

## Witch 1341

### Chapter 1341: Pride

“There are two... to the left, four o’clock!” His teammate’s warning mixed with the firing sounds of the machine gun, and sounded staccato. “Watch out—they’re throwing spears!”

Good pushed the control stick to the left violently and the biplane instantly did a half barrel roll, careening downwards.

“Whew—”

The bone spears whistled as they flew over their heads. One of them penetrated right through the upper wing, leaving a fist-sized hole in its outer panel.

He didn’t even spare a glance at the enemy and continued to accelerate downwards, causing the plane to almost reach its terminal velocity.

This was the combat method that Tilly had come up with after summarizing all the battles that the Aerial Knights had engaged with the enemy so far. At low speeds, Devilbeasts had an agility that biplanes would never have, Devilbeasts could perform actions such as hovering in the air, completing turns with very small radii and flying backwards. This made it difficult to simulate the tactical movements used in wartime to get evade enemies in a dogfight. At the same time the the backseat shooter was virtually unable to anticipate the target’s movements in their effective firing range. The combination of the two put the Aerial Knights at a great disadvantage when fighting them.

However, the Devilbeasts also had very obvious weaknesses: their only method of attack was the spears thrown by the riders on their backs. Their flying and ascending speed were all inferior to ‘Fire of Heaven.’ In terms of range and power, a magic stone that could only be thrown a maximum of twice in a row would only be a threat in close range.

Thus, when he was targeted by the enemy, the safest way to fight the enemy was to face the enemy with the belly of the plane while quickly pulling away from them, and then ascend once more, while using the machine gun’s longer range to kill the opponent. The biplane has fender plates in both cockpit positions to protect the pilot from being pierced directly by the spear, and although the wide wings appeared to be vulnerable target boards, as long as the main frame was not hit, a few holes wasn’t fatal to the aircraft.

A major improvement over the machine used for training was the integration of the wing roll operation into the main control stick, allowing the pilot to control the pitch and direction of the aircraft with only one hand.

Once at full speed, it would only take less than ten seconds to shake off the enemy, during which the Mad Demon would only be able to throw two bone spears at most, and dealing a critical blow to a rapidly departing plane was far from easy.

Numerous real-time battles had proven the effectiveness of this method. Until now, the Aerial Knight had lost several planes, but not a single member had died in battle.

With the roar of the engine, Good flew hundreds of meters outward in an instant. Even if the Mad Demon wanted to throw a spear again, he wouldn't even have a chance to get it close to him.

But he didn't immediately turn back to find the two demons that were targeting him after pulling up the nose of the plane. Instead, his gaze fell on a comrade's plane who was engaged in a dogfight.

As for the enemies behind him, there was Hinds waiting for them.

Using the advantages in height and vision that he had accumulated in order to attack the enemies who were chasing his comrades relentlessly and simultaneously letting his squadron mates watch over his tail was the second combat principle of the Aerial Knights!

After rising and falling twice, Good acquired his fourth battle achievement.

The Aerial Knights slowly began to seize the upper hand in the battle.

At this moment, Lightning and Maggie joined the fray—with horror, all the demons discovered that another looming creature similar to them had appeared in the sky, phasing into view. It looked mighty and ferocious, but its target was the demons. Under the sudden appearance of its giant, bloody jaws, the Devilbeast revealed obvious expressions of fear. Even if the Mad Demons pulled their reins in frustration, their maneuvering was not at good as before.

The confusion further exacerbated the demons' disadvantage. Lightning flew through the battlefield like a spirit, her flight that reached sonic speeds in such a short distance rendered the demons helpless. Whenever they raised their bone spears, Lightning's revolver had already arrived at the back of their heads.

A Devilbeast would plummet every few minutes, causing what seemed like a 'demon rain' to begin falling from the sky.

And the disturbances created by the huge beasts crashing onto the ground was naturally seen by Farrina.

She saw a bloody two-winged monster crash into the snow not far from the road. The impact caused it to tumble several times before it stopped. Its wings and four limbs were flung everywhere like tattered cloth.

"What the hell was going up there?"

There was no doubt that the First Army had indeed prepared for the enemies in the sky, but all she could think of was firearms dedicated to deal with these demons. Yet up until now, she had not heard the shrill hissing of machine guns at the rear of the truck. Instead, every now and then a strange hum would come from above her head, as if there was an intense battle engaged above her.

The problem was... in the sky?

Farrina could no longer hold back her curiosity. Seizing the chance when the convoy entered a straight stretch of road, she peeked her head out and peered at the sky behind her.

The sight of it made her blood boil all over!

“God...” she could not help but murmur.

Beneath the clouds, silver lights coruscated unceasingly like the first ray of dawn tearing through the darkness. The source of the light was a group of strange, enormous gray birds—The abnormal feeling it gave her was different to the skeleton enshrouded by the Red Mist, Farrina could clearly feel that the giant birds that the demons were fighting against were man made.

It was symmetrical on the left and right, rectangular and balanced as a whole, revealing a sense of beauty in the weapon of war. But it was precisely this that made her even more shocked.

Since when had humans been able to soar into the sky like birds, treading into the realm that belonged to the gods?

“We”... had actually performed such a feat?

She involuntarily recalled an article she had once read on the weekly newspaper at Graycastle—on the eye-catching front page, there was a monochromatic picture, a picture depicting a huge machine that seemed to exactly resemble the iron birds in the sky.

Oh, so these were the ‘Fires of Heaven.’

At the time, she hadn’t paid much attention to what the newspaper described as a ‘historic event for humans.’ After all, she had seen the blowing of one’s trumpet like this all too often in the past. But now, even if the newspaper had exaggerated it ten times over, Farrina realized that it would still be insufficient to describe her current emotions.

There was awe, there was regret, there was self-deprecation, there was excitement... but the what she felt the most was pride.

Being proud that—

She was also a member of humanity.

How much had she missed in the year she hid in Joe’s house...

Farrina’s body trembled slightly and she gripped the steering wheel even tighter.

Although she had missed a lot, she was back on her feet at the very least, wasn’t that so?

...

Sylvie clearly saw that the demons chasing them in the sky were on the brink of collapse. Under the interspersed assaults of the Aerial Knights, Lightning and Maggie, the enemies were completely overwhelmed. Several Devilbeasts were out of their riders’ control and escaped backwards, and these actions affected the others of their kind. It was just that at that distance, they might not have been able to escape Lightning’s follow up pursuit.

The demons that were charging towards the convoy didn’t achieve anything at all—learning from their past experiences, ten or so Mad Demons leaped down directly when they flew over the convoy, in hopes of avoiding the machine gun’s advantageous long range. Yet, their opponents were a group of God’s

Punishment Witches that were comparable to Extraordinaries. The witches also held forty millimeter grapeshot guns.

The demons' outcome could be described as utterly dreadful.

Even Sylvie could not help close her eyes at the sight of the witches tearing their enemies to pieces with an almost maniacal grin.

Victory was now a foregone conclusion.

### **Chapter 1342: Unceasing Advantage**

"How's the situation right now?" Tilly asked.

"The enemies who tried to stop the truck convoy were almost completely wiped out, and the remaining demons in the sky are fleeing. I believe it is our win," Sylvie replied.

"It's a pity I didn't get a chance to participate in the end," Andrea said with a regretful shrug. "It looks like the grand demon lord from last time suffered some serious injuries."

'Seagull' had not taken part in this battle, but had been hovering in the clouds the entire time to guard against the possible appearance of Hackzord or other Senior Demons. After all, the most effective way to deal with demons like these who possess abnormal abilities was still Andrea's close-range sniping.

Unlike her dispirited companion, Sylvie was relieved.

She knew that the counterattack this time was not the same as the previous ambush on the Sky Lord. Hackzord had not noticed 'Seagull's' presence because she was not on board at the time. The situation on the battlefield was communicated via the Sigil of Listening, and even though she had been noticed by the vigilant Eye Demons the entire time, 'Seagull' was invisible and untraceable.

This time, however, because the battle needed to take place far away from their encampment, she had to move with 'Seagull' in order to be able to command the entire situation. It was for this reason that if the Sky Lord appeared with a new alert Eye Demon, 'Seagull' would also be spotted along with her. In other words, it was only when Hackzord or other Senior Demons made an appearance alone could Andrea's attacks actually take them by surprise.

Otherwise, if the shot didn't hit in one go, it would be difficult to predict how the battle situation would develop.

So their absence was actually a good thing.

After all, there was nothing more worth being happy over than successfully completing a job with everyone making it back safe and sound.

"It's better that you don't do anything. If Hackzord really does come, I don't think the truck convoy would have been able to retreat in one piece." Tilly shook her head resignedly. "I'm guessing that when Edith came up with this plan, she was also betting that the mobile, vigilant Eye Demons weren't

something that could be replenished immediately after being used up, so the Sky Lord didn't want to take the risk of venturing out."

The princess's words basically expressed everything that Sylvie thought.

She could not help but nod her head over and over again. That was the princess for you!

"Oh yeah..." Tilly piloted her glider through and out of the clouds. "Now that victory is confirmed, let's ascertain the battle outcome before we leave."

Sylvie could be said to be experienced in this sort of thing, too—without the hindrance of obstacles, she could complete a cursory survey of the battlefield with only a little magic.

The moment she reached her conclusion, however, she froze.

"Two thousand... No, close to three thousand..."

"Three thousand?" Wendy gasped in shock. "How could there be so many?"

"Those Mad Demons—" Sylvie took a deep breath as she gazed in the direction of the distant mountain slope. "They weren't charging for the convoy before, but scattering in all directions!"

It was then that she noticed the hundreds of tiny holes on the hill-top that were there evidently to decrease the expenditure of the Mist. Most of the enemy had hidden underground to be awakened when they were needed in battle. But when the fortress Monstrous Beast collapsed, the red fog quickly dispersed without a supply source, and these demons were faced with a disaster.

They swarmed out not to destroy their attackers, but because they had sensed the dissipation of the Mist, emerging from their hiding places driven out of instinct and bounding wildly down the mountain, hoping to reach the next Red Mist supply region before they could no longer breathe.

But both Sand City and Sedimentation Bay were too far away.

The world that had been dominated by Red Mist regained its purity and clarity, but to the demons, it had become a deathtrap that they could not survive in. Before they could escape far they all dropped to the ground one after the other, spreading evenly in a circle at the foot of the mountainside. With the exception of a few Mad Demons that had small Red Mist gas tanks on them, most were silent now.

The general staff was certainly right on this point—just like how Graycastle could not equip every soldier with a God's Stone of Retaliation, the enemy could not distribute Red Mist gas tanks and breathing apparatuses to the hands of every Mad Demon. When fully equipped troops were deployed to attack human cities, only those who had originally been operating inside the Red Mist region remained to guard the place.

If they had been later by two days, the situation may have been vastly different.

Even if they had to recruit drivers from outside the army, they were determined to launch the counterattack on the day after the First Army withdrew from Sedimentation Bay. It must be said, this was an extremely decisive action.

“After this battle, I think the name, the ‘Pearl of the Northern Region’ will spread throughout all the Four Kingdoms,” Tilly said with a curl of her lip.

...

With less than a hundred soldiers, they had annihilated an enemy troop of nearly three thousand, only losing one steam-powered truck and two ‘Fires of Heaven’ in the progress, there was not a single soldier casualty. The highly successful counterattack dramatically raised morale at the First Army headquarters, even when making reports, everybody’s voices were louder.

But Edith didn’t reveal any sign of satisfaction at this and, virtually on same the day the news of the victory reached Cage Mountain, she delivered her next battle plan.

The plan was immediately approved by the commander-in-chief, Iron Axe.

The truck convoy was even ordered to divert to the western pass of Cage Mountain when they were just on their way back. A truck carrying water for the Magic Cube met the truck group halfway through, and after supplying them with enough water joined them in their journey west.

The Aerial Knights returned to Thorn Town and, after a short preparation, took off again, arriving at the western pass airport before nightfall.

At noon the following day, the truck convoy which had been traveling the entire day entered the west boundary of the Kingdom of Wolfheart. Three more steam-powered trucks were damaged along the way, as it was harder to avoid potholes and other obstacles on the road during the night, while the rest of the trucks launched into an attack on another Fortress-like Monstrous Beast without stopping.

Although the demons were aware that the humans were targeting these moving obelisks, what they did not expect was that in just a day and a half, the counterattack team had finished the journey across the Kingdom of Wolfheart. Another Fortress Beast had just retreated inside Gust Castle at this time. In the absence of peripheral protection, the truck convoy entered a ten-kilometer range while resisting the attack of some patrolling Devilbeasts before unloading four Longsong Cannons.

Once again, the Aerial Knights acted as “hunters”—with the tacit cooperation of Sylvie and Tilly, the group of new soldiers who had only entered the battlefield for less than half a year almost replicated the process of the last battle. When the enemy’s flying troops made the artillery their primary target, they swooped down from above the enemy’s heads and immediately broke the opponents’ formation.

The beasts were blasted to pieces by the gunfire, and the small number of demons were unable to hold the convoy back even at close quarters in the face of the God’s Punishment Witches that were guarding the convoy.

By the third day, the enemy was at last beginning to expand their defences around the four cities, and was sending demons to destroy the simple hardened roads between the cities. But the entire road was several hundreds of kilometers long, and it was impossible to destroy it completely. On that day, steam-powered trucks drove through the region dozens of kilometers out from Sand City, attracting the demons’ attention. Meanwhile, twenty-five ‘Fire of Heaven’s flew around the towering Impassable Mountain Range according to plan, directly attacking the rear of Metalstone Ridge, showering the Red Mist transportation supply line with gunfire.

It was also at this time that the effect of the two consecutive aerial losses and the overly long battlefield on the demons gradually emerged, and when they gathered enough of Devilbeasts to arrive at the battlefield, the Aerial Knights had already vanished in the cold and howling sky.

### **Chapter 1343: The Grand Lord's Decision**

In the following half a month, the battlefield in Wolfheart entered a strange stalemate.

The demons who had long seized the four cities should have erected a new group of Red Mist storage towers, in order to prepare for taking complete control of Wolfheart, and invading the Kingdom of Dawn. But what was really happening was that they were constantly stopped by the attack of the First Army's mobile forces. Apart from Sedimentation Bay which was on the coast, they did not construct Red Mist storage towers in the other three cities.

After suffering the repeated attacks from the Aerial Knights, the nobles originally responsible for transporting the Red Mist began to waver, forcing the demons to have no choice but to allocate part of their troops to supervise and control the normal operation of the Red Mist supply line. Coupled with the forward expansion of the defense, the shortage of manpower was becoming increasingly apparent.

As for the First Army, who felt that being able to rain artillery was enough of a success, they did not insist on launching an attack on the four cities. The demons who patrolled the outermost perimeter of the defensive line were also their targets to be hunted. Several steam-powered trucks arrived at the preset positions quickly, unloaded the Longsong Cannons, fired two rounds at the place where the demons gathered, then loaded back up and left. Skirmishes like this basically happened several times everyday.

The demons did not only passively defend under the continuous pincer attacks by the biplanes and Artillery Squad. They had organized a number of attacks, and even when their vanguard attacked Cage Mountain. The rear even organized a mixed force of humans and demons, and took this chance to destroy the road near Cage Mountain, using black gunpowder in the process.

But by this time, the road connecting the north and south had been completed. The cement produced by the Kingdom of Dawn could be transferred to the frontlines at any time. The simple roads that had been destroyed by explosion could often be completely repaired the following night under the joint efforts of Lotus and the engineering team. Even though the low temperatures, wind, and snow greatly lengthened the cement solidification time, in the end it was simply a question of cost-benefit ratio. If the stabilized gravel surface layer was crushed, all they had to do was fix it immediately. After the completion of the main road construction project, a large number of idle construction teams were gathered in the Cage Mountain area. As such, the First Army was not short of manpower in this aspect at all.

As the seesaw struggle continued, the demons' assault became increasingly slower, and the oppression and power that all their forces had at the start was gone. At this moment, both sides of the frontline came to a pause.

...

“My lord?”

Hackzord raised his head, looked at Siacis and was about to say something when he stopped. He slowly closed his eyes. “Speak.”

It was evident from Siacis’ expression that it was not good news. But there had been so much bad news lately that he was no longer in the mood to express any fury or disappointment.

“Totolock personally led the attack on the headquarters of the humans at Cage Mountain, and died heroically on the front line,” Siacis said with his head lowered. “... He has lived up to his promise.”

He had fulfilled his own commitments, yet did not complete his mission. Hackzord did not show much reaction to this result which he had long expected. He didn’t even want to ask his subordinates the exact details of his death—in the war against The Union, the fall of every higher ascendant meant that the challengers were dangerous, and gathering intelligence about them was essential. However, now, when fighting with the humans, one little misstep would lead to death by those strange firearms. He could completely imagine what had happened to his subordinate in the end.

The fact that Totolock had led the troops himself meant that it was the last fighting unit of the Western Front. He died in glory, but it was meaningless to the race. If this underling had not transformed from a Lord of Hell, and was only good as a vanguard at the frontline and not at manipulating magic stones, he might have been more useful to be transformed into a high rank Parasitic Eye Demon than being killed by a human firearm.

But the Sky Lord could not utter these words in the presence of another underling.

Moreover, Totolock was not the only problem in the current situation.

No matter how brave and wise a general is, they would not be able to do much without enough troops under their command.

It was he who ordered the immediate attack.

And the person who limited the numbers on the Western Front was... the King.

No, no, the King had given him enough support. Blood Conqueror and Mask were the most deserving of hate. If the Blood Conqueror gave more outposts, and Mask provided enough Symbiotic Demons as he said he would, the result would have been completely different—

Hackzord squeezed his newly grown hand into a fist.

*But... would it really have been different?*

The next moment, a haunting thought came to his mind.

If they doubled their numbers once more, the Western Front army would indeed be able to occupy the entire Kingdom of Wolfheart, but then there was still Dawn and Graycastle, how many more soldiers would he have to add for it to be enough?

“All of them...” The Sky Lord could not help but utter.

“My Lord,” Siacis asked in confusion. “What did you say?”



“Nothing.” He shook his head. Indeed, Ursrook had already given them the answer.

*“Abandon the cities where we’ve exploited all the God Stone mines, let the Sky-sea Realm have half of the continent... Direct all our forces to the Land of Dawn. I mean all, including old and new troops, until the human race is wiped off the face of this planet.”*

This was the conclusion drawn by his best subordinate.

Back then, all the grand lords had thought it was an unrealistic idea, but now he could sort of understand what Ursrook had been thinking.

After a long hesitation, Hackzord made up his mind.

He looked deeply at the motionless Nightmare Lord, got up and walked out of the Red Mist Pond.

“My lord, where are you going?”

“The top of the Birth Tower,” the Sky Lord replied with a deep voice. “I’m going to request the King to commence a Holy See meeting!”

...

The sea of mist that billowed beneath him and the Birth Tower that was covered in enormous eyes in the middle gradually appeared before his eyes—seeing this, he felt a slight sense of relief. Holy See meetings were usually commenced by the King. Actions like requesting one wan not only sort of overstepping his place, it would also displease the other grand lords. After all, not everyone was willing to enter this domain in the Realm of Mind where the King had complete control.

In the past Hackzord also had an instinctive resistance to entering the Presiding Holy See, but now, he had no better option. Only in this way could he tell the King and all the grand lords what he thought.

Fortunately, the King did not reject his request.

About fifteen minutes later, the other grand lords appeared in overhanging seats one after the other.

“It’s you again... Hackzord.” Blood Conqueror said. “I don’t know what’s so important about the Western Front that you need to get the King to hold the Holy See. Could it be that what you’re about to report is more important than the Nightmare Lord becoming lost in the Realm of Mind?”

“Indeed, when Valkries lost consciousness, you only reported it to the King alone,” Mask followed. “Now you have requested a Holy See meeting as if you have something urgent. Don’t tell everyone that your Sky City is about to be captured by those lowlives—it had been hard enough for me to divert a large amount of resources to cultivate Symbiotic Demons for you.”

*This bastard... He’s beating around the bush and pushing all the responsibility on me again.* Hackzord cast a cold glance at him. Of the five times the number of Symbiotic Demons that they had agreed on, only half of had been delivered so far. It was true that the Sky-sea Realm’s offensive had intensified, but it was also true that the agreed amount had not been reached. If it had been in the past, he definitely would not have missed this opportunity to attack him.

But right now, Hackzord did not have the slightest interest in engaging in a battle of tongues.

“Enough.” The King’s voice sounded in everybody’s minds. “I believe the Sky Lord must have his own reasons for requesting a Holy See meeting, it wouldn’t be too late to voice your opinions after you hear him out.”

“In addition...” All the pupils in the eyes of the Tower of Birth looked at Hackzord. “It was not your fault that the Nightmare Lord got lost. I had granted your request to send Silent Disaster to support you in battle, so I do hope that you’ll not be grieving and complaining in your report and asking for more troops; otherwise, you will be wasting both of our time.”

Hackzord felt tremendous pressure.

He swallowed, bit the bullet and answered, “Your Majesty, it is true that I want to talk about assistance on the Western Front, but it is not simply about one or two more troops or more outposts, it’s...”

The Sky Lord paused and looked into the King’s bottomless eyes. “—Deity of Gods.”

### **Chapter 1344: Fate’s Decision**

The Deity of Gods was the demon race’s most esteemed masterpiece after they upgraded. It took nearly a hundred years and expended countless materials to realize this miracle. It was regarded as a leap in the race’s control over magic and the only mean capable of destroying the Sky-sea Realm.

As soon as the words left his mouth, there was a short and eerie silence inside the Presiding Holy See.

There was a moment when Hackzord wanted to retract his words, but when he thought about the possible outcome of the the battle, he fought against the urge.

He had to take up responsibility for the continuation of his race.

A moment later, the King’s monotonous voice rose once more. “I remember that we have already discussed this the last time. You should know what the Deity of Gods means to our race.”

“Our hope of defeating the Sky-sea Realm.” The Sky Lord nodded. “But that’s all it is.”

“What do you mean ‘that’s all it is’?” Blood Conqueror finally couldn’t hold back and roared in a low voice. “After the restriction on the Red Mist is removed, we could altogether rely on the Deity of Gods to attack the Sky-sea Realm. Even if we use it on the Eastern Front, it can still substantially lessen the pressure on the defense line! And this involves the lives and deaths of tens of millions of our people and millions of soldiers, yet you say ‘that’s all it is’?”

“First your genius subordinate asks for the entire race to confront the lowlives with our full force, and now, you want to send the Deity of Gods to deal with those lowlives. The both of you really do think alike.” Mask laughed coldly, he looked around the figures sitting around in the Presiding Holy See.

“What does everyone think?”

“... I’m sorry I can’t agree to it,” Resentful Heart said succinctly.

The other grand lords also expressed their disapproval.

Only Silent Disaster did not utter a single word.

Hackzord had a hunch long ago that such a situation would occur. He knew that this matter was far too important, so much so that he could not inform the King about it one-on-one. This was the reason why he was determined to convene this Holy See meeting. If they could not come to a consensus here, then anything he did afterwards would be pointless.

The humans now bore an extreme resemblance to them after the first Battle of Divine Will.

After absorbing the legacy, their race attained an unimaginable advancement. All kinds of magical technologies emerged, and almost every few decades, a great revolution would take place. The rate of upgrading surged, making the Junior Demons scarce. The development of Symbiotic demons caused magicless demons like Inferior Demons to also become soldiers. It was also at that time that their usage of the magic stone was popularized. These achievements were also reflected in the Second Battle of Divine Will— even if the Sky-sea Realm also received an upgrade no less superior than theirs, they still took only less than thirty years to drive out the humans out of the Land of Dawn.

Now fate seemed to be standing on the side of humans.

And they were changing faster than the demon race had—According to the nobles who had surrendered, Graycastle was not much different from the other kingdoms ten years ago, and the current King of Graycastle as well as the four princes of the Wimbledon family were nothing worth mentioning either.

Thus, any hesitation or procrastination would only let the opponent become even stronger.

He must make everyone aware of this.

“The Western Front battle is already lost.” Hackzord took a deep breath; he could completely imagine what expressions Blood Conqueror and Mask would make, but for the future of their race, he had already thrown his concern over personal gains and losses away. “Although our race still has two of the humans’ Kingdoms, we do not have any more power to keep going on—the stalemate means that it would be very difficult for us to acquire the legacy shard in a short amount of time, this is not different from failure.”

“What did you say?” Mask said in shock. “You have a troop of over a hundred thousand, not to mention many Symbiotic Demons! How could you lose to those lowlives?”

“Are you deceiving the King?” Blood Conqueror opened his gaping jaws wide at the Sky Lord. “Not long ago you said that everything was going well on the Western Front, and that our race has already successfully stepped into their land! Now you are telling me that you can’t defeat the lowlives in a region that is covered in Red Mist? This is ridiculous!”

“Ursrook had once warned me but I didn’t pay enough attention to it. It’s exactly how you are now treating my warning in the same way as I had,” Hackzord said slowly. “After all, it is very difficult to describe everything that is happening on the Western Front. If you want to know, use your own eyes.”

Hackzord bowed his head to the King.

Letting the King read his memory was something that he never wanted in the past. But after taking this step, he no longer had a choice—as for those insignificant words that may have been unwillingly offensive, the King was unlikely to take it to heart.

All the eyes on the Birth Tower opened at once. A chilly feeling instantly surged into his mind, Hackzord forced himself to open up his consciousness, silently thinking 'I am definitely loyal to the King' and allowed the dark current to flow through his entire body!

The iron birds soaring in the sky, the fiery rain falling from the sky, the enormous blazing balls of fire, as well as the God's Stone arrows being shot over huge distance... These scenes emerged one by one, as if reliving the experiences of the war with the humans.

After the chilly feeling disappeared, all the facial expressions of the grand lords became unpleasant. Hackzord knew that they too had just experienced what it was like to be ambushed by the humans, and be just a whisker from death.

Even the tumbling sea of Mist under his feet became agitated.

Although Ursrook had reported about the changes in the humans' weapons, no words could compare to an immersive experience. There were no Transcendents or magical apparatus other than a group of magicless people piloting strange iron objects as well as the cooperation of a few witches. Yet, they threatened the life of a grand lord.

"Was that really.. something that the lowlifes created?" Mask said in disbelief, "I didn't feel the presence of any magic at all—"

"In fact, that is precisely their outstanding point." Hackzord knew that his only chance had come. "The strength of the humans can no longer be measured by their scarce number of witches; all the magicless ones should also be counted. Also, after they had all these things, the originally weak magicless humans' power is not much different from Primal Demons, they can even threaten Junior Demons and high-order upgraded demons."

"So? What's your point?"

"I want to ask everyone, even if we use the Deity of Gods, are you certain that we can attack and capture the Sky-sea Realm within ten years?"

The answer was unquestionably no.

The Deity of Gods was only a necessary mean for the counterattack, but not the only condition for victory. As an upgraded race like them, nobody knew how much power the Sky-sea Realm would release on their own territory. The original strategy was to stick to defending the Blackstone region while swallowing the legacy shard of the humans, so that after the race reached a new level, they would destroy the Sky-sea Realm in one go with the Deity of Gods.

"I don't mind if you blame it all on me, but the defeat of the Western Front is already certain. This is an unavoidable fact!" Hackzord raised his voice a notch. "If we don't change, I'm afraid in ten years we won't be able to fight back against the Sky-sea Realm. We might not even be able to defeat the humans! The final result would be the complete extinction of our race under the attack from both sides. Could the Deity of Gods be more important than this!"

"This is just your personal judgement," Blood Conqueror said through gritted his teeth.

"Of course it isn't."

“Are you going to mention Ursook again?”

“No,” said the Sky Lord with a pause, “I meant the Nightmare Lord.”

Since he had already set his heart to it, and the tiny deception was all for his loyalty towards his race, it was impossible to turn back at that moment. “I don’t know what clues Valkries found in the Realm of Mind that would lead her to venture away from front-line warfare, but before her final dive into the Realm of Mind, Valkries told me herself that she had become more inclined to Silent Disaster’s speculation—humans might have already received some sort of legacy.”

Blood Conqueror froze in his seat.

The lopsided situation in the Holy See was perturbed.

### **Chapter 1345: Forced Redemption**

As one of the earliest higher ascendants to become a grand lord, Valkries’ words naturally carried a different weight. She was also the only one who could maintain her normal conversational tone when she talked with the King, as if there was no difference in class between the two. More importantly, the King had never shown any opposition, which was enough to prove the point.

A conclusion drawn by the Nightmare Lord naturally carried its own persuasive power.

Moreover, Hackzord had indeed discussed the possibility of the humans’ inheritance of a legacy with her. Although she didn’t say it personally, everything else were reasonable assumptions. He also intentionally brought the matter up after he showed the Western Front’s battle situation from his memory. Perhaps the King might ascertain his claim while he was reading his memories, but it was unlikely he would verify this matter specifically.

After all, the King’s mind had a high level of autonomy, all the decisions he made were only based on facts.

The purpose of these words was to shut the mouths of dissenters.

Blood Conqueror’s pitiful brain was unable to understand the situation at all and was only responding instinctively.

In order to shirk responsibility, Mask naturally would not stand on his side easily.

The other grand lords were on the fence; to place the future of their race in their hands was a joke.

Thus, Hackzord said this lie with complete confidence and without feeling a single shred of pressure.

Backing away now was the biggest irresponsibility to the race.

He had to turn the tables with his own hands!

“An inheritance that we do not know of, that is too far-fetched...” Mask said suspiciously in a low voice.

“We all saw the scene in the Origin of Magic. If a race like this really existed, where would they be?”

“Who can be sure that the conclusion that our race came to before is definitely correct?” Hackzord said solemnly. “I also don’t believe that humans can receive fate’s favor, but their incredible change is right in front of eyes! Don’t forget, before we received the legacy of the underground civilization, we also didn’t know that legacy shards can actually be divided.”

“You mean—” Resentful Heart seemed to have thought of something.

No, I don’t mean anything at all, my only aim is to lead you to the reply that I constructed. “Among the many ruins, if there were just one legacy shard still left behind...”

All the grand lords fell into deep thought.

Except for Blood Conqueror.

“So what? I absolutely refuse to use the Deity of Gods against those lowlifes! The strength of the Sky-sea Realm’s offense is still increasing, we have finally gotten a chance to catch our breaths now, we should take this chance to secure our defensive line. If we don’t have the Deity of Gods, the Eastern Front can hardly withstand the battles that are taking place all the time. As soon as the army is defeated, over ten cities will be exposed under the enemy’s minions!”

But this time nobody said anything to support him.

“Compared to a dozen cities, the future of our race is what you should be focusing on.” Hackzord swept his gaze over him expressionlessly, then he looked at the Birth Tower in the middle of the Holy See.

“Your Majesty, losing the Deity of Gods on the Eastern Line would indeed exacerbate the current advantage over there, but at least it won’t reach the worst outcome. Right now, time is not standing on our side. The humans are absorbing the legacy they have received at a startling rate—since sacrifice cannot be avoided, our next step will be key.”

“Hackzord, that is my army!” Blood Conqueror roared.

The Sky Lord turned a deaf ear to him. “You have all seen how exquisite the warring weapons that the humans have created are. More importantly, Primal Demons can also use them! If our race can absorb their legacy and use fiery rain and the iron birds for ourselves, we can also turn the tables on the Sky-sea Realm! Even if we lose the entire Blackstone region, the final victors of the Battle of Divine Will, will be us!”

Upon hearing about the infusion of new weapons, a light shone from Mask’s hollow eyes.

Blood Conqueror boiled with rage. “And these losses could have originally been avoided—”

“Enough.” The King finally spoke. “I already understand what you mean.”

Hackzord felt his heart settle.

The King would not be influenced by their arguments and would only make his decision based on the actual situation. The other grand lords were still skeptical; but at least, they were not explicitly opposing to his claims. This way, the consensus adopted during the meeting could be quickly implemented. Otherwise, the quarrels and prevarications between the grand lords would waste large amounts of precious time. The hard-won pressure that the Western Front had exerted on the humans would be reduced to nothing by their indecision.

Although this was still different from Ursrook's call for going 'all out', it was the best result that he could get right now. As the most esteemed masterpiece of their race, the Deity of Gods itself was protected by a large number of troops, and this could be a guise for more support for the Western Front.

Of course, when this ultimate weapon reached the Land of Dawn, all of the humans' tactics would become meaningless.

"Silent Disaster's arrangements will remain unchanged. Continue to support the Western Front." The King's deep and stable voiced echoed in the Holy See. "When the Deity of Gods is complete, go to the human territory to seize the legacy shard. Shrink the Eastern Front southward, abandon some of the cities if it is necessary in order to reduce the loss of Inferior Demons—Before momentum of the offense and defense is reversed, they are also an important resource."

"As you command," all the grand lords replied.

"But Blood Conqueror is also right, delaying the Sky-sea Realm on the Eastern Front and swallowing the humans on the west was the established strategy for the third Battle of Divine Will. Now, we are forced to send the Deity of Gods to the Western Front, causing the deaths on the Eastern Front to increase substantially. Sky Lord... do you feel that none of this is your responsibility?"

In that instant, Hackzord felt an icy and eerie chill crawl up his spine. In his vision, the eyes on the Birth Tower all amalgamated together, forming one enormous, monstrous eyeball. Compared to this, he who was sitting in his seat seemed completely insignificant. Simply the pupil of the eye alone was enough to contain several of him. The eyeball hovered in the air, coldly staring at Hackzord, as though it could crush him into dust if it just made a small half of a roll forward. Under such pressure, he did not even think of opening a Distortion Door.

In the Presiding Holy See, the King was no different from god.

"Your ability is important, but that does not mean that I will ignore this matter—this will be the last accident that will occur in the Western Front plan, do not disappoint me anymore, otherwise..."

The King's displeasure did not need to be expressed by a loud voice, it revealed everything like a physical pressure crushing against Hackzord.

"I... understand."

The eye suddenly vanished, and with it the Holy See. The spire and mist at the Sky City appeared once more before Hackzord's eyes.

"Are you all right, my lord?"

"Don't mind it..."The Sky Lord slowly shook his head as he looked at Siacis beside him. He had originally thought that he had prepared himself to bear everything long ago, but when he was really facing the King's malice, his surging discomfort and resistance almost overwhelmed him.

These were no more than... spontaneous reactions.

Hackzord closed his eyes.

Everything was for the race.

He had already done his best.

### **Chapter 1346: Tilly's Letter**

Graycastle, Neverwinter.

Roland couldn't help squeezing his hand into a fist when he finished flipping through the reports sent from the frontline.

"What's the matter, Your Majesty?" Beside him, Nightingale noticed his strange behavior.

"No... Nothing." He leaned back in his seat and released a long sigh. "I'm just happy. Everybody's performances are exceeding my expectations."

"Really?" Nightingale was surprised and then chuckled. "Looks like they are all working hard."

"Indeed." Roland stood up, poured two cups of Chaos Drink and held one out to Nightingale. "They have really worked hard."

This was not an offhand remark but something he believed from the bottom of his heart. If he had not come all this way himself, he would have found it incredibly hard to believe that the First Army and the spear-wielding border troops from the past were one and the same.

After eight days of intense battling, they could still perform an organized strategic retreat. The amazing cover cooperation of the open ground operations, as well as their willingness to actively seek out the key to victory on the battlefield, all testified to the startling growth of the army. In addition, the Kingdom of Dawn's cooperation and the refugees voluntarily staying behind to support the rear services of the army allowed him to see the transformation of humans as a whole.

But what made Roland the most surprised was Edith.

Even if several of her actions in the past had long shown her to be unlike the normal person, the pleasant surprise he felt this time was more than everything from before added together.

Taking advantage of the powerful carrying capacity of the steam-powered truck, the mobile operation was carried out on the territory of the Kingdom of Wolfheart, allowing the long range and immense power of the Longsong Cannon to be fully displayed. This bore some resemblance to Blitzkrieg.

Furthermore, there was the strategy of first voluntarily evacuating from the cities, causing the enemy to stretch their defensive lines and expose numerous weaknesses. The second part of the strategy involved using highly mobile troops to exploit these weaknesses.

The Chief of the Staff was without doubt most commendable for the First Army's feat of destroying large amounts of the demons' power with few losses and the stopping of their advance three hundred kilometers outside the Red Mist region.

Although Roland and the Pearl of the Northern Region had discussed about their opinions on how the battle would progress, as well as the evolution of war in terms of mechanical equipment, he didn't touch on a specific type of equipment—the 'armored vehicles' he had high hopes for were currently still in the



factory in the form of tractors. For Edith to be able to connect this to transporting trucks, her view could be described as a leap forward in time.

It was the combination of individual and collective strength that led to this hard-won victory.

The movements of the demons were now firmly restricted, and the new recruits and resources for the First Army were unceasingly being moved to the front line through the main road. The forces on both sides had become a state of ebb and flow.

The real counterattack would begin when their accumulation of resources were at their zenith.

Roland and Nightingale lightly clinked their glasses.

At this moment the power of humans seemed to sparkle.

...

After finishing his drink, he returned to his desk.

According to the reporting routine of the First Army, good news was followed by all kinds of exposed problems.

And usually, these were problems that only he could solve.

For example, with high-intensity maneuvering, there were painful losses.

The report placed this at the top of its list—because of the uncertainty on the battlefield, the longer the vehicle members stayed around a faulty vehicle, the greater the risk. In the absence of tools and a good environment for repairs, the most two people could do was deal with a flat tyre, leakages, and other simple failures. They were virtually helpless when it came to suspension and transmission systems in which problems occur relatively easily. So only the Magic Cubes could be unloaded in the majority of broken-down steam-powered trucks, the truck would then be abandoned on the battlefield.

Over fifteen trucks had already been lost since the demons' launch of their full-on attack. Had it not been for the maintenance of the road that connected the north and the south, Roland suspected that Edith would have moved all of the vehicles to Wolfheart.

To improve this situation, the First Army not only needed a dedicated support force, they also needed to establish repair and maintenance sites, just like the Aerial Knights. Field repair vehicles and tow trucks were unquestionably an essential part of the production schedule.

He once again acutely felt that if he wanted to place these huge machines into the battlefield, it would not be as simple as constructing them; the resources and money that they would consume were not something that a single Kingdom could withstand.

In addition to requesting more steam-powered trucks, the military's top brass had also expressed a strong desire for 75-millimeter cannons and general-purpose machine guns. Several accounts proved that their inclusion improved the firing skills and power of the First Army significantly, making them almost a perfect weapon if not for the heavy consumption of ammunition.

Roland was extremely moved by the conclusion of “an appearance of flattery but actually just a demand for money.” Then he approved of the army’s request.

When he reached the end of the reports, he saw a letter personally written by Tilly.

He guessed that the contents were similar to those of the military, either pressing for her own plane, or producing more ‘Fire of Heaven’ planes.

“Brother, long time no see.”

“You have not forgotten your promise, have you?”

“Now that the demon’s offensive has gradually weakened, we’ll basically be able to peacefully live through the Months of Demons this year. I will make time to visit Neverwinter, I hope to see it’s real appearance then.

As expected. Roland could not help but place his hand to his forehead. He knew it would turn into this.

Fortunately, the overall structure of her personal plane was now clear, and he really did need Tilly to come and verify if the new plane could be used.

But what Tilly wrote next was outside of his predictions.

Tilly took up great amounts of space to illustrate the insufficiencies of the ‘Fire of Heaven’ in real battle, even suggesting to temporarily suspend the production of ‘Fire of Heaven’ planes until improvements were made. The biggest problem among them was the two-seater.

After summarizing all the Aerial Knight conclusions and battle results, she discovered that only one of sixty-five Devilbeasts which were taken down was done by the backseat shooter.

The reason was obvious: in close combat, the enemy did not need to initiate dogfights for long periods of time like biplanes. The Mad Demons’ spear throws were equivalent to a crossbow with an elevation angle of -90 to 90 degrees, covering a span of 270 degrees in front of the crossbow. As long as there was enough distance, it could attack from the roof and belly of a ‘Fire of Heaven.’ In reality they often did go into these blind spots, causing the backseat shooters to be helpless.

Even if the enemy was within the range of the machine gun, it was difficult for the shooter to determine the relative distance of the target in the air without reference, coupled with the inability to predict the flight path of the aircraft, the hit rate from 100 meters away was pitifully low, and often they would return after firing all their bullets, without hitting even one enemy.

In the same way, when the ‘Fire of Heaven’ strafed ground targets, the backseat shooter could only have a brief opportunity to shoot when the plane pulled up.

But the weight of the crew, the weapons, the ammunition and protection of the cockpit could not be ignored. In order to adapt to the flight, the front and rear people had to complete a full set of pilot training, which made the backseat machine gun become a decorative item with a very low price–performance ratio. Tilly very bluntly suggested in her letter that it was more like a design error. If they eliminated the rear cockpit, not only would the number of Aerial Knight instantly double, but the weight saved could also be applied elsewhere.

Like more oil fuel.

Like a miniature bomb.

In short, even if there was no way to immediately produce an improved 'Fire of Heaven', at least the backseat should be sealed with skins.

After Roland closed the letter, he involuntarily revealed a bitter smile. He could imagine the appearance of Tilly complaining logically and plausibly. Although he was a little exasperated towards the huge amount of criticism being thrown at his design, Tilly's summary from actual combat summary was more worthy of being given priority in comparison to the reference materials in the Dream World.

Just as he was about to pull out the old 'Fire of Heaven' blueprints for revision, the phone with the Administrative Office label rang.

Roland picked up the receiver and very quickly heard the excited voice of Barov.

"Your Majesty, your iron tower project is done."

#### **Chapter 1347: Producing the Silent Message**

"Really?" Roland's mood instantly turned for the better. Barov's manner of speech clearly hinted that the installation of the facility was not that simple. "You heard the signal as well?"

This so-called 'Iron Towers Project' was the first step in Roland's wireless communication plan—to satisfy the requirements of having large antennas for the transmission of long-wavelength radio waves, the Ministry of Construction erected transmission towers nearly fifty meters tall between North Slope Mountain and Silver City. The majority of the transmission towers were simply long poles with thickness as wide as a grown man, and therefore looked like thin needles from afar. In addition of hydrogen-filled aerial marker balls that allowed extension or contraction of the metal wires, the antennas extended up to 100 meters.

The towers were not considered difficult to construct and the construction was of nothing noteworthy, but communications towers were considered systemic engineering. The crux of the project were the transceivers at the base of the towers. Under the course of debugging, multiple electromagnetic waves were unleashed. Fortunately, in the world where there were no interference, everything transmitted out was received clearly.

"Yes, Your Majesty," Barov replied enthusiastically. "It was as you have predicted, the system spontaneously produces some kind of magical response. It is just that... I'm unclear if Silver City was responsible for it."

"I believe that the answer to it will come very soon," Roland muttered to himself. "Inform the Head of the Administrative Office that we'll be leaving together, I don't think they would want to miss the chance of witnessing history being made."

...

After going through several years of development, North Slope Mountain was no longer the mining site of its past with a few narrow passageways. Wide cemented paths and railroad tracks were built on the slopes and passengers aboard trains could reach the peak in a matter of minutes.

Not far from the iron tower were a row of plain and simple single-story houses built up with red bricks, where icicles dangled from the corner of the low roofs. The grandeur of it was far from comparable to the new factories at the southern banks of the Redwater River. In terms of appearance, no one would ever link it to ‘a new era.’

Inside the house, Anna instructed members of the Society of Wondrous Crafts as they underwent the last round of preparations. Upon seeing Roland, she surreptitiously gestured, stating ‘everything is going smoothly’ to him before continuing to immerse herself in her work.

Roland could not help but smile.

When the initial plans for electromagnetic waves were set in place, it incited a heated discussion in the Administrative Office. The majority of the people were well aware of the impact the project would usher into the human world—if information and news could be transmitted in real time, control over Neverwinter and their combat strength would see great improvements.

The telephone lines, aviation couriers and Sigil of Listening were evidence—under the combined usage of the three, the old noble factions of Graycastle never found the opportunity to regroup and make a comeback. Many of the officials previously believed that regaining their centralized state of power was a long and repeated process, but after being overthrown by the First Army, they never had the chance to stir up any waves. This was due to the fact that when pitted against highly effective information transmissions, the nobles would encounter the Second Army upon any signs of development, so much so that the police would step in and prevent them from having the space to develop.

But the telephone lines were wired after all. The latter two means of communication were related to magic power which the officials were barely able to comprehend. But the Iron Towers Project did not have any connecting lines and was theoretically even stronger than anything magic power could replicate. This was even more inconceivable. Although the textbooks in primary education introduced the basics of electromagnetic waves, the theory was intangible. With regards to something they could not see or touch, many were skeptical. In a sense, it was even more difficult to imagine compared to biplanes.

Of course, the debate did not affect actual progress. After all, too many oddities had appeared in Neverwinter under Roland’s rule. Even if he were to suddenly announce that he had plans to ascend the Bloody Moon, the Administrative Office would still make an all-out effort for him.

But wireless communications was not Roland’s specialization and he was not as certain in it as compared to his development in machines. The transmission equipment was a product built completely from the prototype of the Design Bureau of Graycastle and no one knew if it truly worked. When he saw Anna’s gesture, he was no longer worried about losing in face of his subjects.

“Then, let’s begin.”

Roland held Anna’s hand and guided her to the transmitter.

“Erm... Roland?”

“This is the fruit of the Ministry of Engineering’s efforts and it is only natural that you are the first one to test it.” He winked at Anna multiple times and replied. Despite being involved in the debugging process and having confirmed the feasibility of the project, only the official test would be recorded down in the annals.

“There is still the position of the receiver, which one of you wants to be the first to experience it?”

Barov and the others looked at each other and raised their hands simultaneously. “Your Majesty, let me have a go at it!”

After a round of debate, the old director relied on his experienced seniority and successfully came out on top. He became the one of the two participants involved in the “first” long-distance communications test.

In theory, the transmission of the telegraph could be completed with just one person, but the separation of sending and receiving to two individuals was more convenient for verification purposes. To people that had never come across wireless communications, the key point was on convincing them, could the other party over 100 kilometers away truly receive the message sent from here? The simplest method was to allow the unsuspecting receiver to relay the information known only to the sender.

After simply explaining the test method once, Roland got the chief guard to cover Barov’s eyes. Anna drew three horizontal lines and two dots on a small blackboard – the horizontal line represented a long tone while the dot represented a short tone.

Anna pressed on the switch and sent the message after everyone verified the information on the blackboard.

‘Three long tones, two short tones.’

The moment the electric circuit connected, blue sparks blossomed in the center.

As the switch was not connected to any buzzers, aside from the blue light, the room was completely silent.

Everyone subconsciously held their breaths. The light released was so faint that even those outside had difficulty witnessing it, much less Silver City which was a few hundred kilometers away.

Even Roland could not help but have goosebumps all over his body.

In that instant, he felt as though something had swept through his body.

Without a doubt, it was a misconception. Under low power amplification, electromagnetic waves were unable to affect the human body. But in his mind, he mapped out the scene vividly. The electric spark looked like a flash that died instantly, but the electric current sent out was oscillating between the inductor and capacitor. The oscillations per second capable of reaching up to millions of times caused the rapidly fluctuating electric field to spread out from the antenna and ground wire all directions.

In the silent world, it was the first silent message produced by man—no one could hear the sound, but it was louder and clearer than any other sound made.

Even after a few hundred kilometers, the transmission did not disappear and was recorded by the antenna in Silver City.

Two receivers welcomed the transmission.

After capturing the electromagnetic waves, the metal powder inside the glass tube of the ancient coherer coagulated which lowered the electrical resistance inside the circuit, allowing the originally dead light bulb to release a warm yellow light. Its largest use was to inform the receiver that there was a message reverberating in the sky.

The other machine was the galena detector. The galena detector did not require any external power source and was constantly on the receiving end. A piece of copper ore and a conducting wire formed a natural semiconductor that produces a weak electric current due to the radiation within, allowing the receiver to hear the sound produced with a telephone receiver.

When no frequencies are received, the galena detector emits a vague buzz instead of clear ticks, but maintained opened to receive transmitted frequencies accurately.

The next step was simply reversing the process.

Distance was no longer a problem, the frequency was as fast as light. In other words, it was light itself.

Anna repeated the message three times before putting the switch down.

According to the arrangement, if Silver City received the transmission, it would dispatch the exact same message. If it was done via the conventional letter, the time taken for the message to be sent back and forth was roughly five to seven days. By aerial courier, it required at least a day.

But right after Anna placed the switch down, a light appeared on the receiver.

The entire process took only a few seconds!

The crowd could not help but stir.

Oblivious to everything, the blindfolded Barov listened attentively before slowly jotting down the message he received.

When he took off the blindfolds and headset, he no longer needed to inquire about the results—the shock in everyone’s shocked eyes was a self-evident answer.

On the paper were three horizontal lines and two dots!

### **Chapter 1348: Coma**

“Your Majesty, can I give it a try?” Kyle Sichi asked impatiently.

“Of course,” Roland smiled and nodded, “You can be the one sending the message this time.”

The Chief Alchemist pondered for a moment, then picked up a chalk and wrote down a string of characters of varying lengths which went up to more than 20 odd patterns. If the three horizontal lines and two dots were a coincidence, this long message basically eliminated the factor of luck

Barov remained as the receiver.

It was clear that he did not wish for the rare experience to end—without even waiting for Roland’s order, he rushed to blindfold himself.

Electric arcs jumped within the circuit once again.

This time, the old director took a longer time as he listened attentively.

When his answer emerged on the piece of paper in front of everybody, they erupted into an enthusiastic round of applause!

There were two mistakes in the long line of 20 over characters, but there were no mistake in the numbers and was identical to Kyle’s message!

It was impossible for this coincidence to be attributed to luck.

This meant that in those few seconds, information had been communicated between Neverwinter and Silver City—which explained why the old director knew the message Kyle sent.

“Your Majesty, what is the furthest distance the Iron Tower can send?” Barov asked excitedly.

“Theoretically, so long as you increase the output, even a few thousand kilometers wouldn’t be a problem.

“You mean it can cover the entire territory of the Four Kingdoms?”

Hearing that, everyone could not help but engage in whispers.

“It isn’t limited to that, it can even cover the entire Fertile Plains.”

“For Graycastle to know of anything that occurs in Neverwinter in a second, this notion is truly inconceivable!”

“Indeed, if it weren’t for the opportunity to witness this miracle, I will never dare believe that this is something achievable by Man...”

Barov was already pondering over questions at a deeper level.

“Your Majesty, if we are able to assign specific meanings to these codes, maybe we are able to achieve more complicated content, for example giving out instructions or a government decree...”

Upon witnessing the new invention, he immediately reflected on its utilization, it had to be said that Barov’s knowledge and ideas were more advanced and extensive compared to his peers. Even at his old age, he was capable of keeping up with the rapidly rising Kingdom. Roland gave him a commending smile, “You are in the right direction, but my plan is to advance further from your idea.”

“Are you saying that...”

“We will not be assigning symbols with specific connotations, but to effectively assign our current written language with corresponding symbols. This way, even if we can’t hear human voice, we can still engage in real-time conversations.”

After considering Roland's words, Barov's eyes lit up.

Obviously, he realized the enormous significance in the "new language".

As the world's language adopted a completely different phonetic system, it was impossible for Roland to completely copy the telegraphic codes from his world. However, the principle stayed the same, and they simply needed to spare some effort in formulating suitable code tables. With the code tables, any textual information could be transformed into its corresponding code and broadcast at the speed of light over the continent.

Roland already had plans as to the person responsible for creating the telegraph messages.

As the person responsible for recording information from both worlds, no one was more suitable than Scroll.

"Your Majesty..." Sirius Daly raised his hands eagerly, "Can I try this tele... graph machine?"

"Of course." Roland looked at the crowd. "If anyone else is interested, feel free to experience it yourself."

The higher-ups of Neverwinter immediately burst into a commotion. All of them lunged forward and the table with the equipment was soon surrounded.

Upon taking in this scene, Anna walked over to Roland and shook her head in amusement.

Roland naturally understood the meaning behind her smile. The spark-gap transmitter and galena receiver were merely the lowest tier of technology in the technological tree for wireless communications. The former was capable of sending messages over radio frequencies, while the latter could receive all sorts of information. The two appeared like a match made in heaven, but could only send and receive a set of information at any one point in time in the same region. In fact, after the spark-gap transmitter was superseded with the more advanced vacuum tube wireless equipment, its few unique features caused quite a momentary stir due to disruption in radio reception. As such, its effects could only be considered average.

Furthermore, the system required a large number of counterpoise wires and transmission power; therefore the space it occupied and weight were difficult to reduce. The system was destined to only be set up in a small number of important cities.

By the time the vacuum tube prototypes were ready, they would be capable of directly disseminating voice messages without disrupting broadcast and transmission-receiving. That will be when wireless communications truly reached its peak.

Who knew what kind of surprised expressions they would reveal when the time came.

He knew that Anna was anticipating that.

It had to be said that the two of them were extremely similar based on this point.

While everyone were testing and "conversing" with Silver City in zest, Roland suddenly felt an intense dizzy spell affecting his mind.



It came so abruptly that everything inside the room became double in his eyes. He subconsciously closed his eyes in an attempt to suppress the spreading of the dizzy spell, but his body seemed to have lost its center of mass.

Anna was the first to sense the change in him. She extended her hand out and grabbed his arm. "Roland, are you alright?"

*I'm fine...* Roland wanted to give that reply, but a violent fit of coughing came out when he opened his mouth. He closed his mouth and swallowed the pungent yet sweet taste in his throat.

*Hell, what is going on?*

His eyelids closed quickly, as though their weighed a hundredweight. His palms were covered with bright red specks which stood out as highly disparate from his surroundings. Despite trying his best to remain clear-headed, his consciousness was quickly slipping away from him. Anna seemed to be crying out something, but aside from the hubbub of noises, he could not hear anything.

He lost control over his body and fell backwards. The last scene that entered his vision was Nightingale's silhouette and the Mist that quickly extended outwards.

...

When Roland opened his eyes, he realized that he was back in his bedroom.

"His Majesty is awake!"

Even before he got up, Scroll who was by his side had already alerted the others.

A series of rushed footsteps followed and, in a blink of an eye, Anna appeared by the bed. Clearly, she had been in the room all this time and had not gone far from him.

"How do you feel?" She leaned over and placed her hand over his forehead and asked gently, "Do you feel uncomfortable anywhere?"

"Hmm..." Roland focused on taking in everything for a moment. "No. I feel extremely light, as though I have just taken a long nap. My mind feels much better than usual."

Seeing the two doubtful gazes fixated on him, he spread out his hands helplessly. "It's true, except..."

"Except what?" Anna and Scroll questioned him in unison.

"Except that I'm slightly hungry..." Roland rubbed his tummy. "How long have I been asleep for?"

Anna's expression finally relaxed. "About six hours. It is the shortest coma you've had. I'll inform the kitchen to prepare something. But... are you truly alright?"

"I couldn't feel better." Roland shrugged his shoulders. "Right, where's Nightingale, she can immediately determine if I am speaking the truth or consoling you."

Just as he finished his sentence, Nightingale appeared from shadows. She did not approach the bed, nor did she reply immediately. She remained silent for a long while before nodding her head, "... His Majesty is speaking the truth."

“See?” Roland smiled. Indeed, he did not feel out of sorts, and what he said was the truth, but Nightingale’s reply was much slower compared to ordinary days. Although he felt something off about it, he did not probe further. “As to why I fainted, maybe it’s simply because I didn’t have sufficient rest?”

### **Chapter 1349: Time**

His explanation was somewhat forced, but Anna and Scroll were unable to find more problems in such a short amount of time.

After waking up, be it his body temperature, breathing, or pulse, everything was extremely normal, to the point that even Roland himself could not make sense of it. The dizzy spell came without warning and seemed to suddenly sever a part of his consciousness. He had no recollection of moving from North Slope Mountain back to the castle.

While being examined, he took the opportunity to learn about what happened after he fainted from Scroll.

A few of them heard Anna’s cry but never witnessed the scene of Roland falling. The moment Roland lost consciousness, Nightingale had pulled him into the Mist with her. Anna explained that her cry was due to her slipping and barely managed to conceal the situation and got through the event without mishap.

As to where His Majesty had gone, everyone was actually unaware of it. After all, everyone knew of Nightingale’s strength and it was close to impossible to hurt Roland when he was in her hands. Therefore, with her guarding him, Roland did not require personal guards. Additionally, The King of Graycastle did not need to report his movements to them, and it was perfectly normal for him to leave after having a successful trial of the wireless communications.

This was the reason why only Anna, Scroll, and Nightingale were the only people around him after the incident. Even the other members of the Witch Union were unaware of what had happened.

At this point, Roland finally felt relieved.

It had to be said that Nightingale made the best choice at that crucial moment. All of Graycastle matters were related to him and they had to withstand the powerful enemies at the borders. Everyone had to maintain their high morale together and focus on the war. If news of him falling spread, it would definitely lead to instability. Even if it was just a short coma, people would speculate on the condition of his body.

The best way to handle the situation was to act as if nothing happened.

“It was all thanks to you.” Roland smiled at Nightingale.

Unexpectedly, the latter did not use the opportunity to request for a few bottles of Chaos Drinks like she usually did. She lowered her head and replied, “No, it’s nothing... as long as you’re fine.”

After he finished the food delivered from the kitchen, it was just past eight in the evening.

Roland's initial plan of returning to his office to redesign the 'Fire of Heaven' was put to a halt by Anna, who insisted that a sick person had to rest well and forced him to return to bed. Helpless, he obediently listened to her and even canceled the planned trip to the Dream World. After all, the sudden coma made him a little worried. Due to the prior incident which was caused largely due to overwork, Roland figured that resting was not a bad thing.

After wishing him a good rest, the three walked out of the room.

Once the door was closed, the room was instantly shrouded by darkness, leaving only the faint city lights outside the window, barely lighting up a small piece of glass through the cracks of the window curtains.

After fifteen minutes, Roland heard rustling sounds.

Inside the quiet room where no wind was present, the velvet curtains swayed gently.

Roland tilted his head and looked over. A shadow had appeared by the window and blocked the only source of light. From his position, the light shone and drew a thin silver outline on the silhouette.

Such a sight gave him a baffling sense of reminiscence.

Roland sat up and spoke unsurprised, "Can you now tell me what exactly happened?"

The shadow walked to the window and revealed a head of beautiful curled hair.

It was Nightingale.

"You knew that I would come back?" She was startled.

"You're never like this." Roland smiled and shook his head. He retrieved a glowing magic stone from under his pillow and inserted it into a light groove. A gentle and warm light instantly lit up the entire room. "Your expression just now literally had your emotions written all over your face."

"Then, Anna, she...." Nightingale subconsciously covered her face.

"I'm guessing that she noticed it as well? That was why she left me in the bedroom." Roland released a sigh. "But since she did not take the initiative to ask, it means she has agreed tacitly to your judgment—if you find that it is inappropriate for others to know about it, she wouldn't get to the heart of the matter."

This was undoubtedly a form of trust.

A complicated expression appeared in Nightingale's eyes.

"To be honest, I'm curious as well," Roland continued, "I feel comfortable all over and I don't feel anything out of sorts. Those won't fabricated lies to console all of you, and I truly feel this way. You can clearly see that, but why are you still so worried? What's on your mind?"

Nightingale looked down, "The ones who knew you fainted, isn't restricted to just the three of us."

"Not just the three of you?"

"Nana isn't in Neverwinter, and Lily can't heal this problem, and no one was able to make a judgment on your situation at that time." Nightingale spoke slowly, "In a moment of desperation, I thought of

someone... although she is helpless regarding the specifics of your illness, she was still able to provide a holistic answer. Hence, I concealed her from Anna and brought her into the room.”

“You’re talking about...”

“Momo.”

Roland’s heart jumped. Momo was indeed an excellent choice. Revealing his life expectancy itself would indicate many issues. It went without saying that Nightingale had matured greatly, being able to think so clearly despite a chaotic situation and finding the appropriate ways to handle the situation. But thinking about how she had a load on her mind, he faintly sensed that the conclusion was not good.

“What did Momo see?”

“.....14.” Nightingale looked at him for a long while before whispering, “The number changed from 17 to 14.”

“It decreased... by three years?” Roland could not help but frown. It was outrageous. If his condition had worsened due to an illness, there would have been warnings. But he was truly brimming with energy and did not have any signs of pain.

Nightingale seemed to see through his thoughts. “It isn’t an illness, or fatigue... I went through the criminals in the mining area, but none of the samples tallied to your issue. To have three years cut short in just a few months isn’t normal; otherwise, in the past four to five years, your time would have already decreased by 30 to 40 years. This is most probably due to something recent.”

Her explanation sounded extremely plausible. Roland stroked his chin. “But I haven’t encountered anything special during this time...”

“No, there is one.” Nightingale leaned over, “Maybe you didn’t notice it yourself, but I’m most aware of it. In the past few months, the number of times that you have entered the Dream World increased by several times as compared to before. Aside from this, I can’t think of any other reason!” She extended her hand and grabbed Roland’s, her tone fluctuating. “Promise me, stop going into the Dream World, alright!?”

Enlightened, Roland could not help feeling shocked. That’s right, the greatest variable in the past few months has been the Dream World—the crux was not about the frequency of entry, but the absorption of the Force of Nature cores. According to Lan, the magic power of the Dream World would constantly expand until it invaded God’s Territory. He did not know what the end result would look like, but could clearly feel that the world was going through some sort of self-enriching process.

And being closely related to the creator, it was justifiable when the pressure on him increased substantially.

Upon thinking about it, when Lan solemnly mentioned “we don’t have much time,” perhaps it was not about the Divine Will, but implying about Roland’s own situation.

## **Chapter 1350: A Newcomer**

“Maybe you’re right.” Roland spoke after a long silence, “But we’re already at a stage where the Dream World is directly influencing Neverwinter’s rapid growth, I can’t... and shouldn’t close off this channel.”

Especially with Scroll evolving into a Transcendent, the Dream world’s significance became unprecedentedly important—every trip Scroll made would bring about immeasurable knowledge to humanity. What’s more, there was Zero, Garcia, Defender Rock... It was impossible for Roland to treat them as figments of his own imaginations. Even without Lan, Roland was unwilling to give up on the Dream World.

Nightingale clenched her fists tightly. “What about me?”

Roland was startled. “What...”

“What about me!” Nightingale’s volume increased a notch with a trace of quivering, “If your time continues dropping, you’ll only have a few years before you—” Nightingale bit her lip and struggled with the latter half of her sentence. “Anna and I agreed on it before; I am also willing to abide by it, but if that day ever comes, I—what do I do?”

Roland raised his hand and gently stroked her pale white lip. “That is why I have to enter the Dream World to end all of this. You know, the numbers isn’t all about increasing or decreasing, it represents a trend, or an outcome. If we can uncover the Origin of Magic’s essence, we can most probably eliminate all of the negative influences from the Realm of Mind. On the contrary, if we were to avoid it, who knows if it might become even more severe. If we wait until then to think of something, it’ll be too late.”

If Lan’s warning turned out to be true, the Oracle’s patience would be at its limits, and could simply decide to destroy everything at any time. The Fallen Evils and the Oracle’s more frequent appearance seemed to have proved this point.

He had to take the risk.

“But...”

“I promise not to let such a thing happen.” Roland spoke earnestly.

Nightingale stared at him for a long time. “No matter what?”

“No matter what.” He nodded his head.

She no longer said anything as her body gradually faded away until she completely disappeared into the Mist. Roland kept the magic stone into the drawer and allowed the darkness to occupy every corner of the room. The glimmer from the window regained its luster, and it felt like nothing ever happened.

But he knew that it was not a hallucination.

The warm touch on his left hand never faded away—until he fell asleep.

...

“Didi, you have an unopened text message.”

“Didi, you have an unopened text message.”

“Who is it? To be sending so many text messages?” Fei Yuhan packed the last bit of her luggage. “Could it be from the Association?”

“You can say that...” Valkries opened up the text message bitterly, clenched her teeth, and closed it again. If not for the meticulous control over her strength, the toy in her hand would have shattered into pieces.

“Not bad.”

“What do you mean, not bad?”

“That person has foresight.” Fei Yuhan smiled and put on a pair of down gloves. “Didn’t you notice that in the entire Martial Artist Duel, the number of times he had his sight on you was only second to mine? But the majority of people only dared to look; to summon the courage and take the initiative to send you a text message, that deserves praise. If there’s time, why not introduce us.”

“It isn’t what you think it is,” Valkries replied with a hint of anger. After recovering from her wounds and being discharged, her relation with Fei Yuhan allowed them to stay in the same house because of the division of groups. Their bedrooms were connected to a large living room, and any movements could be heard by the other clearly.

Valkries did not have any objections with this and was even glad for it. After all, she was in an unfamiliar world and the more people she interacted with increased the chance of her revealing her identity. Fei Yuhan had helped her plenty ever since visiting her in the hospital, and thus, the anger was not directed to her.

It was to the person who sent the text message.

Without a doubt, the small box in her hand, hailed as the cellphone, was a magical treasure. Through it, one could gain access to all sorts of information, and was a true encyclopedia as compared to hard printed books. After being taught by Fei Yuhan on how to use the “communication device,” she was unable to put down the cellphone.

But it had its shortcomings, such as how exceptionally annoying the object would become if others learned of the phone number. What made it worse was that she could not simply block the other person.

“In any case, you don’t have to care about this.” Valkries rubbed her forehead lightly. Having lost her third eye magic stone made her feel as though something was missing. “Are you heading out now?”

“Yes, the Association has recently recruited someone new, Mr. Defender wants me to meet her.”

“A newcomer?” Valkries frowned. Naturally, she knew of Fei Yuhan’s unique position in the Martialist Association and was aware that Fei Yuhan had no need to receive newcomers.

“That’s right, but I will be her master from now on.” The other party laughed, then waved her hands and walked out of the main doors.

Master...

Valkries pondered for a moment as the Transformer appeared in her mind.

Her emotional state lasted for a second before being cut short by the buzzing of the cellphone.

“Didi, you have an unopened text message.”

“Didi, you have an unopened text message.”

This guy!

She clenched her fists and took a long time to restrain herself before opening the box.

[Sender: Roland. Your infiltration squad suffered attacks from my army in the Kingdom of Wolfheart and its frontline was utterly defeated. Your casualty numbers are approaching a hundred thousand. You’ve lost a few giant skeletons capable of manufacturing the Red Mist, and there has been no signs of the Sky Lord. Could it be that he was frightened away by my cannons? Also, where is the Senior Lord? If they continue to hide away, your vanguard unit will have to be buried in Wolfheart.]

[Sender: Roland. We discovered the obelisk at the ridge of the continent in Blackstone and attacking it is something that will happen sooner or later. What do you think will happen if we were to drop a bomb into that large pit? Although it is a little far off, we have already developed flying machines capable of navigating long distances. If we can’t end the Battle of Divine Will early, the same thing will repeat, until Blackstone Region becomes a volcano incapable of being extinguished. I hope you can understand this point.]

[Sender: Roland. On a side note, after being in the Dream World for so long, you should understand how advanced and powerful human weapons can be? And there is still the peak of the mountain—The Glory of the Sun. We have recently carried out a theoretical experiment and it is just a step away from the finished product. How long more do you want to consider?]

Valkries would obtain a few of such messages everyday, either about the war or the latest results of Humanity’s research. Initially, Valkries was able to maintain silence, neither accepting or returning any messages. But after staring at the phone this time, she slowly keyed in a reply.

[Where are you? Let’s meet.]

...

[Where are you? Let’s meet.]

The same message appeared on Fei Yuhan’s phone.

Not bad, seems like new information about the other world is about to appear. She closed her screen delightfully and knocked on the doors of Mr. Defender’s office.

“Come in.” A calm and steady voice sounded from the inside.

“Yes sir.”

Once the doors were pushed open, she immediately noticed a slightly anxious young lady seated at the small side table. The other party had long white hair, an average stature and did not have much fluctuations from the Force of Nature. With regards to her foundation of being an Awakened, it could be said that she was not outstanding.

But that was not the point.

It was a quick and simple glance as Fei Yuhan quickly recovered her calm and quiet demeanour. She turned towards Mr. Defender and greeted him, “Your Excellency.”

“Okay, you should know why you’re here today.” Rock drank a mouth of tea at a leisurely pace, “Now that she is here, I have to ask, what is your reason for taking her as a disciple? After all, it is your first time taking the initiative to request something from the Association.”

“Most probably... because I wish to have something to do?” Fei Yuhan replied indifferently.

Rock was stunned for a moment. Soon after, he clasped his hands together and broke out into a laugh, “Hahaha... it is truly your style. But regardless of anything, it is good deed, especially with Prism City’s anxious need to replenish its strength.” He looked at the young lady by the side. “Let me introduce the two of you. This is Fei Yuhan, recognized by the Association as a talented martial artist. Although she looks unapproachable, she is an extremely responsible person. She will be your master, and will aid you greatly from here on out.”

“This lady here, is the new Awakened that is residing at Roland’s home—”

“Zero.” Fei Yuhan extended her hand out to the girl and smiled. “Welcome to the Martialist Association.”