

## Witch 1281

### Chapter 1281: A Deadlock

*"That's right. Fight to the last."*

The campsite was against hills, so it was impossible to retreat to the crest against the gunfire. As each rescue team acted separately, they would not get reinforcements anytime soon. Considering the precarious situation, Fish Ball judged that the best way to repel the enemies was to hold onto this encampment.

Not only far outnumbered, most of the soldiers only brought food and clothes with them. There was not even a single HMG on the campsite, so they were not able to defeat the enemies with advanced, long-distance weapons.

This was going to be a "50 to 1,000" situation.

Fish Ball admitted that he was scared at this moment, but he was no longer the coward who used to only think about escapes. As the unit leader, he had the obligation to get his whole team out of the dilemma.

He must have those refugees pay the price before he died here.

Apparently, his team members were also thinking the same thing, for they were now letting the enemies approach them. Currently, the two parties were less than 200 meters from each other.

Since they had limited ammunition, the most efficient way to kill the "refugees" was to shoot at a close range.

In the meantime, the enemies would also fire more accurately as the distance between the two parties shortened. This method was, therefore, a double-edged sword, and at present, willpower determined everything.

Fish Ball waited for nearly a minute for the enemies to approach. Finally, they were at 100 meters from the First Army soldiers. Within this distance, he could already see the faces of these traitors through the telescope. His suspicion was thus confirmed. Unlike windswept and weary refugees, most of them looked poised and self-assured. There was not the slightest sign of reluctance in their act of demeanor.

He did not have to worry about having innocent blood shed anymore.

Fish Ball aimed at the enemy at the very front and pulled the trigger.

His team members also fired at the same time.

In an instant, gunshots rent the air above the encampment. As the enemies at the front fell, the rest of them all slowed down and began to shoot at the First Army as well. Fish Ball was not sure whether these refugees had learned to use the firearms by themselves or they had received some sort of training from the demons. Anyway, both parties started to shoot each other.

Just at that moment, the enemies pushed a few two-wheeled trailers covered with cloth to the front.

Fish Ball was familiar with this type of transportation tool. Compared to a carriage or a mule, a trailer was more often used for moving and carrying heavy cargo. He had thought that the enemies used these trailers simply to make themselves look more like refugees, and he was surprised to see that they had not abandoned those props yet.

It was not until the enemies uncovered the cloth that Fish Ball realized that it was a Mark I type HMG underneath!

The enemies began to fire.

The rain of bullets immediately suppressed the attack of the First Army. It appeared that the bullets that the enemies were using were all tracers, and the HMG was much more accurate than bolt rifles. The whole encampment was thus stirred. Dust and mud flew in all directions. Thanks to the fortresses, the soldiers from the First Army were still able to fight back.

Fortunately, the enemies did not fire from far away but carried the HMG along as they charged. The machine gun was, therefore, only around 200 meters away from the defensive line. Since the First Army was fairly scattered, the enemies had time to position.

“Hanson!” Fish Ball yelled.

Hanson gestured that he understood and ran toward the edge of the fortresses while carrying his gun.

The First Army seldom ran into a disadvantageous position because of the lack of weapons. According to the Operation Manual, once the army was short of ammunition, the soldiers should immediately request for the support of the artillery at the rear or concentrate on suppressing the enemies’ gunfire. Apparently, in the current situation, the only thing that the unit could do was to shoot directly to deter the enemies.

While the enemies were reloading the HMG, Fish Ball and his team members fired ferociously to distract the enemies. Hanson also successfully shot down the gunners on the trailers. Those who attempted to clamber onto the trailers were immediately shot dead one by one.

Without the support of the HMG, the charging enemies were soon repulsed, and the battle went back to the beginning.

“Damn it. Why haven’t they taken the campsite yet?” Marwayne complained irritably as he looked up at the sinking sun while stomping impatiently. “Viscount Narnos, your guys are all cravens, aren’t they? What takes them so long to crush a unit? If they can’t win by the end of the day, we’ll let the Graycastle men escape right under our noses!”

As the commanders, the nobles did not have to fight at the front in person like their squires and mercenaries. Plus, the Graycastle men never followed the rules of war between nobles. They never reserved their power or exchanged captives. The nobles knew perfectly well the arrogant attitude of the Graycastle men. Charging at the front would not bring them any honor or respect but only a miserable defeat.

“They’re doing their best, and your men aren’t any better than mine either,” Narnos retorted indignantly. “You have the greatest army, but they’re all at the rear. If your main force moved a little bit forward to the front, we would have taken the encampment a long time ago.”

“You — ” Marwayne was at a loss for words. He rested his eyes upon the front again and promised to himself that he would seek revenge later.

*“Once I become the King of Everwinter, you’ll pay for your insolence!”*

However, right now, Marwayne knew that he must win. Otherwise, the Sky Lord would abandon him.

He did not understand why the battle took so long.

Everything went well as planned. To fool the Graycastle men, they did not set up the ambush in the town nor surround their encampment but awaited in this valley so that both parties would have a clear view of the opponent’s force. He had considered every single detail of this operation to make sure that they would not blow their cover. He had even killed all the townsmen who might possibly give away their true identity.

In fact, just as he had planned, the Graycastle men did not raise any suspicion until they were several hundred meters from each other. The nobles had far more firearms and soldiers than their opponent, and this battle should have ended in a second. Why did they still not gain the campsite?

Even if every one of the Graycastle soldier possessed a weapon, there were only 50 of them, but the alliance army of the nobles had more than 200 guns!

Marwayne was indebted to a belief that the Graycastle soldiers should have been vanquished under such an unfavorable condition.

But the reality seemed to be exactly the opposite.

The alliance army could not move any further from the hill, and for many times, they had been repelled by the gunfire of the Graycastle soldiers. Their attack, however, had not weakened the Graycastle men at all, as though the enemies were possessed of an unusual power that enabled them to operate several guns at the same time.

The flintlocks that Marwayne had put great faith in were almost ineffective. They not only failed to break the spirit of the Graycastle soldiers but a lot of times, they wounded their own soldiers. From the top of the hill, Marwayne could see bodies litter around the flintlocks, so nobody had the courage to operate them anymore.

If things went on like that, everything he had dreamed of would remain as a dream.

The Kingdom of Everwinter did not possess technologies to produce bullets. If he could not obtain sufficient ammunition after this battle, he would have no chance to win the Graycastle men again.

“Don’t worry, your lordship,” Fueller comforted. “As far as I see, the enemies fire less frequently now, which indicates that they’re running out of ammunition. Just in a few minutes, we’ll fight this battle out in the traditional way. Remember that the Graycastle men only have flintlocks, but we have everything.”

*“But in that case, we won’t be able to get more ammunition from them,”* Marwayne thought to himself in anguish. He would have to ask the Sky Lord for more. The most pressing task for him now was to eliminate these Graycastle soldiers as soon as possible. Marwayne thus summoned a guard and ordered, “Tell them that the reward I promised earlier will double if they win this battle, and the first one who enters the enemies’ campsite will receive 100 gold royals!”

## Chapter 1282: The Battle Is to the Strong

Fish Ball noticed the change in the situation.

He was now betting his life on this battle, but, surprisingly, the enemies were weaker than he had expected.

When he had been fighting against the demons on the Fertile Plains back then, he could hardly breathe, and all he could do was to fire. His entire body had gone numb. However, at present, he could still keep an eye on his team members and the enemies, and had the ability to think about what step the opponent would possibly take next.

As the enemies were repelled several times, their move significantly slowed down.

The First Army shot less frequently. To save ammunition, they only fired when the alliance army charged. The last shot was about an hour ago.

The consequence would be unbearable for the alliance army if this “deadlock” continued under the current circumstances when there was no reinforcement. The First Army was on the higher land under the protection of the fortresses in a more advantageous firing position.

Fish Ball did not understand why the commander of the enemies chose to stand with his arms folded. Unlike a traditional battle where soldiers had to fight at a close range, this battle was apparently more dangerous and intense, for the soldiers could be shot anytime. The commander’s indifference would definitely have a negative impact on the soldiers’ morale.

In fact, the alliance army had commenced to retreat. Fish Ball had witnessed that some soldiers had retreated somewhere around 100 meters farther, and the whole frontier was on the brink of a collapse.

This fact indicated that the alliance army had just been built temporarily. The soldiers, in general, lacked trust and cooperation.

In addition to that, Fish Ball had also noticed that the enemies were not really good at using flintlocks. They were simply imitating the First Army in a very clumsy way, failing to make the best of use out of the weapons.

Otherwise, the First Army would not have been able to hold up for so long.

It was incredible that out of the 10 soldiers, only five sustained injuries, and nobody was killed.

He could not attribute this outcome totally to luck anymore.

“Can someone pass me some bullets? Mine ran out!”

“Same here. I only have one cartridge left.”

“Leader, what should we do next?” Hanson trotted up to Fish Ball while bending his head. “No enemy is around the machine gun anymore. Shall we retreat tonight?”

Fish Ball stared up at the sky. It was now around 5:00 in the afternoon, and the sun sank faster than usual in fall. Within one hour and a half, darkness would creep in. By that time, it would be a lot safer for them to operate, and they could possibly even turn their back against the enemies.

However, Fish Ball always hesitated when it came to a retreat.

It was true that the firing accuracy would significantly drop at night, but the First Army would not be able to use the firearms either. More importantly, if the enemies launched an attack again and came after them, could they successfully repel them once more?

Had they currently had sufficient ammunition, they could have then probably retreated before the enemies got prepared for a second attack. However, if things went on like this, the nobles would soon notice that the First Army shot less frequently and thereby predict their next move.

Also, two people sustained relatively serious injuries, which further slowed the unit down.

Fish Ball could not abandon his team members.

He hesitated for a while and finally made up his mind. Then, he said, "Ask everyone to come here. I want to say something."

A moment later, Hanson brought the other team members.

The enemies seemed to have not noticed that the First Army had confined their shooting range. They were still lying on the ground on their stomachs while firing occasionally. Fish Ball was thus more certain about his decision.

He briefly talked about the current situation and then surveyed the whole team. "His Majesty often says that an attack is the best defense. If we could defeat these nobles, we don't need to worry about them coming back anymore. However, if we retreat now, we'd leave them a chance to fight back. So, it's time to make a choice. We could either let the enemies determine our fate or control our own destiny. I want to hear your opinions on that."

"Leader, do you mean... that we shall attack them instead?" Hanson asked in surprise. "They have far more people than us."

"I thought about that already. They do outnumber us, but most of them don't want to fight anymore. They just haven't realized it when firing at a distance. If we could quash their most powerful troop, we could possibly break their spirit!"

"But we don't have much ammunition left..."

"According to the Operation Manual, the First Army doesn't always rely on weapons," Fish Ball said solemnly.

A silence descended on the campsite. Hanson was the first one to speak. "I'm with the leader."

"Me too, leader. I want everyone to stick together."

"Whether we leave or not, we should always act together!"

"Issue your command, leader!"

The soldiers shouted.

Fish Ball nodded solemnly. He would not have made such a decision had this occurred in the past. After serving in the army for four years, he did feel that something had changed.

“I see that you aren’t a craven now.”

A bright, silvery voice came to him.

Fish Ball took a deep breath and proclaimed slowly, “Everyone, install the bayonet!”

Although their weapons had upgraded from the traditional flintlock to the bolt rifle, and the structure of the gun had changed a lot, the bayonet had always been there, only that it now functioned better.

The soldiers thus all drew out their swords and inserted them into the grooves.

Fish Ball slid the last clip into the bore, raised his arm and yelled, “Follow me!”

He rushed out of the fortresses first.

The other team members followed at his heels and streaked toward the enemies closest to them!

The enemies had apparently no idea what was going on. Many of them did not even rise but simply shot at the First Army mechanically.

Fish Ball was prepared to get shot, but the pain he had been waiting for did not come. It was not until they had covered a distance of 100 meters that the enemies finally stood bolt upright, rooted to the ground, with their rifles in their hands, totally dumbfounded.

Fish Ball stabbed the enemies with his bayonet in the way he was trained.

“Go!”

His team members followed and rushed toward the enemies.

The air was filled with the soldiers’ shoutings.

Fish Ball stabbed one soldier, shot another dead, and then turned around to stab the third one until he noticed that there was no enemy around him anymore.

The alliance army had started to flee.

They had probably never anticipated that the First Army would come out of their campsite at this moment and fight at a close range. They could not stand the intense battle anymore.

The battle was to the strong.

The alliance army was soon flattened after several weak attempts of resistance. The panic was infectious. When the soldiers at the front began to retreat, the ones at the rear all dropped their weapons and fled. Many people fell, rolled down the hill and hit the soldiers running at the front.

The First Army thus easily obtained the HMG and started to fire at the running soldiers. The enemies moved their two legs as fast as they could. Had the First Army had enough ammunition, these soldiers would probably have not been able to escape.

Fish Ball did not stop until his two legs gave away.

The enemies on the hill all knelt down, raised their arms and yielded. The nobles at the rear were the first ones to leave. Fish Ball could not see a single one of them now.

He clenched his fists, feeling a sense of achievement steal through him.

Before he could savor the victory, his team member rushed toward him and pushed him down to the ground. "Leader, we won!"

"Long live His Majesty!"

"Long live the First Army!"

Multiple hands reached out to him, and Fish Ball was thrown up in the air.

Yes, they had won.

Nothing was better than seeing everyone alive.

Fish Ball spread out his hands in the sunset and also yelled with his soldiers in excitement.

### **Chapter 1283: The Source of Information**

At the Sedimentation Bay in the Kingdom of Wolfheart.

The news of the victory of this counter ambush soon reached Iron Axe.

Iron Axe immediately dispatched a letter through the carrier pigeon, in which he not only heaped praises on Fish Ball for his excellent leadership skill but also instructed the unit to stay safe while waiting for the reinforcement.

Although the enemy in this battle was simply an alliance army organized by nobles, their quick reaction and outstanding performance set a great example for the whole army. Advertising this unusual victory would definitely raise the morale of the First Army in a more significant way than continuing to retrieve refugees, especially when the whole army was in the process of retreating.

Not a long time ago, Iron Axe had actually received two pieces of bad news, one of which was that the soldiers in the Red Mist area were thwarted by the local nobles who had agreed to help the demons.

According to the report, these knights from the Kingdom of Everwinter were currently attacking the units responsible for retrieving refugees. Apparently, these knights, being also human, were better at hindering the evacuation campaign than the demons. As it was quite dangerous for the First Army to advance to the depth of the Red Mist area, most of the time the soldiers simply stayed outside the Red Mist zone. As such, there were fewer people actually helping evacuate the cities.

The other bad news was that the demons' attack became more fierce. First of all, a large number of Devilbeasts flew out of the Red Mist zone in the southeast and off to the Archduke Island. Then, the garrison on the island got prepared for the upcoming war and suspended the service of marine transportation.

However, the Devilbeasts, incredibly, disappeared from the sky above the two outposts and reappeared above a temporary evacuation unit on the island. Very unfortunately, however, the unit had just been informed that the Devilbeast would head to the east and was, therefore, retreating as fast as they could at that moment. They thus ran right into the demons.

Although the unit resisted ferociously, they were vanquished. Iron Axe had yet received a full statistical report, but the reinforcement told him that nearly 2,000 refugees had been attacked. The army had lost at least 100 people.

Considering the substantial loss, Iron Axe had no choice but to slow down the campaign.

The two incidents created a chain reaction. The General Staff had indeed foreseen the possibility of a betrayal by the nobles, but they had not expected that it would happen that fast. The noble families in the Kingdom of Everwinter had been fighting for nearly two years for the throne, but they now, ironically, united together because of the demons.

It was obvious that the immigration campaign was drawing to its end. Now, the First Army needed to recuperate and defend the Red Mist zone on the border.

There were approximately 5,000 soldiers at the Cage Mountain and the Sedimentation Bay, which was not even 1/6 of the total force. Iron Axe did not know what the demons' military force was. Before he had that information, he could not lose any more soldiers.

What Iron Axe was worried about most was that the demons might attack the unmanned areas before the First Army assembled. In that case, they would not only lose these new territories but also those they had occupied.

There was no such things as armored train that could serve as a "mobile fortress" in the Kingdom of Wolfheart.

Just then, a soldier entered the study and reported, "Sir, the chief of the General Staff, Ms. Edith Kant, just arrived at the port."

"Really?" Iron Axe said while knitting his brows. This was such good timing, for he was just hoping that Edith could give him some advice. "Great. I'll meet her at the port."

At the dock, Iron Axe saw that the Pearl of the Northern Region was surrounded by a group of clerks in the General Staff. Everyone looked profoundly relieved at the sight of her. For a moment, they had completely forgotten how she used to torment them.

Within a year after she assumed the office of the chief of the General Staff, Edith was widely acknowledged and highly respected among her subordinates.

Iron Axe was impressed with the great difference between Edith, the daughter of a former duke and the nobles in the Kingdom of Everwinter and the Kingdom of Wolfheart.

"Mr. commander-in-chief," Edith said while staring at Iron Axe after she bowed. "It has been a long time since we last saw each other. I hope my clerks didn't create you too much trouble."

"They all did a good job," Iron Axe replied as he administered a military salute as a return. Since he and Edith had the same rank, their communication was always straightforward without any unnecessary



formalities. In fact, apart from Roland and Lady Silvermoon, Edith was the only person that Iron Axe was willing to speak with voluntarily.

“In other words, they didn’t give you any pleasant surprise?” Edith said while shrugging and then turned to her clerks. “It seems that your performance isn’t very satisfactory.”

Iron Axe curled up his lips. Miss Pearl of the Northern Region always had a sharp tongue. He thus said, “If we could win the war, they aren’t that bad.”

Edith did not insist on the topic but said, “By the way, I brought the new weapon created by His Majesty based on the latest intelligence. Are you interested in it?”

Iron Axe’s face lit up. He replied immediately, “Of course. Please lead the way.”

They thus went to the heavily guarded unloading area, which had already been sealed off by the soldiers. Huge wooden boxes were coming off the ship and were placed neatly at a corner.

Many cases had been open, revealing the weapons covered in parchment paper.

Iron Axe soon noticed a small cannon.

“That’s the one,” Edith said with a smile. “This 75mm-caliber cannon is the most expensive firearm among all. His Majesty wants it to fill the blank between the mortar and the Longsong Cannon. No witch is required for its shipment. A horse or two people would suffice. Also, it’s portable, and another person can carry the shells.”

“This reminds me of the original field artillery,” Iron Axe said with a nod and immediately figured out what this light weapon was used for. Compared to the anti-demon grenade and the mortar that had a relatively short shooting range, this new cannon could be used to attack the robust Spider Demon. With this weapon, the soldiers at the front could immediately take some measures against the Spider Demon without necessarily building a battlement for the artillery.

“As for the new rifle there, it’s a semi-auto weapon,” Edith explained as she proceeded. “The testing result is pretty good. Two or three rifles could be as powerful as a heavy machine gun. You must know the person who created this. He’s the battalion commander of the Artillery Battalion, Van’er. Although His Majesty later modified the weapon, the gun is named after Van’er.”

“But this is only a substitute. We’re currently in the process of producing a real automatic gun and will send you the final product once it’s ready.”

“The one farthest to you is the latest anti-demon grenade. It’s caliber is much larger than the previous one. I believe that the Ministry of Chemical Industry has improved it.”

The group was gradually dispersed. By the time Iron Axe reached the edge of the dumpsite, only he and Edith were there.

“What’s the matter? Did the battle not go well?” Edith asked suddenly.

It was a second later before Iron Axe realized that Edith had separated him from the crowd deliberately.

“You knew?”

“You wouldn’t have greeted me at the dock in such a haste if that wasn’t the case.”

“I know I can’t fool you,” Iron Axe sighed and told Edith the recent news and what he was worrying about. “Before the transportation resumed, we still need a few months to assemble the army and gather ammunition. The demons could attack us anytime. Even if Miss Sylvie, Lightning and Maggie come, they can’t monitor everything. The war is about to begin, but we have little information of our enemy. This isn’t a good sign.”

“I see,” Edith said meditatively. “I can’t do anything about the transportation, but it isn’t hard to gather intelligence.”

“You had an idea already?”

“You can put that way. You’re only thinking about the First Army, and that’s why you feel it difficult.” Edith said slowly, “The demons used nobles to attain their ends, but they’ve also created us an opportunity. As long as those cities are not evacuated, we would be able to infiltrate the enemy!”

Truth seemed to suddenly dawn on Iron Axe. He said, “You’re not talking about the First Army soldiers, are you?”

“Of course not. Soldiers are not good at those stuff. Rats and civilians are better options. I prefer natives, so they won’t easily expose themselves. There are tons of ways to have them work for you,” Edith said smilingly. “By the way, didn’t you receive a black card earlier? Try to contact them.”

#### **Chapter 1284: Infiltration**

When Roland received the report jointly written by the commander of the First Army and the chief of the General Staff, he immediately thought of the spy movies he had watched.

This was apparently a very feasible plan.

He even thought more about the plan than Edith.

Spy was an ancient profession, and it had various names in different times, but the spy Roland was familiar with were those in WWI and WWII. Early intelligence collection was simply a two-way communication without a systematic organization. As the government tightened their control over people, spies and agents found it increasingly hard to escape the scrutiny, and that was the time when a well-organized system was established.

This also meant that in a feudal country ruled by nobles, spies could be anywhere. Once those agents received some professional training and learned cunningtricksto protect themselves, they would never be found even if the whole city was turned upside down.

They were like shadows slinking in the city, whosepresencenever raised the awareness of the people who received their tips. Even Nightingale would fail to get anything out of them upon an interrogation.

Roland thus approved the proposal at once.

However, he was not planning to entrust this task totally to Edith. This, nonetheless, had nothing to do with trust. Intelligence collection could be time-consuming. He would rather Edith focus more on the big picture of the plan than a specific project. Otherwise, it would be a total waste of Edith's talent.

He would need a professional to deal with this matter.

Roland spread open a letter and put Hill Fawkes at the top.

The Kingdom of Dawn had been quite peaceful recently. This former ringmaster must be very bored at the moment.

After Nightingale handed the letter to Honey, Roland started to consider about another thing.

That was an intelligence gathering network.

Before, he had only needed to take care of the war and political matters within Graycastle. However, ever since the expedition to Taquila, it had taken the carrier pigeon a much longer time to commute. Thanks to the support of the "Seagull", Roland was still able to receive information in a timely manner.

Nevertheless, they were now waging a war in the Kingdom of Wolfheart and the Kingdom of Everwinter, and Roland noticed a significant delay in communication.

For example, the report he was currently reading had been written a week ago and had been shipped by sea. Although animal messengers would make things a lot faster, he would still need to wait for at least two or three days. More importantly, Honey did not have a lot of messengers that could fly more than 1,000 kilometers. She could only control the behavior of the animals but not change it.

Plus, Honey was not powerful enough to support the communication throughout the entire Western Region even for short-distance messengers, let alone the communication throughout the whole nation and beyond Graycastle. There was actually a limit in the number of the animals she could control.

Therefore, how to efficiently deliver messages was also a huge problem that needed to be solved after this intelligence gathering network was established.

Roland knew very well that the ultimate solution would be radio communication.

The telegraph technologies were simple, but like telephones, the communication through telegraphs relied largely on reception. Normally, the signal could only cover a distance of 100 kilometers without a repeater like an electron tube that could amplify signals.

However, if he could invent an electron tube, he would also be able to create radios. There was no electromagnetic pollution in this era. The sound produced by tuned electromagnetic waves was very similar to the crying of a baby. He would only need to erect an antenna on the top of the Impassable Mountain Range to receive messages thousands of kilometers away.

If he could successfully create radios, it would only take a few minutes to transmit the report from the front to his office. If every soldier in the army was equipped with a portable radio, that would be even more helpful to the war than the Radiation Project.

Nevertheless, Roland had no idea where to start and how.

Perhaps, it was time to ask the Design Bureau of Graycastle to work on more projects.

Roland entered the Dream World at night. After he sent Zero off to school, he drove to the construction site of the Clover Group in the southern suburb.

Garde was indeed an efficient businessman. He fulfilled his promise at once. Not only did he authorize Roland to manage the plant, but the plant was refurbished as well. The rusty wall was painted, and the facilities were renewed.

Had the Clover Group not insisted on demolishing the apartment building, Roland would have loved to deal with Garde and conducted more business with him.

He parked his vehicle and found the yard outside the plant look a bit strange. Normally, few people came here, but today, there were a lot of workers.

He also heard deep, heavy roar of machineries.

Roland quickly passed through the crowd and saw a queer caterpillar machine in front of him. Only the lower part of the machine was currently completed. There was nothing special about the caterpillar and the wheels per se. What attracted these workers was the distinctive steam-powered piston at the top and another tractor that produced steam.

Roland burst into a laugh.

So that was Master Xie's idea. To minimize the impact of the imaginary boiler and water tank, he installed this part of the machine onto a tractor so that he could test out both of them at the same time. The tractor not only had to run on its own but it also needed to power the caterpillar machine. The principle was so similar to that of the "solar torch light" that would only work when there was light.

"Ahem... hey, boss," Master Xie, having realized the awkwardness of the machine, greeted Roland in embarrassment.

Roland praised him heartily, "Good job. This is exactly what I want!"

He came here to check the progress of the project. Last time when he had come here, Master Xie had only completed the frame of the tractor. But now, the tractor was finished. Master Xie indeed had put a lot of efforts into it.

"R-really?" Master Xie said while scratching his scalp. "Are you sure your collector friends are interested in this kind of thing?"

"Did you make the parts of the tester with machine tools?"

"Yes, I can assure you about that," Master Xie replied quickly as he massaged his hands. "But I bought the tractor, the boiler and the water tank. They're all second-handed, and it cost me around ¥300,000..."

"Money isn't a problem," Roland dismissed his concern while waving his hand. The Clover Group would pay everything. "As long as they were manually made, my friend will be satisfied. Keep up the great work. Once the deal is successfully closed, I'll double your salary as a bonus!"

## **Chapter 1285: Five Pairs of Road Wheels**

Master Xie's face instantly split into a bright smile, but the woman next to him heaved an almost inaudible sigh.

Roland naturally noticed her. After he started to absorb the magic cores in the Dream World, his power continuously grew, and he also became more sensitive about the subtle changes around him. Although few people noticed the woman, Roland still caught sight of her in the corner of his eyes.

This woman was the secretary and financial adviser sent by Garde. Her name was Qingqing, and she had just graduated from a very prominent university. Qingqing was a pretty, talented and efficient worker, a gifted woman, so to speak. Only she knew that the Clover Group bore all the expenses incurred by this project, and the "actual boss" did not have to pay anything.

Perhaps, Qingqing thought Roland was taking advantage of the corporation, so she did not have a very high opinion of him.

Roland, however, did not care about that. He simply needed to give her a raise as well so that she would not complain anymore.

"Of course, this is the joint work of all the staff," Roland said while smiling at the secretary. "If we succeed, I'll double the salary for everyone in the plant!"

"Yes, quite right. You're very considerate, boss," Master Xie rejoined while nodding vigorously.

"No... This is not what I meant..." Qingqing had not expected that Roland would see through her mind. Abashed, she said, "I was just wondering when the corporation could profit..."

Roland waved his hand and said, "We will one day. Don't worry. All of my friends have great ambitions. The corporation will definitely profit from this project. Just wait for the raise."

"Awesome. Awesome," Master Xie said as though he had realized his long-term dream. All the wrinkles on his smiling face were smoothed.

"By the way," Roland said while looking toward Qingqing. "I have a new project to work on. Come with me to the office."

"Boss," Master Xie stopped Roland when the latter was about to leave. "Do you have any other requirements for this tractor? For example, the style and the color?"

It appeared that Master Xie really believed that Roland was making props. Roland shook his head in amusement and said, "As long as it functions well, I don't care about such things very much. But..."

"Please go ahead."

"If possible, I wish the final products could have five pairs of road wheels."

"Not a problem at all," Master Xie promised while patting his chest. "I thought about the mobility of the machine when I designed it. Place the matter in my hand."

As all the workers in the plant ran out to watch the testing of the tractor, the whole plant became exceptionally quiet. Roland noticed that Qingqing had distanced from him after they entered the

workshop. She had moved a little farther from him, and the distance between the two increased from the initial two meters to five meters.

Roland was quite amused at her action. It seemed that Garde had not told her that Roland was actually a martialist. Otherwise, she should have known that when a martialist attempted to sexually harrass a girl, the girl would not be able to escape even if she was 50 meters away from the former.

But Roland did not care about his personal image among his employees, as he only wanted his workers to work hard.

Roland sat straight in his seat after getting into the messy office. He jumped right into the business and said, "Well, I have a friend..."

—

"Here it goes." \_

Qingqing thought to herself. Every time he talked about a new project, he started with a friend of his. Who would like to squander thousands of hundreds of dollars on tons of rubbish? Qingqing knew that some wealthy people did have strange hobbies, but the boss in front of her did not look remotely like a successful entrepreneur from an affluent family. She was confident of her own judgement.

She graduated from a top university and knew a lot of wealthy people, but she had never seen anyone dress so simple as the boss. True rich people always treated themselves well even if they wanted to keep a low profile. They might purchase clothes by an indie brand, but what they wore and used must be expensive and of good quality. Many young people tended not to, in fact, exhibit their wealth to the public, but this Mr. Roland was wearing the cheapest clothes normally sold by street vendors, without wearing any accessories. Even his vehicle was a battered mini van. He was not keeping a low profile at all...

He was simply poor!

How was that possible that he had wealthy friends?

Qingqing was hired by the Clover Group, the biggest corporation in this city, right after her graduation. She wanted to add some impressive work experience to her resume, but she had not expected that her boss would send her to this small factory to look after so many weird projects. She even started to suspect whether Mr. Garde was scammed, or whether he intended to use this plant to do some shady business.

She was astonished after hearing Roland mention radio communication. Qingqing massaged her forehead while letting out a sigh. This kind of walkie-talkie only cost less than ¥100 online, and they could also directly purchase an antique telegraph machine without necessarily making it by themselves. However, Roland wanted to produce them from scratch like the tractor. Everything must be hand-made, including all the parts.

This was purely wasting money!

"I don't need professionals. New graduates or people who love radio technologies would do. You can set up a room outside the plant as their office so that I don't have to travel back and forth," Roland

explained in detail. "Whatever equipment they need, just approve it. Remember, however, that all the parts should be produced here. They don't have to be perfect though. In fact, the worse the quality is, the better. Make them as desolate and dilapidated as possible. My friend likes that kind of stuff."

"That's different than giving a raise. I'll have to report to Mr. Garde."

"That's fine," Roland said indifferently. "I think he'll agree."

Just then, his cell phone rang.

It was from the Martialist Association.

Roland picked up the phone after Qingqing left.

"Hello, Mr. Roland," Rock, the Defender's calming voice came over the line. "I have a new task for you. Are you available to pay a visit to Greenleaf Sanatorium this afternoon?"

Since the Design Bureau of Graycastle entirely relied on Rock's support, Roland could not refuse the request.

As Roland had eliminated the magic creatures coming out of the Erosion last time, the Fallen Evils had been pretty quite recently as if they had sensed the danger and withdrawn from this city. As such, the Taquila witches did not find many Fallen Evils to fight.

Roland believed that things were not that simple.

The Fallen Evils were aiming for the Forces of Nature of the Awakened, through which they could further weaken the Dream World. With the attack of the Prism City and the beginning of the Martialist Contest, many martialists had gathered here, so the Fallen Evils had no reason to leave.

It would save Roland a lot of time if the Association obtained new information regarding the Fallen Evils.

## **Chapter 1286: The Other World**

"How are you feeling?"

Fei Yuhan asked as she entered Room 402 with a stack of books in her arms and placed the books on the nightstand.

Valkries said with a nod, "Thank you. I can walk now. The doctor says I'll fully recover in a week."

"That's good. You really have excellent self-repairing ability even as a martialist," Fei Yuhan said with a smile.

"Really?"

"The influence of the Force of Nature on each person is different. Not every martialist could recover within one month when his leg bones are crushed like yours. You probably haven't seen any martialists sustain such severe injuries before, so you don't know your potential." Fei Yuhan paused for a second and said, "You should be one of the top martialists in your city, right?"

“Why do you think so?”

“My master often says that the strong one is strong in every aspect. The fact that you recover so fast means that you have a strong body and a great immune system. People like you were born to be a martialist, like me,” Fei Yuhan said flatly. “We may see who’s stronger once you recover.”

“That’s the reason you asked me to join your team?” Valkries asked, a little resigned. “You’re the genius in the Association. I don’t think you could learn anything new from me.”

“That’s fine. You’ve been lying in bed for a long time. Practicing with a good martialist can help you regain your power. Fallen Evils would not sympathize you because you had injuries before.”

Valkries nodded after a moment of silence and then said, “Alright then. Thank you.”

“Not a problem,” Fei Yuhan returned while curling up her lips. “By the way, I went to downtown yesterday and bought some desserts from the Cargarde Peninsula. I put them in the bag on the top of the books. I hope you like them. The food in the hospital isn’t very tasty.”

At that moment, Valkries noticed that Fei Yuhan swallowed.

People from the Cargarde Peninsula did eat regular food, but it was rumored that they could not distinguish the good and the bad. Only the food grown in their native town could satisfy their special need. Fei Yuhan had once tried their “unique” food but discovered that she could not take it.

Only a few people appreciated the taste and claimed that they were the most delicious food in the world, although the public did not really buy the idea. Therefore, only a few shops were specialized in selling food from the Cargarde Peninsula. After all, not many people lived there.

“Thank you...” Valkries said while trying not to reveal her true thought.

“That’s nothing. I’m the captain, and it’s my duty to take care of my team members,” Fei Yuhan said while waving her hand. “By the way, you do like reading.”

“Yes, I tend to do some reading when I’m bored.”

“That’s a good habit. There’s no entertainment in the sanatorium except books. If you want more books, just let me know.”

“Thanks.”

There was then an awkward silence, except for the rustling sound of the book when Valkries flipped over the pages.

Fei Yuhan looked out of the window at the scenery outside. It was a nice and clear day. A few willows dipped into the water, and the lake rippled slowly in the breezes. A group of swans were sliding across the lake, leaving white reflections in the water.

This was indeed a nice place for convalescence.

However, Fei Yuhan was watching Valkries in the corner of her eyes constantly. From the reflection on the window, she could see Valkries’ every move.



Fei Yuhan was not a kind-hearted girl and had no interest in forcing people to fight with her.

She requested a duel simply because she had discovered a month ago that this person might know Roland.

That was not quite accurate. More precisely, Valkries knew Roland, but Roland regarded her as a different person. Roland was actually testing whether she was the person he knew when he had asked those weird questions in the hospital. Fei Yuhan was pretty sure that her speculation was correct.

However, what bewildered her was that Roland had not revealed any sign of hostility against Valkries during the conversation. He was, instead, pretty relaxed, which indicated that whether Valkries was an acquaintance of his or not, she constituted no threat. Nevertheless, Valkries was, on the contrary, pretty nervous. Although she quickly concealed her emotion right after everybody entered the room, Fei Yuhan still sensed it.

What was her relationship with Roland and what had made her react so weirdly?

There could have been an intertwined, complicated romantic relationship between Roland and Valkries. For example, the ardent love between the two, for some reason, turned into virulent rancor, or Valkries had undergone a series of plastic surgeries and now sought revenge after ten years had passed by, or Roland was regretted abandoning her and now wanted to be with her again. But Fei Yuhan thought that this was highly unlikely. Valkries was too good at controlling her facial expression. Had Fei Yuhan not discovered it at the beginning, she would have probably be fooled too. She did not think it was a simple love story.

Fei Yuhan had been observant as a kid. After she was awakened, this ability also sharpened accordingly. Because of this, she did not have many close friends, and people were sort of afraid of her. That was why she always looked so aloof and distant. She could know what others were thinking with just a glance.

However, Roland was different. Fei Yuhan could not see through this new hunter, nor could she figure out his relationship with Valkries. Apparently, the two were hiding something, and she could not help finding out this secret.

Her suspicion was further confirmed after she talked to Valkries.

This martialist from the Cargarde Peninsula looked no different than ordinary people, but she had some strange behavior. If she had known Roland earlier, than it might explain her oddity. But after Fei Yuhan dug a little deeper, she found something incredible.

She had brought Valkries some food from her native town a few days ago, but the latter did not look particularly excited about that, although she had indeed eaten them all. However, this time, Valkries' attitude had completely changed. This indicated that Valkries had not known what the food from her native town tasted like. She ate them simply because she was curious. What a horrible fact!

It did not make sense that a person from the Cargarde Peninsula had not eaten food from there.

Also, Fei Yuhan had never seen Valkries play with her phone in the past one month. It was very strange that she never touched phones that so many young people were addicted to.

As for those books...

Valkries requested for many history books from the library. Although reading was a good habit, Fei Yuhan did not think she herself could read a book for a whole day without doing anything else.

The change in Valkries' preference of food might be attributed to the lack of appetite. Being not so interested in phones might be ascribed to her quiet personality. History was probably one of her hobbies. However, there were just too many coincidences. Fei Yuhan somehow had a feeling that Valkries was familiarizing herself with this world.

She would have probably dismissed this ridiculous assumption in the past. However, when she thought of the fact that Roland had been addressed "Your Majesty", she suddenly had a bold idea.

This idea terrified her, but she could not help thinking about it.

Everything would make sense if she thought that way.

Someone not belonging here had sneaked into this city.

They were from the other world.

### **Chapter 1287: Uneasiness**

How many of them were there? What was their purpose? Were they awakened? What did the other world look like?

Fei Yuhan had no idea.

From what she saw now, they were at least not enemies. Roland had indeed killed a lot of Fallen Evils and was truly fighting against the Erosion.

The joint mission last time provided the best example. She would never forget that someone had said "Your Majesty, everyone has been knocked out" before she had lost her consciousness. She had obviously noticed that Roland was dodging her, which further confirmed her suspicion.

In other words, if these people harbored ill designs, she would not have been still alive. Roland could have killed her after he had exterminated the magic creature and had the magic creature take all the blame. Nobody would have ever suspected his version of the story.

Fei Yuhan thus believed that Roland was helping this world.

That was the reason that she did not report the incident to the Association. Plus, she had no solid evidence at this point.

Both Roland and Valkries were concealing their real identities. Although she did not know why, she would like to put up a show with them and keep an eye on the two people.

Just then, the telephone rang.

"... I see. Got it."

Fei Yuhan hung up the phone and nodded at Valkries. She then said, "Mr. Rock asks me to do something for him. I have to go."

“That’s fine. I know it’s important.”

“See you tomorrow then.”

“By the way...” Valkries stopped Fei Yuhan as the latter reached the doorstep. “Captain, could you bring some books regarding technologies to me tomorrow?”

“Something like encyclopedia?” Fei Yuhan said thoughtfully. “It shouldn’t be a problem, but there are many types of them. I don’t know whether I can find the one you like.”

“That’s OK. Anything is fine with me,” Valkries said pleasantly. “Thank you.”

“No worries.”

Fei Yuhan’s smile gave way to her normal cool look after she closed the door.

Valkries did not like history only.

She was learning about this new world.

Valkries sighed after Fei Yuhan withdrew.

She knew that she was a little too hasty, but she had no better choice. Fei Yuhan was the only person who could help her understand this world. If she had taken things slow, she would have probably wasted a whole month in bed.

If Hackzord’s plan worked out well, the Western Front Army should have already stepped their foot onto humans’ territory. Currently, he must be in a hot rage for her “disappearance” when he most needed people.

To be honest, Valkries had a complicated feeling at the moment. On one hand she wished that Hackzord could wake her up at the Red Mist pond with no regards to the possible consequence that she would lose most of her memories in the Realm of Mind and might even sustain severe head injuries. On the other hand, she still wanted to linger in this world a little longer.

The reason was pretty simple. The further she probed into this world, the more unsettled she felt. It would be actually a relief if she forgot all about this. Whatever secret Roland was holding back from her, as long as she obtained the legacy shard in the real world, human beings would not be able to resist them anymore. What they possessed now would be eventually inherited by their kind, including his secret.

The reason she wanted to stay here longer was that the “Transformer”, Heathtalse, had warned the clan that they would not reach the Divine Domain even if they won the Battle of Divine Will. Valkries had engraved her mentor’s last words upon her heart. If the victory could not perpetuate the clan, what should they do? Would the answer exist in this incredible Realm of Mind?

Nevertheless, she had another hidden reason.

She did not want to admit it, nor would she say it out loud.

She felt as though she had traveled back in time to the old days when she had studied in the Cloud School. Every day she received new knowledge and saw a future completely different from the other world.

Valkries took out a box of desserts from the bag perched on the top of the books.

The beautiful packaging of the visually-appealing food was just like the food that men normally ate. Each color represented a specific flavor. As she unsealed the box, she could smell the delicious food.

She had never had such tasty confections.

Only inferior life forms in the clan, such as the Inferior Demons and the Primal Demons, ate with mouth. Normal food hardly provided energies and it was hard to digest. Therefore, usually they put the food in the Red Mist Pond to soften it. The process was pretty similar to baking, despite that they did not use fire like men.

The processed food could only satisfy their biological need. After becoming an Upgraded, she could directly obtain energies from the Red Mist, so Valkries had not eaten for a very long time.

Some clansmen thus associated eating with low lives, for example, human beings.

Even witches needed to eat three meals a day.

She had thought so too. However, now she realized that how amazing the food from the Cargarde Peninsula was.

Valkries put a piece of cake into her mouth and savored the sweet taste.

Without a doubt, these desserts still preserved the taste of the food processed in the Red Mist, but it was better after processed with humans' technologies.

She soon finished up the desserts.

Could the Cloud School and the "Transformer" make such great food?

Valkries shook her head and put these thoughts behind.

Anyway, the Battle of Divine Will had lasted for hundreds of years, and nothing could stop it. The current situation was beyond her control, and the most important task for the clan was to survive.

Then, she was again back to the beginning.

She knew why she felt so uneasy.

After doing research for a month, Valkries could pretty much ascertain that the great change in the human race had everything do with this world, and Roland was the fundamental person who created these changes. The firearms in the history books were almost exactly the same as those in Ursrook's report.

She had now finally located the last piece of the puzzle and found out why human beings had upgraded. Although she did not know how a male human accessed the Realm of Mind, he had indeed learned a lot from this world. Such extensive knowledge transcended the era she was living in, and he had applied these knowledge to the development of the human society. Witches served as a channel to convert the knowledge. They no longer fought on the battleground. What the clan was facing now was definitely not the Union 400 years ago but an entirely new human race.

The truth was more than that.

When she read these history books, she found another horrifying fact.

When the human civilization reached a certain degree, their development would accelerate by leaps and bounds! Thousands of years ago, they had still been fighting with firearms. However, now, they had conquered the sky and the ocean, and their weapons could possibly destroy the whole world.

That was why Valkries felt disturbed.

How far had Roland gone?

Notwithstanding Heathtalsee's warning, for the first time in her life, Valkries became unsure whether her clan could defeat human beings.

### **Chapter 1288: Intertwined Fate**

"Well... Mr. Roland, you'll be responsible for the third defensive line."

"Leave it to me. I'll do my best."

After Roland bade farewell to Rock, he walked out of the Defender's office and let out a sigh.

Things did not go as well as he had anticipated. The Prism City had failed to trace down more Fallen Evils, and he himself had not found any further information about them either.

The Defender thus asked Roland to help tighten the security for the Martialist Contest.

Since they could not locate any Fallen Evils at present, they had to change their plan and awaited Fallen Evils at the contest. To avoid unnecessary consumption of the martialists' strength, the executives of the Association drafted a special schedule, and all the celebrity martialists should follow this schedule accordingly.

In other words, the Martialist Contest this year would completely turn into a carefully-designed trap.

The competition thus became a sort of formality. The executives attached great importance to public safety and had actually had a private conversation with all the celebrity martialists in advance. Everybody understood that they were currently at a critical moment, so none of them looked disgruntled.

There would be four defensive lines according to the plan. The government army and the Association members disguised as audience constituted the first defensive line. Their main duty was to find out enemies and eliminate Fallen Evils acting alone. The second defensive line consisted of all the celebrity martialists, whether they were on stage or not. Traditional martialists would be responsible for the third defensive line and the Defenders the last.

The purpose of this arrangement was to ensure the success of the Martialist Contest before the appearance of a great number of Fallen Evils. As some Fallen Evils could manipulate martialists, it was not enough to only set up one defensive line.

Roland, as a licensed hunter, was naturally assigned to the third defensive line. In fact, he would not only monitor any suspicious figures in the hall but also competing martialists.

Although Roland felt a little regretful that they did not find the hiding places of the Fallen Evils, he currently had no better ways than waiting for them in ambush.

The Association definitely knew more about Fallen Evil than him.

Fallen Evils were not attracted to the "Force of Nature" only.

They were controlled by the Divine Will, and their ultimate goal was to destroy the Dream World and return magic power to the Realm of Mind.

Therefore, the Fallen Evils should not miss such a perfect opportunity to collect so many cores.

When Roland turned around at the corridor, a woman suddenly stopped in front of Roland.

It was none other than the last person he wanted to see right now.

She was the genius martialist, Fei Yuhan.

"Oh... it's you," Fei Yuhan said while looking up at Roland.

They were the only two people in the corridor, so Roland could not pretend that he had not seen her. He cleared his throat and managed a smile, then said, "Ahem, hello."

His smile, however, soon faltered as Fei Yuhan spoke on.

"I have to thank you for saving me last time," Fei Yuhan said while casually extending out her hand.

"Thank you for killing that strange monster and saving all of us."

"Er..." Roland did not know what to say. After a moment, he said with some difficulties, "You, you're welcome."

"But the Association gave all the credit to me..." Fei Yuhan sighed.

"No, no, that's totally fine," Roland said while waving his hand. "Well... I have to conceal my identity out of some special reasons. I would rather few people notice my existence."

"Alright," Fei Yuhan said, who, surprisingly did not pursue this topic. "In that case, I'll take it."

Roland wondered why Fei Yuhan easily believed him. If she still remembered everything that had happened before passing out, she should have also remembered Ring's voice. It appeared that she deliberately chose to ignore that matter.

Like all the rumors Roland had heard, Fei Yuhan was never a careless person. Like many young geniuses, Fei Yuhan was proud and strict, both with herself and others. She was always so distant and cold to people and was definitely not an easygoing martialist.

However, the girl whom Roland was talking to now was completely the opposite of the martialist he knew.

Suddenly, Fei Yuhan seemed to remember something and asked, "By the way, do you think a person who likes to study history would also like science?"

Stunned for a moment, Roland asked, "Why did you ask that?"

"Do you remember that patient from the Cargarde Peninsula?" Fei Yuhan continued. "Miss Valkries is now on my team. I thought she must feel very bored in the sanatorium, but she's actually interested in books. In the past one month, she almost read all the history books in the library."

Roland was again surprised that Fei Yuhan would care about someone else. He twitched his lips and was about to speak, when suddenly something flashed across his mind. Hang on, was not Valkries she mentioned the one who resembled the demon he had seen in the memory fragment?

She had been reading history books in the past one month?

"... All of them?"

"Pretty much, especially war history. An interesting hobby, isn't it?"

Was it a coincidence? Roland revolved his mind quickly and immediately changed his words. "Yes, I believe she wants to read something about social study and humanity. Sorry, I have to take care of the task the Defender entrusted to me and need to go now."

Roland quickly decided to end this awkward conversation, and Fei Yuhan seemed not to be offended.

"Me too," she said while nodding. "See you then, Mr. Roland."

"Ah... see you."

After Fei Yuhan left, Roland headed downstairs at once.

He accelerated.

Fei Yuhan stopped and listened carefully to Roland's footsteps.

This meeting was not a coincidence but a carefully-planned "meeting".

If truth be told, Roland was the most difficult person she had ever dealt with. Unlike Valkries, he behaved so naturally in this world. Had she not heard that "Your Majesty", she would have probably never suspected him. She had noticed that during their last visit to the hospital, Roland had taken out his phone three times in one minute, and his eyes would linger on pretty ladies. His favorite pop seemed to be coke, just like any ordinary man in this era.

That was why Fei Yuhan started to question about her theory of "the other world". If Valkries knew Roland, it meant that they came from the same world, but why did the two people act so differently?

With these questions, Fei Yuhan planned this meeting not only to thank Roland for his favor but also to test him.

She was very astonished by the result.

Roland seemed to have realized Valkries' strangeness after this conversation, but his reaction was so different from what she had predicted. She had thought Roland would have tried to cover for Valkries since they were "friends" from the same world.

But Roland was alarmed after hearing the news, and he was even more nervous than during the joint mission.

Although Roland had tried to conceal his emotion, she still managed to capture the tiniest muscle movement around the corner of his eyes.

Apparently, Roland was not that good at controlling his facial expression like Valkries.

She had learned a lot from this meeting.

Fei Yuhan decided to continue with her observation. She believed that the subsequent interaction between the two people would provide her with more information.

A smile curled up Fei Yuhan's lips as she knocked on the Defender's office door.

Roland immediately summoned Phyllis and Dawnen after he returned to the apartment building.

"I need you to watch a demon. She may come from the memory fragment from this building!"

#### **Chapter 1289: The Origin of the World**

"A demon?"

The two witches, momentarily stunned, asked, "Are you referring to the alien species in this world?"

For ancient witches, they felt it even harder to deal with people from the Cargarde Peninsula than adapting to the modern life. These people who had a strong resemblance to the demons had now become a part of the human society. They lived and reproduced just like human beings.

The ancient witches entered a combat mode almost instinctively when they encountered a demon. It had actually taken Roland a great effort to persuade them not to easily go on a rampage. Now, all of a sudden, he asked them to take precautions again, which was quite an unexpected change. Therefore, Roland chose Phyllis and Dawnen who were the first few witches that entered the Dream World with him and who were good at concealing their traces.

"You can put that way," Roland said and then briefly talked about Valkries and what made her look suspicious. "I don't see any magic stone on her, which is the biggest difference from a real demon. But you still need to be cautious and monitor her like she has one."

Learning history was the most effective way to learn about this world. Who was so eager to learn about the past of the Dream World? If the "demon" called Valkries was really from the Cargarde Peninsula, she should have received compulsory education. However, based on what Fei Yuhan had told him, she had read the history chronically. It was indeed very strange considering that both of the two worlds were presently experiencing the Erosion.

"Yes, Your Majesty," the two witches said with a nod.



“Even if she is a demon, don’t attack her in the sanatorium,” Roland continued after a moment of reflection. “There are many awakened martialists there, and your action may attract unwelcome attention. Plus, I also want to know how she came here through the memoryfragment.”

Room 0510 was not only connected to just a few Senior Demons but indeed a magnificent city in which a foreign race dwelled. If other demons could also come to this world through the gate, that would be great trouble.

“I see, but...” Phyllis said hesitantly. “What if you come across danger when we aren’t here?”

“Don’t worry. This isn’t the real world,” Roland comforted with a smile. “You’ve also noticed that those Fallen Evils could not hurt me. As long as I don’t voluntarily seek them, they won’t be able to do anything about me. You guys need to stay safe and call me every several hours.”

“As you command, Your Majesty,” the two witches chorused while placing their hands on their chests after exchanging a look. “We’ll set off then.”

When Epsilon entered the meeting room, the room had just moved to a very special spot where the two realms overlapped. The floor and the wall were enveloped by a haze of crimson glow that swayed darkly like guttered candles.

Under such circumstances, this area constituted a virtual space completely separated from the outside world, which no physical entities could affect.

The area was also not traceable.

She saw Beta in a half-kneeling position, with his hands firmly adhered to the floor. He was half-transparent like a looming shadow.

He had been in this position for more than half a month.

“Not done yet?” Epsilon asked as she stared at Delta who was motionless beside her.

Delta’s mask flickered, and then he realized that he could not communicate directly with his mind at the moment. So he croaked, “This world has expanded a great deal, and it isn’t easy to have a full analysis of it anymore. But Beta is almost done. I believe we’ll soon get a result. What about you? Did you find anything?”

“Those magic power robbers have set up a trap to lure us.”

The rules in this world restricted the oracles’ power. Even though they acted on behalf of God, they still had to follow these rules.

“Just as I thought,” Delta replied flatly. “It does seem a nice plan, but we don’t need scattered magic power anymore.”

Epsilon nodded and remained silent.

A more effective way to destroy those that were out of God’s control was to directly kill the creator of the Realm of Mind. This world originated from the creator’s consciousness. Like pillars that supported a

house, once the creator was removed, the whole world would collapse, and the magic power would, naturally, return to the Divine Domain.

The problem was that this world was now so sturdy and strong, so it was extremely hard to find out the creator. Therefore, they had to first summon a great amount of magic power to analyze this world and locate the source.

The reason they had attacked the Prism City was to collect magic power for the current analysis.

Nevertheless, locating the creator did not mean they could remove him. The creator was always under the protection of this world, which was why they had failed in the last few attempts.

To fight against the protecting force, they must first lure the creator into the crack between the two worlds, where God could interfere with the rules in this world and thereby crush the enemy.

Even oracles like them might fail.

But they had little time left.

They were God's last hope. If they failed, God would directly destroy the Realm of Mind. Then their efforts for the past thousands of years would be wasted and all that they had achieved so far would turn into nothingness. They would not like to see the Realm of Mind end in this way if it was not absolutely necessary.

Beyond a doubt, it was all the creator's fault.

Epsilon clenched her fists and then released them.

What was the matter?

Why did she feel angry?

As an oracle, she should not have had any emotions.

She should not have worried about the outcome of this mission but focused on working on the task.

Looking back, it seemed that she had never considered about this kind of problem before.

"What's wrong?" Delta asked as he noticed her strange behavior.

"No, nothing..." Epsilon said as she turned around and sat down slowly at the corner.

When had the change started?

Epsilon thought for a while before she dimly realized that the change had started after the murder of the traitor.

At that time, she was under cover and thus successfully approached the traitor. The latter did not notice the danger until she attacked her.

Strangely, the traitor did not resist. When her arm went through the traitor's chest, the traitor simply held her and whispered one sentence.

Epsilon did not really remember the content, but the traitor's voice was, unexpectedly, familiar. Epsilon had even felt a wash of warmth as if she had returned to someone's arms long since forgotten at that moment.

The traitor had actually smiled tranquilly before she had died.

—

"Damn it. Why do I keep thinking about that?" \_

—

"No, why am I so furious over this matter?" \_

A multitude of thoughts crowded into Epsilon's mind.

"What do you want to say?" Delta asked again. "We don't communicate via mind here. Just say it."

"I —"

Just then, a ripple swept over the room, and Beta, who had been half kneeling on the floor, suddenly opened his eyes.

"The search is completed."

"Finally," Delta said while resting his eyes on Beta. "What did you find?"

Beta stretched out his arms, and three blurry figures appeared on his palm, which gradually become clearer as the lines restructured and reorganized themselves.

"There are three?"

"That's right, but we only need to kill two because one of them has been already eliminated."

Epsilon immediately deciphered the information from the images.

The three creators were —

"The traitor, Lan. Significance level, 1%."

"Self-cognitive being, Zero. Significance level, 42%."

"Unidentifiable being, Roland. Significance level, 57%."

## **Chapter 1290: Achievement**

To expedite the various projects in the Design Bureau of Graycastle, Roland adjusted his schedule and decided to have a nap for two to three hours every day after lunch. Therefore, he now entered the Dream World more frequently.

As a consequence, a group of God's Punishment Warriors started to appear in the afternoon in the Castle District, which attracted a lot of onlookers.

With the help of the Design Bureau of Graycastle, his industrial projects went pretty well. By the last week of fall, the design of the tractor had been completed.

Before then, Anna was solely responsible for the manufacture and testing of all the projects in Neverwinter. Then, the plant took over the parts production and the assembly of the final models. The whole process was not only time-consuming process but sometimes it involved a lot of unnecessary work as well.

As Anna's Blackfire worked far better than machine tools, workers in the plant, sometimes, could not always produce the parts created by Anna. A machine could produce thousands of parts at a time. However, it took a considerable amount of time to figure out which parts should be assigned to the plants and which to Anna for further processing. The plant could only mass produce the machines after a completed model was available.

In fact, this was the exact problem during the production process of the second generation steam engine. The pressure control valve looked pretty simple, but when it came to mass production, few were fit for its intended use. Because of the high defective rate, they had to start the production all over again, which thus resulted in a huge delay of more than half a month before a final product was successfully made.

But the Design Bureau of Graycastle in the Dream World had helped Anna finish all the preliminary work, from testing all the way to the design of the assembly line. They also determined whether ordinary machineries would be capable of producing certain parts. Given that, once Roland drafted the plan, the Ministry of Industry could immediately start on the production, which largely shortened the production process and reduced the cost.

Roland named this farming machine, which he had put great faith in, the "Harvest".

Its five pairs of road wheels would run on Graycastle's soil.

Nevertheless, Master Xie still had a lot to do. The current "Harvest" was nothing but a basic frame that could only serve as a tractor for farming operation. There was still a long way to go before it transformed into a war machine with five pairs of road wheels.

Roland hoped that this machine could meet all the army's needs.

As for the telegraph machine, Qingqing soon recruited some workers, including fresh graduates and amateur radio technicians. But Roland had a hard time reading the circuit diagram, so he ordered the workers to change the diagram into an actual design plan. Even so, he was still quite slow at understanding it. Therefore, he managed to memorize the design and decided to study it with Anna later.

Apart from these two major projects, they had also made great progress in other war preparation projects in Neverwinter.

The first project was the road construction that connected the south and the north.

According to the letter from Horford Quinn to him, the Kingdom of Dawn had hired nearly 1,000 workers and built several plants to produce cement in two border cities. These plants produced hundreds of tons of cement every day for the road construction. The construction of the road between

the Windswept Ridge and the Sparkling River was almost completed, and they had commenced to build the section around the Cage Mountain area. It was estimated that everything would be done within half a month.

Even with Lotus and Molly's help, Roland had to admit that the Quinn Family was pretty efficient. Apparently, they had put a lot of efforts into it. As the road in the Eastern Region along the Redwater River directly led to the City of Evernight, they were now only one step away from transporting supplies to the front.

Also, the supplementary project, the "Hump" the steam-powered wheeled truck finally came into use.

The truck had a classic cab forward design, equipped with an engine and six wheels. Apart from a long nose (to accommodate a huge water tank) at the front, it was quite similar to a modern truck. It weighed around 10 tons, with a loading capacity of six tons. The truck could run on a hard-surfaced concrete road at a rate of 40 kilometers per hour for about 300 kilometers.

When necessary, the driver could fill the tank with rain, well water and even urine to increase the speed. Even if there was no water supply, the truck could still function pretty well between cities and rivers.

Unlike the armored train, each truck required at least two drivers, which meant that even if Neverwinter could produce a great number of trucks, there would not be enough people to operate them. Fortunately, they simply needed to found a driving school and train people to drive the trucks. There were no traffic rules whatsoever in this world, so the only task for the drivers would be getting the vehicle moving.

The last project was storage batteries.

Although this project was less technologically demanding, it was as important as the other ones.

Storage batteries could, for instance, power the taillights and headlights of the truck, which were also the only electric devices on the "Hump". With lights, the truck could work day and night.

Electricity could also power up the biplanes and save the ground staff a lot of time. More importantly, if the engine of the plane was seized in the air, pilots could restart the plane again and thereby preserve the stability of the aircrafts.

The numerous immigrants recently relocating to Neverwinter further sped up and took the industrialization process in Neverwinter to a new level.

But Roland also understood that such rapid progress was not only attributed to the increase in the population. Had they still manufactured products in traditional workshops, it would have taken several years, let alone a few months, to train a layman into a proficient worker. However, in a modern plant, experienced workers would voluntarily teach new ones, as they relied on their apprentices to get promoted or a raise. They were always eager to teach everything they knew.

It only took a person one to two weeks to learn the basic machinery operation. Even if this person was illiterate, he could still imitate the steps and thus process parts fit for use.

The new production system and the implementation of universal education, as well as continuous research and development would all further expedite the industrialization in the urban area in the future.

Yet Roland had some bad news too.

Iron Axe reported that the First Army at the front felt it increasingly hard to cope with the demons, as the Red Mist had spread to the Cage Mountain area. Some people even claimed that Devilbeasts were seen in the Kingdom of Dawn.

Back in the battle on the Fertile Plains, Roland had noticed that the demons could run thousands of miles to pursue their enemies. Even a few Mad Demons could cause substantial damage to the rear.

Now, the few Devilbeasts seen in the sky might be very likely the demons' scouts.

The First Army must send an equal force to the sky to suppress the assault.

Roland sighed quietly. Perhaps, it was time to dispatch the Witch Union and the Aerial Knights.