the departure time of the ships, some details they needed to pay attention to upon registration, as well as the second screening after their arrival. White particularly placed emphasis on the second screening process, for this was the information he had obtained from the soldiers and that the guide of the First Army would not reiterate. According to the Graycastle men, witches would partake in the second screening to detect lies. Once a person misrepresented in his application, he would be labeled as a "dishonest" man, and it would be a lot harder for him to find a decent job.

Apart from that, the noble status would not give them any privilege. On the contrary, people in Graycastle hated those who always boasted about their noble status, so it would be more advisable to keep a low profile. As long as one could read and write, or have a specific skill, he did not need to worry about his life there.

"Thank you for your kind reminders," the young man said to White as he got off the coach at last. "This did save us a lot of trouble."

"Bah, don't mention it. You paid me," White grumbled and smoked his pipe deeply. "Those people should thank you, but they're all gone." "Young man, don't always try to be nice, especially nowadays... Otherwise, people will take advantage of you someday." ( )

He used to be like that too.

However, he had got nothing for being nice but only a fake leg.

“Perhaps, but this is my duty as a knight.”

“Haha, do you think I’ve never seen a knight? Or are you saying the knight on a book? Forget it. The last time I’ve heard of a knight was when I drank with a Rat in a tavern.”

“Everyone doing it doesn’t mean it’s right.”

“Yes?” White said as he raised his brows. The man looked serious. “Are you a knight?”

“Er... No, I’m not knighted, but my father was, but he...”

White gave the young man a look of comprehension. He now understood that this man had nothing but an ambitious dream. White waved his hand and said, “I’m not interested in your family. By the way... what’s your name?”

The young man immediately raised his head and replied, “Manfeld Castein.”

“OK, Mr. Castein,” White said as he exhaled a pipe of smoke and clambered onto the horseback. “An additional piece of information for you. There’s no knight in Graycastle anymore.”

#### **Chapter 1246: The Ship to the South**

As White had suggested, Manfeld found that nobody waited for him after the coach departed. He was surrounded by strangers.

However, he did not feel very frustrated about the lack of appreciation because he did that simply because that he thought this was the right thing to do.

Manfeld soon found the registration desk based on the information provided by the coachman. In fact, a banner was hung over that area, which attracted many passers-by.

Although there were lots of people, the registration proceeded in an orderly fashion. Iron bars segmented the crowd, and there formed a huge lineup between the entrance and the registration desk. Refugees were thus directed into a temporary “passage”, along which they shuffled forward slowly.

A Graycastle soldier received Manfeld. All the clerks were wearing the same uniform, so it was easy to distinguish them.

“Name?”

“Manfeld Castein.”

“Identity? Any criminal records? What’s your expertise?”

The inquiry was just as what the coachman had told him. Manfeld answered all the questions truthfully and did not dwell upon his family and background. He was about to talk more about his expertise when

the soldier suddenly interrupted him after hearing him say he could read and write. "That'll do. Trestle No. 6. This is your boarding pass. Don't lose it. Next."

Manfeld was immediately pushed out of the queue into the dock area before he realized that the registration was over.

*"Well... that's it?"*

So the coachman was right then? One could live a very good life in Graycastle as long as he could read and write. But it appeared that everyone in Graycastle was literate. Manfeld had noticed that while he was waiting, the registration clerks were changing all the time. Sometimes, they would ask a soldier who maintained the order to take their shift temporarily, and nothing had gone wrong.

Manfeld felt very confused.

Also, the boarding pass was a little strange too. It was an iron plate, with a rope attached to one end so that he could actually wear it like a necklace. There was a series of engraved symbols and numbers on the plate. It would not cost much to make such a small plate, but it would be a different story if every refugee had such a plate.

Castein's family used to own a blacksmith workshop, so he knew what that meant. A blacksmith could use leftover materials to make an iron plate, but he would need tons of materials to make 100 or 1,000 of them. It would only take a blacksmith half a day to engrave those symbols, but it would take a much longer time to repeat the same process over and over again.

However, there were more than 1,000 people at the port.

If this was what happened at the Sedimentation Bay every day, then they would need hundreds of thousands of iron plates! It was unimaginable how many resources and how much time they would need to distribute an iron plate like this to every single refugee. It would probably still not enough even if they summoned all the blacksmith in the Kingdom of Wolfheart.

Manfeld now had glimpse of Graycastle's immense wealth.

Kingdom of Dawn used to be the wealthiest kingdom on this continent.

Amazed and surprised, Manfeld boarded a three-masted ship.

He was led into a cabin shared by 10 people, which was a lot better than what he had expected. He had thought that he might have to sleep in a warehouse. Manfeld was not sure if this was because he could read and write. Nevertheless, the stinky smell in the cabin was intolerable. Although his family had lost their past glory, he used to, at least, sleep in a comfortable bedroom.

Therefore, Manfeld immediately got out of the cabin and went to the deck to get some fresh air. Just at that moment, he heard someone calling for help.

The voice seemed to be coming from the end of the hallway.

Since not many people were on the ship and the sailors were busy working on the upper deck, the cabin was a little empty. Nobody except him had heard that voice.

Manfeld thus went in the direction that voice came from.

There was a storage room at the end of the hallway, and Manfeld gathered that few people except crew members would come here. He pressed his face onto the door and heard noises inside, as though someone was struggling.

Manfeld soon stepped back and threw himself against the door. The door was flung open.

Manfeld was taken aback by what he saw.

He did not expect to see a familiar face here. The middle-aged noble whom he had met in the coach was standing in the storage room while his two servants were trying to push two ladies down to the ground and tie them up. The ladies were gagged. Inarticulate groans escaped from their lips. Apparently, they were brought here by force.

“Hey, isn’t this the righteous fool on the coach?” the noble drawled. “If I remember correctly, you’re a noble as well, right? I’m Mick Kinley. What about you?”

“Manfeld Castein,” Manfeld pronounced his name for the third time. He noticed that as soon as he announced his name, the hope in the ladies’ eyes faded out, and they also stopped struggling.

“Castein? I’ve never heard of this name,” the middle-aged man said while shrugging. “But you’re lucky. Since you came here, I’ll kindly share the ladies with you, but you’ll have to wait.”

“Release them,” Manfeld said heavily.

“Huh?” Mick Kinley squinted and said, “Are you out of your freaking mind? Do you know who they are? They’re slaves! And God knows how many people have used them. I’m very surprised that I found these two little things on the ship. There’s no reason that their master would let them go. So, now, it’s very simple. They escaped from their master. You still want to save them?”

Escaped slaves were the most inferior slaves, who were not very different from animals. Therefore, nobles could literally do anything to them.

However, Manfeld had his own principles.

“Everyone doing it doesn’t mean it’s right.”

“This ship is heading to Graycastle, right?”

“... What’s your point?” Mick Kinley snarled.

“You should have heard what those Graycastle men said. The Wimbletons has abolished slavery. Therefore, the moment they boarded ship, they were no longer slaves,” Manfeld insisted defiantly. “And don’t you forget that there’s a second screening after we get off the ship. They’ll ask you whether you have criminal records. If I tell you what you did on the ship to these two ladies, do you think Graycastle men would let you go?”

“What are you going to do if I insist?” Mick Kinley said through his clenched teeth.

“You have to beat me first,” Manfeld said as he rolled up his sleeves. “I’m a knight — ”

No sooner had he finished than Mick Kinley threw himself toward him.

It was a quick battle.

Mick Kinley's servants had apparently also received formal training. Manfred was soon impaled in the small, narrow storage room. Mick Kinley kicked his bruised face.

"This is all you can do? I thought your swords are as sharp as your words," Mick Kinley spat. "Sh\*t. Such bad luck! I'll leave these two sluts to you, but don't you forget that slaves will always be slaves, no matter where they go! What a fool! Let's go!"

Mick Kinley slammed the door behind him, and the next moment, the three impaled were left alone in the stuffy storage room.

### **Chapter 1247: The Heart of A Knight**

It took Manfred a while to regain his consciousness.

His vision blurred, and he felt a searing pain through his cheeks. It was pretty hard for him to open his eyes.

Damn it. That brute had broken the unwritten rule that nobles should not hit each other in the face.

He struggled to sit up, slowly shuffled toward the two frightened ladies and ungagged them. "Don't be afraid. I'll release you just in a moment."

The two ladies were too scared to speak, so they simply nodded.

Manfred untied them after taking a long rest and said, "There you go. You're free now. Don't get caught by that person again..."

Manfred believed that Mick Kinley would not have such a chance. Once everyone got on the ship, he would be under the watch of all the refugees. He did not think Mick would risk himself with so many people around him.

The women set free avoided him gingerly and immediately left the room at a trot. Their footsteps finally died away.

They did not say anything to Manfred, not even a "thank you".

Manfred leaned against the wall and heaved a deep sigh. Somehow, he thought of what White had told him.

"Young man, don't always try to be nice, especially nowadays... Otherwise, people will take advantage of you."

He shook his head and put these thoughts behind.

He was used to that.

He only hoped that he could return to his cabin before the ship set off so that at least, he could still have a bed.

Suddenly, Manfeld heard patterings of footsteps again, as the floor beneath him started to squeak.

What the hell? He wished it was not Mick Kinley coming back again.

The footsteps stopped abruptly at the door, and he saw a sliver of a woman looking out at him from behind the door.

Momentarily stunned, Manfeld recognized that the woman was one of the ladies he had helped set free.

After the door was pushed open, Manfeld found both two ladies were there. The one behind was carrying an extremely heavy wooden bucket that almost cost all her strength.

She placed the bucket in front of Manfeld. At that moment, Manfeld noticed that the bucket was full of water.

“You...”

One of the ladies took out a handkerchief and dipped it into the water before she came up to wipe the blood off Manfeld’s face. The other kept apologizing, “S-sorry, it was all our fault. We were too scared to speak, because, because you said... you’re also a noble.”

Manfeld burst into a laugh.

Even though he was so sore, he could not help it.

“Er, what’s the matter?”

“Didn’t I tell you?” Manfeld interrupted the lady. “The moment you boarded this ship, nobles and slaves became equal, because the King of Graycastle not only abolished slavery but also took away nobles’ power. In other words, we’re the same.”

Manfeld actually knew that there was no knight in Graycastle, as merchants from all parts of the world had spread the news throughout the Kingdom of Wolfheart. Most nobles believed that King Roland’s behavior was outrageous, but he was very interested in Wimbledon.

After his family’s fortunes declined, Manfeld had been always thinking about one particular question, that was, what was a knight?

He had never thought about this question when his father had been still alive, as he had believed that he would eventually inherit his father’s title. However, when his family gradually lost their domains to other nobles, Manfeld found that things slowly get out of his control. The new lord did not acknowledge him, and those who were not qualified to manage the land became the ruler. He literally had nothing but a prominent surname.

According to the ancient books he had read, his ancestors who had established on this land had selected the most outstanding person as their king. The king then granted titles to those possessed of exceptional gallantry and valor and asked them to help him protect the land and his subjects. This was the origin of

the nobility. A knight, as the noble of the lowest rank, should have compassion and sympathy for civilians. They should be men of honor and help their territories prosper.

Because knight possessed qualities that normal people did not, they were noble.

This was also what kind of person Manfred wanted to be.

However, he did not see any difference between a knight and civilian after a knight lost his land. What was nobility then? A spirit or a deed?

Lords were replaced constantly as the fierce competition between nobles continued. A limp could be a knight, and a fool could be a knight as well, as long as they had land in their hands. This reality made Manfred start to question the true nature of knightage.

Although misfortune had weighed upon him, Manfred had never abandoned his dream.

He had been thinking about traveling to Graycastle for a long time, but he could not afford the trip. Nevertheless, the evacuation of local towns and cities in the Kingdom of Wolfheart provided him with a good opportunity to visit Graycastle.

Manfred wanted to know whether he could still be a true knight in a country without a noble.

After hearing that “we’re the same”, the two women were profoundly relieved. “Really?”

“All the nobles have received the news. They view Wimbledon as the demon from hell,” Manfred said as he summoned a bitter smile. “But now, we probably have to seek this horrible demon for help.”

The woman who was wiping Manfred’s face asked after a moment of silence, “Why did you help us? Aren’t you worried that the noble...”

“He won’t kill me because I already reminded him,” Manfred replied while shaking his head. “I don’t know what the second screening will look like, but I’ve heard that a witch will be there to detect lies. Even if he doesn’t think abusing you is a crime, he knows he can’t kill a noble.”

Manfred took a breath and then went on, “By the way, I’m Manfred Castein. What about you?”

This was the fourth time he had reported his name today.

“I’m Thylane,” one of the ladies said in a low voice. “She’s Momo.” Then she paused for a second and said resolutely, “That noble was right. We were sold to — ” U.p. dated by . com

“I told you that everything changed the moment you got on this ship. Please don’t say that again,” Manfred said while waving his hand. “Like my coachman said, whatever life you used to live, the new life ahead of us will be completely different. I decided to leave the Kingdom of Wolfheart for a foreign country because of the potential change. Aren’t you the same?”

There was a long whistle.

It was deep and low.

The ship was about to set off.

“Let’s go back. I don’t want anyone to take my bed,” Manfeld said as he rose with some difficulties. He still felt sore, but he managed to walk. “I don’t want to sleep in this storage room all the way there.”

The two ladies exchanged looks. After a moment of hesitation, Thylane produced a white pill from her pocket and handed it to Manfeld.

“This is...”

“A painkiller,” Thylane said. “If you can’t bear the pain, lick it or take a small piece of it. But make sure that you don’t take too much, as it only delays the pain. It can’t stop it.”

Manfeld took the pill in confusion. What an amazing pill this was? It could only delay instead of stopping pain?

Thylane and Momo did not give further explanation. They carried the bucket and withdrew from the storage room

This time, the two ladies stopped at the doorstep and swept a low bow at Manfeld. “Thank you, Mr. Castein.”

Manfeld heaved a deep sigh.

It seemed that not everyone took advantage of others.

This was enough for him.

He studied the pill in his hand for quite a while before he licked it.

It was sweet.

Perhaps, the pill was made of flour, mixed with a little bit of honey.

Manfeld gathered that they had probably stolen the pill from the noble who had bought them.

Just at that moment, something incredible happened.

In an instant, his pain was gone as if he had never been beaten before.

## **Chapter 1248: The Use of the Core**

In Neverwinter, Graycastle.

Within a week, the intelligence gathered by the First Army not only confirmed that the Red Mist had appeared to the north of the Kingdom of Everwinter but also provided Roland with a glimpse of the status of the evacuation campaign.

As Edith had predicted, the demons invaded the Kingdom of Everwinter before the Red Mist had completely spread out. They had largely shortened the process of growing a Birth Tower and had started attacking human beings from all directions. The immigration unit of the First Army had already fought the demons. Apparently, the demons had been waiting for this moment for a long time.

According to the report from Iron Axe, the result of the battle was not very optimistic. During the retreat, several units were raided, and the retreat thus turned into a flight. Soldiers were scattered by the frightened refugees. The casualties had mounted up to over 300, which was almost the same as the casualties during the night raid in Taquila. The refugees suffered an even greater loss.

The demons had apparently caught everyone offguard.

The dispersion of the advanced troops of the First Army did expediate the immigration campaign, but it also weakened their fighting capacity at the same time.

Fortunately, Roland had promised the army that no punishment would be inflicted on deserters if the desertion was for the purpose of survival. Therefore, no soldiers had turned into bandits. All of them gradually retreated to the Kingdom of Wolfheart and got in contact with the garrison there.

If those soldiers fled, the army in the north of the Kingdom of Everwinter might be flattened.

Those soldiers who had returned to the army would provide additional support to the local troops as well as important information to the commander.

For example, many units reported that they encountered a type of new Monstrous Beast not seen on the manual.

A unit that had successfully retreated to the Northernmost Port in the Kingdom of Everwinter mentioned that the demon put a new type of Spidery Monstrous Beast into use, which was even harder to deal with than the two well-known Spider demons. Neither mortars nor anti-demon grenades could effectively impale them. Only the 152-caliber Longsong Cannon could cause them damage.

As for the other Monstrous Beasts, Roland currently only obtained a description of their physical appearance. Their abilities remained unknown.

The Monstrous Beasts had apparently upgraded from the war.

The executives thus held several meetings after receiving the intelligence. The ministers had reached an agreement that they should stop the demons from advancing as soon as possible to earn more time for the immigration plan.

The officials had evidently benefited a lot from the rapid increase in the population of Neverwinter as more people joined in the production.

Roland thought so too. Yet unfortunately, this was the fastest he could do. He wanted to send thousands of people to the Kingdom of Wolfheart at once, but first of all, he needed to have enough ammunition.

Therefore, although Roland had already issued the command, it still took a long time for the army to assemble. This was different from the expedition to Taquila. During the expedition to Taquila, the army had advanced along the railway, where they had relied on the Blackriver and Leaf to sustain the logistics. Now, they lacked transportation facilities, so the General Staff had to find an alternative solution.

Roland also noticed another thing in the report.

He noticed that the successful escape of the unit should be attributed to the support of the shallow water gunboats. Meanwhile, the "Roland" arrived in a timely fashion because Zooey and Carol had abandoned the magic core that they treasured the most. This made Roland realize that the ancient witches could possibly use the relic of the underground civilization well in this war.

He thus contacted the three Senior Witches from Taquila directly.

Through the light screen, Pasha, Alethea and Celine's giant bodies covered in tentacles appeared on the wall.

Roland quickly shared his idea.

"You mean... that we should use the Instrument of Divine Retribution as a power converter?" Celine asked.

"Not only the Instrument of Divine Retribution but also all the magic cores," Roland said with a nod.

In theory, the magic cores could simulate all kinds of witch power, provided that the ancient witches adjusted the structure of their cyclones. There were four magic cores retrieved from the underground civilization in total, the largest of which was the most special one. Its cyclone was very complicated. According to the deciphered records, it was also the secret weapon that the underground civilization had put great hope in. Because of this, the ancient witches called it the Instrument of the Divine Retribution.

However, only the Chosen One could activate the the Instrument of Divine Retribution, but Roland did not possess magic power. So, for a very long time, this secret weapon had been sitting in the underground hall quietly.

If they could transform the cores into various magic power, it would be much more helpful than letting them just sit here.

The only problem was that the magic cores could not be replicated. Once they lost one, they lost it forever. That was the reason for the rift between the Taquila witches and the Starfall City. Many Union members had even lost their lives for it.

At the early stage of the coalition of the Taquila witches and the First Army, Roland had promised that he would not force the witches to hand over the magic cores. Even though the Taquila witches had now pledged alliance to him, Roland still wanted to first obtain their permission.

Alethea said hesitantly, "Your Majesty, you could do anything with it if you were in the Third Border City. However, I'm worried that you would damage it if you transfer it out of the cave."

Roland felt very hopeful, as even Alethea, the most stubborn one, demonstrated a sign of approval. He said quickly, "I'll certainly take caution and handle it with reasonable care. No intruders should be able to destroy it, but I'm afraid that wear and tear as a result of multiple uses will be inevitable. However, it's better than storing it away."

Alethea looked toward Celine and said, "How long will it take to transform the Instrument of Divine Retribution into a magic device and restore it?"

"I think... it'll probably take 10 years," Celine estimated. "The cyclone is too complicated. If there's wear and tear, then we'll probably never be able to restore it. However, I agree with His Majesty..."

"But..."

"Then the magic core can, at least, contribute to the war against the demons," Pasha rejoined. "Now, we don't need to look for the Chosen One anymore."

Alethea lapsed into a long silence before she said, "Alright. Since you all agree, then I have no issues with that either."

For a split second, Roland saw Celine tap her main tentacle. She said, "See? I persuaded them."

Obviously, she was only talking to Roland.

Before Roland could respond, Pasha continued, "You should take the witches in the Quest Society more often to the Dream World, Your Majesty."

Without a doubt, Pasha was bribing him.

Roland was amused.

"So," Celine said as she put up a straight face, although the original carrier did not actually display emotions anyway. "What kind of power do you want the Instrument of Divine Retribution to transform into?"

Roland had known the answer a long time ago. He replied, "Mystery Moon's magnetic force. I don't think it'll be too complicated, right?"

Celine said with a smile, "Leave it to me, Your Majesty."

Chapter 1249: Civilization

The reason was pretty simple. Compared to the summoning type of magic, the attaching magic type was more suitable for the magic core. Take Anna's Blackfire as an instance. Even if the magic core had the exact same cyclone, it could not release or withdraw the power as freely as Anna. However, for the attaching magic type, they only needed to inject magic power into it to activate the instrument.

Mystery Moon had the ability to convert magnetic force into various types of energy, which would largely benefit Neverwinter.

Dawn I had always been a rare energy resource. Even with the help of Doris, it barely sufficed the need. With the expansion of the industry, they would soon run out of power.

Power generation and transmission was a very complicated science, and it was even more difficult than mechanics. Roland could produce electric motors and lightbulbs by applying what he had learned about electricity in the middle school, but it was impossible for him to build a reliable electrical grid.

He had also brought a lot of books regarding electricity from the Dream World but could hardly understand them. He recognized every single word in the book but did not understand what that meant.

Therefore, he abandoned his ambition of learning on his own but put hope in the Taquila witches. Perhaps, in 10 or 20 years' time, the Taquila witches would play an important role in the electricity industry, but they definitely could not help Neverwinter right now.

As such, his most important task at present became how to increase the production of Dawn I.

Workers in the plants could work at night, and residents could study if there was electricity. The power system, in a sense, could be also viewed as a time device.

Celine believed that there were no technical difficulties, as the original carrier had a far better understanding of magic power than human beings. Ordinary witches could only confirm the magic type and power level by using a Stone of Measuring. However, Celine could picture the cyclone once Mystery Moon demonstrated her ability.

When Roland brought Mystery Moon here, the little girl was, surprisingly, not very cooperative.

She mumbled, "If the magic core replaces me... will you still need me?"

It took Roland quite a long time to persuade her.

Mystery Moon's condition was that the magic core that simulated her power should be named after her.

Mystery Moon protested, "In that way, you'll still remember me even if you no longer need my help. Also, as a compensation, can I have two more bottles of Chaos Drinks?"

That was how she was brought here, accompanied by Lily.

It would take a few days to adjust the magic core and design an electrical grid that could transmit power throughout the whole city. Although Roland only used basic knowledge of electricity engineering such as series connections and parallel connection, and tried to simplify the calculation as much as possible, the design was pretty much all he could do.

Meanwhile, Neverwinter greeted a group of unexpected visitors.

Rex came to the city with ten members of the Society of Wondrous Crafts and requested to see the King of Graycastle.

Roland soon met this unusual explorer from the Fjords in the parlor.

"I thought you wouldn't come here anymore."

Roland asked the servant to bring tea and desserts.

It had been three months since the departure of Rex and his party from Neverwinter. Had they not been continuously shipping the relics from the Southernmost Region, Roland would have probably forgot about them.

Roland studied this group of people attentively.

All of them were windswept. It appeared that only those who were not used to travel by sea at the Fjords would tend to find another way to make a living.

“I’m sorry, Your Majesty,” Rex said, a little embarrassed. “It took me too long to assemble the members of Society of Wondrous Crafts. Although you’ve already given me the book, still many people question my authority and are not willing to share their research. They thought I’m as crazy as Fan when I told them that there was indeed an artifact that would enable men to fly in the sky.”

“Then what about these people here?”

“They believe you, Your Majesty,” Rex said as he swept a bow. “This time, everyone brought their families here and decided to settle down in Neverwinter. We’ll accept any conditions you offer.”

“Very well,” said Roland as he sipped his tea. “You’ll become residents of Graycastle after the Administrative Office complete the evaluation.” In fact, giving him the book was also another form of screening. People joined the Society of Wondrous Crafts only because they had no alternative way to make a living, so there must be both good and bad members. If they did not have the capability to understand the book, there would be no point in recruiting them.

“What do you mean by evaluation?”

“A standard procedure that you must go through before officially becoming a Graycastle resident. They’ll take down your information. Don’t worry, it’s not a contract or anything.”

Everyone was profoundly relieved. It was obvious that although they had brought their families here, they were still quite uncertain about their future.

Perhaps, he should say something to make them feel more at home.

Roland thus summoned his guard, Sean.

“Your Majesty, what can I do for you?”

“These people are my guests. Show them around and let them get familiar with the new king’s city of Graycastle,” Roland said as he extended out his hands. “Especially the Miracle Building. If they found their new society there, they’ll also need an office on the top floor. So you’d better first let them get an idea what that place looks like.”

“Yes, Your Majesty.”

After the group of confused people left with Sean, Roland said in a low voice in amusement to Nightingale, “You go follow them.”

Two hours later, Nightingale came back to the office.

“How about it? Roland asked and poured her a glass of Chaos Drink.

“I knew it was going to be like that,” Nightingale said as she twitched her lips and drained the glass.

“You’re just like a kid showing off your toys. Rest assured. Now, I’m sure they won’t leave even if you ask them to.” U.p.dated by Box n o v e l . c o m

“You’re wrong. I just want to give them more confidence.”

Nightingale rolled her eyes.

“Ahem, alright. Maybe you’re right.”

“Glad to hear,” Nightingale snapped and shoved the empty glass under Roland’s nose. “Do you want to hear more about it?”

“Yes,” Roland admitted quickly.

“Then two more bottles of drink.”

As the Miracle Building was the landmark of Neverwinter, one could view half of the city from the roof of the building, including the mining area at the North Slope Mountain enveloped by thick smoke, as well as the Redwater River filled with various different concrete boats. Trains carrying raw materials ran in between, and a little farther on in the south, one could see biplanes flit across the sky. At night, the plants were alive with lights, and the glitters reflected off the surface of the water like shiny stars.

This was exactly what Roland had expected.

For those who had never seen such a scene, the moment they ascended the roof, they met a whole new world.

The spectators would be able to witness the splendid human civilization from there.

### **Chapter 1250: Anna’s Plan**

Anna was quite amused after hearing Roland’s account of the Society of Wonderous Crafts.

“If those people knew that you created most of the artifacts in the book, they would be astonished,” Roland said casually as he played with Anna’s hair. “They’ll definitely listen to everything you say.”

“We do need some new blood in the Ministry of Industry,” Anna replied with a smile. “But I don’t know how much they can help.”

“They won’t be too bad, as they saw the value of that book,” Roland said while shrugging. He remembered that he had lured the Chief Alchemist to Neverwinter with only a few redox equations back then. “They even brought their families here, which indicates that they’re indeed very curious about those innovations. Given that, I believe they’ll rise to fame once they have that opportunity.”

Roland paused for a second and then went on, “Of course, before they officially join you, they have to learn from the beginning first. I’ll leave it to you. This is also the first step to build up a healthy relationship with your subordinates.”

Anna leaned toward Roland and placed her beautiful head on his chest before she said, “To be honest, I don’t know if I can do this job well...”

“You asked me to appoint you as the Minister of Industry in the first place,” Roland joked. “So, you’re scared and want to bail out now?”

Anna stretched her hand, and a sliver of Blackfire ignited her fingertip. She drew a circle in the midair and said, “Do you want me to tie you up and tickle you with the Blackfire again?”

“Er... I mean, if you don’t know how to do it, just ask Tilly,” Roland said as he averted his eyes. “I’ve heard all the Aerial Knight trainees in the pilot school fear the princess.”

Anna’s face lighted up. She exclaimed in excitement, “Right! I can ask her, but...” she hesitated for a moment and said, “I haven’t talked to her for a while, and I’ve heard since the expedition, she’s been...”

“Don’t worry. She’s fine now. I believe she’s back to normal again,” Roland comforted Anna. “Perhaps, she’ll be extremely happy to see you. You used to give exams together.”

Roland had not told anyone else about the possible resurrection of Ashes because he was afraid that everyone would bet their lives on this battle if they heard Ashes could probably come back to life.

“OK,” Anna said as she nodded resolutely. “I’ll do it!”

Seeing that Anna was no longer annoyed, Roland quickly changed the subject. “By the way, how’s the project of the Cube-powered wheel truck going?”

“I’ll still need a few more days to complete the first sample truck. It’s pretty similar to the Cube-powered car in terms of structure, but it’s easier to operate and also more stable, although it isn’t that flexible.” Anna’s manner immediately tightened into formality once she started talking about work. “Also, I don’t see any problems using it to load and unload cargo, as long as there’s no issue with the road construction.”

“What about the tractor?”

“That I’ll need more time,” Anna said while shaking her head. “The drawing you gave me doesn’t provide many details. I’ll have to figure them out on the go. Its frame and operation systems are also quite different than the wheel truck’s, so it’ll still take me a considerable amount of time to create a usable sample tractor.”

However, they did not have much time left.

The demons would only become even harder to deal with in the future. The army thus urgently needed an armored troop to change the situation. The problem was that there were not many drawings of completed models of this kind of large, ancient automobiles in the textbook for reference. Roland could only find a few drawings of spare parts in the Dream World, and he was not sure whether these parts would fit the model Anna was trying to create.

The industrial technologies in Neverwinter were not yet so advanced as to allow them to directly use modern parts. Both the caterpillar tractor and the armored trucks were consumables. Anna could not make them all by herself.

She had practically nobody to help her.

When the industrialization reached a certain level, each major project would involve hundreds of derivative subprojects. Therefore, it was impossible to sustain the whole industry with only a few learned professionals. This problem would become even more critical as time progressed. For example, Tilly had pointed out the drawbacks of the biplane and also made suggestions to improve it. However, Roland did not have anyone at the moment to work on these issues.

Roland would need an extra 50 years to solve all these problems.

However, the demons would not allow this to happen.

“Let me think it over,” Roland said slowly.

“Roland, I remember you told me that the Dream World has become more and more diverse, right?” Anna said while blinking her lake-blue eyes. It seemed that she had an idea.

“Yes, like it’s now self improving. Thanks to that, I was able to bring new materials here.” According to Lan, this was a sign that the Dream World was expanding. It was now challenging God’s power.

“If that’s the case, why not seek help from the Dream World directly?”

“Are you saying... that we ask more people to look for help?”

“No,” Anna said as she smiled slyly. “I thought of a better way.” She then whispered to Roland and disclosed her plan. “I’m not sure if it’ll work.”

Roland was momentarily stunned. He lapsed into thought, feeling increasingly excited. “This... might work!” he exclaimed.

“You can try it later,” Anna said as she stretched her legs. “If my method works, it’ll make our life a lot easier. But now, stay with me...”

...

When Roland woke up in the Dream World, he already had a wonderful plan.

Anna’s idea was very simple. Since there were no learned professionals in Neverwinter, he could, alternatively, recruit talents in the Dream World. After a long contemplation, Roland decided to found an organization under the pretext of entertainment to recruit antique machinery collectors. He did not think the organization would raise suspicions. In this way, he could provide research and technical support to the real world.

He could even test and improve the completed product in the Dream World.

It would definitely be more effective to found such an organization than conducting research online.

Nevertheless, he would need raise enough capital to start this project.

The income from fighting Fallen Evils was definitely not going to be enough.

Unless someone provided him with great financial assistance.

Roland could only think of one person in this world.

That was Garcia’s father, Garde, a member of the board of director of the Clover Group.

Roland knew that Garde, shrewd as he was, would not easily agree to support him if he directly went to negotiate with him without any preparation. Even though it was just a small amount of money for Garde, he would not invest it for no reason.

Garcia could not help him much with this matter, so he had to think of another plan.

Roland thus picked up the telephone and called the Defender of the Prism City.

