

Black Plain 1961

Chapter 1961 Beginning of the World Leaders' Meeting

As the level 99 whale moved away from Minos' group and the high-ranking cardinals of the Church looked on, Logan said goodbye to Julian and went to join his own group.

At the same time, one of the elves in charge of this meeting saw the tense little encounter between Minos' group and that of the Spiritual Church while they were being watched by the Trevisani family and noticed something strange about the young 9th-stage human.

"That human..." A level 98 elf noticed Minos' dragon aura and Emperor Stuart's connection with the elf who had helped him before he reached the Seraphim's Ancient Sarcophagus.

Minos' destiny was tied to an elf, something any member of that race could easily sense.

'It seems that someone from my tribe has made an excellent deal with this young human.' He smiled discreetly, seeing Minos was not ordinary and his fate would be very valuable to such an elf.

When an elf did well, the whole tribe won. So even though this man was not the one who had Minos' destiny, he was naturally pleased to see that a junior had made a deal with Emperor Stuart.

Therefore, he was curious to know who held the destiny of such a strange human who was clearly connected to the Dragons and the Sea Folk.

'They aren't the Pantheon of Honor members, so they are with that young Sage.' He thought as he watched the female member of the Sea Folk and the Dragon walking very close to Minos.

While the elf thought about the group, a level 97 representative of the Sky Whale tribe glared at Julian, seeing that the Pantheon of Honor dared to come to this meeting with a damned dragon.

'Those bastards call themselves neutral, but in reality, they see no problem in hanging out with a fucking Dragon!' One of the representatives of the strongest tribe in the world thought as he glared at Julian's group.

The Dragons were already there, represented by one of the elders Minos had recently met on the Continent of Beasts.

'I didn't expect to see this young man again so soon...' The level 98 Dragon thought as they stared at Minos' group in silence, surprised that this young human was there.

'He must be here as Julian's escort.'

The leader of the Phoenixes was also there and wasn't surprised that Minos was with Julian since he already knew this young man was part of the Pantheon of Honor.

"Hey, why is everyone looking at the Pantheon Of Honor group?" A young blonde woman, very well dressed, level 94, asked the leader of her group, a level 99 man.

Looking at his niece, that peak expert sighed. "I don't know."

"You don't know?" The woman looked at her uncle, hearing such an answer for the first.

"Your Highness, don't blame the Supreme Elder. We can't possibly know everything." A level 97 man said to the blonde.

The Supreme Elder of one of the three imperial houses on this continent said. "I know that a few years ago, the Pantheon of Honor accepted the first member in its entire history with cultivation below level 90. I'm guessing it's this young man."

"Oh? That's impressive. He must be very talented." She thought. "But that shouldn't be enough for him to attract all the attention, right? Look, the Dragons, Phoenixes, Sky Whales, Elves, Sea Folk, the strongest of the Central Continent, you name it, everyone is looking at him."

Only we from the Divine Continent don't seem to know what's going on here."

The two people standing next to the princess remained silent, understanding her doubt but having no idea what could be behind that unusual situation.

At a meeting of Demigods representing the strongest powers in the world, a Sage had stolen all the attention.

"Perhaps he's someone famous outside our lands, Your Majesty..." The advisor of one of the emperors present said to his leader, who, like the blonde princess, was curious about the situation of Julian's group.

"Find out for me." The old level 99 emperor said to his advisor. "If possible, find a way to bring this young man to me. I'd like to know what this newest member of the Pantheon of Honor is like."

While everyone else seemed to be talking or looking in Minos' direction, the strongest of the elves there, level 99, ignored Julian's group when he saw Sista's representative approaching.

"Senior Agis, where is Senior Aerae?" This level 97 man from the Sista asked, seeking information about the strongest of the elves.

Looking at the human, a white-haired old man not far from the end of his life, the relatively young-looking elf, though much older than the human, said. "Aerae Aegolor is in seclusion."

'Seclusion?' The man sent by Queen Sista thought about it, wondering what that word meant to someone at the absolute peak of the 10th stage.

'Will she try to advance?' He wondered as he felt anxious because the emergence of Gods at this time might change a lot of the current circumstances in the Spiritual World.

Currently, there are no Gods in this world. Therefore, the appearance of one would give the state, tribe, family, or organization that had such a being great power over everyone else.

Of course, this was a bad thing, especially since these were times of crisis, different from normal when one didn't necessarily need to hinder or disrupt the lives of others in order to grow.

But with a God on their side, the elven tribe could gain an unimaginable advantage over the world's other races in a time of chaos!

'This is terrible!' The man thought to himself as he smiled and wished the strongest of the elves good luck. 'I hope His Majesty Vico succeeds in his seclusion. Only he can give us some balance in the difficult times ahead!'

There were currently three level 99 Demigods in seclusion, trying to advance to level 100. In addition, there were rumors among powerful seers that a fourth Divine Medicine would appear after the Continental Tournament, and someone else would have the chance to advance one level in that generation.

Considering how difficult things would be from now on, this man hoped that either everyone would fail in their attempts to advance or beings from different races would achieve such a feat. Only then could the world remain stable in the face of the current chaotic era!

With that in mind, the man returned to his group just before the elf he'd asked that question to stand up to get everyone's attention.

"Since you're all here, it's time to begin..."

Chapter 1962 The Importance of the Weakest

"We are here today to discuss the next calamity that will hit the Spiritual World in about 20 years, the new ice age." The level 99 elf said, drawing everyone's attention there in a large tent where the meetings of these world leaders would take place.

Inside that tent were a few tables here and there, sofas, cushions, in short, places where the members of the world's greatest powers could sit as they pleased.

Standing around were the companions of each group, as well as a few elves who served drinks and snacks to the groups of specialists present.

As the elf spoke loudly for all to hear, those who were still chatting, revisiting their acquaintances, or meeting new groups, everyone stopped their random conversations, fell silent, and turned their attention to the most important topic of the moment.

Julian sat in a chair next to a round table that could seat up to eight people while Minos and his team stood beside him.

Ignoring the many experts around, Minos looked at the level 99 elf who had started this event, curious to see what would be decided there.

Ages like the one that was about to begin had hit the world several times, but Henricus Longus had never seen such a chaotic period in his time. What he knew of these extreme times was the same as Minos, that they had happened and had been challenging for the many races of the world.

As such, Minos had no experience with it and was naturally curious how organizations that had already experienced several such moments would deal with the challenges that were about to hit them.

The elf continued his speech when he noticed everyone's attention was on him. "The next ice age will hit us hard. In less than 40 years, we expect the world's highest peaks to be covered with a meter of ice, while even the warmest climates will have snow for a few months of the year.

At that time, all the world's crops will begin to suffer, and many areas will lose their growing conditions altogether."

He said, frightening many there with how quickly this ice age would progress.

A chaotic era doesn't start overnight, and it doesn't reach its climax quickly.

The last ice age lasted 350,000 years and reached its climax 20,000 years after it began.

That was not much, considering the length of such an ice age. But the current one was expected to reach the same in less than a century!

If it was that strong, then either its duration would be shorter, or the current catastrophe might become the worst in the entire history of the Spiritual World!

"This is terrible!"

"We won't be able to replenish our supplies!"

"If this is true, countless species will perish..."

Comments in low voices came from the surrounding area, and everyone there was somber.

"Yes, it's all awful, but this is what our seers predicted." The elf who spoke said. "Therefore, we must begin our joint efforts immediately.

I'd like to ask all the powers here to tell their subordinates to start rationing food and stockpiling supplies immediately.

Start preparing your cities, but above all, invest what you can in your agricultural fields. In the last ice age, the ones who suffered the least were those who concentrated on developing their arable land."

These people were experts of the highest level, beings who no longer needed to eat to live. But as far away from their reality as starvation was, it was the thing that worried them the most at the moment.

Why was that?

Most of their strength depended on lower-level beings who needed food to survive and do their activities.

If there were a food shortage, 80% of the world's population would suffer, and less than 20% of the world's strongest would be endangered.

The ordinary people who needed to eat were the ones who produced 99% of the world's food, mined 99% of the crystals, produced more than 90% of the world's economy, and so on.

Without ordinary people, the world's greatest powers would lose much of their operations. After all, even if a single high-level cultivator could do the work of many low-level people, such a being could not be in several places simultaneously.

In other words, while a thousand people could do a thousand different jobs simultaneously, a person who's a thousand times stronger wouldn't necessarily be able to do all of their jobs.

They might even be able to do everything in a specific amount of time. Still, they wouldn't be able to do it as quickly because they wouldn't be able to do all the services simultaneously.

That could delay many things and, of course, waste the power of someone at a high level on simple things.

In short, losing ordinary people would be terrible for the powers represented by the strongest people in that tent. Therefore, everyone there was worried about something as simple as basic food.

'In order to deal with the threat to the crops, I have to increase the temperature of the soil, the flow of spiritual energy, and the brightness of the area. The ice age comes with a decrease in not only the temperature but also the illumination of the world.' Minos thought about what he should do to protect his many fields.

'On the other hand, we'll have to heat the cities similarly, and they can't be far from the fields... Fortunately for me, my territory is practically an agricultural state, and the most important cities are well located concerning the plantations.'

Ordinary people were not like specialists. During the ice age, they would be very limited by the low temperatures, and, of course, they wouldn't be able to go far from their workplace to their homes.

Therefore, it wouldn't be unusual for many cities to be abandoned during this period and their populations to move to the cities closer to the agricultural fields.

"We need to start moving the population from the cities far from the plantations..." The elf suggested such a thing, something that would harm many businesses of people in cities that would be practically abandoned during such a period, something terrible that would intensify the crisis that would soon reach that world.

'I will be less affected by this because of the formation of my empire. But the cities of Vogel, End, Waves, and especially Snow will suffer greatly.' Minos pondered, aware he wouldn't be as affected as the other powers there, but still, tens of millions of people in his state would be affected.

Especially the Snow lands, which already had a cold climate in many parts in normal times, could be completely ruined in this era.

'I'll try to keep only the capital of Snow, where the harbor connecting our territory with the fastest way to Elves Island is.' Minos felt, realizing that he would lose a lot of business in that area.

But there was nothing he could do about it. Low-level workers wouldn't be able to live there anymore, so they could only lose the potential of an entire territory during the approaching crisis.

The good thing was that these people could contribute to maintaining the empire's most important territory, something very important to Minos.

Finally, the world experts discussed the food and housing problems that the world would soon face, with many suggesting strategies to mitigate the damage that would come with the ice age.

After more than an hour of discussion, they moved on to the next topic, still related to crops but more relevant to them and their powers.

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Chapter 1963 Main Purpose of the Meeting

"Moving on to the next topic, we should reduce the planting of high-level medicines in our territories and focus on the more elemental ones." A level 98 elf said, surprising some juniors who were less aware of the challenges ahead.

"What?"

"But why should we do that? It would be even worse for us. Don't disasters like this already reduce the amount of high-level medicine? Will we have to do that for ourselves?"

Several people commented in unhappy tones, and even someone from Julian's group talked about it.

Minos then said. "If you plant a high-level medicine next to a low-level one, the higher-level one will steal the energy and laws that the lower-level one would absorb, which could infinitely increase the maturation time of the one that should mature the fastest.

In a chaotic ice age, high-level medicine can sabotage food crops and low-level medicine, even if they are very far away from each other. In short, continuing to cultivate high-level medicine could create an even more intense problem for us."

Hearing Minos, a woman from Julian's group opened her mouth, not expecting this.

If they didn't want to destroy the structure of society and give the weakest a chance to survive and develop, they would have to sacrifice their resources!

"That's why chaotic eras are so bad." Julian sighed. "Either we make difficult decisions like this, or we will eventually face a spiritual collapse caused by the end of the progress of our weakest cultivators."

And that would be disastrous. After all, who created the world's population in this world? It was the weakest ones who had the least trouble reproducing.

But what would happen if those weaker ones ran into cultivation bottlenecks at lower levels? The talents of their descendants would be downgraded, and the world's average level would drop drastically.

High-level cultivators wouldn't be able to have children, and most of them wouldn't live very long. What would happen in such a terrible scenario? Well, most of the strongest experts would die within the first

few thousand years after the catastrophe. After a while, the world would run the risk of being unable to produce Demigods if the preparations before the catastrophe were not done well.

Throughout history, several races have perished because of this, so even the strongest were willing to cut back on the production of high-level resources from their territories, even if it was counterintuitive.

In practice, this meant they would have to immediately start rationing medicine and reducing the overall production of resources such as pills.

High-level resources were to be used only as a last resort, for example, during the evolution of a Physique grade or during a breakthrough that could not be achieved without the help of such resources.

Only with rationing would the world as a whole have a chance to survive the crisis and one day flourish again without significant losses.

The ecosystem of the Spiritual World was complex. If too many races collapsed, it could even affect the future of the races that survived the disaster.

In short, it was as if the stronger the races and the more high-level beings there were, the easier it was to become a high-level expert.

In other words, the more level 99 Demigods there were, the easier it would be for other lower-level beings to reach that level. On the other hand, the fewer high-level beings there were, the more difficult it would be to achieve that.

If too many experts disappeared from the world and were not replaced by members of new generations, there was a danger that all races would face greater difficulties in ascending to higher levels.

That's why all the world leaders were so worried about the impending catastrophe and why they were willing to meet and discuss ways to survive this period.

Even enemies like Dragons and Sky Whales, those sent from the eastern and western regions of the Central Continent, could tolerate each other's presence at this meeting!

As much as they wanted to continue their conflicts, they were willing to sit down in peace with these enemies and other powers to discuss the future and the necessary measures to be taken in the face of the new ice age.

Several people, including humans, beasts, and hybrids, expressed their opinions on the matter, discussing how to utilize their resources more efficiently while reducing the number of high-grade medicine plantations.

They would decide that plantations above the Saint-grade, i.e., Saint and Divine ones, should be reserved exclusively for the Spatial Kingdoms after the medicines of this quality that still exist outside these regions of space have matured.

On the other hand, they should focus on cultivating Common and Warrior-grade medicines, while the production of King-grade medicines should be reduced but maintained at 50% of the current level.

Soon after that was discussed, the event would be temporarily paused so that those present could have a chance to do business with each other and organize themselves to better follow the recommendations.

Some states had more medicine and food than others. In contrast, others, such as the ancient kingdom of Stone Island, did not produce any food and would naturally suffer during such difficult times.

Aware of what they needed to do if they didn't want to face extreme problems in the future, those who needed food the most immediately took advantage of such a pause to try to do business with those who had more options on their side.

This meeting wasn't just to advise those who didn't know how to deal with the difficult times ahead or to agree on joint actions. It was a meeting for the powers to negotiate among themselves and make exchanges and agreements based on what they were advised to do.

Only through negotiation could they meet all of the demands that the elves, in particular, had made in order to overcome their future difficulties or to lessen the severity of the problems they would face.

With that, the dozens of humans and beasts in the large tent were soon talking to each other and making deals, while the area had been divided into several separate booths where they would have privacy to discuss their business.

While Julian was dealing with the first group interested in negotiating with the Pantheon of Honor, someone appeared at the entrance to his small business area, looking for someone from his group.

"Hello, my leader would like to see Emperor Minos Stuart. Is he available?" A level 97 Demigod asked Julian's nephew, surprising the level 95 guy.

"Minos?" The man looked where Minos was standing but didn't refuse. "Wait a minute."

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Chapter 1964 Unexpected Encounter

"What? Someone wants to see me?" Minos made a surprised face when he heard Julian's nephew.

"Who is this person?"

"I think he's a ruler on the continent. A level 97 representative of the Crora Empire was the one who asked your name, Minos." This level 95 man said, making Emperor Stuart even more surprised.

Julian heard this while talking to a beast from the Continent of Beasts and mentally said to Minos and his nephew. 'You two should go through with this. But be careful what you say, and if anything strange happens or even if these people ask dangerous questions, alert me immediately.'

'All right.' The two said in mental communication with Julian and then left, along with Minos' companions on this journey.

Seeing Minos next to that level 95 man, the level 97 Demigod sent by the Emperor of the Crora Empire smiled and said. "Your Majesty Minos Stuart, it's a pleasure to meet you. This one is called Dale. I'm here to escort you to His Majesty Zac Crora. Please accompany me."

'Zac Crora?' Julian's nephew thought, knowing that this was the name of the emperor of the northernmost state of the Divine Continent. 'What would someone like him want with Minos?' He asked himself, somewhat curious but also worried.

All meetings of this event took place inside the large tent where the meeting had started, so in less than a minute, Minos and his group were in front of Emperor Crora's small hut.

Once there, Dale immediately made room for them to get to where their leader was sitting on a cushion on the floor.

Seeing that level 99 Demigod, Minos, and the other four at his side immediately made gestures of greeting, introducing themselves to Emperor Crora while bending down to avoid looking down at him.

Emperor Crora ignored Minos' companions and looked only at the brown-haired young man.

"Young Minos, I've been looking forward to meeting you." He said with a smile, making the wrinkles and expression lines on his face more friendly, making him look like a kind old man.

"Your Majesty must be joking. I'm just a nobody." Minos said sincerely.

No matter how high his talent and how significant his possessions were, compared to that man, he was no different than an ordinary person.

"Don't be so modest, young man. One day you'll get far enough to be respected by experts as strong or influential as me." Zac commented before addressing what he wanted to do with Minos.

"Anyway, I'm curious about you, young man. To enter the Pantheon of Honor as a Sage at such a young age is an impressive achievement. I'd like to know how you did it... I know people at level 95 who don't have the same privileges as you." He said as he looked at Minos, still with a friendly expression.

"I was lucky," Minos spoke. "The elder Julian found me, and he saw potential in me with his ability... That's all. Maybe others around the world are better than me in many ways but lack the opportunity to come in contact with an expert who doesn't want them dead."

"Hmm, luck definitely helps those with skills," Zac commented, not thinking it was a lie, even though Minos had skillfully hidden what Julian had seen in him.

Zac also recognized the ability of young people to deal with experts of his level, so he didn't press Minos since the young man had evaded the question without showing any ill will towards him. "And what do you think about this ice age that will hit us, young Minos? I know you have a large population to feed. How do you plan to deal with these times?"

"Sigh... It will be complicated. I believe the times ahead will be far worse than anyone can imagine, Your Majesty. Hundreds of millions of living beings, perhaps even more than a billion, will perish in the next 50 years.

So I'm not too excited. The challenges ahead will bring out the worst and the best in all of us." Minos answered without mentioning his concerns about the North Sea.

It wasn't interesting to talk about the fact that there might be beings from outside the Spiritual World threatening a world about to enter what might be the most extreme ice age of all.

There was a limit to how much bad information one could give to others without causing unnecessary misunderstandings and problems!

Hearing Minos' solemn tone, the emperor and his two right-hand men who stood with him looked earnestly at the young man before them, giving him room to say what was in his heart.

"But I have many plans to protect my state. As soon as I return to the Central Continent, I will begin internal migrations in my territory and focus on investing in the most important cities and agricultural fields.

I have many alliances throughout the Central Continent and beyond, so I intend to do business with my partners, establishing special routes and resource exchanges that will be good for my state.

I hope to have everything ready before the new ice age begins in 20 years."

"Hmm, that's the right thing to do," Zac commented before asking. "But how much food can you offer your allies, young Minos? I know you probably don't have many high-level medicine plantations, given the old reality of your state. So your state will probably have a good chance of success with food crops and low-level medicine."

Zac's logic was simple. The northern region of the Central Continent suffered from spiritual poverty, so even with the improvements Minos had made in recent decades, there shouldn't be any Saint medicine plantations there.

That meant there would be nothing to stop the Black Plain Empire from developing its foods and medicines, giving it an advantage in these productions over states that would have to wait for high-grade crops to mature.

Thus, while Minos would probably have few high-grade medicines, he would have plenty of food to trade!

If Minos had plenty of common food to trade, someone like him, the leader of the Crora Empire, would have high-level medicine to trade for common food!

His state was huge, with a population even larger than that of the Black Plain Empire but with less arable land than Minos' domains.

In other words, he would have to import food if he wanted his state to suffer less during the coming ice age.

Doing business with Minos might be the best thing for him and his state!

"Oh?"

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Chapter 1965 Accidentally the Most Influential

When he realized what Emperor Crora wanted, Minos was surprised at first, as he hadn't expected a leader of a high-ranking state to want to do business with him.

But when he stopped to analyze his and the world's current situation, Minos realized that he could be considered as important or even more important than some high-ranking powers!

No matter how weak he was, he had allies who could guarantee his operations. As the leader of the Black Plain Empire, he had such a large arable land that his state could be one of the top food producers in the Spiritual World!

Even though the Black Plain Empire still had to improve a lot to be able to compete with the top-level empires, and even though he, as a ruler, was far away from people like Zac due to the approaching ice age, Minos could already sit at the table with experts like this emperor in front of him.

He hadn't received an invitation from the elves, but he could be considered one of the most important people at this meeting, which had as its crucial point the plantations around the world during the ice age.

'That is true... My agricultural fields are the largest in the entire Central Continent! I have more to trade than states like Evergreen Empire, Sista, Lusmait, Eastern Empire, etc.' Minos thought about how to answer Emperor Crora's question.

"My state currently produces about 8 billion tons of food per year. In normal times, I can provide 40% of that. During an ice age, I'm not sure. I don't know how much my harvest will be affected."

"8 billion tons?" One of the two men behind Emperor Crora asked in surprise, not expecting the production of the Black Plain Empire to be that high.

But these three men didn't understand the current food reality of the Central Continent. At present, more than 70% of the continent is fed by resources planted and harvested in the Black Plain Empire!

The empire Minos created was now the largest agricultural breadbasket in the world!

No one knew this because of the lack of information and contacts between the various players in the market, but that was the case.

Hearing Minos' words, the men of the Crora Empire and those behind him were amazed at Emperor Stuart's production capacity.

But Minos had lowered his estimate of how much he should be able to offer now.

With the expansion of the marine part of his empire in the northeast of the Ancestral Sea, his underwater plantations would increase such production significantly. He was sure that in a few years, he could significantly increase the amount of food at his disposal.

Minos replied. "Yes, that's right. I can trade about 3.2 billion tons of food with my disposal.

Minos replied. "Yes, that's right. I can trade about 3.2 billion tons of food with my allies."

"And how much will you be able to store until the ice age begins?" Emperor Crora asked.

Minos thought for a moment and answered. "Currently, my reserves are no more than 5 billion tons. But I will try to reserve about 3 to 4 billion tons from now on. So when the Ice Age begins, I'm confident I'll have about 75 billion of food."

Emperor Crora almost turned pale when he heard that because if those words were true, Minos alone could feed the entire Spiritual World for a couple of years.

But as impressive as that was, an ice age could last for thousands and thousands of years. Not only that, but when the disaster began, it was expected that in less than 50 years, crops worldwide would lose between 40% and 70% of their yield.

That could worsen throughout the disaster and also depending on the measures taken before and during the crisis.

In other words, as fabulous as Minos' figures were, they alone would not guarantee the entire world's survival for the duration of the ice age.

But knowing that someone in the current generation had that much capacity was good news for these people, especially since they had been the first to approach Minos with the intention of doing business.

"How much of that number would you be willing to pledge to my state?" Zac asked, looking seriously at Minos. "I intend to pay in high-quality medicine and also in crystals."

"We can make a deal for 3 billion tons of these reserves, with the potential for an increase of 2 billion, depending on how my production performs during the crisis," Minos replied.

That amount of food would be worth between 1.5 and 2 billion high-grade crystals or the equivalent of about 500,000 high-grade medicines.

That was an astronomical value, even for the mighty Crora Empire!

However, this would not be an agreement that would be fulfilled in the blink of an eye, but over the course of the crisis, something that could be paid for with crystals, medicines, and who knew what else.

Aware, Zac said. "That figure sounds good to me. Let's make a deal. I'll pay you when my state gets this food."

"Okay. I'll have your reserve in 20 years. When you want to use it, just let me know before you send your ships to the Black Plain Empire." Minos said, already making it clear that the transportation job would be this man's, not his.

Minos already knew that there would be fights for food as the crisis worsened. To better protect himself, he wouldn't transport food outside his state, and he already intended to make arrangements with his allies to prevent powerful beings from looking dangerously at his state.

Zac saw no problem in making the transport, and soon, he and Minos would discuss the numbers and how the payment would be made and quickly come to an agreement.

The Crora Empire would pay for half of the food it bought from Minos with King or Saint grade medicines, while the rest of the debt would be settled with high-grade crystals. If the Minos state wished, they could negotiate other forms of payment later.

As Minos and Zac detailed their agreement, Julian's nephew sighed, seeing nothing problematic would happen after all that had been said.

'Uncle Julian, Minos is making a deal with the Crora Empire. That's all the Emperor wanted to talk to him about.' He said to the level 97 guy in another part of the tent.

'Oh? That's not bad. Keep up with him.' Julian told his nephew.

Meanwhile, Minos' companions reconsidered their partnership with him, seeing that their tribes had to communicate with such an emperor about this food.

"Tell Minos that I am going to the envoys of my empire. I will return as soon as possible." Said the level 92 woman of the Sea Folk to the mercenary and the Dragon before leaving to search for her people.

Nymmas didn't hesitate to do the same, leaving only Julian's nephew and the level 92 mercenary in Emperor Crora's business area.

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Chapter 1966 The Northern Stronghold of the Central Continent

After a few minutes, Minos finished his nearly 30-minute conversation with Emperor Crora, formalizing his first agreement with a state on the Divine Continent.

Afterward, Minos wore a satisfied expression on his face, for he now had a new partnership that could be of great use to him in the future, whether it be in dealing with the instability of the Central Continent or in dealing with possible threats in the North Sea.

"Where are the others?" He asked the mercenary and Julian's nephew, the only ones waiting for him.

"These two went looking for groups of representatives of your people. When they saw you doing business, they were interested in bringing you and your people closer together." The mercenary said while Julian's nephew looked at Minos a little strangely.

"Minos, is all this serious? Your state can produce so much food?" The level 95 Demigod asked.

With what the Black Plain Empire produced each year, they had enough to feed the entire human population of the Central Continent!

Since the Black Plain Empire didn't even have half of the continent's territory, Julian's nephew couldn't help but wonder if Minos' words were really true.

"Yes, I can actually produce more than I said. The problem is that I'm starting to get results with underwater crops, and I'll soon have to give up some land because of its location." Minos replied. "So I gave a number that I'm sure I can produce and accumulate over the next few years. But I'll probably exceed that number."

"How? How can you produce so much with so little territory?" The man was surprised.

"Because the region where my state is located is great for growing food." Minos smiled. "In the distant past, this area was the richest in the central continent. Did you know that?"

"Yes, but the Great Migration and the spiritual collapse of the northern region of your continent changed that."

Minos nodded in agreement. "Exactly. But there are reasons to explain the former prosperity. It wasn't just due to spiritual wealth since the Central Continent was very balanced in terms of spiritual wealth in the distant past. The reason that this region was the most important was because of the terrain of the northern region.

The northern region of the Central Continent has the most favorable terrain, soil, minerals, and climate for practically every crop type.

Unlike the high-level states of today's Central Continent, most of the land in the north is arable. Therefore, I can produce more in an equivalent area than any other state on the continent."

Every piece of land in this world would have a different productivity if they were compared. The area of the Black Plain Empire that stretched from Vogel to the southern border of End, from the coast to the Endless Snow Mountain Range and Albano, was almost 90% arable.

Since this was the area that had benefited most from Minos' interventions in the past decades, it produced almost all of his state's output, enough even to meet the needs of all the people on the continent.

However, Minos couldn't meet the needs of every living being on the continent since the beasts existed in similar numbers to the humans and ate far more than them.

Therefore, he and his state could still greatly increase their production without risking losing it for lack of a market.

"Then you should trade some of your food reserves with the organization." The level 95 Demigod said, knowing that it would be important not only for the Pantheon of Honor but even for his family to do business with Minos.

Even if they had their own production and contacts to share food with each other, a food guarantee from Minos would be very worthwhile.

In the coming times of crisis, there would certainly be disputes over resources, which would eventually lead to the loss of entire shipments.

It would be good to have more than one supplier in such a catastrophe so that such a loss would not hit them even harder!

"I'm open for business," Minos said with a smile on his face. "However, if we do business, I will have problems, and I will need the help of my allies."

"What problems?" The man asked as he, the mercenary, and Minos walked back to where Julian was standing.

"As I make deals regarding my food reserves, I will be unable to make new deals and will become a target of those with fewer deals. That could eventually make my state a target for powerful organizations.

In order to protect my people and the resources in their interest, I will need protection and an upfront payment for every deal we make." Minos narrowed his eyes and took the opportunity to make other demands.

The leader of the Crora Empire, for example, had made a simpler agreement with Minos. However, he had been the first to do so, and according to Emperor Stuart, he When making such important agreements, one was not obliged to treat all partners equally.

The leader of the Crora Empire, for example, had made a simpler agreement with Minos. However, he had been the first to do so, and according to Emperor Stuart, he hadn't been the last.

Now that his resources would be more important to outside powers than before, Minos had no reason to continue with the same strategy as before.

"If you want, the protection itself could be considered as an advance payment for some of the resources, even if it will be for the good of both sides," Minos added, making his offer more attractive.

The level 95 Demigod saw no problem with that, as it made perfect sense that Minos would try to protect himself and that his allies were the only ones with the power to do so.

'We can be trusted because we're from the same organization. At the same time, this could give our side a big discount, while others will probably have to pay a part of the bill for us.' He thought as he saw the dragon return to Minos' side, imagining that other, less reliable organizations would have to make

different payments, which would probably offset some expenses that might have been theirs but could be passed on to others.

"I'll see what I can do with my uncle." He said, knowing there would be arrangements within the Pantheon of Honor regarding that matter.

The Pantheon of Honor was basically made up of Demigods. But all of these experts had their families, and many of them were still members of other organizations, sects, clans, and so on.

They certainly had low-level people who depended on such food!

When they arrived where Julian was alone, Nymmas took the opportunity to say. "Minos, my tribe is interested in doing business with you. We'll give you support, resources, in short, anything you want in exchange for low-grade food and medicine."

"Oh? That's good." Minos laughed.

"The dragons want that? But will you be able to suppress the dragons' demand, Minos?" Julian asked.

"Yes," Minos said. "Even though each dragon eats 200 to 1,500 times more than humans, their numbers are much smaller than humans. Trading some of my reserves with them won't be that complicated."

"And how much can you offer our faction?" Julian came straight to the point, using his group to make a deal with Minos since together they were as influential as a state.

At the same time, Minos' food reserves in the Pantheon of Honor would give his faction an advantage over the others in that organization.

"The same as I offered to the Crora Empire. Either way, it's up to you. But I need Demigods to protect my crops and storehouses." Minos asked.

"Hmm, we can do that." With that, Minos would soon be in business with Julian!

Chapter 1967 Excellent Accords

While Minos negotiated with Julian, agreeing on the points that needed to be met in order for their faction to have rights to the Black Plain Empire's food reserves, Niamh was with the group of Marine Empire representatives.

In another part of the huge tent, the level 92 woman who had been traveling with Minos for years was standing in front of a level 98 Marine Empire emissary.

Next to the high-ranking Demigod was a high-ranking member of the Sanctuary of Visions, level 96, who was watching the woman with a curious look.

"Niamh, what do you want from us?" This level 96 man asked. "I hear you're on a journey to accompany Minos Stuart to the North Sea. What are you doing on the central continent?"

"To answer the elder, we are preparing for the journey to the North Sea." She said as she prostrated herself before her superiors. "The North Sea is dangerous even for beings stronger than us, so from the beginning of our journey, Minos planned to travel the seas, the Continent of Beasts, and the Divine Continent to gather crewmates and strengthen ourselves.

His goal is to actually go to the North Sea in another four to six years. Nothing less.

The man from Sanctuary Of Visions was already aware of this, as there was a notice in his organization about Minos' visit, what he had promised, and about the group of members from his organization who were accompanying this human.

Minos had done what he had promised so far, so this man had no suspicions about Emperor Stuart and the possibility that he was using his organization to strengthen himself.

In any case, Minos was not expected to attend this event, so not In any case, Minos was not expected to attend this event, so not only he but also the members of the imperial lineage who were there to represent the Marine Empire were naturally curious about the situation of the young Emperor Stuart's group.

In particular, they wanted to know what this woman, or perhaps Minos, wanted with them.

"And why are you here?" The level 98 Demigod asked. "Is Minos Stuart trying to contact us in some way?"

"No. I came here on my own." Niamh replied, getting right to the point. "Minos Stuart is more powerful than anyone can imagine. I don't just mean in spiritual power but in influence.

He's just made a deal with the Crora Empire for 3 billion tons of food, and I have a feeling he'll be making many more deals like that soon."

"Oh?" The Sea Folk men were surprised by this information, not expecting Minos to actually have that much food to trade.

'Is that why he came to this meeting?' The level 98 Demigod thought to himself. 'It makes sense. With so many resources, he could even get support from some of the strongest groups in our world.'

'So he doesn't know that you've come here? Would he make a deal with us? If he's already promised so much food to the Crora Empire, he might not be able to meet our demand.'" The level 97 Demigod said.

"I believe he can supply our needs as well. As far as I know, the Black Plain Empire is a major producer of common food, elder." She said with a smile. "But he certainly won't be able to do business with many organizations. I believe he will make 4, 5, or 6 deals at most and not promise food to anyone else.

So, I'm here to suggest that the elders go to Minos for such a deal. He certainly needs a lot of what we have."

During the ice age, the creatures on land suffered the most in terms of food.

Water's ability to retain heat far exceeded the atmosphere's, so the ocean floor could remain relatively warm during such eras, meaning that some marine food production would not decline during such a crisis.

However, a significant portion of the food of underwater origin came from a region where the light from the surface reached a strip of water that would be immensely affected during the ice age.

Marine food production would definitely decrease during the ice age, although the decrease would be less than on land.

So, even beings who could live on the surface or underwater might need food deals like the one Minos had made earlier with Emperor Crora.

"You have done well, Niamh. Please arrange a meeting between us and Emperor Minos Stuart's group." The level 98 Demigod said, seeing no problem in further strengthening the relationship between his empire and this young human.

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An hour and a half later, Minos had already made two or three new agreements about food and had made reservations for the dragons, the Sea Folk, and Julian's faction.

With the food promised to Zac, Minos now had to gather the equivalent of 13 billion tons of food over the next few decades to meet the demands of these treaties.

That was small compared to his productive capacity. Still, his empire and its alliances before this day consumed most of what was produced annually. Moreover, his state would need a significant portion of its reserves during the ice age!

With this in mind, Minos didn't plan to make many more treaties than these four.

But with just these four treaties, he had managed to secure the future of the Black Plain Empire!

Over the next 20 years, these four powers would pay him about 15% of the promised food, enough for him to invest in the agriculture of his entire territory to protect himself from any future crisis.

At the same time, Julian, the dragons, and the Sea Folk would send 3 mid-level Demigods to the Black Plain Empire over the next 10 years, 1 every 3 years, starting at the end of next year.

In addition, when the ice age actually began and began to significantly affect the entire world, these three powers would take turns protecting that area with at least one high-ranking Demigod.

With that decided, Minos was one of the biggest beneficiaries of this first day of the world leaders' meeting, quickly attracting the attention of those attending the event.

Few knew what he had discussed with his new or old allies. But everyone at the event could easily see that Minos was the one who had met the most with the forces represented at the event!

It wouldn't be long before the elves turned their attention to him again.

'Minos Stuart... It seems that your influence is greater than I had imagined.' Thought one of the strongest elves in charge of the gathering, curious to see what this young man had to offer.

Chapter 1968 Conversations With Elves (1)

'Minos Stuart, I want to see you in person. Come to me.'

A voice reached the minds of Minos and everyone in his group, including Julian, and made them look in the direction of where the elves, the leaders of this meeting, should be.

"Such a voice..." Julian recognized who was behind that message and immediately realized that one of the strongest people on Elven Island wanted to meet with Minos.

"Minos, you must go and meet him. But be careful and as respectful as possible. That being is probably the strongest here at the moment". Julian said, looking soberly at the brown-haired young man in front of him.

Even the strongest Sky Whale there, representing his tribe, lost in strength to that elf!

As was said before, just because the Sky Whale Tribe was the strongest in the Spiritual World, it didn't mean that every member of the race was stronger than members of other races, at the same level.

For example, there were level 99 humans who were stronger than level 99 Sky Whales.

That was extremely rare, and most Sky Whales were much stronger than those of other races at their level.

But the elf who had just called Minos was one of those rare exceptions, someone who was second in strength only to the leader of the Sky Whale Tribe!

"Okay, then I'd better go alone." Minos looked at his companions, confident that the elves wouldn't do anything against him.

Many experts were there, and Minos had already made deals with several groups. What's more, his leadership of the Black Plain Empire could serve the elves' purpose of keeping as much of the Spiritual World as possible at a high level during and after the crisis that was about to hit the world.

Elves were the protectors of nature, of the world itself, but also those who benefited most from the spiritual riches of the Spiritual World.

To them, anyone who acted in defense of the world and did things that brought wealth to the world was welcome.

Knowing the truth, though aware of the elves' dirty side, Minos set out to meet this level 99 elder.

In the blink of an eye, he entered a small room inside the large tent of that camp, where he encountered two elves sitting on cushions on the floor, drinking some sort of hot beverage.

"Seniors." Minos made a gesture of greeting to the two individuals there, one a level 99 elf and the other a level 98.

Both had greenish skin, blond hair, and an extremely youthful appearance, with their characteristic large, pointed ears.

These were the common characteristics of all elves, something that made it easy for an inattentive person to confuse two elves of the same gender.

"Minos Stuart..." The weaker of the two looked into the brown eyes of the human standing before him and his companion and saw a glimpse of the young man's fate while feeling his powerful aura and spiritual fluctuation. "You are truly a rare gem. Where exactly are you from, Minos? Who were your parents?"

"Ordinary people, far way to the greatness of the elders," Minos answered sincerely. I think you should take a look at

"As expected... Indeed, you are a child destined for disaster." The stronger elf muttered while analyzing Minos at the same time.

"Does the senior think I'm unusual because of the difficult times ahead?" Minos easily understood the elf's words, knowing hard times made strong warriors.

"Yes, I do. But that doesn't take away from your merit. The world gives its inhabitants more powers when in danger. But the things you've achieved are not guaranteed just because you were chosen randomly." The elf said, slowly speaking as he used a piece of bamboo to shape the steam from his tea.

The steam took the shape of the things he was talking about, showing Minos an animation of a world in trouble, with several 'stars' appearing around it.

"We elves are also part of the world's chosen ones, so we protect it. Do you understand that, Minos? I can see that someone from my tribe has made a deal with you, so I'm afraid you understand us wrong."

"Is there a wrong way to understand you, senior?" Minos asked.

The level 98 elf replied. "When one of us makes a deal like the one one of our juniors made with you, Minos, it's not necessarily to your detriment.

You must have benefited before making a deal with one of our tribe members, right? As long as you keep your word, your deal with that elf will be completed, and both sides will have won.

The actions of our tribe members are not about stealing the destiny of talents. This trait of ours is just an advantage that the world has given us to guarantee our agreements and our ability to foresee disasters and protect the world from them.

"If it weren't for that, Minos, we wouldn't be able to foresee the current crisis, let alone stand up as the leader of the world coalition to organize the forces around the world in these difficult times ahead." The other level 99 elf said, showing Emperor Stuart that they weren't necessarily bad for acting the way they did.

The one who had called Minos there, Levis, said. "We're not telling you this to make you think we're your friends. We're just explaining things. Many people don't understand why we act as we do, which can greatly hinder our plans for the world in this difficult time.

I know you must hold a grudge against the elf who forced a deal on you, but you shouldn't think it was necessarily done to harm you or that the elf tribe has that intention. A few of us deviate from the norm and do things we despise. But most of us just use the ultimate consequence of our agreements so that we don't lose all the investment we've made in people like you.

In any case, I hope this doesn't discourage you from seeing the Elven Island as a friendly force. As long as you have the same goal as us, and I know you do, we'll be fine, and we can have a great time working together."

"Work together? Is that why the senior called me here?" Minos asked.

The level 99 elf placed a pillow beside him and pointed to Minos. "Sit here. Let's talk as equals."

"Oh?" Minos didn't disagree with the elf's recommendation, but he hadn't expected to be treated like that.

But there was a reason for it!

"We heard that you're going to the North Sea. Is that true?" Kolvar, a level 98 elf, asked, having already heard from the Dragons and the Sea Folk about Minos' group and how he intended to go to the most dangerous sea in the Spiritual World.

"As expected... The seniors know about it." Minos smiled.

Chapter 1969 Conversations with Elves (2)

"Yes, it's true. I plan to go to the North Sea after making some preparations in the Black Plain Empire. That should take a few years, but before the ice age even begins, I should have finished exploring that area..." Minos said before smiling with a more humorous remark. "If I survive, of course."

But as much as he had joked about it, that was a risk that not only he but also Kolvar and Levis recognized.

"So your fears about that area are real?" Levis asked soberly, aware Minos had disturbing theories about the world's future.

The elves were very close to the Sea Folk. After Minos had stood out in this meeting, even though he was the weakest of the many individuals in the camp, they had sought out their old friends to talk about Emperor Stuart.

Through it, the elves learned of the agreements Minos had made today, as well as his fears and the agreement he had made with the Sanctuary of Visions.

But unlike many beings in this world who would doubt Minos at first, the elves knew something serious was coming long before they noticed the ice age!

An ice age, or any chaotic age, would be enough to worry the elders of the elven tribe. However, these were phenomena that happened in the Spiritual World from time to time, something that was predictable and part of reality. As such, one catastrophic era shouldn't have been enough to make some of the strongest elders of the elven tribe feel uneasy years before the signs of the ice age appeared.

The elves knew something else would affect the world in the near future, which not even their strongest seers could tell what it was, where it would come from, or when it would appear.

It worried them!

Having learned Minos had similar fears to theirs but with much better-developed theories about where the threat would come from and what might be behind it, these elves wanted to discuss the matter with him.

Minos didn't hide his thoughts, "I think so. I can't say for sure, but my suspicions seem to make more and more sense as I grow stronger and learn more about the truth of our world.

I feel the North Sea is not supposed to be the way it is now. What's more, some reports from survivors of shipwrecks in the area agree with my theories, which makes me think perhaps there is a problem there that everyone is ignoring.

I intend to travel to gather evidence and alert the world to the possible existence of extraterrestrial beings in the North Sea."

"Extraterritorial beings?" The two realized Minos' theory put living beings behind such a threat.

"Yes, I believe that we are not alone in the universe. The Spiritual World is just one of many other places where life can exist." Minos said. "I say this considering the distant history of our world, especially the great skeletons scattered around the world."

As he spoke, Minos made the two elves move their eyes and look at each other as they realized he knew things and had a theory that went toward the secret truth of the elves.

Like the Dragons, the beings of that tribe also had their primordial ancestor, to whom they attributed their origin and whom they secretly worshipped on their island.

Throughout history, they had never revealed the truth about it, but Minos had come up with a theory that was very close to their own, considering it!

Minos knew more than the elves, but even without talking to a soul fragment like Fah'um of Dunov, the elves had an idea that in the prehistoric past of the world, a larger world existed in place of the Spiritual World.

Such a primitive world was definitely of a higher level than the present one. Otherwise, it wouldn't make sense for such great beings to have existed, capable of leaving mysterious skeletons behind.

The Spiritual World was definitely not capable of supporting the cultivation and existence of such beings!

That presupposed that there was something more prominent than the Spiritual World in the past, and this world was a small part of that great realm.

That was the elves' theory about the giant skeletons around the Spiritual World, which they believed could be related to Minos' theory about life outside their planet.

The two elves came up with different theories to Minos' words.

'Does he think there could be other fragments like our world with life equal to or greater than ours?' Levis thought.

Kolvar pondered. 'Perhaps there are other places similar to the world of the time of the ancestor. If that's the case, we could be in big trouble. A single living being with the power of our ancestor's corpse would be enough to decimate the Spiritual World!'

"This is really worrying..." They both agreed.

Levis said. "If what you think is true, the ice age ahead of us could be much worse. Why didn't you try to warn the other powers at this meeting?"

"I don't want to cause panic. The ice age is already enough to stop people from sleeping well. I don't think it would be appropriate to talk about it openly before it's certain." Minos replied. "But if I find proof that I'm right, I'll present it to the world during the Continental Tournament."

"Hmm, you're right. It's not good to make an unnecessary fuss."

The two elves agreed, seeing Minos had good plans for the short term and his goals were in line with those of the elves.

Their goal was not to find Minos to get the resources of the Black Plain Empire. The Elves Island was too large for the size of the tribe and their numbers, with production far exceeding local demand. What they wanted from Emperor Stuart was to understand whether or not he would be on their side when the adversity ahead reached them.

Seeing that Minos was on their side, they saw no problem with this promising young man and his growing plans.

"Very well, Minos. I hope you make your voyage to the North Sea and return safely. Suppose you can prove your theories, good. We'll see what we can do about that area in the future." Levis said, but without the willingness to go to the North Sea.

It was possible for people to go to the North Sea and come back alive. It was the least likely to happen, but there were stories of survivors all over the world. However, the situation in that area was complicated even for high-level cultivators.

Under the current circumstances in the Spiritual World, with wars raging on the seas and on the Central Continent, a catastrophe looming, no high-level expert who was indispensable to their people would go on a scouting expedition through the dangerous North Sea.

Even after discovering Minos' theories, the elves, like their other contacts who were aware of his concerns, would not go there to investigate.

If Minos didn't return from his voyage, there was a good chance his theories were correct. If he did return, he would certainly have more than just hypotheses to talk about.

At that time, if he could prove the danger in the north, they and others would try to deal with the problem. But until then, they could only pledge their future support to Minos in his fight.

"In the meantime, don't worry about your deal with one of our tribe members. If possible, we'll help you finish the deal when you come to our island during the Continental Tournament." One of them said before dismissing Minos back to his people and preparing to return to the final talks of this meeting of world leaders.

Chapter 1970 Laws for the Calamity

After Minos returned to his group, the negotiating portion of this great meeting of top specialists would come to an end, and everyone would return to their positions from the beginning of the meeting.

After first discussing measures to minimize the damage to their forces and states and then having the opportunity to form partnerships and do business with each other, it was now time to determine the final points of this meeting.

For everything that had been discussed to work, rules and deterrence would be needed to deal with the highest-level issues.

As soon as they had the attention of the people in the big tent, the elves presented their proposals.

"We must create a common supervisory organization to enforce the world's laws in the time ahead. If we can't follow some rules during the ice age, chaos will reign, and even the strongest of us will be in danger." Levis said as he looked into the eyes of the strongest. "But for laws to work, we need deterrence. That is, people capable of enforcing the rules we make here."

"What exactly are the elders of the elf tribe planning?" Someone asked.

Another elf said. "We want to temporarily assemble a group of people, starting 20 years in advance and continuing until the end of the disaster, who will make the rules and enforce them.

We propose that every force with at least level 97 specialists send a representative to Elves Island in no more than 5 years. This group will collectively decide on most of the rules that we will use to reduce the chances of this disaster destroying us.

Once we have all the rules, each of these powers will have to send a number of specialists equal to their power and number to be part of the World Coalition.

That temporary institution will take care of the laws of the world and will do its best to enforce the rules we will agree upon".

No one thought that was a bad thing. As much as the elves' ideas implied that there would soon be one power above all others and that they would have to follow the rules agreed upon by the majority, everyone was aware of the need for such a thing.

That was especially true for the older beast tribes present, for they knew how important rules and some predictability were in the chaos.

Without rules, the world would fall apart!

"Where will this World Coalition be based?" Julian asked.

"Good question. I suggest it be based here, where we are. That is an area without rulers, but it's also very well located." A female elf said. "But we'll have posts on all the continents, islands, and even on the bottom of the sea. We need to be able to quickly enforce the rules we agreed upon during the ice age."

That was necessary, and the location of the headquarters was not bad. Even though this was the Divine Continent, a land with several rulers and high-level organizations, the area they were in had actually been treated as a free land since ancient times.

Since this was not the territory of any enemy of the forces present, no one questioned the location of the headquarters of such a group.

"Anyway, if everyone agrees, let's decide on our basic laws," Levis said, aware that they couldn't stay there to discuss every single rule, which was why they would let representatives do that for them over the next few years. But at the same time, as the strongest, they should decide on the basic rules for the time to come.

"As a suggestion, I propose that wars between high-level powers or between states be banned from the beginning of the ice age," Levis commented, looking at the area where the Sky Whales were. "Don't get me wrong. I don't want to ban fighting. It's just general wars.

If a power feels offended by a foreign act, it has the right to defend itself or to strike back. But I don't think it would benefit the world for two or more powers to be involved in a generalized war."

After Levis closed his mouth, the strongest people in the room weighed in on the issue, with many agreeing that generalized wars would be bad but that long-standing conflicts couldn't simply be resolved that way.

"I propose that wars started after this day be banned, regardless of their justification." A level 97 Dragon spoke up. "As for old wars, I propose letting the parties involved settle them by a certain date. From then on, even if the confrontation has not been resolved, the parties will have to stop their movements."

A Sky Whale agreed, wanting to continue the war with the Dragons. "I agree. And I go further, I suggest that before this date, wars should not last more than 40 years. That will ensure the world will be at peace when disaster reaches its climax."

Several supporters of the Dragons and Sky Whales spoke in their favor, and even Maximilian and Vico's emissaries agreed.

It was terrible for both sides to stop a war in the middle before the winner had been decided. In other words, both sides had to invest a lot, and a lot was lost during the war. Victory could bring many benefits, but until it was achieved, the warring powers would only have losses.

How could they agree to stop fighting before the winner was determined?

Therefore, everyone currently at war wanted to continue their wars!

So the majority present soon agreed that wars before that day would have 40 years from today to be resolved, while new conflicts after such a day would be forbidden.

However, one of the dragons there suggested that if the conflict couldn't be resolved in the remaining time, then a single battle of three matches would determine the winner of the conflict after that time.

Since this would not be a general battle, and since it was not certain that it would happen, almost everyone agreed to go along with the proposal.

With it agreed upon, they would soon decide on other fundamental laws, such as not allowing the extermination of entire species after the present date.

Minos was one of the few who saw a problem with this, but unfortunately, he didn't have enough to change the decision of people at the end of the 10th stage.

He accepted the decision of these world leaders, knowing that he would have to find a way to deal with the Gorgons without exterminating them.

Other rules would be decided later, but since they wouldn't involve too much negative news for anyone involved, they would be easily approved, bringing the meeting to its final moment!

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