

# THE ALMIGHTY LORD CASPIAN

## Chapter 796 Establishing a Connection

"They used witchcraft on His Majesty. It's not an illness. I'm a doctor, so I'm not familiar with witchcraft. In any case, I took out one of the cursed bugs they planted inside of him. I'll study it and see if I can find a way to kill these bugs," Avon said.

"But we don't have much time. Lord Caspian is acting as His Majesty right now, so we need to get rid of the curse on His Majesty as quickly as possible. Otherwise, Lord Caspian's life will be in danger," Sylvia said anxiously.

"That's right. Lord Caspian has put himself in an extremely dangerous situation. Although he can fool them for now, sooner or later, he'll be exposed," Laina chimed in.

"Jerry has always had a suspicious nature. Things will go south if he detects anything out of the ordinary. But even if we rescue His Majesty, we can't get rid of the curse they used on him. It's so frustrating!" Sylvia said helplessly.

"All we can do is try our best. It'd be great if we could find some kind of substance that can be used to suppress the cursed bugs. But since Jethro isn't in Dhord City, it's impossible for us to get the antidote for the cursed bugs from him," Avon said.

"Oh, right. Aren't you going to be making frequent trips to the King's residence? Maybe you can get some information from Jerry?" Sylvia said.

"The moment we find a lead regarding the antidote for the cursed bugs, we'll steal it. After all, we have Mr. Salgado to help us," Laina declared confidently.

She had complete faith in Wilfred's expertise. There was nothing in the world that he couldn't steal.

"I'm a little worried about Macy. What if they find out who they have is merely her in disguise and not Lord Caspian's mother?" Sylvia spoke up as she recalled Macy.

Even though they didn't see eye to eye on some things, it didn't matter. Sylvia thought of Macy as her sister.

"Don't worry, Macy's a strong-willed woman. As long as the disguise remains in place, you have nothing to worry about," Avon said.

He trusted Macy's abilities. After all, she had snuck into Filren alone and successfully assassinated Camden, the previous King of Filren.

An undercover mission like this was a piece of cake for her. The most pressing matter at hand was to restore Balthazar and Lyndon back to their senses.

Both Balthazar's and Caspian's lives hinged on this.

Although Macy was locked up, she didn't endure much suffering. In fact, Jerry had instructed his people to treat her well. She was disguised as Sherry, and Jerry dared not mistreat her. After two days of hearty meals, Macy felt like she had put on a ton of weight.

Even as she stared at the feast laid out before her, she didn't have much of an appetite. She was certain she'd double in size if she kept eating like this.

"Do you not like the food, Mrs. Massey? | can make something else for you," the chef said nervously.

"No, this is fine. You've been working hard to prepare my meals every day. Why don't you join me?" Macy suggested with a wave of her hand.

She wanted to see if she could suss out any kind of information from the chef.

"| couldn't possibly do that, Mrs. Massey!" the chef exclaimed. He never thought he could sit at a table with Sherry and eat with her.

"Why not? Is the food poisoned? Is that why you don't want to eat it?" Macy asked on purpose. "Certainly not, Mrs. Massey. If you don't believe us, we'll eat the food first and prove it to you." The guard outside the room came in and tasted every dish that was served.

"You're a quick-witted young man. How old are you? Are you married?" Macy asked questions that she thought would seem natural coming from a woman of Sherry's age.

The guard, Mort Whiting, was startled, but he soon shook his head. Sherry was a lot friendlier than he expected. Mort felt a little sheepish. He'd never discussed his love life with anyone before.

"| can't believe you're not married. You're a handsome young man who's working here at the King's residence. You don't even have a girlfriend? Well, | know a lot of lovely young women. Shall | introduce one to you?" Macy asked with a chuckle.

"You flatter me, Mrs. Massey. The young women you know must be from privileged backgrounds. | can't possibly be good enough for them," Mort said

meekly, though he would be thrilled to marry a rich and beautiful young woman.

"You should have more confidence, young man. A lot of women think highly of soldiers these days. Plus, since you know how to fight, women will feel safe when they're with you," Macy said.

Her response made Mort feel good. He did have a job here at the King's residence, though he was nothing compared to the Andrews family.

However, if he managed to land himself a wife from a powerful background, it would open all kinds of doors for him. "Are you genuinely offering to introduce someone to me, Mrs. Massey?" Mort asked somewhat excitedly.

Macy felt a burst of delight. She was merely fishing around for ways to get Mort to open up. Since he had taken the bait, she figured she could gather some information through him.

"Of course. Tell me what you want in a partner. I'll see if I can think of someone who'd suit you," Macy said.

"I'm a nobody, Mrs. Massey, so I don't expect anything from my partner," Mort muttered as he lowered his head.

"Hey, now. I told you to be more confident. You're not going to make anything of yourself. Ease up! Stop putting yourself down like this. Who's going to think highly of you if you think so poorly of yourself too?" Macy continued to build a connection with Mort. Please read the original content at .

"I'm an orphan, Mrs. Massey. I grew up in an orphanage, so doubtfully I many would I went to meet me," he sorrowfully. Please read the original content at

## Chapter

Macy felt a tinge of pity for Mort, but now was not the time for her to be compassionate. Half an hour later, Mort had given Macy a full account of his past.

Although he was an orphan, he worked hard and managed to become a guard at the King's residence. It was a commendable feat.

"I think Lori Abbott would be a good

match for you. I'll see her on Monday, Mrs. Massey," Macy said. She'd come up with a random name on the fly. Please read the original content at .

Looking rather excited, Mort started treating Macy with even more respect.

"Thank you so much, Mrs. Massey," Mort said at once.

All of a sudden, Macy had an idea and asked, "Since you're an orphan, Mort, would you be willing to be my godson?" Mort was dumbstruck. He never thought he'd get so lucky.

He'd have a bright future ahead of him in Dhord City if he became Sherry's godson.

Having come from an impoverished background, Mort knew the importance of connections.

He swiftly lowered his head to Macy out of respect.

Macy nodded in satisfaction, though she also felt a little sorry for using Mort's tragic background to manipulate him.

## Chapter 797 Dax Wants a War

"Well, we'll talk about this some other time. I'm being kept under guard here, so | can't go anywhere," Macy said in a melancholic tone.

"I'll do whatever | can to find a way to get you out, Godma. Even if | can't do that yet, | won't let anyone mistreat you either," Mort declared.

As the car drew nearer to Massey Residence, Sherry began to feel nervous. She never thought she would return to the Massey family someday.

Everything that happened over two decades ago flashed before her eyes. She recalled the young Logan who had been madly in love with her.

In a blink of an eye, over 20 years had passed.

Sherry no longer resented Logan.

The closer the car got to Massey Residence, the more anxious Sherry became.

Soon, the car stopped before a receiving crowd, and everyone stepped forward.

Logan approached Sherry and stared at her longingly.

"You're finally back, Sherry," Logan said with a smile. His joyous expression made her even more emotional. "Yeah," Sherry said with a nod.

Just then, the guards at the entrance set off some poppers to welcome her.

As the colorful confetti filled the air, Sherry was reminded of the day she married Logan.

Feeling emotional, she began to tear up.

"I didn't expect Mr. Massey to put in so much effort, Mom," Willow remarked.

"Mr. and Mrs. Massey, let's head inside and enjoy the feast that has been prepared," Denzel said.

"That's right. The journey to Dhord City must've tired you out, Sherry. Let's head inside so that you can get some rest," Logan said as he took Sherry by the hand.

Blushing, Sherry tried to pull away from him to no avail. He held her hand extremely tightly.

Jerry had a clouded look on his face as he sat on the couch in Balthazar's bedroom. He was watching the news on the television, and the current segment involved Byron.

"It's beyond reprehensible that Diatoran has resorted to dirty trickery. While pretending to be involved in peace negotiations with us, they sent assassins to kill me. Filren will not stand for such behavior, and we will hold Diatoran accountable," Byron declared in fury.

Then, he gave an order, and over a dozen members of the Three Poisons Hall were executed by gunfire.

"We Filrenians have always stood for freedom and peace. Even when Diatoran attacked us, we focused on defending our territory without laying siege to their country. We thought we could form a peace treaty between the two nations.

"Alas, who would've thought that the Diatoranians would go this far? If we don't declare war on them, we'll be the mockery of the world!" Byron declared.

His words ignited a fire in the hearts of Filren's senior politicians who stood behind him.

"I hereby announce that I'm giving Diatoran 72 hours! If they're willing to settle things peacefully, they'll need to give us three cities and 40 trillion in compensation! Otherwise, once time is up, we'll invade their country!" Byron announced.

He waved his hand, and a screen appeared with a countdown.

Jerry turned off the television in frustration.

Just then, the phone rang, and he picked it up at once.

"This is Joseph Welch. | have urgent news to report to His Majesty!" Joseph's voice rang out.

"Oh, it's you, Champion Welch. His Majesty has been feeling unwell, and he's currently asleep. This is Jerry Andrews, his trusted advisor speaking. You can tell me what's going on, and I'll pass on the message to His Majesty," Jerry said.

Jerry remained courteous whenever he dealt with the four Champions. After all, they were military commanders, and he didn't want to ruin his relationship with them.

"| apologize, Mr. Andrews, but this is a critical matter. | must report it to His Majesty." Even though Joseph was unaware that Jerry had used a spell to control Balthazar, he didn't think highly of Jerry either.

Despite feeling displeased, Jerry dared not make any comments. He couldn't afford to offend the four other War Gods, apart from Caspian—not until he reclaimed command over the military from them first.

"Well, you'll just have to wait then, Champion Welch," Jerry said before ending the call. Soon, the three other War Gods called as well. Keith and Benjamin specifically said they wanted to report to Balthazar directly. The last call was from Dax, who was stationed at West Aridlands.

Jerry was terrified when he heard what Dax said.

"The King of Filren has pissed me off! They're the ones who lost the battle! How dare a bunch of tober's fate hat arrogant attitude with us? I've dispatched 500 thousand soldiers to the border of West Aridlands. Please read the original content at .

"If the Filrenians make even a single move against us, I'll immediately launch an assault on them!" Dax growled in anger.

"Don't do anything reckless, Champion Santos! His Majesty is currently resting. Once he wakes up, I'll report this to him and let him give the command.

"If we go to war, it won't be as simple as a war between us and the Filrenians. The other countries won't stand by and do nothing," Jerry hastened to say.

"So what? When we have feared anyone? Diatoran has survived an attack from all fronts before, and we defeated them all, didn't we?" Dax declared matter-of-factly.

"What's the meaning of this, Champion Santos? Are you going to disobey His Majesty (seot ers? Jerry spapaad! I was deathly afraid that Dax would launch an assault on the Filrenians, which would certainly infuriate Byron. Please read the original content at .

"I haven't even spoken to His Majesty yet, Mr. Andrews, so how am I disobeying his orders?" Dax retorted. He didn't like Jerry either.

"His Majesty hasn't given the order yet. If you dispatch the soldiers without his permission) it'll be Ol ideregcan advo! fetal against hth and the nation! Calm down, Champion Santos. I'll get His Majesty to take your call," Jerry said before setting the phone receiver down. Please read the original content at .

He hurried over to Balthazar's bed. After much hesitation, he decided to wake Balthazar. He didn't know if Balthazar was still under his command, but he had to take his chances.

Jerry began muttering quietly. He didn't know that the Balthazar he was seeing was, in fact, Caspian in disguise.

"Wake up! Hurry up and wake up!" Jerry mumbled almost soundlessly.

Alas, Balthazar simply flipped over without showing any signs of waking.

Jerry was flustered. In the past, whenever he used the incantation, Balthazar would do as he said. However, that was no longer working.

Meanwhile, Caspian was exasperated. Was Jerry daft?

Why didn't Jerry come right out and say what he wanted? Why was he mouthing the words in near silence instead?

## Chapter 798 The Spell Stops Working

Caspian planned on pretending to be asleep until Jerry gave the command out loud. Then, he would do whatever Jerry said to dispel Jerry's suspicion.

Meanwhile, Jerry was panicking hard. He didn't know what to do. He even wondered if Jethro had done something. If Jerry failed to awaken Balthazar, he wouldn't be able to stop Dax from dispatching the soldiers.

Nevertheless, Jerry had no choice but to return to the phone and say, "His Majesty is sound asleep, Champion Santos. I can't wake him."

However, as soon as he finished speaking, Dax ended the call. Jerry was flabbergasted. It was clear that Dax was going to make a move against Filren. "Jethro, you bastard! You were dishonest with me!" Jerry roared, pinning all the blame on Jethro.

Jethro had been the one who volunteered to assassinate Byron. Not only did he fail, but he even gave Byron something to use against Diatoran.

Just then, a guard came in and reported, "Mr. Roman is asking to see you, Mr. Andrews."

Jerry was furious, but at least he could now take his anger out on Jethro.

"Give the order. Later, if I give the signal, apprehend Jethro at once!" Jerry growled.

Looking at Jerry's expression, the guard could already imagine what might unfold later.

Soon, Jethro came in with two black bags.

He looked completely calm, as if unaffected by his failed assassination attempt.

"Greetings, Mr. Andrews," Jethro said with a nod.

"How did things go with your assassination attempt, Mr. Roman?" Jerry asked despite knowing that the mission had failed. "Even though we failed to kill Byron, we didn't walk away completely empty-handed," Jethro calmly reported.

Jerry was infuriated. Jethro had returned after a dismal defeat, so how could he claim to have gotten something out of it? "Is that so? What did you walk away with?" Jerry asked.

Jethro tossed the bags onto the floor, and a few bloody heads rolled out.

Jerry was so frightened that he nearly fell out of his seat.

"I didn't manage to kill Byron, Mr. Andrews, but I took out several of Filren's senior politicians. That should be enough to suppress the Filrenians!" Jethro declared with confidence, looking like he had made a major contribution to the nation.

Jerry sorely wanted to beat Jethro up, but alas, he was no match for Jethro. He dared not attack Jethro.

Instead, he turned on the television and played a recording of Byron's earlier announcement.

Jerry thought that would suffice to humiliate Jethro, but he was mistaken. Jethro was far more shameless than he ever imagined. "Byron is just putting on an act, Mr. Andrews," Jethro declared scornfully.



"How dare he be this arrogant when I've killed so many of his senior politicians? Furthermore, if he has the guts to declare war against us, why would he need to wait three days? That alone proves that he fears us."

Jerry thought Jethro had a point.

Byron wouldn't delay things if he knew for certain he could win the war.

"Guards!" Jerry abruptly called out.

The guards immediately rushed in, much to Jethro's alarm. They came straight for Jethro.

Flustered, Jethro tried to flee. The heads he brought didn't belong to Filren's senior politicians. They were merely random people he'd killed to put on an act.

"Hold it! Who told you to attack Mr. Roman? I only want you to take these heads away," Jerry chided as he stopped the guards. The guards sheepishly cleared the heads off the floor.

"I've run into an issue, Mr. Roman. The spell no longer works on His Majesty," Jerry quickly said.

He wanted to know if Jethro had done something. After all, Jethro was the master when it came to witchcraft.

"What? That doesn't make sense. That shouldn't happen," Jethro exclaimed.

"Caspian bribed a guard and poisoned His Majesty. Thankfully, Mr. Dunn noticed it and treated His Majesty. Mr. Dunn said that His Majesty's condition is unstable due to the poison," Jerry informed Jethro.

He would have to count on Jethro's help to continue controlling Balthazar.

"Is that so?" Jethro said with a frown. He had a bad feeling about this.

"That's right. I've lost the ability to control His Majesty. Why don't you take a look? His Majesty is currently sleeping," Jerry said. Caspian had his guard up the moment he heard Jethro's and Jerry's voices.

He thought that Jethro would've died after failing in the assassination attempt, but to his shock, Jethro managed to escape. That was not something Caspian had anticipated.

He had made up his mind. If he were to be exposed later, he would slaughter all of these traitors. Since Balthazar was safe now, he no longer needed to worry about anything.

Meanwhile, Jethro approached Caspian and hauled him up by the collar.

Caspian was outraged! He was currently disguised as Balthazar, yet Jethro was treating him this way!

That alone solidified Caspian's decision to kill Jethro.

Caspian kept his eyes closed, pretending to be asleep.

"That's strange. His Majesty seems perfectly normal," Jethro said doubtfully.

He pressed two fingers against Caspian's wrist to check his pulse.

But of course, someone like Caspian could easily use his internal force to control his own pulse.

After checking the pulse, Jethro was utterly confused.

"Mr. Andrews, how did Jett treat His Majesty?" Jethro asked.

"He used some kind of life force manipulation technique. I'm not sure how it works either. Is something wrong?" Jerry asked anxiously.

"No, I just have the feeling that

something's different about His Majesty. I'm certain

that His Majesty is perfectly healthy.

Jett was lying." Please read the

original content at .

While checking the pulse, Jethro was shocked when he didn't detect any trace of the cursed bugs he had planted inside Balthazar.

He thought Jett had used the life force manipulation technique to get rid of the cursed bugs.

He was the only one who knew how to use such curses and spells, and he would never find a way to undo them, so he wouldn't be able to utilize them anymore. Please read the original content at .

Because of that, Jethro didn't tell Jerry the truth. He was afraid he would lose his standing within Skyarch Palace. Jerry would surely kick Jethro out if he discovered that Jethro's witchcraft no longer worked.

Thus, Jethro kept up appearances and continued to study Caspian.

"Have you figured it out yet?" Jerry asked.

Jethro said quietly, "Yes, I know what's the problem. The magic we used to cast on His Majesty has waned over time, so we need to cast a new one on His Majesty!" Please read the original content at .

## Chapter 799 Inciting Another Round of Infighting

Jethro took out a pill and stuffed it into Caspian's mouth.

However, even as time passed, Caspian's condition remained the same. Both Jethro and Jerry were puzzled. Without dwelling on it too much, Jethro began to chant the incantation.

Caspian decided to fool around with them.

All of a sudden, he shot up in bed and opened his eyes blearily.

"Look! It worked!" Jethro exclaimed in excitement.

Alas, as soon as he said that, Caspian lay back down.

Jethro repeated the incantation, but nothing happened.

He continued with his attempts for almost an hour to no avail. He was dumbfounded. This was his first time encountering such a strange situation.

"Forget it. It's almost been an hour. I'll get Jett over and have him figure out what's going on," Jerry said impatiently. He could no longer fully trust Jethro. Naturally, Jethro sensed the change in Jerry's attitude toward him, but he couldn't understand why his curse didn't work this time.

Scratching his head, he smiled sheepishly and explained, "I think it's because His Majesty is still recovering. The curse hasn't fully taken hold of him yet. It should work in a few hours."

Jerry paid Jethro no mind as he didn't quite believe him anymore.

In fact, Jerry was starting to doubt whether Jethro had truly assassinated several of Filren's senior politicians. If that were true, why was there no news about it from Filren yet?

When Avon, disguised as Jett, entered the headquarters of Life Force, he immediately caught the stench of blood.

"Mr. Dunn! You're finally back!" someone shouted.

In an instant, a group of people appeared. They were members of Life Force, and they were all ridden with injuries.

The moment they spotted Jett, they kneeled before him.

Sylvia, who was among them, had to kneel as well, lest she aroused suspicion.

Startled, Avon quickly pulled Sylvia back onto her feet before saying, "Tell me what's going on."

"The guards attacked us, Mr. Dunn. We can't let them get away with it! We must make them pay for this!" Sylvia declared angrily. "Please seek justice on our behalf, Mr. Dunn!" the other members chorused in unison.

It went without saying that Avon wanted Skyarch Palace to be embroiled in conflict. Such a situation would be beneficial to Caspian and his allies.

"We're all working for Mr. Andrews right now. I'm afraid it wouldn't be wise to confront them now. Furthermore, Mr. Andrews picked the guards himself," Avon said.

He only wanted to use reverse psychology on them to rile them up. He didn't expect the members of Life Force to actually lose their drive for revenge the moment they heard what he said.

"We've also made a huge contribution this time, Mr. Dunn! Why should we let others humiliate us? Mr. Andrews is being so unfair! We can't keep letting others walk all over us!" Sylvia cried out angrily.

"What do you think we should do, then?" Avon asked grimly.

"Mr. Dunn, we don't seem to be benefiting from working for the Andrews family. I think we should just leave! We're all capable people. Even if we leave, we can still make something of ourselves!" Sylvia declared.

Avon checked the reactions of the Life Force members. Evidently, they weren't satisfied with her suggestion.

"That's ridiculous! Even though the guards are in the wrong this time, the Andrews family has treated us well all along. Without their support, we couldn't have made it this far. If anyone says anything like that again, I won't go easy on them!" Avon played it safe and threatened.

There was no telling whether anyone present was a mole for the Andrews family. "What about our fallen comrades, Mr. Dunn? Are we just going to sit here and do nothing?" Sylvia questioned.

"Those who wish to accomplish great things must not sweat the small details. If anything, we can just seek compensation from Mr. Andrews," Jett said.

Upon hearing that, the members of Life Force felt utterly defeated. They wanted Jett to stand up for them. Who would've thought that he was a coward himself? He didn't care about the deaths of his followers.

Just then, a guard standing outside shouted, "Mr. Andrews wants to see you, Mr. Dunn." When the members of Life Force saw the guard, they immediately eyed him with hostility. Thus, the guard dared not enter and chose to shout from the entrance.

"Got it. I'll go over right now," Avon said before glancing at Sylvia.

Something must've happened for Jerry to summon him now.

Once Avon left, Sylvia started stirring the pot again. "Guys, M Ounn das! i apersatieniesh (oa tied tod. We'll have to sort this out ourselves." Please read the original content at . Her words struck a chord with everyone. They didn't want to confront the Andrews family, but that didn't mean they wanted to drop the matter entirely. "When have we ever been treated this way?" Sylvia fumed. "Those who want vengeance, come forward now!" Immediately, some of them stepped out of the crowd. "Are you trying to start a rebellion? You're trying to rile us up on purpose!" one of the members said. Sylvia swiftly kicked the person who had spoken.

"I'm just trying to seek justice for all our sakes. Are you willing to let the guards humiliate us lik ist @on't f os anyaee toyenire if they're not ing. I'll cut off all ties with Life Force and confront the guards as nothing more than a martial arts fighter!" Sylvia declared. Please read the original content at .

She managed to convince many of the members, and a lot of them joined her. Only a portion of them remained unmoved.

Although only approximately half of them joined Sylvia, that was enough for her. Her goal was simply to create chaos in Skyarch Palace.

Over at the guards' quarters, Kelvin was frowning hard. He couldn't m believe someo efyoneltte Force had kiihed Bahu, he deputy commander of the guards. Wasn't that a blatant provocation against him? Please read the original content at .

He was even more furious that Lyndon had disappeared during the chaos.

Lyndon was extremely important to the Andrews family. If Jerry found out about Lyndon's disappearance, Kelvin would be severely punished as well.

Thus, Kelvin didn't want to waste any more time. He had to locate Lyndon at once. Just then, a few guards hurried over with two unfamiliar men. "Have you found Lyndon?" Kelvin asked frantically.

He wouldn't be able to rest easy until they caught Lyndon.

## Chapter 800 A Blunder

"Sir, we haven't found Lyndon, but we found these two people sneaking around outside the King's residence. They want to have an audience with His Majesty, but they refuse to tell us why, so we decided to bring them to you," the guard said while pushing the two men forward.

"I'm Kelvin Andrews, the commander of the guards and the son of Jerry Andrews, His Majesty's trusted advisor. Why do you wish to see His Majesty? Explain yourselves!" Kelvin questioned the two commoners who were dressed simply.

The two men exchanged glances before kneeling in front of Kelvin. "Please stand up for us, Mr. Andrews!" the men cried out tearfully. "What happened? You can tell me," Kelvin said with faux agreeableness.

"We're from Panville. A few days ago, a man came to our community. He said he was going to Filren to assassinate their king and needed a place to stay, so we took him in. But he turned out to be a cold-blooded killer instead!"

The two men paused and started wailing.

Kelvin figured out what was happening. He deduced that the two men were talking about Jethro.

"That murderer killed a few people in Panville and beheaded them. He also forbade us from reporting this to anyone." Kelvin had a look of realization. Jethro was trying to trick them all. If this got out, Jethro would be dead meat.

Either way, Kelvin didn't care what the truth was. All he knew was that he had something to use against Jethro now.

"To think that such a deplorable person is roaming free in Diatoran! Rest assured, you two. I'll find a way to locate this man and punish him! Guards, tend to these two men. I'll meet His Majesty and report this to him right away," Kelvin said with a smile.

"Thank you, Mr. Andrews!"

The two men thought they had found a righteous official who would seek justice on their behalf. Alas, they had no idea they were entering the lion's den.

Avon had never met Jethro before. When he shook hands with Jethro, there was a brief trace of unease in his eyes. Jerry picked up on that. "Mr. Dunn, what did you do to His Majesty? His Majesty no longer responds to my commands," Jerry questioned Avon.

"I told you, Mr. Andrews. His Majesty is too frail right now. If you try to use witchcraft on him, his body will crumble apart!" Avon explained.

Jerry and Jethro both sported thoughtful looks.

Just then, Avon heard a barely audible whisper.

"Morse code."

It was something everyone in the army learned during their basic training, and Avon was well-versed in it as well. He knew Caspian had something to tell him.

"I'm not familiar with witchcraft, Mr. Andrews. Let me check on His Majesty again," Avon said before sitting down on the edge of the bed.

He placed the fingers of his right hand on Caspian's wrist.

Using internal force, Caspian controlled his pulse and used it to convey a coded message. "Have you found a solution yet?"

Avon tapped out his response. "No."

Caspian gave him another coded message. "I have the pill with the cursed bug under my tongue. Find a chance to get it out and study it."

"Got it."

Avon was thrilled by the news, but he didn't waste any time on unnecessary comments.

The pill with the cursed bug was precisely what he needed.

Meanwhile, Jerry and Jethro both felt apprehensive as they watched Avon, who had his eyes closed.

Balthazar was Jerry's trump card. If anything happened to Balthazar, Jerry wouldn't be able to continue having an iron grip on Diatoran.

All of a sudden, Avon gave Caspian a pat on the back.

Caspian coughed and pretended to vomit, silently spitting out the pill onto Avon's palm.

Then, Avon pretended to check Caspian once more.

"Mr. Andrews, there's an urgent call from Champion Welch of the Central Plains!" a guard suddenly reported. Annoyed, Jerry snapped, "I told him to hold his horses!"

"But Champion Welch also said that if His Majesty doesn't take his call, he's going to march into the King's residence to have an audience with him!" the guard mumbled feebly.

Just then, Caspian sat up and looked around in a daze. "Are you alright, Your Majesty?" Jerry came over and asked with a smile.

"I used life force to clear out His Majesty's meridians. He's no different from a puppet now. He'll do whatever you say," Avon muttered to Jerry.

Jerry was overjoyed. Everything would be fine as long as Balthazar obeyed his orders and appeased Joseph. Joseph was getting suspicious, so it was important to dispel his doubts.

"Mr. Dunn, Mr. Roman, bring His Majesty over to the phone so that he can talk to Joseph," Jerry instructed. Then, Jerry muttered some words into Caspian's ear, using him as a mouthpiece.

"The Four War Gods are to hold their positions and defend their territories. No one is allowed to act without my command or

they'll be executed! "Your Majesty, is that you?" Joseph exclaimed agitatedly. He had heard rumors about Balthazar being controlled like a puppet.

But now that he was on a call with Balthazar himself, he felt less concerned.

That being said, Joseph was still somewhat doubtful. Why did Balthazar insist on ae Caspiaii | wwe raw { rami POH At the time, Spian and his army had already conquered Filren's capital. It would've only been a matter of time before they conquered all of Filren. Please read the original content at .

"It's me, Champion Welch. Did you have something to tell me?" Caspian asked. To dispel all possible doubts, Caspian repeated the words Jerry had fed to him. "Are you alright, Your Majesty?" Joseph asked in concern.

"Everything's fine. I've just been very busy, and I came down with the flu because of that," Caspian replied, again as per Jerry's instructions.

Now that Joseph finally got on a call with Balthazar, he swiftly reported on Diatoran's situation.

"Your Majesty, the Filrenians have been posturing more and mare4 eat the border of st frida Champion dantoshhs already dispatched 500 thousand soldiers to the border. Please read the original content at .

"I'm worried that he might not be able



to handle the battle himself, by sending ZOO\RDUSA GiRot my iers as reinforcements," Joseph on Please read the original content at .

Alarmed, Jerry hurriedly shook his head and waved his hand.

"Excellent!" Caspian said.

Jerry was dumbfounded. Why did Balthazar say that?

"Tell him to stay put. Don't make any reckless moves," Jerry whispered into Caspian's ear.

"Tell him to stay put. Don't make any reckless moves," Caspian repeated verbatim.

"I will pass the message to Champion Santos, Your Majesty. What about the reinforcements?" Joseph asked. Jerry was flustered. He had made a blunder with the sentence, and Joseph misunderstood his meaning. Alas, he couldn't even raise the volume of his voice, lest Joseph sensed something was amiss.

"Tell him no," Jerry said as he glared at Caspian. He even raised his right hand in front of Caspian, poised to hit him if he said the wrong thing.

"No, 200 thousand isn't enough. You need 500 thousand!" Caspian swiftly said to Joseph. Jerry felt like he was about to pop a vein. If a million soldiers were gathered at West Aridlands, it meant that a battle was inevitable.

On the other hand, Joseph didn't suspect a thing. This was the response he expected from Balthazar, the mighty and imposing ruler he knew!