

**Chapter 1501 Ready For Action**

Heh.

Mushu inwardly sneered, thinking of why he allowed these enemies of his into his fortress.

How stupid do you think he was?

He Mushu had 2 Fortresses scared about the Capital's perimeters.

This fortress wasn't even his main one. His real fortress was far bigger and more secure than this one.

That's right. He allowed them to see this site to make them focus on it. And during the time leading to the killing period, he would keep drawing their attention to this fortress.

What can kill a man is being too sure and too confident.

He planned to get them here, surround this place and kill them all during the killing period!

And with his acting, he had also made them believe the only reason he showed them was because he was forced to by the T.O.E.P.

After all, just like Camila, his mission involved putting Cletus on the throne

So what choice does he have?

Cletus was greatly pleased, being his victory so close.

Look! Aren't these 'frenemies' of his all bending to his wills now?

Hahahaha~

Monarch! Monarch!

Finally, his long-time dream would be fulfilled!

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"Duke Cletus, with all your men gathered, it's time we reassess things for the big battle a day away. The same goes for you both."

Mmmm...

Everyone had stern expressions.

Though they already knew victory was there, one still had to be careful, especially with Gregory's dogs (ministers) running about vigilantly.

"Over the past few months, my men have been arriving in batches, little by little. And now, we have 21,289 men in total."

"Hmmm... And what about you, Duchess Camila? I take it you have hidden forces too, no?"

Camila swallowed hard but still maintained her charming smile, not adding to lie about the matter.

It's likely that these masked men already knew the true answer but were mainly testing her.

So how dare she play a fast one on them?

She had a fortress a little bit further away from the Capital's perimeters. Her fortress could be said to be close to another town further east of the Capital.

Camila's throat was dry from the shock of how powerful Morgany was to know every little thing about everyone.

Did they have eyes on the trees, walls, and the grounds? How can they always know everything, even her deepest darkest secrets?

Camila had a momentary shiver the more she thought about it.

Thankfully, she was on their team. Anyone who dared to go against them was looking for suicide!!

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Camille forced a stiff smile, gripping her armrest tightly. Yet, her smile was as graceful as a stagnant lily floating on a pond.

"My lords, you are indeed correct. This one does have a fortress all to herself, not belonging to her husband or children... But, I don't know what orders my lords have for me?"

One of the masked men chuckled, waving his hand casually. "The beautiful Camila needs not worry much. Compared to everyone else, you were only informed no more than 4 days ago. Everyone had months to prepare but you. So how can we not be fair toward one of our own?"

"My lords, you mean..."

"You will indeed contribute to tge battle, but we just need no more than 2/10th of those already residing in your fortress. This group will serve to do specific tasks within the Royal Capital to facilitate our assassination."

Wonderful!

Camila's smile became genuine.

Good. Good.

They won't be using all her men.

What's more, she also had many fortresses scared about the empire?

But since they had only just informed her, it would indeed be unfair to request for all her men in the nearby fortress to match out.

Even she didn't want to.

After all, no matter how vigorous they would emerge, they would still fight a bloody battle with Gregory's dogs. All arrows, be they stray or not, will eventually take out some of her men. Swords, spears, and other weapons would have been detrimental in this bloody battle.

She didn't care much about them dying or not. She could always kidnap some more men or hire them. Though training them with resources wouldn't be difficult, it would take time to build them up to a formidable group. At least now that she had the chance of sending her men to Morgany for training.

Bah!...

Camila's main issue was that she didn't want to use her forces for Cletus's sake.

F\*\*\*!

Why must her powers work for Cletus' benefit?

Hmph!

Think beautifully!

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The words from the lords made Camila visibly relax in her seat.

The Lords didn't ask about Mushu's situation since they had long known all they should about his matters.

"Now then, Duke Cletus, it's best to remind you that we are only here to assist you. The deal was for us to assassinate Gregory and aid you in sitting on the throne. But that doesn't mean you won't be handling most of the work."

Cletus suddenly felt nervous.

"Duke Cletus, you need not feel anxious. We will still assassinate his highest Gregory and the few ministers too. And though Lord Mushu and Lady Camila and a few others will aid you, the majority of work will fall on your shoulders."

The men left things on that note.

If this guy couldn't even control the many opposing nobles and forces in the Capital to abide by his orders, why bother thinking of the throne?

With Gregory dead, the throne would be open for anyone to grab. So if another contender (a person not belonging to the T.O.E.P) arose and took the seat even after all they've done, then this guy was really useless!

Back in Alec Barn's day, they also aided him, still leaving all the work for him to fight against.

The real go they gave was the impeccable information they had gathered.

And just like Alec's time, they had gathered everything about Gregory for Duke Cletus.

He had the schedule for every single thing Gregory would do on the coronation day.

He also knew about the many ministers' plans and how many knights would get stationed everywhere.

So only trash would not be able to win in such an advantageous scenario.

Like so, the enemy forces gathered to iron things out, while the many air force units collected all they could.

Time seemed to play a quick game on many.

And in no time, the morning had come.

Landon tightened his grip on his weapon.

Today would determine their outcome for tomorrow!!

### **Chapter 1502 Into The Royal Capital, We Go!**

With everyone up and on their feet with full bellies, they were finally ready to head into the Capital in teams.

The day team was up on their feet while the night team went straight to bed. As for Landon, he had warped into his space after sleeping in his private pod.

Everyone thought he slept for just 2 hours. But the flow of time in his space gave him ample, if not excess sleeping hours.

And now, he was up and about, ready for action!

Standing face to face in a circle-like manner, all team leaders gathered around Landon.

"Captain Crowley, Bianca, Kayden... (10 more names)... Emma and Jennie... I assume you all know how heavy today's tasks are."

Everyone nodded with stern expressions.

That had 3 days of work to do, all in just a single day.

Of course, with the inflow of people going in and out of the Capital on a distant basis, their arrival might not be too suspicious, though they would stand out because of their skin tone. But it wouldn't be too bad, since many foreigners regularly visit the Capital.

Zohl was between the continent of Tenola and Romain.

And though closest in relation to Romain, several people from Tenola always passed by frequently.

Tenola people had skin tones similar to Lucy's mothers. They just had significantly paler complexions.

Of course, they were still similar in color to Pyno's. So many wouldn't find their appearances off-putting or too bizarre to raise suspicions. This was probably why the T.O.E.P from Morgany would move about easily too.

All in all, there shouldn't be a problem with them moving into the Capital, provided they paid the entrance fee.

"Your majesty, we are ready."

All Captains replied, donning regular clothes worn by those in Titarian.

Good.

Landon nodded, leading the group away from the campsite and through the forest.

And after 2 and a half hours of walking, they finally reached the Main roads.

Of course along the way, they did meet several beasts who wanted them as morning meals. But the beasts were handled by those exporting them towards the main roads.

After arriving, they didn't set out all at once.

And from time to time, they popped out of the woods and began acting like travelers. Some even after as though they had gone into the bushes earlier to take a dumb and were now on their way, continuing their journey to the Royal Capital city.

Some managed to hop onto the wagons of passing farmers and peasants, while others chose to buy off horses from the passing travelers at 3 times the cost.

What? 3 times the cost?

Many peasants were quick to sell their horses to these strangers who seemed to have fled for their lives from bandits.

These foreigners looked tired, as though about to faint at any given time. Their clothes were haggard and twisted with soil and grass scattered over as though they had been running and falling while fleeing.

To some of them, they successfully fled 2 days ago from a bandit attack and had been running in the woods ever since while trying to find an exit towards the roads.

Many knew how complicated their terrain was to foreigners. So this story was very justifiable.

After all, a common joke in Titarian was that foreigners would always get lost out in the wilderness.

Bit by bit, the Baymardians revealed themselves to the many travelers passing by, but not all at once.

They waited for the first group of people to go a further distance ahead before popping out again.

And in no time, they were successfully on their way to the Royal Capital.

But even though there were many groups in total, each team only had no more than 6 people, lest they draw too much attention to themselves.

Everyone went on their way as though they were completely unfamiliar with one another.

Even within teams, some people went on alone since they knew the rendezvous point they would meet up in the city.

The Air Force units had spent the entire night detailing the many streets, strange hills, and sights to look out for. Everyone more or less had an understanding of the Capital.

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Landon pulled the reins of the overly fat and strong-legged horses while the owner rested merrily.

That's right.

He, Landon, was one of the men going into the city Solo. He was last to leave, hitchhiking a farmer's wagon filled with hay.

Of course, nothing like this could be free. So he not only offered to drive the wagon forests but gave all his 'catch' he acquired in the forest to the farmer.

If one didn't have money, trading with food and grain was still an option in medieval times.

It was just that the prey he offered was too good and too plump that the father couldn't resist. Moreover, Landon also provided the man with some of the rock-looking fish he captured in their composite streams and grilled in his space, seasoning it up with a few Baymardian spices.

With all the Baymardians gone ahead, he took out the cooked fish and wrapped it in several big leaves.

Just the smell alone was enough to make the farmer salivate.

And now, Landon was driving the wagon while the farmer was still munching on the fish, closing his eyes to enjoy the delectable taste.

"Good Creator Of the Heavens! What sort of tasty fish is this? How can you make it taste so good?"

This was the best cooked fish the farmer had ever eaten!

Landon chuckled. "Back in my empire, we like to rub several plants. And grass on our fish and meat before eating it."

"Wonderful!"

The farmer was already sold!

No wonder he couldn't eat such fish here. Maybe it has to do with the many methods Landon's empire used.

What a pity.

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The farmer dropped a tasty piece of fish in his mouth and quickly yanked out the many pieces of fishbone from his mouth.

"So you were also coming for the corporation?"

"Ah!---" Landon gave off an innocent look filled with excitement. "So the news is true?"

"Of course it is true! Our new Monarch will soon take his place on the throne!"

Landon nodded obediently while listening to the farmer go in and on about how great Gregory and his late father are.

The way he spoke, someone would think he was their campaign manager or something. But this was what it meant to be loved by the people.

The farmer didn't know it, but when something of the 2, his chest would rise high and his face full of pride.

He slapped Landon's back playfully. "Aiyy... You don't know, but before the late Monarch's reign, things had just been so bad for us common folks. But after some time, the late Monarch began making changes that benefited us. The man was a great man home we all loved. Sadly, his illness took him away."

'Illness? More like poison.' Landon inwardly retorted, still maintaining an innocent smile.

"I've been hearing about the condition on my way to the Capital, but I didn't think much of it," Landon added.

The news was released a while back, and many of the cuties and towns in this central region knew of the coronation.

So saying you've been passing through all the cities and roads, not hearing about the coronation, would be too ridiculous.

In the end, Landon went with a little white lie with more truth to it, explaining his reasons for heading to the Capital.

Like so, the duo continued their 2-show conversation until they reached the massive city gates.

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'So mighty!'

This was Landon's first impression seeing the towering walls up close.

Firstly, one could see that the ancient people who first built the city walls took their sweet time in leveling many hills and spaces to create a firm and even ground to build the city walls on.

If he had to say, he would guess these walls were far taller than his new Baymardian walls.

They made them so tall and thicker than average, while also considering their strange terrain conditions across every part of the wall.

Again, the external thick layer of the bottom and middle parts of the walls were made from our old glow stones. That way, if someone was trying to infiltrate at night, wouldn't they just be spotted?

Looking at the river channels that flowed in and out of the city, one could see many layers of tiny bars to prevent people from swimming past the city walls.

Again, these gutter-like regions also had glow stones lined in and out.

The more Landon looked, the more interested he was in the glow stones.

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"Next!!!"

Landon quickly drove the wagon towards one of the many guards calling to them.

There were 2 lines of travelers going into the city and another 2 for those exiting.

"Reason and feel!"

"Here to make it big! I am to register in a hunting guild. Here's my fee."

Seeing his naive and overly excited face, the guards only scoffed.

He wasn't the first to come here thinking of making it in the big apple.

What a dreamer!

"Next!!!"

Landon and the farmer were in the clear after being searched and proven harmless.

Good.

Landon narrowed his eyes dangerously.

Now it was time to sneak into the palace. Today, he had to meet Gregory!

### **Chapter 1503: The Big day Is Finally Here**

Like so, the day passed on swiftly.

And in a blink of an eye, nighttime was here.

Some were elated, looking toward the Coronation, thinking nothing of it. But behind the shadows, many forces were preparing for the 'big day' in their own special way.

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--Dark Vine Courtyard, Lampard Grand Estate--

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A young, devilishly handsome blue-toned man sat on an exquisite long chair with several delicacies before him.

His hair and eyes were jet black, his fingernails permanently colored white from birth, and his body in-between burley and lean.

His long hair had 2 braided strands tied back with the rest of his hair in a ponytail.

The man leaned back nonchalantly, with his legs apart and one hand on his chin.



He lazily stared at the maids bringing in his night meal.

It was customary for him to have a meal with his family during supper. But with tomorrow's matters, everyone was busily making preparations of their own. And at the moment, only he was around in the estate.

His father, brother, and siblings were out.

He had returned a while back, realizing he was the first to arrive.

The man shrugged, knowing fate was set in place for now, and his family couldn't make a move until a few more years later.

He didn't know the particular reason but only got a brief confirmation that the mysterious people behind his mother had specific instructions that had to be followed.

Hmmm...

"Leave me."

"Yes, young master." The many maids spoke out, blushing hard while leaving the room.

No matter how many times they saw the youngster, his handsome face was even deadlier the longer one stared at him.

With a mother like Camila, how could he not be good-looking?

The 18-year-old Toro was Camila's 1st son, the one she planned to initially take the throne.

However, their initial and would have to wait thanks to his distant Uncle, his mother's cousin Duke Cletus.

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The young man swirled his cup of grape wine, watching the many blushing ladies exit the room.

"Silver Arrow."

Swish.

"Master!"

A man dressed in all black appeared from the shadows with one knee on the ground.

He had been with Young master Toro for over 10 years now.

"Report."

"Master, the forces behind the madam are too powerful to investigate. No matter how we tried, they seemed to evade our every defense and plans. But this one thinks their skill set should belong to Morgany."

"Oh?"

The corners of Toro's lips raised slightly.

He had expected this much.

"In that case, tell the men to fall back completely... I'd like to see just how powerful these mysterious strangers truly are."

It would be a lie to say he wasn't unwilling.

Just a few days ago, his mother told him to stop all operations for their plans for the throne.

That is, since the late monarch died, do you know how many reinforcements he had written letters to nearby, asking them to leave the secret fortresses and head on to the Capital for war?

Not only that. He had purchased enough black power to blow Gregory to dust.

No!

By the time he would be done, even dust would be an understatement.

He planned to wipe out Gregory's entire existence like putting off a flame on a single strand of hay.

Everything had been going so well until his mother spat those words to put all operations at a halt.

So how could he not be unwilling?

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Heh.

The young man did agree with his mother on the surface but still decided not only to investigate things further but understand who this new 'power force' was.

Who was behind his mother? Were their thoughts pure? What exactly do they want from his mother?

For himself, Toro knew he was cruel, violent, and murderous. But for his family, in particular, his mother, he could rip out a thousand hearts and present them to her.

She was one of his life weaknesses. His love for her was real.

So investigating who suddenly 'supported' her was something he did without question.

"Morgany..."

Toro murmured underneath his breath.

For his mother to join any forces in the shadows, he knew she was doing for the family, in particular, himself.

Listening to the words 'Morgany,' for some reason, he felt relaxed.

Morgany was famous for never breaking their promises, no matter how high they stood.

If they promised someone something, they would do it even if it costs them a lot.

"At least she didn't join these many useless associations around."

"Master, I think so too." The guard humbly responded with his head still lowered to the ground.

Heh.

Toro dropped a glance unto his mouth, giving a sly smile. "As expected of mother. She's always one step ahead of me in all her thoughts... I don't know why we have to leave that bastard uncle of mine to take the throne. But I'm sure mother knows best."

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With his cup in his hand, he calmly rose to his feet, walking towards the open balcony in the far corner of the room.

"You only have now till sunrise to pass my orders. Tomorrow, we'll only be spectators... Unless mother is in danger. Now, go."

Whoosh!

The man in black vanished, leaving Toro alone, staring at the stars above.

"This little delay means nothing..." He murmured, releasing a deadly aura to his surroundings.

Soon, the throne will be his!

As for his dear distant cousin Gregory, it looks like his time was up.

Tomorrow was bound to be his death day.

"Should I wear black?"

Hehehehe...

He looked forward to what surprises these influential people from Morgany would bring.

"I hope you won't disappoint me."

Tick-Tock. Tick-Tock.

Time blinked away, having many looking at the starry skies.

And soon, they fell to their beds, slowly feeling the Sandman's snuggly embrace.

Zzzzzzz~::~

The moon stayed high, and in a flutter, the sun began to rise.

And before many knew it, it was a brand new day.

Yes! The big day was here!

**Chapter 1504: Who Are You?**

Cockle~doododoo~

The morning birds had already begun waking many as the sunrise peeked through the cracks of their wooden windows.

The early morning hue was like a blanket of different colors, spreading shimmering light across the land.

In the wash of the new light, everyone's skin was glistening so beautifully.

The early morning was the dominion of birds as they sang their morning tune to the sunrise in glee.

The morning dew had beaded on the many stalks of greenery like a fine wedding dress.

But in no time, the dew began fading, revealing the bright greenery it covered.

Ah yes... Such mornings in Titarian only highlighted the beautiful landscape for many to marvel at.

The bees were buzzing, and the plants opened their petals.

But nature wasn't the only one ready for the day ahead.

It was barely 6 A.M, yet the streets were sizzling with people moving about in all directions.

"Hahahah~... Today, our new monarch will take his rightful place on the throne!"

"I reckon the Royal square will soon get filled to the brim. Damn. If I want to watch, I have to get there early."

"Bahahahah~... I'm so happy! This coronation has brought in big money for my shop! Do you know I was able to sell my family's handmade sandals to visitors? Hey... You know to walk our Titarian claims, one needs the right shoes. Hahahahahaha~... I'm now a little rich man."

"Goodness! Have you heard? The celebrations will be allowed to carry on for 4 days straight! Typically, it's supposed to be 3 days. But because of his highness's record-breaking results when capturing the armored horned Wild boar, he earned us the course of having an additional day to celebrate!!"

"That's right. All this is a sign that his highness is a chosen one!"

"Hey, hey, hey... Word around the streets that his highness is thinking of pushing forward the plan made by his father a few years back."

"Ah!- Are you talking about the one on taxes?"

"Yes! Yes! That's the one! Some nobles are against it while others support it. But it's clear it's beneficial to us. If we could have a say, I would fully support his highness!"

"Me too!!"

(\*^\*)

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On the streets, many discussed, thinking of Titarian's future going forward.

A new monarch meant change was imminent. But they wanted the change to favor them, even if it was by a little.

So... Was that too much to ask?

The streets were bubbling, with many planning to head to the open Royal Square.

As per Titarian's traditions, any new Monarch taking the throne must step forward on such a day and state at most 2 things they would accomplish in their reigns.

This was what they would mostly be known for.

And throughout history, many have stood, talking about Conquering more land, expanding the territory, war, blah, blah, blah~...

They hardly ever spoke about anything directly beneficial to the people.

It was always mostly related to pleasing the nobles and those in high society.

Looking at today's matters, many couldn't help wondering what promise or promises his highness Titarian would give.

Apart from the coronation, many came forth to watch because of the promise.

You have to know that if a monarch says something and can't fulfill or begin work in the matter after 15 years at most, they could get forced to step down by many.

This was Titarian's way.

So if one promises to be a tyrant? Though it was an ominous promise, they still had to fulfill or at least start their tyranny before the dateline.

Why? Because their enemies would use this to drag them down!!

Of course, many wouldn't directly say they would be tyrants.

No... They would put it sweaty, promising to make Titarian a strong empire.

And what is needed for strength, a mighty army!

In turn, what is needed for a powerful army? Food, more taxes collected, and even more slaves to push forth their dreams.

Many people in this era focus more on power, treating peasants as beings far lowly than their horses.

Many were disgusted just being around peasants in public, talk less of slaves. So why would they make promises benefiting these lowly beings?

Heh... Naive!!!

Of course, even in tyranny, they wouldn't fully push the people to total despair, giving them at least a few breaths left in their lungs.

When people get pushed to the extreme, they can unite against their ruler and the many nobles.

The nobles and their forces only made up at most 30% of the population. Everyone else were farmers, fishermen, maids, slaves, boat builders, and so on.

So the majority stand in unison, their doom would be imminent.

In this world, tyrants understood this facet very clearly, keeping their people in fear while also having a sense of measure for their actions.

All in all, everyone was looking toward today's formation, wondering if their future Monarch would make a difference or not.

For them, lesser people, they had placed a lot of hope on their Gregory!

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Like so, the place was filled with excitement, tension, and several other feelings unknown to many.

Yes!

This was the calm before the storm.

In the many noble estates, several people donned majestic attires while communicating with their forces.

At the gates, the guards also began checking people while holding several painted images in hand.

If anyone looked at it, they would know one of the portraits had the face of a very familiar man... Cletus Ghoul!

Even now, they still kept 'strict' control on the situation at hand.

But how would some of them have known that the enemy was already snuck into the city by the many traitorous guards stationed on the city walls?

Back in the palace, the many ministers had already arrived, looking at his highness Gregory at a loss.

Their faces scrunched, and their eyes squinted deeply.

"Your highness Gregory... Who is this strange man?"

Yes... Who was this guard they had never seen before? Even the hidden guards around Gregory all wanted to know who this person was and where he popped out from.

The man wore complete black from head to toe. What's more, there wasn't even an opening hole on his assassin mask?

That is, no one could see whether he was blue-skinned, dark-skinned, or pale-skinned.

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Hehehehe.

"Who is he?" Gregory chuckled, seeing their many confused expressions.

"Uncles... He's but a simple guard."

**Chapter 1505: Coronation Ceremony Begins!**

A simple guard?

You look at me; I look at you.

Everyone fell silent, not completing any further. But deep down, they never relaxed their vigilance around this 'simple guard.'

Eh-Erhm.

Minister Abdali lightly coughed.

"Yes... Well then, your highness. You look dashing. The sun is up, and the people are already growing below the terrace."

Soon, it would be time for the coronation to officially begin!

One step forth, another step forth, the group walked in formation with his highness and his special guard at the center.

Gregory gave his 'guard' a quick look.

'I hope you're right, for all our sakes.'

Gregory followed the group in silence, thinking of today's matters.

'They should've already infiltrated our defenses by now.

His heart turned cold, peeking at the many guards surrounding them.

Who was on their side, and who amongst the bunch were the traitors?

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Din. Din din. Din.

The procession headed towards a massive room leading to the Grand Terrace.

The terrace was extremely large and usually used by the royals for addressing the all Titarian subjects

The vast stone structure was well decorated with various red drapes, as well as various golden vines intertwined and woven together for aesthetics.

The Terrace was made to slant downwards, so those seated could be seen by those below.

In short, the terrace looked like a giant 2-step stairway.

On the bottom step, there were many neatly placed seats, enough to hold 200 nobles and royals.

And standing on the corners were the royal guards, as well as 3 or 4 personal guards belonging to each noble faction seated there.

As for the topmost giant step, it was mostly reserved for the monarch and those involved with performing the many rituals and rights during the coronation.

There, a massive throne was stationed, with a vast enough space for those involved with the ceremony to stand by.

Yes... The 1st step was high and far elevated for those seated on the 2nd step, as well as those below, could all watch the crowning ceremony.

Ah yes... The giant 2-step structure looked more like 2 massive balconies, one above and one below, connected to form this gigantic Terrace.

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For a moment, the scene was filled with anxiety, glee, murderous thoughts, and all sorts of emotions.

As per tradition, only after the special guests had arrived and taken their seats would Gregory and his royal entourage enter.

One by one, the many guests arrived, passing through the grand room leading to the giant terrace.

And just before they emerged, preceding themselves to the crowd below, the royal announcer would yell out their names through the giant megaphone.

The megaphone was connected to various metal tubes/pipes that also connected to several other megaphones hanging inches below the terrace.

"The Lord Mushu, Viscount of Edinburgh Castle."

What? Lord Mushu was here?

Oh my...

Many peasants below poled their heads high, wanting to glimpse the celebrity-like man in Titarian.

F\*\*\*!

They felt even a newborn baby would want to know about Mushu.

They saw Mushu emerge from the massive red curtains, stepping into the topmost Terrace.

The man walked ever so gently, taking his time to reach the edge of the topmost balcony before descending the stairway and reaching the 2nd balcony.

"My lord, your seat."

Those in charge of sorting the various guests out, respectfully sent Mushu to his esteemed seat.

Gulp.

The fear of offending this man was great. Thankfully, the seat designated to him was a damn good spot!!

Hmmm...

The corner's of Mushu's lips raised slightly.

"Go." He spoke out softly. And all 4 guards around him headed to the left and right far ends of the 2nd balcony, joining the many other guards belonging to others.



The only rule was that they weren't to stand in the regions that blocked the crowd from seeing those on the balconies.

It can be seen that the architects who designed this whole terrace had considered many aspects.

With a slight smile on his face, Mushu looked upwards towards the Throne on the First step.

'It really is tempting.'

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"Her highness, Duchess of Lampard, Camila Twain."

Many once again raised their heads to get a glimpse at the woman dubbed by many as the most beautiful creature in Hertfilia.

And sure enough, she was indeed a head-turner.

Sweet Heavens!

The beautiful blue-toned, dark inky haired, rosy-lip woman dawned a white attire synched in the waist with a piece of golden fabric, leaving a flowy bottom that swayed with her every lip movement.

Her bosoms were united firmly and upright, making many swallow hard after getting a peek.

What a walking disaster.

Yes... Such temptations were truly the downfall of men!

But then again... Whether it's death by battle or even by disease, something must kill... So why not a beautiful damsel?

Many high-ranking noble ladies on the terrace almost bit their tongues off, watching the game seductress capture the attention of their husbands.

Vixen!!!!

Their eyes were bloodied with jealousy and rage.

On the surface, they had a plastic relationship with Camila, acting all acting and chummy with her. But deep down, they were envious that her husband only kept her as his woman and no one else.

To them, it's all because of her face!!!

If she were ugly, they didn't believe he would still treat her the same.

Hmph!

They fluttered their fans inwardly angrily. Yet, they wore very warm expressions.

"Duchess... It's so great to see you. You look dazzling as ever."

So fake!!!

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"The Young master Toro Lampard from the House of Lampard!"

Toro, his brother, and his sister entered the scene behind their mother, finding their seats.

They were seated alongside those of similar age to them.

"Go."

Toro instructed their guards to join the rest, curious about how today's matter would play out.

So fun.

Toro and his siblings calmly sat while bung gushed about by the many young nobles seated around them.

'So handsome!'

Many ladies were blushing so hard that their entire faces had turned tomato red.

'No. No... I can't bear to peek at such a godly face. My legs are tempted to kneel and beg to be his wife.'

'Wait. Did he just look at me? Did the prince of my dreams give me a look? Then, does this mean he has decided to take me in as his bride?'

'Ahhh!!~... Young master Toro, please... Don't look at me like that. I... I... Eh? My belly... I'm sure I'm already pregnant from a single look!'

'Good goddess! I almost fell off the balcony after locking Young master Toro eyeball to eyeball.'

As expected of children birthed from the most beautiful woman.

Their features alone could start a religion.

What was beauty? This was beauty!!!

Everyone was going crazy about them. Meanwhile, the focus of their attention were oblivious to the fact they had 'impregnated' others and given a few several heart attacks.

Yes... Gregory was undoubtedly good-looking, far above average. But compared to his distant cousin, Toro... The truth was evident for all to see.

Some mothers secretly cursed, looking at their daughters literally drooling saliva onto their attorney.

What happened to your manners? Don't you know when to use your fan to cover their shameful acts?

In truth, the girls all knew this. But have you ever been memorized so much that you just stare in a daze like a fool?

Camille chuckled, once again confirming her children to be the best!

As for her husband, he wasn't anywhere near the empire, working on a certain matter.

So she was now in charge of all Lampard matters here.

.

"The Lady Catherine DeWitt of Hoppleten Castle and her children... Blah, blah, blah, blah blah~"

Like so, the names of all esteemed guests were called out.

Some were allies to Gregory, while others secretly opposed his regime.

As powerful and high-ranking nobles who had a say in the empire's politics, it was customary for them to be here.

There were also mighty Commanders and well defeated military strategists and individuals here.

Everyone took their seats, looking up towards the 1st Balcony, waiting for the star of the show to emerge. Again, many knew this was the calm before the storm.

A few gave each other tactful eyes before briefly glancing at the vast crowd gathered below.

Some were peasants, some were visitors with curious minds... While others...

Well, others were here for a purpose.

Owner, looking at the crowd, everyone was dressed in everyday simple attire, so who could tell who from who?

For, friend or passerby... Only time would distinguish them all.

And on the Royal city gates, a strange phenomenon was going on.

However, those several hours deep into the city's central zone would never know.

Or should they say... It would be too late by then?

.

Pupuup!!

On the Terrace, rows of men blew trumpets, and the crowd immediately felt a burst of awe.

It was time... It was time for his highness to ascend the throne!!!

### **Chapter 1506: Greed!**

Pupuup!~

The glorious sounds bellowed out, and thousands of birds were strategically released into the air.

The birds had ribbons tied to their feet, giving a stunning theatrical view for many.

But that wasn't all.

Following that, another thousands of Dancing Flowers were also released.

The term Dancing flowers came from the fact that the flower's petals grew downwards like a cape.

And coupled with the flower's light weight and overall structure, the flowers would always fly towards the sky, dancing beautifully.

The flowers were in all color varieties, making for another stunning view.

The flowers released from the building flew so far high in the sky, covering the entire place.

Yes.

In no time, the flowers traveled miles across the large gathering of people.

"Your highness! Your highness! We love you!!!"

"Hooray! Hooray! Our beloved Prince will finally take the throne!!!!"

The people cheered and jubilated, being infected by the merry atmosphere.

Some peasants carried their children on their shoulders, pointing at the Topmost balcony.

"Look there, Akira. That's our soon-to-be monarch!!!"

(^0^)

These balconies designed to address the people weren't far high above the ground.

So many could still see those seated there. Though those in the crowd so far back could only see Gregory's silhouette, it was still enough to make their blood boil.

Hooray! Hooray!

The festive atmosphere traveled through the crowd.

But while some were festive about the ascent of the new monarch, others had different reasons.

In the cheering crowd, several figures nodded at each other before slowly vanishing deeper into the Crowd.

It was almost time.

.

Popup-Popup-Popup-Popup-Poup!!!!

Everyone seated on the 2nd Balcony heard the trumpets change their tune to a familiar one.

The meaning was simple.

All rise!

One by one, they stood from their seats, backing the crowd while facing the throne of the First Balcony.

Their 2nd Balcony was built very protruding, stiving far outwards past the 1st.

Goosebumps.

Many had genuine smiles on their faces, imprinting today's matter in their hearts.

For those Gregory's age, this was also the first time they would be witnessing all a coronation ceremony entailed.

Toro clenched his fist, looking at the grand display unfolding before his eyes.

'All this should be mine.'

A deep wave of jealousy surged in his heart, as well as others too.

As for some of the ambitious young noble girls, today's matter showed them what true power represented.

Sure. Toro was indeed far more handsome than his distant Cousin. But it wasn't like Gregory wasn't handsome too.

And with Gregory's power as Crown Prince and a few-moments-to-be Monarch... It was clear who they would choose to lean on in the end.

Flutter. Flutter.

Oh My...

The ladies fluttered their fans, showing their most shy yet seductive and chanting expressions, hoping Gregory would get a glimpse of them during the entire Coronation event.

.

In no time, all esteemed guests stood, watching a group of burly royal knights dawned in Blue and black attires bearing the Titarian Royal crest on them, marched out with long spears in their hands.

But make no mistake!

These spears weren't ordinary.

If a modern person were to describe the spearhead, they could say it looked like Wolverine's extended claw... Except the middle claw was far longer than the others, acting as a sword.

The outer ones were for catching an opponent's sword attack, making this 2-in-one spear an excellent and admirable choice of weaponry.

And judging from its blades and thickness, a single slash from it could sever one's body effortlessly.

Din. Din. Din. Dim. Din!

The Royal guards stormed out, stomping the blunt end of their spears on the ground.

20 rows of Spearman came in, followed by another 20 rows of Bowman!

And as one would expect, the Royal bows were indeed far different.

"What a powerful display..." Many murmured underneath their breaths.

Who can blame them?

When the trumpets stopped playing, the majestic heroic-like tune echoed out.

And at this moment, everyone felt their hearts thump vigorously.

They had to admit the entrance of these many Royal forces was enough to make them subconsciously hold their breaths.

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Everyone looked onwards, finally seeing a group of Ministers stepping out too.

Unlike them, these ministers were directly involved with the Coronation event and would be aiding Gregory in completing the many rituals.

And sure enough, the ministers all held various items in their hands.

Some held the horns of the Horned Wild boar Gregory killed, others held strange plants in their hands, some held ritual bowls, and so on.

The group also emerged, surrounded by 10 guards.

And following that, the Sanctifiers (priests) also came out too.

In Titarian, they believe in the Goddess of the Hills, Myranda.

Who else but her could produce such a strange yet magical terrain for them?

Goddess Myranda had her Synagogues scattered about the entire empire.

And as tradition, her Sanctifiers must always be present during each coronation to oversee the ritual.

It has been this way since the beginning, hundreds and thousands of years ago.

For the temple, their main concern was primarily the land.

They believed the land was a sacred treasure in this Hertfilian world.

Thus, they treated the place like a baby.

But of course in such a medieval place with greedy and selfish people, the Synagogue had a mix of both good and bad people gathered in one.

As for whether this Synagogue would follow the trend of many temples, wanting to begin crusades and force everyone to bend to their wills, such conversations had long been taking place.

In almost all empires, people had different beliefs. Many did talk about starting crusades, but only a few like the Temple of Adonis and the Temple of Dragmus, had ever officially launched their big crusade.

In the end, many were 'all-talk' and 'no work.'

.

One by one, the sanctified came out donning special ceremonial robes.

And finally, it was time for the star of the show to emerge!

This...

This was the moment they had been waiting for!

## Chapter 1507: Too Late!

Boum. Boum. Boum. Boum. Boum.

Suddenly, the drums played softly. And the royal announcer had a big smile on his face.

"Announcing, the Crown Prince of Titarian, the future ruler, His Highness Gregory Ghoul the 3rd!!!"

The thunderous announcement caused a deep pause to engulf the scene.

Some forgot to breathe, others forgot to blink, while some stared with widened yet awe-struck mouths, watching the majestic younger appear.

So mighty!!!!

The Crown prince wore a golden attire with a long dark Green cape with black outlines.

In his hands were 2 short golden sticks/staffs.

Step by step, the youngster marched out, holding the short staffs in a cross-like manner over his chest.

"Your Highness!"

The esteemed guests went down on one knee. And everyone else in the crowd did the same too.

Well, everyone knelt... Except for Gregory and his special guard.

Minister Abdali, kneeling beside Gregory, was once again intrigued.

Why? Why was this guard so preposterous?

How dare he not kneel? And why was his highness Gregory condoning such behavior?

"Rise!"

Many rose, thinking nothing of it when seeing the guard beside Gregory standing.

Hey... As a guard, maybe the guy rose too quickly, right?

With everyone's heads down, many didn't see the scene. Only those kneeling beside Gregory on the 1st balcony saw the spectacle.

Now, they were getting more curious about this strange Mr. Guard.

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Like so, the ceremony continued without a hitch.

5 minutes went by.

8, 10, 12, 16, 20... 35 minutes flew by in a blink of an eye, with the strange rituals all completed.

Unlike other empires, their rituals weren't so long and daunting.

And soon, the magnificent royal Crown was brought over.

At the moment, Gregory was wearing his 'Crown Prince' crown.

But this wouldn't do.

Now, they had to switch the one on his head for the majestic one they carried about.

However, before doing this, there were still some promises and oaths that needed to be sworn before the entire congregation.

These oaths were mainly towards Goddess Myranda.

Lord Mushu looked at Camila tactfully, knowing the hour to strike was upon them.

It was bad luck for anyone to interrupt the oath process. They, as Titarians, believed in this, irrespective of whether they were members of the T.O.E.P or not.

Who wants bad luck to follow them for the rest of their lives?

Think about it.

If Gregory was always blessed with Luck, then didn't it mean they or anyone else could also get cursed with bad luck too?

No way!

They had to act before the oath-taking ceremony began.

And they knew just the right moment to do so.

.

Very solemnly, the Sanctifiers stared at the gathering of people... In particular, the esteemed guests gathered.

One of the Sanctifiers had a strange light flicker in his eyes. However... No one caught hold of his abnormalities.

"People of Titarian!... We have gathered here as witnesses to the Crown Prince's Coronation. And as per the tradition, now is the money for many to speak... Who here injects to the rising of Prince Gregory?!"

I object!

... Is what someone should say if they had evidence Gregory was a person who wouldn't follow Goddess Myranda's ways.

Yes... The objection was more in line with their beloved Goddess.

--Silence--

Look left; look right.

Minister Abdali and several firm supporters behind Gregory couldn't help peeking at Camila.

But the woman just sat there as though it had nothing to do with her.



Eh?... Could it be that they made a mistake?

Hehehhe...

Camila chuckled.

Did she want to attack?... Ah... She wasn't the one they should be anxious about, no?

Abdali thinned his lips, seeing the vicious woman being obedient.

Why? Why was he feeling a deep sense of unease if everything was alright?

"Now then..." One of the Sanctifiers said, cutting the period of silence short.

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The arrogant looming Sanctifier held a sacred book in his hand and looked very poised. "Since no one has any objection, then the ceremony will continue--"

Before the Sanctifiers could finish his words, 3 shadows appeared beside Gregory with daggers in their hands.

Time stopped dead in its tracks as everyone's eyes shot open in horror.

Too late! Too late!

The guards and many tracked for their weapons, eager to rush over and save Gregory... But it would be too late.

"Your highness!!!"

Many exclaimed in terror, already envisioning the scene where Gregory would get diced into a hundred pieces.

Ahhh!~

Many ladies curbed away, putting their hands over their faces while peeking.

They didn't want to see the bloody scene, but their eyes disobeyed their orders.

Everyone thought Gregory was a goner. With the attack speed of his enemies, who can save him now?

Toro, Lord Mushu, and Camila had expressions stretched in masks of triumph.

Hahahahahaha~

Did you see their ability?

What brisk steps!

Look at their movements... No one they knew in Titarian could move like this.

'Morgany...'

Toro inwardly recited, feeling a wave of awe smash into his heart.

This was the power of Morgany!

Camille and Mushu also had curved lips, feeling awed to be a part of the Society.

They stared at the scene, almost chanting aloud what they thought in their hearts.

'Yes!... Yes! Do it... Kill him!... Kill!'

~Ting!!!!!!

Camila and Mushu's smiles froze.

How can this be?

Standing before Gregory was the strange guard who held one of the long Titarian spears in his hand.

The image everyone saw was enough to cause a blockbuster!

One of the enemies had their daggers caught between the spear's Claws; another had smashed their dagger into the spear's long staff... While the last opponent who attacked Gregory from the back was more on the unfortunate side.

A single kick from the guard had caused them to fly directly above them.

(!\_!)

Who am I? Where am I? What am I?

Landon smirked, looking at the 2 shocked T.O.E.P beside him.

"Now then... How about I finish you off before your friend touches the ground?"

"..."

### **Chapter 1508: True Power!**

"Too slow."

Bam! Bam! Bam!

The two T.O.E.P people were beyond stupefied, watching themselves fall to the ground helplessly.

'What are you? Made of stone?'

One of them wanted to curse, feeling his ribs broken by the mysterious guard's punch.

He swears he wasn't exaggerating.

Even his superior's punches weren't this powerful!

(ㄹ ^ ㄹ)

As for those watching, the scene was one they couldn't describe.

Bam! Bam! Bam!

It was as though the killers were moving in slow motion because the guard's reaction speed was just too crazy!

Every time they would try to kill Gregory, their backlash would be ten times heavier.

But would you also believe that all this happened under 3 breaths, just before the killer he threw high in the air was about to land?

Bam!

Landon kicked both guards towards the balcony's rails and quickly climbed his now-erect staff like a monkey.

So fast!!!

Bam!

The falling killer was again kicked far high to the sky before anyone could react.

Huh.

Everyone saw the mysterious guard land before Gregory, twirling his staff to show his protectiveness towards Gregory.

"..."

--Silence--

Even the enemies had to give him a second look.

Hello?... Are you sure you're human?

They wanted to pull off his mask and have a look at this fighting demon.

That is... Since when did Gregory have such a powerful guard? What's more, why was such a guard working for such a weakling?

No! Such a person should be working for them instead!!

Camila gave Lord Mushu a discreet look.

They originally wanted to reveal themselves, standing on the opposite end of things since any project the T.O.E.P took was bound to be victorious.

But now, they decided to wait a while before revealing themselves.

Why not see how things would proceed before striking out of the shadows?

Anyway, even if their men were to participate, it didn't mean they had to be there in the flesh.

If anything, they could deny any treason accusations with tantamount 'proof.'

Of course, they still believed the T.O.E.P would win this war.

Heh.

So what of one guard was exceptional?

With the army gathered, it would be impossible for him to jeep protecting Gregory. Their only choice would be to flee into hiding.

And sure enough, what happened next confirmed Camila and Lord Mushu's thoughts.

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"Protect your highness! Quickly! Take his highness to safety!!!"

Minister Abdali bellowed, waning many from their stupor.

And in a flash, Gregory was bundled like a dumpling and pushed into the grand room.

Their plan was good. But too bad the enemy had long been prepared.

"You... You... What the hell do you think you're doing?"

Abdali and the other supporters stared at the scene with grave faces.

In the golden massive hall-like space, they were surrounded at all corners, with every door having hundreds and hundreds of guards lined across the hallways.

But maybe what was more painful was that there were traitors amongst their personal units!!

Abdali stared at one of his most trusted aides with an icy glare. "Do you know what you're doing?"

The aide chuckled, waving his sword about playfully. "Master... Don't blame this disciple... Ever since you started teaching his highness, you changed. The 'you' before was the one I looked up to... But Master... The 'you' now makes me sick!!!"

Don't blame him for being rude, but he initially followed his master to enjoy riches, wealth, women, and all sorts of good things in life. But after his highness came into the picture, they started 'helping' people, doing many meaningless tasks, cutting their original thievery and bullying short.

Do you know the most exhorting part of being in power was arrogance?

To stomp on one's feet and watch the other beg for mercy was something that made his blood boil excitedly.

You take that away, and what does he have to enjoy left?

.

Change! Change!... He hated that word!

But maybe his refusal to change was because he had gotten to his current position while being bullied and tortured by others.

So now that it was his turn to do the same, why was it now that highness had come into the picture with his 'kindness?'

You lie!

It was his time for tyranny.

Wait until he enjoined his fill before coming with those stupid laws and regimes!

(\*π\*)

Many felt so too.

What's surprising was that Gregory of 16 years old, had long been preparing them since the age of 9 to know that when he took over the throne, many things would have to change.

However, they still felt it too abrupt, very unwilling.

They had hoped for a miracle that would stop it all. And now that such a solution appeared in their time of need, how can they not jump on this wagon?

2 of Abdali's aides looked at their treacherous colleagues in rage.

"You are too short-sighted! Who did his highness do this for? It's for us!!!"

Many of them are of peasant descent. Such changes would benefit their families. This was why many people loved and supported Gregory.

"You shut up!!" The treacherous aide was getting furious. What did he care about the people? All he cared for was what entered his pocket, his mouth, and what his privileges could bring to him.

Do you know that in the past few years, he had to hide every time he raped a woman just because he was Gregory's 'supporter?'

In this era, rape was as common as flies following meat.

If you are in power, you see a woman that meets your eye; whether she's married or not, you can rob her and even bribe the law enforcers to side with you.

Money solved everything!!!!

Back then, he didn't need to hide when doing his deeds.

But all that changed with Gregory's emergence.

In this world... His existence was too stranded and out of tune.

What happens to freedom for the powerful? What happened to the freedom to do what he wanted? Was he to keep hiding in his own empire?

What's even more frightening is his hypnotizing ability, making many, including his Master, minister Abdali, nod their head in agreement with the boy's every decision!

But not him.

He wouldn't be stupid enough to fall for the boy's tricks!

They say the boy has incredible luck. But he felt the boy was a male vixen with hypnotizing abilities instead.

Or else... Why can everyone agree to such preposterous ideas?

No way!!!

Such a boy should've never been born in the first place!!!

.

One by one, the many minutes were shocked to see a few people in their groups turn treacherous.

What's more, how come all the royal guards were suddenly against them?

No... These shouldn't be the Royal guards!

Abdali's face turned chillier. 'The original guards have all been replaced!... If that's the case....'

Bubuum!

Minister Abdali quickly turned his head towards the balcony behind them.

And sure enough, the chaotic sounds of swords and many weapons clanging together.

For sure, the enemy has got them surrounded!

Their only hope now was that the enemy's army wasn't so big that they wouldn't be able to counterattack.

They too had prepared for any counterattack, with their units scattered about. But what if there were more traitorous amongst them who leaked all their plans?

In that case, those they had prepared on standby might now be surrounded by the enemy.

Abdali clenched his trembling fist.

... This was bad!

The many Ministers and few supporters in the hall thought they had seen it all.

But then, suddenly, one of the doors opened, and in came a face thought they wouldn't be seeing for a long, long, long time.

Din... Din... Din...~

The slow yet arrogant footsteps echoed out across the vast open hall.

Everyone turned to look at the approaching men, some happy, some smug, others grim.

Gregory's eyes twitched vigorously the moment the man arrived.

"Uncle... You?"

"Nephew... I'm so sorry we have to meet in such a way."

"Damn you, Cletus! How dare you attack his highness?"

Cletus sneered, staring at Abdali. "A good dog doesn't bark without orders."

"You!!!~... Very good... How did you know of the late monarch's death? With his time of death, it would be impossible for--"

Boom!

A realization hit many.

Gregory's eyes turned red. "It's you!!"

.

Gregory's face became distorted.

He had found his father's illness too strange.

It appeared out of nowhere a few years back.

They had invited people over but were told it was just a strange disease.

But now, Gregory understood it wasn't that the healers were incompetent but that his dear uncle had gone to a higher source to look for this special poison!

Gregory's entire body quivered in anguish.

"HOW COULD YOU? How could you kill your blood brother?!... How? How? How?!!!"

The more Gregory spoke, the more his emotions were out of place.

No... His face... It was twitching vigorously!!

And just then, Landon felt a slight tremble underneath his feet. But it was too weak, and only he felt it now.

[Warning! Warning! If the host does not calm Gregory, his luck will collapse the entire building!... The son of Luck has begun unlocking his 'Key' Attributes!!]

What?

Critical as in Key to the Holy Core?

Dammit!

Landon felt the tremors growing by the second.

### **Chapter 1509: And So It Begins**

"How can you? How could you?..."

Everyone stared at Gregory in shock.

Rumble. Rumble.

Now, it was not only Landon who felt the tremors but they too!

This... This...

What was going in here?

Everyone was still in shock, with only a few people staring at Gregory in understanding.

This... Oh, no!

"Your highness, you need to calm down," Abdali whispered, not wanting the enemy to find Gregory's secret.

Though he wasn't entirely sure, the many strange things about Gregory made him more inclined to believe it was his Highness's doing.

Or else how can the tremors start at the exact time his highness was livid with fury?

Coincidence? They think not!!

Gregory's entire face turned distorted with uncontrollable twitches the more he thought of his late father.

His body vibrated, and his breathing turned heavier.

His eyes turned a frightening shard of brown, with his vision seemingly blinded, as though he couldn't see anyone in the hall, only sinking into a pool of despair.

The tremors weren't that bad. But Abdali knew if things continued further, an imminent disaster would occur.

'No... What do I do to save his highness from himself?'

Pah!

A light talk fell on the back of Gregory's neck, shocking many.

They looked at the now fainted Gregory, quickly turning their attention to the mysterious guard in confusion.

'Erm... Mr. Guard, aren't you supposed to be on his side? Why would you attack your own master?'

Auhh~

Abdali and a few supporters breathed a sigh of relief, feeling the tremors stop.

F\*\*\*!

That was so close!

They were almost tempted to give 2 thumbs up to the mysterious guard.

At the start, they were uncomfortable with this mysterious guard who appeared out of nowhere. But now, they were only grateful he was here.

The fact that he was still willing to stand by Gregory's side after all that happened showed his loyalty to his highness.

However, it only made them a little gleeful.



After all, their current situation was quite hopeless.

.

Abdali and the rest had long unsheathed their swords, waiting to die on the battlefield if it came to it.

Each side looked at each other grimly. And at this point, the 3 T.O.E.P members had joined the gang, calmly entering the shall as though they weren't suffering from the many injuries Landon had given them.

(-\_-)

They slowly walked towards Cletus's side, vividly staring at the mysterious guard.

That's right. Their attention had now changed from Gregory to the guard.

They understood that Gregory was weak. And without this guard's help, they might not be able to touch a single strand of Gregory's hair.

Though they hated to admit it, they would have to work with Cletus and the rest to create openings and distractions.

They didn't believe that if 10 or 20 people attacked the guard at once, he would still be able to keep Gregory safe.

Of course, all this would be regarded as water on a duck's back if this guard was willing to join their Society.

Morgany needed talents like him.

Whether talented and blessed with the brains to create poison or even architecture, Morgany secretly enticed and recruited talents from the various empires.

And if one day, Morgany were to go against their empires, these talents wouldn't even bat an eyelash to help, feeling that it was just right for Morgany to take over.

Every 3 years, the Society hosts several competitions, allowing these Newly recruited Talents to showcase their strength.

The competition was intense, with all Morg Monarchs, superiors in the 3 Morg empires, and those in the Pirate organization present for such occasions.

Without a doubt, these people were also T.O.E.P members standing at the top of the pyramid, here to pick the best talents to enter their factions.

Be it in poison making, weapon manufacturing, combat, Agriculture, advancements in (A.K.A scientific discoveries like the Siege weapons and the mill)... Every talent group would be targeted.

This again was probably why Morgany stood on the top.

And at that point, once a young talent outshines the bunch and gets taken in under someone, the individual(s) responsible for bringing them in would get handsomely rewarded for their effort in making the Society strong.

Every 'good' deed was well prepared, and every bad was... Heh...

Well, one could say the result traitors had to face was far worse than anything many could imagine.

There was a special punishment developed just for this.

.

All 3 hooded T.O.E.P men calmly stared at the mysterious guard.

The important thing is to rope this guy in first.

As for them taking revenge for his earlier actions, wouldn't they be the ones responsible for bringing him in and taking care of him following that?

The men looked at the guard in scrutiny. "You... Who are you?"

The words were simple, yet everyone's attention was highly piqued.

Yes... What exactly was the identity of the stage mysterious man?

How old was he? What skin color did he have? Where was he from? A Titarian? A Zohl person from another empire? Or was he a foreigner?

"Speak, guard. Who are you?"

"Guard?" Landon chuckled. "You don't deserve to know my identity... But come to think of it, why do you bunch like chatting like little girls? Are we going to fight or not?"

"You!~~~ Insolent!!!" Cletus was shocked and in rage.

Clearly, the bastard was directing his insults at him for his earlier actions when entering the hall.

Even being composed to a woman was an insult; talk less of being compared with a girl.

'We that prick saying I talk too much?... From young till now, except for my parents, bastard brother, and bastard cousin Camila, who has ever dared to hurl insults at me face to face?'

"You're quite a jester, aren't you. Since my dear friends were interested in you, I thought I would let you go without extinction... But you just had to court death."

Sling!!!

Cletus unsheathed his majestic sword. And instantly, the entire room turned gloomier.

Cletus might be weak to a few like Mushu, but compared to the majority, he was still a fierce beast that couldn't be underestimated.

Hehehehehehe~

Cletus' eerie laugh bellowed out, making many feel goosebumps all over.

Typically, his voice always sounded a little loud and boisterous.

But when angry, it was calm, steady, and low.

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"You insolent, lowly worm... It appears you're the type who has never known his place. Look around you, moron! You've long been surrounded. But rather than begging, you dared to move that smart mouth of yours like a dog... Hehehehe... I guess It's true what they say. Ignorance is indeed a crime! Now... I'll give you one chance all because of my friends. Kneel, Kowtow and lick the ground, and I might let you off with just a severed arm!"

Behind Cletus, one of his men followed angrily. "Kneel, you bastard!! Do you realize you're in the presence of royalty?!!!"

"Oh?"

Pff~

Landon chuckled.

Indeed. Everyone here was in the presence of royalty... By that, he meant Gregory, and of course, himself!!

The 3 T.O.E.P members gazed at him calmly. "A person like you should be working for a weakling like Gregory Ghoul."

Oh?

Landon effortlessly carried the now passed out Gregory and firmly placed him on his left shoulder as though carrying a pebble.

'...'

They have once heard of people having dangerously powerful strengths.

But this was the first time they had seen someone with such a godly physic.

Erm... Can they say they were starting to get a little scared?

.

Cletus was taken aback, reassessing the mysterious guard once more.

He and many here didn't see Landon's earlier actions.

They just stormed into the place in the nick of time, just before Gregory could leave.

So how can he not be stunned by Landon's casual acts?

Cletus narrowed his gaze. 'This person isn't easy. It's better to let someone first test his strength before I make a move.'

Heheheh...

With Gregory on his shoulder and his spear in one hand, Landon chuckled playfully.

"Let me be clear. I won't be joining any of you or switching sides. And, I won't be letting you touch a single strand of hair from his Highness's head and that of his supporters. So cut the bullsh\*\* short! It's against my ethics to bully others."

Meaning, he wouldn't attack them unless they made a move first?

Dammit! Who did this guy think he was? Does he think he alone can protect the gathering of followers? Naive!!

Many inwardly retorted.

But Landon didn't care. He raised his spear at Cletus and the 3 T.O.E.P members provocatively.

"Like I said. I'm a very busy man. And as you can see, I don't have all day to play with you. So are you going to move or just stand there like a bunch of retards?"

At this point, everyone felt Landon deserved a beating.

Good... Good...

Some cracked their knuckles provocatively.

"Since you want us to fight so badly, how dare we turn down your request?"

Cletus sneered. "Everyone, attack! Hit them all at once!"

"Charge~~~~!!!!!"

The thunderous sounds of battle-spirited men echoed out. Hundreds and hundreds of men stormed in from all corners.

Landon twirled his spear with an expressionless face. 'And so it begins...'

The battle for the throne!!

### **Chapter 1510: A Chance Emerges**

Incoming from the left, incoming from the right, incoming from all around.

The hundreds and hundreds of enemy guards stormed in from all 5 doors leading into the grand hall.

The only way to escape would be towards the balcony.

But who would've known there would also be enemies secretly taking the place of the guards earlier?

That's right.

They stood by the balcony door as though blocking the path, preventing Abdali and the rest from leaving.

Dammit!

If it's a fight you won't, then a fight you shall get.

"Quickly! Cone Formation! Spears out! Protect his highness!"

1, 2, 3...

The gang hastily made a sloppy cone formation, placing their spears and swords at various strategic angles with their backs completely exposed.

Yes. Only those at the balconies weren't running to them. So they could only put a few eyes to stare at this bunch while focusing on strengthening their cone-shaped formation against the others storming in.

This was just the beginning, yet Abdali's hair was already loose, his eyes fidgety, and his body damp.

Huh.

Cletus sneered at their desperation. "Swordsmen halt! Archers take hold and fire!!"

At the front of those rushing in, the archers forced their way forward, with the first line kneeling while the 2nd line standing behind with string bows and capable arrows in their hands.

Some strung 2 arrows on their bows at once, while others used 1.

F\*\*\*! It can be seen that only top powerhouses like those in Morgany could shoot 3 arrows at once with high efficiency, with all hitting their marks in deadly ways.

With firm grips, the many archers pulled their arms back and aimed at the many targets before them.

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Archers?

Abdali's pupils dilated at an incredulous speed.

They had but few shields, not enough to protect everyone!

He blinked with evident pain in his heart, knowing at most half of them would be taking a deadly hit.

His men's lives were his responsibilities. Seeing those willing to die alongside him only made his intestines churn with regret on why they didn't prepare better.

Nonetheless, they will never give up, dying like a true man.

Using his swords, he stared fiercely at their many enemies.

"Everyone, don't be afraid. Today, we fight for honor! Hold your chests high, stand your ground and do your best to protect our Leader, the one true ruler of Titarian, his highness Gregory Ghoull!!!"

Yeah!!!!

The man smacked their chests as though injecting more courage into their bloodstreams.

For honor! For his highness, they fight!!

Hmmm...

Killing intent flashed through Cletus's eyes.

One true ruler?

"Fire!!!"

~Thung!

The archers released their waves of destruction onto their prey.

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Whoosh!

Hundreds of arrows pierced through the air, creating sizzling sounds too hard to miss.

Some flew very low, towards the group's feet, others targeting their mid-sections and others, their upper bodies.

And for the first time in a very, very long wild, Abdali felt like an ant flashing the stormy waves at sea. Only this wave was made of deadly arrows, with some poisoned.

'May the Goddess be with us all.'

1, 2, 3...

"Ahhhhh!!!?~"

The deadly cries of many echoed just as expected.

The cries were enough to make many feel cold on this hot, sunny day.

But wait! What was this?

**\*\*Freeze\*\***

Time once again stood at a standstill the moment the arrows reached their 'marks.'

Everyone wanted to smack their faces hard or run into a wall and hit themselves to bleeding-point just to make sure they saw what they did.

How? You? When?... What the devil is going on here?

Cletus's age was full of disbelief. The 3 T.O.E.P members also had dumbfounded expressions behind their masks, and everyone else once again had a true understanding of how dangerous this masked guard was.

"You!~..."

What sort of fairy operation was this?

(°?°)

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"I told you... Didn't I. With me here, don't even think about touching a single strand of hair from any supporters here."

" "

—

'Yes, you did say that. But who would've taken you seriously? Don't you know what you've done is already in the impossible category?'

Ahh-...

'Goddess, was it that sent this guard to us in our time of need?'

Being so close to death but surviving, Abdali felt like killing 20 cows after this to thank the heavens.

Every last supporter felt the same too.

And was it just them, or did they just see their entire lives flash before their very eyes?

In the massive hall, many were still wailing at the top of their lungs from the sudden arrow attacks.

But what... No... How exactly did it happen so fast?

They didn't even see Landon shift position until the end.

Yup!

If not for seeing him move his spear at the last moment, sending the last few arrows away, they would've suspected the hands made U-turns on their own through sorcery.

In the end, Landon had sent all arrows right back to the archers, killing over 8/10th of them.

What a brutal attack!

The 3 T.O.E.P members now confirmed he had super abilities. Such things weren't all that rare. A handful of legendary people in Morgany had such different but powerful abilities.

However, they had never seen someone so powerful and fast as the strange guard.

'No! If such a person doesn't want to join us, then he has to die, lest he becomes a problem for us in future!'

Yes... All 3 gave each other tactful looks, slowly moving backward, fading into the crowd.

For such a person, if they had to make a move on him, it had to be a surprise assault. For now, they would use these people as guinea pigs, waiting for the opportune moment to reveal themselves and strike.

Cletus also thought the same, wanting his men to take action first.

But how would they have known that things would only get more difficult from here on out?

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Wong!~

Landon's spear resonated lightly, with him unhurriedly taking a firm stance at the very front of their Cone-formation.

Even more eye-boggling was that Gregory was still on his holders, passed out.

(!..!)

Forget it. No supporter had any comments at this point.

"No matter what happens, stand behind me as you are. Don't shake, don't move, and keep your eyes closed at all times."

What? Keep their eyes closed during battle?

Abdali and many wanted to protest. But Landon's murderous aura that seeped out made even they, war veterans, feel like turtles looking for their shells.

"On the count of 3, you will do as I've said."

Mommy... They continuously nodded like chickens, not daring to disobey the guard's orders.

Who knows... Maybe there's a poison that can affect their eyes and ears that they were unaware of. So who were they to argue here?

(?π?)

Of course, if it were someone else, they wouldn't follow these instructions, closing their eyes during battle.

But after seeing the guard's display, they decided to put their trust in him.

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Landon's voice was loud enough for those he was guarding to hear but too low for the many enemies around to pick up on.

However, this didn't stop them from being defensive.

It was just that they thought Landon was making plans to fight them all one by one. In the end, even if he had super abilities, how can he attack them all at once?

This fact was already etched in their minds.

Cletus narrowed his eyes.

"Everyone! Bull Formation! 2-1-2 Tactic! The rest of you join in and attack!!!"

He would like to see how the damn guard would be able to go against their famous Bull Formation that was famous to those in his legions.

As for Camila and Mushu's few men amongst them bunch, if they too joined in, quickly learning and adjusting to the bare essential of his bull Formation.

So powerful!

Though the enemy wasn't holding up any shields, the formation was still very intimidating, making it hard for any ordinary person to break through it.

Seeing the many intimidating groups advancing, Landon didn't even bat an eye.



"1..."

Bubuum.

Abdali and the rest clenched their jaws, hearing Landon's countdown.

"2..."

F\*\*\*!

What did he say again? They recalled his words one more time, not wanting to miss a single instruction.

And at this very moment, the enemy began their first wave of attacks.

They believed the reason the arrow attacks failed was because their opponent had a mole space to play with and time to do so.

Now, they had reached overly close to the bunch of supporters from all sides, holding their spears barely inches away from them.

Hahaha~

Cletus laughed.

This time, the bastard game and his group of weaklings were going to die! Look. Even the guard has given up, with his head lowered, staring at the ground in dismay.

"This is your chance! Kill! Kill! Shoot the spears now!!!"

Very calmly, Landon slowly raised it high. And just then, something mysterious happened.

"3..."

Boom!!!!!!