

**Chapter 1521 [Bonus chapter]Battle Over**

No. No. No. No No. No.No!!~

Cletus had arrived in the room, only to see the escape door closing.

He slid to his knees and stretched his hands in horror.

50 breaths were up.

Bam!

The heavy door thundered, reminding Cletus he was still trapped in this Wing with that crazy bastard.

What to do? What to do?

Cletus wished to throw himself out a window to escape his fate.

But just like the windows in the wing's hall, these also had thick prison bars.

Cletus smashed his fists on the bars after opening the first layer of wooden covering to see this sight.

'Damn you! Damn you!!'

His separation had gotten the best of him so much that he didn't even know who he was cursing at.

Firstly, he felt disdainful towards the T.O.E.P for not being assertive enough after all the promises they gave him.

He was also angry at his savior turned enemy for disgusting his crowning glory.

And finally, he was hateful towards the Goddess and the heavens, who kept raining their heavenly poop below.

It seemed everything in the world was working against him. It was just not fair!

"Today is my day! I am monarch! I will be monarch! No one can take it away from me!!"

Holding the thick metal bars, he rocked his body back and forth, allowing his sweaty damp hair to fly about in a crazed manner.

" Dammit! Dammit! Dammit! Da--..."

**\*\*freeze!\*\***

Cletus suddenly froze, feeling a strange dread growing and gnawing at his insides.

His hands quivered.

And with a low turn, he threw his head behind his shoulders.

"I see you've been having fun, playing monarch by yourself."

Landon's voice was enough to make Cletus' legs turn jelly.

Turning his back and leaning in, he wished he could become one with the stony walls.

"You... You... Great savior... What do you want to be?"

Great savior?

Landon chuckled, seeing how the once arrogant Cletus was now humbling himself like a rat in a gutter.

"You call me savior. And as a man with ethics, I must live up to your expectations, right?"

Cletus' was blank.

How was he supposed to know what Landon means? At this point, even he knew his 'savior' wouldn't let him go.

Landon took one step forward, and Cletus leaned on the wall like tapestry.

"I see you enjoy playing [monarch] and [house]. Many little children in my empire enjoy playing house with Barbie too. In that case, why don't I take you to a better place where you'll be able to have more playmates around?"

"..."

The confused and dumbfounded Cletus soon found everything around him getting dark, the more he lost consciousness.

Barbie? What was that? And who were the other playmates this guy was talking about?

Lights out.

Landon stacked Cletus on his shoulders, on top of the T.O.E.P man, and headed out through the giant metal doors.

Of course, after passing, he locked the doors with the giant metal column, just as it had been before Cletus and the killer entered.

1, 2, 3...

Whoosh!

Landon vanished.

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Boom! Boom! Bam! Boom! Boom! Bang!!!!

For 6 long hours, the war never ceased.

Supporters were getting saved across the entire city, from north, south, east, west, and even central.

Hee~Hee~Hee~Hee~Hee~

The horses moved about anxious steps.

Animals were always sensitive to danger.

The many supporters in stained armor had sweat drilling down their gore-sprayed faces.

This sweat was mixed with blood that stung their eyes like tiny vipers.

All around them was nothing with a bloody rivet filled with death, weapons, chaos, and violence.

Today, they had been prepared to face all the storms and weather, standing beside his highness's camp.

But they had greatly underestimated the enemy.

To the left, to the right, to the sides... All around them!

The opposing nobles had sent their forces to surround them, strangling them from the middle.

Yes! Initially, they only thought the witch Camila, and maybe a few others would dare stand against his highness Gregory in the open.

But who would've known all these opposing forces would move out at once?

From the north zone, over 30 opposing novels gathered no less than 3,000 men each to surround the supporters. And this wasn't even including those Mushu sent.

They, the supporters, were shocked to know that their positions were all leaked and well known to the enemy.

Thus, it didn't take time for them to be at a disadvantage.

What's more, the enemy had garnered them in such a way that it would be near impossible for them to send for more backup!

And they also had a hunch that their main headquarters was under siege.

The enemy had got them good!

Tens of thousands had stormed into the city streets so suddenly, giving them no time to react.

They reckoned all enemy forces combined should be well over 600,000 men.

Some clansmen from opposing families lined in, going all out to support Cletus. And of course, some only sent a portion of their powers to aid in the war, still playing it safe.

Though inwardly, they felt it was a done deal, with only one Victor --- Cletus.

However, what they didn't take into account, was the will of the heavens.

And now, the tables have turned.

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It was a battle to behold!

At first, they were at a disadvantage. But an hour later, an assembly of metal creatures stormed the scene out of nowhere.

These creatures zoomed in and spat out other humans who aided them.

But this wasn't all.

The injured were being recorded and taken away in a steady stream.

Who am I? What am I?

The gang of supporters were too shocked for words.

They had expected to die but were somehow saved by these godly people and their heavenly artifacts.

What was also shocking was that there were women in the bunch!!

Captain Twain laid down on a strange soft mat, looking at the beautiful woman attending to his injuries.

Even as an adult man, because men and women were supposed to keep their distances, her holding his arm still made him very uncomfortable.

Some other men blushed hard too.

"I'm fine... You don't need to look after--"

"Stop moving." The lady commanded in a low but threatening voice.

"..."

Hello? Is this how you treat a patient?

Forget it.

Twain was finding himself very weird, not knowing how to act around such a Woman.

You have to know that women's careers were limited. They could be wetnurses or sick nurses, wiping off one's sweat, feeding a patient, and doing other menial tasks.

But who has ever heard of a female healer?

In the tent, several male and female healers were working equally.

Just from their conversations and their interactions, one could see how the men respected the women.

What a strange situation.

Of course, many were still ashamed because the women seemed stronger than they were.

F\*\*\*!

Some wanted to die when recalling how a few women had carried them princess-style.

Some even carried them on their backs, making them question if their injuries had somehow made them lose all their weight.

This... This was embarrassing!!

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Twain was also embarrassed too. A lady and a man had carried him on a strange stretcher to this tent.

And the money he was out down, the last began increasing him without question.

Increasing him was what many heaters in the past had done.

But when it came to her... Can he say he felt violated?

(:Q^Q:)

Twain was also inwardly questioning his charms.

Because most ladies in this era wished to get married, they followed certain rules, not wanting to see a man's body unless it was their lover's or husband's.

So most would turn tomato-red when seeing Twain's thighs even if an arrow was plunged into them.

But this lady here, as well as the other females, never blushed or acted shy. Instead, they were quite bold and very focused on their duties.

Instead, their actions made the many long men redden, not daring to look at their faces.

"No... I'm really fine. You can go treat my friend over there first."

"F\*\*\* you! All I have is a broken leg, a dislocated shoulder, and 3 severed toes. So how is my situation? Be urgent? You go over and hell Rodney over there."

"You all are bastards! Miss, don't listen to him! Sure! I do have an arrow that somehow managed to go around my armor, landing on my butt, but believe me, it doesn't hurt at all! You just go over--"

~Thang!!

The arrow was yanked out before the man could finish his words.

In a nutshell, everything they said went into the eras of these female doctors and flew out from the other.

They had no time for nonsense!

"..."

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And just like that, the war had been won.

However, not all enemies were known to them...

How can this happen?

Camila and Mushu reached their estates, both with frantic expressions.

What did all this mean for them? This was what they had to figure out!

## **Chapter 1522 The AfterMath**

It's been 4 days since the unbelievable battle in the Capital.

And though they won, it was not without sorrow.

Before the Baymardians came to their rescue, they had already lost a few good men to the war.

Many inwardly prayed for those who died, wishing the Goddess would welcome them with open arms into the heavens.

But death was a normal thing in these times. Many didn't grieve sorrowfully but looked at the men as heroes who were just starting another chapter of their existence in the heavens.

Everyone would die someday. And though it hurts... In these warring times, their grief was but momentarily.

Now, it was time to get back to work.

The many knights and Baymardian soldiers joined in cleaning up the bloodied sites.

All armors, shields, and any metallic objects, were sent to the Private Royal Barracks.

Following that, the horses that survived were also sent there too, if not overly injured.

However, some needed to be out of their misery.

These and the already dead ones were gathered and their meat shared and sent to the kitchens in the Royal barracks and the estates belonging to the supporters.

They found over 200,000 dead horses. This meat alone should feed the large number well and provide nourishment for the injured who risked their lives to fight for his highness Gregory.

As for the battlefield itself, sigh...

One should never underestimate the gore it contained.

The entire place was just reddish black, with dried-up blood everywhere on looks.

Once the battle ended that fateful day, a massive flock of crows and vultures flew in great numbers, pecking off on all body parts they could find.

Be it amputated legs, severed ears, or even eyeballs... These birds spared no parts.

But this wasn't all.

The stench was awful, with many bladders and bowels of these dead men opening up.

And as the hours passed, the stench only grew worse, especially in this hot weather.

A tsunami of flies flocked over too, and maggots began swimming wherever they touched.

This was the true aftermath of war!!

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But while the able did their best to clear the scene and return places to normal, the many injured knights were hauled away by not just the Baymardian military doctors and nurses but also the famous Titarian healers.

These healers pushed their eats through, diligently following the Baymardians like dogs, wagging their tails about.

"What holy thing is this? You call it a medicine capsule? And why is its color red on one side and white on another?"

"Ahhhh!!!!!--... What equipment will let you hear the patient's heartbeat like this?"

"Amazing! I have never seen anything like this! This surgery is too groundbreaking! Please, take me as your disciple! Look! I'll even throw in my son for you to matter!"

"F\*\*\*! Don't listen to him, miss! His son is still 11 years old! What do you want to do with such a little brat with no manly features? If we're talking about sons, then take mine instead!"

"Bastard! Are you trying to pick a fight? With how bad baldness runs in your family, why would you want doctor Olivia to waste her time with her sons?"

"Doctor Shanan! Take me as your disciples instead!!"

"Doctor Gray! I am willing to be adopted by you. Just say the word, and I'll pack up and follow you to the ends of the world!"

"I was so shocked by what I saw that I forgot to blink and began crying."

"Me too! Can I say I'm happy that people got injured? What is godly medicine? This is godly medicine!"

"Thank you! Thank you, brave injured knights! Next time, try breaking other parts of your body, so we see such heavenly techniques again."

[The injured knights]... (x\_x)

We want to punch you but we have no strength.

...

Baymard.

It has just been 4 days, yet the name Baymard has conquered the entire Capital!!!

From their metal carriages to the strange items and objects they had at their disposal, many were already convinced this place was a heavenly site too advanced for their limited imaginations.

F\*\*\*! What did they just see?

There were brochures with glass buildings reaching for the sky!

Moreover, many saw what these Baymardians called catalogs, with various car models lined up!

The trees in some of these images were too beautiful, with strange clean, and black colored roads that made it hard for them to tell if they were made of stone or not.

And then, what was even more strange, was that these people also knew Roma.

Roma was identical to 'Zol,' with only a few spelling and pronunciation differences between the 2.

So of course they understood what these Baymardians said.

Giant ships made of iron and other wonders displayed on the brochures and various small booklets only fueled their desire to see this heavenly place.

Merchants saw an opportunity in this, and people in business were already beginning to make plans.

In the various clans, even the enemies who hadn't been brought out into the light, also squinted their eyes, listening to the reports their spies had gotten from the palace.

Their few spies had managed to steal a few brochures from the guards and workers.

And in a particular dark room, many had pale faces, knowing how dangerous this new opponent was.

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Pyno!... Pyno of all damn places! No... It wasn't Pyno but Baymard in particular.

These were their thoughts, thinking whether empires might not be a match for this new empire.

They even thought Baymard might be the biggest empire in Pyno, occupying most of its landscape and a majority of Pyno's population.

Just look at how powerful it looked in these strange booklets?

Yes! It should be the biggest and the strongest!

Then doesn't this spell bad news for them?

Not good! Not good!

Their chests grew together, and the feeling of being trapped flooded their bodies.

~Bam!

A silver-haired man smashed his fists on his armrest.

"Good Goddess of Titarian! I never should've agreed to join you in this deadly crusade!"

"Yes! Yes! You all pushed and talked us into it!" Another added, feeling very anxious.



Don't look at how calm the Capital was after the legendary war.

They, more than anyone else, knew this was just the calm before the storm.

What they did was an act of treason!!!

They sided with the enemy to take Gregory's life. And though they could say it was those Captains that individually acted without their consent due to greed, who would truly buy such a blatant lie?

Even if his highness lets things go for now, they would still be talking on a thin rope that could snap when they least expected it.

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Many felt their intestines grow green, thinking of how they might get demoted and lose their power once summoned to the palace.

Yes! They don't think his tightness would kill them, even if their injured and captured men ratted them out in prison.

They had more than 20 ways to prove someone had 'set them up.'

Before the big battle, they had long left a leeway out for themselves. So the only thing that would get affected would be their power.

But what's the difference between crippling them and taking most of their power away?

Their ships, their men, their warehouses filled with armors, expensive black powders, and so on... If any of these get confiscated, then even protecting themselves against their other high-society enemies in nobility would be too difficult!

Just envisioning a scene of them groveling before their enemies while being bullied was enough to give them sleepless nights.

They would prefer to lose a body part than lose their power!!!

'Dear Goddess... Please don't demote me to a Count or even a Baron!'

These were their prayers. Many were Viscounts, Dukes, ministers, and people of the highest grades. So how can they be willing to swim with the scum of the wealthy?

Making such an adjustment would be too difficult.

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"What do we do? What do we do now?"

Panic. Panic... Panic filled the room, thinking of such a troublesome enemy they made all because of the instigation of these bastards!!!

"It's all your fault! We were there on our own, minding our damn business until you lot came along!"

"That's right! Just the hidden guard that saved Gregory right before our eyes was already a top-notch guard. The best I've ever seen. So imagine how strong the other Baymardian guards and knights will be? Tell me, do you have such a powerful force to counterattack them with?"

Everyone stood, pointing hysterically as they vented their anger and mostly fears onto Camila and Mushu.

On a normal day, they would've been too scared to open their mouths and talk back to the duo in this manner.

But after experiencing such a thing, who the hell cares about the identities of these 2 when their futures were at stake?

"Silence!" Mushu's voice bellowed.

And his icy aura instantly made many cower back.

"I know what many of you fear. But don't forget that the one who brought you in was Duke Cletus, not myself or lady Camila. That said... Why do you think we've lost?"

Eh? Haven't they?

Mushu's words shocked everyone silly.

The little fat on their cheeks trembled vigorously.

What did Lord Mushu mean?!!!!!!!

Eh? Haven't they?

(?0?)

### **Chapter 1523 The Time Was Finally Here!**

Have they truly lost?

Everyone couldn't help wondering what he meant by those words.

In the dark room, their fear was their shackles.

It was like a knife in their gut, slowly twisting and churning their insides.

A thin layer of sweated beads formed on their foreheads as they stared at each other in silent questioning.

What did he mean?

Mushu slowly revealed a knowing smile, relaxing into the darkness on his seat.

Idiots.

"Your leader... Cletus, should have told you we have a powerful backer on our side, no?"

Yes! He did!

But there was still uncertainty with this unknown Backer they had never heard of.

After today's events, would this backer still want to go up against Gregory and his powerful allies?

They asked themselves. If it were them, would they cut ties completely and act as the wind, scrambling to the ends of Hertfilia... Or continue to fight such a terrible enemy?

If it were them, they would go with the last option.

Hey... As they say, there are no certainties in this life. Even they could betray each other to save their necks when the time comes.

So how could they be sure this said backer will still choose to fight and not give up?

No! In their minds, the backer would definitely abandon them now that the going was tough.

This... This...

The men all had awkward and dodgy eyes, wanting to jump out of this moving wagon but too scared to voice it out to Mushu's face.

This was Lord Mushu they were talking about!

Forget the fact they were in high positions.

Lord Mushu was like an uncrowded Monarch in Titarian.

No one, not even the late Monarch, was able to shake this powerful man.

Camila sneered behind her feathered fan, looking at the spineless men seated around her.

'If you knew you didn't have the balls to go against us, then why argue and jump about earlier like golden monkeys?'

Camila lifted her chest proudly, obviously sharing in Mushu's glory.

Yes! They were wary of Camila and her means.

But the one they feared was Mushu!

Mushu snapped his fingers, and one of his guards lowered the bowl of fruit closer.

Tasty!

Mushu savored the juicy grapes, narrowing his eyes at the bunch.

"Gentlemen... I hate to be the one to pour rain on your sunny days, but the moment you jumped in our wagon, there was no turning back!"

No turning back... No turning back...

The words echoed in the silent room, causing a deep tremor up the spines of many.

They looked at each other, knowing there was just one way ahead.

If they don't anger Gregory, then they would be angering Mushu and his backer.

In the end, there was indeed just one way forward.

"Lord Mushu, you have our support... We will do whatever is asked."

"Good...."

Mushu smiled while slowly taking a stand.

'This is just a hiccup in the way. A good hiccup for me since Cletus is now out of the portrait... It won't be long before my person rules the empire. And by then, all who stand in my way will die!!!!'

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---The Royal Palace.---

In a massive, well-lit hall filled with luxurious decorations, ornaments, tapestries, and artifacts... Many prime supporters, as well as the Baymardian leaders of the many divisions, sat in rows and columns of seats lined out neatly.

And on the golden podium, Gregory and Landon both sat at a table placed before them.

There were Titarian ministers, commanders, and other important personnel among the supporters.

This Grand hall was the same one used for hosting banquets and official balls.

It was so humongous that Cinderella would have a hard time finding her way through the place.

It was so big that even with this large gathering, they looked like ants swimming in the space.

The doors leading into the halls were also gigantic, as though one was about to enter the heavens.

This hall was also the official hall for addressing official and private matters, be it from the ministers or from the people who came in, debating their monarchs to settle their little disputes over who owned a stolen pheasant, etc.

For at least 3 hours on Mondays to Fridays, the Titarian Monarchs would allow rows of ordinary folks to come in and lay out their worries.

And

Thus, this room was a multi-purpose one, used for an uncountable number of reasons.

Sometimes official businesses, other times for celebration, and sometimes for public affairs.

And today, they once again put the grand hall into use.

At present, their seats were all around in a semi-circular manner.

1/10th of the semi-circle was filled with the Baymardians, and the rest were them.

The seats were arranged so those seated behind, whether shorter or taller, would have no problems seeing past the person before them.

It wasn't this arrangement or the fact that they were seated that surprised them.

No!

It was the fact that each seat had tables placed before them.

It was the tables that were arranged in a semi-circular manner.

And each seat was placed in a way that didn't bother those behind.

So everyone found they could see straight ahead, as well as see the many around them without any worries.

On the tables, there were strange transparent water jugs (bottles), as well as several documents in the finest paper they had ever seen.

What's more, they had their names written and placed in a transparent pyramid object too.

Good heavens!

What sort of water jug is this? And was this actually paper too?

Many felt their balls roll up and down their throats.

It took all their energy not to grab the documents and touch them like possessed beings.

But what was this?

Click.

Several people clicked the top of the strange ender object, only to see a small pointy end pop out.

A hidden weapon?

(+0+)

Many looked at the pens and mechanized pencils in shock.

### **Chapter 1524 Sign Or Not?**

Abdali looked at the documents laid out.

Each person had 2 documents separated before them.

One said treaty and another Agenda.

How strange... What is this agenda thing?

At this moment, Abdali and everyone else in the room was too curious and anxious, wanting the meeting to start now!

Typically, if everyone was there, shouldn't the meeting begin? Why are they taking their time?

Today, Abdali and the rest knew exactly what it meant to be time-focused.

As for the Baymardian delegates and many others, they only looked at their watches briefly before leaning back in their seats.

They noticed Titarian was 4 hours behind Baymard's time.

So unless their Baymardian watch struck 2 PM (10 A.M, in Titarian), the meeting wouldn't hold.

And now, they only had 3 minutes more to go.

Seeing their actions, Abdali and the few who managed to get Baymardian watches as gifts did the same, not wanting to look stupid.

" "

2... 1...

Ding!!!

One of the 3 secretaries Landon came with, Landon's secretary, calmly struck the triangle.

"10 A.M! Everyone, please be advised. The meeting will now begin."

So professional!

Seeing the female secretary at work, many Titarians inwardly acknowledged her mannerisms.

Landon looked at the group from his elevated seat.

"Ladies and Gentlemen... Today, we, the Baymardians, stand here with the sole purpose of being Titarian's allies. That is why the meeting is held. And by the end, it will be up to you to decide whether your empire will take our hand or not."

Absalom and everyone else nodded, liking this approach.

After all, even though Landon and the rest saved them, they won't be quick to jump into anything until they understand who they were dealing with.

Hell!

This was the first they even heard that an empire called Baymard existed.

They did have a favorable outlook on these people. But sometimes, appearances could be deceiving.

Of course, if by the end of the meeting they were convinced, then they would be willing to become allies.

But if this so-called union is to make Titarian a slave nation to these people, then they can just forget it!

Many nations had come to Titarian for an alliance, putting forth conditions that required Titarian to always bow to them.

Some people came over, wanting Titarian's resources but not giving much in return.

Others came, sneakily wanting their people as slaves to be shipped out.

Some also came for 'alliances,' especially marital ones, so they could place their spies here and one day conquer or decrease Titarian's boundaries and landmass.

These were still warring times. And depending on who was monarch, empires would fight one another to expand their powers.

In the hands of wise and good rulers, peace would reign the continent if Zohl.

But in the hands of someone like Camila's brother-in-law, who married a princess from another empire and somehow fought his way to become the monarch of that said empire... Only chaos would fill the people's days.

Food shortages for war provisions and many other drawbacks would worry the ordinary folks. But for the wealthy, who the hell cares?

Sigh...

In the end, they, the Titarians, wanted first to hear all this treaty entailed.

If there was something in there they firmly stood against, you best believe the matter was off!

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"I, his highness Gregory, have agreed that we listen to these saviors before making our concluding facts," Gregory added, speaking for his people.

And Landon continued.

"Attendees... Your majesty, Landon Barn... His highness Gregory Ghoul the 3rd... Right Minister and Commander of the 1st Royal Legion, Abdali Exodus... "

Abdali nodded as many glanced at him.

In the end, several others nodded too.

No matter what meeting was going on, the attendees must always be mentioned at the beginning of the agenda.

One by one, many heard other names and their titles in the empire.

Sometimes, Titarian names would get called, and other items, Baymardian names.

And soon, the meeting finally began!

First, the treaty spoke of the true purpose of their alliance, also brushing up on the matter of the United Nations.

This fact shocked everyone silly.

What?

This Baymard alone already had 36 ally memories, most from Romain?

Now it made sense!

No wonder they could speak Zol.

But what's this, they also want to train them too?

Imaging the crazy battle they witnessed a few days ago, several couldn't help dreaming of becoming that powerful.

It would be a lie to say they weren't tempted.

Good start! Good start!

(^\_^)

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Landon chuckled, feeling their burning gazes.

"Everyone, please turn to page xx."

Flip. Flip.

The sounds of paper turning were all that filled the scene.

They were now staring at Section 12, Article 4:

[Baymard is obligated to train the Titarian warriors on 'physical hand-to-hand,' and failure to do so will be a breach of the contract.]

The article went deeper, talking about what services Baymard would provide, what their punishment would be for breaching the contract, as well as what expectations Baymard also held towards Titarian.

Abdali looked at the training semesters detaily.

There were 3 of them.

- January 1st -April 30th.

- May 1st -August 31st.

- And September 1st - December 31st.

Everyone had their own empire to defend, so those who came in would only stay for at most 2 semesters before taking a vacation back to Titarian.

One should recall that each year, they could only take a max of 2 semesters.

So if for example, they left to head back to Titarian after the 2nd semester on August 31st, they could decide to resume In September of the following year.



One should know that before they spoke about this training matter, the treaty had already stated that Baymard was obligated to provide something called a Bay-Titarian travel route via sea, as well as other ways of travel they may create in future.

So according to his majesty Landon, if a knight left Baymard on August 31st, they should reach Titarian the 1st or 2nd week of September.

And even if they had to travel for months on horseback home, by December or January, they should be home sweet home.

So didn't this mean they had enough time to rest before taking up another semester in the new year?

In short, there were no excuses!!

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Everyone's eyes shone brightly, noticing how advantageous this Treaty was to them.

This Baymard....

What sort of place was it?

### **Chapter 1525 Meeting Concluded!**

The meeting had already gone by for 2 hours and a half now, yet no one was bored or felt the need to take a stand at all!

What a joke.

How could they when they were afraid of missing any information if they got distracted?

The group of Titarians sat upright like good pupils in a classroom.

Anyone with questions would raise the small plastic board on their tables and ask away.

They had to ask questions pertaining to each section Landon spoke on before moving to the next.

Damn!

They wanted to write all they heard, but again, we're too scared to be too engulfed in writing that they missed bits and pieces of information his majesty Landon dishes out.

Fortunately, at the start of the meeting, it was said there were three people assigned to take down what they called the 'meeting minutes.'

And after the 3 went over and combined their works, they would send in these meeting minutes to everyone here.

The Titarians were no doubt taken aback and amazed by something so simple yet so effective.

It was such a good method.

Moreover, the meeting minutes would only be delivered here in the palace.

So once things were compiled, they would be summoned to recover the minutes.

There would never be a 3rd partner to deliver the minutes over, lest an assassin or someone else intercepted the document.

For ministers like themselves, they would look at the document before throwing it in the fire.

One should never underestimate the brain ability of these people to recall the things they read detailly.

Doing such things was normal.

As ministers, high-ranking Knightly commanders, and those of higher status, they dealt with important information like these on a daily basis.

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"Any further questions will have to be answered in the Q&A section of the agenda."

The only reason he allowed these first few questions was because they had finished talking about that section earlier than stated on the agenda.

"Moving on... Visas and Passports!"

Oh?

What were those?

Many had their ears perked to the sky.

And just like the other treaty-signed empires, their situations differed from ordinary guests from other regions.

For passport covers;

- Baymardians had 'RED' colored passport covers.'

'U.N./treaty-signed empires had 'BLUE' covers.

- & The rest had 'GREEN' passport covers.

- Royals from Baymard and all Treaty-signed nations had 'GOLD' covers.

- While Royals from non-treaty signed Empires had 'Silver' covers, with gold linings across the edges of the covers.

Everyone looked at the images of sample passports, feeling that such an identification method was excellent.

"Yes, Minister Abdali."

"Thank you, your Majesty. My question is about the small portraits/pictures in the passports... On your end, wouldn't it be daunting to have Painters paint everyone's image? At this rate, would it be advisable for us to send large numbers of knights for training?"

Yes! The question was valid, and many... Even Gregory wanted to know just how these Baymardians would paint the faces of hundreds and thousands all at once.

Or could it be they had a lineup of painters sitting in wait just to do the job?

It seemed a little unrealistic, especially when the painters also spent their time creating the images on the many hamlets and Baymardian magazines they had seen.

F\*\*\*!

This was too exaggerated!

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They tried to rack their brains on how it was all done.

Too bad their imagination was limited.

Landon chuckled, finding their worries funny.

With Cameras, a massive bringing press, and many other Baymardian technologies, how could something as simple as a passport picture be hard for them?

"For this matter, my empire has developed a certain technology dwelling in this aspect. So it's not an issue for us." Landon spoke casually, shrugging his shoulders as though it were nothing.

You look at me; I look at you.

True or false?

Everyone was more than curious about how these Baymardians would do it.

Like so, the meeting continued, with their faces stretching to all sorts of lengths.

Sometimes excited, sometimes confused, other times anxious to ask all the questions of life like babies coming into the world.

They spoke on education, travel, and the various other opportunities this newfound relationship would have if they agreed to be allies.

Again, they touched on the matter of taking in dangerous prisoners they couldn't guarantee to hold in Titarian.

You have to know that almost weekly, people escape from their grasp, falling into the cycle of getting captured, escaped, captured, escaped, and captured again... Even during public executions.

Why? Because these people had their forces in the dark watching their backs.

Sometimes, an entire Assassin guild would storm out with thousands of super passing to rescue them.

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Like many empires in these medieval times, it was hard to guarantee a certain high-ranked prisoner would stay put.

Typically, such people had to be publicly executed to liberate the families of their victims, as well as to calm public unrest.

Just saying 'oh, he's dead' was not enough.

If the people aren't satisfied, there might be a distasteful. The ordinary folks would be like frightened chickens, too scared to move or even go to work, all worrying about their lives too.

Again, even if they killed the prisoner, it has to be when they are in the Capital.

Let's say they capture the prisoner in a location 3 months away from here.

If they kill the prisoner, his body would be too unrecognizable by the time they arrive at the Capital.

Such situations did give the criminals opportunities to flee before reaching close to the Capital.

But what could they do about it?

Sigh... It was really hard during these medieval times.

Additionally, they sometimes kept the criminals alive to torture and extract all information from them.

For such mass serial killers, when they escaped, it was guaranteed that at least 3,000 or more innocent would die in the hands of these murderous criminals who killed for fun.

Even the prison guards weren't safe. So who wouldn't want such criminals off their hands?

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Tick-Tock. Tick-Tock.

Time seemed to go by quickly.

Meeting Over!

Everyone had smiles on their faces as they witnessed the treaty signing process.

Clap. Clap. Clap. Clap.

Wonderful!!!

They were ecstatic.

However, in another corner of Titarian, Lucy's team was in a very, very... Very hard pickle!!

... What to do?

## **Chapter 1526 Lucy's Command!**

--West side, Outskirts of Firgan Town.--

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The afternoon sky was hot, boiling, and buzzing with nature's boisterous sounds.

It was 4 P.M, and Lucy's team had arrived several days back.

The gang had already surveyed and mapped the site out.

Their faces were grim and their bodies solemn.

Lucy looked at the few ladies before her, still not comfortable enough to do the job, but knowing they had no other choice.

"Are you sure you can get it done? If the task is too daunting for you, this is your chance to pull out."

"Your majesty, we can do it!" The female soldiers replied boldly.

They were dressed in thin and showy attires of all sorts of colors.

The bottom half of their faces were covered with long see-through silky pieces of fabric, and their hands dawned with a special 'tattoo.'

The tattoo was painted on them last night and wouldn't come off till 1 week later.

In this world, most slaves were marked, either by burning or by other means. So to see their act more, Baynard had developed these special inks for operations such as these.

Lucy took deep breaths, calling her thunderous heart.

Once the ladies go in, those scum men might touch them and do other things. But luckily, from their investigations, even if these ladies came in, they wouldn't get thrown onto the beds of these men so fast.

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The team leaders, both men, and women, all surrounded Lucy while looking at the map they had out together.

Captain Ivanka placed her hand on a certain road on the map.

"Your majesty, from our investigations, the Pleasure Caravan will use this path. But we found that they somehow vanish midway around this next point. So there should be more than 4 ways of getting to this underground base."

And that's why they were sending the ladies in through the caravan.

They couldn't go there to investigate since it's likely enemy scouts would be around those passages.

"We need to infiltrate through as many entrances and exits as we can." Captain Raymond added.

Everyone nodded solemnly.

They had separated from his majesty Landon's team from the start, with their goal being this underground base.

During the time they pretended to be people from Hamunaptra, they saved little Ren, as well as unearthed a few hidden T.O.E.P messages with a few strange notes they couldn't make out.

And one of such notes had a single sentence with 15 words on it that didn't make any bloody sense when out together.

The grammar was bad, the spellings wrong, and everything about it just sounded wrong.

They thought they would never be able to crack the code. But when the mission to Titarian came up, the words written soon made sense!

And they realized the first 14 words were directions, with the last word in the letter being the order or command the writer was instructing them to do.

How clever.

It took a lot of their brain cells to conclude on the matter, showing how crazy and tight with information these Morgs were.

And sure enough, they followed not only the stars in the sky but the strangeness in their surroundings, as well as the shift in the atmosphere to get to this point... Firgan town.

It was just a hunch, though very unbelievable and uncertain. Thus, they had embarked on this mission with a 50/50 probability of being wrong.

But who knew if they would be right on the money?

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The revelation made them want to scream, jump, and jubilee in glee.

Do you know how many years they've been trying to crack some of those codes in those hidden Morg documents?

Crazy!... Crazy!!!

They had made groundbreaking success.

But it was still too early to be excited.

First things first, they had to gather as much information they could about this place, since they knew nothing about it to begin with.

That's why they had taken a long time to observe the site.

And at first, they didn't know where the base was. Luckily, at night, they flew over the scene, trying to spot any crazy gathering of people they could find.

It took a while, but they finally found it.

The fortress' stone walls were masked by the creeping vines and collages around.

It almost made the soaring walls look invisible.

But with the soaring height of the walls, one would think the buildings in the fortress would also be ridiculously high.

However, from what they saw, the tallest building was but 2 stories, with many being ground level.

This again confirmed their suspicions that the bulk of the base was underground.

And knowing how difficult the enemy was, they feared it wouldn't be a simple underground base.

What if they got trapped somehow down there?

This was the T.O.E.P they were talking about.

You have to know that the last T.O.E.P base they infiltrated looked easy on the surface but made them sweat buckets.

They were now in the enemy's territory. So one false step and it might be them who end up unfortunate.

This time, they made a great effort to understand their enemy.

And as the saying went... Luck and true hard work will always be rewarded.

With that, it didn't take long for them to find a few good places they could start their counter-attacking from.

It was just that their information was still complete. And the time was always ticking at their disadvantage.

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In the gathering, the gang all wore solemn faces.

"Everyone! It's safe to assume the base has not 4 but 5 or 6 exit and entrance points." Lucy indicated, with many following her fingers on the map.

"Here, here, here, here and here... These points are all out in the wilderness. But from what you all told me, there should be exit/entrance points in the town too?"

Captain Raymon and everyone else nodded. "Affirmative, your majesty." Her majesty had never been on such missions before, but they had uncountable times and knew most bases did have tunnels connecting them to the nearby cities or towns.

This much they knew.