

Chapter 1431 A Thundering Order

Din. Din. Din. Din. Din~

The heavy stomping sounds of many rushing across the farms, ponds, and public tables could be heard all across the scene.

And soon enough, many truly knew what scarcity meant.

"No!... I don't see any more Tilapias. Hey! Catfish!... Catfish... Though the taste is similar to Tilapia, there's a distinct difference that wouldn't go well with the dish I had in mind. Dammit! It looks like I'll have to change things up!"

"Purple Salmon! I got Salmon! Oh, baby, I can just kiss you now!.. Lucky me!"

"A Green Perch! I actually caught a Perch fish!"

"Silver Bass fish... Carp fish... I caught these 2 at once!"

"Oh no! The pond is all out of fish! But at least half of us here haven't gotten any fish yet! Then what do we do?... Meat!... They seem to have meat in the public deep freezer at the side!"

"Dammit! Meat is almost out too! What do I do if my dish lacks either meat or fish?... Can I make tunings instead? In that case, what dish would compliment my dumplings? Ahhhh~... This is the 4th time I've had to change my dish idea!"

"Terrible! All the fresh tomatoes have been picked out clean. And now, there's only the bruised and low-quality ones here!"

"Carrots! The limited rainbow carrots have all been plucked out too! Even the orange carrots are gone!"

"Oh, my ancestors! This is a complete disaster! The Golden lettuce is no more. In that case, I have to change my dish again. Wait! I think I spotted orange cabbages over there!"

"Ahhhh~... I accidentally dropped one of my eggs! Dammit! Each of us is only given a maximum of 9 eggs on each workstation. I planned to use 4 and keep the rest just in case I messed up my dish and had to create new ones again. The time limit is 5 hours. With one egg down, I have to make sure I don't overcook, burn or destroy my dish, lest I waste all my eggs!"

(*^*)

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Sweat already trickled down their backs; many began fighting for resources like crazed people.

The Purple Sea Bream.

That was the fish Mildred had secured for herself and Okaru.

They had to put their hands in the water and catch these fish for themselves with care.

And while she dealt with the fish, Okaru had been on her way to the meat refrigerators.

At that point, it was a 'grab-what-you-can' situation. Because in no less than a few minutes, the entire fridge was empty.

And in the end, over 200 people didn't get meat.

One should recall that they started the exams with 800 people. And about 70 or so were sent out right from the start.

The competition as it stood was fierce.

They got their fish and meat before grabbing, dividing themselves up to grab as many tomatoes, bell peppers, and other greens they could get.

But that wasn't all.

Take a look at the fruits around, as well as the milk, butter, and other items in the fridge.

One shouldn't forget that at this very moment, though they were in an exam, the examiners were their customers.

Though they didn't say they should make a full course meal, Mildred wondered if doing this would increase their chances of passing the exam.

All examiners should have a scoreboard that maybe checks taste, compatibility, and whatnot. So would points be located for those who also gave full course meals?

Appetizers, desserts, and the meal itself... This was what she understood was a full course meal from all her reading up before coming to Baymard.

If she decided to bake a cupcake, should she decorate it with fruits?

Of course Mildred preferred to make the fruits into smoothies or some juice.

At the same time, she might have to choose any of the beverages in the public fridges.

However, a wrong pairing with her dish could ruin the entire taste of it all.

Tick-Tock. Tick-Tock.

Bam. Bam. Bam. Bam.

Everyone began working knives on their chopping boards with little no noise.

The entire scene felt as heavy as a battlefield, with many swinging their swords and commanding their troops like true army generals.

And eight above the examiner stand, several people watched the scene with disguised excitement in their eyes.

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"Waw! Big Brother Landon, is this how fierce your exams here are?"

Astar was so amazed.

He had never seen anything like this.

Just look at how fast their hands were moving?

Pap. Pap. Pap. Pap. Pap. Pap.~

They were slicing their onions, carrots, and all the rest like machines.

Sure. At least half of those here showed lesser skills than the other half examinees.

But though less skilled, the battle atmosphere made them work very diligently, properly working their magic across their workstations.

And the more Astar watched, the more hungry and excited he was.

Hahahahaha~

Not only will he get to eat his fill, but he also felt like he was in some show, especially after listening to the comments from the other examiners and guests around him.

Honestly, he never knew chefs had to put so much thought into creating a fish.

"Over there, examinee 12, he's left his fish too long on one side. When doing fish, it's important to floor it constantly, not overlooking its exterior."

"Number 24 doesn't realize that he already has his batch of diced onions. Pity... I reckon he'll still serve them thinking they're alright."

Eh?

Blink. Blink.

Astar felt like he was in another world.

At present, he could only see what the first 30 examinees were doing.

The examination site was huge, with countless rows and columns.

If they wanted, they could also stroll around to look at other examinees.

Of course, there were still invigilators stationed across the scene watching and taking note of everything.

And when necessary, they would say their famous words.

"Contestant overburnt all his tomatoes. Disqualified!"

Tomatoes were the main ingredient for the dish.

So if one flamed, burnt, or overcooked them without leaving spare tomatoes for another try, then too bad. They would get automatically disqualified.

As it stood now, even the bad quality tomatoes and the newly sprouting ones have all been plucked out.

So what more could these people do?

"Disqualified!"

"Disqualified!"

"Disqualified!"

The words fell like thunder, making many shiver uncontrollably.

As for Mildred, things were getting more and more heated up!

Chapter 1432 The Moment Of Truth

Look left; look right.

Mushrooms, Thyme, Basil, pepper, salt, oil, and other herbs.

All her ingredients were long washed.

Pap. Pap. Pap. Pap. Pap.

Her fingers, blade, and board worked seamlessly with one other.

'First, slice the brown mushrooms thinly, followed by the garlic, ginger...'

Mildred began instructing herself on what to do, finely processing each ingredient before her.

And when she was done, she would push her ingredients into the few bowls before her.

Those that would get used for the sauce went in one bowl, those for the fish in another, etc.

Speaking of fish, because Okaru was going to prepare a dish with sweet potatoes, she allowed Okaru to have her portion of meat while she, in turn, took Okaru's fish.

And now, they both had backup ingredients lest they messed up on their first or second try.

Sweet potatoes weren't like ordinary white potatoes. They had a sweetness to them and several distinguishable factors too.

Okaru wanted to balance its sweetness with the presence of well-salted meat.

The savory blend of sweetness and saltiness would indeed create a mouth-watering feeling if done right.

Swish!

Mildred was fast.

It took little to no time for her to scrap out the Sea Bream fish and take out its gills and other bitter insides.

But things weren't even yet.

Now, she crushed her ingredients, keeping them finely small.

And for her fish, she decided to create lines on its sides and began pouring white wine into the fish.

This was something she discovered back in Terique after experimenting.

Her only worry was that she had tested this out using another type of fish.

'So, will this still work?'

Mildred was curious. If in the end, it ruins the taste of the carp, then at least she had another share carp to work with.

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~Bruuu~

The white wine sprinkled onto the fish.

'Coat both sides, adding salt. But don't overdo it.' She reminded herself.

Good!

Now, she could take it to the fire.

That was the essential step.

On low~medium heat, she placed the fish on a well-oiled frying pan and set it above one of the stove rings.

Bubuum. Bubuum.

Mildred felt her entire body tremble from just setting it in her fire.

All this time, she had been subconsciously holding her breath.

'Now, I wait. I can only continue when the outer skin of the fish begins crisp but not done. Quickly! I have to work on my noodles!'

Like lightning, she began clearing her workstation while still switching the sides of the fish from time to time.

And one of the indicators who was supposed to grade each step of her actions couldn't help nodding and scribbling something down on her sheet.

Per 40 examinees, 4 invigilators were overlooking all they did.

Even their knife work was taken into consideration.

But Mildred had no time to focus on this indicator.

Pah! She placed the roughened dough onto the table and began working her magic, smoothing it all out.

But did you think she would be able to work on the dough like this?

Not a chance!

Very quickly, she placed it in a bowl and covered its top, wanting the years in the dough to activate.

"Ah!- her fish!"

Very quickly, Mildred was on the stove side.

The fish was almost how she wanted it to be.

And after flipping it severally, she was finally satisfied.

She didn't want it completely crisped.

This much was enough for now.

Good.

Plunging a cube of salted butter into the pan, she used a spoon to carry some of the hot melted butter, dropping it on the fish.

If one kept pouring the oil onto the fish, the outer side of the fish would be crispy and the inside moist.

This was a cooking technique also called basting.

With all the recorded cooking shows from the famous Baymardian chefs, she did learn a few of the 'popular' everyday Baymardian techniques just about everyone here knew.

'Come on... Come on...'

Mildred was focused on the fish.

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[3 hours, 25 minutes left!]

What?!!

Mildred couldn't believe her ears.

Where did the time go?

Could the rush for ingredients and even this little cooking she did have used up so much time?

Everyone's belly was knotted with butterflies the moment they heard the voice.

Some couldn't stop shaking, while others had tears in their eyes, feeling the pressure and their now failed ingredients preparation.

Some had already burnt or overcooked most of their ingredients, making them want to cry.

Time... Time... They needed more time!

Mildred once again looked at her dough.

Not yet.

'Alright. It's time to work on my sauce!'

With all ingredients long sliced or crushed.

First, she began creating her paper sauce.

Yes! This pepper sauce would get served separately. Additionally, she also planned to grate cheese and serve it separately too.

Back in Terique, she found that when making this particular recipe, added cheese did wander while eating.

And with an overly sensitive mouth as hers, how could she not feel the burst of taste from the combo?

She made the complementary side condiments before finally starting with the main sauce.

Phew.

Mildred took a deep breath.

What theme was she going for?

Or rather, what did she want people to experience when they ate her food?

Youth.

That was what she wanted the explosive flavors to remind everyone of. And of course, the way she would dress her dishes would be a great advantage.

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1, 2, 3... The sauce was done.

As for what she put in them, she would only leave the examiners to find out for themselves.

The dough!

Pah!

She slapped it into the table, rolled it severally, as well as sprinkled flour on it multiple times too.

Over and over again, she ensured what she thought was perfection.

And soon, she began cutting her noodle strips.

Following that, she sent it straight to the pot, allowing it to cook.

But was she done?

No way.

She still had to make dessert and a few appetizers.

[1 Hour, 45 minutes more!]

"Examinee 500 calls for final evaluation."

Already, many people were done, wanting their dishes to get evaluated.

And little by little, the space was now growing empty. Especially after some people got disqualified, seeing that they had no more tomatoes to use after failure.

[1 Hour more!]

[45 minutes more!]

30.... 20... 15... 8... Zero.

Ding!

[All Examinees Stop! Your time is up.]

Mildred deeply stared at her dishes.

Now was the moment of truth.

She couldn't lie.

She was nervous.

Chapter 1433 What Is Going On?

The day was hot with no clouds in sight. Yet the remaining examinees felt a deep chill freeze their blood.

Okaru trembled so much that her pigtailed began moving back and forth. And as for others, they also felt the changes in their bodies.

The more the judgment gods advanced towards them, the more they held their breaths.

First, the many indicators and examiners walking about gave scores to the remaining examinees.

"Pass!"

"Failed!"

"Pass!"

"Failed!"

"Failed!"

"Pass!"

"Pass!... You qualify to take tomorrow's examination."

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Plop.

Some fell to the ground, crying their eyes out while listening to the advice and reason for their failure.

"Failed... I can't believe I've failed."

"I... I... How could I make such a stupid mistake? I tried to fry the silver sweet potatoes, wanting them to be crisp. But in the end, I accidentally burnt them black instead. And those were all the potatoes I had!"

"A disaster! My rice was too soggy and not firm... Blame me for focusing too much on my meat and leaving the rice in the fire for so long. Even my meat wasn't to the level I wanted it to be. And I burnt the tomato sauce instead!"

"~Woooooo~... It's over. It's all over!"

Many felt weak when thinking of how they messed things up with their one hand.

The examiners also told them their good points... As well as their bad and the reason for their failure.

They handled it so well that the examinees didn't feel worthless or useless.

Many firmed their hearts to rectify their mistakes and take the exam in the next entrance examination session.

Don't give up! Don't give up!

They swore to return stronger than ever... Especially after hearing that some examinees only passed after 2~5 times of repeating the examinations.

Some who passed even shared their experience of how they had failed before.

Yes!

It wasn't the end of the world.

They still had a chance to enter this heavenly academy.

And just as some were mourning their loss, others felt too exhilarated, jumping on the spot and shedding tears of joy.

Next round... They qualified to take the next taste tomorrow.

Very quickly, they too regained their senses, feeling victory very close.

'Calm down. Calm down. This is just the 1st test put of 3. If I fail tomorrow, then I will still lose in the end. No! I have to go back home and work on myself!'

Many had these thoughts, obviously forgetting today's victory.

Who could blame them?

For some in the bunch, this was their first time taking the academy's exams.

And to qualify to move into the next round was already jaw-dropping, seeing that at least 60% of examinees were those who failed the academy's exams before.

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Shiver. Shiver.

Their bodies couldn't stop quaking when they thought of how luck had smiled on their sides.

Today's test involved actual cooking. But for the other tests, they didn't know whether it would involve cooking or something more rigorous.

It's said that the academy's exams were just too random, in a way that no one could tell.

One time, the examinees were asked to taste 20 different dishes, pointing out the flaws in each one, as well as identifying the textures in them.

Another time, the examinees were taken to a farm instead.

And again, there was a time they took them to a restaurant.

But what about when they put them in buses and headed towards one of the Baymardian territories for the exams?

Harvesting common plants was an essential skill that chefs should have.

There was also that time that the academy sent the examinees into a secluded and protected area within one of the Baymardian territories that had several common poultry and sources of meat like the horned pheasant or the green hairy molg.

These animals were always plentiful and were very common to see because of their high birth rate. However, they were all too hard to catch... Especially the faults that grew to 4 feet tall.

And their meat was even harder to cook if one messed things up.

And during that time, they were tasked to cook with no Baymardian equipment.

Yes! No stoves or anything of that sort.

A good cook can create high-end dishes out in the wild.

This was already how medieval cooking was.

But because they were less knowledgeable about various cooking details, medieval food wasn't that refined.

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If it were before, they would throw the meat over the fire without too much care until it was cooked.

At times, they would wait for its outer skin to turn charcoal... And to them, it was ready.

But now over time, many learned that the way they were cooking was destroying the ingredients they used.

Herbs, tomatoes, all these ingredients had health benefits. More than that, the new Baymardian cooking techniques common to everyone also helped to enhance the aroma of each ingredient, making for a mouth-watering delicacy.

All in all, they could see the difference between what they used to do and what the Baymardians were doing.

And during that test, the examinees were asked to cook with no Baymardian equipment out in the wild... The only thing they were given was salt, oil, and a lighter.

Thinking about the many strange Baymardian tests, many felt their scales tingle.

These exams hardly repeated themselves. So what can they expect for tomorrow's test?

Damn!

It was always like going on an adventure, not knowing what would jump at them next.

Like so, many exited the site with countless expressions on their faces.

But for some examinees, they hadn't been told to leave yet.

Mildred watched the examiner taste her dishes without anything.

All the examiner did was scribble more and more.

(-_-)

Erm... Excuse her... But did she pass or not?

Mildred had never felt so panicked in her entire life.

What was this situation?

She wasn't the only one because Okaru was also dying from the silence.

Please... Can anyone tell her what is going on?

Chapter 1434 First Exams Finally Over!

--Silence--

Shortly after the examiner taste-tested and scribbled down some more, she called several others to come for a taste test.

You look at me; I look at you.

The examiners nodded to one another, still saying nothing to the people who cooked the dishes.

Hello?

Can you tell us what the hell is going on here?

Scattered across the now empty site, Mildred noticed that there were 15 of them left standing, some confused, others just calm, while some panicking.

The space had occupied 800 people.

A few were far ahead, others closer to her and some far behind.

And amongst them, the remaining examinees, no one knew why they were ignored.

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[Examinees! Congratulations on making it this far. You are left standing because the examiners and investors have all tasted your dishes and agree that you are the Top 15 examinees for this test!]

Boom!

A wonderful explosion erupted in their brains.

Top 15?

Okaru felt the nonexistent wind almost blow her body away.

"T-t-top 15? Mildred, did he just say we are in the Top 15? 15! 15! 15! I... Top 15. You, me... I..."

Okaru was stammering and waving her hand around in shock.

She almost had a heart attack from the examiner's words.

But more than anything else, she knew that she wouldn't have gotten this far without Mildred's help and advice during the exams.

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[You're all in the Top 15. And to rank yourselves, our extended examiners will taste each dish, giving your ranks and scores! The top 5 examinees will get exempted from tomorrow's test. While the rest of you will get 40 bonus points towards tomorrow's exams... But bear in mind that there is still a 3rd exam in the end. And how you do will also affect your overall entrance score!]

What?

The examinees couldn't believe their ears.

This was just too good of a reward. Who wouldn't want this?

Wonderful!

One of the examinees let out a sly smile. He was confident that his dish should land him with the dishes he made.

His goal was to be the top examinee.

And once he established a footing in the academy, he hoped to challenge not just the top Chef Generals but also the Top 10 Seats!

Yes!

It's said that the 10 seats were the cooking gods in the academy. And the prestige given to them wasn't small

Their radiance and power in the academy were enough to show how strong that title was.

But with privilege comes hard work. These top dogs weren't lazy, taking in various intern jobs across the entire Continent during holidays.

And some even planned to open restaurants with a few of the dishes they developed.

To become one of the 10 seats was something he and many others dreamt of!

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Reaching the top 15, many felt that they had what it takes to become a cooking God or goddess in the future.

But the road won't be easy, especially when every entrance examination birthed Top examinees all the time.

And there were also those already in the academy who had been working their butts off, also challenging these 10 seats, as well as the 10 generals behind them.

F***!

Even winning a general felt like a fantasy dream to those in the academy. That was how strong these gifted ones were.

But who knows... Maybe amongst them, one would shine to the top!

But before that, they had to determine their ranks for today's test.

There were 5 main examiners they had to please to determine their ranks.

Landon, Astar, and 3 others were seated on the podium.

Thus, with the many trays and serving bowls at their disposal, they quickly went to work.

Mildred evenly distributed her dishes between all 6 trays.

And one by one, the examinees were called out until it was her turn.

Swish!

The invigilators assisted her in taking all trays to the front, placing them before the Main examiners.

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Oh?

Landon raised his brow, looking at the simple yet clean display.

The bowls she chose were pure white, making the food pop out even more.

Additionally, her decorative choice with her food was also quite good.

Already, many had written a score, evaluating what they saw.

If they stepped into her restaurant and saw this, would they be looking forward to eating it?

Yes, they would!

The noodles were neat and evenly cut with a shine to them.

They lay on the plate in a flower-shaped pattern.

And above them was the red and vibrant sauce that seemed to be calling on them.

It resembled an erupted volcano, giving their hearts a rush of adrenaline just from looking at it.

But wait... was that black ginger she formed shredded above the sauce?

It all looked like rock formations alongside a hilly volcano.

And that smell... So fragrant.

Grrrr~

The examiners all felt their bellies grumble.

The smell alone was just too enticing.

If not for Landon's earlier words, Astar would've wanted to give his fiance a 10/10 without even tasting it.

But he knew that he had to be fair to everyone else.

Hey... He was biased. But not blind. His mouth would do the judging.

One of the examiners stared at Mildred in scrutiny.

"Examiner 387. I see you made a simple dish of spaghetti and sauce, alongside what seemed to be proper sauce and grated cheese in these separate bowls?"

Mildred nodded. "Yes, Chef Belinda."

Hmmm...

Belinda nodded, feeling that the dish might not be as simple as it looked for it to be in the top 15.

"And what theme were you going for?"

"Youth!... The youth of a climber."

Hmmm...

The examiners nodded, finally deciding to take a bit.

With their forks, they rolled the noodles, gathering a bit of sauce along the way.

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Boom!

Their eyes widened.

"What is this? Fish? Yes! Finely cut pieces of fish were hidden in the sauce like a gift waiting to be unwrapped." One of the examiners said, closing his eyes to enjoy the taste.

"The savoriness and crisp of the fish's outer skin, as well as its moist and tender insides, simmers with the sauce to produce an explosive taste that bombards one's mouth the moment they take it in."

"There are also mushrooms in there." Another said. "The hidden mushroom pieces are cooked just right, giving a tender yet rich taste."

At this moment, everyone felt like they were young and vibrant rock climbers, heading to the very top of this tomato sauce mountain.

Slurp. Slurp. Slurp. Slurp!

No one could stop eating. It was as though they were possessed.

Mildred smiled. "With the power and the cheese, the effect is even powerful."

"Delicious!"

Astar did as she instructed, almost eating his plate clean.

Even more surprising was that the tea she made for them complimented this dish.

It somehow created a cooling effect on their mouths.

Astar was confused. Hot food, hot tea... Where does the cooling effect come from? Could it be something in the good that does this?

Desserts and even the appetizers they were supposed to eat at the start were now devoured by them.

The portions given to them were small so that the examiners would have enough room in their bellies to taste every examinee's dish.

In the end, Mildred firmly cemented her spot as in the top 5.

Yes! She was 3rd, while Okaru was ranked 9th.

Mildred felt like she had just run a marathon.

Phew.

Today's test was officially over!

Chapter 1435 Time To Leave!

The days took off like a hurricane, with many weeping with joy, sorrow, and other emotions.

"I did it! I got accepted to study law!"

"Awesome! You are now looking at the next great pretending to face the world!"

"I... I can't believe I've been accepted into the Arts, Entertainment & Beauty academy. This... This is too much of a dream!"

"Woooo~... I failed to enter the Management & Teaching Academy."

"Dammit! How could I have made such a blunder? Now I won't be able to enter the Academy of Hert, Weather & Atmospheric science!"

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Whether it was the Baymardians themselves or the foreigners, people were still talking about their results about these public academies.

And maybe the most popular public academy was the Management & Teaching Academy.

There, they would not only be taught management skills that are popular in this world. But it was also said that these skills were somewhat refined too.

Additionally, one could specialize in being secretaries, front desk service helpers, and just every other job involved with customer service.

Knowing how to make one's customer happy was a great skill that any business should have.

Plus, they would be shown various efficient ways to manage and even start up businesses, learning about what to do with the capital they acquired, how to create cumulative tracks of everything they did, and seeing what corners and risks were worth it or not.

In short, it was mostly about business.

So how could people not be interested?

Almost everything in this world revolved around trade. Whether one was a fish seller, a fisherman, a cook or even a hotel runner, or even a farmer.

And many ordinary folks in these medieval times just entered business and trades without even overthinking.

Some got cheated after selling grains, others lost money and ended up as slaves, while many more went into debt.

They were ignorant, and there was no one to show them the ropes.

Even the rich were greedy, not wanting to see those below them blossom.

So when Baynard began this Academy, many across the continent were scrambling to get in.

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Things were truly rough.

The entrance quota was fixed, with some getting waitlisted to the next academy session.

And because of the rush and the high volume of examinees that came in frequently, the Academy had long continued to expand.

This academy was the most popular academy of them all.

No academy could beat its volume of examinees that came in often.

Of course, apart from ordinary business management, the academy also taught a lot about 'waste management.'... Though as a minor elective.

And because of this knowledge, many assisted other empires in handling waste and keeping the place clean.

Though all recyclables were sent back to Baynard... That's what they were taught to do with recyclables.

And bottles also got sent back.

For this, no one even needed to teach them what to do because depending on the size of the bottles... for every 8 bottles they sent back, they would be given a copper coin for them.

And now, within the many empires, there were waste management stations where people could exchange bottles for money.

Many ordinary folks saw this as a way to make a quick buck when in dire need of money.

And now, no one dared to throw bottles around.

They looked at the bottles as though looking at money.

Some even joked that if they were ever robbed, they wouldn't feel too panicked but go around the cities and streets looking for bottles.

And you know, depending on the bottle's size and weight, the amount given to them would be higher.

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It should be noted that bigger bottles like campaign bottles were different from ordinary ones.

All these things were in their eyes.

In the end, Waste management in the academy was taken seriously, but those who planned to work with the government's waste management department in their empires.

Yes!

Now job opportunities have opened up, and many are getting employed.

When talking about waste... It was also linked with hygiene.

So they were told what to do about standing apostles of infected green water that probably stood there for long attracting flies.

Everything about waste, from rotting food to stagnant waters, stream maintenance, was covered.

And last but not least, the academy also taught others to specialize in the teaching profession.

There were many teachers in this world.

Being a teacher was a noble profession. And bettering one's skills on this was also a remarkable feat.

All in all, Baymard's public academies were very popular.

Similarly, the private Ma like the medical & Health academy, the Baymardian Institute of Science & Engineering, and many others were also hot cakes in these times.

Even those wanting to enter the Police Academy, Navy, Coastguards, and barracks felt itchy.

Indeed... These past days have been very turbulent.

And now, it was all simmering down with the official entrance examination week finally over.

Many who failed chose to stay back and prepare for the next entrance session 3~4 months later.

Others chose to leave, planning to retire next year.

And as for those who succeeded, next semester for most academies started around August 15th~20th.

It was already the first week of June.

So they had a little over 2 months to prepare themselves and settle whatever they needed to do before school resumed.

All these public academies had a residence in the schools.

So for those who wanted to apply to live in school, they had to register now.

But while things were quenching down for most people, Landon's situation was different.

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--Royal Baymardian Palace, Capital City.--

Seated in his office were 12 men and women, some who were Warrant officers, while others were First Lieutenants and Navy captains

And of course, Lucy and 3 others from her side were also there.

Everyone had serious expressions on their faces.

"Your majesty, all food preparation has been completed."

"Report! All ships ready to go!"

Landon listened to their reports one by one.

"Good. It looks like everything is prepared as per schedule. So, are the men ready?"

"Affirmative, sir!"

"Good! Then we leave tonight!"

Chapter 1436 Failed Operation

1:15 A.M.

Most people had already begun snoring in dreamland while some were at work, planning to work till dawn.

And for others, they were either watching tv or hanging out with friends, seeing that they were free the following day.

Off days were managed to be enjoyed. And they planned to spend every hour gifted to them in bliss.

The night was hot and stagnant.

Damn. This heat was enough to cause a heat stroke even at night.

The only comfort they had was that the sea breeze, though very low, gave comfort to many.

Their windows were opened, their fans and air conditioners turned on without delay.

Some also had water nearby ready to quench their dry throats.

The night sky was filled with uncountable stars but no clouds at sight.

It was indeed beautiful.

The moon was so bright and large, illuminating the world below.

The many foreigners star-gazing in their hotel rooms with wine in their hands, couldn't help feeling blessed for being in this moment of absolute peace.

They gulped down their drinks and stared above in bliss.

Beautiful.

What a beautiful night!

Yes... It was indeed a sight to see.

But for others, they were having an even more difficult time.

In a hotel room, 2 men were sweating buckets after escaping for their lives.

.

Bang!

They fell on their beds with grim expressions.

"Brother, we were almost caught! One of them exclaimed. They had underestimated these Baymardians.

"... Yes... " replied the other in a daze.

Tonight's fiasco had left a chill in his heart.

And for the first time, a strange dream gnawed at his insides.

Too brutal!

He felt like they had passed some terrible tribulation out here.

In the darkroom, the men stared at one another in silence.

Before taking action, they thought it would be a simple operation.

But who can tell them why these Baymardians seemed to have eyes at the back of their heads?

Could these people's skills have advanced through leaps and bounds since last they came into this desolate continent?

Shocking!

Both men were blown out of their shoes with several thoughts racing through their minds.

But before one can understand their predicament, one first has to understand their identities.

Bone and Claw.

Those were their names given to them by their master. They were twins, always working alongside each other.

It was hard to see one of them and not see the other.

So... Who was their master, and who were they really? Forces from Veinitta sent on a private mission to find out the whereabouts of Prince Skye.

They were hidden guards from Alexander's direct team.

Yes... They worked for Dafaren's monarch.

Prince Skye had been missing for too long. And those initially sent had also turned up missing. So obviously, some lowly Pyno bastard was taking them out one by one.

And that's where they came in.

Their journey first took them to Carona, where they heard of Prince Skye's defeat. But from the information they bought off the Guilds, it was speculated that Prince Skye wasn't dead but locked up somewhere.

And after a few more weeks of snooping around, they found that these Caronians and Baymardians weren't hiding this fact that Skye was indeed locked up in Baymard.

Even more insulting was that they wanted Alexander to discuss his release and prisoner transfer with them.

But before that, Skye must serve at least 1/3rd of his prison sentence in Pyno before any right of transfer can be agreed upon.

They probably feared that if they let things go, Alexander wouldn't punish his son... Which should rightly be!

Why the hell would he punish Prince Skye?

As far as they could see, these people's actions were slapping their faces, as though saying: Pyno is stronger than Veinitta.

Such a thing was a trigger for war!

.

Finding his whereabouts, they then headed here to Baymard to confirm these facts.

But it should be noted that they weren't here to rescue Skye but to gather any possible information that could help Alexander fight back.

And where were they targeting? District B, the lower region, and everything concerning the Coastal region.

They planned to stay here for a while, sneaking into these many places.

They couldn't lie.

Greed also flashed within their eyes.

Just look at the hotel they were staying in.

If they could get the manufacturing processes and information, wouldn't Alexander promote them to the sky?

That is... Such a feat is enough to shake the entire Dafaren and make it stand above any empire in Morgany!

Who knew that Pyno would birth such a genius?

Initially, they thought of kidnapping his majesty Landon. But after thinking about it, they calmed down greatly.

Though his majesty Landon moved about freely without any guards around, who knew if the few passerbys were his hidden men?

Such a risk was too heavy to take now.

If they get caught or killed, their master will never know all they discovered.

That's why they strictly curbed their chaotic thoughts and stuck to infiltrating these private regions.

Get in, steal information, get out and leave Baynard.

Such a simple layout. But now, who can tell them why it all seemed so difficult all of a sudden?

.

Claw looked at Bone, using his elbows to drag his numb body.

"Brother, I think we should forget about gathering information on this district B and focus on the others," Claw said, catching his breath.

He didn't know if it was that the vigilance skills of these people in Pyno had gone through heavenly changes or that they were lucky.

But tonight, every time they wanted to continue advancing, they would hear the nearby guards yell out: Who's there! I think I heard something! Who? Is anyone there? Show yourselves!

Though these Baymardians didn't have great fighting abilities, they were so alert that they seemed to have heard their every little move.

If he moved a finger, they would talk about their guesses on whether someone was intruding or not.

Honestly, if not that he, a human, knew the limits of humanity, he could be sworn their eyes could see as clear as day in the dark.

Chapter 1437 To Zohl, We Go!

Claw stared at his leg, inwardly cursing his lungs out.

F***!

The yelling from these bastard Baymardians, as well as their actions of trying to check the surroundings out, had caused him to get chewed on by the Bladed Lily plant.

Him! A high-ranked hidden guard accidentally stepping into such a vicious plant!

If word went out, his reputation would be hurt.

And the most annoying thing about this lily was that its bite would release a poison that would numb his lower body for 3 hours.

But that wasn't all.

After the numbing came the itching.

Itch. Itch. Itch.

One could scrape and scratch themselves to death because of its tingling itch.

And during this time, their bodies would become scaly and clammy, constantly shedding like some bizarre creature.

This went without saying but scratching one's self during this time would only lead to fatal injuries later on.

It was best to contain some self and sit still as a rock if they could.

But do it at the comfort of your home because the itchy poison released out of the body alongside the shedding skin had a very enticing smell to several forest beasts.

Well, even come cannibals would find it enticing.

It smelt like properly roasted meat.

So if one didn't want to end up as dinner or constantly fight off predators, staying in a closed building was the way to go.

In the end, the itching phase would last for another 2 hours. And after that, the victim would return to normal... Though their skin would be overly dry.

Of course, if they scratch themselves during the itching time, then too bad. There would be plenty of gruesome scars left behind.

This Bladed lily was a favorite in a few harems.

Some women would place other ordinary flowers around it, doing their best to disguise its presence.

And after taking their enemies for a 'stroll around the gardens,' the rest would be history.

For noblewomen, deep stiches and marks on their bodies could affect their marriage... Talkless of many gruesome scratches.

Some men even felt their wives were too ugly after having so many marks.

They would leave them in the cold palace of royals or abandoned courtyard at the furthest corners of their estates.

Bladed Lily... Also known in Veinita as the Queen's Wrath. It was named after a famous queen in Veinita who used them to take out her opponent's ages ago.

Claw gritted his teeth, still dragging his numb body across.

To think that he would one day taste the Queen's wrath.

"Brother, you must never speak of this to anyone!"

"I know." Home replied with a stern face. They were identical twins.

So even if word went out about Claw, others would feel that he, Bone, had also gone through such an embarrassing experience.

If anyone ever found out...

Bone's eyes flashed with a fierce light.

"Brother, for now, we rest up. We should leave District B for last. In the next few days, we'll infiltrate the Lower region instead. And this time, there can be no more slip-ups."

"Hmmm," Claw replied.

Tonight's operator was a disaster!

But while their night was over, for some... It was just the beginning.

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-- District K, Coastal Region--

.

Vrmmm!

At the very front of the District, several vehicles were lined up, ready to enter the district.

Yes!

Just like how the lower region was fenced with electric wires, the border starting District K from the public was also fenced and heavily guarded.

District K was one of the few Districts within the Coastal Region.

And what purpose did it serve?

Well... It housed the various Navy, Marine, and Coastguard main facilities, ships, and headquarters.

Everything involving Baymard's waters and coastlines was taken care of by these armed forces.

But one shouldn't think that they only took care of the coastlines around the Capital city.

Naive!

With Baymard's expansion and acquisition of new territories, they worked on schedules to patrol and station themselves along all coastlines.

These brave men and women are always on the move, ensuring Baymard's overall security.

The moment the stream of vehicles approached the District, several security lights focused on them.

Military vehicles!

This alone told those guarding the entrance of who they were.

But just to be safe, standard protocol must always be followed.

Whoosh!

The many guards at the high watchtowers all stood, keeping their binoculars on their eyes. The hidden snipers were also ready to tranquilize and capture any who turned up to be spies or enemies.

All men were heavy to engage in case it was all a setup.

And on the ground, the many security guards also got ready to perform their checks.

.

While signaling with his hands, the main guard called out.

"Drive forward, please."

Vrmmm!

The vehicles humbly approached.

"Identification and purpose."

Very quickly, credentials were brought out. And some security men, women, and dogs rushed forth to do checks and sniff around the vehicles.

~Whoof! Whoof!~

The guard dogs barked and communicated with the other dogs in these military vehicles.

Everyone has seen such a scene countless times that they didn't find it strange at all.

The dogs had their sense of hierarchy amongst themselves, forming legions and teams at will.

In the barracks, they had their mission dogs too.

And wouldn't you know it, the strongest dog was the one Landon had chosen.

The prisons, police forces, firefighters, and many other departments also had dogs for rescue dogs, mission dogs, etc.

In Baynard, there were also service dogs trained for assisting the blind or those disabled and in need.

Dogs were truly man's best friend.

And for this mission to Zohl, the dogs were coming with them!

Woof! Woof! Woof!~

Landon chuckled while staring at the security dogs that all stood in straight lines after their checks.

"Thank you."

~Whoof!

The dogs were gallant as ever.

.

The guards nodded to one another.

"All clear! You may proceed onto the District!"

Getting the order, the many streams of vehicles swarmed in.

It was time to board the ships and set sail.

Chapter 1438 District K

Vrmmm~

The vehicles drove through the vast district, passing numerous security buildings and stations with the sole purpose of safeguarding and keeping this district protected.

The sight was somewhat similar to District B's barrack control.

But here, the Navy, marines, and Coastguards were in charge.

District K housed the many headquarters of these games forces, having the ships, military gear, and everything else.

It should be noted that at the start, when the District was still taking form, the Navy training site was still in district B, close to the police academy and the prisons.

But now, the training site was moved to District K, keeping it close to headquarters.

The many training grounds were scattered around the vast district. And the few streams, ponds, and man-made lakes only served as training sites for these marines, coastguards, and navy officers.

Swimming was a must in all conditions.

The entire district was slightly smaller than District Bs.

Nonetheless, it was still very vast, spawning from miles and miles and having all sorts of hills, and plants had been grown and transplanted over the years.

If one could recall, the Coastal region with all districts had little to no vegetation at the start.

So over the years, the task of both planting and transplanting bushes, trees was a major task.

And now looking at the changes, it looked nothing like its earlier self.

Of course, it should also be noted that 1/3 of this district was very sandy, allowing just particular plant types to grow here.

In the summer with the sun high up, these sandy regions looked like tropical vacation sites with coconut trees and sand on one's feet.

But unlike a vacation setting where the sand begins and ends only on the coastline, the District's situation was different.

The sand went into 1/3 of the district.

1/3!

There were hills and valleys of these sandy soils.

And over time, they also found weird tree squirrels and animals that loved this setting.

Nature was at its best here. Some plants were green, some were golden, others pure and whatnot.

Every time Landon looked at the scene, he would always marvel at how colorful this world was.

And of course, more than anything else, the sandy terrain made for good training grounds.

Hiding in the sand to capture an event, coming with camouflaging in such open places, understanding survival in lakes within these places... Knowing what sort of plants would grow here and taking more of their beneficial or harmful aspects... All of this was essential in training.

And just like the barracks had their brigades, those training in District K also formed units and legions of their own.

Ranking was important, and taking in missions usually alongside the barrack soldiers was also important.

District K was another military district well protected and guarded!

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Vrmmm!

Landon and the rest drove past the forest terrain, which now made up 2/3rd of the District.

At present, he was on the main highway road within the district.

Look to his left, look to his right.

There were hills and hills, spanning for miles with various buildings. Everything was so far apart.

And at every interval along the main road, as well as the other routes, one could find public watchtowers, as well as some hidden ones.

Just like District B, one could get lost here if not careful.

But this was just how he liked it.

Landon continued admiring the scene.

And after 20 minutes on the main highway road, they finally entered sandy territory.

They proceeded onwards, going straight before taking a right bend.

And soon, they reached Navy, Narine, and CoastGuard Headquarters.

Huge!

The entire place was even bigger than the barracks because of the storage of ships and whatnot.

Once again, they showed their credentials before hopping out.

Vrmm!~

The military vehicles left them, heading back to the barracks.

Hey... They were only tasked with dropping them off.

As for the vehicles with the dogs, they drove further into headquarters.

It can be seen that the dogs would directly board the ships before them.

They were treated like warriors and had rights.

Thus, they had their canine stations in one vast room as big as a public basketball arena.

And in here, there was a section for sleeping, a section for washing, and an area for 'training.'

The training was more or less like obstacle courses for dogs.

But for dogs of their caliber, they also claimed nets and did other things.

It was all arranged for them.

And with the way they had been trained, the field knew where to poop.

And once in a while, the dogs would also accompany the soldiers to take morning runs around the ships in batches.

Again, during their time here, they would also work alongside the marines and soldiers to continue scenario training.

Preparing for battle never ends.

One must be prepared for the inevitable!

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"Yaya Baggins!"

"Sir!"

"Nway Xiang!"

"Sir!"

"Annapolis Rophus!"

"Sir!"

(*^*)

The roll all commenced.

And one by one, they all got in their respective ships.

In total, 15 ships were headed out for the battle in Zohl.

Nurses, doctors... You name it.

Everyone knew what rile to play once they arrived!

Lucy held Landon's hand, stepping aboard the Blue Mary.

War...

It's been a long time since she saw such a thing. This time, she was leading a team of her out of Baymard. So she couldn't afford to be careless!

"Hubby, I promise to do good!"

Landon combed her hair lovingly. "I know you will."

Though he looked calm, he was also worried since it would be her first time out.

He and she would move in different directions once the mission began.

His eyes deepened.

'If anything happens, I'll save you before it's too late.'

This much he could do.

Landon looked at the beautiful night sky with no one knowing what was racing through his thoughts.

But soon, a voice woke him from his stupor.

"Your majesty... Queen Lucy... It's all done."

Landon looked at his watch.

They planned to leave at 3:30 A.M.

But now, it was 3:01.

They were 29 minutes early.

What a good start.

"Prepare to set sail! We leave now!"

Chapter 1439 Loved By All

Broooh~

The ships began moving.

And soon, they were out of sight.

The moon went down, the sun went up, the moon went down, the sun went up.

Time sprinkled away in a blink of an eye.

And before many knew it, 2 days had vanished.

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--The Capital City, Central Region, Carona.--

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The roads were busy and bubbling.

Look left, look right.

The entire place had come to life like a painting in motion.

"Chips~... Oh, chips!~... I'll have 3 fried eggs with tomato slices 3 large fries please!" Said a woman, rushing towards the already crowded street food stand.

The place was very, very busy.

But those making these foods all had smiles on their faces.

In the Capital, this place and several other aces were now dubbed the street food Sites in Carona.

For cleanliness and orderliness across the vast cities, these were the designated streets for street food.

But when did it all begin?

Of course it was when Baymard carried its many seminars!

Knowledge was power because once many peasants became enlightened, their entrepreneurial insights awakened within them.

They all wore smiles on their faces while making inspirational foods they had the privilege to taste while visiting Baymard.

In Baymard, one could find a variety of street foods like the one they called hot dogs.

It was a pity that these hot dogs needed to be stored at cool temperatures all the time for them to be good.

So in summer and Fall, Baymard restricted the supply of hot dogs out of its territory.

Deliberate food poisoning was a crime.

But in winter and early~Mid spring, hotdogs could be transported out.

The winters were icy, so some chose to freeze their hot dogs to solid before using it.

But if the transportation time or destination passed the cold seasons, then a merchant wouldn't be allowed to take hot dogs out.

Yes! There were solar fridges that one could use out of Baymard.

But for fear that some would be stingy in this aspect, Baymard made their decision.

After all, in this medieval world, it would make many know that most of the meat sold out was almost going bad.

Many businessmen would give the rich good meat and keep the bad to sell to the poor.

Why throw it away if you can make a quick buck from it?

These were the dangerous thoughts of these times.

In short, there were too many ifs and if not concerning meat.

And that's why many of them hardly bothered to get these items like hot dogs.

Instead, they attended seminars and sent their families into the Culinary academy to learn a thing or 2.

There was a seminar titled: Street Food.

That was the popular one amongst them, the peasants.

It was truly worth the money because after paying to attend the seminar, they got a basic understanding of street food art.

Rather than using hot dogs, why not use other meats with freshly supplied bread?

Of course, this trend of meat and bread wasn't rare

It has existed for years and years.

But maybe because the meat many ate weren't too good, many great that Baymard's bread and meat delivery was mind-blowing.

How did they do it?

Thanks to the seminar, they learned a few dos and don'ts, as well as using ingredients like mustard, ketchup, and whatnot.

Again, oil used to be something only nobles and those in palaces could afford.

In cooking, peasants like them only relied on boiling and roasting over a fire.

So even something as simple as frying an egg was a special delicacy.

One shouldn't forget that before, they lacked the equipment.

But now, Baymard gave frying pans! Frying spoons and even selling outdoor grills and other equipment made their food making too easy.

Fresh tomatoes and other ingredients were bought here in the Carona's markets. And even imported salt from Baymard, and oil was everywhere.

This was Carona's entrepreneurial age.

And if they didn't take advantage of this, they would be fools!

Of course, most buyers also liked this method because they could see how raw food got turned into cooked ones.

Who wanted to eat old and bad food?

And the time was also short. The Street good cooks had grown better and better with time management.

The seminars were truly worth it.

Many of them also bought solar fridges too. As street vendors, how could they not?

They sold Baymardian straw drinks like juice boxes that were easy to carry and store with long expiration dates apart.

They also had Carona to thank for permitting them to station themselves around these streets.

Each street food vendor had their own designated space that was registered and licensed.

They would also have health checks from time to time by Caronian health officers.

And they also had to pay their taxes too.

These places were one of the numerous tourist sites in Carona too.

Now can you come to the Capital city without tasting street food?

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"Oh my God! This Taco is so good! No wonder it's inspired by the Baymardian Beef Taco. The thinly cut and fried beef strips go well with the shredded cheese! The tomatoes and even the vegetables are so good!"

"No way! Spicy Golden fries are the best!"

"Ahhh~... If I knew, I should've come here earlier. Now the lineup around the Baymardian themed street-corn is too much!"

"Wow! The Caronian styled Festive Nacho blends well in my mouth!"

"Steam pork dumplings!"

"Classic-Styled Baymardian sweet Crepes!"

"Fred egg rolls and bread!"

"Fried Spicy noodles!"

"Meat on a stick with onion rings!"

"Give me two portions of Fried rice with tomatoes and purple greens for my sons!"

(*π*)

The scene was chaotic, but no one was complaining.

And within the ruckus was a man with a scarf wrapped around his head and mouth. And standing around him were several others that seemed to have blended well with the crowd.

"Your highness, here's your 'meat-on-a-stick' with onion rings, fried mushroom, and bell peppers."

There were 5 sticks of meat in total.

Santa licked his lips, drooling from the smell alone.

Pah!

He happily slapped the man's shoulder.

"Hahahhahah~... With this, I can move mountains!" His expression was too silly.

But everyone was already used to it.

What could they say?

His lead guard doesn't know whether to laugh or cry.

"Your highness, we need to leave now, or I'll have to drag you away by force. Have you forgotten that we must be at the site for the airport project? If you come late, but inky will her majesty kill you, the many Ministers will also whip you dead!"

"Impossible! Everyone loves me." Santa retorted.

But his men only rolled their eyes heavenwards.

"Your highness, have you forgotten how you managed to destroy a monumental statue on your own? Or what about the explosion you caused when testing black powder?"

The more they spoke, the more they felt like shaking him stupid.

Your highness, are you confused or so dense that you haven't noticed that even the cooks in the palace have blacklisted you out? Whether you go, you cause chaos!

Santa didn't seem to catch their drift. He was still munching on his meat on a stick merrily.

"Don't talk nonsense. Everyone loves me."

(-_-)

Chapter 1440 A Smiling Ball Of Santa -Carona's Star

Santa felt that his guards were blind.

What was the nickname that his little bro gave him?

Santa!

The name alone speaks for itself.

Do you know how loved one must be to get an entire holiday character made after them?

Yes!

Christmas was when Santa gave gifts.

And his bro had made Christmas after calling him Santa!

It's clear that his bro felt inspired by his kindness and loving nature, creating the jolly Santa.

Whether it was the ministers, cooks, gardeners, or anyone else, they appreciated all his help.

So what were his ignorant guards saying?

Hmph!

"Don't talk nonsense! Everyone loves me!... Ah~... So delicious!"

(:-_-:)

The men around Santa almost raised their hands in defeat.

Forget it.

They would just let his highness continue living in his make-believe bubble world.

Sometimes talking to him was like talking to a stone wall.

Tick-Tock. Tick-Tock.

Looking at his watch, the guard leader felt more and more desperate.

"Your highness, can you eat and walk at the same time? We not only have to beat the traffic, but also move a far distance too!"

At this rate, won't they be late?

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Everyone felt like pulling their hair out one by one when recalling their sworn promise to Her Majesty Penelope this morning.

It was in her palace office. And their conversation went like so;

[Penelope]: I'm heading out to handle another project. So the reason I called you all is to remind you of the urgency of Project Airport. I'm sure you're all aware that the Delegates, representatives, and chief Road Builders from Baymard arrived 2 days ago. And today, we begin Operation Airport at 11 A.M. So... I expect you all to ensure that your master gets we're in time! And if he's being stubborn, you have my permission to bundle him up. He must not be late! The other Caronian ministers and representatives will be there too... Is that understood?

[Them]: Yes, your majesty. Leave it to us. We will guarantee his early arrival!

The image of their bold and determined faces when promising to complete this mission successfully now flashed in their heads once again.

If they said they wanted to cry, would they be laughed at?

(:T^T:)

Well, a guard has to go what a guard has to do

Many had already begun rolling up their sleeves, ready to bundle him up.

"Your highness, if you don't move, don't blame us for what we are about to do."

1, 2, 3...

"Take him away!"

Santa hadn't reacted yet. And the next thing he knew, he was already in the carriage.

"Eh? Is that a kidnapping? Did I just see that man get kidnapped?"

"Holy cow! Where are the patrolling police when you need them?"

A few people who have been used to having controlling police safeguard the streets were already about to call and alert one.

But after seeing Santa unmasked, as well as the now visible credits on the guards, they no longer bothered.

"Never mind, it's just his highness."

Santa was a legend in Carona.

Who didn't know that he was always buried around like this?

His endless tales could be put in books and read for comedy.

For sure, he was driving his guards again.

Many shrugged.

"I want extra tomatoes on the sandwich, please!"

"Can I have a small pack of ketchup?"

...

The people who noticed and realized the truth chuckled and went about their day as though blind.

Meanwhile, the guards who shoved Santa in gritted their teeth and sent the horses moving.

If it were in the past, they would've been allowed to rush like mad people on the streets.

But now, there are traffic and road laws.

Horses pulling carriages, wagons, and carts could either wall or gallop at an average pace.

No high-speed flying.

For medieval people, they have known and lived with horses all their lives.

Their horses were their locomotives. So how could they not know which level of speed they were going?

Their idea of speed might be termed differently from what modern people know. But it was speed all the same.

Back on earth, anyone who has driven a vehicle for long can know and roughly estimate what speed it's going without even looking at its speed meter.

You just feel it, understand the pressure pushing you back onto your seat, understand the fastness of your surroundings, understand your vehicle itself, and you'll know.

Some can even guess how fast other vehicles went just from looking.

Likewise, these people knew horses like the back of their hands.

How far a horse can leap while running, how wavy its mane is while on the move in the wind, how its body reacted, the surroundings, and many other factors told them all they needed to know.

That said, there were lanes where horse working and those for horse galloping with a certain maximum galloping speed in mind.

And once several feet away from a Stop post or bend, they must all walk.

This way, people could switch lanes.

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The stop post was where the traffic police always stood. And in Baymard, this stop post was where the stoplights typically were.

In short, every bend or turn had stop posts and Caronian traffic control officers.

Of course, in some smaller streets, both walking and allowing horses would merge together in the lanes.

But everyone was more or less kept everyone at the same speed.

Things have changed, and the accident rate, as well as death rate, has vastly decreased.

Before, horses would run wildly, knocking into each other at many turns.

Sometimes children or those on the sidewalks could get stumped by these horses. Some have been crippled with broken spines.

Others smashed to death. Their weak bodies couldn't withstand such a disaster.

Wagons and carriages smashing each other, wood getting broken and stopping people... Those inside having heavy injuries, loss of goods, and so many other common occurrences greatly reduced.

Again, there were laws that even if one was a noble, they had to abide by the laws.

Before, all peasants would move aside every time a nobleman's carriage passed.

From Baron to all the rest... Every time they moved, the world was forced to give them way.

But now everyone has to follow the rules.

The lead guard's gaze moved from his watch to their surroundings back and forth.

If they take the less congested roads and lanes, they should be able to avoid the traffic and get their master there 10 minutes before it all begins!

"Quickly! Head to Apple street and follow a long Scribe Street! We can make it!"

.

Gallop. Gallop. Gallop.~

The horses moved at the maximum galloping speed allowed.

And as they traversed, the men all felt as though the fate of the entire world rested on their shoulders.

Tick-Tock. Tick-Tock.

The hands of their watches never stopped.

And after what felt like an eternity, they finally made it to the site.

But how could they relax?

9 minutes more!

In a blink of an eye, Santa was forced out.

And at this moment, a few surrounded him, creating a privacy curtain while others quickly checked his appearance.

Straighten his attire, remove the meaty food stains from his mouth cheeks, force a Baymardian mint snack in his mouth, place his weapon on his waist, adjust his hair... And they were good to go.

Phew.

The men felt like collapsing.

They were currently within a very grand estate and property.

And in a far corner, they could see the many silhouettes of people already gathered.

From here, everyone looked as tiny as their pinkies.

They were currently standing beside their vehicle at a grand circular roundabout.

From here on out, they would have to walk.

Though carriages could indeed go above this point, all vehicles were parked behind this spot. So wouldn't it be awkward if they alone drove in?

It seems. Like everyone walked to the point they were at.

Then it's settled. His highness must also walk as well.

Even the Baymard vehicles didn't go above this point.

Escorting Santa forward, they only prayed that the coming prince or princess would be different from his father.

That's right.

3 days ago, a wet nurse confirmed Queen Penelope to be pregnant.

The news wasn't made to the public, with only a few of them directly working for the royals knowing.

The Queen planned to announce the news later on.

And a few months before delivery, she planned to head to Baymard.

Such joyous news was a blessing for Carona!... Only many prayed that the child would inherit all of its mother's qualities and none from its father!

Step by step, the men brought Santa along.

.

Penelope lightly nodded at them once they arrived.

Mission Accomplished!

(:TOT:)

It was quite a tough mission.

They deserved some accolades.

"See, I made it on time, didn't I?" Santa commented, revealing a radiating smile while taking his place beside Penelope.

And as he walked, he greeted everyone excitedly.

But the Caronian Ministers all had cold sweats.

'With our Baymardian guests around, this bastard won't try anything funny here, right?'

