

TECHNOLOGY 1001

Chapter 1001 - Payback Time

~Drrrrrrr~~~

The rain constantly poured In Fast Arms hair, making it stick together, creating silky-looking strands of hair parted out.

And as he kicked his opponent lying on the muddy grounds, his dark raven hair flipped back and forth, giving him a very domineering look.

~Splash. Splash. Splash. Splash.~~

The muddy waters accompanied Fast Arms' kick, coating Josh's entire body.

The pirates watched in glee as their enemy got repeatedly punched and stepped by the famous Fast Arms in their crew.

Damn. It felt good.

They also held reverence for him now because in their eyes, many had come up to deal with the assassin but ended up getting beaten and thrown away instead.

But Fast Arms on the other hand, quickly dealt with the situation, making them acknowledge him even more.

No wonder their Captain and a few other top crew members like Crow Face, typically gave more trust to Fast Arms.

Indeed. He always got the job done faster.

Swift and precise.

More still, he was number 318 on the crew and rookie pirate list.

Heh. One shouldn't look down at that number.

Crew Captains have their own separate list, which ranks all pirate Captains in the organization.

But crewmates and rookies had a list of their own too.

Of course, one should know that a single crew alone could have 12,000 or more pirates assigned to it.

So imagine the number of pirates that actually exist when thinking of all the crews that existed?

Not to talk of the pirates who went undercover on land or those at headquarters.

For centuries, the pirates had been building themselves up to what they were today.

So one could imagine that it would be impossible to rank all rookies or phenomenal newbies.

Typically, the pirates only presented a list of 400 top rookies and newbies.

So for anyone to even be on the list was in itself remarkable.

And Fast Arms came in at 318, making many look at him with awe and reverence.

Who wouldn't want their names on the list?

Even though some within the crew had fame, it was nothing compared to being on the list.

Their fame was only known to their crew and a few other crews, but those on the list would be known to all pirates, as well as many merchants, nobles and even peasants.

If people wanted to sail and heard that the pirate before them was the famous person they had heard about, of course, they would shiver in fright and may even be more humble than before.

The fame gathered by those on the list was something that every pirate dreamt of.

Not to talk of the rewards and perks for those on the list.

That's why everyone strived to get on top.

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Indeed. In the eyes of everyone here, Fast Arms had won their respect.

But while they looked at him with undying admiration, Fast Arms, on the other hand, was facing his own internal battles.

No. It should be that Fast Arms was secretly beating himself up instead.

At this point, his legs started to hurt like crazy, but he dared not show it.

What the hell was this guy's body made of?

The more he kicked, the more pain he felt.

It was like he was punishing himself rather than taking care of an assassin.

The only thing that made him feel better was that the assassin seemed to be in agony as well.

It would've really crushed his confidence if the guy was still okay.

~Pah. Pah. Pah. Pah. Pah.

Old Crow Face watched the show for a bit in satisfaction before stopping it.

"Enough, Fast Arms! That's enough.

We don't want to kill the poor guy, now would we?"

Everyone grinned and created room for Old Crow.

"Get him on his knees."

Instantly, 2 other pirates stepped forth and harshly pulled Josh from the muddy floor while trash-talking him.

"Just a little beating, and you're already this broken? Get up, you weakling!"

"Bastard! It serves you right for crossing us. Now get up!!"

Plop.

Josh was now on his knees while the pirates held his arms wide open.

His breathing seemed hoarser and heavier as he struggled to keep his eyes wide open.

He looked like someone who had just been through hell.

His appearance made the pirates feel very fulfilled.

Okay. Now, some of their frustrations had been dealt with thanks to Fast Arms.

Payback felt good.

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Crow Face advanced slowly while observing the assassin.

Even though he knew the assassin spoke another language, he also knew that the assassin seemed to have a fairly moderate understanding of Pyron.

Right from the city, Old Crow Face had noticed that the assassin and his friends seemed to understand a few words from them.

Their actions led him to believe that these assassins were probably beginners with Pyron.

They might not be able to speak it, but they understand a little bit of it.

It was easy to tell this because the assassin didn't react to some of the sentences they threw at them.

At times, the assassins looked at each other in confusion too.

This was during the time in the city when the assassins had disguised themselves as servants.

Of course, at that time, they thought that the servants before them were dumb who couldn't speak.

It was only after they kidnapped the boy that they knew they were assassins.

And now, knowing that the assassin could speak an entirely different language made everything suddenly click in his mind.

It all made sense now.

This assassin, along with his friends, were definitely sent by forces outside Pyno.

But who?

Who was it?

Crow Fafe ran his hand through his hair calmly, taking off the excess rain, before smiling at Josh cruelly.

Well, whoever it was, they would soon find out

For now, he needed to first communicate with the assassin.

Even though he knew the assassin spoke a different language, he still tried communicating and breaking the gap between them.

The assassin already understood a bit of Pyno.

So if he also knew a few Pyno words, then things would go a lot faster.

Besides... Old Crow Face took himself as an intelligent man who was always up for the challenge.

So why not try his luck?

Chapter 1002 - Information Bank

Silence.

The pirates all turned silent the moment old Crow Face stepped forward.

The only sounds that could be heard were those from nature.

The Pirates all observed, not wanting to miss a single thing.

Crow Face stood magnetically before the kneeling Josh, gripped his jaws firmly and tilted his mud-coated face upwards, wanting the rain to wash away the mud.

And after he could see 60% of his appearance, Old Crow let go of his chin and coldly glanced at him, emitting a very murderous aura.

"Speak. Who are you? Where are you from? Why do you want the boy? And where are you taking him to?"

Josh, who was breathing heavily with his head tilted downwards, suddenly raised his head hatefully before spitting out the excess fluids in his mouth.

This reaction...

Hahahahaha.

As expected, he was right.

This assassin understood basic Pyno.

He then tried asking the same questions with more words involved, which seemed to confuse the assassin.

In fact, the guy just closed his eyes and couldn't be bothered what was asked.

Seeing his actions, everyone couldn't help praising Old Crow Face in their hearts.

When he had explained it earlier on, everyone was astonished by how short a time Old Crow had used to piece everything together.

Everything gave them yet another understanding of how intelligent Old Crow was.

No wonder he was sometimes called 'Mr. Sure' within the crew.

Why? Because he was always sure.

As far as they knew, things typically went just as he calculated.

Rarely did it ever go wrong.

And even within those times, it wasn't that his calculations were wrong, but that other factors changed things... Like a rat switching out their plans or alerting the enemy.

Anyway, everyone looked at Old Crow Face as a brain box within the crew.

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Crow Face, who was watched with appreciation and respect, focused all his energy on Josh.

Good.

At least now, he understood that if he wanted the assassin to understand him, he headed to speak in simple terms.

So he repeated the questions again, just as he did before.

"Who are you? Who do you work for? Why do you want the boy? Where is he going?"

On hearing these questions, Josh raised his head and stared at Crow Face as if he wanted nothing more than to swallow him whole.

Then out of nowhere, he began laughing loudly like a crazed person.

And coupled with the rain and thunder sounds, his voice left many people's scales numb.

Of course, Josh had decided to mix in some Pyron with English, so that they should at least be able to comprehend 50% of what he was saying.

"Hahahhahahaha.

You lowly bastards will soon taste defeat once my people get here!

My organization, The Eye Of Horus, will come for you, and hunt you down!"

~Buboom!

The sound of thunder echoed out just after Josh finished speaking, making everyone feel the weight of his words.

Old Crow's face turned grim.

It seemed that this matter was deeper than he thought.

He hadn't understood 50% of the assassin's words in the sentences.

But, knowing a few other Pyron words, he could also guess some things.

The Eye of Horus.

What organization was that?

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Old Crow took this matter very seriously.

Even after knowing that they were pirates, this guy still said that this Eye of Horus would still come after them, meaning it wasn't scared of the pirate organization.

F***!

They needed to first find the continent or area where this language was used in Hertfilia.

Because he could be sure that this language didn't belong to Pyno, Veinita, Morgany and a few other continents.

So it could be seen that this pirate came from far, far away.

The question now is where?

Old Crow Face felt even more inclined in keeping this assassin alive.

They needed him alive throughout their investigations, no matter what.

And once they locate what region spoke his language, it would be far easier to send several pirates to sweep the place, looking for this Eye Of Horus.

Josh looked at their reaction and inwardly chuckled.

Sigh... A few days ago, he read a manuscript for Lanson's new book called The Mummy.

The book hadn't come out yet and was scheduled for release sometime next Summer.

Landon said he hadn't finished it yet and had put it on hold for when he got back after leaving Pyno.

Anyway, Landon gave a manuscript to his wife, Grace, a fan of his.

She, of course, would never share it with others... But since she's his wife, she and Josh read the book together.

And he immediately fell in love with it.

Who would've known that he would use some references in the book here?

What Eye Of Horus?

Bah!

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Josh still maintained a hateful gaze as he continued spitting out curses and threats.

"You better let me go now before it's too late.

The Eyes of Horris see everything in this world.

They are everywhere, even within your measly pirate organization.

As for the boy, he will be taken to Hamunaptra... The city of the Dead.

Hamunaptra is an ancient place that no one knows of.

Hahahahahaha.

You all don't know who you are up against.

You are all doomed! Doomed!

I know you want to kill me, so just do it!"

Everyone looked at Josh coldly, with a high worry on their faces.

In truth, Old Crow Face believed all his words.

Why?

Because experience and facts had proven that in these times of battle, war and death... when people were about to die, they typically threatened and told the truth about matters to give them nightmares to their killers for the rest of their lives.

Since those dying knew of their impending deaths, they still wanted their arrogant murderers to feel their pain.

Many a time, they spoke the truth.

Again, from this guy's behaviour, he was sure that the guy wasn't an assassin.

Assassins would take but into poison sacs underneath their tongues if caught.

But this guy didn't.

Could it be that the Eye of Horus was another God-forsaken Temple?

Well, whatever the case, maybe he would find out soon enough.

Heh.

From the guy's actions, it showed that he desperately wanted to die.

But how could they let him?

How could they let their information box die?

Impossible.

He must find this Hamunaptra.

This city of the dead.

Chapter 1003 - The Determined Crow Face

Hamunaptra, the city of the dead.

Those words stung in Old Crow's mind.

He wanted to know what army was hidden there that didn't fear the pirate organization.

This guy did say that Hamunaptra was an ancient city that no one knew of, meaning that it was very hidden.

Bottom line, only members would know where it was.

Just thinking about it made him itchy.

This could be a great discovery that could boost the pirates of the Morgs altogether.

At the same time, it was also too risky.

But, before they ever took action, they needed to send in spies to study the place and scope out any info... If they ever found this city called Hamunaptra.

Of course, with this guy still alive, they would do everything to make him talk.

Heh. Once they reached the pirate organization, they would hand him over to the torturers there, who had one of the most brutal methods in this world.

It wasn't just hype when people said that Morgany was superior in assassination techniques, skills and tortures.

Old Crow Face didn't believe that they wouldn't be able to make this guy talk.

Just as planned, he decided that they would stay for a bit in the city for a few days before heading back to the ship.

They only stayed to search thoroughly, just in case the boy was still here, which he highly doubted.

These people from the eye of Horus should be rushing off to send him out of Pyno as soon as possible.

Again, he didn't know the exact coastal region they might choose to depart from.

But the closest one was the same one that they had docked their pirate sh.i.p.s on.

So there was a higher chance that it was the same one.

Of course, he knew he could be wrong.

But wasn't it better to try than to regret?

This, he decided that he would talk to 2 of the lead crewmates who were still searching for this guy's comrades that disappeared earlier on.

He would talk to them about everything, and the 3 of them would make a decision.

Of course, he would advise that they leave at most, after 3 days of thoroughly searching for the boy.

After they left, they would hand over the matter to the council members, who would continue the search, even covering up more space, throughout the neighbouring towns, villages and cities.

The search would continue for as long as it needed to go.

In fact, it would continue until news of the boy resurfaces again... Even if it took years.

For Old Crow Face, he felt it important to quickly take this assassin to headquarters as fast as he could.

Of course, along the way, he would try using force to make the guy talk.

But no matter how much he used force, he had to be careful not to be excessive.

People were more prone to illness and death on the seas.

The fact that water, food, medical health, and so many things were taken in moderate quantities... meant that they didn't have enough to spare.

Even if they saw other pirate crews out there, everyone was very protective of their food.

After all, some sh.i.p.s had to dock and patrol the same spot for months.

They could only leave when their replacements came.

So food, beverages... Mainly spring water in barrels, were treated like gold.

There were also dangers like facing crazy sea creatures, natural disasters and other chaotic things out there.

There was a case where a whirlpool appeared out of nowhere, allowing 34 pirate sh.i.p.s all at once.

The seas were as deadly and dangerous as ever.

That said, if one got l'll while at sea, he/she was more likely to die than if they were on land.

So if he used too much force, this guy might die before he even got to Morgany.

With everything sorted out in his head, Old Crow turned to face the other pirates.

"Search him!"

Instantly, a few others came forth and patted Josh's body for any blades or hidden weapons.

They took away his dagger before finally holding him like a sacrifice.

One person held his left leg, another his right leg, right arm and finally his left arm.

They opened him up, with each of his limbs being carried by another person.

Relying on a single person to carry him during this bad slippery weather was a recipe for disaster.

Not to talk of the fact that it would slow them down.

So they carried him thus.

"Alright. Let's head back and reunite with the rest."

With that, the pirates left the forest.

Josh closed his eyes to rest a bit.

Well. Everything went according to plan, and the bit was still safe.

Hopefully, they don't get discovered.

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Meanwhile, back within the cave at the side of the cliff, the little boy's fever had finally come down a bit.

During the long run, when Josh carried him, he had forcefully opened his eyes several times to see the person who had taken him away.

His emotions changed from fear to relief.

Looking around the cave, he realized that he was properly taken care of, meaning whoever took him meant no harm.

He was sleeping in one of those new Baymardian sleeping bags, which worked as both a soft pillow and a blanket, keeping him warm up here at this high altitude.

Even though he had been unconscious, he remembered and could even taste bits and pieces of soup in his mouth.

It looked like they fed him a broth to fill his belly.

It's just that he wasn't sure whether they were foe or not since the language they spoke was something foreign.

Remembering his only guardian who died to save his life, the little boy couldn't help tearing up a bit.

He knew that in Deiferus, men never showed grief or shed tears, but because he had always been brought up to be distant from the Deifers, he and his guardian had a different way of thinking.

Unlike the Deifer men who never shed tears, even in private... The 5-year-old him sniffed in pain, crying silently.

He wanted to avenge his uncle. But what could he do?

He was now alone, with no one to help him.

At times, he felt like giving up his life in this cruel world.

He didn't even know who his parents were.

But his uncle did tell him that he didn't have a father.

So the person who sent him here to protect him should be his mother. Meaning she was in danger somewhere.

For her sacrifice, he decided not to die but to save her.

The question now was, how should he go about it?

Chapter 1004 - Foes or Allies?

Rankin's eyes were filled with tears as he tried to cry without making a sound.

~Sniff, Sniff~~

Edwin and Hoshen, who had been sitting against the cave walls, calmly opened their eyes and sighed.

Well, they did understand the boy's emotions.

Edwin got up and walked towards the boy.

The cave itself wasn't too big.

It was just 16 feet long away from the edge and 5 feet wide.

One could really do wonders with a pickaxe in their hands.

Edwin walked towards the boy with a bottle of water at hand.

"Kid. Let's talk."

Upon hearing the voice, Rankin's heart leaped with all sorts of emotions.

He was afraid, curious and hopeful.

He took a deep breath, quickly wiped his eyes and tried to maintain a calm demeanour.

It was just that his eyes were already swollen, and his emotions were all over the place.

So the demeanour he wanted to conjure up didn't work.

Looking at the 5-year-old boy, Edwin immediately compared him to those his age in Baymard.

He should be living a happy life as a child.

Yet here he was, carrying a burden that was too great for his age.

Sigh...

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"Kid. Let's talk.

Firstly, we mean no harm. So you can relax a bit."

"Yes," Rankin replied seriously.

Yet, he still didn't relax.

It wasn't that he didn't want to, but his body didn't seem to heed his command.

Looking at him, Edwin inwardly chuckled in amuse.m.e.nt.

"Kid, what's your name?"

"Rankin."

"Good name.

So, we did save you. But what do you want to do from here?"

Eh?

Rankin felt perplexed while looking at Edwin before him and Hoshen far back.

Didn't they rescue him because they knew his identity and needed him?

Why was this situation different from what he imagined?

They didn't even ask what his last name was?

Or could it be a trap?

Counties thoughts passed through Rankin's mind, making him confused and even more curious about his saviours.

If he asked about them, would they be pissed?

He thinned his lips helplessly, as he didn't know what to do.

"Kid. What are you going to do now?"

"Sir... I... I don't know." Rankin answered with his head lowered.

Edwin rubbed his chin and nodded.

This was understandable.

The kid had lost his only support. So he should be left in a muddled state.

"Kid. If you have nothing young, then why not come with us?"

"Erm... Sirs... Where are you from?"

"Baymard."

Rankin quickly widened his eyes in shock.

Baymard?

That place that is said to be outstanding?

He felt it was too unbelievable.

Were they really from Baymard? Or was this how they typically trapped people?

Rankin was very vigilant!

Edwin wasn't offended at all.

One should be vigilant, especially when meeting someone for the first time.

What if they were child traffickers?

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"Kid. All I can say is that we were here on an errand and just happened to run into you.

For 5 days, we'll stay here quietly.

And after that, we'll regroup with a few more and leave.

We'll take you towards one of the Coastal areas around.

At that time, if you want to come with us, you can.

And if you don't, then we can just part ways.

Kid, the choice is yours.

But just know that in everything you do, a man needs friends and allies.

You are more likely to succeed working with great friends and allies than doing things all alone.

That said, you should also pick allows that are trustworthy.

You must carefully study them and never make any rash decisions.

Whichever path you choose will decide your fate.

Tread carefully."

Rankin listened seriously and nodded gratefully: "Thank you."

He just needed some words of comfort right now.

So Edwin's words came at the right time.

He also believed that he couldn't take down his enemies alone.

So he decided to observe these people until they reached the coastal region, before he made his decision.

At that point, whatever he chose, he was sure that he wouldn't regret it.

As his uncle said, mistakes aren't a bad thing, provided one learnt and grew from them.

So even if the choice was wrong, he wouldn't regret it.

~Grrrrrr

His belly grumbled, leaving in embarrassment.

Edwin grinned while Hoshen, who had been leaning against the wall with his eyes closed, quickly opened one of the bags and took out some belly-filling snacks for the kid to eat.

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Now wasn't a good time to cook since those damn birds were already circling the area.

If he dared to cook now, the smell would make them barge in here like crazy.

The fake wooden shield/door they had placed using barks of trees would definitely not be able to hold those birds back.

So it wasn't advisable.

Around 8 in the morning, the birds typically flew straight down the abyss, heading towards the streams, lakes and other regions below.

As everyone knows, where there was a water source, there were bound to be several creatures drinking from it.

So these gigantic birds liked swooping in and carrying animals away.

With their strength, they could even carry an entire Hangol away.

And it was during this time that they would quickly cook, eat and remove the barks of wood at the edge of the cave to properly ventilate the place.

These birds moved in flocks and did things together, just like wolves who shared different responsibilities amongst each other.

They had been studying the movements of these birds while making the cave.

So they knew that the birds did everything together.

Rankin ate the snacks before him gleefully.

Delicious!

With that, the trio in the cave successfully ironed everything out.

At the same time, the other 2 back at the Inn suddenly sat up from the heap of straw at the stables and looked at each other grimly.

"They're 3 hours late.

Something happened."

"Hmhm. We need to follow protocol."

With that, the duo laid back down calmly and closed their eyes yet again.

Tomorrow was going to be a busy day.

Chapter 1005 - Improvements

Just like that, time passed by quickly.

And back in Baynard, Landon, who didn't know what issues his men were facing outside, was currently seated within a large office on the top floor of the Bank.

And accompanying him were a few branch managers from the main bank branch in district D, and a few other branch managers from the branch banks in District C and G.

Again, the Chief Manager and others with higher positions were also seated there as well.

Today, they were here to talk about something mind-blowing.

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Chief Manager Dionne smiled broadly in satisfaction when talking about the latest tools and systems placed to make their services better, as well as to make things easier for them too.

"Your majesty, I like this Cheque system quite a lot.

It doesn't just aid us, but makes it easier on companies and establishments too."

Landon nodded and couldn't agree more.

Presently, companies still come to the bank to collect large heads of money.

From there, they would spend time counting and placing everyone's salaries in envelopes before giving them out on payday.

Now, those in the various institutions could just write checks and give them to their employees.

It completely removed the hassle of making them run up and down the place to withdraw, recount and do all that.

After today, people would take their cheques and visit the Main bank or branch banks for withdrawals.

It saved time and even energy for those in the bank too.

Again, there were no policies in place to prevent fraud and so on.

One thing to note was that the cheque scanning machines were finally ready to go.

One should know that presently, there wasn't any A.T.M machine yet.

There were Exchange machines/money changing machines that worked like simple vending machines.

But, there weren't any A.T.M machines yet.

A.T.Ms were just a lot more complex.

He would have to wait until computers and Wi-Fi got done.

Firstly, there were no bank cards yet, and so many other things he needed to do before he could create them.

So making it now was impossible.

Likewise, Landon couldn't introduce Cheque scanning machines that one would typically find in A.T.Ms

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One should know that all printed cheques were done with magnetic ink.

And these scanning machines relied on magnetic ink character recognition (MICR) to get the Check's MICR code associated with the routing number, account number and check number.

Without computers and the internet, it was impossible to do these.

Currently, the cheques printed in Baymard still use magnetic ink.

But since there was no way to properly validate the cheques, all companies must confirm the names of the people who were about to recover the money.

Before payday, they were to bring a long list done in alphabetical order.

The tellers would do the rest once those holding the cheques come in.

Likewise, those who just wrote cheques for personal reasons had to call the banks to confirm things.

The bank had its own customer service section with hundreds and hundreds of employees just created beside phones, filling out every information they got.

They were phone operators/customer service representatives for the Banks.

There will be an entire department for cheques.

So once the cheque is confirmed, they would quickly write down everything and send it to another bank department that would organize things swiftly, print the information and hand it out to the tellers.

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In fact, before payday, all companies should have already met up with the banks and git things sorted out.

So those with cheques could just come straight and receive their withdrawals.

Again, if it's a personal cheque, they would need a maximum of 2 days after phone confirmation before it was ready.

Well, this was the best Landon could do.

But to many, it was just too awesome!

Now, rather than running around and waiting in line to withdraw money for family, tuition and so on, many could just sit at home, do a single phone call to confirm a cheque and relax.

People liked convenience by nature.

So anything that gave them more free time was a plus.

Not to talk of those in the accounting departments within each building that used to count heaps of money withdrawn, putting them in envelopes for the thousands and thousands of employees under the company.

Even with the new money counting machines that count bills fast, it was still troublesome.

But now, that whole part will be reduced to them just distributing cheques.

Also, those who paid them would do so in cheques, and the bank would take care of the rest, allocating the money to the proper vaults.

Anyway, everything would be shown on the company's bank books.

And that was all they needed to know.

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Chief Manager Dionne nodded his head while listening to Landon: "Your majesty, are there are 14 different types of cheques?"

"Yes. And each had its own purpose.

Like Pay Cheques, used for employees... Blank Cheques, Bearer cheques, Crossed cheques, Gift Cheques and many more that had their uses.

I need you all to study them thoroughly.

Because on January 3rd, Baymard will start using Cheques."

Everyone nodded fiercely.

Today was already December 13th.

So they had about a month to get things done.

Plus, it was just in time before what they in the bank called 'The Stampede.'

Generally, around the end of a month and mid-period of a month, all companies rush towards them to ready the bi-weekly pay for their employees.

So around the 13~17th, mid-month January, most companies would pay their employees.

But, a week before payday, many come to them to collect the money and organize things.

So they decided to introduce the concept of cheques to them during that time.

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"Alright. Meeting adjourned."

With that, Landon left the bank, preparing to head towards the lower region.

But as soon as he sat in his car, his ears started ringing loudly.

[Warning. Warning. Warning.

Enemy approaching.

Good luck Host.]

" _ "

Chapter 1007 - Promises From Above

Who?

Landon calmly sat in his car, lowered the back of his seat, leaned back and took out a few snacks from his space before watching the system's monitors.

Why stress?

By now, the Navy, Coastal guards, Marines and the rest should be able to handle this, no?

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~Shwah. Shwah.~~

The brutal sea waves hastily clash around the lower parts of the sh.i.p.s, making the chained up slaves steering below both tired and strained.

The waters were still turbulent due to the rains and stormy water that befell the seas over the last few days.

Not surprisingly, as they speculated from the clouds and winds, today was going to be a somewhat sunny day with no rains.

Primate Jimosen the 3rd, and Private Linvor, were calmly seated in a luxurious room, talking about their upcoming battle.

Jimosen had left Yodan with 21 sh.i.p.s, all filled with 150,000 people.

From there, he headed to Selo village in the western parts of Carona to wait for Primate Linvor of Deiferus, who was bringing 27 sh.i.p.s with 200,000 people.

He waited in a very desolate village that wouldn't attract the attention of many.

And to avoid pirates, they sailed somewhat close to the perimeter around the shores that were deemed fit.

Pirate sh.i.p.s were typically stationed further in, targeting those leaving Pyno.

But just by sailing around Pyno in close distances, as many do, one would be fine.

That said, there were instances where pirates did sail closer, but it was rare... Unless they were there for missions or headed towards one of the empires in Pyno.

That said, they got here with not so much trouble.

And those that saw them hurriedly gave them way.

Now, Jimosen and Linvor brought in about 350,000 men on 48 sh.i.p.s.

Everyone was now ready for action.

The men were already dressed up, with everyone knowing whether they would stay on the sh.i.p.s or leave once they arrived.

Again, some were still sharpening their swords to pass the time, while others had stood on the deck of their sh.i.p.s, fidgeting to begin the battle

For his Excellency, they were determined to win this war.

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~Knock. Knock. Knock.~

"Primates, we will arrive in 2 hours."

Jamisen nodded: "40 minutes before we arrive, tell the men to all stand on deck. Now go!"

"Yes, Primate." Said the middle-aged man who just knocked.

With that, he left and closed the doors hurriedly.

Linvor, who had been quietly drinking some water, calmly raised his eyebrows: "Jimosen. Be sure to wear the ring before the battle."

"I know. How could I not?"

The rings his excellency gave us are the rings of victory that had ensured the Temples numerous wins since its creation.

These are spiritual rings, so don't worry.

I'll wear mine just before we leave."

"Hmmm," Linvor replied before c.a.r.e.s.sing the bluish sapphire-looking ring on his finger.

Jimosen's being was a red ruby one instead.

Before leaving, the rings had been given to them to bless them, ensuring their victory.

All battles in the temple's history had always been won when people wore these sacred rings.

And so it was believed that these rings were lucky charms, always ensuring that things went their way.

Both Primates (Bishops) were ecstatic when thinking about the rewards they would receive for completing the mission.

They were promised a rank up from Primates to Holy Primates, meaning they would be given way more control and power.

But that wasn't all. They would also be given paradise estates, with a haram for a king.

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Almost all men dreamt of Harams.

So how could they not want theirs?

Of course, the rule there is that the women who entered, would never leave the estate at will.

They will only be permitted to go out once a month, which wasn't a rare thing.

Harems were like this.

The women stayed in a fictional paradise, fighting with themselves and dreaming of being with their husbands.

They couldn't leave the estates without permission.

Of course, many around Pyno could leave 3 or 4 times a month max.

The only exception to this rule was if some party, gathering or event was hosted.

Without these special events, the women would have to stay put all through the month and years, only having specific number of times they could go out.

Some even dressed up as men or slaves in an attempt to have a good time outside.

Such was the life of a Haram woman.

They typically stayed indoors with their children and often received teachers to their estates to teach the women poetry, art, dance etc.

To relieve boredom, the women always organized private competition amongst themselves.

They had to find a way to entertain themselves while waiting for their husband to favour them.

Of course, all these were what Jimosen and Linvor looked forward to.

His excellency had promised them estates filled with 80 women of their choice.

The place will always be heavily guarded and will belong to them.

Even if the women they chose were already married, his excellency would still give her to them.

Quite frankly, they had the hits for a few Baymardian girls they saw in the newspapers, magazines and pamphlets... especially those models.

Now that they would conquer the place, his Excellency should allow them to claim some of them, no?

.

Finally, they would also be given more money as rewards too for completing the mission.

And with this money, they could buy black powder, get more weapons and do other things to strengthen their teams.

Make no mistake. Even within the temple, they secretly competed amongst themselves.

Some Primates had fallen to the status of Luncars (Battle priests/ Captains), while others had fallen into the group of ordinary warriors called Dragias.

The temple of Dragmus was a very competitive place, with everyone striving for the top position, with some even wishing to be Elders.

So one false move and their positions would be in jeopardy.

Both Jimosen and Linvor clenched their fists in determination.

No matter what, they had to come out victorious!

Chapter 1008 - Dragmus The God!

Jimosen and Linvor smiled confidently as if they had already won the battle.

"Hahahahaha.

There's no way that they'll be able to handle us.

Don't forget that we're about to launch a surprise attack on them.

By the time we're done with them, they won't know what hit them!"

Linvor agreed: "Heh. From the scouts' report from the past few days, these Baymardians had what they called hot air balloons. But apparently, because of the rainy and overly windy weather, they can't use that now. So if they won't be able to spring out any tricks on us."

"You're right.

In a week or more, snow should start falling, and even now, the weather is still as windy as ever.

Spring is coming to an end, and winter is upon us.

So how could they flu those things anymore?

It's just too bad that the days when the spies entered Baymard's capital city, was when the rain fell hard constantly, getting many places closed."

"Yes. They did say that these Baymardians even stopped work and were advised not to drive and stay indoors during the heavy storms.

These people are ridiculous.

And even on the other rainy days that weren't heavy, the spies reported that the roads were almost deserted, and the weather itself, coupled with the security around, made things hard for them to do their jobs.

Nonetheless, they did get some good findings.

So far, we have nothing to worry about."

"Hmhm... It appears we arrived just after the Monarchs of all empires had left... That includes the Caronians as well.

So now, it's just the Baymardians in there."

Linvor sneered: "Heh. People rarely attack in these times. So they have already begun dropping their guards down, preparing for the long winter ahead. How naive!"

Jimosen swirled his cup around playfully: "Very naive. Even though we couldn't collect all information in such a short time, it's still okay because the reports are more or less what we expected. Now, victory shall be ours!"

With that, Jimosen raised his glass, and Linvor did the same too.

"To the Temple!"

"To the Temple!"

(^_^)

.

Both men weren't too worried about the changes in Baymard.

So far, there has been no report about new weapons there.

And even the newspapers the spies bought some U.N Meeting that focused more on peace and unity.

In fact, they thought it was Baymard's way of trying to get more w.pores to protect them.

Baymard probably offered some products or things to these empires in exchange for security.

And from what they speculated, after these Monarchs get back to their various empires, they would send more forces to Baymard as agreed.

Fortunately, his excellency had planned for them to attack now.

If they had waited for winter to end and attacked sometime in late spring or summer, then wouldn't they be met with many difficulties?

It was almost as if Dragmus, their God, had spoken to his excellency, commanding them to attack now.

How else could they explain this situation?

From what they found out, this so-called U.N meeting was still very secret and had only arrived just a week or so before the Monarchs arrived.

That meant that many around the continent didn't even know that their rulers were here.

This move undoubtedly avoided assassination attempts and many other troubles.

So what were the odds that they would arrive just when all the Monarchs and everyone else had left?

What were the chances that they would come during Baymard's vulnerable period?

Looking at their rings bestowed upon them, they were more certain that Dragmus was with them.

Since the Temple's existence, they had never lost a single battle... not one.

Of course, they also never attacked until they were very confident of the result.

That said, their intelligence and luck were given to them by Dragmus himself.

Just their victories alone made them believe that they were meant to take over this world.

It wouldn't be long before the pirates fell too.

All they needed to do was unify Pyno and then engulf Veinitta before they ever attacked Morgany.

The Pyno continent alone couldn't face Morgany.

They needed Veinitta's technology and several other factors if they ever wanted to crush Morgany.

That said, by the end of next year, the entire Yodan and Deiferus should be under their rule.

And with Baymard as their own, it would be no problem taking down Terique and Arcadina.

Their goal was so close!

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As for the spies who went out, because it had been raining for the last 6 days straight, many people weren't on the streets, and several places were very desolate.

If it were summer, one could easily pick out information by passing on the streets or hanging outside around crowds.

Now, the only way to properly get information is if they went to restaurants, eateries and whatnot.

They also went to other public places to gather bits and pieces of whatever they could get.

But they were mostly disappointed.

With the rainy weather, no major occasions typically occurred that made people talk and gist about specific news on the empire.

What they got from listening was people talking about their love lives, this past Christmas event, how excited they were to get their grades, fashion and so on.

There wasn't much that told them about security or anything else that could benefit them.

So these spies gave up on that and started collecting newspapers, watching international and National news, and listening to the radios too.

Anyway, from what they found, they should be good to go.

Just like that, Jimosen and Linvor spoke confidently about the battle to come, as well as their rewards from his excellency when it was all over.

But while they were focused in their own little world, a little further away from them, a few patrolling Coast Guard sh.i.p.s had spotted their massive fleet through the radar.

Their formations and patterns immediately told them that they were enemies.

But to be sure, they had to find out what they wanted.

Who knows, such a large fleet might belong to some foreign Royal instead.

So they needed to be sure before making a move

Thinking like this, one of the sh.i.p.s, which was somewhat smaller than the pirate ship, speeded up towards the pirates, while the rest stayed behind, informing headquarters AS.A.P

Who were these strangers?

Chapter 1009 - Creatures Within The Sh.i.p.s

'Bang. Bang. Bang. Bang.'

Back on the Temple sh.i.p.s, The loud constant banging at the door annoyed those within the room.

The moment the door opened, Jimosen lashed out in rage.

"How dare you disturb the sanctity of us, the temple Primates?"

We still have about an hour and 40 minutes to go before we get to Baymard's shores.

So what is it?

Are the slaves revolting and refusing to paddle?

Well, don't just stand there with your mouth wide open. Are you a dog?

Speak Man!"

The Dragia (Temple warrior) felt aggrieved.

He really had something important to say, alright?

"Temple Primates, trouble seemed to be heading our way?"

Linvor raised his eyebrows calmly: "Trouble? Care to explain?"

"Yes. It's... It's... A flying ship."

~Pah!

Jimosen slapped the back of the pirate's head before apologizing to Linvor again.

"Linvor, old friend. I sincerely apologize for the stupidity of my men. If I had known that they were this stupid, I would've drowned them myself before now. How could sh.i.p.s fly?"

Linvor chuckled and waved his hands nonchalantly: "It's okay, Jimosen. First, let's assess the matter and properly hear him out. Who knows, there might be truth to the matter."

"Well, let's do that then.

You! Explain in detail. Are you an idiot?"

(:T^T:)

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Both Jimosen and Linvor listened briefly before getting up hastily and dashed out of the room.

"So it's a ship smaller than ours that seems to be speeding so fast that it looks like it's flying?"

"Yes, Primate. That's exactly it.

We suspect that they might be using creatures to paddle their sh.i.p.s."

"Hmm... From the looks of it might belong to the Baymardians. But why didn't the spies not report it earlier?"

"Primates, from what we just saw, this ship came from the right."

"So they came from the area leading out towards the vast seas?"

"Yes, Primates."

"Then they might've been hiding around those areas to drive pirates away.

Out that far, we can't see anything from here.

Which makes sense that the spies who paddled away from the ship towards Baymard didn't see them."

The pirate who delivered the news nodded his head in understanding as the Primates pieces everything together.

"Primates, many had speculated, and some had even said that these ships could only speed because they're using some sort of creature to do the job for them.

Many say that they saw these creatures paddling away, creating more speed for the ships.

Those who travelled by ship had also said that from their rooms, they could see a see-through room called a Control room.

It's said that these Baymardians fed food down the many tube holes here, feeding the countless creatures beneath.

Some even swear to have heard loud hunting noises sometimes while on board.

They say that the monster trapped beneath could eat 20 men whole!"

Jimosen and Linvor nodded calmly.

They already knew all this.

They speculated that Baymard might have more unknown creatures that are still unknown to many

Of course, they had their reasons for calculating these things.

Firstly, Baymard had mentioned a few creatures in their storybooks that existed in real life, but not around the Pyno continent.

The temple spies who had integrated within the Pirate organization after getting 'kidnapped', had sent reports of these strange beasts before.

Like the yellow-face Ape, the Swaying giant lizard, the giant pink Unda (Praying Mantis), and many more.

From the moment they saw some of these creatures, they automatically assumed that the rest were real too... Even the Kraken.

That said, with the countless tales from passengers who got onboard the Cruise sh.i.p.s, they knew that the Baymardians had some creatures down there, doing the work of paddlers.

They didn't know what creatures could be that smart.

Nonetheless, it would all soon belong to the temple.

As for the small ship, or should they say small boat heading their way... The creatures used there should be baby ones or some other mysterious ones.

Thinking like this, they all rushed towards the deck to see those on the ship.

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"Primates!"

"Primates!"

"Primates!"

"Primates!"

Everyone on deck bowed respectfully as Linvor and Jimosen passed by.

Even those on the surrounding sh.i.p.s did the same when they saw the others bowing.

Trey, who saw this was slightly swayed into believing that they were royals

But when he observed the people more, he felt that his assumption was wrong.

They had no royal garments on, no official knight attire, and nothing he could recognize that showed nobility.

However, even though they weren't wearing any knight attire, they all wore red with a square symbol and the letter 'D' in the middle.

Seeing the symbol through his binoculars, Trey's eyes widened in shock.

Wasn't this the symbol used by the Temple of Dragmus?

He and the rest had been told to stay alert, just in case these people came for revenge.

But how could these people figure things out so soon?

Could it be that they discovered that their true enemy was Baymard and not the pirate organization?

Or were they another group and not the temple of Dragmus?

No! The fact that these sh.i.p.s came now meant that these groups of people had no clue of the destruction that happened a few months ago.

Their travel time was too close to make it possible.

Well, whatever the case, he still needed to ask politely and find out why they were here.

Trey took a deep breath and dared not draw any conclusions.

"Windsor! Connect with Headquarters and give them the news."

"Yes, Admiral!"

Trey continued observing things while the others did as they were told.

And soon, after 2 minutes, they were already close enough to the fleet.

Of course, Jimosen and Linvor's sh.i.p.s were at the centre of the formation.

So the duo requested for the sh.i.p.s to part, creating a wide enough space for the Baymardian ship to go in.

Those on Trey's ship frowned.

"Admiral. I think it's a trap.

If we go in, then we will be surrounded by the formation."

"Admiral. He's right.

Our ship is smaller than theirs, so people might jump onto it and attack.

Going in is risky!"

Trey chuckled playfully: "Hmhm. It is. And that's why I need you to immediately contact headquarters and tell them to send forces right away. Items would've told the sh.i.p.s ahead to find out what we want. But they, on the other hand, are trying to trap us. Their move indeed shows their hostility. Nonetheless, this shouldn't be a problem for me. Take note! None of you should ever do what I'm about to do. If I ever find out that you did, you will be suspended indefinitely! Do I make myself clear?"

"Yes, Admiral!"

"Good. Now tell everyone to lock all doors going down, up, in or out.

It's time to Drift!"

Chapter 1010 - A Tight Family

Landon, who was still in his car, had long lowered his seat and leaned back, watching everything from the system's monitors.

Meanwhile, back on Trey's ship, everyone was carefully blocking everything up hastily.

Trey looked at the Temple sh.i.p.s calmly.

Sigh... Did this mean that he was going to miss lunch with the gang?

.

Admiral Trey, who sat in the highest-ranking position within the Coast Guards, was the one who overlooked them all.

Earlier on, he was out at sea with some trainees, their supervisors and his subordinates... Watching their every move.

Typically, he, as the boss, never got involved in such things, but once in a while, it was good to move around and see how others were doing.

Of course, he also did this because yesterday, he had managed to finish the paperwork planned for today.

He did so only because of the planned lunch date with the gang.

And he believed that everyone also tried their best to do the same as he did too... Except they had some meetings to attend.

Anyway, the only ones who weren't going to the lunch date were Josh and Beri (mother Winnie's son), who were both out on separate missions.

So he was going out to meet Mark, Gary, Landon and everyone's wives.

As a tradition, the gang always ate to get here once a week when everyone's schedule aligned.

But that wasn't all.

Actually, they always met 50% of the time while working.

Just like Mark, who used to be a soldier, his wife used to be a soldier too.

But now, she and he were currently high-ranking Police officials.

Gary was in charge of the Navy & Marines, while he overlooked the Coast Guards.

But here's the twist.

Naturally, Gary's wife, who still loved action and going out on missions, joined the Marines.

She, as a Marine, joined the soldiers as well as the Navy whenever there were battles

She could work both on land and sea.

So she was as active as a bee.

Marines Corps was a subdivision within the Navy.

Even though her husband, Admiral Gary, was still the boss, she had a fairly high rank within the Marine Corps.

As for himself, funny enough, his wife still worked within the Marines and not the Coast Guards.

Well, he didn't mind because within the Coastal region, the Coast guards, Navy and Marines were within District K, in the coastal region, and were all heavily secured.

They often met one another while on duty daily.

Their lives and duties were linked together, so they constantly communicated when need be.

That being said, since they were both in high-ranking positions, one would think that they could just say things like: cancel all my appointments or something like that.

Heh. Without any valid reasons like medical, doing so was irresponsible and would reflect on them.

Yes. As part of Baymardians, they did have a steady 8-hour work shift.

But when one was in the armed forces, things weren't always that easy.

Handling or dealing with criminals or missions could eat well into their free time.

And surprising event visits make things worse for them too.

There was a time when Trey just had 30 minutes before his shift ended.

Of course, as the boss, he decided to spend 2 more hours going through some more paperwork before going home.

But before he could even do that, who would've known that they would've met a ton of spies who dared hold visitors as hostages?

Of course, before the marines could mobilize, they as Coast guards had to act fast.

The hostage situation was very tricky.

Things like this always sprung up in this dangerous world that had no order.

So closing during the end of one's shift wasn't that realistic for him.

For those below, yes. They could leave.

But he was the boss and had to stay.

As they say, the higher one climbed, the more responsibilities they got saddled with.

That's why even in other job areas, supervisors always stayed back after employees went.

Talk less of the boss.

They still had work to do.

.

Trey couldn't help shaking his head when he thought of their planned lunch.

Unlike ordinary subordinates, they as bosses could arrange their schedules, spacing things out.

He typically did so according to the meetings and workload he had for the day.

If he had a meeting in the early parts of the morning, he would then do something light until lunch.

From there, he typically took 3 hours off before continuing his job.

And by 6 P.M, he should be done.

But, one could never be so sure.

He only felt it funny that even though they had moved into their new Villas in district E, they hardly spent time in their home.

That's right!

Since they all got married, they moved out of the Palace and found luxury villas within the same block.

They moved out because the palace belonged to Landon's generation.

And so, they wanted to leave something for their own generations too.

That's why they got these grand villas that were as massive as estates, having extravagant land and property around them for golfing and what not.

Now, their homes were lined up together on the same block.

They were neighbours to themselves.

And since they all worked within the armed forces, they mostly met at home during the night.

But this wasn't an issue for them because they also met each other during the day while at work.

Sometimes, they had meetings, demonstrations and other things to attend together.

They were all within the armed forces, meaning that they were linked up quite a lot.

Of course, the only people's wives that weren't in the armed forces were Josh and Beri.

Grace, Josh's wife, was a teacher and a government worker too.

And Beri's wife, Christine, worked as a Firefighter.

But even though these women weren't directly involved with the armed forces, their husbands always found time to see them outside.

That being said, apart from meeting once a week as a group, the boys also had their own separate get-together twice a week while the girls had theirs too.

And because of this, they were closer than ever.

.

Trey shook his head wryly.

Well, the lunch date was definitely cancelled.

Sigh...

"Admiral! We've double-checked and done what you requested.

The buttons are all green. The doors have been automatically bolted and locked, with everyone safely inside.

"Alright.

Everyone take your positions and hold on tight.

It's going to be rough!"

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