

H P D WIZARD 199

Chapter 199 - Pirates

Edward and Fleur were in their spaceship humming a beautiful song that they had just heard. There was a concert in the Acadia Bar and a siren was invited to sing.

The siren was a famous star in the galaxy and had the voice of an angel. On top of that, her singing could directly affect the soul. In fact, her music could be classified as Soul Music.

If a person did not have a high tier or powerful enough soul, they could not listen to her music, let alone appreciate it.

"During the Empire's 100 years birthday celebration, you should invite her to sing at the ceremony," said Fleur.

"That's a good idea. Although she is a little expensive, we are rich enough to afford it."

From what Edward knew, every time that siren performed at a special venue, she has to be offered 5 planets rich in resources. That's how expensive she is.

"However, you better not flirt or sleep with her," said Fleur.

Edward did not respond and changed the subject: "It would be better to train a star of our own on her level. That way, we can use her influence not only to gather resources but also have a way to influence public opinion."

Edward knew the influence a star of this level with massive fans can have on regular people. So, it would be in their best interest to train one as well.

"Indeed," replied Fleur. However, before she could say her next words, an alarm started to ring on the ship.

"Warning, Warning, Warning, Detecting a ship that is tracking our location. Do you wish to block the tracking?"

"Tracking? No, reverse the tracking and found the information of the person."

"As you command."

A few seconds later, an image of a large ship flying with tremendous speed was displayed on the screen. The ship was painted with a green skull with two fangs. The eye socket of the skeleton was red and a small river of blood was under the skeleton.

"The Killrog Pirates?" muttered Edward after seeing the insignia on the ship, then, his eyes suddenly lit up. He guessed that these guys must have overheard his conversation with the dwarf and elf and thought that he was easy prey.

After all, it is common knowledge that Artificers are rich people.

"Keep the ship at the current speed."

"Do you want to do something to them? Can I be the main fighter?" asked Fleur with excitement.

"No, the leader is an infamous Tier 5 Orc."

"So what? With my liquid mana and Arcane Rune Magic, he will not be my opponent."

"True, but you will take too much time in a fight with him. I do not want any unknown variable."

Soon, the huge ship appeared behind Edward's, then, a yellow beam came from it to bound their ship. The beam not only immobilized the ship but also slowly attracted it back into the main ship.

"Detecting invasion of our main operating system. Do you wish to deploy countermeasures?"

"No."

Soon, the ship's system was invaded and the exit door was opened. Then, Edward heard a deep and powerful voice:

"Sir Artificer, please come out."

Edward and Fleur walked out of the ship to see a bunch of tall green skin humanoid creatures waiting for them. The main in front of them who seemed to be the leader had an intimidating presence.

He had an animal pelt that covered his crotch, while his upper muscular body was bare, showing the inflated muscles. He had a massive sword stuck on the floor as he held it by the handle and some kind animal pelt on his back serving as a cape.

While looking at the Orc Leader, the latter was also looking at him. However, unlike the calm demeanor shown on the surface, the orc was very wary of Edward.

As a powerful orc warrior, he has a beast-like instinct for danger, and the moment he laid eyes on Edward, a warning of danger came into his mind. In fact, even looking at Fleur he also felt a slight sense of danger.

'I thought these guys said that it was a weak Artificer?'

From what Killrog knew, most Artificers were weak in terms of combat ability since they spent most of their lives studying and crafting. The only thing to worry about them is the fact that they usually have countless magical weapons, some of which are truly powerful beyond measures.

However, as long as you prevent them from activating them, it should be fine. This is the reason that he waited so close to the ship. With his speed, as long as he sensed the slightest mana, he could reach inside in less than a second and subdue his opponent.

So, Killrog was happy when he saw the two of them leaving the safety of the ship without doing anything. However, now, he understood the reason. These people were not easy to mess with.

"You must be the famous Killrog, the leader of a ferocious band of pirates that terrorized the surrounding cluster," said Edward with a calm smile.

The more calm the enemy is, the more wary Killrog became.

"Those are just rumors released by the Galactic Federation to ruin our reputation. We are just mercenaries that only fight for the right price."

"Hehe," replied Edward without commenting on this statement. "So, for what purpose that you have stopped us?"

"I would like to invite you to become the official Artificer of our Killrog Mercenary Group."

Edward sneered inside after hearing this. The so-called invitation is nothing but becoming the slave of these people and forcing him to create magical weapons to both strengthen them and make them richer.

"Captain Killrog, do you believe in any Gods?" suddenly asked Edward.

Killrog frowned after hearing this, wondering why he asked such a strange question.

"No, I do not."

"What about the Orc God, Ga'nar?"

"Not him as well. My goal is to one day also become a God, how could I believe in someone else," replied Killrog.

However, the latter suddenly felt that something was wrong. These thoughts were the deepest secrets in his mind, so he would never reveal them so openly—even in front of his men.

'Spiritual Guidance Spell? How could I did not notice?'

As soon as Killrog heard Edward respond with the word "Good," he acted out of instinct and immediately rushed towards him with his sword. He guessed that this person was most likely a powerful Caster as well as an Artificer.

And based on his experience, mos casters require some time to use their spells, so, as long as he is fast enough, he could easily subdue him.

Unfortunately for the mighty orc, not long after he moved, a green circle suddenly appeared on top of his head and he was forced on the ground, unable to move.

'Instant Spell? And Gravity Spell.'

Killrog mobilized the mana inside his body to strengthen his muscles and bones. With this boost, he managed to reach the position of half kneel. However, before he could get further, a jet of blue flame suddenly enveloped him.

Once the flame ended, Edward was a little surprised as there was not a scratch on this orc's body.

'What a powerful elemental resistance! This guy has value in being trained.'