

TECHNOLOGY 481

Chapter 481 The Execution - 2

Everyone was immersed in their own thoughts as they listened to the full story.

Landon explained why he had the story make up that fake story, as well as the fact that the injured person in the story was actually a fake.

Of course when inspector Morgan brought out the bank statement which proved that they had actually taken money for the deal... many people quickly lost it altogether.

They just couldn't understand the stupidity of these people.

Where in Hertfilia would you find a place where one got paid biweekly and handsomely too?

Okay fine!

These people were also promised mansions and exotic women out of Baymard.... but what was the guarantee that it would actually be given to them?

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Landon looked at the men that he had beaten up in disgust, while finally calling Lucius forward.

"As per Baymard's Code of Federal Laws... Title 24, part 420, article 12..... states that whoever owing alliance to Baymard, cannot adhere to war against them, divulge Baymardian technological secrets, or give aid to their enemies within Baymard or elsewhere.

And if this law is broken, it would be considered an act of treason on the empire and its people.

The guilty party or parties shall be put to death on the spot, alongside the enemy.

So.... any last words from the guilty parties?" Lucius asked while looking at the traitors and Mr. Hemrew.

Hearing Lucius, the traitors knew that they would die no matter what.

But nonetheless, they couldn't help but feel that his majesty was too much.

Why did he have to disgrace them this much?

His majesty claimed to love the soldiers and armed forces a lot, so why would he treat them like that?

As the favourite children within the Baymardian population, they felt that this whole thing should've been kept secret..... and they should've only been punished a little.

After all, they had only attempted it once and failed for that matter.

So in the end..... since the information didn't leave the empire, why was his majesty punishing them as if Baymard's enemies had successfully gotten hold of the information?

Also, after listening to what will happen to all their hard-earned money when they died, they couldn't help but puke out blood from rage.

What did his majesty mean by the money would be sent out to less privileged people outside?

They were truly not content with the outcome of today's matter.

As for Mr. Hemrew, ever since he judgment had been passed onto him a few days ago..... he had been in a daze ever since.

After telling them who his master was, these people still dared to kill him?

Something in him was still hoping that all of this was just an attempt to scare him silly.

But bow that he heard Lucius, he couldn't help but shiver a bit from regret.

If he knew that these people were tricky, he wouldn't have even bothered to take the job.

Since all 3 of them knew that they were going to die, they decided to pour all their grievances out in the open.

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"Any last words?"

"Hmph!

So what if you all rescued us?

Are you saying that we shouldn't try to loom for other benefits outside Baymard while staying here?"

"What's bad in being extremely rich like the nobles and wanting to live with servants and maids?"

"I pity you all because when my master finds that you had killed me, he would definitely seek revenge in my name.

So until then, I will wait for you all in Hell!"

As the men spoke, a priest calmly walked onto the stage and stood in front of them.

He then said a hot prayer for their souls.... before finally leaving them with one for Landon the executioner.

"May the heavens forgive you for your treacherous acts against the good people of Baymard.

If these prayers of forgiveness are answered by the heavens, and they decide to give you a chance in reuniting with our ancestors above..... then I also pray that your greedy thirst things would also be destroyed as well, least you both annoy your ancestors too.

But if the heavens choose not to forgive you and send you to the pits of hell, then I can only pray that your pain and burden should be lessened on your journey towards eternal torture.

With that, I pray and wish you all the best."

'Sling!'

'Sling!'

'Sling!'

Before the men knew it, their heads were sent rolling by Landon the executioner.

His movements were swift and precise, leaving a clean and smooth cut of the necks of his enemies.

He personally took over the role as an executioner, so as to send a message to his enemies and all the spies out there.

No matter what, those caught in the act would be beheaded.

Of course there were several types of spies, like those that only came here so as to inform their merchant masters on what new goods Baynard had... so that they would quickly buy and send to their master's shops.

And there were also spies that only came here to learn cooking techniques and better the food in their own empires.

There were all sorts of spies in Baynard, but not all were harmful.

The ones that Landon was targeting, were those that wanted to harm his people or his empire.

He wanted to tell them that he was watching their every move..... and if they didn't stop now, then they would end up just like these 3.

Landon's eyes zoomed through the crowd and focused on the dangerous spies out there.

They, in turn, felt their backs turn cold when their eyes locked on with his Majesty's.

They felt like Landon had already known about their plans..... and immediately many of them began trembling in fright.

What if his majesty decided to call them out in the crowd and execute them as well?

Dammit!

What should they do?

Some of them had decided to lay low for a while and not do anything else in the meantime, while others had decided to leave Baynard just in case.

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After executing the men, got down on one bended knee, while holding his blood-stained sword..... and slightly bowed towards his people.

"Because of my carelessness... I had allowed such undeserving idiots to be called soldiers.

As your ruler, I promise to do better and first come up with a testing phase for anyone who wants to join any armed forces in Baynard.

I apologize for today's incident and promise to deal with all of Baynard's enemies, as well as protect you all with all my might.

So once again, I ask for your forgiveness for my failure as your ruler."

Looking at their king's trembling body and sad disposition, everyone couldn't help but curse those dead morons again.

Just look at what they did?

They made their kind feel guilty!!

The soldiers, navy, and armed forces also went down on bended knees as well.

And just like that, everyone in the crowd flowed suit while reading with his majesty to get up as well.

"Your majesty.... please don't be too hard on yourself.

How is it your fault?"

"Yes, your majesty..... you rescued them out of the kindness of your heart.

But how would you have known that they would be so greedy?"

"Your majesty.... please get up, there's nothing for us to forgive."

Several people pleaded out loud... until Landon finally rose up again.

As for the armed forces.... especially the soldiers, they also felt somewhat bad, as some of them had even been living in the same dormitory as those traitors.

How the hell did they not notice it all?

They swore to be more vigilant in the future, so as not to let history repeat itself again.

If another group of traitors came out from the army again.... then what would that say about them?

No!

They would never let this event repeat itself again.

Over their dead bodies!

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And just like that, the execution had come to an end, with the soldiers burning the body and dumping the ashes 4 cities away from Baynard.

The beds where those traitors slept on were also burnt, and their lockers were now seen as something cursed.

A ton of soldiers contributed to have the lockers of those traitors permanently removed.

And now, only a long mirror occupied those locker spaces instead.

In fact, many people didn't even want to mention the names of these traitors.... as they felt doing so would be too good for those idiots.

They just called them Dumb and Dumber.

Of course while all this was happening, far away from Baymard... someone was currently having a heart attack from the news that he had just heard.

"What the hell do you mean by saying that they haven't arrived?"

Chapter 482 Proclaimed Dead

--The Capital City, The Empire Of Terique--

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'Pah!'

A clear crisp sound echoed throughout a large throne room, quickly making the servants around jump in fright.

As for the guards, they stood very still while looking at the floor for fear of meeting their master's eyes.

Their master in question was none other than Nopline.

And at the moment, he was about to faint from extreme rage.

There were just so many things happening all at once, which made him feel like the entire world was targeting him for some unknown own reason.

First.... when he was previously on his way to the Capital to pick up his bride, someone actually dared to rescue his bride, her children, and her idiotic husband King Micheal.

Sure... he truly felt like the rescue mission could've been done by the missing crown prince.

But for now, he still needed to properly look into the matter, lest some new enemy had appeared again.

In addition, his bride and her family being rescuing, the entire palace estate had been trampled and nearly destroyed by raining attacks from the heavens.

It was like his rescuers knew that the heavens would stroke over the palace on that day.

And as if that was not enough, even after all of that..... he had just received word that none of the ships that were supposed to bring in slaves hadn't arrived yet.

And according to the scouts that went out around the shores of Terique..... they couldn't spot of their slave ships even at this moment.

Could they have met with tragedy while in their mission?

And if so, what were the chances that all fleets of ships would be attacked with no one returning back?

There was something fishy about this matter, nut Nopline couldn't really say that someone was scheming against him.

Because no one, other than the Captains in charge of each fleet... knew about the mission, until they were out.

So even if he was betrayed, it would have to be from those Captains.

When he thought about how his every move ended up in failure, he couldn't help but want to go to the temple and offer some sort of sacrifice to the heavens.

Was he cursed?

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Nopline panted heavily, after slapping the man before him hard.

"Elder Brother.... please quell your temper.

This man is just a messenger, and has nothing to do with the situation at hand." Said a woman with an alluring voice sitting on Nopline's right-hand side.

"Everyone.... leave!" Nopline commanded.

And soon, the entire hall became completely quiet.

He then passed the letter he had just received to his little sister Kamara, and quickly clenched his fists in rage.

"Baby sister..... it looks like our enemies really have it planned out for us this year."

"Hmhm... I agree with you entirely Elder brother.

But from the looks of it, I highly suspect that it's the crown prince's work.

He not only saved that idiot husband of mine, but also that scheming b**ch and her poverty-stricken children.

And now, how dare he disrupt your plans so much?

Brother... what are we going to do now?" Kamara said heatedly.

With no news about the slave ships, wouldn't they be at a disadvantage when they went for battle?

"It's true that this move has indeed affected my plans..... but it has only reduced my military presence by 20% at most."

"So we can still go for battle?"

"Of course!

You're still forgetting that I have a massive number of fleets under my control.

The only reason why I wanted to get more slaves..... was so that I could use them as front line fighters during the Navy war.

They were supposed to be the first ones to attack those Baymardian ships first.

That was my plan.

But now that there's no news about those slave ships.... then we can only assume that my men had failed their mission."

"But brother..... I've heard that the Baymardian ships are really strong..... so how would we be able to take them down?" Kamara said a little fearfully.

She had heard about the might of Baymard and knew that these people were not to be trifled with.

Everyone spoke about their experience on those Baymardian ships.

So how could she feel at ease with this Navy war?

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Looking at his cute little sister, Nopline couldn't help but pat her head a little.

"Little sister relax.

From what I hear, those were built to be extremely tall..... so as to keep enemies from swinging in, looting the people on board and attacking the visitors on board.

So with that, you can also see how advantageous the situation is."

"What do you mean brother?"

"To put it simply, since the men can't swing from one ship to another..... the only option those Baymardians will have if they want to fight us, is to let us on their shores for battle.

Currently, from our previous report... we have more knights than they do, so we will definitely win the battle.

As for that waste husband of yours..... before his escape, were you feeding that poison to him as I suggested."

"Yes, brother," Kamara replied obediently.

"If that's the case, then he should be dead by now.

So now, it's time to move to the next phase of our plans.

Find someone who has his exact height and figure..... and burn the person beyond recognition.

From there, we will announce his death, and you will mourn him for 2 months."

"But brother..... what about the crown prince?"

"That's easy.

Place the blame on him.

Say that he was angry that his father chose Lecter as Terique's ruler.

With 'Wanted portraits' of him everywhere.... we will be sure to catch him, just in case he tried to make his way back to the palace for revenge."

Kamara smiled while listening to Nopline.

Finally, she would get rid of her identity as that bastard's wife.

Now, she could someday marry her one and only true love, who was also Lecter's real father as well.

She smiled arrogantly when she thought about the fact that Micheal's poison was incurable.

Hehehhe.... the old fool, should've probably died with so much hatred for her.

But what did the thoughts of the dead have to do with the living?

For her, Micheal was no more..... While she on the other hand, was now ruling the entire empire alongside her son and brother.

Now, it was her time to shine!!!

Chapter 483 New Toys

"Brother... don't worry... I'll do what you've said.

Soon, we'll announce King Micheal's death to the world.

But for now... I think you're forgetting one more important thing brother.

Baymard's weapons!

Based on the rumours going around, they have something that produces lightning from it.

Wouldn't that bring you at a disadvantage?"

"Not at all," Nopline said while stroking his rough chin.

Of course, he had also heard about that particular weapon.

But from what he knew, one had to be somewhat close to these men before they used the weapons on them.

So he had already prepared to make his archers launch numerous arrows first... before sending his swordsmen there too.

And in addition to that, he had also planned to make many shields for his men too.

He didn't believe that such weapons could work against iron shields.

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And when it concerned the other weapons that Baymard had, even though he was slight clueless..... he didn't feel bothered at all, because he had sent his best man in.

The man he sent in had been trained in moulding his personality into whatever suited the situation best, and could make even the most heartless people pity him and fall for his tricks.

This same man was the person who usually gathered information about other empires for him.

The guy appealed to all the men, women and even children.... as he stroked their egos, made them feel superior and even gave them some sort of hope.

And when one looked at his baby-like face and smooth... no one would ever rope him in as an assassin, spy or a tough man in the society.

He was usually seen as someone cool to hang out with.

And this demeanour, made his easily blend in with people who were usually hard as a rock, and steal their secrets or plans.

Of course every time he did so, he would pin the blame on someone else easily.

No one had ever gotten a leg up on him, so Nopline knew that no matter what... his man would do this particular mission successfully.

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"Brother... I heard that apart from the lightning weapon, there are other weapons as well.

But no one knows what they do, as they have never been used before.

So you have to be careful when launching a full-scale attack on Baymard."

"I know..... that's why I sent Hemrew in."

"Hemrew?"

The guy who had had 35 different surnames identities as of now?"

"Yes... that Hemrew."

Listening to Nopline, Kamara couldn't help but breathe out in relief.

With such a man working for them, she felt like she was worrying over nothing.

She herself had used Hemrew to get information from her enemies.... so she knew how good he was.

Hemrew... the name was one that only a handful of people knew of.

And his expertise we're top-notch.

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"Yes... I sent Hemrew to get a list of all weapons that they had there..... as well as a detailed description of how each one is made and how to use them.

Even though I know that we won't lose.... having these things might even make us upgrade our weapons before the big battle.

So with all that said, I don't believe that I won't be able to win against these Baymardians.

To me, even though we lost this opportunity to get so many front line slaves to die first... I'm sure that it would make no difference whether we have them or not.

Because no matter how I look at it, our victory is secured either way.

And don't worry too much about these little things.

As of now, we have 2 spies within the Baymard army.

So everything will definitely work as planned." Nopline said confidently.

For him, it was only a matter of time, before Baymard officially belonged to him.

He would let his sister run Terique, while he ran Baymard as his own empire all to himself.

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After Nopline and Kamara finished up with their discussions, Kamara quickly went to relay her plans to her son Lecter.

Also, she had another surprise for her darling son.

With her around, he really didn't have to do much.

The world thought that he was the brains behind some of the changes in Terique..... but in truth, the boy had brains the size of a peanut.

All-day long, he would abuse those within the palace, watch jesters perform and play deadly games as much as he wanted.

She quickly found her son playing his favourite game.... which was 'make me happy: eat a frog or die.'

He would tell the jesters and those who had any talents, even singing or hosting puppet shows on the streets... to showcase their talents and make him happy.

If they could, then they would get to get a live frog in front of him and live.

But if they didn't, then they would die in the most gruesome ways ever.

Kamara walked in when one of the most famous musicians in Terique, was helplessly chewing on a live frog.

The man's face had already turned slightly green, as he truly felt like throwing up any moment from now.

But he knew that if he did, this demonic king Lecter would definitely behead him immediately.

Kamara watched the man swallow everything whole, before finally stopping her son's show.

"Mother.... why did you disturb this son?" Lecter said while pouting angrily.

Kamara looked at her cute chubby son and pinched his jaws playfully.

"Lecter.. do you remember that girl that you said you wanted to marry?"

I've taken her from her home and locked her up in the dungeon.

Now... she's yours, son."

Lecter's greasy puffy face immediately lit up with joy after hearing his mother.

True enough....no matter how hard they resisted him.

With his mother around, who would dare say no to him?

He smiled cruelly when he thought about how he would beat her into submission.

It was better for his new wife to be fearful of him and know her place, so as to make their marriage sail smoothly.

"Thank you, mother," Lecter said while kissing his mother's hands.

Now, he had a new toy to play with.

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Of course while Lecter was happy with his own toy, far away in Arcadina..... someone else was also happy about meeting his new toy too.

A tall man wearing a dark cloak stood silently in a dark dense forest with a gleeful smile on his face.

'Feuip! Feuip!'

Soon, 2 other men dropped in from the trees and knelt down before him.

"My lord.... the perimeter is secured.... and all men are now in position."

"Good.... we will begin our attack in an hour's time.

Go!

Inform the rest."

With that, the men quickly disappeared..... leaving the cloaked man all to himself again.

The man smiled underneath his dark mask as he thought about all the exciting things that he would do today.

Finally, his master had given him a new toy to play with.

The plan chuckled for a bit, before finally disappearing again into the night.

Chapter 484 Loyalty

Somewhere in a hidden base, a crazed looking man was currently looking at a haggard middle-aged prisoner in fury.

All that one could hear, were the sounds of several whips lashing out and the faint cries of the prisoner as well.

The entire room smelled like blood, and that the stony floors just below the prisoner.... was also dyed reddish-black from all the dried up from the woman's wounds.

The crazed man looked at the woman silently, as if watching a prey out in the wild.

Why won't she talk?

More than 7 months have gone by since he had captured the woman.... and up to now, she never defeated her master.

What sort of stupid loyalty was this?

At first, he had decided not to be too rough with her, since he needed her in one piece for his grand plan.

But as time went by, the more stubborn the woman was, the more furious he became.

And so with time, he slowly increased the torture dished out to her daily.

The woman's back had more than 400 lash whips on it, which now looked like a gruesome work of art that could make one shiver in fear.

Those in charge of whipping her had never even bothered to wipe the blood off her body.

The whip lines had all formed very thick black lines of old dry blood.

And that wasn't all!

Of course, the woman had also been subjected to punches in her belly and all over her body too.

And even her face had been punched extremely hard, as she ended up losing 3 teeth in the process.

The woman's eyelids were so swollen and bluish-black, that she struggled underneath all her sweat just to open them.

Her mouth, jaws and cheekbones also looked bad as well, as she found talking or even swallowing food a very tedious task to do.

The crazed looking man looked at the middle-aged woman angrily.

Even after all of this, why wouldn't she just give up on her master and save herself?

He couldn't help but feel slightly envious when seeing such loyalty.

Dammit!

That bastard always had the best of everything.

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'Whip!'

'Ugggghhhhhh....'

'Whip!'

'Ugggghhhhhh....'

'Whip!'

'Ugggghhhhhh....'

The lady let out several shrill cries whenever the whip touched her skin.

But even though she felt true agony, she continued to bite her lips, in attempts to not cry out loudly.

The crazed man looked at her with a hint of admiration.

If she could work for him instead of that Scoundrel, then wouldn't it be better?

He looked at her as if looking at a treasure.

Hehehe.... he couldn't help but thank the bastard for training such a person for him to use.

'Whip!'

'Ugggghhhhhh....'

"Stop!"

"Yes, master!" Said the men torturing the woman.

The crazed looking man looked at the woman intently, before moving close to her and stooping down.... so as to be face to face with her.

"Look at you!

Do you think that he will save you?

Open your eyes and look around!!

He has clearly abandoned you, so why are you still putting up a front?

Don't forget, you are just his nanny and nothing else.

So why would he care enough to risk his life in saving you?

Like I said, if you tell me his secret base..... as well as how many men he has under his command, then I'll promise to let you go free.

This is your last chance!

So what will it be?"

Hearing what the man had said, the woman's body trembled even more.... and she slowly lifted her head steadily.

Seeing the woman look at him as if she was considering it, the man couldn't help but smile a little more confidently.

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This was the first time that the woman seemed to be considering his words.

Usually, she would just act like he was invisible, or even lift her middle finger at him numerous times.

But this time, she looked at him and pondered silently.

Sure enough, what he said had probably affected her.

Who wouldn't feel abandoned and betrayed if they had been tortured all this time?

If it were him, he would even have some sort of resentment towards his master.

"I'm glad that you've finally thought it through.

Because if you stick with me, I'll not only let you go.... but I'll also take you under my wing too.

So, I ask you again..... what will it be?"

Just as the man finished talking, the woman gathered all the blood in her mouth and spat on the man's face.

--silence--

The entire room was dead quiet, as the guards looked at their master silently.

The man wiped his face clean first, before looking at the bold woman with a cold smile on his face.

'Bamm!

The man punched the woman in the stomach while looking at her in disgust.

How dare she turn down his proposal?

Since she wanted to play, then he would naturally fulfill her wishes.

"You three... from tomorrow, increase her whip strokes by a hundred..... and burn her left hand as well.

In addition to that, from tomorrow night..... you three can play with her for as long as you want."

"Thank you, master!"

Hearing this, the woman's heart turned ice-cold, as she knew what the man meant by having his men play with her.

Her body trembled slightly, as she looked at the man with pure rage.

vagabond!

The man on the other hand, unhurriedly left the dungeon and didn't even bother looking back at her.

He was no longer going to be gentle with her.

From now on, she would be beaten and treated like a mere harlot.

And if her master didn't come to take her, then he would kill her and throw her remains to the fishes.

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Stepping out of the secret dungeon, Slytherin Cord was immediately greeted with 2 of his most trusted aides.

"Master.... we've checked the perimeters as per usual.

And so far, there are still no enemies at sight."

But master, will he really come?"

"Why do you ask?"

"Master... that's because every day for the past 7 months, we have been checking the perimeters at least 2 times a day.

And so far, there is still no sign of him or his men."

" "

Slytherin and his aides made their way towards the ground floor while continuing their conversation.

And soon... someone ran towards them hastily.

"Master.... they're here."

Chapter 485 Ready As Can Ever Be!

"Master.... they're here."

" "

Slytherin nodded to the guard who just came in, and then broadly smiled at his aides.

"See... I told you he would come.

My little rabbit never disappoints.

Is everyone ready?"

"Your majesty.... we planned for this for 7 whole months.

So, of course we're ready.

All the 15,000 men scattered above ground and underground are ready to make their move." Said the guard who had just come in.

One had to know that for the past 7 months, they had been staying in battle positions all this time.

So they were more than ready to face this enemy of theirs.

"Excellent!

You can go back now.

And remember do as planned.

You can kill everyone, but leave their leader alive.

If anyone were to kill him... I'll personally skin the person alive and feast on his flesh!

Is that understood!"

"Yes, Master." The guard replied, before setting out of the building.

"Good!

Now go!"

Slytherin looked at his fading figure and smiled coldly.

"Darius!

Go get the woman.

It's time!"

With that, one of his aides was off, leaving him and his other aid there silently.

"Master... I had never thought that they would brazenly attack us in the daytime.

Isn't that less advantageous to them since we will be able to see them?"

"Don't forget.... the same could be said for them.

They too will see us as well.

But no matter how many tricks they have up their sleeves, today will be their day to live." Slytherin said while placing his hands behind his back and walking calmly towards the building's exit.

It's time for the finale to begin.

Of course, while he was making his own plans.... his enemies were fighting their way through the path as well.

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Within a dense forest, the birds chirped very loudly than usual.

The sun's dull rays flashed through the bare trees, and the very cold breeze harshly swept within the forest without a care in the world.

With one look at the sky, one could see a bunch of dark clouds slowly advancing over the forest region.

There was no doubt that in a couple of minutes or even hours, the sky would begin to cry out again.

But of course, whether rain or storm..... today was a day that many had chosen to ride out in honour.

'Gallop! Gallop! Gallop! Gallop! Gallop!'

Within the forest, several groups of men were currently making their way on horseback wearing heavy armoury... as well as holding numerous shields as well.

Their horses also wore protective armoury as well.

"Captain..... it looks like we've finally entered their territory.

I think they might be around us." Said one of the armoured men on horseback.

"As expected." The Captain replied, while secretly looking at the trees, dried grass, leaves and the ground around them with discerning eyes.

The leaves had all fallen to the ground in preparation for the winter, so it would be hellish for these men to hide on the trees.

Indeed, he could already spot some novice archers who had already failed at properly hiding behind the trees, rocks and even using their surroundings properly.

Soon, he saw some of the heaps of grass move a bit..... and instantly, he knew that it was time to give out his signal.

With that, he then yelled out loudly... and Jo's men ride forward at high speeds while shielding themselves as much as they could.

And just as planned, as they ran..... a rain of arrows followed them wherever they went.

'Thump! Thump! Thump! Thump! Thump!'

The enemy archers who were previously hidden, all stood out and shot several arrows towards the Captain and his team of 200.

These enemy archers were so concentrated on the group, that many of them didn't notice another group of men silently targeting them from afar.

And before they knew it, many of them had been shot dead on the head or heart just like that.

Of course, some of them hid just in time to avoid the calamity.

'Thump! Thump! Thump! Thump! Thump!'

Yup!

The first group of 200, were just a decoy so that the archers could take down the enemy archers that were hiding along the path.

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"Ahhhhh!"

The entire path was filled with dreadful cries from those that had been hit straight in their hearts.

They felt like the world around them was constantly spinning around in circles.

And some, they all their senses and fell into a never-ending deep slumber.

'Bamm!'

Their lean bodies dropped to the ground uncontrollably with several loud bangs

And as they lost their consciousness, they still couldn't believe that they had been shot down out of nowhere.

After so many months of preparations, why did they have to die just like that?

They were indeed undersigned to their faiths..... as they bled out to death unconvinced.

As for those who had shit them down, they couldn't care less about the feelings of these men.

"Keep shooting!

Second team, it's your turn." Said another Captain, who was currently shooting several arrows towards his targets.

The man was a pro, as he could even shoot up to 3 arrows at once with such accuracy.

He was nicknamed 'straight shooter'..... because he never missed his mark, not even once.

The man was another legend in Arcadina, but no one knew what he looked like too.

Hearing the order that had been given out, another team of 3000 armoured knights quickly made their way towards the path.... so as to deal with all hidden archers who managed to survive.

Of course, this same attack pattern was repeated by these intruders on all paths leading to the secret base.

And just like that, the path had been cleared.

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The intruder knights then followed the path stealthily, until they finally came across a massive circular bed of thorny roses.

"Master!" Everyone said, while quickly going down on bended knee when they saw their masked master walk out from one of the paths.

Mr. Death looked at the thorny field and bent down to smell it.

He took a whiff, before gently getting up again.

As expected.

Some of the roses were poisonous, while others weren't.

"Clear a straight path to the center.

And remember, you can only touch the blue roses."

"Yes, master."

A few minutes later, everything was set, and the men slowly advanced to the center.

Mr. Death smiled while leading the men forward.

Hehehe..... soon, he would get to play with his new toy.

Chapter 486 Fake Rabbi

Mr. Death and his men declined a secret stairway at the center of the flower bed, which also led to a secret tunnel underneath too.

Of course during their travel, they fought their way through..... until they reached a fork on the path, which led to 2 different directions.

From Mr. Death's information from his scouts, the left path led to an iron door within the estate.

While the right path led to a tunnel at the entrance of the estate.

He quickly split his men into 2 and followed one team towards the right path, which led to the estate's front entrance.

.

The men continued marching towards the right, until they came to the end of the tunnel.

Immediately, someone threw out one of the dead enemy soldiers that they had previously killed... out of the tunnel.

And just as expected, more than 100 arrows had been launched on and around the body.

Heck!

There was even an arrow on the dead man's eyes.

From the moment the body's hair strands had become visible to the enemy archers..... that bodhi was shot to smithereens with no pity whatsoever.

These people were indeed ready for them.

Immediately, Mr. Death's armoured men quickly took out their iron shields and decided to create a shielded wall all around the tunnel's exit.

Sure, wooded shields we're useful..... but they weren't suitable for long battles.

With wooden shields, the arrows would just stick to the shields..... and if more arrows were shot onto the shields, the arrows would penetrate the wood more and more, allowing it to break off on its own during battle.

That's why when there were too many arrows on the shields, warriors would just throw them away instead.

With iron, the arrows just bounced off the shield.... and the warriors could just block them back behind them.

It was more expensive, but it would last longer and had a better chance of saving their lives.

In Mr. Death's case, almost all the weapons for his had been acquired through battle over the years.

And there were even warehouses with over thousands more in stock too.

So he really didn't spend a dime on weapons.

For that was the way of war.

.

Immediately some of the armoured men formed a wall around the tunnel's exit.

But of course while they were doing that, some archers gathered behind them, and more armed knights hurriedly enclosed the archers as well.

In the end, they had formed a rectangular formation with archers at its center.

"Move out!" Commanded one of the Captains.

And soon, they slowly advanced steadily.... while protecting themselves from all angles.

'Whoop! Whoop! Whoop!'

'Thang!.....Thang!' Thang!'

A rain of arrows could be heard bouncing off the iron armoured shields from all directions.

And as they moved, their own archers within the formation also shot out arrows as well.

In addition to that, several archers who were still in the tunnel took advantage of this and quickly shot down the archers who had already given off their positions.

The archers in the tunnel all advanced forward behind a semi-circular shield wall and quickly took down their targets.

'Whoop! Whoop! Whoop!'

'Ahhhh!!!!'

Loud deafening screams could be heard all across the battlefield, and many men could be seen dropping down like flies as well.

The entire battlefield was like a storm of raining arrows.

Arrows flew from the east to west, north to south, and every other possible direction there was.

Both sides had been hit.... with Mr. Death's enemies taking the biggest hit of all.

.

With the archers needing to take clear shots, of course, they had to expose themselves during battle.

If the leaves on the trees were still full of leaves, then they might've had a better chance of avoiding death.

But too bad that all the trees were bare now, and all they could do was stand behind a tree, expose themselves when shooting, and quickly hide again behind that same tree.

Mr. Death who was still in the tunnel, quickly sent out 2 more teams: one for bringing the injured knights back, and one for taking down the surviving enemy archers around.

And soon, several injured armoured men with arrows sticking out of their toes and legs..... were all brought back to the tunnels.

The battle persisted for a while, with Mr. Death's team slowly advancing forward while tackling more and more enemies.

Until finally, they had reached the entrance to a massive lone estate.

Mr. Death squinted his eyes and looked at the massive number of enemy knights before him.

He figured that they were more than 12,000 all grouped up here.

Indeed, he had fought his way through with just 4,000 armoured men..... and taken out close to 3000 enemies as well.

Right now, the enemy knights all stood out in a semi-circle, as if they were completely sure of their victory today.

Many pointed arrows at them, while some just crossed their arms and looked at them arrogantly.

Seeing that they weren't attacking, Mr. Death and his men calmly advanced as well.

Of course Mr. Death's archers also held out their bows and arrows too.

One could never be too sure.

.

Slytherin Cord smiled gleefully when he saw the masked man and his team walk towards him.

Hahahahaha!

They had dreamt about this day for years now, and finally.... it had come true.

This was the day that the Ghostly Prince would lick his feet and bark like a dog for all to see.

His body trembled so much from excitement, that he could even feel his teeth chattering.

He held his prisoner tightly from excitement..... while waiting for the masked man and his team to advance.

The masked man was somewhat far away from him.....making his appearance look about the same size as his middle finger.

But as the figure advanced and grew larger, Slytherin Cord was somewhat displeased.

Who the hell was this?

This masked man wasn't his rabbit.

He was definitely a fake!

Chapter 487 Time To Dance

Slytherin Cord's eyes quickly glanced at the masked figure from head to toe numerous times.

This was definitely not his rabbit!

The first thing that he noticed was the mask.

From all his research, the Ghostly prince had 11 masks that he wore for different occasions, places and intervals.

And none of them looked like the mask that this fake was wearing.

Of course, he also didn't know that the person underneath the mask was Mr. Death..... because Mr. Death also had different masks that he used whenever he went out or took his role as an assassin.

So for Slytherin, since these masks didn't match his rabbit's own, he was sure that the person was a fake.

In addition to that, the fake's body and way of walking were way different than that of his rabbit.

He had been studying his rabbit for years now, so even without seeing his rabbit's face... the slightest difference would make him know that he was looking at a fake.

He couldn't help but feel looked down on.

Was he not good enough for a one-on-one battle with the Ghostly Prince?

He gritted his teeth in rage and felt his blood rising swiftly.

F***

In his rage, he continuously squeezed the life out of his prisoner.... almost choking her to death.

It was only when he heard her squirm loudly, did he finally come back to his senses.

Mr. Death on the other hand, continued marching forward, utterly oblivious to what his newfound toy was thinking.

And soon, he stopped at a reasonable talking distance between the two.

.

"Speak!

You're not him, so who are you?" Slytherin asked in fury.

Mr. Death smiled playfully underneath his mask while looking at his adorable toy, who seemed to be chirping like a bird towards him.

Well, he would have all the time to properly train this plaything of his.... but for now, he might as well play along with the poor thing.

"I'm asking you a question!

Who Are You?!!!!!"

"Hey..... calm down my little pet, aren't you just being way too aggressive?

If you continue this way, then how can you win my favour?"

" "

Slytherin felt like he was hearing things.

Who was this arrogant son of a b**ch calling a pet?

And who would want to win his favour?

The more this 'Fake' opened his mouth, the angrier he got.

He had a hunch that underneath that mask, this IDIOT was sheepish smiling at him and taking him for a joke.

And something about that made him snap out crazy.

In a flash, all his rage came out even more destructive faster than magma.

'Sling!'

He quickly pushed his prisoner to the ground and drew his sword.

Mr. Death looked at him and smirked.

Just as he expected, this toy of his had a short fuse.

Mr. Death looked at Mona (prisoner) and sighed from relief.

Now that Slytherin wasn't squeezing and grabbing her roughly again..... he could finally be at peace.

.

"Answer me Dammit!

Who are you?!"

"Little pet..... for the time being, you don't have the qualifications to ask me that.

But... I'll make you a little happy by telling you a secret.

He sent me!"

"So I wasted all my preparations just for a subordinate?" Slytherin asked while staring at Mr. Death with murderous intent.

7 months!

7 while months of scheming had resulted in him just getting a fake?

No!

He couldn't accept it!

What did he need to do to get a one-on-one match or experience with his rabbit?

He looked at Mr. Death coldly, as if he were looking at trash.

What good was this man if he were just a counterfeit of the original?

He looked at the prisoner on the floor as if blaming it all on her.

So her position in her master's heart wasn't that big to bring her master here to save her?

Then why the hell did he bother with her in the first place?

He was sure that he had lost some of his men out on the perimeters of the estate.

So was all this trouble worth it if his rabbit didn't show up and he also lost his men too?

He gripped his sword tightly and grumbled out a subtle curse.

Why was his luck always so bad?

.

He continued cursing his luck angrily.... and soon, a single thought came to mind and his eyes instantly lit up.

Slytherin looked at Mr. Death and smiled cruelly.

"Since you all aren't any use to me at all, then I might as well kill you all.... as well as this worthless prisoner.

Who knows..... maybe your deaths will bring my little rabbit out later on."

"Oh?

Well, I agree with your approach to things.

But, I can't help but wonder why you think that you'll be able to kill us."

Slytherin was taken aback, before finally sneering at the masked Fake.

"Are you stupid or pretending to be.

Look around you idiot!

You are totally outnumbered.

Even a child can see this!"

"Really?

Because the way I see it, we have you outnumbered instead."

"What the hell are you talking about?"

Immediately, Slytherin saw thousands of men wall from behind several estate buildings..... and quickly surrounding him and his own men.

And before he knew it, several of his own men were pointing arrows towards him and some of his other men too.

His heart speeded up a bit, and he soon took this fake rabbit before him seriously.

He looked at the men who betrayed him in confusion.

Even his aides were confused as well.

When had their betrayal begun?

They didn't even bother asking why, because they knew that what they felt for Slytherin wasn't loyalty but fear.

"When?" Slytherin asked coldly.

"My little pet, this isn't hard for you to figure out is it?"

Okay... okay... I'll help you out a bit.

Let's see..... about 2 years ago, do you remember that you had begun recruiting people like crazy?

Well, we sent over 4000 of our men then.

Of course over these 2 years, we also sent in a lot more in addition to that too.

And when you brought in men to this base, you actually carried in a lot of our men as well.

Little pet, look at your face!

Are you angry because we came late?

Don't be angry alright, I promise that I have a good reason.

You see, the only reason why we didn't know about you taking this prisoner and come here sooner.... was because you kept it secret, and only allowed your most trusted men to meet or know information about the prisoner.

Luckily, when our master got your note and location, we now knew about your plan and asked our spies here to prepare for battle.

Of course all this time that we stood here, as well as the time that you waited for me to walk towards you.... was all a decoy.

You see, with your attention focused here.... some of the spies quickly let in the rest of my men through the other underground exits that led to one of the buildings on your estate."

.

Hearing Mr. Death, Slytherin felt like a bucket of cold water had just been dropped onto his head.

No!... No.... how can this be?

He shook his head several times as if trying to deny that the Ghostly prince was once again.... one step ahead of him.

Why couldn't he win?

Why?

Dammit!

Mr. Death looked at his Slytherin's pale face and smirked.

"My sweet little pet.

If those are all the questions that you have..... then let's dance!"

Chapter 488 What A Good Punching Bag

After listening to everything that Mr. Death had said... Slytherin Cord quickly calmed himself after his hysteria.

Even though the situation had reversed on him, with more people against him..... he still didn't want to die yet.

He felt like even if he was stabbed 300 times, something in him would persist until he saw the Ghostly Prince.

So with this thought in mind, he took a deep breath and gathered himself properly.

His eyes were filled with murderous intent, as he looked at those pointing arrows towards him.

Indeed!..... It was time to dance.

With that, the battle had finally begun.

'Clang!'

'Clang!'

'Clang!'

'Ahhhhhh!'

The sounds of swords clashing one another... as well as the wails of the injured, could be heard throughout the entire battlefield.

Slytherin slashed his sword sideways, in attempts to slit his enemy's throat clean.

'Swish!'

The blade sliced through the air, creating a whistling effect..... as his enemy ducked his attack just in time.

But when the enemy raised his head again, Slytherin punched him in the face with his other hand.

'Ahhhh!'

Taking advantage of his enemy's pain, Slytherin sent another slash towards his enemy.

'Slash!'

The enemy dodged his attack, and also gave him a fierce kick and yelled at him.

"Now, we're even."

'Bang!'

Slytherin bumped into the person behind him.... causing that person to accidentally die from a sword attack.

But who cares?

This was a battlefield!!

.

Clang!'

'Clang!'

'Clang!'

Slytherin fought with his enemy while also avoiding side attacks from others around him.

Of course, his enemy did the same as well.

They both fought and accumulated some minor and major injuries here and there.

And Slytherin couldn't help but give this enemy of his some respect.

One should know that they had been fighting for over 20 minutes now.

Typically, within this time.... he could easily handle about 10~20 men below his strength and rank.

So not many people would be able to last with him for this long.

It looked like they had sent some of the big guys to take care of him.

Nonetheless, since he had made up his mind to survive.... then this enemy of his had to die!

Clang!'

'Clang!'

'Slash!'

Finally, he had sent a fatal blow towards his enemy.

The enemy tried to dodge as much as he could, but still ended up getting a massive clean-cut against his belly.

Blood soon started dripping out from the wound nonstop.

And before the man knew it, his strength soon began to leave him.

Luckily, he had attempted to dodge the attack.

If he stood still in the same position, he was sure that his insides would be out on the battlefield by now. He gripped his belly tightly while trying to concentrate on the battle at hand.

'Pain is in the mind!

Pain is in the mind!

Pain is in the mind!'

Those were the words that he repeatedly told himself while continuing the battle with Slytherin.

But no matter what he did, the pain soon swallowed him whole... as Slytherin didn't go easy on him after that attack.

The man dropped down on his knees and struggled to keep conscious while blocking Slytherin's attacks.

Seeing the man's state, Slytherin quickly grabbed the opportunity and immediately gave out a finishing blow.

'Clang!'

Another person quickly blocked the Slytherin's attack..... and now became Slytherin's new foe.

.

'Clang!'

'Clang!'

'Clang!'

'Ahhhh!'

The battle went on for a bit..... with Slytherin, his aides and those who didn't betray him, fighting for their lives amidst the chaos all around them.

Blood quickly dyed the estate's floors, and the foul stench of blood also filled the air as well.

Dead bodies also piled up too, making the battle harder and harder for the rest... since some people died due to the fact that they had accidentally fallen over these dead bodies.

Of course, others also died from being hit out of nowhere by these falling lifeless bodies when they were facing an enemy.

In short, the whole place looked and smelt like death.

And as Slytherin battled, he continuously made his way closer to his prisoner, Mother Mona.

From the very start, he had been separated from Mona by the traitors on his side.

They had circled around Mona and made their way towards the masked man.

Speaking of that man, he hadn't even lifted his sword since the battle began.

All he did was sit at a corner, with a bow and arrow in hand.

And since the masked man had a lot more men than he did, the chances of someone attacking the masked man was indeed too low.

.

One should know that he initially had about 12,000 men on the battlefield.

About 6,000 had betrayed him, and coupled with the men the masked man walked in through the front estate with.... as well as the men who sneaked in through the other underground passageway, wasn't he already outnumbered?

In short, all his men had at least 2 enemies that they were currently engaged in battle with.

Heck!..... Some even had 3 or more.

So he wants surprised that the masked man would feel so relaxed.

Actually, only himself, his aides, and his top Captains... were the only ones that were currently fighting people one-on-one.

So with that said, one could easily see that the enemy had only sent able men to fight himself, his aides and his Captains.

As for the small fries on his team, they were ganged up and didn't even have a chance to survive.

Slytherin swiftly glanced around the battlefield, and noticed that almost all of his men had been taken out.

In short, only the strong had survived up until now.

But of course, how could his enemy still let them fight one-on-one?

Before Slytherin knew it, 3 other people had joined his battle.

And they all had similar strengths to himself.

The pressure on him was great, and soon, he found that he had turned into their punching bag.

Dammit!

Chapter 489 Mysterious Masters

Slytherin had previously been fighting a one-on-one battle with a foe, before 3 other foes joined his battle.

And the more Slytherin fought against all 4 foes... the more he realized that they weren't trying to kill him.

Nope!

They were just trying to beat him to a pulp.

Once he ducked from the attack, another took advantage of this and kicked his sword out of his hands, while 2 others swiftly kicked the back of his legs.

"Kneel down!"

'Plup!'

Just like that, he dropped to his knees unwillingly and became their punching bag.

They even allowed him to get up again.

But every time he rose up, and dodged someone's blows, he would be knocked right back down to the ground.

"How dare...."

'Bam!'

"F*** you..."

"Bam!"

Every time he opened his mouth, he was punched or kicked directly in the mouth.

But of course, how could he block these attacks when his body was so weak from their previous attacks?

'Bam!'

'Bam!'

'Bam!'

son of a b**ch!!

He was so angry that he soon reverted back into a spoiled 5-year-old kid.

He was so furious that he began crying.

"Hahahahaha!... brothers look at this!

He's crying!"

"Awww.... does the little baby need some cloth to wipe his eyes?"

"Ahh.... does baby need his mummy?"

So after torturing so many people in your lifetime, you too can also feel helpless?"

"Aye old 3.. do you think that if we continue to beat him up, that he would also wet himself?"

"What a baby!"

"Hahahhahahaha!"

Slytherin's body trembled slightly from rage, as he listened to their comments.

"Shut up!

I'm not crying!

It's clearly dust in my eyes.

It's clearly....."

'Bam!'

Once again, they kicked him down before he could complete his sentence.

He grabbed the ground below him and spat out blood and a few loose teeth in his mouth.

Blood oozed out of his nostrils, as well as dripped out of his mouth too.

His eyelids were now bluish in colour and ridiculously swollen, making it extremely hard for him to see what or where he was going.

Seeing that Slytherin's face already looked like it had been stung by a hundred bees.... his foes changed their target to his chest region and other body parts.

And the more they punched, the more furious Slytherin was.

Somehow, even though he couldn't see properly.... he felt like that masked man was openly laughing at him, as if mocking him.

And he was right!

Because Mr. Death.... as well as many others, had stood on the side to watch the show.

Almost all of Slytherin's men were dead..... so those on Mr. Death's side who were free, sat down and rested while observing the fight.

Slytherin felt like he had never been so humiliated before in his life as he was today.

'Ghostly prince.... masked bastard..... I swear that if I somehow escape, I will definitely kill you all even if it's the thing that I do.

Bastards!!!!'

.

Slytherin continued to receive his fair share of punches while glaring at the men.

But all they saw was someone looking at them with big puffy swollen eyes.

Yup!

He needed his mummy.

As they punched Slytherin, they didn't feel any sympathy for him at all

How could they?

One look at mother Mona and they all felt like slashing his throat wide open.

But since their young master would personally kill Slytherin, their job was to deliver him ALIVE.

So they decided to vent their anger on him by using him as a punching bag.

After all, he had no pity on Mother Mona for the past 7 months.

Her entire body was covered with whip marks, and her face was even more swollen and bluish looking than Slytherins.

In short, she looked truly ghastly and gruesome.

All this time, they had never bothered to give her treatment when beating her up, so some of the injuries on her face would now remain permanent there.

.

One had to know that people looked down on women with scars, bruises and marks on her face in this era.

So even if they wouldn't look down on her, they still didn't like that others might look down or feel that she was too ugly to be queen mother of Arcadina.

Some shallow nobles might make fun of her, and this might undoubtedly make her feel inferior with time.

For Slytherin to damage her face so much was something that they could never forgive.

They only hoped that in future, maybe they would find some miracle doctor to heal it.

Maybe in Baynard?

Anyway, apart from Mother Mona's face and whipped body..... her limbs were so weak that she had trouble standing on her own, and even her throat was covered in bruises as well.

They were also sure that these torturers had also broken a few of Mother Mona's bones and even ribs too.

In short, looking at the delicate woman's finger that also had whip lines on that.... everyone couldn't help but wonder if these people had even spared some parts of the woman's fragile body from torture.

He clenched their fists in rage and continued hanging up on Slytherin.

They kicked, punched and elbowed him until they were absolutely convinced they had redesigned his body to look much worse than Mother Mona's.

.

Time flew by swiftly, and soon..... the battle, or rather the gang-up was finally over.

In the end, Slytherin, his aides, 3 Captains, and 50 other men, had been captured and tied up as prisoners.

Of course, Mr. Death had decided to arrange another play for his own amusement for them.... just like he did for Connor and James.

It was too bad that his favourite toy of all, Slytherin..... wouldn't get to play in these amusement games, as he had to be sent back to the young master the next day.

He had been tasked with taking care of this hidden estate, so he could only have people secretly send Slytherin to the young master tomorrow.

Nonetheless, that didn't mean that he wouldn't be playing with this favourite toy.... as he had the whole night to tease the little thing.

.

With the battle coming to an end, Mr. Death and his people continued their show.

But unbeknownst to everyone, 2 fully cloaked men in separate buildings on the estate..... had been secretly watching everything play out in the shadows.

Both men worked for different masters and were only here to keep tabs on the situation.

They smiled cruelly, before quickly escaping from the estate one after the other amidst the confusion and excitement below.

And who were their masters?

Who were they supposed to report back to?

Well... that was a story for another day.

Chapter 490 Special Units

Back in Baymard, all leaders, heads and second-in-command in charge of all Baymardian armed forces..... had quickly gathered within Landon's office in the palace.

Be it from the police department, marines, army, Navy, Coastal Guards, or even the regular security guards..... all the leaders had shown up right in time.

For them, Baymard was in the midst of a crisis.

To put it simply, ever since the whole spy incident..... they had already had their first meeting, where they all looked at other ways of improving Baymard's safety.

Of course, several things were said that day and had been agreed upon.

They had already begun adjusting according to their plans.

But now, this second meeting was just for Landon to give them detailed lists and requirements on certain aspects.

More specifically, they were here to talk about the special forces, units and teams that Landon wanted to create.

.

Once the meeting began, everyone quickly looked at the lists pertaining to their areas of concern and quickly glanced through them as much as they could.

"Your majesty, this is exactly what I need!"

"Your majesty, I think this will work."

"Your majesty... once again, I really have to hand it to you.

We just came up with this idea during our last meeting, and so far... you've already been able to come up with a detailed outlook and structure within this short period of time?

Your majesty, your brain is really something else."

The leaders all spoke out their thoughts on the matter while skimming through the files in their hands.

In short, Landon had made the whole thing extremely easy for them.

Everyone marvelled at how detailed and straight to the point the documents were.

Take for example the folder in Lucius' hands which had several documents within it.

The first document just listed out the names of all special forces that will be introduced into the barracks.

Of course, the Official Public forces or units would be structured like so:

- Squads (military unit with 10~11 soldiers led by a sergeant)
- Platoons (unit of 4 squads led by Lieutenant)
- Company (unit of 130~150 soldiers led by a Captain)
- Battalion (400 men or about 3 Companies)
- Regiment (2,000 men)
- Brigade (3,000~5,000 troops led by Colonel)
- Division (10,000~20,000 men)

.

Looking at the information for the official public units, Lucius couldn't help but feel that this method was the best.

As per the recruiting standards for these units, he was sure that many of the soldiers would do their best to get into several of the units in the list... especially the major special squads which consisted of just 10 to 11 persons within it.

Lucius saw names like Cobra, The Black Scorpions and Hydra..... as some of the squad names picked out by Landon.

The leaders were also allowed to create their own unit names too if they wanted to.

This method was really good, because now... Lucius won't have to worry about selecting people individually time and time again for every mission.

Now, he would just say things like: 'Cobra, there's a mission for you'.

And just like that, team Cobra would do so... except if they currently had their hands tied, or had members that were severely injured.

For sure, Lucius would still have to review everyone on a team before they go out on a mission.

But now, it would be fairly easy for him to accomplish.

Anyone, having them group with each other over time was extremely useful for a mission's success as well.

These people might bond together for several years to come... and would get to know each other better, look out for themselves and so on.

When Landon was making up these documents, he too had appreciated the sort of friendship and bond that could come out of these units.

In fact, he hoped that these would be like 'Ethan Hawke' and his team in 'Mission Impossible!'

They should even form their own signals and understand each other way better than anyone else.

.

Lucius nodded his head in appreciation while glancing at the documents in his hands.

He quickly decided to close the military folder, and quickly look at the police folder as well.

Of course, they were totally different from that of the military.

He also saw new departments called forensics, Homicide and so on there..... each having different units within them.

In short, everything was different for all Baymardian forces.

Gary looked at the Navy's folder and saw new units too.... which consisted of different structures.

Unlike the military, the structures here were determined by how many ships were in each unit.

He read names like; Flotilla, Squadron, Fleets, strike groups and so on.

And as the group read, they also asked several questions as well.

Lucius had just finished looking at the requirements for recruitment.... before he saw something strange.

Why would this be here?

.

"Your majesty..... why is this structural unit called 'Corps' separated from the rest?" Lucius asked curiously.

"That's because the Corps is the largest tactical unit in Baymard with 20,000 to even 70,000 people within a single Corps unit.

In other words, it synchronized artillery firing Navy firing, combat support and any other support."

"Ahh..... so it's a joint effort from all armed forces involved with outside battles?"

"Correct!

Police officers and security guards wouldn't be involved in this.

So it's basically a blend of everyone else on the battlefield.

Take for example Carona needs our help.

At that moment, the Navy will help transport the marines, army and all those takes with fighting on land to Carona.

And while we battle on land, the Navy ships will fire away all enemy ships around.

The battle will include the land and sea."

Of course in the future, it'll also include air forces too.

But now was not the time to confuse these people even more.

"I see your majesty..... so that's it!"

Everyone nodded in understanding and continued reading until they reached the final pages on their files.

Secret National Units?

What was that?