

## Witch 251

### Chapter 251 Flying again

On the second day after Maggie's departure, Roland, with the witches assistance, began assembling and installing a new generation of hot air balloons out in the courtyard.

As a result of the expansion of the back garden and the witch dormitory, Leaves had already moved her plants to the front courtyard. With all of the vines covering the walls and the wooden frames along the corridors, it gave quite a prehistoric forest-type of feeling. And as a because of this, it naturally also offered an excellent shield against the sun, allowing the sunshine to only fall through the small gaps in the dense leaf canopy above, only leaving scattered light spots behind on the ground.

Roland gave the witches a stack of white paper, and let them spread it out into a large painting paper, which he then asked Soraya to draw the lightest of sky-blue coating on top of. Compared to the the first hot air balloon, which used a combination of bovine intestinal membrane and canvas, the new generation which purely relied on the coating method was much lighter. Furthermore, it also offered excellent toughness and had no suture lines, so that they didn't need to fear that it would break apart in the mid-air.

"I've heard from Lightning, that there will may be some witches coming over from the Fjords?" Wendy asked in curiosity.

"That might be so, if everything goes well," Roland once more explained about the content of his reply to the 5th Princess, "But to know the actual situation we still have to wait for Tilly Wimbledon's answer."

"It seems that Ashes has succeeded," Wendy mused, "They were actually able to gather so many witches on Sleeping Island."

"Yeah, I'm afraid that Tilly had already started to plan the migration more than one or two years ago," Roland said and spread out his hands. "She had already sent people to secretly contact the witches long ago and not just within Graycastle, but also from all of the other three kingdoms. Your Witch Cooperation Association should also have received an invitation. I guess that's also the reason why even after we spread the rumor of a safe haven for such a long time, no witches have come knocking at our door – we were just a step slower than Tilly."

"Cara has never mentioned this to us," Wendy rubbed her shoulders.

"If she had told you about Tilly's invitation, you might have never wanted to keep on looking for the Holy Mountain, isn't that right?"

"That's is indeed possible, but only by doing it this way, were we able to meet in Border Town," she shook her head while smiling, "Therefore, that she didn't mention it... wasn't bad."

"I also think that it was pretty good," Lightning raised her hand.

"Tsk, we can't say for sure that going to the Fjords wouldn't have been better," Lily curled her lips, "After all, there are only witches there, so they don't need to pay special attention when step out of the house, like here in Border Town."

"It has already become much better than before," Anna said earnestly, "In the past I didn't even dare to go out at all."

"Yes, some people are simply like this. Last time, Ashes clearly wanted to flatly reject our invitation, but she still put on an act." Mystery Moon then mumbled to herself, "Also saying that she wasn't a traitor!"

"You..." Lily opened her eyes wide, "Fool!"

"Traitor!"

The other witches couldn't help themselves from laughing.

"I also think the same," Roland's heart was suddenly filled with a sense of accomplishment. Even though the 5th Prince was smarter and more quick-witted than he was, and he might also not be as powerful or resolute as Timothy and Garcia were, he could at least provide these witches with a free-spirited and comfortable living environment, and at the same time give his people a better life.

"This hot air balloon... I fear it might become several times larger than the previous one," Nightingale interrupted while looking at the size Soraya had already managed to coat. "Are you intending to use it to transport the witches?"

Roland nodded, "The only way to avoid the usage of any harbor city, is by directly traveling across to the sea to the south of Border Town. Moreover, apart from greeting and sending off our new visitors, it can also be considered as a new attempt at flight."

After the coating had been applied on both sides, it became a double-layered material, with a width and length of nearly six meters. If it had been made out of plain canvas or linen, it would be difficult to single-handedly drag it over, but since it was only made out of the light coating, its weight managed to only equal the weight of a stack of papers. By combining more than a dozen of pieces like these together, and by protecting the seams with an additional protective layer, it became a staggeringly giant airbag.

Roland also wanted to test the soldering capability of Soraya's coating. The "thick tree bark" painting she had drawn on the table when she had used her new ability for the first time still remained fresh within his mind. They had both been so firmly bonded together, that when they tried to grab the tree bark and pull it upwards, the whole square table had also been lifted up.

So in the end what he really wanted to find out was whether it was possible for the coating to glue the pieces of paper together into an inseparable whole. And if it could do that, if it would then be able to hold up the massive airbag maintaining its shape and also maintain its airtight properties.

At present, instead of imitating a hydrogen balloon which could be controlled by anyone, he still needed to rely on Anna to inflate the hot air balloon. But since he already had a DC motor, and could also produce hydrogen by electrolyzing water, the time until the arrival of the historically famous airship, "Zeppelin", wouldn't be too far into the future. As long as he found a suitable light material to make the skeleton with, creating this kind of huge monster which could fly at a height of two to three thousand meters and had almost no natural enemies would have a lot less technical difficulties than other aircrafts did.

Although the hit rate at which bombs were thrown from a high altitude was very low, they still weren't something that the enemy would be able to withstand. Leaving them with no other choice than to take a beating, with not even the slightest possibility of hitting back – so, as long as they circled over the enemy's territory each day, Roland thought that there would not be any opponent who would not collapse under the Zeppelin's might.

Imagining the picture of their future battle against the Holy City of the Church, he saw four or five of these aircrafts hovering side-by-side in the air, dropping bombs on them like rain, heavy gunship bombardments coming from the river channels towards the enemy city's gate and stronghold, and added to this were all of the infantry, armed with firearms, fighting from the rear. Having the three armed services, the Army, Navy, and Air Force fight together as one, even just imagining this already made him become somewhat excited.

"Your Highness, what are you laughing so foolishly for?" Anna sighed and reached out with her hand to cover the corner of her mouth which she was unable to keep from jerking into a smile.

"I presume he is being delusional, thinking about the new witches," Lily rolled her eyes, "Men..."

After the lower part of the airbag was connected using hemp ropes, towards a large vine gondola, the founding of the new generation of Hot Air Balloon was successfully completed. Compared with the first generation, its volume was close to four times as large, and the number of people it could accommodate had also expanded to more than ten. Furthermore, the basket also came with an awning which would shield the passengers from the sunlight. Of course, to provide Anna with a place to add heat to the balloon they had also left a hole within the awning.

Roland named the balloon as 'Cloud Gazer', and after completing the heavy load test at an open space in the courtyard, it was finally time for the first navigation test on the following day. Beside Anna, the other members of the test flight's crew were Wendy, and five other witches, as well as the Prince himself.

The whole process of navigating within the air went smoothly, the witches floating in the air could constantly chatter, and sighing as they looked out at the spectacular scenery from a bird's eye point-of-view – compared with last time's observation from a fixed point, this time they were always moving, becoming a sightseeing tour which evoked even more interest in them. With the help of Wendy's constantly provided wind Cloud Gazer advanced toward the South, arrived at the mountain ridge at noon, and after crossing over the flag inserted at the hilltop, it ultimately came to hover above the shoreline.

After flying in a circle along the coastline, the entire group of people on board of Cloud Gazer returned to the castle. During the flight, Roland noticed that Wendy, who was responsible for controlling the direction of the flight would occasionally beat her shoulders, and also appeared to be very exhausted.

He had heard that woman with big chests easily suffered under shoulder pains and that it could be solved with the use of a certain close-fitting type of underwear. Although he didn't know if this was true or not, giving it a try couldn't be wrong. Moreover, along with becoming older, Anna's body was also gradually developing, so Roland decided to make a small gift for the adult witches.

Chapter 252 New round of purchases

As the Lord of the Western Region, Roland naturally didn't need to do the job by himself, he merely had to draw a rough outline on a piece of paper, and could then recruit a tailor and make clear what he wanted to create.

Although he had never come in contact with a bra with his own hands, with all the different advertisements, television programs, and movies he had actually already seen plenty of them before, so he could still design some of them in accordance with their different styles. In the end, he chose to create the most frequently seen shoulder strap type, which fastened at the back. To make it, he decided to use three copper hooks, which allowed for the wearer to choose a level of relaxation that was within a fixed range.

Since this kind of close-fitting clothing needed to satisfactorily bind the chest, Roland decided to call for the maids in the castle to be measured by the tailor. Because of the tailor's wealth of experience, from so many years of cutting out and tailoring clothes, she was immediately able to understand the function of a bra after hearing the Prince's explanation. In the end, together with the actual measurement results, the bra's sizes had been divided into several grades, and each grade could be adjusted to a certain extent.

In fact, within this era, the prototype for the bra had long since made its appearance – it was the skin-tight corset. However, the corset wasn't developed in order to let woman feel more comfortable, rather it was used to tighten up their waistline as much as possible, while at the same time also pushing up the bosom, so that the body would form into an hourglass-like figure. Those gorgeous aristocratic dresses had all been tailored in accordance with the form of a small waist, so without the aid of a skintight corset, Roland was afraid that those dresses with their extremely thin waist would be very difficult for the average woman to wear. Furthermore, when the waist was constricted too much, it would also make for a very uncomfortable experience, and in serious cases could even affect the blood circulation which in turn could lead to fainting.

While the bra, in addition to supporting the chest, also fixed the bosom and lessen its shaking, making it even more comfortable for the woman to wear it daily.

Just two days later, the old tailor had already cut out twenty bras. For the material, Roland had provided her with silk and first-rate cotton; both were pleasing to the eye and breathable, and the workmanship was also exceptionally intricate.

But before Roland was even able to send the gift over to the witches, the caravan from King's City had once again arrived in Border Town.

Compared to the previous month, not only was the fleet too late, but its size was also far smaller than last time, even so much as to give a deserted feeling when they came to dock in Border Town's expanded pier.

"Your Highness, and so we meet again," Margaret said with a smile.

"Welcome, previous by helping me to transport the refugees I'd put you through a lot of trouble," Roland said and looking at the fleet on the river bank, "This times, it seems there are a lot fewer sailboats."

“That’s because... of some unexpected accidents,” she wiped the sweat from her forehead. “If you do not mind, could we go to the reception hall to talk about this, it is much too hot out here.”

“I also feel the same,” Hogg mumbled to himself. “I’m a man from Graycastle through and through, this awful weather is killing me. If it weren’t for the purpose of receiving the first steamer, I would not want to even leave the house right now.”

Roland nodded and the entire group of people all returned to the castle. Walking into the hall, the cold air from inside was the first thing to fill their lungs, and after he had taken a deep breath Hogg said in relief, “Thank God for the existence of such a wonderful thing... if I hadn’t seen its course of production with my own eyes, I wouldn’t have been able to believe that it had been made from manure. Oh, there is even ice water! Your Highness, may I –?”

“Of course,” Roland signaled that he should go ahead, and then went to sit at the Lord’s seat, to start his talk with the merchant woman, “With this done, what was the accident which led to this month’s sharp decline of saltpeter?”

In accordance with the contract, she had to provide Border Town with three ships of saltpeter each month, but this time, only one ship had been loaded with saltpeter.

“It is because of King’s City Alchemy Association, they have recently purchased all the available saltpeter. Furthermore, they only offer to buy at a low price, but since they have the support of Prime Minister Marquis Wyke, no one has the possibility of resisting. Therefore this isn’t really a simple business transaction. Instead, the merchants think that it would be bad if they did not sell.” Margaret said, “I guess that the order was given by Timothy himself, after all, he is practically blowing steam from his nose out of anger.

“Timothy?” Rowland asked puzzled, “Isn’t he still marching to the South?”

“That’s right,” she nodded. “It seems that Theo has already told you this news. I had heard when he had left King’s City he also brought many men and horses as well as fully loaded military supply wagons with him, their goal must probably be to go and find some trouble for Garcia in the South. Shortly after they had left King’s City, the Alchemy Association had also began to buy all of the saltpeter.”

On hearing of this matter, Roland was even more assured that sending Theo to King’s City was indeed a very fruitful. At the beginning, he had only received the message that Timothy was gathering the rats, so in order to guard against the other side’s sudden invasion, he had specifically asked Petrov to strengthen the defenses of Longsong Stronghold. But when Roland received the next secret letter sent by his personal guard, he could finally feel relieved – this time Timothy had headed straight to the South. Apparently, this recruiting hadn’t been meant to go against him.

Regarding the use of the rats, Roland and Theo had basically the same opinion. Which was, since their discipline was even worse than that of the commoners and serfs, they wouldn’t be suitable for use in direct combat. So, the only way to use this group of people would be the same as the last time. First make them become addicted to drugs, and then force them to attack and kill the enemy. It seems that his counterpart was depending on the tactic of repeatedly using armies of cannon fodder, which with taking into regard that he was ruling over 2/3 of Graycastle, was contrary to what one might expect to be a safe strategy.

But why did the Alchemy Association suddenly begin to acquiring a lot of saltpeter? Snow Powder was originally one of their products, but with its huge error rate, it could only be used for salutes during rituals. Could it be, that nowadays, after the appearance of the correct formula for gunpowder, they intended on immediately starting mass production, or were they trying to determine the optimal mix ratio through a large number lot of experiments?

Roland shook his head, trying to get rid of the doubt within his mind, he guessed that it wouldn't have too great of an impact. After all, the industrial production of three acids and two sodas would soon begin, which would allow allowing him to step onto the path of producing an even more advanced form of gunpowder.

"Then does it mean that you can also not guarantee next month saltpeter supply of three ships?"

"This... I don't know," also Margaret looked a bit embarrassed but she still bluntly said, "I already spent a lot of time and effort to bring this one ship into the Western Territory, I had to purchase it from Silver City. And now that we have to face the heat of summer, the demand for saltpeter is enormous, so I'm not sure of how much I can buy. However, if it is any other season, I can guarantee the supply of the three ships."

"I understand," Roland took a sip of ice water, "Then try to get as much as possible next month, there is no need for you to try to force it. I also still have some goods that I want to purchase from you."

"Oh?" Margaret sighed in relief, "What is it? Ore?"

"Washing stones used for washing laundry," he replied, "They are muddy white and look like a wafer or pillar, but when soaked in water they will give off a soapy feeling, those things aren't uncommon in the capital's inns."

"Sure enough, it's ore," said the merchant, smiling helplessly, "You have a big mine in your territory, yet all the goods you acquire are still minerals, that's really something that's hard for people to understand. Well, it's a really common thing, so the price shouldn't be too high, what are you planning to do with it?"

"Naturally it will be used to make it easier to wash clothes," Roland smiled.

Washing stones were something he had discovered in the memories of the former 4th Prince, its innate character was a naturally alkali, and its main component was sodium bicarbonate. It had a strong decontaminating effect, and when used together with plant ash and pancreas it was one of three outstanding cleaning tools used in the ancient times. In the absence of an ion exchange membrane, the efficiency of using the electrolysis of salt water to collect sodium hydroxide was extremely low. Furthermore, it wasn't possible to purchase edible salt at the price of a cabbage either. Because of this, he planned to buy natural soda and make caustic soda. And by the time he had a sufficient amount of caustic soda he could start the large-scale manufacturing of soap... as well as one of soap's by-products, glycerin."

Chapter 253 Hot air balloon trade

"Your Royal Highness, I would like to ask you, when we stepped through the door," after drinking all the iced water in the bucket, Hogg's appearance had finally recovered, "The painting drawn in the hall... I

am afraid that is something that is impossible for the average person to draw, isn't it? No matter whether it is the degree of lifelike or the view from high up in the air." He lowered his voice and asked, "Is this the work of a witch?"

Roland looked over at Margaret only to see the latter nodding, "Your Highness, please rest assured, Hogg is my old friend from many years, he is also not someone who is malicious towards witches."

"You guessed it, it really is a witch who made the painting." After the hot air balloon tour to the beach from two days ago, Roland had wanted to preserve the view of the beautiful scene he had seen, plus the former hall's decoration was actually simple and crude, without any paintings, so he had asked Soraya to turn the wall behind the Lord's seat into a grand mural. With the scenic wall at the back, the hall's style had instantly been upgraded by several grades.

"I knew it," Hogg sighed. "Although they are propagated as the devil's minions, those strange abilities they possess are indeed enviable. It is impossible for ordinary people to fly into the air and draw such an exquisite mural beyond compare afterward."

"Only the second half of your sentence is correct," Roland shook his head, "Ordinary people, even if they don't rely on magic, can also fly. They can even fly higher than an eagle and fly faster than the swift."

"You have a good sense of humor," Hogg laughed out loud, "Only if we have a pair of wings, and also become lighter than the birds."

Margaret however, sounded startled as she asked, "Really?"

"Of course," the Prince said confidently, "And I can prove it to you."

Letting the merchants receive the knowledge and experience about his various types of inventions, wouldn't only promote their relationship, it would also open up a new effective way for them to trade – it was the same for everything else, from the mugs to the liquor, whether he was able to sell it or not was another matter. Anyway, the caravan would be staying in town for several days, and after their regular trading, the negotiation would also be finalized. The rest of their time was typically filled with drinking and being merry making. Furthermore, Anna was also very interested in taking a trip in the hot air balloon, so by giving her a possibility to rest for a moment from her busy work, it could be seen as an action which fulfilled multiple purposes.

Soon, Cloud Gazer was once more inflated, and all the witches who couldn't ride with the balloon last time had gathered. Lucia even shyly asked if her younger sister could also go up and take a look, which Roland had immediately agreed to.

As the balloon that was carrying everyone began to slowly rising, Margaret covered her mouth in astonishment, while Hogg grabbed hold of the edge of the basket, not knowing whether he should be excited or scared. Since Bell's size was too small, it was impossible for her to see the scenery outside of the basket. Without any better option, Lucia had to hold her up and permitted for her to ride on her shoulders, while gingerly stepping close to the edge of the basket and repeatedly warning her to not fiddle around too much. As the navigator and the rescuer, Lightning continually circled around the hot air balloon, only stopping from time to time to pull a face at Bell.

After the hot air balloon circled along the southern coastline one more time, their airborne sightseeing trip had come to its end.

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Back at the castle, Hogg's legs were still trembling, stammering he said, "I would have never thought, that looking down from up in the sky would be this frightening, I felt like I was always falling down.

"After flying for a few times it will be okay," Roland laughed. "Leaving with your feet from the ground for the first time will always create such an illusion, it is the same for a person who had never gone out to sea, they will also start to vomit due to the sea's up and down motion.

"You spoke the truth," Margaret exclaimed in admiration, "Today, the scenery I saw was indeed inconceivable, looking from the sky to the edge of the sea, it actually resembled a blue arc."

"But Your Royal Highness, I do not seem to be wrong," Hogg drank some iced liquor, "Even though we ordinary people were able to fly in the sky, but this was still a witch's ability. If it weren't for them, this big guy would never be able to fly."

"No, old friend," Even before Roland had the chance to answer, Margaret had already begun to speak, "Don't tell me you haven't realized it? Miss Anna had been merely releasing her flame, nothing more. I also specifically asked Lightning, she said that as long as enough heat is poured into the airbag, Cloud Gazer will rise up into the sky. The flame is not a witch's privilege, Your Royal Highness, am I right?"

She once more proved why she was able to establish herself as a Fjord ocean merchant in King's City, no matter if it was her perception, or her intelligence, they were both exceptional. Roland smiled and nodded, "Hot air will rise, while cold air will sink, that's also the reason why it is called a hot air balloon."

"Really, would using a brazier be hot enough?" Hogg asked disbelievingly.

"That won't do, because if you want to let the balloon float in the sky, you have to supply it with heat the entire time. Furthermore, wood itself is already very heavy, so you can't take it with you without end, because of this the problem needs to be solved in a special way."

"Can you achieve it?" Margaret asked impatiently.

"Well... I should be able to," after thinking for a while, Roland continued, "But there are still some troubles."

"That would be truly wonderful," Margaret answered immediately. "I hope that I will be able to purchase four to five hot air balloons, they don't need to be so big, it would already be enough if they can carry one person."

"Do you want to put it on your ships?" Hogg asked.

"Well, the mast cannot reach an unlimited height, but a hot air balloon can, it can go as high as the rope connected to the basket is long. Moreover, if it connects to the mast, it also won't drift away with the wind. So, by using a hot air balloon as a lookout, they should be able to detect nearing pirate ship much earlier. Regarding the sea trade, besides the unpredictable storms and tsunamis, the biggest harm to our merchant fleets comes from pirates."



“But I fear that it is unlikely that the construction cost will be low,” Roland calculated it within his mind, “I estimate that it will require more than one thousand gold royals.”

In case they didn't use a witch to heat the air, the hot air balloon would need to use gas as fuel, and the most easily obtainable fuel would be coal gas. Unfortunately, Graycastle's coal mines were located at the Cold-Wind Mountain Range, which was just too far away from Border Town. According to the transportation conditions, it would be impossible to transport it over. Turning the hot-air balloon into a hydrogen balloon would be much easier to achieve, but he had still to solve the problem of the gas tank – if it couldn't be used unobstructed, then it wouldn't be of any practical value.

“One thousand gold royals apiece, was it?” Margaret said then made a counter-offer, “If you really are able to make this, I can guarantee that all the caravans from the Fjords will buy at least one or two of them.”

“This time Crescent Moon Bay Caravan hadn't come along. Otherwise I'm certain you would have received your next huge order,” Hogg grasped the liquor cup and drained it in one gulp. “I, however, won't need such a balloon, even though they seem very magical, they don't have any use for my mines in Silver City. I just want to get my steam engines as soon as possible.”

Hearing Margaret accepting his price made Roland pleased beyond his expectations. The one thousand gold royals were the price he got after increasing the estimated production costs by five times, he had never expected that the other party was able to accept a price twice the price of a steam engine. But when he thought about it again, a sea faring ship carrying all kinds of goods would probably be worth much more than this price, not to mention saving the entire merchant fleet and the lives of the ship's crew, so long as they could avoid being looted by pirates, the deal would still be cost-effective for ocean traders.

Also, the thousand gold royals wouldn't be the end of the deal, whether it was hydrogen or coal gas, they were both consumables. If they were used up, they would eventually need to come back to Border Town for a refill, which would then yield an additional revenue... Of course, in case they acquired the gas canisters in large quantity, giving them a discount or present them with several inflations for free could be considered. In this regards, he could use the 4s car shops and CPC and CNPC as an example and imitate them.

Roland pretended to hesitate for a moment before he finally nodding, “In that case, I think we have reached a deal.”

TN:

In China, authorized car dealership are called 4S car shops. The 4S represents Sale, Sparepart, Service and Survey. 整車销售(Sale)、零配件(Sparepart)、售後服务(Service)、信息反馈(Survey).

In most cases, brand-name new cars can be purchased only from 4S shops. For new cars in high demand, a high premium is added for instant delivery or just placing an order.

The profit of car dealers in China is quite high comparing to the rest of the world, in most cases 10%. This is supposedly due to the 'non-transparent invoice price' as announced by manufactures and to the

premiums they charge for quick delivery. Due to the lack of knowledge for most customers, dealers can sell add-ons at much higher prices than the aftermarket.

There is no regulation by either the government or associations. Source

CNPC: China National Petroleum Corporation

CPC: CPC Corporation

Chapter 254 Alliance

The Fjord's weather was very strange, yesterday had been a sunny, cloudless day, with an endlessly blue sky. But the sky was gloomy today, the wind was blowing and the thunder rolling, looking like a massive rainstorm was imminent.

Ashes held down her hair to prevent it from fluttering about wildly in the wind then stepped into Tilly's home only to discover that there was a fat pigeon sitting on Tilly's shoulder.

"Maggie?"

"Goo!" The pigeon raised its head, its eyes turned bright, it opened its wings and immediately threw itself at the doorway, only to gently be blocked by Ashes hand, "Turn into your human form so that we can talk."

"Woo... Goo," With fluttering wings, Maggie landed on the floor, shedding her feathers to reveal her original appearance. She opened her mouth and unhappily asked, "Do you have a hatred for pigeons?"

"I've always felt that a bird that can speak is way too strange," Ashes said laughingly and pulled up the girl that was sitting up from the ground, "At what time have you come back?"

"Just a moment ago, I was afraid that I would get caught up by the storm, my wing almost ended up broken," she patted her chest. "Fortunately, I was able to reach Sleeping Island before the rain began falling."

"Did you fly back... like this?" Ashes tapped her on the forehead, "Why didn't you just turn into a swallow wouldn't that have been much faster?"

"Oh..." Maggie's eyes became wide, as if she had suddenly only just realized something, "I forgot, goo."

Tilly couldn't help but laugh, she then put down the letter in her hand and said, "I'm putting you through a lot of trouble. I already know about the news from that area, so for now, you can should go and look for Lotus or Molly and play with them, I will think about a good reply and notify you later."

"Good, goo!" Maggie saluted and then hopped as she left the room.

"What did Roland Wimbledon have to say?" Waiting until the both of them were the only one left in the room, Ashes went over to Tilly and sat beside her on the woven mat. There, on the ground in front of them a map was spread out. Looking closely, she discovered that it depicted the terrain surrounding Border Town.

"This is his letter," Tilly handed her a piece of paper, "I have to say, the witches he picked are indeed... quite special..."

Ashes quickly finished reading the letter given to her, unable to keep the frown on her forehead she asked "He actually chose Sylvie? Does he simply do not care about exposing his identity?"

"I don't know," Tilly said, not expressing her opinion, "Perhaps my summary about their abilities was too vague, so he was unable to do an in-depth investigation? Or it could be that he simply does not care if his identity is exposed to us, and might be trying to show his sincerity in cooperating? Of course, there is still another possibility..."

"He really could be your older brother," Ashes finished her sentence, "And because of this he doesn't care at all about Sylvie's ability."

"But this possibility is next to nothing," she laughed at herself, "Who would know better than I the kind of person my older brother is? If he was indeed Roland Wimbledon, he would never chose to go against the Church in order to protect the witches. From young to old, the thing he has always been best at was with escaping. No matter what challenges or difficulties he was facing ... Even when the king sent him to Border Town, he never went over to meet with "father" or tried raising any form of protest, even if it would only be a symbolic one."

Ashes raised one eyebrow, "In short, him taking the initiative to pick Sylvie is a good thing for us. In that way we don't need to think of an excuse to send him an additional witch, but those other witches... don't tell me that you really want to agree to send them to him?"

"Why not?"

"Lotus is one of Sleeping Island's most talented witches. If she is gone, who will build new mud houses or restore our old ones? If you want to create something, or transformation the island's terrain, not having her ability to remodel the terrain would prove extremely inconvenient. After all, we are currently using less than 30% of Sleeping Islands terrain, there are still many places which can be transformed," as she said this she raised one finger.

"There is also Honey, she can order the osprey to catch fish for everyone, the reason we can enjoy a variety of delicious fish soups every day is to her credit. As for Candle and Evelyn, sending them away, wouldn't be such a big problem... In case you cannot refuse his request, can't we just exchange those two witches for others who aren't as useful?"

"What is useful, what is useless? By sending them to Border Town, I hope to obtain a new ally, rather than abandon our sisters," Tilly's expression turned grave, "No matter what kind of ability they have, by choosing to come to Sleeping Island, all of the witches have become our sisters. If we want to turn Sleeping Island into the home for witches, how could we afford to filter the already small number of witches according to whether their abilities are useful or not?"

Ashes had already seen her exposing this kind of expression during their time in the palace – it was the expression the 5th Princess would show whenever she was outraged, seeing this, Ashes couldn't help but change her manner of address, "I'm sorry... Your Majesty, I just –"

Tilly sighed and then started unhurriedly, "Moreover, it's hard to measure the ability of everyone according to some kind of standard. From among the more than one hundred witches, Roland has selected those five witches. Even including Candle and Evelyn, two that you have regarded as useless.

“Can you be really be certain that they are useless? Perhaps through this exchange, we will be able to figure out whether he choose the two by accident, or if he had seen something within them that we were just unable to recognize.” She paused, “No matter what, we are already such a small number of witches, every witch deserves to be fought for. They aren’t tools to we use to build a new home. Instead, we are all comrades holding the same goal in our sights, so you must never speak such words.”

“Yes, Your Majesty,” Ashes responded in a meek voice.

At this moment, lightning broke through the clouds, straight over the sea. As if it were a decree given by the Gods, it was immediately followed with an ear-splitting rolling of thunder. And together with the echo of the explosions, the rain also began to fall over Sleeping Island. At first, it fell sparse, but it then quickly turned into a hubbub. And the dense rain soon covered the outside scenery with a layer of fog and rain, even sometimes overshadowing the conversation between the two.

Ashes got up and closed the window, in order to keep the rain from drifting into the room. When she turned turning around, she saw Tilly sway twice, showing a somewhat wan and sallow expression on her face.

“Were you staying up all night?”

“Well,” Tilly called yawn. “All the books we brought back from the ruins were written in the same language. Moreover, I already found some common points, as long as I have enough time, I am sure that I can translate all of them.”

“Yeah, with enough time... now after getting rid of the nagging Church, there will certainly be sufficient time for you, you don’t need to study it all through the night.” Ashes knit her brow, “It could have a tremendous impact on your body.”

“Rest assured, I am a witch, my body won’t collapse so quickly.” The 5th Princess took a deep breath, “Moreover, I have a vague premonition – seeing the scene within the ruins gave me an uneasy feeling, so we have to decipher the content of these books as soon as possible... Oh, by the way, this time when the witches leave for Border Town, they will also bring one of the books along with them.”

“If even you cannot read it, the possibility that the witches from the Witch Cooperation Association will know it is even worse.”

“Well we will just have to take a chance,” Tilly said, “I heard that there have been ancient ruins found in the eastern forest. Furthermore, the origin of the Witch Cooperation Association is located in the Sea Wind Region, which is almost right next to the forest, we can’t say for sure whether some of them haven’t already seen this language. And if we can prove that they used the same language, it should mean that all those remains are from the same group of people.”

“Yes, I got it,” Ashes agreed.

“Also, it’s not the case that I blame you for your previous words, some of the words you said are reasonable – but that isn’t related to the part about the significance of their abilities.” Tilly reached out with her hand to stop Ashes from speaking, “I have reached an agreement with the chamber of commerce of the Crescent Moon Bay Caravan. They will start to migrate some ordinary people over to

Sleeping Island by next spring. So if Lotus leaves for too long, it would affect the follow-up construction of the island, so before the winter comes I will have them all return to the Fjord."

Hearing Tilly's words Ashes said in relief, "Then everything should be fine."

"But in order to avoid any kind of misunderstanding, I will lead several combat witches over to Border Town and help them to resist the attacks of the demonic beasts during the Months of Demons." Tilly exposed a sly smile, "When that time comes, are you willing to go together with me?"

Ashes froze for a moment, but in the end had no other option than helplessly replied, "Of course, Your Majesty."

Chapter 255 Ways to welcome

The rainstorm left as quickly as it had come.

Two days after the rainstorm ended, the entire group of people who were leaving departed. The ship responsible for sending them back to Graycastle was The Charming Beauty.

Sylvie leaned against the edge of the ship's railing, took out a slice of dried beef from a pouch, and held it above her head before shaking it.

"Goo --, Goo --"

A huge seagull which was flying alongside them chirped and dropped from the sky, the air current from its flapping wings caused her to squint her eyes. The meat she'd held in her hand was swallowed in one gulp, and by the time she looked up again, the seagull had already flown to the front of the sailboat, continuing with eagerly leading them across this boundless ocean.

This was something Maggie had asked her to do, because when she turned into a bird, there was no way for her to take out the meat on her own.

Even though her current body had looked no difference with an ordinary seagull (except for her body size), Sylvie could still see the magic surging within her and could also see her real form. And if she even took an even closer look, she could even also see the process of how the magic came from all direction to finally gather at a single point, turning into little spots before it disappeared completely.

"I heard that she cannot only transform into different kind of birds, but that she also receives their corresponding abilities?" Someone behind her clicked his tongue in wonder, "As far as I know, seagulls will never be lost at sea, and are also aware of any incoming storms ahead of time."

"It is indeed like that, Mr. Captain," even without looking back, Sylvie knew clearly the man who had come over, "Otherwise we wouldn't had dared to choose a new route and bypass the Endless Cape, landing in the Southwest of Graycastle."

Not only did her ability allowed her to observe the flow of magic and detect all magical changes, but it also gave her a vast field of view which didn't have any gap in its coverage. It gave her the ability to observe everything that was around her at all times – even ignoring the obstacles that were able to block her normal line of sight. Her ability was so powerful that she could even see the lazy sailors who were sleeping under the deck, as well as the shoal of fish that were swimming beneath the bilge.

“Does that place have any ports?” Captain Jack blew out the smoke. “I remember that there were once explorers who’ve traveled to the western side of the Endless Cape, but all they found were cliffs and shoals, there was nothing else.”

“It is even better if there isn’t anything there,” Sylvie said indifferently, “That way everyone can return on the previous route right away.”

“Isn’t that the same as going on a wild-goose chase?” The captain shook his pipe, “I anticipate that I might see something out of the ordinary on this new route.”

This time the long journey had been arranged by Lady Tilly so that they could come into contact with a gathering of witches that were staying at another place and in that way to help each other out. In addition to the five chosen witches, Ashes and Molly were also on the ship – but they wouldn’t stay ashore, they had only come along to ensure that this sailing trip would be absolutely safe. Molly’s magical servant could help the ship to withstand any possible storm they might face, while Ashes would make sure that every pirate who dared to fix their attention on their ship and decided to come over would be unable to make their way back.

But Sylvie herself was also carrying another duty on her shoulders, that was, to identify Roland Wimbledon’s true identity for Lady Tilly.

Before the trip, Lady Tilly had given her a detailed account of the story, and also who she should response to every kind of outcome. In simple terms, she should do her utmost to reach an agreement with the Leader of the Witch Union, in exchange for Roland’s real body. But to be honest, Sylvie had always felt that this mission won’t be so easy for her to complete. In case the Witch Union did not agree and decided to put her and the other four in jail to prevent them from leaking any news, what should she do then?

Sylvie sighed as she looked through the cabin walls at Lotus, Evelyn, and the rest of the group happily playing with the magic servant.

I hope that the witches from the Witch Union are as friendly as Maggie had said.

...

After nearly a week of sailing on the sea, Sylvie finally saw Graycastle’s coastline.

“We will be arriving soon,” Honey shouted as she leaned over the ship’s railing, and the rows of swallows, ospreys, and seagulls standing beside her all followed her shout in a loud chorus.

“At last...” Candle said with a meek voice, and carrying a haggard expression, “I feel like I’m almost unable to keep going.”

“Child, that is only a temporary phenomenon, as long as you go ashore, you will soon be able to recover your previous strength,” Jack said while laughing, he then looked with one eye through the observation mirror. “I’ve been sailing for so many years, but I’ve never seen anyone dying because of the ship’s shaking.”

“Where is Maggie?” Honey Asked.

“She has already traveled to Border Town in advance so that she could contact the witches of the Witch Union,” Ashes replied. “I’m sure that they will send someone to pick you up soon.”

“Sister Ashes, won’t you come with us?”

“Back at Sleeping Island Tilly is in even more need of my assistance,” Ashes laughed, “There is no need for you to worry, the witches of the Witch Union will see and treat you as sisters... In case you come across any trouble, it is the best to immediately look for Wendy, she will definitely try her best to resolve the problem for you. ”

Wendy, Sylvie quietly engraved the name in her mind.

“Oh, that’s right, there is one other thing,” Ashes patted her forehead, “You must remember to always keep a far distant from Roland Wimbledon, and by no means should you be on your own with him.”

“Why, isn’t he the older brother of Lady Tilly?” Evelyn asked puzzled.

“He certainly is,” Ashes stated earnestly, “But that does not prevent him from groping a witch’s buttocks!”

Everyone inhaled a mouthful of cold air in fright.

In the end, the ship docked half a mile away from the shoal. After all, there did not exist any detailed charts of the area, and no one knew how deep the water really was at the edge of the shoal. Yet, going ashore was still quite simple, they didn’t even have to use the beach boat. Instead, Molly let her magic servant wrap up the five witches and herself, and in that way they floated above the sea surface all the way towards the shore.

The shoal was apparently a part of the mountain, and under the continuous erosion by the seawater, it had slowly become a soft and sandy beach. Not far from them there stood a towering mountain range which completely separated the coast from Graycastle and the rest of the mainland. It seemed that the mountain ridge was going on endlessly, and the further West they looked the higher it reached into the sky. At the end of their vision it almost became similar to the giant mountain peaks of the Impassable Mountain Range.

After almost waiting for a whole double-hour, Sylvie noted a strange shadow was coming towards them.

Its volume was colossal, it was almost as huge as The Charming Beauty and with its nearly round shape it was obviously not a natural creature. It was reasonable to assume that such a massive object would also have to be incomparable heavy, but its path of flight was quite smooth, as if it was only floating in the air. Separated by mountains and woods, she couldn’t see it very clearly, but it seemed that this thing was always climbing and would be soon above the mountains.

After a while, it finally revealed itself to all of the people in the shelter.

“God, what is that?” Lotus asked in disbelief while looking at the sky with an astonished expression.

“Sister Ashes, have you ever seen something like this?” Evelyn pulled her arm.

“No...” Ashes appeared to be equally surprised, “It is also my first time seeing something like this.”

“It seems that this is the way of style the Witch Union intends to welcome us,” Sylvie sighed.

She had finally discovered a basket hanging beneath the astonishing huge spherical object that was floating in the sky. Furthermore, Maggie and another witch were flying to the left and right of the basket. Then her attention was drawn towards a long yellow canvas that was hanging beneath the basket, on which with gigantic letters were written.

– “Welcome to Border Town.”

TN: Please help us by answering What’s your favorite quote?

Chapter 256 The Prologue to a new life

After the basket landed on the ground, a woman who seemed to be around thirty years of age who had red hair that came to her waist climbed out of the basket and greeted them, “Hello everyone. Welcome to Border Town. My name is Wendy.” She then looked to Ashes and showed a charming smile. “You also came.”

Is she the witch Ashes mentioned before? Taking a closer look at the two, Sylvie came to the conclusion that they were already familiar with each other.

“Welcome, you can call me Anna.” A witch with bright eyes appeared in front of Sylvie. Her two blue eyes were as pure as water and also very eye-catching. However, what was even more mind blowing was her magical power – it was tremendous, gave off a profound and resounding feeling and seemed to hardly contain any flaws. It looked like slowly turning cube that was composed of three colors, black, white, and gray, which gathered all of the surrounding magic and twisted it into its orbit.

How astonishing is her power? It was the first-time Sylvie saw magical power that could release such a sense of oppression.

“Hey, my name is Lightning!” the little girl who had been flying beside the basket said. Maggie was sitting on her shoulder.

“Googoo!”

When all the witches of Sleeping Island had been introduced by Ashes, Wendy smilingly invited everyone to climb aboard the basket.

“This huge air sac above our head is called a hot air balloon, as long as it is provided with hot air, it will be able to take us across the mountains, and towards our destination.” She paused, turned towards Ashes before she asked, “Do you really not want to come along and take a look at Border Town? I think His Highness would also want to see you again.”

“He would not welcome a person who intended to lure away his witches,” she laughed, “I will trouble you to take care of these children.”

“Alright...” Wendy pursed her lips, looking as if she felt regretful. “Rest assured, I will treat them with care.”

“In that case, everyone pay attention” Anna reminded, “Cloud Gazer is about to rise into the sky.”



Sylvie only felt a slight tremble at her feet before the basket had already left the ground. Sticking her head over the edge, she saw Ashes and Molly waving at them. As the hot air balloon rose, the scene on the ground became smaller and smaller, soon turning the two into fingernail-sized spots – no matter what, their new life would soon begin.

It seemed that Wendy had the ability to control the wind and thus the hot air balloon which was under her control flew towards Graycastle and the mainland.

It was Sylvie's first-time overlooking the earth from up in the sky. Even though the earth and rocks couldn't stop her exploration, having such a large field of view available to her was nevertheless a new and odd experience. So when she tried to evoking her magic eye, she never expected the chaotic flood of scenes which came pouring into her mind – the cliffs and mountains hidden in the ocean depths, the underground rivers connected to the sea, the animals bones buried in the earth, as well as the ever-changing subterranean rock strata... Trying to arrange this flood of images Sylvie felt the onset of a splitting headache just as her magical power rapidly dropped. Hurriedly interrupting her magic eye, Sylvie sat on the ground and leaned against the basket wall, slowly trying to catch her breath.

"Are you alright?" Someone asked. Opening her eyes, she discovered that it was Wendy who was asking.

"Well, I'm merely a little... dizzy."

"After taking a few deep breaths it will soon feel a little better," Wendy smiled. "Many people feel uncomfortable when they leave the ground for the first time."

"Thank you, I'm already better," Sylvie nodded.

Along the way, the atmosphere was much more harmonious than she had initially expected, and it was exactly like Ashes had said, Wendy was full of concern for everyone and she didn't treat them any differently because of them being newcomers. Anna, although she didn't speak much on her own accord, would still answer in all seriousness whenever someone asked her a question. Lightning who was seemingly a very good friend of Maggie's had a vivacious personality, and together with the fat pigeon would come into the basket from time to time to chat with everyone, not treating them as if they were strangers at all.

With Maggie being the confidant of both sides, the other four witches were gradually able to relax, one after another asking Lightning about the situation in Border Town. Later, the little girl simply hovered beside the basket, and told them stories about the fights against the demonic beasts and invaders, as well as about all of His Highness the Prince's inconceivable invention, giving them one surprise after another.

After a little while, the hot air balloon arrived in the sky over the castle.

Just by looking at its size from high up, the town was really worthy of its name. It was both a small and remote place, with a size that was less than 1/3 of Sleeping Island's. However contrary to what one might expect, it had a large number of townsfolk within. No matter if it was the center square, or the walls or on the river shore, everywhere she looked she could see people gathering together in crowds and groups. Traveling to and fro, they turned into a surging stream.

The hot air balloon directly landed in the castle courtyard and the moment they jumped out of the basket, an unexpected round of explosion spread through the air. Feeling caught off-guard, Sylvie became shocked and froze on the spot. The other four didn't fare any better, Honey even jumped back into the basket, and asked while only revealing her head halfway: "What happened?"

Wendy couldn't keep herself from laughing, "Do not worry, this is His Highness's gun salute, it is his way to welcome you all to Border Town."

Passing through the shadowy corridor, they stepped into the castle hall. And that was when Sylvie finally met with Tilly's brother – he was sitting at the end of the hall at the lord's seat, he had an external appearance that was somewhat similar to Her Highness the 5th Princess'. They had the same gray hair, weren't wearing any superfluous pendants on their body and showed a relaxed and natural expression. His facial features still fell short when compared to Tilly's, who's appearance was something that warmed the heart and delighted the eyes. But they shared the same kind of calm temperament which would attract everyone's eye even when they were merely sitting there.

"Welcome to Border Town. I am the Lord of the Western Territory, Roland Wimbledon. I presume that everyone already knows my name." He stood up and smiled, "Tilly Wimbledon is my younger sister. So, you don't need to feel awkward when living in Border Town, consider it your home the same as you would with Sleeping Island."

Unable to suppress her curiosity, Sylvie opened her magic eye, only to stare blankly at what she saw.

The expected darkness did not appear, which indicated that the other side wasn't wearing a God's Stone of Retaliation. Moreover, there also wasn't any trace of magic on his body – how he looked now was the same he looked to her in her normal vision. Neither was there any kind of camouflage on him nor was he being controlled, this could only mean that the man in front of her was indeed Roland himself.

Tilly's countermeasure for the "no clue detectable" situation was merely one sentence: Sending the news back to Sleeping Island.

...

The words Roland said afterward, Sylvie didn't listen to at all, her head had become a complete mess. In order to accomplish the task given by Lady Tilly, she had thought about the words and expression she should use when negotiating, she had even come up with plans in the case of their imprisonment, never expecting that it would become completely useless. With no better option, let's wait until the end of the month so that Maggie can bring this information back to Sleeping Island and complete the task.

But how is this possible? There is a true aristocrat determined to shelter witches? Even going so far as to become the leader of the Witch Union?

The psychological shock caused Sylvie to fall in a kind of trance, only when His Highness started arranging their rooms for the night did her soul finally return.

"The current situation is roughly like this, by now the witch house is still not completed, so you will have to temporarily live within the castle and share a room with the other witches. Of course, this should also help you to quickly blend into life here in Border Town." Then Roland announced, "Tonight, there will be

a lavish dinner waiting for you. It will be the official welcoming ceremony to celebrate your arrival in Border Town, I hope everyone will enjoy it”.

Seeing the result of their room arrangements Sylvie breathed out in relieve. In the end, it was arranged that she would live together with Wendy. Looking back at their short contact, Wendy was indeed a good senior who would be easy for her to get along with. However, in addition to Wendy there seemed to be another witch that was living in the room who was called Nightingale.”

Sylvie couldn't help but think, I hope that the other person is also easy to get along with.

## Chapter 257 Mystery

Ever since the five witches from Sleeping Island arrived in Border Town, Roland was in a constant state of excitement. Which meant that even after the end of the banquet, he found it impossible to fall asleep as he lay in his bed. Without any better option available to him, he got up to drink half a cup of white spirit and tried forcing his body to fall asleep.

On the next morrow, when the cicadas in the courtyard all began emitting “ziya” sounds, he had already recovered a clear head. He was full of energy by the time he climbed out of bed, and after a simple washing he immediately headed to the office – at this time the marble white color of dawn appeared in the sky, and sent out the first rays of the morning sun through the window, sprinkling it evenly throughout the room.

Even after looking around for a long time, Roland was still unable to detect the familiar figure of the past. He was used to Nightingale being there, lazily laying on top of the chair whenever he pushed open the door and entered.

With a helpless smile, Roland sat down at the table and removed a notebook from the drawer, then began to plan out the next generation of witch training programs.

First, he would let Wendy and Scroll to help the newcomers become familiar with their new environment that they could start blending in with the community. Furthermore, he also planned to launch a sugar-coated bullet barrage, he would have the visiting witches fully enjoy Border Town's unique and comfortable lifestyle. Meaning that it wouldn't even be necessary for them to stay in town for his plan to succeed, even if they went back afterward, as long as they spread the news about the fabulous lifestyle in Border Town it would still be for the better.

By the time the sun was completely hanging over the sky, Nightingale finally came into the office, “Oh? You were actually able to rise so early today? Don't tell me that it's really as Lily like said, were you really so impatient for the new witches to arrive that you couldn't wait?”

“What kind of nonsense are you talking about?” Roland smiled as he asked, then put a bag of dried fish on the table, “How did you get along with your new sister last night?”

“Sister?” Nightingale curled her lips, “You can't trust them too much.”

“What happened?”

Nightingale reached out with her hand to grab the bag and then turned around to sit on the couch, “The witch named Sylvie, out of the ten sentences she'd spoken, half had been lies. Although they haven't

been so grave as to mean that she has some evil intentions towards us there are certainly still a lot of thoughts she is trying to hide.”

“Well... that’s somewhat understandable,” Roland seemed to not care about it, “She probably wanted to see if I was the real Roland Wimbledon or not.”

“What?” Nightingale blanked slightly.

“In case one of your close relatives were to suddenly change by a great deal, you would certainly also come to think that they had either been replaced or are become controlled.”

He smiled, “I guess Tilly thinks that one of those possibilities might have happened to me. In King’s City, I was well known for always idling away my days, and being without any learning or skills. I was someone who bullied the weak and feared the strong. How could such a person so suddenly change as to straighten his back and start sheltering witches?”

In fact, any bad comments that were used to describe the 4th Prince weren’t exaggerations. One of his still existent childhood memories went like this: One time the 4th Prince was playing in the palace, and he ended up accidentally breaking a few crystal-glass jars.

However, to avoid punishment not only did he push all of the blame on Tilly Wimbledon. No, to complete the forgery of the scene, he even pushed the around six or seven years old girl onto the broken shards of crystal-glass. Having this kind of dark history, wouldn’t it be a wonder instead if the other party’s impression of him was good? It was reasonable that there would be doubt when the older brother’s nature showed such a dramatic change that he no longer appeared to be himself, in fact everyone would have liked to go and investigate these changes.

“Hearing you speak like this, I also want to know,” Nightingale asked curiously, “Are you really Roland Wimbledon after all, or not?”

“I’m both, so yes and no,” Roland answered, and spread out his arms.

Nightingale was shocked, “Why does my ability tell me that your sentence is true?”

“Because that’s how it is.” Nightingale’s ability could only detect deliberately told lies, and he didn’t think he was telling her a lie.

“...” Holding her forehead and frowning for a long time, Nightingale finally decided to give up thinking about it, “Well, I will just ask Anna about it later. No matter what, as long as I am familiar with the Roland in front of me, everything is good.”

“Of course, from the moment you knew me, I’ve always been myself.” Roland smiled.

After breakfast, Wendy brought the five witches from Sleeping Island over to his office.

“Good morning, Your Highness.” The five bowed in salute.

“Relax, I am not a person that is very particular about etiquette, you can address me the same way as you talk with Tilly,” Roland said as he waved his hand.

“During the first week I won’t arrange any work for you . Instead, you should use this time to become familiar with the town’s environment and lifestyle. You can freely visit Border Town, nobody will discriminate against you because for being witches. They also won’t attempt to arrest you in exchange for money – I have completely eradicated the Church’s force across the whole Western Territory, so this place and Sleeping Island are the same, they are both places of freedom.

“I think that all of you already know of the cause for magic devouring your bodies, so by necessity your practice cannot be abandoned. During the day there are no restrictions, everything will be alright as long as you do not forget to come back and eat lunch. After dinner, you have primary education classes, which including learning how to read and write, there will be simple math, and natural knowledge. Tilly may have already told you this, but apart from crossing the day of adulthood, the ability of a witch can be strengthened even further. To do so it is necessary that you master this knowledge, every one of you that are interested can come and attend the classes together with the rest of Border Town’s witches.

“Furthermore, each month you will receive one gold royal as remunerations, as well as have the weekends off and you will also be given paid leave – if you don’t understand what this means, you can go and ask Wendy. In short, everyone’s daily life will be the same as that of the Witch Union’s. Sleeping Island is a home for witches, and the same is true for Border Town.” Roland paused, “Our next task will be to test your abilities, Tilly’s description in her letter wasn’t very clear. But displaying you abilities here will be too much of an inconvenience, so let’s first change to a more spacious location.”

“Please wait a moment, Your Royal Highness, there is something I have to give you first,” Sylvie spoke.

“What is it?”

She untied the package in her hands, and placed several yellow parchments together with a letter on to the table, “Lady Tilly discovered these documents within ruins in the Fjord, she wants to ask if you’re able to understand the letters that the text is written in.”

Puzzled, Roland opened the envelope, it didn’t contain a long letter, so he quickly reached its end, yet the content inside set off monstrous, sky shaking waves within his heart.

A man-made island, set at the bottom of the ocean, after hundreds of years of unpredictable changes due to the rising and falling tides, had an observation mirror that was operable inside, as well as a stone gate constructed within a cliff... all this was simply unfathomable. Why would there exist such an unimaginable remnant in the Fjord? Moreover, the inquiries Tilly made at the end of the letter sent a tingling feeling all over his body – glancing at the parchment, he was indeed a bit familiar with these words.

“Quickly go and bring Scroll over,” Roland instructed Nightingale.

Not much later, Scroll arrived at the castle after rushing over from City Hall. After summoning her magic book, the Prince read it couldn’t help but frown.

When looking at the “Holy Book” Cara had brought back from the ruins in the eastern forest, and the documents found in ruins in the Fjord, he found out that the characters used were exactly the same! This way confirming Tilly’s guess to the letter, these ancient ruins had been built by the hands of the very same group of people.

If it was the Church that built all these, why did they abandon them? Moreover, it wasn't only those magnificent buildings, even the records from four hundred and fifty years ago have been left behind but weren't erased. What was it they'd wanted to hide?

Even the burning hot sun of the final month of summer was powerful enough to let Roland feel even the smallest bit of warmth, but he now only felt an indistinct cold, both gloomy and chilly, come rising from the soles of the feet.

Is the stone tower discovered by Lightning in the Concealing Forest also related to those ruins? And the demonic beasts, the Devils, and the Holy City of Taquila ... In the end, just what kind of accident happened four hundred and fifty years ago?

At the bottom of Roland's heart, an unease was welling up.

Chapter 258 The Witches from Sleeping Island (Part 1)

The letter also mentioned that Tilly was trying to translate the words and would like to know whether the Witch Union could provide her with any clue.

Roland decided that he would include the news about the Devils and the Holy City of Taquila in his next reply to her. Furthermore, he also wanted to add Soraya's picture of the previous events. Maybe that information might somehow help her with her translation. This information wasn't suitable to be hidden away, as long as he could understand what kind of unforeseen event had happened more than four hundred years ago, it would help him prepare a response ahead of time. They might be even able to discover the weak point of the Church – if there hadn't been something they needed to worry over, then there was no reason to go so far to bury the past in the soil.

It was evident that there were some things that they wanted to keep from being discovered at any cost.

In addition, it would be beneficial for them to send someone to explore the stone tower in the Concealing Forest. The access to the ruins in the Eastern Regions Sea Wind Region was blocked by the Church, while the ruins in the Fjords had been buried beneath the ocean's surface for longer period of the year. And beside the pile of books in the secret chamber, almost nothing else was left there. But seeing men's footprints within the depths of the Concealing Forest were rare, even the Church was unable to reach it so easily. So it was perhaps the place where they could go in order to find some useful clues.

But the report about the Devil that Lightning had encountered also caused fear to arise in Roland. Such an exploration couldn't be done without the witches, but if he was to dispatch the witches and they suffered some losses, he would be unable to bear the guilt. After considering it over and over, Roland ultimately decided to wait until the First Army had been completely equipped with the newest generation of firearms. He would then let them embark together with the witches into the forest and he was sure they could then deal with every possible Devil they might encounter.

Suppressing the seething unrest within his heart, Roland revealed a forced smile, "I understand what Tilly's is trying to do. So I will write a reply to her with a good descriptions of the situation, but nevertheless it is still better if we first proceed with your capability tests."

After all, developing one's strength as far as possible during peacetime was the right choice of action. That way, when war inevitably arrived, they would at least have the ability to keep on fighting.

...

A test site was selected that was once more outside of the city walls. In order to prevent any people from entering the testing ground, Roland had also mobilized to First Army to enclose the surroundings and also hinder anyone who tried to enter or leave.

The first one who went through the testing was Lotus.

Her age was similar to Nightingale's, she possessed short voluminous black hair, and facial features were the "pretty daughter coming from a humble family" type, her overall appearance was quite lovely. With a small size of around one meter fifty and a skinny body, when compared to the tall Nightingale, she looked like a little girl who has yet to completely grow up, giving off a sense of weakness. But if there was one thing that couldn't be called weak it would be her abilities. Within a five-meter area, she could easily change the topography of the land beneath her feet.

The description of the letter was far from the shock he felt when seeing it. During the test, Lotus let the earth beside her rise up vertically, like an "earth pillar" which was growing into the sky. It was only when the "earth pillar" reached a height of seven to eight meters that it finally collapsed because of the structural destabilization.

According to Lotus, the more loose the ground was, the less magic it took to transform, but at the same time, the quality would also become inferior. Houses and walls built this way would also be of lower standard. If the main component of the ground was gravel, it also became difficult to create something decent – apparently, she could only change the terrain, not modify the material of the earth itself. Of course, this problem could be solved by simply expanding the scope and thickness of the growth.

Roland let her demonstrate her power once more by asking her to build a house, but the soil of the Western Territory was clearly not as packed as the soil found on Sleeping Island. The earthen house which directly rose out of the ground pressed together several times before it finally formed a building with spaces for a window and an archway, but to make this possible the final walls thickness needed to reach half a meter. After the completion of the house, it looked like a simple and crude cave and could only fulfill the most fundamental demands for a living place. Compared with the arrangement according to the compact architecture of a brick house, it fell short by a lot.

But then again, living in a house cave was much better than living in a wooden sheet with air leaking in all over the place. At least in winter, with a brazier and a kang, this house cave would become warm. So, in case he wasn't able to build enough brick houses before the arrival of the Months of Demons, he could still temporary use those cave houses.

The last part of the test was the summary of the examination – Lotus' ability belonged to the summoning type, she possessed no branching ability, and her ability to shape the terrain was effective within a five-meter range. During her casting, it was easily affected by the power of a God's Stone of Relation, but the moment the land had been transformed it wouldn't shrink back after.

"How is her magic level?" Roland asked.

“It looks like a brown cyclone, with a very dense center, compared to the other witches, her magic level is superb,” Nightingale said, “It is relatively close to Leaves’.”

“Consumption?”

“When raising the ground level it isn’t bad,” she said while looking towards the bulging stone wall at the foot of the North Slope Mountain. “However, when using her magic to transform the earth it rapidly declines, I’m afraid she will only be able to maintain it for one or two double hours.

Roland nodded, Leaves’ amount of magic power was the third most within the Witch Union, second only to Anna and Soraya. After all, having enough magical power was the premise to continually putting one’s ability to use – of course, there were also cases like Nightingale and Lightning, who had abilities with a low power consumption and thus even with a small magical source they could still activate their ability during the whole day without facing any difficulty.

After recording the information within a book, Roland began the test of the second witch.

“Who wants to be next?”

“I, I, I!” Honey raised her hand.

Seeing her enthusiasm, Roland smiled, “Alright, then let me see your ability first.”

The girl named Honey was of a similar size, even somewhat shorter than Lotus. She had passed her day of adulthood just in the previous winter and seemed to have a very lively temperament. She had a head full of short fluffy curling brown hair, which resembled some fried dough twists. Her skin was slightly darker, and around her neck, wrists, and ankles she wore chains of animal teeth.

Her primary ability was called “beast tongue”, which allowed her to tame all animals inside her range. With it she could tame animals from all species that would carry out her orders afterwards. However, the extent of the command wasn’t allowed to go over the ability of the animal and after the task was fulfilled the taming effect would automatically be lifted, or it could be lifted beforehand out of her own initiative.

Furthermore, Honey also had a fascinating branch ability: “animal messenger”. With it she was able to pass the taming command from one animal to another until it reached the target animal – for example, if there was only a bird around her, she could let it seek for a more powerful animal to serve her. Perhaps a grown cat, maybe a ferocious eagle, this process couldn’t be controlled by her, making the final result somewhat uncertain.

However, no matter if it were her primary or her branching ability, both were directly influenced by the God’s Stone of Retaliation. Especially animal messengers, a God’s Stone of Retaliation would immediately erase the instruction so that the animal would be set free. And also, the bigger the animal she tried to tame was, the more magic she would have to spend. According to her own words could she control a dozen birds at the same time, while in the event that her target was a cow, she would only be able to manage two or three at a time.

The third witch to be tested was Evelyn, she was about twenty-five to twenty-six years old, with an accent that typically came from the people of King’s City, which gave her immediately a somewhat familiar feeling.



According to Tilly's list Evelyn was able to change low-quality wine's flavor and style entirely according to her preferences, as long as she had tasted it previously before – from the beginning the reason that Roland had chosen this witch was evident, that was to get pure alcohol. Since she can change diluted ale into a delicious wine or fruit wine, liquor shouldn't be a problem for her, right?

For this regards, Roland had carefully prepared a few bottles of good wine, with a concentration from 50% until 95%. Even though they were a bit spicy and burned, but as long as you only drank one or two mouthfuls of it, there shouldn't be a big issue. The crucial point was to let her agree that the transparent liquid that burned the throat was indeed a type of wine.

But here in the countryside and under the scorching sun wasn't really a good place to taste wine. They had no access to delicious side dishes not any ice nor any crystal-glass cups. Furthermore, if he was to directly take out the white spirit with its strong burning scent, it was possible that the other side would misunderstand and think it was poison, because of this he thought that it would be subtler to act during the dinner. So just after asking Evelyn a few simple questions, Roland immediately moved over to the next witch.

TN:

The kang is a traditional long (2 metres or more) platform for general living, working, entertaining and sleeping used in northern part of China, where there is cold climate in winter times. It is made of bricks or other forms of fired clay and more recently of concrete in some locations.

Fried Dough Twist

Chapter 259 The Witches from Sleeping Island (Part 2)

The fourth to be tested was Sylvie.

Whenever he faced the witch, Roland always felt a bit uncomfortable. It really wasn't because Nightingale had told him she lied too much, in modern society, with the exception of speaking to relatives and good friends, not even a dozen people could speak bluntly. Since long ago, he was already accustomed to hearing all kinds of flattering and rumors.

He just felt that he had no possibility to hide anything from her. Even worse, he knew that it wasn't an illusion, but the other's ability. Being able to ignore all visual barriers, as long as she wanted, wearing clothes in front of her was completely useless. But within a dark corner of his mind, Roland lamented not having this kind of ability himself, while also involuntarily changing his sitting position by tilting his legs.

Speaking of appearances, she could be considered as the most unique of the five witches: with aquamarine hair that dropped straight to her shoulders, slender eyebrows, and the fringes of her hair seemed to have the appearance of someone that had just stepped out of a picture. Especially her amber colored pupils, which were so transparent that they had almost no depth, as if they were mirrors that reflected all incoming light. Looking at them for a while, Roland felt as if a red beam could come shooting out at any moment now.

Sylvie's ability was very easy to understand, using her inner sight, she was able to see everything – even the area behind her back was not an exception. Furthermore, her vision could penetrate all barriers, the

specific depths of the penetration depended on her own desire. She also possessed a similar branch ability as Nightingale did: She could see the gathering and dissipation of magic.

Which itself was somewhat surprisingly to Roland, for the branch abilities to be so similar, then what about the primary ability? When he asked Sylvie this question, the latter first hesitated, but then said that from the hundreds of witches on Sleeping Island, there were no witches who had the same ability. He then felt a soft pinch on his left side coming from Nightingale, he knew that this sentence was the truth.

The reason for this is probably because the sample is just too small, Roland thought.

The last witch to be tested was Candle.

She and Anna had both experienced their day of adulthood when this year's Months of Demons was happening. When she was still a minor, her ability could only be used for lighting candles, oil lamps, torches and the like. But after her day of adulthood when her magic had also become more stable, this effect had also been significantly enhanced. Furthermore, after that day, she had gained the ability to preserve an object's characteristics for a brief moment – for example, after casting her magic on an ice cube, it wouldn't melt even after placing it in the hot sun. Instead, it would still send out bursts of cold.

At first glance, this ability seemed to be simply incredible. With it, Roland would be able to do many things he couldn't achieve using conventional means. But after several rounds of testing, Roland had to acknowledge that in the end, her ability wasn't as perfect as he had imagined it to be. First, it belonged to the category of enchanting abilities, which meant that she needed to have direct contact with the target. This limitation made it difficult for Candle to preserve high-temperature objects.

Thereupon his attempt to obtain a liquid drop of steel which would forever keep its incandescence state in that way providing the blast furnace with an everlasting heat source broke apart. With the exception of Anna, no one else would ever dare touch something that was as hot as a thousand-degrees with their bare hands. And in case the metal was turned into a long and thin iron wire, allowing Candle to keep hold of one end while enchanting the other also led to another problem.

Which was that the more the object's state surpassed what was considered as its normal state, the greater the magical consumption would be, and the duration of the effect would also become shorter.

Roland used ice to verify this point – after solidification, he cut a block of ice into two equally large sizes. One he put onto the scolding hot ground while he threw the other into a basin filled with water. The former only persisted for an hour before it quickly began to melt, while for the other, besides cooling the water's temperature still maintained its original form.

This meant that when the effect was placed on red hot iron or steel, it would only become more inefficient.

Finally, the volume of the object was also a factor which restricted Candle's ability. Like Hummingbird and Mystery Moon, the greater the size of the object was, the more magic Candle needed to spend. According to Nightingale's observation, Candle's amount of magic was placed within the lower to middle ranks. It looked like a golden mist, which had yet to form a dense cyclone.

But even with all these restriction, the somewhat introvert looking girl was still Roland's biggest harvest of this group of witches. In the field of industrial construction, being able to solidify an object's state could be considered as an utterly priceless treasure. The key lied in the word "normal state". The constant heating and cooling, friction, or any other kind of force which influenced the material would cause the metal to fatigue, which would lead to the deformation of the overall structure. But now he no longer had to worry about drills becoming too hot due to friction, and would no longer need to be concerned with a tools daily abrasion. If the key parts of the machines could be kept in a "normal" state all of the time, it would mean that the machines could always maintain their state of maximum efficiency and could work at the best possible accuracy.

In other words, Candle could effectively improve the mechanical strength of inferior materials.

...

Back to the castle's office, Roland took out the ability record and skimmed over them once again, and then started planning their future work.

"How were they?" Nightingale stuck her head out of the fog, "Are you fond of any of those five in particular?"

"They are all pretty good," Roland casually agreed.

"What?! You like all of them?"

He threw her a glare, while the latter stuck out her tongue and then further nibbled at the fish in her mouth.

Obviously, at present, the ones that were the most useful to him were Lotus and Candle.

With her ability to transform the landscape, he could easily build a new earthen wall outside of the current city wall – instead of having to build another fieldstone cement wall, in this way conserving materials and accelerating the construction process. As for the location she would work in he had selected the smallest sector between the foot of the North Slope Mountain and the Redwater River. It should be small enough that it could be completed before the arrival of the Months of Demons, while at the same time also limiting Border Town's westwards expansion. In the wake of the unceasing increase of population, it was only a matter of time before those pieces of wilderness and the Concealing Forest would be developed.

The new earthen wall would be extended to the outer parts of the Concealing Forest, while it would already include some part of the forest. This expansion would double the current area of the town. As for lengthening the defensive line, this problem could be resolved through the expansion of the troops and by leading the demonic beasts to attack predetermined areas. However, compared with the previous years wooden pikes and flintlocks, today's First Army's firepower and rate of attack had undergone earthshaking changes. Furthermore, building batteries, bastions or similar defense measures was still possible after completing the new city walls.

He also intended to let Lotus open up a path through the southern mountain, and in that way connect Border Town to the shoal. And as a result, the town could get its own natural harbor, which would also make trading with the Fjords much more convenient. Taking into account the huge amount of magical

power she would have to spend to transform the rock, Roland estimated that this project could take up to several months' time.

As for Candle, Roland planned, that she would work together with Anna and Lucy to create a new generation of machine tools for the production of firearms and other mechanical equipment. Another good point coming from this would be that Anna could also be freed from the tedious production process.

Sylvie's task was very clear, her mission would be to explore the North Slope mine and the Concealing Forest. According to the stories from the miners, the North Slope Mine was a natural cave with a hundred or more channels, from which no one knew where they would end up. By now only twenty of them had been exploited and cleaned up, even though many kinds of ore had already been discovered. In the end, Roland still felt very curious about the credibility of the rumors that the mine was an ancient monster lair.

Now that he had gotten hold of a witch who had the ability to see through walls, he desired the completion of exploration of the North Slope Mine together with drawing a detailed map. As they explored, Lotus could also adjust the terrain and in doing so increase the mining's efficiency.

As for Honey, Roland didn't have a lot of ideas, except for maybe asking her to help him to strengthen his information transmitting system, in this era without any radios. For this, he needed a lot of well-trained birds which could serve as carrier pigeons. It wasn't necessary for them to be as smart as Maggie, it would already be good enough if they could forward the messages as quickly as possible.

#### Chapter 260 Perfumed soap and wine

The sun slowly descended behind the western mountains, and the surging heatwave gradually began to vanish, even the chirping of the cicadas during the summer gradually subsided. However, compared to Sleeping Island which was enclosed by the ocean on all sides, the castle still seems a bit too hot.

Evelyn, covered with sweat, reached the second floor, and the moment she pushed open the door to her bedroom she was enveloped in a burst of coolness.

"Today's test must have been hard on you," a woman with black hair, a mature and capable appearance said while showing her a warm smile, "How was it, did it go smoothly?"

Her name was Scroll, not only was she the oldest witch of the Witch Union but she was also a very kind senior. Although they knew each other only for a day, Evelyn had already experienced the other's care and concern.

"I... do not know," Evelyn replied with some frustration. "The other people were all able to show off their own ability. However, when it came to my turn, His Highness only asked me a few questions before he let me off. Is it... because he thinks I'm useless?"

Coming over and offering her a cup of iced water Scroll answered, "There doesn't exist an ability which completely lacks a function, it only means that the right way to use it hasn't been discovered yet. This is something His Highness has often told us, so you do not need to worry about that."

"But..." she took the cup, started to speak but then stopped.

“Are you worried that he might decide that you are useless and because of this you’d be left out?” Scroll could not help but laugh, “If we were still the Witch Cooperation Association from before, that might be possible, but since we have arrived in Border Town, His Royal Highness has never shown any difference in how he treated us witches, that is something Hummingbird can attest to.”

The girl who was currently immersed in searching for clothes in the cabinet answered in agreement, “That’s right. For example: Me, Mystery Moon, Lily ~ah, and also Miss Nana recently had nothing suitable to do, so His Highness even encouraged us to play Gwent to relieve our boredom.”

“Relieve... boredom?” Evelyn’s eyes became wide.

“Yeah, it sounds incredible, right? When there is something to be done, you have to work hard, but if there is nothing to do, you can play freely, at least that’s what he said to me,” Hummingbird paused, “It’s only that I feel that His Highness is a little bit biased, he and Anna are clearly very close friends.”

“Of course, she is the first witch he ever got acquainted with, so their feelings to each other are much deeper,” Scroll interrupted and knocked against her head, “Quickly go and get your clean clothes, if not there won’t be much running water left tonight.” She then looked at Evelyn and said, “You should also come with us.”

“Where are we going?” Evelyn asked in confusion.

“To take a shower,” Scroll answered with a smile, “During the summer, there is nothing more pleasantly than standing in the shower to wash yourself.”

When Evelyn followed the two into the bathroom, she couldn’t keep herself from shouting out in surprise. It seemed she had stepped into an extensive grassland, a sea of clouds and mountains in front of her, and the setting sun falling through a window was reflected by the walls and dyed the clouds in a touch of gold.

“This is—”

“Soraya’s masterpiece,” Scroll laughed, “This is not a traditional decorative painting, you will understand it when you take off your shoes.”

Following her words, Evelyn took off her wooden sandals and put them onto a shoe cupboard beside the door. She then stepped barefoot on the “grassland”, and immediately understood the meaning of Scroll’s words. The tactile sensation she felt coming from the soles of her feet was similar to that of walking over dense grassland. Moreover, it felt as if the lawn was sprinkled with water droplets, a reminiscent of the feeling after a heavy rainfall.

In the meantime, Scroll was already taking off her clothes, loosened the braids to free her her tails, and let her long black hairs fall down. Evelyn then saw her go toward the wall, screw a wrench, and several water threads suddenly spray out from the pole extending overhead, covering her completely.

“How about it, don’t you think it’s convenient?”

Hummingbird came over and placed something round into her hand, “This is a bath article developed by His Highness himself, when used during a shower the feeling cannot be more wonderful. Come on, I’ll show you how to use it.”

...

When Evelyn returned to the bedroom, she felt as if her whole body had become lighter.

Evelyn had never experienced such a comfortable bath. Using the scented soap covered her entire body in bubbles, and after she washed them away with water, the sticky feeling she had felt from head to toe was immediately swept away, replaced by a fresh and smooth feeling. After putting on the clean clothes, the hot air seemed to have become cool, and when lifting her arm, she could smell the fragrance of roses left behind on her skin.

Is this the daily life of the witches of the Witch Union?

Evelyn was still somewhat struck in disbelief, she was born in the outer city of King's City, to a family who ran a pub. Even though most of their customers had been farmers and peasants, yet one of their always recurring topics of conversation had always been about the nobles' lives in the inner city, so while serving the wine she had heard many stories. About things such as gilded bathtubs filled with wine, as well as milk filled bathtubs sprinkles with rose petals... but even the most unbelievable rumor, could never match her experience today – at least Evelyn thought that a bath in milk or wine could never feel as comfortable as this did.

Remembering that the owner of this castle was a real prince, it was only normal for him to pay extra attention to his comfort and enjoyment. But that the witches could actually enjoy the same lifestyle as the royal family was naturally hard for her to imagine. Before leaving for Sleeping Island, she had already experienced that even being able to maintain an ordinary life was already considered an extravagant hope.

"Hungry?" Scroll wiped her hair dry and retied her braids, "It will soon be time for dinner, so we should go to the hall now."

The living room was located on the first floor, the long wooden eating table was filled with all kinds of dishes. Roughly counting, Evelyn saw six pots of meat, as well as egg soup, vegetable soup and roasted mushrooms, which was not much worse than yesterday's welcome feast.

Waiting until all the other witches had taken their place, they all started together. She soon noticed that apart from the knife and fork some people were also using a pair of wooden sticks to eat their food. The same was also true for His Royal Highness, the times he picked up the knife and fork was even less than the others, and the way in which he moved his hand while using the wooden stick looked very flexible. The food served at the table also had no big steaks, whole chicken or ducks – different from the commonly seen food in the taverns, the stake was already cut into many small pieces, while the wild boar legs had already been freed from the bones, allowing it to be eaten by simply picking it up.

When the dinner came to its conclusion, the Prince suddenly clapped his hands and announced, "I recently developed two new things and I plan to spread them around as merchandise, but I'm still not sure about its result. So I want you to try it in advance and afterward give me your opinion."

"What is it, something to eat?"

"Alright, I'll try it!"

"Me too, goo!"

The witches of the Witch Union immediately cried out in approval. Seeing their reaction, Evelyn turned with a shocked look on her face to Scroll, only to see the latter smile and then explain, "His Highness creates some novel things, such as the perfumed soap you previous used, or perfume, chopsticks, Ice cream... Before he puts them into production, he will always let us test them first."

"Cough, cough," the Prince cleared his throat, "The first thing is a wine, which compared with the typical ale and wine's taste is much more mellow and rich, but also more intoxicating. Therefore, the minor witches aren't allowed to participate."

"Your Highness, this is prejudice!" Lightning shouted, "I can drink a lot more than the adult sailors!"

"Even though it is still out of the question."

"Oh..." The little girl pursed her lips, but Roland was still unmoved and instead told the attendants to serve the good liquor to the adult witches.

In front of Evelyn were placed three cups – looking at the sparkling crystal glass cups she saw that they had all been filled with different drinks. One cup was filled with a colorless liquid, which looked similar to water, one cup was milky white, while the last cup was a shiny orange. Within the vibrant candle light, she could see some small objects floating in the last cup, which conversely seemed to be an unfiltered fruit wine.

"They are white wine mixed with apple juice, white wine mixed with milk, and finally, pure white wine," Roland introduced, "Ice can be added according to your tastes, but the more you put in, the more the wine's flavor will be diluted."

He then smiled to Evelyn, "You have been staying in the capital's pub for a long time, and you also have the ability to make different kinds of drinks, I hope to hear your evaluation of this new type of wine."

Evelyn could not stop her heart from dancing for a little while, she picked up the cup with the orange drink, pursed her lips and swallowed a mouthful. And sure enough, just as His Royal Highness had said, the flavor of the white wine was far more intense than that of ale. It even burned her throat somewhat. It tasted bitter at the tip of her tongue, but the apple's taste also diluted its impact. Lastly, there was the wine's own rich and mellow aroma – the succession of several flavors resonated inside her mouth, forming an excellent wine like she had never tasted before.

The white wine mixed with cow milk was a little milder, almost completely covering over the bitterness. Besides the cow milk she could also taste something which must have been honey or perhaps sugar. This sweetness formed an entirely new flavor together with the aromatic wine.

Turning to the last cup, Evelyn heart was already filled with expectation she readily took a small sip, then a burning hot sensation immediately rolled all over her tongue and down her throat – just like she had already anticipated it, it had no other flavor, only the pure flavor of wine. First burning hot and then followed by a bitter sweetness.

"All the tastes of these glasses of wine are... unforgettable," she put down the cup and took a deep breath, "Your Royal Highness, some people may be unable to accept its strong and irritating flavor. But I think that people who truly love to drink wine, will be unable to resist possessing wine with such a mellow and rich flavor."

“Is that so?” Roland laughed, “That’s good to hear, but it wasn’t the case that the cup contained the strongest of white wine. I’m sure that I can improve its rich and mellow flavor even further, so when that time comes I want you to sample it for me again.”

Uh, did he pick me to test the new wine for him? Although Evelyn was somewhat confused, she still opened her mouth to reply, “Yes, Your Highness.”

When the cups and plates were removed, the Prince ordered his attendants to bring over a pile of boxes and place them on the long table.

“These are my second creations, and also a little present I’m going to give you,” he paused, “it is a piece of special piece of clothing.”