

TECHNOLOGY 251

[I'M THE KING OF TECHNOLOGY](#)

[Chapter 251 An Innocent Request](#)

--The Royal Palace, The Empire of Deiferus--

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'Tap! Tap! Tap! Tap! Tap!'

The sounds of several footsteps, could be heard hurriedly making their way towards the throne room.

The sounds echoed sharply across the guarded hallways.... sounding overly loud, like the thundering heartbeat of a condemned criminal.

One thing was clear, these footsteps.... could only belong to light weighted people.

'Tap! Tap! Tap! Tap! Tap!'

Within the palace, the people busily went about their day merrily....as they did their daily chores earnestly.

But when they saw the owners of these footsteps, straight away.... they quickly made several detours, as if they were avoiding some sort of fatal plague.

'Thum! Thum!'

'Chi!'

Some dived into the garden bushes, while others speedily leaned on the walls... and immediately pretended to be statues, while holding their breaths in fear.

For some, they quickly picked up several decorative ornaments like vases, held them in front of their faces..... and quickly pretended to be pillars, as their faces hid behind the ornaments.

Sure, some of their facial features were peaking out, but so what?

They had to think fast..... because today, the local palace tyrant was on the move again.

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Standing outside the throne room, were several guards... who had also heard these resounding footsteps creep in closer and closer towards them as well.

As a palace rule, only those who had urgent political information... or death reports, could run like so within the royal palace.

It was seen as disrespectful for anyone to run in someone else's home, talk less of the Royal palace.

So who would have the guts to do so if it wasn't urgent?

Of course, they didn't have to be curious for long.... as their question was naturally answered within a few minutes.

'P.... P... Princess Eldora?'

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Standing before them, was the unruly 2nd Princess of Deiferus.

The local palace tyrant, Princess Eldora.

Because her brother was the 1st prince... she had been acting spoiled, right from a young age.

If one didn't know her character, and just looked at her face... they would readily think that she was as pure as an angel.

But the truth was obviously far from that.

Throughout these years, she had killed innocent people openly... just because they touched her, or even spilled water or anything on her clothes.

She had executed 11 Royal tailors, just because they didn't get things right in their first try.

Normally, tailors would bring the final sewn clothes to their clients.

And from there, the tailors would have them wear them... so as to see if the customers were pleased with them.

9/10, in this era...adjustments were always made more than 3 times... just to get it right.

So in essence, the princess hated those adjustment phases the most.

It was either you sewed it perfectly within the first try, or you don't!

In fact, she killed whenever she pleased... and she wasn't sorry about it either.

Her resume was indeed a long one.

If she wasn't pleased with her meal, then she would kill the head chef....

If she wasn't pleased with the people who massaged her frequently, then they had to be executed without a doubt.

As a royal member, she was privileged to have hundreds of maids massage her body... just like they did for Cleopatra.

So she executed them, as frequently as they got hired.

And just like that, she had quickly become a tyrannical being within Deiferus.

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"P..... P... Princess Eldora... please, we can't let you in.

His majesty is currently meeting some very important people right now.... so we can't!" Said one of the guards fearfully.

Eldora sneered, and walked ferociously, towards the men.

"Are you in any way stopping me from seeing my father?"

Do you know what happens when someone ticks me off?"

Hmmm... it seems like you're truly eager to die today!!!!"

As the men heard this, their heartbeats couldn't help but accelerate a little.... as they knew that this lunatic could really kill them if she wanted to.

Her ice cold-gaze was truly scary!

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"For the last time, step aside!"

A good dog does not block its owner's path.... Now MOVE!!!!!"

Of course, whenever there was a shepherd, there would always be sheep present as well.

In this case, these were the princesses loyal maids, who had been with her more years now.

With the protection of a powerful princess, these maids could do whatever they wanted... Hence they acted as mini-Tyrants.

They bullied and spoke rudely, to anyone who didn't bother to put them in his or her eyes.

Even when they went shopping, the store owners had to be extra polite... as they didn't want to offend the princess in any way possible.

Anyway, the princess's squad had immediately backed her up.... just like the loyal dogs that had they were.

"The princess wants to pass through, so let her go!"

"Who the hell do you all think you are to even stop our princess?"

"Why are you all even breathing in the same space as she is?"

" — "

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As they spoke, Eldora inched in slowly..... as she calmly approached the guard who had first spoken to her

'Pah! Pah! Pah! Pah!'

A series of clear crisps sounds, resounded across the hallway... as Eldora connected her palms, with the guard's cheeks.

The slaps were as loud as claps, as they left several reddish palm prints on the poor guard's face.

--silence--

'Pah! Pah! Pah! Pah!'

Eldorado kept slapping him on both cheeks for a full 2 minutes, without stopping or talking.

And the more she slapped, the more the guard's eyes burned with rage.

'Click!'

Due to his rage, he had bitten his tongue to the point where he could even taste his own blood.

In his mind, he had already visualized multiple scenes of her dying under his sword.... over and over again.

If only he was a royal member, then he would teach this arrogant brat the lesson of her life.

How Detestable!

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Eldora looked at him and smiled.

"I know you hate me right now... but so what?

Like I said, you are just a weak, measly, and idiotic dog... who my royal family has tried to look after.

So who are you to stop me from going anywhere?

MOVE!!!"

" "

Immediately, everyone gave way for her to pass through.... even the guard who had been slapped, had no other choice but to do so.

'Bamm!'

Very quickly, the massive golden colored door had been forcefully pushed open.

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Wooo.....Father... Father, I won't allow it.

King Sirius... he.. he is mine!!

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"Wooo.....Father, I won't allow it.

King Sirius... he.. he is mine!!

--silence--

.

Everyone within the throne room momentarily froze, as they saw Eldora slowly approach them.

In truth, some of the ministers were extremely terrified of this little bringer of destruction.

But what surprised them the most, was her incredible acting skills.

'Bravo!'

They almost wanted to clap for her weak display towards his Majesty.

Looking at this unruly daughter of his... King Julius was so angry, to the point that he almost coughed out blood.

"Get out!!"

How dare she embarrass him in front of his ministers?

Wasn't she just throwing his face here?

Hmpp!

It looked like he had really spoiled her too much, for her to do such a thing.

.

As he looked at his ministers reactions to his daughter, he couldn't help but wonder... which one was the real her?

One should know that in front of her father, Eldora had always acted like a weak lamb.

But once her father left, she didn't care about showing her true colors to anyone else.

Julius had heard the reports from both his secret guards and even his ministers.

But everytime she appeared, she would act like a wounded rabbit... who was left in a den filled with wolves.

So he could never come to a conclusion, when it concerned her matters.

Who should he believe? His blood or outsiders.

As for Eldora... her father was obviously the man in charge, so why would she do anything that would make her loose her most powerful backer?

Showing her true colors was definitely not an option here!

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"I said Get out!!" Julius bellowed.

And immediately, Eldora hurriedly ran over to her father's side, dropped onto the ground... and began to hug his feet 'helplessly'.

"Woo..... I'm sorry father, but if you don't solve this issue for me.... I might truly be threatened to commit suicide!" Eldora said, as she forced fake-tears out of her large melon eyes.

'Drip! Drip!'

Her tears continuously flowed out like the river Nile, as they immediately flooded part of Julius's Royal sandals and feet.

She sobbed intensively, as if her whole world had come crashing down... as the only time that she'd stop, was to fill up her lungs with fresh air

She truly looked pitiful, while hugging his Majesty's feet.

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Julius looked at her weak appearance, and his heart instantly softened.

As he remembered the reports about her, he felt like they were probably misunderstandings or something.

It was really hard for him to picture her doing all those things.

How could this soft lump of clay ever willingly hurt anyone?

Julius looked at his ministers... and quickly ushered them away with his eyes.

"Your majesty, seeing the little princess so sad... has made me a little hesitant to continue this meeting, so I beg to take my leave now."

"Me too your majesty... seeing the princess like this, really breaks this old mans heart."

" — "

One by one, all the ministers left... after giving ther 'heartfelt' excuses to their king.

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"They're gone now.

So tell me, who belied you?... why are you crying?"

The guards who were standing within the throne room, secretly rolled their eyes... as they listened to the father-daughter duo intensively.

'Bully her?

Who would dare?

Your majesty, don't you think that you're too easy to deceive?

It's your precious daughter who's doing the bullying.... not the other way around, alright?'

' — '

"Father... I want to marry King Sirius!" Eldora said pitifully.

"Why?... didn't you reject the thought of being his bride years ago?"

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One should know that several years ago... before Deiferus and Yodan had finally buried their long standing enmity.

At the time, King Maclaine had sent several official envoys to Deiferus to negotiate for peace.

And at the end of their peace treaty, the empire had offered for the princess' from both empires to be wedded to each other.

Of course, since Maclaine only considered his first 5 sons as eligible for this.... Julius' first 5 daughters had to choose any of the princes as well.

Likewise, the princesses from Yodan had to choose the Princes from Deiferus as well.

Now at that time, all the princesses had shunned the 5th prince from Yodan.

All except for the 4th princess, who seems to pity him and chose to be with him instead.

His 4th daughter had always been the quiet type with a gentle heart..... so of course, she felt bad for this prince Sirius.

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Throughout these years, all the princesses and princes had been visiting both empires... so as to know each other better.

Everyone else, except for this 5th prince... had shown themselves to their partners.

So nobody knew how the 5th prince actually looked like.

Some thought that he was filled with warts, and others thought that he was ugly.

But all in all, everyone had always laughed at the 4th princess of Deiferus, for being engaged to a ghost.

But what they didn't know, was that whenever Maclaine sent special envoys to Deiferus... Sirius was always amongst them.

He had wanted to know the true characters of these women... hence he had to go undercover, and see them for what they truly were.

And in truth, he had approved of the 4th princess silently.

He would often talk to her as friends whenever they were at they opportuned... but the lady didn't know that he was the 5th prince.

Surprisingly, when he had visited... he accidentally bumped into Eldora, and she immediately requested for his hands to be cut off completely.

Such a woman, was definitely not fit to be his queen.

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"Didn't you say that the 5th prince was probably too ugly to marry?"

"Father.. father... that day, we were all just joking around."

So how could I mean it?" Eldora said pitifully.

What a joke!

How could she be with anyone else other than a king?

Previously, she had thought that she would be joining the winning team.

But who would've known that her fiance, the crown prince at the time... was so useless?

What was so hard in convincing one's father?

She had lived her entire life, relying on subduing her father.

So what was so hard in that?

Anyway, she wouldn't allow this opportunity to slip through her fingers... No matter what!

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"Woo.... please father!

I want him!"

Julius looked at his daughter and sighed.

"He should be arriving in a month's time to take his bride.

So if you can convince him that you are a better choice, then I see no problem with that!"

Hearing that, Eldora's eyes instantly lit up!

Fortunately, this King Sirius has never been here before

So it was simply impossible for him to have feelings for that worthless sister of hers.

This was good!

If she could seduce and convince him otherwise, then she would be the queen of Yodan.

Plus, in her mind... she was way good looking than her 4th sister.

So this mission was definitely a piece of cake!

As for Julius, he thought that since his 4th daughter hadn't developed feelings with Sirius.... then it was definitely possible for them to switch.

Plus his 4th daughter was quiet, and seemed not to care about which partner she finally settled with... so he didn't see anything wrong with it.

Of course if it were the other way around and his 4th daughter had already developed feelings for Sirius... then he would never agree to such a request from Eldora.

He loved all his children after all, so he wouldn't intentionally hurt any of them no matter what.

'Muah!'

Eldora quickly pecked her father's jaws in excitement.

"Thank you father...You won't regret it!!!"

" — "

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Happiness!

Apart from the happy Eldora, who was drowned in her endless fantasies of being queen.... several other people were exhilarated as well.

The time had finally come.

Tomorrow was his Majesty, Landon Barn's Coronation Day.

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[Chapter 253 Coronation Day](#)

The sun sat high up in the sky, as it ignited the world with its glorious radiance.

Like a symbol of joy, its warmth had quickly lighted up the hearts of those below it.

The streets were bustling, and the sounds of laughter could be heard from all around Baymard.

Everyone was jumping around excitedly, as they waited in anticipation for the main festivities to begin.

Today, their king would finally be crowned.

Today was their king's Coronation Day!!

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On this glorious day..... no one was obligated to work, as it was considered to be a public holiday for all.

Of course the only ones who could work, were those at the hospitals..... as well as those who were those who were protecting the city walls and Coastal shores

Across Baymard, people could be seen reading numerous brochures around the highways.

To put it simply, the the coronation event would start with a parade.

This parade would leave the palace with Landon..... pass through the main highway along the upper region, and finally arrive at the central region.

Now within the central region, it would stop at District F (refugee/permanent resident sector).

For Landon's plan, it they reached district F.... it would pass through several other highways within the district and circle back towards the upper region.

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Anyway... the brochures pin-pointed the exact time and place where the parade would be, throughout the procession.

It also showed when the parade would arrive at the palace as well.

One should know that when the parade ends, the crowning phase would officially begin.

So if one didn't want to watch or follow the parade, then they could just head on towards the palace when it was time for the official crowning ceremony.

With the brochures, everyone would know where to go and what to do during the whole event.

As for the people on the streets, they didn't have to wait too long... as their patience had finally paid off.

"Mummy, mummy, look!"

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'Din! Dididin! Dididundundunnn!'

'Din! Dididin! Dididundundunnn!'

"Make way... for prince Landon!!

Make way.....for Prince Landon..... (*singing)"

" — "

How could Landon miss this grand opportunity?

No entrance was better than Aladdin's entrance to Jasmine's palace.

Oh.. Disney, if they knew how he had used their ideas... they would probably puke out a tone of blood just from looking at him.

He was definitely a thief!

But so what?

Who would know?

He had edited out 80% of the lyrics to the song, and had inserted words that would relate to the people's journey instead.

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'Din! Dididin! Dididundundunnn!'

'Din! Dididin! Dididundundunnn!'

Leading the parade, were 2 large parade floats, that had 30 drummers and 30 singers all stationed on them.

These parade floats had tires, and were extremely large as well.

To make sure that everything turned out smoothly... Landon had indeed fitted these drummers and singers into shifts

So every after 15 minutes, they would switch.

Since there were 2 floats, one float would carry the singers alone... and the other would carry the drummers.

And since they were 30 of each, then every 15 minutes.... half of them would stop, and the other half would immediately take over the shift.

In this way, the parade would go on smoothly with no errors.

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After the floats, the parade would continue on with 30 skilled dancers..... who were supposed to dance energetically to the beat of the drums.

Amongst the group of dancers, some were acrobatic..... while others twirled around with ribbons in their hands.

Of course since the performers would definitely get tired quickly... there would be a van within the parade procession, with extra dancers in it.

Typically, when it was time to switch shifts, they would spray smoke around the area... and the dancers would quickly make the switch.

Even back on earth, it was highly unreasonable for one to expect dancers to perform for such long periods of time.

Why.....just something like the Rio Carnivals in Brazil, could take several hours to complete.

So it was impossible to not make any switches regularly.

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Following the dancers, a large parade van on wheels with an opened roof, would slowly drive towards the procession.

The rooftop had rails, just like a balcony.... and while the car proceeded, a mascot could be snacking and waving on it.

Every country or empire needed a mascot.

For the U.S.A, it was the bald eagle.... for some other countries, it was a lion, beaver and so on.

Of course in this world, they hadn't thought of that yet.

So Landon decided to be the first to do so.

Hence he decided that Baymard's mascot, would be the ferocious Snowy Saber-toothed tiger.

In truth, since the Saber-toothed tiger had the similar color as 'Barney', he decided that the costume should be somewhat adorable as well... lest it scares the children off.

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The van that was carrying the mascot was also painted to look exactly like Baymard's national flag.

And following the van, were the several people who were wearing clothing that represented all the jobs in Baymard.

One could see cooks, holding either pots or spoons, construction workers and so on.

And from there, another 10 dancers were added to the mix again.

These dancers were all dressed like swans, and other magnificent birds, as they danced about beautifully.

One should know that throughout the entire procession, Landon had picked a total of 16 songs to be played.

A song only lasted for 3 to 4 minutes, so it would be ridiculously boring to have one song play for entire procession.

In this way, the parade would be more interesting.

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After the swan dancers left, another group started throwing flowers around the place, while engaging with the audience at the roads.

Followed by 5 police cars, and 3 other open roof cars that were carrying the royal family members in them as well.

One could say that the cars were somewhat similar to the one's Popes usually used when doing parades.

It was open roofed, so that Landon and the royals could wave and smile at the people while the parade proceeded.

Also, on the side of the cars, were several military personnels in blazers, ties and shirts.... who were acting as Landon's personal bodyguards.

Of course following that, were 10 other police cars, and that completely ended the parade procession.

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As the people heard the sounds of the drums coming from afar, they quickly made their way towards the highways in excitement.

They had never seen or heard about a 'parade' before, so they didn't know what to expect.

The only thing that they were sure of, was that his majesty had never disappointed them.

So they knew that this parade thing would definitely be phenomenal.

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Santa and the gang had all left their hotel, and immediately stood close to the highway road.

"Are you sure that it would pass here?" Duke Samuel asked while looking left and right.

"For sure.. it says so in their brochure.

Besides, we can't be wrong... several others are also here as well." Santa said excitedly, while gesturing at the busy street that was filled with workers, children and so on.

"Wait... does anyone hear that?" Carmelo asked, as he could hear the faint sound of drums beating away.

'Din! Dididin! Dididundundunnn!'

'Din! Dididin! Dididundundunnn!'

"I hear it! I hear it!

See, I told you I was right!

I think it'll turn on our streets next!"

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[Chapter 254 Coronation Day 2](#)

Very quickly, music filled the air.... as the people watched the colorful bluish white floats make their way past them.

The floats were decorated to look like winter.

One could see massive fake-snowflakes on the floats... as well, as several snowman figures on it, to signify the winter season.

The festive drums immediately lifted the spirits of the people.... and very quickly, everyone began to dance and jump around merrily.

Their bodies trembled slightly, as excitement thundered throughout their entire beings.

As they watched the parade.... their expressions became similar to that of little children, who had just received their Christmas gifts.

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The procession continued, and when it was time for the royal family to pass by.... everyone immediately turned crazy with excitement.

"Your majesty... we love you!"

"Ahh... Army General Lucius is so cool."

"Look! Look!.... his majesty waved at me!

Awesome!"

"What waved at you?.... He was clearly waving at me.

You just happened to be standing close, that's all!"

"So you what to take that wave as yours, no way bro!...his majesty clearly saw me first."

" — "

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Listening to the conversation from the crowd, Santa and his gang, couldn't help but respect Landon even more.

Ever since they had stood here, they hadn't even heard one single negative thing from the people about Landon.

In these people's eyes, their king... along with the rest of the royal family, could do no wrong.

It was clear that they thoroughly loved and respected their king..

Such deep emotions could only be gotten from people who were satisfied with their treatment under Landon's reign.

Hence right at this moment, whatever doubts Carmelo and Adrian had.... was all dispelled by the people's emotions.

Listening to the people's conversation, they couldn't help but feel completely helpless.

Even they had begun to wonder if their own people were as enthusiastic and ridiculous as the ones here.

For heaven's sake, these people were fighting over a 'wave' from Landon.

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"I'm telling you, his majesty waved at me alright?"

"You're clearly blind!... it was my wave, not yours."

The two 40 year old men went on and on about the wave thing... until someone else finally spoke up.

"You all are fighting over nothing!"

'Finally... someone with some sense', Santa and his gang thought, as they nodded to what was said.

"His majesty was clearly waving at me, so why would you both fight over my wave?"

" — "

In truth.... the children had also wanted to claim the wave as theirs, as they too fully idolized Landon as a God.

If they should ever hear anyone ever insult him... even in Carona, they were sure that they would probably kick the person down.

How dare they insult an immortal?

Standing along the highway, Santa and his gang couldn't help but look at Landon in reverence.

Right now, he was glowing like the sun.... and his warmth could be felt by his people.

He was their beloved protector and provider.

He had saved them from starvation and even death... as well as given them hope for the future.

He was the true definition of what a ruler should be like!

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Time passed by quickly, and just like that..... the parade had finally arrived at the royal palace.

Now, it was time for the actual coronation ceremony.

Everyone had quickly gathered below the palace's grand terrace... as they waited for his majesty to emerge.

On the terrace, Linda, Beri, Mother Winnie, Mark, Gary, Trey and Josh... were already standing present in wait, as well as 3 new official Priests.

Of course Lucius wasn't there with them, as he had to come out with Mother Kim... since they got engaged during Winter.

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After a while, trumpets were played... and a royal announcer made his way forward.

"Presenting Prince Momo, Princess Grace, Princess Lucy, Duke Lucius, Queen Mother Kim and His Majesty Landon Barn."

'Tap! Tap! Tap!'

Several guards came out, followed by the royals... in the order at which they had been called out.

As esteemed guests, Santa and his gang had been given the privilege of standing on the terrace alongside Mother Winnie and the others.

In Landon's mind, soon.... they would all be one big family after the treaty was signed.

So what was wrong in letting them get V.I.P seats?

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Watching from the terrace, Carmelo, Adrian and Baron Hamilton were taken aback by Landon's attire.

Especially the magnificent long reddish robe, that required a butler to hold its ends... as if it were a long wedding gown.

'Beautiful!', they thought.

On the terrace, there were several high chairs and tables with several objects on them.

The chairs were very high, so that when the guests sit, they would still be able to see those below... hence it would look like they were still standing.

There were several wooden stairs for the visitors to climb up to the chairs.

The steps, were similar to those 2 or 3-step stairs one could use in climbing a truck.

In essence, Landon had set the entire terrace up like a church.

Only, everything would be done facing the crowd.

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--silence--

The people were silent because of the presence of the priests.

They had been going to church regularly, so completely understood and respected these priests.

Even Santa and his gang could totally relate with them.

They had attended 2 sermons already... and sometimes, the women would cry due to some of the moral stories and lessons being told in the church.

In their eyes, these priests were very spiritual people.

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The ceremony proceeded, with it being a mixture of Asian, British, Egyptian and several other coronation cultures that existed back on earth.

Landon wanted to create a unique ceremony for Baymard, as it was no longer part of Arcadina.

"Your majesty, Please, step onto the stage and kneel." Said one of the priests who was already standing on the stage.

They had brought out a high stage, so that when he was kneeling, all those below would be able to see it.

Landon removed his lavish robe, quickly climbed up calmly, and knelt down.

'Bam!'

Very quickly, all 3 priests gathered around him....holding 2 towels, a bucket of water and a bucket of a reddish mixture.

One of the priests read out something on a paper, while the other 2 performed several actions on Landon.

From there, they started bombarding Landon with series of questions.

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"Your majesty, please look at your people!"

Look at each and everyone of them well.

These are your people, and your family.

Do you swear to protect them all through your reign as king?"

"I swear!"

"Do you swear to give your all, and never turn corrupt?"

"I swear!!"

" — "

"Good!.... your majesty, please lower your head."

'Shwa! Shwa!'

"This reddish water used to wash your face, is a symbol of your people's blood and cries throughout the years."

After the washing was done, they quickly used the clear water to rinse his face clean and wiped it dry with a towel.

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They continued to do several other significant rituals on him, and when they were done, Landon continued kneeling... until the priests brought his crown, staff and robe over.

For this ceremony, Landon had decided to keep the name Landon Barn for now.

Because if he changed his name to Landon Obley, Nopline might find him sooner than he anticipated.

Anyway, once these items had been worn on him, Landon rose up as per the instructions of the priests.... and stood there majestically, with his massive crown on his head.

"From this day forward, Baymard officially has a new king.

His name, is Landon Barn!"

The people looked at him in reverence, as their hearts became connected as one.

This was their king.

"All Hail The King!"

"All Hail The King!"

" — "

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[Chapter 255 Coronation Day 3](#)

Standing before the people, was their majestic King.

King Landon Barn!

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'System, I'd like to enhance my voice as usual, so use my Technology points to do so.'

'Yes host.'

Landon looked at his people, and raised his left hand up as a sign for silence.

This wasn't his first time addressing them, as he had been throwing several public events over the year.

Hence they immediately quieted down, and looked at their king in reverence.

--silence--

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"My beloved people, look at those around you.

Look at everyone around you, and please hold hands..... because, these people are your families as well.

Only by being united, can we truly find peace and happiness." Landon said, while holding Lucy's right hand.

And since he was holding his royal staff on his other hand... mother Kim quickly engulfed that hand with her own hand as well, while holding Lucius' hand with the other.

In fact, everyone on the terrace had quickly held hands with one another.... even the guards, Santa and his gang, were also included on this as well.

Of course, the announcer couldn't hold hands, as he had to hold up the megaphone towards Landon's mouth.

But even so, Mother Kim who had initially placed her hand on top of one of Landon's own... quickly took it off, and placed it on the announcer's hands, as he held onto the megaphone.

The announcer was shocked, and quickly smiled back at her emotionally.

'We are one!'

That was the message that he had subconsciously gotten from this.

Instantly, those below also held hands as well.... and subconsciously, they began to sway from side to side as they looked at each other tenderly.

They looked like the people in 'Whoville', who swayed while singing a Christmas song... when the Grinch stole their presents.

It was truly tear-dropping.

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"Baymardians!!... please hold your heads up high.... because today is your day!

Today, is not meant for me.... but for you all!

Today symbolizes our freedom, our battles, our hope, our strengths... and most importantly, our love for one another.

18 months ago, we were seen as cursed people.

Our land was barren, our families were dying from immense hunger... and the entire Arcadina, had abandoned us for good.

But look at us now?

We are better, healthier and stronger than ever before!!!

We, the citizens of Baymard.... had all joined forces in great efforts, to rebuild our city from scratch.

And together, we will continue to face challenges and hardships.... as well as experience, peace, joy and unity as one."

.

As Landon spoke, the people's hearts began to hammer within their chests.

When they thought back to their former days, some people even cried... while others comforted each other, as they held hands in joy.

As they looked at his majesty, they couldn't help but subconsciously kneel while holding hands.

One by one, they dropped to the floor in tears.

Their ancestors had indeed sent them an angel.

Carmelo, Adrian, Baron Hamilton, Santa and the rest who were watching this.... immediately felt touched, by the sight before them.

The children and women began to silently cry, while the men made subconscious promises to build Carona into a peaceful and wonderful place, like Baymard.

All the spies and corrupted people had to go!!

Power existed to protect the weak, and that was that!

Looking at those below, everyone on the terrace.... including the guards, all felt like they had a sense of duty to fulfill for all eternity.

As his majesty Landon had always said: 'With great power, comes great responsibility.'

.

Landon looked at his people and felt moved as well.

"Baymardians!!...Because of our faith and hardwork, we've all been able to fight for a better tomorrow.

Not just for themselves, but for our children as well.

Hence today will also represent our official Independence day!

This day will set as a reminder of everything that has been accomplished in Baymard throughout this period of time.

That is why from this day forward, Baymard will no longer be a city.

It will be an empire instead!!"

.

As Landon spoke, the people began trembling from excitement.

Since Arcadina didn't want to associate themselves with them, then why should they bother with the place?

"My Baymardians!!

The things which I have sworn to and promised... will definitely be done, so long as I breathe.

So do not let anyone tell you that it cannot be done.

No challenge can match the heart and fighting spirit of Baymard.

Your voices, your hopes, and your dreams... will define tomorrow's Baymard.

We will create new allies, as well as become a beacon of peace and love within his dark cold world.

This is a new era, for which Baymard will shine as bright as the stars in the night skies.

As your king, I will fight for you with every breath within my body... and I will never, ever let you down.

So my Baymardians, please rise up and stand firm!

For I believe that we will not fail..... and our empire will thrive and prosper for all eternity!!" Landon said, as he spoke with great vigor and pride.

The people immediately rose up from the ground, and cheered passionately as well.

"Long live the king!"

"Long live the king!"

"Long live the king!"

" — "

.

Landon looked at them and nodded in satisfaction.

It seemed like they had gotten the message.

Of course he had jumbled up a lot of powerful speeches back on earth to create this one.

Sigh... being a king had to do with too much speech making.

Which was just too exhausting to do every single time.

What worried him the most, were the men from Carona.

Would they be convinced enough to accept his treaty deal later on?

But of course, he was obviously worrying for nothing.

Santa and his gang were looking at him with deep respect, as they too were utterly moved by his speech.

Such a man was indeed fit to be a king.

Carmelo and Adrian quickly looked at each other in understanding.

No matter what, they had to become allies with Baymard.

.

And while the people of Baymard were deeply immersed in festive activities, others also had their own 'special' activities as well.

But rather than being in a festive mood, their own situation was something comparable to being in purgatory.

[I'M THE KING OF TECHNOLOGY](#)

[Chapter 256 The Wait Was Finally Over!](#)

--Cyline City, Arcadina--

.

9 Days!!

That's how long Connor, James, and their men, were locked up in a rat infested dungeon by Mr. Death.

In here, their royal attires and knightly clothes had been completely stripped off.... and now, they all wore peasant outfits within the cells.

Of course during these days, their breakfast consisted of bread, that had been thrown onto the dirt and soaked in water.... making it mushy and disgusting.

As for their dinner, Mr. Death had been compassionate enough to give them small portions of plain white rice and water.

Of course, they didn't have the luxury of having lunch.

The guards had told them that if they were truly hungry.... then they should bite off the heads of those dungeon rats, and eat away to the hearts content.

.

Having the option of soaked bread for breakfast, dead uncooked rats for lunch.... and a small portion of plain rice for dinner, the men immediately realised that they couldn't be picky with what they had.

Hence they had no choice but to wolf down the soaked bread.... and dead rats.

Even water was scarce, as it was given only during dinner.

Apparently for breakfast, the water was present in the soaked bread... and the rats blood also acted as water during lunch.

As they looked at their menu options, they couldn't help but miss their homes immensely.

'We want to go back!'

'—'

.

Of course the meals weren't the only things that they had to worry about.

To put it simply, the cells smelled like shit!!.... making it very hard for them to eat happily, or rest properly.

Ever since they stayed here, they had done their business in the buckets within the cells.

And so far, the buckets hadn't been changed or emptied even once.

In essence.... Each cell had 20 people within it, as well as 10 buckets too.

Hence it was expected that throughout the duration of their stay here, they were meant to use those same buckets until Mr. Death decided to set them free.

So the shit from 9 days ago, was still in the same cell as them..... it was within the buckets.

The guards were sure as hell not going to change them when they got filled... So they had no choice but to control the amount of shit and piss that they realised daily.

They had also been given several strands of rope and leaves, to wipe their butts with when they do their business.

'Squeak! Squeak!'

'zzzzzzzzzz!'

The rats and flies danced around their bodies, as they ate, slept and spent their entire time locked up in the cells.

Ugh!!... the site was utterly disgusting!

Of course for lower level peasants or slaves, such an environment was very common for them.

For sure, if there was an epidemic right now, these people would definitely catch it in a heartbeat.

The living conditions were truly revolting.

.

Sitting in his cell, James felt like he would go crazy any moment from now.

He was a Noble for crying out loud!!... and a royal one at that.

So when had he ever been subjugated to such extreme conditions before?

Scratch that, when had he had to share his shit bucket with lowly knights before?

Throughout his entrapment..... there were several times during his sleep, that he'd accidentally swallow flies while eating or sleeping.

In fact, he was pretty sure that he had seen a fly lay an egg on his soaked bread once.

Everything about his situation made him want to scream out at the top of his lungs.

He felt like if he saw Mr. Death again, he would definitely ring the bastard's neck till he dropped dead.

Right now, he was imagining it like how Hommer Simpson always tries to strangle Bart.

'Just you wait!', he thought.

.

Connor on the other hand was pissed as well..... of course not for the same reasons as James.

What made him mad, was the fact that he had lost a good chunk of his power just like that!

With his forces reduced, how the hell was he supposed to compete with Eli?

Every prince was officially given 10,000 official knights... and throughout the years, he had managed to secretly recruit an additional 2200.

For this mission, he had used all his secret troops... as he didn't want to use the official ones.

But now, everything that he had struggled to attain.... had all been destroyed in just one night.

So how could he not be mad?

A person like Eli, probably had his own secret troops as well... in addition to his official troops.

Hence, if all he had was his official troops, then wouldn't that mean that he was currently weaker than Eli?

He inwardly cursed Death and his damn employer a hundred times over.

As he looked over at James' cell, he couldn't help but want to break the idiots head over and over again.

It was all due to this fool's actions, that he ended up in this mess.

This was just too hateful!

.

On the 10th day of their entrapment..... after eating their usual breakfast, the men were finally let out.

It seemed like it was time for those so called 'games' to begin.

'Jingle! Jingle!'

Several guards quickly came towards the cells, and searched for the keys to the cells unhurriedly.

"While we open these cells, I expect no funny business from you all!

We've got more than 3000 men guarding this place, so don't think you can escape from here anytime soon." The Chief guard warned, as the other guards struggled to open the cells.

The men truly went thinking of running away, as they knew that they couldn't escape as well.

Plus, they really wanted to know who had hired Mr. Death to trick them so much.

Only by following Mr. Death's rules, would all their questions finally be answered.

'Click!'

The cell doors were opened.

.

As they walked out of their cells, several guards who were standing around the cell doors.... quickly kicked, slapped or hit them harshly, as they moved forward.

"Get out, you worthless pieces of trash!"

"Com'on, keep up!"

"Do you think we have all f***king day?"

Move it!!"

" _ "

Once they had gathered up at a tiny courtyard, more guards came forward.... blindfolded them, and quickly led them to an unknown destination.

The men felt a mild panic attack, that began like a cluster of sparks in their abdomens.

Their breathing immediately became more rapid, as they tried to stop their primal urges to flee.

But of course, some people couldn't handle the pressure of the unknown, and tried to run away.

"No! No!... I don't want to go!

Please, I'll do anything"

"Me too!... please kind sir, please spare me."

"Please! Please! I don't want to die yet!"

" _ "

Some people were pinned down as if they were psychiatric patients, while others were knocked hard in the head..... instantly falling unconscious or dead from the hard hit.

.

As the blindfolded men moved forward... Tension swiftly grew in their faces and limbs, as a thousand possibilities immediately emerged from within their minds.

'What sort of game were they really going to play?'

'Could they really win?'

'And if they did, would that mad man truly let them go?'

The men were truly depressed, as they didn't know what to believe anymore.

Right now, they had no choice but to take the risk.

James trembled in fear, while shaking like a falling leaf in Autumn.

On the other hand, even though Connor was truly scared.... he quickly began counting his steps, as he tried to memorize his way within his shrouded state of darkness.

.

The men walked for quite sometime, before they were finally able to hear several sounds coming from above them.

And for a moment, they were utterly speechless by what they were hearing.

"You pieces of trash deserve to die."

"Boo!!"

"Kill them!"

"Boo!!"

[I'M THE KING OF TECHNOLOGY](#)

[Chapter 257 Game, Set, Match!](#)

"You pieces of trash deserve to die."

"Boo!!"

"Kill them!"

"Boo!!"

" _ "

.

Very quickly, the guards who were leading the men in... immediately removed their blindfolds, and untied their hands for the show.

They had been brought to what seemed like a training courtyard, with several audience seats above it.

So in essence, it looked like a mini-colosseum.

Connor opened his eyes, and was amazed at how many people were present for these so-called games.

He was sure that not less than 2,500 people, had gathered to watch the show.

Looking up, he immediately spotted Mr. Death seated way up... at what seemed to be a VIP stand, which had a canopy, and various tables and lavish chairs as well.

.

As the guards took off their blindfolds, they continued to hear several boo's from the audience.

"Booooooooooo!!!"

Mr. Death smiled, and rose up from his seat.... making the audience instantly go mute.

-silence-

"Well, i don't have much to say.... except begin the damn games!!!" He said excitedly, as he looked at his new toys below.

"Yeah!!" The audience exclaimed.

" _ "

.

Back on the courtyard, James, Connor and the men.... were quickly placed in several massive large cages at the sides of the field.

For the games, they would go out in tiny groups or individually.

So when battles were conducted on the fields, the rest of the men would have to be locked up in the cages... until it was their turn to go out.

Of course there were cages for those who hadn't participated yet, and cages for those who won as well.

As for all the losers, they were to be shot and killed A.S.A.P.

Who asked them to be weak?

Also, if any of the men held back because they were under the same camp... then both of them would be shot dead, Period!

Mr. Death had placed over 200 archers around the fields, to kill those who ended up violating the rules of the game.

Kill or be killed.

This was his world, and here... he had the final say!

.

On the fields.... DEATH had also placed several deadly objects all around the courtyard, as an act of 'charity'.

There were 3 feet tall iron stakes, that were strategically placed around the field.... as well as small holes, the size of bathtubs all filled with sewing needles.

There were also 7 feet tall pillars, that had several sharp iron rods pointing out from it in all directions.

If one were to accidentally run up to the pillar, for sure... they would get pierced by at least 3 of those pointy rods at once.

In short, the entire field was set up to be a death trap for the men.

Watching people die gruesomely, was one of the things that DEATH loved to do the most.

.

"Hey you, you, you, you..... get out of there now.

Today is your lucky day.

You 35 get to open the show for us, now isn't that exciting?" The guard said playfully.

From the 35 that were chosen, Connor was amongst them.... as well as 18 other people from James' side, and the 16 from his side as well.

Once he stepped out of the cage, the guard immediately gave him a spoon.

He looked at it in confusion.

Did they expect him to fight using such a thing?

"Move out, you piece of shit!"

'Putch!'

The guard had just kicked his back, immediately propelling him towards the field.

He balled up his fist up in anger.... as he was outraged at the notion that someone would dare to kick a 'Barn'.

He turned around and looked at the guard, as if marking up the guard's looks.

Sooner or later, he would have his revenge.

At the end, it was he... who would get the final laugh.

.

Looking at his brother who was currently walking towards his doom, James couldn't help but sneer.

In his mind, he was sure that during this battle... this arrogant brother of his would surely die.

After all, there were more of his men out there than Connor.

So how could this brother of his possibly win?

James smiled, as he fantasized about Connor's death.

.

"The rules for this round are simple.

At the end of this game, we expect just 10 winners to emerge victorious.

Your goal is to gorge out both of your target's eyes carefully.

Of course if any of the eyes have a problem, then you will be shot.

Again, if you're only able to take one out from your target, you will still be shot.

Know this, you all are expected to complete this task within 5 minutes.

As for how we select the first 10 winners... only the first ones to report their victory would survive.

Now.... let the games begin!" One of the guards yelled.

Immediately, the men rushed towards the center, and quickly began to determine who their target would be.

They were 35 of them.... and only 10 were expected to advance.

Hence no matter how he looked at it, 25 extra people had to die at the end, no matter what.

And from what they said, even though they would allow 10 people to pass this round.... if only 4 people had succeeded in gorging out both eyeballs within the time limit, then only those 4 would proceed out of the entire 35.

.

Out on the field, everyone immediately locked down their targets.

On Connor's side, there were 17 of them.... so the other 18, were all James' men.

Hence they were the enemy.

Some even planned to gang up on several individuals.... while others planned to playdead, and wait for the opportune moment to strike.

Straight way, Connor targeted one of the burly men on the enemy's side.

In truth, he wanted to pick the weakest looking one.

But if he did so, he would immediately lose respect from his men.... if he or they ever survived.

As their leader, he was expected to pick the strongest person there... so as to lessen the burden for his subordinates.

But how was that fair for him?

He couldn't help but grumble slightly, as he looked at the iron giant before him.

[I'M THE KING OF TECHNOLOGY](#)

[Chapter 258 Game, Set, Match! 2](#)

The games had finally begun!

Connor looked at the giant who was running towards him at full speed, and immediately reached out for his weapon.

'Pichui!'

The giant had punched him hard on his lower jaw.

Dammit!!

He had forgotten that he was holding a spoon, and not a sword.

At this point, he was as silly as Disney's Hercules..... who was holding a fish as a sword, when battling with the river guardian (blue horse guy: step aside 2 legs!)

'Houuuahhhh!'

The giant swiftly raised his right leg up, and forcefully sent it back downwards.... as he tried to step on Connor, who had currently fallen to the ground from that first punch.

'Bamm!'

The giant's aim had missed, as Connor quickly rolled away... avoiding the fatal attack.

.

As he rolled, Connor's mind immediately went to work.

The giant was definitely taller, larger and stronger than him, so he couldn't use his sheer strength to overpower the beast.

And he sure as hell could use a spoon to do so either.

Time was running up, and soon... the round would be over.

Connor looked around for a while,.... and his eyes immediately lit up.

'Houuuahhhh!'

'Houuuahhhh!'

'Houuuahhhh!'

The giant kept trying to hit him several times, but Connor speedily dodged them, and made his own small attacks as well.

'Hyah!'

'Hyah!'

'Hyah'

Connor had kicked the giant on the back of his leg, as well as the giant's back.

And very quickly, his plan had finally been set in motion.

Once the giant was close enough to one of the numerous stake-pillars around.... Connor quickly ran up to him and jumped forward, with both legs aiming at the giant's chest.

'Hyahhh!!!!!!'

'Ahhhhhh!!!!'

The giant had been pierced on the stake-pillar.

Although he blocked Connor's chest attack, he was still pushed slightly back.

And it was this push that led him to fall into Connor's trap.

'Chupuuh!'

The giant spat out blood, and died briskly.

His waist, heart, lower left belly, legs and skull had been pierced by several iron rods on the stake.

There was no way that he would be alive after that.

.

Soon, 5 minutes were up..... and the winners had finally been chosen.

Of course Connor was amongst them as well.

But just when they wanted to head back to the cages, the announcer looked at them and smiled.

"Did you really think that it was over?"

Well..... think again.

Before you all head back, you have to play Pre-second round game.

In truth, the game is pretty easy.....

We will hold up 4 wrapped parchment papers in front of each and everyone of you.

These papers would show which body part you will lose before you step back into your cages.

It could be anything.... from your ears, legs, and even your heart.

Of course if it's the heart.....then too bad, you'll have to die right here and now.

Your lives are in your hands, so you can't blame us for your bad luck!!

And if you don't want to play, then you don't have to..... you just have to raise your hands up in the sky, and an arrow will kill you by piercing your heart shortly after that.

To play, or not to play.

The choice is completely yours."

" — "

.

The games proceeded grimly, till everyone had already participated.

Of course all the winners from the first round had to lose a body part as per the game.

Connor had gotten lucky.... as all he did was lose his pinky toe.

And James could also be considered somewhat lucky, as he too lost a finger as well.

But there were some men who lost their legs, arms, head, eyes, tongues, ears..... and so on.

And the worst part of it all, was that after losing so much blood.... they weren't even given a healer to tend to their injuries.

With all the flies in their cells, one could only imagine how their coming days would be like.

According to the guards, if they die from excess loss of blood, then it was their bad luck that caused it.

Hence they were left in their cells like lepers from the bible.

.

But of course, how could the fun stop there?

They thought they were suffering now... but if they only knew that this was just the tip of the iceberg... Some of them would even opt to commit suicide on the spot instead.

In the following days to come, Mr. Death had asked the injured winners to: wrestle wild animals, roll over a large coal of fire, survive in a boiling statue... and so on.

For something like the boiling statue, it was somewhat similar to the boiling bull statue death sentence that existed in ancient times.

Criminals would sit inside a golden metal bull statue.

And once they were in, firewood would be placed under the bull and lit.

Essentially, the metal would cook the same way a pot would cook.

In the end, the criminal's body and bones would turn into a mushy paste of blood and grounded meat.

In essence, one could almost melt at extreme temperatures within that bull... if left for long periods of time.

Again, Mr. Death had given the winners parchment papers as well.

Yes... you guessed it.

They would pick out how long they were to be cooked alive.

Some people might pick 2 minutes, and others might pick 4 hours instead.

Who knows... everything was decided upon by 'fate'.

Of course they didn't have a choice either.

Like Mr. Death had said: you either play, or you die!!.

.

All these, were events that would definitely occur within the next 4 days.

But whether they survived or not, was something that only the Gods would know.

Right now, they were tired from their first day at 'gaming'... and were in need of a good night's rest, that is if they could get past all the flies and rats that came to nibble on their open wounds.

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--Riverdale City, The Empire Of Arcadina--

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Marder walked around for a while, and finally sat down on his bed.

3 days ago, he had sent his men to Baymard to find out about the situation there.

But can anyone tell him why these 2 knight Captains suddenly turned mad?

They came back telling him about a magical black bar, that could make someone shake, and even wet themselves.

They also said a lot of fairytale stories, that no one would ever believe.

Wasn't this the first stage of Madness?

Marder would rather drink his own blood dry, than believe that magic existed.

What did they take him for?... A 3 year old?

It was like saying that humans could fly, and fishes could talk.

Who the heck would ever believe that?

Yup!....His men were definitely mad.

He had also decided that for the mean time, none of his guards would go to Baymard again.. lest they all turn mad.

Let some other people be the Guinea pigs, before he sent his men in that mad zone..

.

"Can they be cured?"

"I think so my lord!.

We will send for the best healer within the western region at once!!!"

[I'M THE KING OF TECHNOLOGY](#)

[Chapter 259 Royal Secretaries](#)

--Baymard--

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"Welcome esteemed guests.

His majesty has been expecting you all." Said Head Butler Nathan.

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Santa, Adrian, Carmelo, Baron Hamilton, Duke Samuel and the 3 husbands of Santa's sisters.... were presently at the castle.

It had been 2 days since the coronation event.... and now, they were finally ready strike to a deal with Landon.

They felt like Landon was a loyal and trustworthy person to have as an ally..... hence they wanted to partner up with him A.S.A.P.

Plus, they felt like they would be able to gain a lot from their corporation with Baymard.

Very quickly, they had soon reached Landon's castle office.

Now, it was time for them to get down to business.

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"Bro...we're finally here!!!" Santa exclaimed, while running towards Landon.

The rest of the men looked at him and shook their heads wryly.

This guy would never change.

So they might as well get used to it now, rather than having heart attacks every time.

Apart from Landon.... Lucius, and Landon's new secretary..... Secretary Kane, were also present as well.

Yes... he had finally gotten himself a secretary.

Well actually, he had hired 50 secretaries for all palace affairs.

He couldn't emphasize enough..... on how important these secretaries were, in organizing his day to day activities as a king.

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In essence, within the main government estate at District C..... there was an office there for submitting appointments to meet with any of the royal family members.

Be it Lucy, Himself, Mother Kim or Lucius.... appointments would need to be approved and booked before anyone was seeing anybody.

And after all the submissions had been received, the secretaries would run it through the royals involved... and a screening process would commence.

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In future, there would probably be more than thousands of requests coming from all over the world.... hence only those that were deemed necessary and important, would be accepted.

Generally, all requests would be placed in 3 main categories:

- Those from the Baymardians
- Those from treaty-signed nations.
- And those from outsiders.

In truth, each of these categories would have several other subsections like: National security, children, selling goods and so on.

Hence Landon had hired a total of 50 people to get the work done faster.

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Anyway, apart from appointments, these secretaries were in charge of scheduling the meetings based on the schedules of the royals.

As well as sending letters to inform those who made requests.... about their submission acceptance or denial.

And within the meetings, these secretaries had to take 'meeting minutes' and send them to each individual participant after the meeting was over.

They were also in charge of storing and recording all documents... whether the submissions had been denied or accepted.

That way, if someone was denied.... the records would be able to tell when and why.

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For example: if a visitor had requested for more access to Baymard's military or lower region industries, and had gotten denied once... then he secretaries would record everything down immediately.

So if that same person came again with the same reason, but wanted to speak to another royal member.... then the secretaries were required to tell the next royal member about the first denial case.

In this way, no one would be able to cheat his way through anything.

Landon was well aware that even if he said No, some people would still try to go through Lucy or Mother Kim.

But the answer would always be a hard NO.

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Also, based on all categories and subcategories..... all submissions would be processed by the secretaries based on government law.

And since they might be receiving hundreds of requests.... then the secretaries could just reject the ones that were in violation of Baynard's rules.

For example: if someone wanted to requested for rape to be allowed..... then for sure, the secretaries could just reject that A.S.A.P.

Of course they would still need to record everything, and present a weekly update of all rejected requests to Landon.

.

Now... apart from all these, some of these secretaries hired, would also be personal secretaries as well.

As royals, they had too much to do daily.

Hence they needed people to manage their day to day schedules for them.

Take for example Lucy and Mother Kim.

Sure, they were teachers... but apart from that, they had to visit the sick, the church, and aid in a lot of trivial issues within the empire.

They always had to be on the move, as their presence was seen as empowerment for a lot of people.

Hence every day, they had 2 or more things to accomplish before hitting the sack.

So when they went for these public events, they typically needed to go out with their personal secretaries... as well as guards.

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But of course for their ordinary dealings, like teaching and so on.... the secretaries didn't need to be present during those periods.

At that point, the secretaries would act like parents, while the nobles would be their children.

They would be there early in the morning to pick Lucy and Mother Kim up... and quickly usher them to school.

And after school, they would rush back over and send them towards their next appointment or home.

These secretaries needed to work like Managers for K-pop artists.

Always on the move and looking out for their clients.

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Back to the present, Secretary Kane was in charge of handling today's meeting minutes..... So that when he got back to the office, he would be able to type everything out with any of the typewriters there.

Of course from there, he would send the minutes to all participants by letter... through Baynard's Post Office.

After introductions were done, Kane looked at his notebook and immediately ticked off the names of those who had showed up for the meeting.

So far, no one was absent.

Before today, everyone who was attending had filled out their names and addresses on several forms.

Hence he had already prepared everything before hand.

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He looked at his watch and nodded at Landon.

10 A.M

It was time for the meeting to officially begin.

[I'M THE KING OF TECHNOLOGY](#)

[Chapter 260 Signing The Treaty](#)

"Kid.... we called you here to talk about forming an alliance with Baynard." Carmelo said.

After playing chess and spending time with Landon..... Carmelo, Adrian and Baron Hamilton had all gotten accustomed to calling Landon kid.

I'm public, they would call him your majesty Landon.... but in private, please!!!!

They felt very familiar with him, hence they treated him like his age... 16.

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"We've written down this pact here, for you to look at." Carmelo said, as he passed on a single sheet of paper towards Landon.

Landon looked at it and smiled

From what he saw, the system's deal gave more benefits to Carona... than what they had just presented him.

This was great!

After reading it for a while, he placed the paper on the table and grinned.

"What a coincidence, I was thinking about the same thing too.... So I made a little treaty myself as well.

Secretary Kane, please pass the treaties around."

.

A minute later, Carmelo's mouth couldn't help but twitch.

Not just him, but everyone else's mouth twitched as well.

Each of them had just been given ring binders.... that had more than 200 pages in them.

How was this little?

They had given him a single page, yet he had dumped an entire book at them.

'Kid... aren't you just asking for a beating?'

'If you were so prepared, then why didn't you tell us about this before?'

'Do you know how long we spent coming up with the contents of that single page?'

'—'

Of course with 200 pages, the meeting had gone on for 5 whole days, before they had finally signed it.

Santa and Landon signed as the main representatives for their individual empires.

Santa was going to be Carona's king, who would rule alongside Penelope.

So it was his signature that was required, and not Carmelo's or Adrian's.

Of course on the place for witnesses, everyone else signed over their printed names as well.

With that, the treaty had officially been signed.

.

As for Santa and the rest, they were extremely pleased with the treaty..... as what they previously asked for, was only 5% of what Landon had offered them now.

No matter how they looked at it, this was definitely a win-win for them.

Firstly, the treaty spoke about their main reason for forming an alliance.... learning more combat techniques.

But now, rather than having an inch as they requested..... Landon had gone a step further, and had given them a mile instead.

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For training those from Carona, under section 12, Article 4:

[Baymard was obligated to train the men on 'physical hand-to-hand combat', and failure to do so will result in breach of contract.]

The article also went into detail about what services Baymard would provide, punishment for contract breaching.... as well as the expectations Baymard had towards Carona.

There were also circumstances that made for exceptions, to when this particular rule could be broken.

In essence.... at certain time frames, Carona was expected to bring 300 men to train each semester.

He had decided to open up 3 semesters for them:

- January 1st - April 30th
- May 1st - August 31st
- & September 1st - December 31st.

Of course these people had their own empires to defend, so they couldn't stay here forever for more than 4 months time.

Hence Landon had decided to do things in a different manner.

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Each person could only register for one semester out of the 3 per year.

After their registered semester, the men were required to go back to Carona..... and stay there for the rest of year (8 months).

And within those months, Landon would give them daily training routines and notes on combat, ethics and so on... that they had to study.

He would give them classified military fighting manuals... that would all be in Carmelo's care.

In Carona, Carmelo would open a new school with a military library within it.

There, only those who have been authorized to touch those manuals, could do so.

Landon had preferred to think of that library as those wuxia Pavilions.

Well, Baymard already had it's own 'Pavilion too... hence allowing Carona have it's own, wasn't a bad idea as well.

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Apart from studying and training back at Carona..... it was also their sworn duty to train their fellows knights as well, on what they had learnt so far.

Only by doing so, will more people have access to this training.

One had to know that Carona probably had over 100, 000 soldiers there.

So it was near impossible to have all of them come over here to train.

And taking large number of trainees, would not be good if a war actually broke out there.

The country needed its security in order.

Hence even 300 to 5000 soldiers every year... was an extremely safe number to work with.

For now, Landon would start small.... before increasing the number of soldiers that could come over each year.

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Anyway, after those 8 months of constant training..... the men were expected to come back and attend next years 4 month semester as well.

But on the 1st week of their arrival, they would be given several exams to determine their ranks.

If they trained and studied hard, then they should be able to promote their ranks with ease.

If not, then they would have to repeatedly the semester again.

Now.... for the first year, Landon would train at least 900 soldiers throughout those 3 semesters.

And next year, that amount would double to 1800 soldiers... as new knights would join in as well.

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Essentially, Landon had agreed to train each soldier for 4 years straight.

And after that, Baymard wouldn't register them for semesters anymore.

By then, they would have their graduations and leave for good.

But of course, they would have graduated as ordinary 'Enlisted Sergeants..... which were still 22 places below the top position.

They were still in the enlisted category, and still had to reach the warrant officer category..... as well as the officer rank category.

Hence if they still wanted to increase their ranks.... Landon would still give them things to study when they got back to Carona.

Some of these ranks require constant service, training and studying for 1 to 2 years.

So after studying, they could come back to Baymard to request for an official ranking examination anytime.

If they passed, then they would be given their badges..... as well as several documents proving their promotion to the next rank.

Bottom line, each year... each student was only supposed to spend 4 months in Baymard.

And after 4 years, they were meant to graduate for good... and stay in Carona, training more men.

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Now, as for their housing issue... Landon had decided to build an academy close to Baymard's own... and call it the Carona Military Academy.

And since he had decided to treat them as soldiers, then they would also be ranked as them as well.

They would take ethics, math, combat, rock climbing classes.... and other classes that had nothing to do with bullets or guns.

Baymard weaponry classes were completely off limits to them.... but everything else was fine

And out of these courses, they would have 3 shared courses with the Baymardian soldiers..... as well as the normal morning drill exercises too.

In truth he didn't want the men from Carona to think that they were being treated unfairly.

Hence he wanted them to do the drills with the Baymardians... and see that the drill sergeants yelled at everyone.

He didn't want them to think that they were discriminated against.

Hence sharing some activities like these, was the only way to do so.

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As for their uniforms, the men from Carona had said that they wanted it to be camoflage yellow.... so Landon had decided to make them like so.

When building the academy itself, Baymard had to use their own money to construct it.

But for the running of the Academy, that was all Carona.

Be it sewing clothes, paying electrical bills or even paying military cooks, cleaners and so on..... Carona would foot the bill.

And while the knights were here, based on their schedules... they could also work as part timers as well.

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Even though Carona was paying for lighting heating, military meals and so on, the knights still needed pocket money as well.

Be it for extra feeding or to hang out with their friends..... extra money was definitely a must.

And like it or not, some of the knights coming here might not be high ranking ones.... which meant that their pay would be less.

So if they stayed here for 4 months, wouldn't their money eventually run out?

Hence Landon wanted to give them more opportunities to live well while staying here.

They could work at any job that didn't include the industries or any workplaces that gave out Baymard's secrets.

So they could work at stores, the park, food courts.... and even military cooks within their academy, if they wanted to.

They had a lot of options to choose from.

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All in all, the men from Carona were extremely pleased with this particular military deal.