“Councilmemebers, thank you for coming.” Aodean exclaims.

He looks at each person seated around the circular table. All the major movers, shakers, functionaries, and luminaries of Camelot are seated and present. They nod to him silently. Well, most do.

“Ahem!” the dwarf, Bristoff, clears his throat expectantly.

Aodean guffaws. He opens his binder and retrieves a flask. Then he throws it at the Dwarf, who catches it, uncorks, and takes a drink in one fluid motion. Bristoff raises an eyebrow as he removes the flask from his lips. “Sweet, but not bad. I taste honey and… apple?.”

The [Prime Minister] grins, “Yup. Honeyed ale with apple juice. It's a new product I’m trying since the price of apples dropped.”

“Mmm, it's not a drink that my kin would go out of their way for, but I can see the appeal to ye of weak liver.”

“Aodean,” Thallom Yesmys, the [Grand Archmagus Headmaster] interrupts, “I believe we should start the meeting. It would not do to waste the council's valuable time.”

“Oi, this is important stuff, mate,” Aodean replies, “Not all of us are right with drinking horse piss.”

“Lad’s right,” Bristoff agrees.

“It's a waste of my time,” Cornelius Stallard, the [Grand Merchant Guildmaster] exclaims loudly.

A few of the minor members nod, but nobody else speaks up. Aodean scrunches his brow in annoyance. The bigger the wig, the bigger their mouth it seems. When only the rich and powerful have their say, only the rich and powerful get their way, and greedy algorithms seldom produce optimal results. Aodean’s worked hard to correct this, and things are improving, as evidenced by the nearly full council table, now he just needs them to speak up.

“Really Corny? Out of everyone present, you of all blokes should understand the importance of alcohol. Your [Merchants] have made a killing selling my goods.”

Cornelius rolls his eyes, “Just get on with the meeting.”

Aodean grins victoriously, then, with a skill, produces a spectral copy of the minutes in front of each member.

“Meeting time. We’ll start with the juicy bits that most of you are here for.” he taps a stack of papers and clears his throat. “The war between the East and West is still ongoing. The West's

advance has halted since the amazons deployed. Now, the fighting is more aggressive and violent as numbers diminish and levels rise."

"Do we have any information on how they're able to constantly summon named angels?" [Warfare General] Donovan interrupts. As the man responsible for Camelot's defenses, the thought of fighting an unending wave of named angels is a terrifying prospect, especially so when you consider the fact that named angels are capable of killing named beings.

"No fucking idea, but the Amazons are somehow dealing with them."

"At a cost," Donovan interjects.

Aodean nods, "Yea, I'm not sure how long they can hold out. [Valkyries], Named Angels, [Heroes], [Champions], the West has a fuck-ton of quality whereas the East has diminishing numbers and Amazons."

"Are you expecting the Aesir to win?" Bristoff takes another sip, "And if so, how long will that take? My [Smiths] are barely keeping up with demand but I don't want to expand production if this war will end soon."

"Honestly, I'm not sure anymore-" Aodean removes the top paper of the document and then taps the next one," -and that's because the world is getting chaotic. We've got reports of a [Necromancer Emperor] raising an undead army led by a demon [General] in the south. Over fifty cities have surrendered already and dozens more are begging for assistance. Not that Camelot will do anything, what with our neutrality."

He shifts to the next paper, "Next, the bloody eternal crimson desert, or whatever that sandy twat calls her empire- Anyway, some kind of crystal worm city mothership thing, name ends with -heim, I think, just climbed out of the sand."

"Muspelheim," Corny taps the copied document, unamused, "it's written on the paper."

Aodean looks at the document that he may have written while shit drunk. Honestly, it's very well written, too bad he can't remember the specific details. Maybe he should have reread it before the meeting?

The [Prime Minister] shrugs, "Right. Anyway, it shat out a metropolis worth of over leveled cunts and now she's got three [Generals] in their third tier and an army of second tiers. The sandy [Empress] went from your granddad's old centerfold to continental superpower overnight."

He moves to the third paper, "And speaking of the ladies, [Pirate Archqueen] Teuta just got her child rescued and returned to her. The East's ports are no longer blockaded and now the crazy woman just ordered every single [Pirate] in the damn ocean to sink any and all Aesir ships and ships trading with them."

“Fuck me,” the [Harbormistress] curses. She jumps out of her seat and rushes out.

As the woman leaves and the double doors close, Aodean shifts to the fourth paper, “Our last major event comes from the North. You know that demon army? Well, it just defeated two armies. Well, more like slaughtered, -er, mutilated? Whatever, not important. Just know that the millionish strong demon army split up and is marching southwest and southeast, directly towards New Aesir and the Amphitheater.”

Aodean folds his arms and grins cheekily at the stupefied expressions staring at him.

“Thor’s hairy nutsacks,” Bristoff curses. He chugs the continents of the flask, grimacing at the lack of alcohol. He shakes his head, “So we have a demon army in the North, an undead army in the South, a war in the East, a new military powerhouse in the West, and a crazy pirate woman who just turned the oceans into a dangerous battlefield.”

Before Aodean can comment, the air beside him shifts, revealing the [Spymaster] in his very bland glory.

“There is a situation,” Spehon hands Aodean a paper.

The [Prime Minister] quickly skims it over… and grins.

“Also, apparently, we have several dozen armed and dangerous pirate ships heading directly towards Camelot.”

On the bow of a ship, a man stands confidently. He feels the wind strike his face, dancing upon his large handlebar mustache. He gazes at the port of Camelot, a massive, deep-sea port that can dock a dozen ships and moor a hundred more..

“Doesn't your face hurt from all that grinning?”

Everlet Windstorm turns away from staring at the distant port and centers his grin on [Hero] Franky.

“Are you absolutely sure I can keep this ship?” Everlet asks the one-armed man. A horrible thing to lose an arm, but if the story of what happened is true, the kid- nay, the man was lucky to have gotten away with his life.

Franky rolls his eyes, “I’ve no need for a ship, especially not a Dreadnought,” he taps the metal floor of the vessel that he’s graciously gifted to the [Storm Captain]. The ship doesn’t automatically turn Everlet into a numbered captain; he has no ability to manipulate the metal

covering the Ironhide. He'll have to have most of the excess metal removed. The weapons and enchantments will stay and he'll need to hire a larger crew to fully run the ship.

"Well, if ever you do need a ship and captain, I'll always be available."

Franky nods, "My guild probably will. With the resources we've gained, I imagine the Adventurer's guild is going to have a rapid influx of members, which will embark on more of these distant escapades."

"And more headaches for the [Harbormistress]" Everlet adds with a grin.

The [Hero] raises a curious eyebrow, "you seem to be enjoying the fact that you're about to arrive with several dozen warships."

Somehow, even the man's mustache seems to grin. "Well of course, the [Harbormistress] is my ex-wife."

"I'm going to strangle that fool with his damn mustache!" the [Harbormistress] roars at the approaching armada of pirate ships led by the *Ironside*. If not for the presence of the Tempestas and Everlet's colors flying on the Ironside, she'd have scrambled the harbour's defenses.

Instead, she's doing the opposite. "Have we got enough space yet? Clear the fucking warf!"

"Ma'am, some of the [Merchants] are refusing to move." one of her underlings complains.

"Well, inform them that if they don't raise sail and get the fuck out of the way, I'm going to give that dreadnought permision to run them over. Either they move or they lose, do I make myself clear?"

The underling nods. He turns and rushes towards the stupid [Merchant Captains]. Of all the times to be dealing with idiots with sticks up their asses, why does it have to be today?

Growling in annoyance, she moves to the largest and deepest part of the port. A place made specifically for abnormally large ships.

She folds her arms and glares at the Ironside practically racing towards the dock. The massive ship causes many [Stevedores] to run away from the speeding ship. To most, it looks like the ship is going to crash into the pier, but she can already see the smug grin on the idiot's face.

"[Rapid Deceleration], [Perfect Dock]" She feels the man activate his idiotic skills. The Ironhide decelerates smoothly. The ship turns, slews, and allows the broadside of the ship to almost hit the pier. A mere inch away from damaging, well, she doubts it would damage. Her [Hardened

Harbor] and [Impact Disbursement] would keep damage to the minimum, but it would still be annoying.

From the forecastle, her former husband grins down at her, “Gertrude, what do you think about my new ship?” the idiot asks.

She grins back at him without any of the mirth that his own has.

“How about you come down and I’ll show you what I think.”

Quasi opens his eyes slowly. Light shines on the bed from a window, stinging his sight for a moment. He blinks to adjust and yawns. He relaxes and stares up at the wood ceiling. He ponders the nice decorations and iron reinforcement. An incongruous tapping sound pulls him from his reverie. Naked, on a chair next to the bed sits Bhumi. Her pen clicks softly as she writes something in the journal on her lap.

Next to Bhumi, a naked Fiona cradles a baby. She smiles happily as she distracts the baby’s attention with a bottle.

Confused, Quasi looks down at the soft weight on his chest. He blinks to see the just as naked [Pirate Archqueen] turn her head and drools a bit.