

Chapter 841 - The Clash Of The Fogies

All three fogies quickly aired out their grievances to Landon while constantly reminding him of his 'nosy' behaviour.

With all their nonsense going on, Landon silently recited some verses in his mind to keep him calm.

Well, what they requested was fairly simple for him to do.

All three came from the empire of Yodan, and they came alongside Mother Winnie, Beri, little Linda, and several others.

They were the first batch of people that stepped their legs into Baymard via Santa.

They had to flee because one of the queens secretly requested a cult of deadly assassins to slaughter everyone.

This way, it wouldn't be too suspicious if mother Winnie, Beri and Linda died.

But of course, Santa got the message and hurriedly saved some people, sending them to Baymard, while others fled to the neighbouring cities and towns.

And this is where their request comes in.

Even though the old fogies brought along their wives, children and grandchildren... one should know that even they as elderly people had siblings who were still alive.

So they couldn't help wondering about their sisters or brothers who were also old like them.

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From what he gathered, Old Willow first sent his sister alongside her husband, children and grandchildren to another city.

Because they didn't want their movements to be too suspicious, many families didn't leave all at once, lest the assassins or cult maneuvers suspect their moves.

So he sent out his sister's family first.

But when he was about to leave, the assassins and cult members were already around the city's outskirts.

Their only option of escape was by sea.

Lucky, Santa came right on time and fled as fast as they could.

Over the years, during their holidays, they went back in search of their families.

At first, they couldn't find their families because they moved very far from where they had sent them to.

Luckily for them, they met someone in Baymard who they knew, and that person just happened to know what their family was.

He told them everything they needed to know and also sent their letters to their families in Yodan.

And now, they planned to ask for eight months off to visit their families.

Why?

Because the ship and carriage rides would take up most of their journey time.

Fortunately, the Baymardian Cruise ride to Carona would drastically cut down their travel time.

So they felt a little better about the whole thing.

Nonetheless, they loved their jobs and loved here, so they were also hesitant about taking eight months off work.

And that's where Landon came in.

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Landon listened and sighed.

Well, he had lived with these old fogies for years now, alongside Linda, Momo, and the rest that took them as part of the family.

So he didn't see anything wrong in helping them.

That's why he decided to send them to their destination alongside the soldiers who had missions in Yodan.

Luckily, they mentioned this issue now.

One should know that both Deiferus and Yodan had the temple of Dragmus in it, and he had already sent the first wave of soldiers and marines to take care of all secret bases within these empires.

And five days from now, the final wave (A.K.A backup) will be sent again to these locations, just in case.

So within that time, he could ask the soldiers to personally drop them around the outskirts of the city, town or village they intended to visit.

Of course, the soldiers would help them find their families in order to confirm the exact house where they would be staying.

And once it was time to go back, the soldiers would pick them up again.

This was the best he could do for them.

Well, he would also be travelling as well.

Not towards Yodan, but to Deiferus.

He, along with another specific team, would head to the Capital city to put Henry on the throne while taking care of his siblings and all others who wanted his crown.

This September was indeed a busy month.

All three men got up and began flexing their muscles while staring into a distance heroically.

They tried their hardest not to show their excitement.

But their joy just kept flowing out nonstop.

"As expected of our youngest member.

You have passed our test and have become our official member."

"Yes!

You've passed.

But don't let it get into your head."

"That's right!

It's true that you've done some excellent work over the years.

But not enough people like you.

So how can you compare with the boss?"

" "

Forget it.

Why does he even bother with them?

"Oh!

That reminds me brat.

We have presents for you." Old man Willow said while taking out a wrapped gift from underneath a cushion.

Paitus and Hermon did the same as well.

Landon was taken aback and somewhere touched.

Maybe they weren't bad after all.

"Well, open it!

Open it!

I'm sure you'll love it."

Landon smiled warmly and opened Willows's box first.

It was a very nice-looking belt.

"This is nice.

It looks so rare yet so familiar.

This is mine."

"Yup!

It sure is.

And goes very well with the Blue tie Hermon gave you as a gift."

"But that's my tie."

"I know.

And it goes well with..."

"My socks," Landon said while unwrapping the last gift.

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How were these gifts?

They just returned his bordered items to him.

Years back on the Coronation day, old man Willow and the gang were in a mess and forgot to get proper attire for the next before the stores closed for the holidays.

They were in such a pickle that they almost didn't want to attend the ceremony.

And Landon gave them his belt, socks and tie.

As a ruler, his closet alone was the size of a two-bedroom apartment

So he had a ton of socks, belts and whatnot.

Plus, the items were common everyday items, so he didn't think much of it when giving it to them.

Who would that years later, they would give it to him as gifts?

Landon's mouth twitched again.

And just when he was about to round this damn meeting up and get the hell out of here, yet another group of elderly people came in.

Their leader was a hot-headed female, and he nicknamed them the Fantastic 7.

They were also close to him as well.

For some reason, both groups always tried to compete and force him to acknowledge one as his boss.

Instantly, Landon tried to minimize his presence while trying to sneak out of the room before the clash of the fogies began.

And so just like that, 5 grandpas and 2 grandmas stormed in arrogantly.

The women were the ones who made him weep.

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Old lady Maggie lifted her chin arrogantly while pointing at old Willow.

"I knew you guys were up to no good!

What's the big idea forcing the imp to take you as his leader?

You're so old that you don't even leave footprints in the sand anymore.

So why would he take you as his master?"

"You shut up, you ugly hag.

Who are you calling old?"

"Ugly?

Are you blind?

Tch!

You're just jealous because I'm young with a great body."

"Please!

What mirror do you use?

If you're young, then I haven't even been born yet!"

"Heh!

Look who's talking.

You didn't seem to mind when you asked me out on a date last time."

"Boss!

How could you?!

Sister-in-law has been done for 11 years now.

So it's okay to take in another sister-in-law.

But why her?

Boss, you've betrayed the brotherhood!"

"What's wrong with me?

Are you all saying that I'm not good enough?

Pui!

It's your stinky leader that asked me out first!"

"You!

So what if I asked you out?

Who asked you to be attractive?

Are you blaming me for your good looks?"

"Old man, you're just too unreasonable.

Are you blaming me now?

You're just lucky that you're also good-looking, or else I would never speak to you again."

"You dare not!"

"And if I dare, what are you going to do about it?"

"I, I, I will marry you and see if you won't talk to me when we end up living in the same house."

"Not before I marry you first!"

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Chapter 842 - Landon's Anxiety

Landon sneakily left the group of fogies before they turned on him.

He was also a little bit surprised that Old man Willow and granny Maggie finally made their feelings known publicly.

Even a blind person could see that they had something going on.

It was about time that they put the show on the road.

Well, everyone could see it apart from their squad members who were constantly bickering with each other.

Their case reminded him of the Capulet and Montague homes in Romeo and Juliet.

Except now, there wasn't any lousy ending, and their fights weren't that bad.

It was just bickering and bragging about who was better.

Of course, they also had competitions amongst themselves.

But as always, their bodies didn't allow them to do too much.

Once, they had a walking competition to see who can trek the Northeast without getting tired.

They left their buildings and planned to head for the Main Audience hall.

To get there, there were several routes that they could use, but the shortest way was to bypass five other buildings and several massive fields, fountains and roads.

They liked doing competitions like these to prove that they could be Landon's boss.

And at times, both parties would meet Little Linda, Momo and the rest to convince them that they were indeed the strongest.

The whole thing was utterly ridiculous, but there was nothing Landon could do about it.

Whenever he tried to stop them, they would say that he was looking down on them, or that he thought he was better than them.

So he just gave up and let them be.

Arguing with them would undoubtedly give him more headaches.

And he wasn't ready for that.

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Landon shook his head wryly and waited for Lucius in his office.

They were scheduled for an appointment tomorrow within one of the government buildings, alongside the Caronian ambassador and several others.

He wanted to first discuss some matters before attending the meeting the next day.

So he was waiting for Lucius.

And while he waited, his mind drifted somewhere else.

Earlier on, he was supposed to go to the fashion show alongside Mother Winnie and Mother Kim.

But unfortunately, his mom was feeling a bit under the weather.

He wanted to stay as well, but she told him to go, while Mother Winnie and Lucius stayed by her side.

So he couldn't help wondering about the issue at hand.

Before seeing the old fogies, he inquired about her but was told that she was okay and was too tired to see him.

So he gave up on seeing her then.

But now that he was back, he wanted to inquire about her condition again.

Of course, he wouldn't wake her up.

He would just ask her assistant or the personal doctor who was invited over before he left for the fashion show.

With that in mind, Landon decided to call and find out the situation.

But before he could do so, the phone rang instead.

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Ring Ring Ring Ring.

"Your majesty, King-Father Lucius and Queen Mother Kimberly are here to see you."

Landon's eyes lit up, and he quickly stood up merrily to welcome them.

Tchack.

The door opened, and in came the duo.

"Mother!"

Landon rushed to the side and scrutinized her to see if she was too ill or not.

"Mother, what are you doing out of bed?"

Why do you have to bother yourself?

You could've just called me over, and I would have been gone right away."

Mother Mim smiled and rubbed his head warmly.

"Aiiyyh!

Since when did you become so long-winded?

Can't I say that I'm okay?

Do you think that your father would let me walk if I wasn't?"

"I said you could go out.

But I never agreed for you to walk."

" "

Mother Kim glared at Lucius as if he was a traitor, but Lucius only looked at her pitifully instead.

If left to him, her feet wouldn't be touching the ground at all.

Everything about the situation made him anxious.

Landon noticed that his overprotectiveness seemed to be a lot more than usual, so he looked at his mother curiously.

And soon, his expression became horrid.

Was she pretending to be well so as not to worry him?

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His anxiety grew bigger when he thought about it again.

"Mother, where's your medical report?"

Mother Kim smiled awkwardly and tapped Lucius with her elbow.

Landon saw this and almost had a heart attack.

So he was right?

Was she sick?

Landon gritted his teeth and raised to give up.

He wanted answers, and he wanted them now!

Taking a deep breath, he looked at the duo before him sternly.

Anyone who saw this would think that he was the parent and they were his children.

He crossed his hands over his shoulder and angrily.

"Mother, were you planning to hide it from me?"

"No, little Landon.

How can I?

I came here with your father to tell you instead."

Landon's raging heart cooled down a bit and sighed from relief.

It would've truly pained him if she chose to hide whatever it was away from him.

Everyone had secrets, but when it came to health, the way they knew, the better prepared they could be.

And if there was no present cure for whatever it was, then he would just have to make one.

After all, he had the system with him.

And he didn't for one minute believe that there was any illness that was far beyond the system's knowledge.

So he was ready to crush whatever it was.

Thankfully, they decided to tell him about it now rather than later.

As they say: The early bird gets the most worms.

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Landon gulped two bottles of water anxiously before steadying his turbulent heart.

Mother Kim just rubbed his shoulders as if comforting him, while also feeling warm inside.

It was funny.

She was the one who was ill, yet, her son acted like he was the one who needed help.

Which mother didn't like such a warm and filial son?

Lucius only passed Landon paper towels, water and anything else that he needed while staying quiet.

He too had acted like this earlier on, so he understood his pain.

Landon cracked his fingers and tried to lift his spirits.

Alright, he was ready.

Now, they could hit him with everything that they've got.

"Mom, just say.

I'm ready."

"Are you sure?"

"Yes!" Landon said while grabbing her hands affectionately.

His mother needed all the support she could get.

"Little Landon."

"Yes, mother?"

"I'm pregnant."

" "

Chapter 843 - Royal Procedures

Pregnant?

Landon looked at her in a daze before excitedly hugging her.

Pregnant, pregnant, pregnant.

Great!

She was sick.

She was just pregnant.

Hahahhahahahhahahaha!

Landon's joy oozed out as he couldn't contain it anymore.

He was truly happy for both Lucius and his mother.

No wonder that Lucius didn't want her to do anything.

Even he panicked a bit.

But since he knew everything about childbirth, he knew that it was good for pregnant women to exercise regularly.

So it wasn't proper to keep her in her room all day long.

Nonetheless, his worries didn't die down as well.

No!

This won't do.

They had to add her bodyguards, get a full-time nurse to be by her side, and so on.

And when the pregnancy was six months gone, she would get maternity leave from all her jobs.

Well, she would get the leave when she felt like it.

Landon didn't want to be too pushy.

It was her body, and she more than anyone else knew what she could handle.

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Mother Kim chuckled while listening to her son and her husband make arrangements for the baby.

"Hopefully, it's a girl!"

"That's what I was hoping for too!"

Lucius nodded in agreement.

Who wanted a little imp who would be taking his wife's attention away?

He was already in his 40's, and he had taken Landon as his son for the last 18 years of the boy's life.

He came to them when Landon was just one year old.

Anyway, Landon, his son, would be turning 20 this November and will be marrying Lucy sometime next year.

So he felt like a father who had successfully watched over his son's life from infant to a.d.u.l.thood

He was done with sons.

He wanted a soft squishy daughter who he could pamper.

Who the hell wanted a boy?

He had already decided to pray to the ancestors for a girl.

Hopefully, his wish would come true.

Landon had a similar desire as well.

He just preferred to have a little sister over a little brother.

However, if it were a boy, he would still love him to bits.

But com'on!

A girl was just way cuter.

When little Linda came here, she was just nine years old.

She was so cute that Landon almost had a heart attack every time she released her ultra-cute power.

But as she grew up, the little girl didn't stick to her brother all that much again.

Landon had invisible tears in his eyes and instantly knew how parents felt when watching their children leave them.

She was now mature and slowly grew into an outstanding lady, which was fine.

But he still missed the sticky princess from before.

Most parents or older siblings also missed their daughter's/younger sibling's sticky nature when they were younger.

And he was just the same.

But now, his mother was pregnant again and he had a chance of getting a younger sister.

So how can he not want it?

Please!

The sister/daughter fan club was here to stay, with Lucius and Landon holding signboards while cheering mother Kim.

Daughter!

Daughter!

Daughter!

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As for mother Kim, she too wanted a daughter.

She already had a son.

So she also hopped aboard the Daughter train.

Daughter!

Daughter!

Daughter!

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The trio discussed merrily about breaking the news to the public, as well as long other traditional ceremonies too.

Mother Kim suddenly frowned when she thought of something.

"Little Landon, we are royals.

And as you know, the royals in our continent, as well as those from within the continents of Veinitta and Morgany, have some traditions that must be done.

One of them is the birthing procedure.

As royals, you know that we have to give birth in front of 300 witnesses in a hall.

Son, I don't want to do this again."

Mother Kim trembled a bit when she thought of her birthing scene when Landon came to this world.

The entire process was very degrading.

These public births were done to ensure that the child was legitimate and born from her.

Because some noblewomen sometimes lied that they were pregnant and later stole babies just to continue staying in their noble homes.

This was a rough era.

And any woman who couldn't bear a child was deemed useless.

Desperate times called for desperate measures among nobles.

That's why the group of witnesses had to watch everything for themselves to ensure that she was indeed the mother of the child.

Again, they also did this check if the child is evil.

Any form of disability was taken as a sign of evil.

And at times, both mother and child would be banished.

But this wasn't the reason why she hated them.

With 300 witnesses watching her every move, how could she be comfortable?

Back then, she opened her legs to all these people.

And they in turn watched her perplexing moments.

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Childbirth wasn't clean.

Most women pooped during labour, and they also farted as well.

At least in the hospitals, they would clean up the poop and discard it instantly.

But the royals would keep the poop in a bucket until the delivery is over.

The smell would fill the same room that had several men and women watching in there.

And they would be judging on how you conduct during the delivery.

Sometimes, some women got convicted as demons, while others were laughed at, making their reputations plummet to be ground.

Royals had to have at least 300 people watching; nobles needed 15~200 people watching, depending on their nobility class.

The women had been subjugated to this and had prepared themselves over the years to give birth like a pro.

The noblewomen controlled themselves and would rather die than let their reputation fall.

But in Mother Kim, at the time, she was just a 17-year-old newly hired maid who knew nothing of noble or palace delivery.

She had travelled to the city from a village along the outskirts in search of a stable job after the death of her father.

Unfortunately, Alec ravished her just a month after she got hired.

And when she was about to give birth at 18, she who was ignorant was sent to the hall for all to bear witness.

The other wives also came as well to see her make a joke of herself.

And as they predicted, she became a laughing stock amongst the nobles and maids.

According to them, she had passed out too much gas when compared to the regular noblewomen, and her poop was a lot as well.

She was blamed for not being able to control her bodily fluids in front of men and women.

The news also made Alec strongly feel that she was an undeserving woman, as well because now, she made him lose face.

Some of his ministers, knights and others had seen her disapproving attitude, which made him feel like his reputation was being attacked.

This was just one of the many reasons why Alec hated her

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When mother Kim remembered the scene, she was scared silly.

Will she have to go through that too?

She trembled like a frightened chicken while biting her lips anxiously.

Both Landon and Lucius hurriedly tried to calm her down.

"Honey, it will be alright."

"That's right, mom.

You're pregnant now.

So take it easy.

As for the birthing process, we are Baymardians and have our way of doing things.

Don't worry; I will never allow you to go through that again."

Mother Kim still looked worried.

"But, but, but wouldn't that make others look down on us?"

"They dare?" But Lucius and Landon exclaimed coldly in unison.

"Honey, don't you trust our son?

How can he allow that to happen?

More still, don't you trust me?

If the beat isn't up to the task, then just know that I'll always be there for you."

Mother Kim looked at Lucius with watery eyes and felt touched.

And when she wanted her face in his chest, Lucius just looked at Landon and smirked.

Landon was speechless.

Since when were they competing here?

Forget it.

Let them be.

With that, the matter of mother Kim's pregnancy was handled.

Now, it was time for business!

Chapter 844 - All Requests Denied!

That same evening, mother Lucy spread the good news to Lucy and the rest.

And the maids who did hear about it were told to keep a tight lip until it was announced tomorrow.

Of course, they didn't have to be here for the announcement, as they could just send the word to the news stations.

They would only prepare a ceremony one month into labour as tradition demands.

Mother Kim would go through a 3-day ritual that called upon the ancestors to protect the child.

So until then, she could relax.

Another thing that caught his attention was the reports from the Prison.

Those prisoners just got here, and they're already causing problems.

Well, not problems but noise.

After hearing about Whitebeard, he approved for both brothers to meet.

Of course, Whitebeard would be blindfolded and taken to see his brother.

As for the requests from Ratcliffe, Quincy and others in Marlo's group were all denied.

Their first request, which was about getting human flesh, was obviously denied.

And their second request, he also rejected it as well, for good reasons.

They requested their earrings and hair ornaments back.

But how could he allow them to carry them in the cells?

Those earrings could later turn into weapons if he allowed it.

Nonetheless, he understood why they wanted them.

Why were their earrings so important?

There were many reasons.

Pirates believed that it could prevent them from drawing, prevent drunkenness, prevent seasickness, cure poor eyesight and so on.

But maybe the most important one was that their earrings served as their insurance policies.

Yes!

Insurance policies.

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They all wore jewelry that showcased their wealth.

Some wore diamond earrings that had bits of silver around them, while others, earrings made out of pure gold.

Sure!

Pirates were all about the sea and big adventures, but there was nothing fun about getting attacked and maybe finding yourself washed up alone on another continent or empire.

Those pairs of expensive earrings meant that a pirate could survive easily wherever they went.

Melt the earnings down and sell them for cash, and your set to go.

Big shot pirates have about 4~5 earring holes on each ear, wearing large hooped earrings or simple smaller ratings to balance the big ones.

And at times, they would turn the earring into a hair ornament.

They would braid their hair and attach it there for decoration while properly securing it too.

Pirates were always on the move.

So they kept a fraction of their wealth on their bodies at all times.

Landon immediately understood why they would be anxious.

That was a lot of money.

The total amount of gold, ruby, and silver ornaments on Marlo alone was worth 2 Million copper coins (200 gold coins.)

Of course the pirates also had more money and treasure in their secret locations and bases as well.

But what they had on them should be able to carry them through if they were ever in a desperate situation.

As for Marlo and his team, they didn't wear earrings and only chose to wear hair ornaments instead.

After braiding and attaching the ornaments, they added more hair and weaved a second layer over the first ones to hide the hair ornaments.

They did so until the ornaments were well hidden.

One should know that before braiding, they sectioned their hair and kept most of the said away.

So after braiding, they let down the rest of their hair, hiding braids underneath, making them seem like regular people and not pirates.

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Again, a funny thing to note about this life insurance policy thing was that it also secured the pirate's death policy.

Pirates had some codes that they followed blindly.

Their earrings and ornaments all had their names encrusted in the inner corners, as well as the names of the empires and hometown/place where they wished to be buried.

Pirates dared not take away any fallen pirate's earrings without burying the person where he/she wished to be because it would only bring them bad luck.

There were many tales of sorcery and witchcraft where people who did so ended up dead within several months.

These tales were so familiar that even peasants knew of them and dared not rob any fallen pirate without burying the person and giving them a funeral that they deserved.

According to code, 40% of what was smelted from the earrings would be used for the funeral, and the rest would go to the person who took it upon himself to bury the dead.

Of course, they did all this in secret because pirates were still criminals after all.

Anyway, their earrings and hair ornaments were their hard-earned money, so how could they allow these Baymardians take them?

Apart from the money, there was also another important reason they didn't want to let them go.

Despite the fierce image that many had about them, pirates were the first pointers for Gay marriages.

Most of them were guys, and they had needs.

When travelling, they weren't allowed to keep women on their ship for long, unless they were officially part of their crew or were captives that they were transporting.

Even if they targeted another ship and met women there, they would kill all the men and spend a few days on the same spot to have their fill of the women before leaving them stranded on the open seas.

They finished their business and always left.

But at times, they were on the islands or at sea for years without touching a woman.

That said, even pirates need real love.

So if you pack so many men in a confined space for months and years and put them through some hot, sweaty adventures, you'll still end up with Bromance.

And they ended up getting married.

From there, they each exchanged some of their earrings and ornaments.

And once one's partner dies, he/she could claim all their properties.

Which brings Landon to their third request.

From what Landon understood, both Ratcliffe and Quincy were married to Marlo, and they wanted to be in the same cell with him.

But how could Landon allow it?

He wouldn't be surprised if they ended up sacrificing themselves as meat for Marlo.

No way!

He turned down all their ridiculous requests and told them to forget about it.

Landon jumped onto his bed and massaged his temples.

Today had been a very hectic day.

But hopefully, tomorrow will be different.

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With that, he closed his eyes and fell into a deep slumber.

~~Zzzzzzzzzzz~

Sadly, while he wished for tomorrow to be peaceful, somewhere around the waters of Baymard, trouble was brewing.

Chapter 845 - Yet Another Guest

--Somewhere on the waters around Baymard--

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The waters were calm and still, and the night was as glorious as ever.

A 46-year-old man stood on his chamber balcony and watched the starry sky silently.

Unlike the calm night sky, his mind was in turmoil.

He couldn't wait to unleash his anger at those ignorant fools that somehow managed to cause so much disorder in his world.

Knock knock knock.

"Master, it's Panjo."

"Enter." He responded loudly.

Soon, a man in an inky blue actor stepped in.

"How long before we arrive?"

"Master, it won't be long.

We should arrive sometime between 7~8 A.M.

Also, I've also relayed your message and informed everyone else about your orders.

All 12 ships will now stay here while we advance further.

And if we don't come back within three days at most, then the men will bring hell to this puny empire."

"Good.

You may retire for the night.

I want you in tip-top shape for tomorrow."

"Yes, master."

With that, the man vanished somewhere within the room to join the other hidden bodyguards.

As for their master, even though he spoke calmly, they more than anyone knew how angry he was at the moment.

They could only say a silent prayer for those who angered their master.

Their master was here for a fight!

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Time raced swiftly, and before Landon knew it, the morning had come again.

Right!

Today, he had an important meeting to attend.

But it was scheduled for 2 P.M, so he had a lot of time before that.

So he could handle other pressing matters as well.

With that in mind, Landon went straight to his office.

It looked like today would be another peaceful day.

He stayed in his office till 9:40 A.M before receiving a phone call from his secretary.

"Your majesty, someone is here to cause trouble."

Landon got up and left speedily.

And just as he was told, someone was causing a loud commotion at the gate.

There was the first time that someone had ever tried to force themselves into the palace.

And Landon wanted to know who they were and why they wanted to fight with him.

From what his secretary said, it appears that the man blamed him for something he knew nothing about.

Apparently, the man also claimed to be famous as well.

The moment he saw the man's face, he instantly knew who he was.

Wasn't this the most famous painter and sculptor, Marcus Perquo.

His works were within all three continents; Pyno, Veinita and Morgany.

All royal palaces in all empires in these continents had his works there.

And several nobles also had his works too.

His waitlist was several years long, and his fame was the highest within the Arts society.

Yes!

Within the Capital cities, there were art societies there that focused on the fine arts.

The society was made up of the finest art critics ever, so anyone who belonged to it was seen as prestigious.

And he ranked first in the list when combining all members from all empires within these three continents.

For many art lovers, he was a genius way ahead of his time.

And his works were indeed beautiful and breathtaking.

He was Marcus Perquo.

And Landon had accidentally seen him before when he painted several portraits of Alec way back.

How could he not know him?

Landon couldn't help but wonder what he ever did to the guy to make him raging mad.

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Marcus looked at the son of a b**ch coming his way and felt like running over and strangling him now.

Of course, he hasn't been fighting this whole time.

He just refused to go in and wanted Landon to leave the palace and meet him outside instead.

He felt like his status was way higher than this puny ruler.

Even great kings and rulers around the continent dared not embarrass him.

So why should he have to humble himself in front of this unworthy king?

Yes!

He was still shocked by everything within Baymard, but he would never show it because he remembered his mission.

If he showed any signs of getting impressed, then the other side might feel high and mighty.

So how could he give others a chance to mock him?

He had already unleashed most of his excitement and shock after leaving the Coastal port.

The moment he arrived in front of the palace, he literally pinched himself hard to bring him back to reality and remind him of his purpose.

He had to come hard and strong to get what he wanted.

He came with 100 men and left the rest in the ship at the docks.

If he didn't return, then they would go and call for backup.

He wasn't scared because he always moves with an army of his own.

As someone famous who was constantly travelling from continent to continent, his safety was a must.

So he wasn't scared of anything.

When he saw Landon coming out, he felt even prouder.

Look!

Even the little king had to run over to kiss his feet.

But little did he know that it was just curiosity that brought Landon over.

.

Landon stood before the proud man, and the duo scrutinized each other silently.

Landon only felt it funny.

He only went out of his way to greet those that he was very close to, like the grannies in the palace, those at the industries and so on.

But he wasn't close to this Marcus guy.

So no matter how high the person's position was, he was Baymard's ruler and should be greeted first!

As the duo continued to stare at one another, their men were also getting excited as well.

The guards stood beside Landon in perfect formation.

And even though they were furious at the lack of disrespect, they didn't say anything because Landon hadn't given out his orders yet.

It was part of their training to always stay calm and obey orders.

So they were just waiting for their chance.

As for Marcus' men of 100, some were silent while others just sneered and began throwing in a few degrading sentences here and there.

They looked at the guards in disdain and wished to pay them back for their earlier actions.

"You see, even your ruler knows how powerful our master is.

So how dare you lowly vagabonds stop him?"

"Tch!

You should be glad that you didn't do anything drastic, or else today would be your death days."

"Hahhahahahahaha!

Look, they're scared silly by us that they can't even move."

"Hmph!

Serves them right.

Who asked them to go against people they shouldn't?"

.

Marcus smirked and felt overly confident again.

Yes!

Even more prominent nobles and rulers begged for his attention.

So what more of this little runt.

If he pleased him well enough, he might even give the runt a portrait of himself as a keepsake.

Hey!

Maybe he could sign it as well.

He heard that many people liked this thing called autograph.

The runt will probably treasure it like gold.

Marcus chuckled as he pictured Landon's excited expression once he gave an autographed portrait to him.

Landon just smiled back at him playfully instead.

"Me. Marcus.

I'd like to believe that you're a learned aristocrat, right?"

"Of course!

How dare you doubt me?"

"Well, it's not that I don't believe you.

But, if you're genuinely one... then shouldn't you of all people be aware that when standing before a monarch, one must show their respect.

Sigh... Who would've known that you'd drop all your manners once you left your home?"

Marcus' smile was quickly replaced with a fierce glare.

Was this bastard born from a lowly maid actually insulting him to his face?

This was outrageous!

How dare he?

Marcus' eyes turned colder as his short fingernails dug into palms.

"Heh.

Why should I salute you?

Do you know how many people beg for my favours?" Marcus said before sneering coldly.

Why should he do so to Alec's small brat?

Even if he were the child of some other ruler, he still wouldn't do it.

Eli Barn used to bow to him and greet him respectfully, and even the current Queen Penelope had bowed when she was 13 years old.

That's how high his status is.

He's someone who, because of his fame, had also gathered an army of his own.

And his influence is so great that if he were to get into trouble, several people would rush to save him just to get in his good books.

He had seen several royals who were this brat's age.

And they dared not piss him off.

What a joke.

Shouldn't the brat call him uncle instead?

"Mr. Marcus, I take it you don't want to?"

"Yes!"

"Too bad your opinion doesn't count.

Now kneel!!!"

Plop.

--silence--

('O')

What just happened?

Chapter 846 - Marcus' Worries

Landon shot a pebble towards Marcus' legs, making him drop on one knee.

Bam.

What?

Marcus' men were very shocked and confused as well.

'Master, why are you kneeling?

Didn't you say that you wouldn't?

So why are you going back on your words now?

Master, a man shouldn't be so wimpy, right?'

Their faces turned red with shame, as they believed that they had lost face after belittling these people.

How embarrassing.

Wasn't the counterattack too fast?

They looked around awkwardly and tried to remain as tough as they could.

Of course, these men didn't know why their master fell.

But the Baymardians knew precisely why.

Previously, as Landon spoke with his hands behind his back, he began giving signals to them.

He also gave several eye signals too.

And just like that, he got a few pebbles in his hands.

He flickered one towards his enemy's right knee and kept the rest in his hands just in case.

Marcus gritted his teeth in fury.

Even though he couldn't prove it, he was sure that these bastards were playing dirty.

The pain he felt in his knees was so great that he had several seconds to steady his heart and breathing.

But to others, they assumed that he was shaking from fear instead.

And the more he knelt, the more convinced they were.

But what could he do?

His knee felt so heavy and painful that he had no choice but to continue kneeling.

When he saw Landon's sarcastic smirk, he was sure that they had played dirty here.

He looked around the floor and saw no arrows or hidden weapons.

So how did they attack him?

.

He wanted to show his men the weapon and back up his claim when he told them about it.

But he saw nothing.

What made him feel teary-eyed was that the imp might actually be using him to increase his reputation.

One should know that after the age of 20, he had never knelt before any monarch, talk less of the nobles.

He reached a grand level at age 20 and was respected by all.

The most he would do was bow his head gently.

And even those that he bowed to needed to be the most powerful of people.

Not just anyone can receive a bow from him.

So one can imagine his prestige around these parts.

Yet here he was, kneeling before a brat who wasn't even close to how powerful his father was.

If word went out, Landon's reputation would go up.

But here's the thing.

His high and mighty reputation would fall instead.

Why?

Because people would begin to doubt his judgement and vision.

And quite frankly, they would feel insulted.

Particularly, the prominent monarchs in the continent of Morgany would begin to resent him secretly.

Before Baymard became a hot empire, Morgany was the most advanced.

And people paid hefty prices for love potions, aphrodisiacs, makeup, rum, armoury and so on.

They were the real people who depicted fashion and everything else.

It was essential to know that 9/10th of people from Pyno and Veinitta originated from the Morgany empire thousands and thousands of years ago when they left Morgany to occupy these continents.

That's why their languages were so similar.

For centuries, Morgany has been the most advanced amongst the three continents.

And their monarchs were far more powerful than those here.

That said, Marcus had never knelt before them.

So they would undoubtedly see it as an insult if they found out that he knelt before Landon who owned a puny empire.

At this point, everything that he has worked hard for would be ruined!

Most of the resources used to keep his army were awarded to him by prominent and influential monarchs and nobles.

So if they decide not to get his service anymore because of their resentment, then what will he do?

Not to mention that his enemies would use this opportunity to ride over his head and trample him to the mud.

Dammit.

He couldn't let the word spread out.

He secretly decided that apart from his ten main bodyguards, the other 80 who came with him had to die.

He didn't care if Landon and his people spread the word because he could always deny it.

But if his men spread the word accidentally, then his fate was sealed.

When it concerned his reputation and army, he could do anything!

.

Marcus clenched his teeth and forced himself to stand.

Even though most of his men would die after today, he still didn't want them to think that he was a wimp.

"How dare you secretly attack this noble?"

Are you trying to pick a fight?"

Marcus' men instantly understood.

So their master was attacked?

No wonder!

They looked at these cowardly Baymardians coldly as if they couldn't wait to rip them apart.

"You say that we attacked you.

But can you prove it?

If you can't, then don't sully my good name without any evidence!"

"You, you, you.

I know that you did it."

"Mr. Marcus, what are you talking about?

How come I don't understand?

Do you think that I'll attack a famous and mighty person like yourself here?

Isn't that just inviting trouble?" Landon said innocently.

His expression was spot-on that even Marcus' men wondered if their master was wrong or not.

There's no need to be so worked up.

For Landon, he was only calm now because he wanted to get to the root of the matter.

There was no need being forceful now, and then ending up not getting any information.

It was always best to let people think that they had the upper hand so that they could reveal all their cards.

He smiled innocently and seemed very approachable, making people think that he was weak and beneath their level.

Marcus picked up the key points in Landon's speech and concluded that he wouldn't dare to make a move on him here.

Good!

It looks like he knew what was good for him.

Now, he could relay his orders to this son of a b**ch at ease.

Landon secretly rolled his eyes heavenwards and continued smiling innocently.

"Mr. Marcus, why don't we go in and talk?"

"Hmph!

Now you know how to invite me in?

Fortunately for you, I'm kind-hearted.

So let's go.

Well, what are you waiting for?

Lead the way!"

" "

Chapter 847 - Marcus' Demands!

Once again, Marcus swallowed his shock when looking at the sight before him.

As an artist, his entire body trembled with the desire to paint what he saw.

The whole place looked mythical.

Baymard itself was glorious, beautiful and otherworldly.

But the palace made him feel like he was in the heavens.

It was a level higher than the rest of Baymard, and it could make anyone feel like they were in the presence of the Gods and all those above.

Marcus took out his blade and gave himself a small cut to keep his excitement in check.

Sometimes, pain was the right medicine to bring anyone back to reality.

Even if one was with the most beautiful woman and was in ecstasy, the moment extreme pain came, that feeling of joy would inevitably vanish in the twinkle of an eye.

Marcus knew his mission and he would never give the enemy the upper hand.

He stabbed himself, tore a piece of clothing out and bandaged it while in the car driving into the palace.

Not surprisingly, his men did the same as well.

Just like that, they were brought into the palace and led to the building that had the audience hall.

Inside the hall, two secretaries and several guards were already waiting there.

Earlier on, they received the order before Landon and Marcus arrived.

So they prepared everything needed for this unexpected meeting.

Someone had to take meeting notes, no?

Bam.

"Your majesty."

Everyone saluted Landon respectfully while he took his seat on the throne.

Marcus scoffed and grumbled inwardly.

So what if he was king?

His status was still higher than his within the three continents.

.

"Mr. Marcus, tell me... Why exactly did you storm my palace?"

"Why?"

Because I came here as a representative of the Arts Society.

That's right!

We, the members, have a bone to pick with you."

"Oh?"

How so?" Landon said while relaxing into his throne.

Marcus gritted his teeth even more because of his care-free attitude.

Here he was standing and tilting his head towards, while the bastard was just relaxing on the throne without a care in the world.

F*** You.

Marcus took a deep breath and calmed himself.

"Do you know how much trouble you've given the association?"

We've been losing money and clients recently.

And it's all your fault.

Firstly, we came to tell you that we disapprove of your so-called Academy of Arts and Beauty here.

We heard that you have painting courses that are different and are an abomination from what we, as artists, approve.

We are here to give you a warning to stop teaching such courses.

We also want you to stop selling Paint as well."

Landon looked at him and chuckled.

He had a feeling it was about it.

But why should he stop just because others don't approve?

He sneered at how greedy and shallow-minded these people were.

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"And what if I say no?"

"Then you'll leave us no choice but to ban you and your art academy from the world.

Why should we allow such a ridiculous school to go on?

Most of the paintings from your so-called artists would never make the cut in our society."

"Why?"

"Because of the rules!

Firstly, great art needs to express an intellectual message.

And all acceptable art falls into five categories; Still-life, Landscape, Genre, Portrait, and History.

These categories are ranked by their capabilities to deliver an intellectual message.

Still-life and Landscapes are at the bottom, followed by Genre and Portraits.

Leaving History to be the top of the list and is currently society's sweetheart

Now, apart from what is painted, we also care about how it's painted.

So with all these, how can we accept your trash?"

Landon looked at him and smiled silently.

He understood where they were coming from.

But they were just too closed-minded.

.

Their paintings were very similar to the Mona Lisa or those painted by Michelangelo and other famous painters.

Their paintings always had cooler tones with no shouting colours.

They believed that it should be like this.

They chose darker shades of every colour, which was their choice and shouldn't be forced on anyone.

Another thing was their categories.

Still-life portraits just showed inanimate objects.

Like, one could paint a close-up portrait of an apple by a spoon on a wooden table.

That would be still life.

And because it didn't express any intellectual message, it was ranked way at the bottom with Landscapes.

As for Genres, they mostly painted the life of the poor to keep the rich feeling good.

Some took these paintings and felt proud of where they were in life.

Of course, Portraits were portraits of people.

Typically, nobles.

And there were rules for portraits.

You couldn't smile, the colours didn't need to scream out, and so on.

So with all the Baymardian paintings of young girls and girls laughing with their teeth out in the open, how can Marcus and the rest accept it?

They couldn't accept anyone showing teeth in a painted portrait.

Again, why were the colours so vibrant?

They even saw an abstract painting similar to Picasso's back on earth and realized that it didn't fall into any categories.

The body proportions were just awful.

What the hell was this painting?

It was trash!

[Picasso: (= _ =)]

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Last on the categories list was History.

Without a doubt, this was the most expensive and famous category of all.

There were paintings of King's raking the throne, paintings after the war, and many more.

This was a hot-blooded era.

And paintings like this conveyed intellectual messages far beyond what one could imagine.

Mythical paintings also fell under history as they were very interested in the gods, ancestors or whatever their belief was.

In the empire of Czare within the Morgany continent, there was a famous nude painting of the Earth Goddess Pilla, a symbol of womanly perfection.

In the painting, she was idealized, with all little angles and several nude women looking at her as if she was the world itself.

Their bodies were smooth and beautiful, having no body hair.

The scene was complex and layered but still very simple.

Its colours were natural and nothing that one wouldn't find in nature.

They weren't too saturated or harsh, so the colour tones were cool.

The scene invoked a balanced harmony.

So for a long time, the only way to be recognized and be successful was to follow the art society's rules.

No pictures with smiles, no overly bright colours, everything needed to have a balance with depth and perspective, no portraits of overly exaggerated figures and so on.

The only thing that was painting small in size was a man's private because they believed it took away the sheer simplicity and beauty of the painting.

In short if they did so, all eyes would all on that, rather than the painting itself.

Marcus had even seen a picture of a pregnant lady with a thin lining of hair along her rounded belly.

(*Most pregnant women will have this strip across their belly when pregnant due to hormonal fluctuations.)

Looking at the thin strip of hair, Marcus felt like the whole portrait was an abomination.

How can body hair be painted?

Only the head hair and beards were allowed.

So what was this?

Apparently, the female painter wanted to give pregnant women some sense of belonging and pride.

For all those whose husbands feel appalled to be with them during pregnancy, for all those who find themselves in a depressing or bad time when pregnant, the artist just wanted to reach out and grab their hands through the painting.

The woman in the painting laughed and rubbed her belly lovingly, and in the background, all sorts of chaotic scenes surrounded her.

But since when should they as painters care for such things?

The painting was accusing them of wronging their wives.

This was an outrage!

What business was it to others on how they treated their wives?

Didn't they give large dowries in exchange for their lives?

No one had the right to poke fingers at them even if they mistreated their wives.

The painting didn't even fall into any of the art society's categories.

So it was rubbish!

At the time, Marcus swore to find the painter and the last and give them a piece of his mind.

But he was told that the lady was made up and didn't exist.

And the painter was here in Baymard under the protection of this little imp.

So he was determined to give Landon a piece of his mind.

The number of ridiculous things that he had seen was far too many.

And he had to put a stop to it now!

.

As for Landon, he truly felt like the paintings from those of the art society were undoubtedly beautiful.

Nonetheless, he didn't approve of their so-called rules that restricted artists.

For heaven's sake, let their imagination run wild.

If painters wanted to paint a stick-like lady with an overly fat head, like the Bratz dolls, then let them.

If they wanted to paint something like anime with overly big eyes, then why not?

If they also wanted to paint gravity-defying hair that lit up like the Sayans in Dragon Ball, then by all means, they should.

Characters with whiskers on their faces, someone releasing ice from their hands, anything goes.

What exactly was the problem here?

And why couldn't they paint someone who was laughing?

Was it really that bad?

Funny enough, Baymard still taught and painted Marcus' kind of paintings, but they expanded their categories to the 21st-century's standard and classes.

Duh?

There are so many categories, so why limit them?

It didn't make sense.

Chapter 848 - Orders From The Art Society

Landon chuckled and found Marcus' thinking to be too close-minded.

It's okay for one to love his/her particulate art style.

But forcing others to only paint the way they paint was wrong.

Not everyone liked looking at those types of paintings every day.

It was an artist's given rights to paint as they chose.

Just because the painting didn't fall into any of their categories didn't mean that it was garbage.

"Alright.

You've stated why you want me to stop all art courses.

But you have yet to tell me why you also want me to stop selling paint and other supplies."

Listening to Landon, Marcus thought that he had agreed to stop his academy from teaching art courses.

Good.

Now he huts had to make the best stop selling paint, canvases and so on.

.

Marcus lifted his chin like a proud Peac.o.c.k and puffed out his chest.

"It's simple.

Painting is something for the nobles and aristocrats.

And even if one was to take a peasant as a disciple, they will still work strictly under our control at all times.

The arts society's prestige has always been grand with people fighting just to be our handymen, talk less of being a disciple.

But over these past years, that prestige has diminished somewhat.

Now, ordinary peasants can buy your stupid Baymardian paint pallets, paint canvases and brushes at low prices.

Do you know that the art society has business with those who regularly supplied paint?

We have shares in their business.

And now, we are losing money!"

The more Marcus spoke, the angrier he became.

His chest raised and dropped as he retold what he and his society had gone through over the years.

Previously, a single cup of paint would cost one 750 copper coins.

But the Baymardians sold toothpaste-like tubes for 5 copper coins each.

One should know that 1 and a half tubes of paint was equivalent to 1 cup of paint that they sold for 750 copper coins.

So weren't they losing money?

Obviously, the people chose 5 Copper coins over 750 copper coins any day.

Plus, they weren't fools.

The quality of the Baymardian paint was far richer than what the society offered.

Also, there were many types of paint in different forms, like paste, dried paint on pallets, and liquid.

And the colour range was extensive.

All these had way better quality, were affordable and very easy to find in many stores.

Not to talk of the canvas and paintbrushes available that were well made.

It was easy to see why the Art Society was losing money.

But Landon felt like if they lowered their prices, they would be fine.

.

Firstly, their process of making paint was far simpler than his.

They typically combined coloured rocks, clay, earth, bone, flowers and other substances to make paint.

Egg yolks were commonly used as the primary binding medium, which created a quick drying matt finish.

And at times, they used wax as the binding agent too.

The reason why it was so expensive was because the nobles wanted to ensure that only a specific type of person could afford it.

For sure, some peasants could afford it.

But the cost was double what they make monthly.

So they would have to save diligently to get a single cup of paint in one colour.

And if they wanted another colour, they would have to pay that same amount for another cup.

In the end, many peasants who wanted to paint gave up or tried to find a master who would pay for their things.

But in return, 80% of every painting they made and sold would go to their master.

One could see how valuable paint was.

Again, it was in high demand, especially by the nobles and royals.

Why?

Because unlike what most movies would make one believe back on earth, the royals painted their walls and ceilings to showcase their wealth.

The ceilings had Gods, ancestors, and even some monarchs painted on them, the walls in the hallways had all sorts of designs and so on.

It was their very own wallpaper and ceiling design.

So paint artists were in high demand.

And the thing was that the art society and those making the paint only used their slaves as workers so that the paint-making process couldn't spread.

And so, they had been occupying the market for hundreds and thousands of years.

All paint makers belonged to the art society and were registered members.

They are the people one went to if he or she needed paint.

But now, they have serious competition.

.

"In other words, you blame me for your loss?"

"Yes!

If not for your fake paint, how else would we be in this situation?"

Landon smiled broadly and tapped his finger on his armrest.

"Then how about I give you all a suggestion?

Why not lower the prices?

Surely, you of all people know how ridiculous it is."

Marcus scoffed in disdain at the mere thought of Landon's so-called advice.

"Keep your advice to yourself.

What do you know about our paint-making process?

It is highly difficult to make and requires a full 6 months to create a single cup of paint."

Landon secretly rolled his eyes.

A full 6 months indeed.

Who was this guy trying to fool?

With their paint-making procedures, they could make buckets of paint in a single afternoon.

So what sh**y process needs a full 6 months for just a single cup?

This was probably the bullish** story they passed to the peasants and everyone else, brainwashing them of its price.

To put it simply, these people from the art society were Con-Men.

"We, from the arts society, have one more demand that must be completed."

"Oh?

Mr. Marcus, I'm here to listen to all your complaints.

So what else do you need done?"

Marcus looked at Landon in satisfaction as he felt that the brat was rushing to please him.

Maybe he was that bad after all.

"We, the Society, have seen the functionality of your pencils, pens, rulers and books.

And, we approve of them.

But, they should only be sold to nobles and royals through us.

These goods are art materials and should only be sold by the Art Society.

So you have to hand over the production process immediately!"

--Silence--

[The secretaries: (OΔO) Is this guy asking for death?

The Baymardian Guards who were secretly shaking their heads: Bro, why did you have to go there?... Sigh...]

Chapter 849 - A Little Chicken?

"For the good of the world of arts, the Art Society demands that you have to hand over the production process immediately!"

" "

—

.

Landon laughed angrily.

As expected, their primary purpose was to obtain the manufacturing processes of these materials.

Their art society wasn't just made up of painters.

What Marcus was saying, those within different art professions were complaining as well.

These Painters, sculptors, and architects were utterly displeased.

It was important to note that with the arrival of pencils, books, rulers and so on, several new architects have emerged.

And with paint available in pallets with several different shades of colour, people started painting in their homes from inspiration.

Now, anyone could become a great artist with skill, knowledge, practice and time.

As for the newly emerged sculptors, they also found new inspiration and made their own journey, which might be different from what the art society wants.

So all in all, they blamed him for the disorder of things because now, some of their clients wanted these Baymardian paintings instead of theirs.

Their real issue was that they were losing money.

Many were secretly resentful that some new artists didn't have to go through what they went through.

Their client's preferred the bubbly paintings that envied happiness.

Losing their clients made their jealousy grow, and they wanted to stop this madness once and for all.

But Landon didn't see their issue.

For him, giving resources didn't mean that everyone could be successful.

So he didn't know what they were jealous about.

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Everyone in the world has a voice, but not everyone can sing exceptionally.

He provided pens, pencils, paper, paint and other materials.

But not everyone will become a great painter, architect, sculptor and so on.

In fact, many might be borderline average.

Nonetheless, everyone had a growth pattern.

Some were fine with being average, while others wanted to be the best.

Some also focused on a particular audience and didn't care about the rest.

Again, some will go on to be borderline average till one day, an awe-inspiring thought comes to their mind, and they made their masterpiece at age 50, 60 or whatever.

Some people would remain ordinary all their life, while others would excel above average.

Nonetheless, everyone had the right to continue painting, even if they had just one fan.

It meant that someone out there loved what they did.

And that was all that mattered.

So why should he stop selling paint?

Why should only the nobles and royals use books, pencils, rulers and so on?

More still, why should he give out his manufacturing processes to them so that they could control the market?

They wanted him to stop selling them so that they would be the ones manufacturing and selling them at their own ridiculous prices.

What did the matter of their society losing money have to do with him?

If they were reasonable people, he might've considered signing a middle man/merchant agreement with them just like he did with others around the continent.

But sadly, they were greedy high-end society people who just wanted to sit on money at the expense of others.

It was okay that they wanted to maintain their ever-growing army and expand their influence.

But when they did so at the expense of others, then that was the problem.

Heh.

Since he has gotten the whole gist of the matter, then he could now be arrogant.

.

Marcus, who took Landon's quietness for obedience, didn't know that he was currently in a dire situation.

He just puffed out his chest proudly and continued speaking to Landon in a condescending tone, forgetting that the person he was talking to was a monarch!

It might be a 19-year-old monarchy.

But a monarch was still a monarch.

It was just that Marcus, who was born in Morgany, didn't take many of the kings here seriously.

After all, the people originally came from Morgany and were lesser people.

For centuries, Morgany was the most advanced and the most popular one.

So they had pride and prestige.

That's why he didn't put this Landon fellow in his eyes.

Moreover, he heard that his little king heavily relied on Carona.

So didn't this show that this 19-year-old brat was weak?

Bottom line, he didn't care.

After all, he had an entire army close by if they dared to touch him.

"It's good that you understand.

Well then, what are you waiting for?

Bring all documents on the manufacturing processes now!"

"Hahhahahahahhahahahahah!"

Landon laughed aloud while holding his belly.

And right on cue, the guards and the secretaries also laughed too.

They knew his majesty too well.

They laughed and laughed, leaving Marcus and his men utterly confused.

But soon, that confusion turned into rage and a bit of annoyance.

Were they laughing at them?

.

"Hahhahahahahahhahahahahah!"

Marcus' mouth twitched.

"What's so funny?"

"Eh?"

Oh sorry, It's just that you have a real talent for being a jester.

As expected, an artist is an artist.

Even comedy is your strong suit.

Hahahahhahahahahahahaah!"

Marcus clenched his fists in rage.

"Boy!

Do you think that I came all the way to jest?!"

"Otherwise?"

"You!!!!!"

Marcus' pointed at him furiously while stammering on his words.

The entire time, the brat had been acting so obedient.

Who would've known that the little devil had been pretending to listen?

Son of a b**ch.

Marcus clutched his heart as if he was about to have a heart attack.

God!

He was so pissed!

He took a deep breath and coldly looked at Landon.

"Boy, it would be wise for you to agree because you will not be able to fight us.

We have hands and branches in all empires within all 3 continents.

So if we come at you at once, you might not live to see the next day."

"Hahahahaha-----"

--silence-

"Is that a threat?"

"No.

It's a guarantee."

"A guarantee, aye?"

"Yes!

You may not know it, but let me take you down Alec Barn's memory lane.

We, the members, aided him and helped him clear up all his enemies during his first 5 years in power.

We dragged him from his lowly gutters to some degree of social standing, making him worthy enough to stand around the great monarchs in Morgany.

Maybe you feel bold because your father is currently Arcadina's ruler.

But you've forgotten one thing.

The royal privileges that you enjoyed all comes from your father, which we, the society supported.

Without our aid, your father would not have been able to sit on his throne during his earlier years.

Now, your father is a Phoenix.

But you, who are you?

You are nothing but a mere child!

When a chicken decides to play in the den of a Hangol, can one really expect any future for it?

Its only fate is to be eaten alive!

If we can give power, then we can also take it as well.

Little boy, you are far beneath our level to get a threat for us.

What we gave you is a guarantee!"

Landon smiled and drummed his fingers on his armrest coldly.

"So I'm a worthless chicken, aye?"

Hahahahaha.

That the blind man does not see the sun, does not mean that it's not up there in the sky.

You keep calling me little boy here and there.

But let me assure you that the gentle nature of a Green Jaguar, is not a symbol of timidity.

So since you and your society love guarantees so much, then why don't I make one as well?"

Bam!

Landon stood up from his them and released his terrifying aura that instantly made Marcus and his men kneel.

What?

Their bodies shivered, and they felt like their soul was currently being whisked away.

The closer Landon to them, the more pressure they felt.

How many men has he killed to have such a strong bloodthirsty aura?

Maybe it was their imagination, but they felt like the entire room was dark and covered with smoke, and Landon had red glowing eyes like an otherworldly beast.

The pressure was so great that some even laid flat on the floor rather than kneeling.

Marcus gritted his teeth and struggled to stand.

How can he kneel before this little chicken two times in a single day?

Dammit!

Chapter 850 - The Proud Morgs

How can he kneel before this little chicken two times in a single day?

Dammit!

Bam.

Marcus, who had successfully been able to lift one knee off the ground, found that same knee hitting the floor again.

F***!

The pressure was intense!

His blood felt like it was bubbling and swiftly circulating five times faster than it usually would.

His heart raced so hard that he genuinely felt like he was going to have a heart attack.

And his face was so red that one might think that he had just finished some heavy training.

The thing that made him so unwilling was that the beast that caused him to be in this same state was the one he called a weak chicken?

He struggled to say something or even fight back, but the moment he lifted his head and met Landon's beastly eyes, his body unconsciously shrivelled like a newborn duck.

Of course, his men weren't in any better position.

Some felt like they were right in a demon's lair with no way to escape since their bodies refuse to obey their commands.

They were both helpless and unwilling.

Who were they?

They were Proud Morgs (People from the continent of Morgany.)

For centuries and decades, those from Pyno and Veinita looked up to them and obeyed their commands without any questions.

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Their history was somewhat similar to that of Britain sending people to the New lands (America & Canada.)

Likewise, Morgany had sent people to occupy both continents, Pyno and Veinita.

All this happened centuries and decades ago when the population wasn't even this high.

Anyway, unlike back on earth, the people within these continents realized that they couldn't defeat these intruders.

So there weren't too many wars.

Some opposed but sadly died.

Again, the population was tiny at the time, and the land was filled with all sorts of deadly and dangerous creatures, many of which are now extinct.

The humans joined forces to eliminate these creatures because to these Morg Invaders, humans weren't the issue here.

They were more terrified about the massive deadly creatures all around them.

Unlike earth that had such creatures extinct way back, Hertfilia was a little bit slow on that uptake.

The creatures lasted longer and were something else when compared to those from earth.

Also, the natives of these places hadn't occupied the entire continent yet, because these creatures were the real owners of the place.

So humanity worked together for the greater good.

But here's the thing.

The continent of Morgany was far ahead in this aspect, because they had adequately taken care of their animal issues.

So the other continents spent years and years with the help of the Morgs to make their continents acceptably safe.

And while they were battling, the Morgs were already building their emptied and coming up with the concept of stone buildings, architects and what not.

Eventually, more Morgs settled within Veinitta and Pyno, developing it slowly to where it was today.

Of course at a certain period, the Morgs in Veinitta and Pyno wanted their independence from Morgany.

They did get it, but in exchange, they had to keep paying some yearly amount of money to Morgany.

The government leaders in Morgany at the time weren't fools.

They realized that even if they killed these backstabbers that wanted independence, those that they sent to replace them would eventually want freedom to

So they agreed that these backstabbers should just send money and send some raw materials yearly in exchange for independence.

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Again at the time, Pyno had hundreds of empires or marked territories in the continent.

And with time, the number decreased to what it was today, five.

But no matter the struggles that went by, they still paid and looked up to those in Morgany.

Some of the rulers could only sit on the throne because of this support from Morgany.

In essence, Morgany had always been on top.

That's why even the pirates chose to have their headquarters in Morgany.

Because once you infiltrate the system, you'll always remain on top.

And, the Art Society also had its headquarters in Morgany.

Painters, architects and so on, dreamt of getting approval to transfer from the art society in their various continents and head towards Morgany instead.

To them, it was the big apple.

It was the place that everyone wanted to go to.

Even the rulers of these places wouldn't carelessly mess with nobles from Morgany.

That said, those from Morgany were proud as hell and didn't put these lowlifes in their eyes.

So one can understand their frustration and unwillingness to kneel before Landon.

The vital point was that Marcus had only bowed to the monarchs in Morgany.

So if they heard that he went as far as kneeling to a tiny monarch in Pyno, it would be a slap to their faces.

Forget about the monarchs; even the ordinary citizens would find him traitorous for kneeling to a little boy from Pyno.

Not even a full-grown man.

What a joke!

It was like a dragon kneeling to a rabbit.

No matter how one looked at it, it was absurd and quite insulting to the other dragon folks.

How will he hold his head high in future?

Marcus was more determined to kill his men after this.

This story must not leak out.

He would only keep his personal guards alive.

The rest had to die!

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Marcus and the rest kept trying to stand up but still found that they couldn't.

They gritted their teeth and tried their hardest to look as fierce as possible.

It was just that because their bodies were trembling nonstop, they looked like little schoolboys who were unwilling to be punished by their demon-like teacher.

"Bu-bu-boy!

What's the meaning of this?" Marcus stammered.

Landon just advanced while working his neck left to right, producing a cracking noise.

"Yu-Yu-You

What do you want to do?

Do you know who I am?

How dare you use some hidden weapon to make me kneel?"

Even now, Marcus would never admit that he knelt due to pressure.

When Landon was somewhat close to them, he suddenly charged at them like a deadly beast.

It was at this moment that they knew that they were f***ed.

Was it too late to beg for mercy?

(>:T^T:)