

TECHNOLOGY 1011

Chapter 1011 - Entering The Formation

Looking at the opening created by the Temple sh.i.p.s, Trey calmly held the controls tightly.

Now, he had to get the show rolling.

"Alright!

Everyone, hold on tight.

We'll go in slow and calm, first seeing what they're up to.

But in the meantime, also send word for the Coast guards to start directing the tourist sh.i.p.s towards the emergency lane.

And, get a few more sh.i.p.s to circle the area at about a 2-mile radius from here.

Even though we won't stop tourist travel, we should be able to stop tourists from seeing the battle."

"Yes, Admiral!

I'll get on it right away."

"Good"

Trey nodded in satisfaction.

Yes. They would direct all sh.i.p.s very far away from these strange sh.i.p.s.

And the reason why they decided to block the scene was because they didn't want others to know how deadly their ship weaponry was.

Make no mistake. As of now, many outside Baymard had witnessed how those on missions used guns to take down their enemies.

Be it in Santa's wedding, the mission in Deiferus and so on, many had already seen with their very eyes how it all went down.

Of course, it would take a while, and many even years for the entire Pyno continent to be aware of these things.

To be honest, they didn't have a problem with people knowing about the existence of guns.

Just like in the case of tasers, many would make several assumptions and still come at them to test their theories with all sorts of made-up beliefs.

That, they weren't too concerned with.

What troubled them now was to keep the fact that they had missile launchers, cannons, grabbed and other things hidden.

Without a doubt, if people knew that their sh.i.p.s were equipped with such powerful weaponry, all powerful forces, be it the pirates, Morgs and even others from different continents, everyone might come at them all at once.

Water occupied the vast majority of this world.

Meaning, if one controlled the seas, they also controlled the world.

So what do you think would happen if others found that they had such sh.i.p.s?

The Pirates and Morgs would go gaga.

The big problem was that they might threaten other Pyno empires, holding many civilians hostage.

This in itself would make people within the other empires secretly hate Baynard for causing them such grief.

No matter how much good one does in the world, people could be that person as an enemy if they lost their most beloved people due to that person.

All the blame would go to Baynard.

People were their biggest assets, as well as their biggest disadvantage.

In politics, one had to act smart at all times.

Even if they were overpowered, they couldn't act recklessly.

That's why they still hide the big guns for now, only showing the little things.

Baynard might be ready, but Pyno as a whole wasn't.

Just as reheard, the Coast guards would know what to do.

They would block the scene from the tourists.

And as for the sounds of weaponry going off, they would blame all on Black powder.

They could lie about setting about 300 or more barrels of black powder on the sh.i.p.s or something like that.

Bottom line, it would all be blamed on black powder.

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Trey steered the ship in steadily, with a calm expression on his face.

Now, they were going in through the opening created within the formation.

Now, they were moving towards the centre of the circular formation.

And as they advanced, the temple men stood at the edge of the sh.i.p.s on the deck, smiling wickedly and agitatedly.

Funny enough, no matter how they acted, they didnt do anything over the top, always remaining calm.

If it were pirates, they would start whispering amongst themselves, jumping and swinging on the sails.

Some might even swing their swords and do threatening moves at them instead.

But when it came to these people, they all cupped their hands in front of their fellows and stood as still as rocks, only smiling provocatively from time to time.

Trey and the rest were on high alert, always remaining vigilant at all times.

And soon, they reached the center of the formation and stopped right before one of the main sh.i.p.s.

There were two main sh.i.p.s there. One painted in Blue, and another in Red.

He was currently standing before the Red one.

And standing on the deck were two distinct individuals who were dressed differentially from the rest.

Everyone else was wearing a Red short with a symbol on them, as well as some black pants too.

But those 2 distinct men wore flowy deep purple robes over their pants instead.

They probably dyed it from the purplish flower dyeing techniques... Or from Baymard's dyes being sold out.

Either way, their attires were vibrant.

But that wasn't all.

They also had a purplish hat on, as well as a metal cane in their hand that was painted red.

And the top of the cane had the head of some half-human-half beast on it that he couldn't make out from where he was.

He wanted to say it looked like a cross between a dog, wolf, hangol and human, but he wasn't sure.

Of course, as Trey l've served them, these Primates also observed him as well through the see-through glass.

No matter what, they had to keep this ship in here, or else with its speed, it might head off now and alert the Baymardians giving them a head start.

Even if they knew they would win, they wanted to get this done and over with fast.

Soon, they heard a loud voice echo out of the small ship.

"This is Admiral Trey from the Baymardian Coast Guards speaking.

We are under the law to seek your purpose for visiting.

I apologize if we seem rude, but your fleet is too suspicious and too eye-catching.

To make this quick, please state your name and your purpose for visiting."

" "

Chapter 1012 - The Crazy Admiral!

"To make this quick, please state your name and your purpose for visiting."

" _ "

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Jimosen and Linvor glanced at Trey and sneered.

As expected of these Baymardians... just as the spies had said, they were truly stupid.

An intelligent person should've already been able to tell that it was a trap.

But here these people were, stepping into the centre of the formation stupidly.

Linvor massaged his chin vicariously: "This was our first plan to lure them in. I honestly thought that we might have to go for plan B. But who would've known that these idiots would fall for it?"

Jimosen chuckled: "What do you expect from people with no backbones? They requested the other empires to protect them during the U.N meeting because they couldn't do it themselves. Just look at how moronic they are now? They actually came in to peacefully ask for our purpose even after seeing so many battleship.i.p.s. Aren't they stupid? Heh. With Dragmus by our side, we are sure to slaughter them today!"

"Yes... Dragmus is with us. So we have nothing to fear."

(^_^)

The duo gestured towards two of their men, who then stepped closer and held megaphones in front of their mouths.

Of course, the megaphones were made by coiling metal plates into a cone.

This was what people in this time used to speak to massive crowds.

And sometimes, they would create a large megaphone that looked like a giant flute and speak into it, causing the sounds to travel very far like an echo.

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Jimosen and Linvor looked at Trey victoriously.

"You there! Are you an idiot?"

Trey decided to play along and acted dumbfounded: "Excuse me sirs, but have I offended you in any way?"

Seeing his reaction, the duo smirked and snapped their fingers at their men who then moved.

All the while Trey had been advancing, the path that was once opened, now slowly closed up again.

"No, you haven't.

As a matter of fact, we have no bad blood between us.

It's just that your existence is a threat to our plans.

So sorry, you have to die!"

With that, many started driving to get close enough to the edge so that they could jump onto Trey's ship.

But how could things be that easy?

Seeing them act like flies, Trey smiled coldly and turned to look at everyone on the ship currently strapped to walls.

Yup.

They were standing against the walls while secured onto safety straps attached to the walls.

Those safety straps on the walls were for scenarios like this.

On normal occasions, they could sit on their wheeled office-like chairs in their stations.

But with what he was about to do next, he didn't want people falling over, rolling around and accidentally pushing buttons, lifting levers and doing other things that they shouldn't.

For now, they were to stay where they were unless an intruder successfully got in.

As for Trey, his feet were strapped onto the floor instead. It was the strapping mechanism used by Snowboards.

Hahahhahahahaha.

Let the fun begin!

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~Bam. Bam.

Soon, they heard the sounds of people dropping to their ship's deck.

Some swung on doors from the massive Temple sh.i.p.s onto their own, even landing on the glass.

And those who reached the Baymardian ship tied the rope to the metal railings of the ship.

Of course, many used other pieces of rope to slide from their sh.i.p.s to the Baymardian ship.

"Everyone, get down there! The primates want this done fast!

We still have Baymard to attack, so we don't have much time!"

"You there! Am I talking with water in my mouth?"

Get your behind down there at once!

The Primates command that we take care of the people inside and throw their bodies to the fishes.

But we are not to severely damage the sh.i.p.s.

They are now the precious properties of Dragmus and shouldn't be overly damaged.

That is the Will of our God, Dragmus!"

"Dragmus!"

"Dragmus!"

"Dragmus!"

~Bam Bam. Bam. Bam.~~

Many dragias landed all over the ship like ants triumphantly.

Trey let them have their little fun before looking at his trapped-in crew with a playful smile on his face.

The moment they saw his expression, they felt like crying.

They had heard of their Admiral's crazy feats before, with some people saying that they threw up in the end.

So many silently prayed in their hearts.

"Is everyone ready?"

[Coastal Guards]: "...No? (:TΔT:)"

~Bush!

Trey pushed the lever all the way excitedly: "Alright, Baby. Show papa what you've got!"

[Coastal guards]: Is it too late to change professions? I want my mommy...

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~Brrrrrrrrrr!!!

Eh?

Those on the ship who weren't prepared for his move, soon found themselves vibrating alongside the ship.

What the hell was going on?

The ship first moved forward for a bit before freezing due to the tension on the ropes tied on the railings at the front of the ship.

The control center was in the middle of the ship.

So once people got on board, some started trying to open the doors, while others climbed up, looking for openings above.

Instantly, this initial inertia made some fall off the top of the control station, while some completely fell off the ship, falling into the water.

~Plop.

Those watching and even those in the ship looked at the scene in confusion before understanding the gist of the matter.

Those who fell onto the water were the most pissed!

Of course, they quickly swam back towards the ship too.

Who knew what deadly sea creature was swimming around them?

Even when they took baths, they jumped in and stayed for at most 2 minutes and came back out.

So wouldn't they be crazy to stay in longer with all the mysterious giant creatures around?

F***!

"You sons of b**ches better pray that we don't successfully open that door of yours.

Because rather than throwing you whole to the fishes, I'll slice you off to tiny bits to make it easier for them.

How dare you stand against the will of Dragmus?

F***!"

Chapter 1013 - Teacher Trey

Those that fell into the water wanted to chew the heads of these Baymardians off.

Dammit!

These crazy sons of b**ches will pay!

At the same time, other dragias who had fallen abruptly quickly got up, massaged their chins and rushed towards the already strained ropes.

Presently, there were only two ropes tied at the front of the ship by the dragias.

These were the ropes they used to slide down onto Trey's ship.

The Baymardian ship had stood at a distance that only allowed them to tie just these two ropes there.

If they wanted to tie more, then they needed the other Temple sh.i.p.s to inch in closer.

But earlier on, the Primates thought that it was unnecessary.

For them, provided they got people on board the Baymardian ship, then they should be able to take down these stupid Baymardians.

But how could they have known that they had miscalculated some key points?

The sea-through windows should be made of glass, no?

So why was it that no matter how hard they tried to break it, it wouldn't shatter?

They could break glass cups and other see-through glass parts. So why was this one different?

At this point, they started thinking if they had got it wrong.

Could it be that it wasn't glass?

Well, this assumption was in fact, correct.

It was high fortified clear plastic.

Some might find similar rules used by airplane windows and so on.

Everyone quickly tried to stabilize themselves while back on their feet.

As for Trey, he was now in his crazy mode.

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After reversing and brutally throwing some people off, Trey once again pulled the lever upwards, advanced towards the leading ship.

Trey smiled calmly while looking at the crazy amount of dragias, who jumped onto the massive slanted windows as if they were zombies in an apocalypse.

Seeing this, Trey didn't lose his cool.

Instead, he was more excited to begin his lecture.

Heh. It seems that these dragias were in dire need of a lesson on Mechanics 101.

Trey smiled playfully while talking to his helpless crew, who by the way, were still strapped up against the wall.

"Gentlemen, ladies... How about we begin a brief lecture?"

[Coast Guards: "_"]

Everyone didn't know whether to laugh or cry.

Was now really a good time for this?

Can't he see that there were people constantly trying to break in?

It's official. The Admiral had lost it.

Trey chuckled before getting serious.

"Newton's 3rd law. Go!"

"Admiral! It states that for every action in nature, there is an equal and opposite reaction that balances everything in equilibrium."

Trey nodded in satisfaction: "Good. Now put this in our scenario. Go!"

"Admiral! Earlier on, when we reversed, the force applied to reverse was equivalent to the force that resisted us."

"Excellent. I like quick thinkers.

Now, let's analyze things deeply, shall we?"

Everyone looked at the crazed dragias outside and truly wanted to cry.

'Admiral, we mean no disrespect. But don't you see that the situation is urgent?'

(-_-)

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Trey calmly ran his fingers through his eye while staring at the enraged dragons outside.

It'll take a lot more than this if these people think they would be able to break in.

Funny enough, he hadn't even released some secret weapons around the deck, windows and doors that would leave some dead, choked, and even temporarily blinded.

What a joke!

He wasn't about to waste all that on such a simple thing.

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Trey looked at the controls while speaking.

"Everyone, listen up!

Our ship currently has 2 ropes tied by the dragias to the front of the ship, very close to each other.

So we can estimate that they're tied up in more or less the same spot.

Just now, the lead enemy ship was positioned in a way that its side faced our ship.

In this way, we can see most of the deck and those on it.

Now, the 2 ropes tied to our ship... all spread and lead towards different areas at the side of the lead enemy ship.

The whole thing creates an image of an isosceles triangle."

Everyone nodded while thinking of the scene they had seen earlier on.

The ropes were tied on two different areas on the side of the enemy ship's that were almost evenly spread out.

"Lectures aren't over yet!

Thinking of everything we know, from the radar and controls, we can also see the distance between our ship and the enemy's.

Additionally, since we know that the lines and everything else maps similarly to that of an isosceles triangle... we can also accurately estimate two of the angles and other factors that will aid us in calculating the resultant forces.

Now, if we know the forces needed to keep everything in balance, then we'll be able to deduce the force, speed and direction we need to break free!

Now, the only question... was what would happen when we do so.

There are two possibilities once we broke free; Either the ropes would snap, or one of the railings would break.

Tell me, aren't you all curious to find out which one would snap or break first?"

[Coast Guards]: ('^')

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The strapped-in crewmates looked at Trey pitifully.

Sigh... They might as well give up and give in to the madness.

Their Admiral wasn't panicked. So why should they?

They had to admit that they were indeed curious.

As per science, the 2 wooden railings on the enemy ship holding the rules had now split the force and pressure amongst themselves... Lessening the strain on them.

And coupled with the fact that the wooden railing had more support from the entire railing structure, many were more inclined to believe that it would be the ropes that snapped.

But then again, ropes now were as thick as a person's wrists.

So they weren't too sure about the matter.

Mr. Rope vs Mr. Railings.

Which would snap first?

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Teacher Trey, who had been speaking all this while, had been calculating and estimating the speed, force, direction and everyone else needed for his next move.

One shouldn't forget that all this time, he had been slowly advancing, decreasing the tension on the rules, making them weak and loose, so much so that they were almost touching the water.

With everything settled, he calmly made adjustments, turned the meters and controls to what he d.e.s.i.r.ed before smiling playfully.

At the same time, the Primates who saw the Baymardian ship stop abruptly, suddenly felt uneasy.

Something wasn't right!

Chapter 1014 - The Angered Dragias

After adjusting everything, Trey gripped the lever and held it right.

Here goes nothing.

~Bruuum!

Instantly, the ship reversed so fast, throwing almost everyone on the ship onto the water.

"Ahhhh!"

~plop!

Trey reversed the ship towards its left, which caused too much force on one of the ropes.

On the enemy ship, some of the dragias had already noticed this problem.

"Primates! Primates! The wooden railings attached to one of the ropes is threatening to break.

Before sliding to the enemy's ship earlier on, we had secured it around 3 wooden railings.

But now, it's threatening to break!"

"What?"

Linvor and Jimosen looked at each other in dismay.

"Quickly! Get more rope immediately and tie it to the main rope.

From there, secure the rope on more railings and other structures around the ship.

Well, what are you waiting for? Move! Move! Move!"

The dragia who reported the matter left hurriedly to do as he was told.

This was the first time that they had ever faced such a problem.

Typically, the rope they tied to swing to the enemy's ship always stayed in place.

And could only be destroyed if the enemy cut the rope with a knife to prevent them from crossing over.

Forget it! They were sure that no one, not even the pirates, had faced such a scenario.

A massive crack of their wooden ship was threatening to detach itself and fly away.

So how could they not be scared?

Do you know how much it'll cost for maintenance?

More importantly, in this Fall season that's coming to an end, welcoming winter... this ship would have leaks and floods due to this problem.

Luckily, only one ship was affected.

And the fact that they would soon take over Baymard, made them feel that it wasn't so bad.

At least, they could do any other repairs after.

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"Everyone! Get ropes! Get more ropes!

Don't let railings break!"

Chaos quickly filled the place as everyone started running around, doing the best they could to help out.

Too bad their efforts all went in vain.

Because the moment the announcement was made, everyone could hear a loud breaking sound.

~Crack!

Their faces turned pale, and their hearts sunk deeper.

~BAM!

A large chunk of wood, about 4 feet wide, quickly broke free from the ship in a flash.

In the end, the overly thick rope was still the victor.

Trey, who had successfully pushed all the 'zombies' away from his view, looked out the front glass and smiled when he saw the wooden structure following them in the water.

Heh. Things weren't over yet.

He quickly moved in another direction, breaking free from the last time too.

With that, he stopped reversing.

Good. The show can finally begin.

"Windsor, Jina, Carl, Maito, Zoka, Leah!

The 6 of you will go out there and cut the rope. We don't want these massive wooden pieces following us around. It'll be our downfall.

2 people can focus on cutting the rope, while the other 4 will keep them safe.

Figure things out yourselves.

Now go!

And remember, there are still a few dragias out on the deck.

So move carefully.

And, make sure to take the safety rock climbing ropes at the emergency box over there.

I want everyone properly secured to each other.

We don't want any of you falling off the ship, now do we?"

The 6 nodded: "Yes, Admiral."

With that, all 6 un-strapped and hastily stood next to the door."

Trey looked at the green glowing button before him before briefly glancing back at them.

"Preparing to open the door in 3...2...1..."

~Tchakap!

The door automatically opened, and all 6 came face to face with a few Dragias... most of which were lying on the floor.

The moment the last person stepped out, Trey shut the door tightly.

Now, it was all up to them.

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The moment the door opened earlier on, someone who had been latching on to the door handle, quickly attached them.

Windsor quickly kicked the person back with his legs, sending them rolling like a bowling ball, hitting a few who wanted to stand up and fight.

~Bam!

The battle was on.

Seeing that everyone was trying to find their center of gravity from the abrupt steadiness of the ship, the gang dashed forward to the front, attacking those who dared to stand up or leave their support.

~Bam. Bam. Pah. Pah.

"You all die for me!"

One of the dragias angrily left the metal railings he held onto at the side of the ship, and quickly ran towards Windsor with a dagger in his hand.

But Windsor ducked to the side, grabbed the hand holding the dagger as if he wanted to dance.... before using his other hand to grab his opponent's shoulder and kick his belly 4 times, making him arch over in pain.

"Ah! Ah! Ah! Ah!" The dragia yelled in pain every time he was kneed in the belly.

But that wasn't the end of his beatings.

Windsor then let go of the man's shoulder, flexed his arm and delivered a downward blow with his elbow, directly on the dragia's shoulder blade.

"Ahhhhh!"

F***! It hurt like hell.

It hurt so much that his grip on his dagger loosened, which gave room for Windsor to seize it.

"Damn you!" The dragias barked in rage.

But Windsor couldn't care less and hurriedly threw the guy overboard.

~Splash!

Just like that, everyone fought their way to the front.

Fortunately, there weren't many people who had stabilized themselves yet.

So they were quick.

And the moment they secured the bungee cords around their waists to the railings at the front, they did 'okay signs' towards Trey, who was now watching them from the glass window.

Good. They were all secured.

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"You bastards! We'll get you!

We'll get you even if it's the last thing we do!"

The enemies on deck looked at the 6 as if looking at dead people.

With that, they all rushed towards the 6 Coast guards like crazy.

Trey watched their actions and couldn't help chuckling up a bit.

It was now his favourite part of the game.

This should be fun.

Chapter 1015 - The Escape!

Very quickly, Trey accelerated swiftly, making Windsor and the gang hold on to the rails while struggling to fight.

Hell. Their Admiral's driving was just too crazy.

Luckily, they hooked themselves to one of the railings so they wouldn't get thrown overboard.

"Ahhhhhh!"

~Splash!

The enemies on board found themselves in the water, while others hit their skulls hard against the railings and other parts on deck.

F***!

Was this guy trying to kill them?

... The answer would be yes.

Seeing Trey circle around crazy, Jimosen and Linvor gritted before yelling at everyone else.

"Don't just stand there!

Tell everyone to tighten the formation.

Leave him no room for escape!

And the rest of you onboard should get on that ship immediately!

I don't know how you'll do it, but he needs to be done now!

And what are the archers still standing around for?

Even though we planned to use all our battle weapons for the main Baymardians forces, losing a few arrows wouldn't affect our victory.

So shoot those 6 hanging outside now!!!"

With that, the dragia quickly yelled out through the megaphones, and others who heard it on different sh.i.p.s, yelled out the order to the other sh.i.p.s too, spreading the orders through the fleet.

And soon, others on nearby sh.i.p.s stood at the edge, aiming to jump onto the Baymardian ship if it got near them.

Sure, they might break a few bones... But they didn't think the fall would kill them, right?

At the same time, some also stood close to the edge to predict and shoot all 6 Coast guards at the front of the Baymardian ship.

"Shoot them! Shoot them! Short them down!!!"

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~Thup! Thup! Thup! Thup! Thup!~

The air became tense as chaos filled the place.

Trey danced along the water while avoiding the many men who tried to jump into the deck from the nearby sh.i.p.s.

At the same time, he tried his best at steering and keeping the arrows from touching all 6 at the front.

Some arrows missed them by the hair, while others landed on the ground inches away from their feet.

With the movements of his ship, coupled with the constant changing winds out on sea, hitting those 6 men would be hard but not impossible.

Of course, some arrows were spot on.

But luckily, since the men were still fighting some dragias on deck, they used their bodies as shields instead.

At this rate, it wouldn't be long before an arrow hits them.

'Come on. Come on. Come on. Come on...' Trey silently said in his heart while avoiding all the dangers around.

And soon, the ropes were all cut.

Hahahahaha.

Success!

Instantly, the massive wooden frames tied to the other ends of the ropes didn't follow the ship anymore.

Heh. Now, nothing was holding them back.

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With their mission completed, all 6 rushed back towards the Control Tower while fighting a few others.

But just when they thought they were fine, an arrow launched by Linvor, pierced through Windsor's left shoulder.

Linvor smirked proudly, while back on the Baymardian ship, Windsor felt like sh**.

"Ahhhhhhh!!!!"

"Windsor!!"

The gang quickly pulled him forcefully, dragging him into the Control Room.

Trey squinted his eyes dangerously when he saw Windsor's gruesome injury.

Windsor had been the last one to get in, as he held a dead enemy as a shield while covering for everyone else.

"Everyone! We first need to get out of this situation.

Jina! Get Windsor some water now."

"Yes, Admiral."

"The rest of you carefully strap him in, along with yourselves.

We need a still and stable environment to administer first aid diligently around the arrow on his shoulder.

So we can't treat him yet until we get out of here.

We should be out of this Formation in 3 minutes tops!

Windsor! How do you feel? Do you think you can handle it till then?"

Windsor gritted his teeth painfully and forced a dry laugh out: "Admiral. Is it okay if I curse while on duty?"

Trey smiled: "alright. I'll permit just this once."

"Thank you, Admiral..."

F***! Son of a b**ch!

It hurt like hell!

Damn! When was the last time I ever received an arrow shot?

That should be close to 5 years ago.

Ahhhh... It's still as painful as ever.

Admiral. I'll be able to hold on.

I didn't die when I was shot by an arrow all those years back. So why should I not be able to take it for just a few minutes?"

"Are you sure?"

"Yes, Admiral. I'm fine." Windsor said as sweat quickly formed on his face.

His body was constantly fighting to stabilize things.

And he started feeling lightheaded and weak.

But, he knew that they had to first get out of here before things got worse.

It shouldn't be long before the Navy gets here.

But it would be stupid for them to be in here sitting duck when they had a perfectly good chance of escaping.

It was just that the way Trey drove, he really wanted to throw up.

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Everyone chuckled and hurriedly strapped themselves after securing Windsor.

"Admiral, don't worry about this one. He has too many lives."

"Yeah. And don't even think you'll be able to die without finishing our game back at the base."

Everyone kept the atmosphere up and spoke continuously to keep Windsor awake.

'Hold on, bro... We'll soon be out in no time.'

Seeing that everyone was secured, Trey started driving dangerously close to the edges of the massive dragia sh.i.p.s, passing through the cracks and openings.

Jimosen who saw this, slapped the back head of one of the dragias beside him.

~Pah!

What the heck are those fools doing?

Didn't I say that you should spread the word for the other sh.i.p.s to sail closer to each other, closing the cracks and openings around?"

"Private, I did. I issued out your orders, and they replied that they understood.

Look!

Some of the sh.i.p.s are now tightening the spaces between them.

It should be that the slaves had just heard about it now!"

Jimosen turned his attention to the sh.i.p.s and clenched his fist in determination.

They had to trap these bastards in here!

Seeing the sh.i.p.s closing in towards each other, Jimosen visibly relaxed.

It seemed that they should be able to succeed soon.

But how could it be that easy?

Chapter 1016 - The Belief Of The Dragia Fleet

Jimosen's eyes sparkled with anxiousness as he watched the scene intensively.

He dropped the railings tightly and completely forgot to breathe.

'That's it! Close up on them.

Trap them. Trap them. Trap them!'

Linvor was also going through the same thought process as well.

The duo watched and dared not blink, hoping that Trey would get stopped.

And at first, it seemed to work, as several sh.i.p.s closed in very swiftly.

With the space between them, it was impossible for the Baymardian ship to go through.

Trey circled the water chaotically until he finally saw an opening that was slowly closing up.

He squinted his eyes and smiled broadly before accelerating forward towards just one direction.

Jimosen and Linvor opened their eyes wide in shock as if looking at a mad man.

Was he crazy?

According to their calculations, by the speed they were going, even if they did pass through, they should be such or hit the corner of the dragia sh.i.p.s halfway through.

So wasn't that risky for them to do?

Mad man!

The Primates had finally seen a mad man!

It was just that they were jumping things based on the speed Trey had displayed.

But what if he told them that he hadn't even gone to maximum speed?

Trey grinned before pushing the lever all the way up to Turbo boost.

And just like that, he zoomed out of the spot, creating massive waves, drowning the dragias who were still in the water.

What the hell?

This guy was definitely doing it intentionally.

There they were struggling to get out of the water as fast as they could.

Then all of a sudden, this guy comes along, constantly swirling his ship at that speed, creating waves that keep drowning them down.

They all silently said prayers in their hearts, hoping that their God, Dragmus, would mill this bastard for them.

What a hateful guy.

.

~Vrrmmmmmmmm!!!!

(°0°)

Watching the Baymardians ship pass through the space, Jimosen and Linvor shoved everyone out of the way to get to the other ship of their ship to see if these bastards would make it.

And by the time they reached the other end, their bodies constantly bubbled in rage.

Of course, all their rage was centred at the small Baymardian ship that had not only successfully gotten out, but was now maneuvering the Formation as if it were a simple maze or labyrinth.

They would sometimes go right, take a left, swirled around and moved in directions that sent them out

What puzzled the Primates the most was how these people knew how to leave the Formation with ease.

What was going on here?

Of course, if they had known that there was such a thing as radars, then they wouldn't have been so puzzled.

Watching these Baymardian bastards escape, Jimosen and Linvor quickly issued out several commands.

"Hurry! Tell the slaves to paddle as fast as they can.

These Baymardians on that ship will no doubt tell their ruler about us.

So we have to at least get there before they are fully prepared."

"Yes! Even though the element of surprise has been destroyed, they still won't have enough time to prepare and launch a full-scale attack against us.

Don't forget! Those who attended the U.N meeting have already left!

And even though they might send people to protect Baymard, those people haven't arrived yet.

So Baymard is still vulnerable!

Get the slaves to paddle till the drop!

And secure the many barrels of black powder.

Today, we'll deal with these Baymardian sc.u.m.

We have the rings.

So victory is upon us!"

Instantly, those who heard the order through the megaphone quickly knelt, made several hand gestures and looked at the rings raised in the air as if receiving divine blessings.

"We live only for Dragmus!"

"We live only for Dragmus!"

"We live only for Dragmus!"

(*^*)

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The Primates closed their eyes and raised their hands as if also receiving heavenly blessings.

Soon, they opened their eyes and smiled cruelly.

"At war, the mind of us, Primates, is the Mind of our most Holy Dragmus.

And right now, he has assured Primate Linvor and I that this battle will end with us being victorious.

We have been assured that no weapon fashioned against us shall win.

We will crush our enemies, just as we have done for centuries and centuries.

We will never lose. Not today, not ever!

As for some of you wanting revenge for the incident just now, fret not.

Dragmus has ensured us Primates that we may torture and do as we like with the enemy.

But in the end, their entire bodies, whether sliced or not, should be burnt up and offered as sacrifices to show our victory and strengthen our faith in Dragmus.

Now! Let's go!

Let's win this battle!"

Listening to the Primates, everyone got up and excitedly cheered.

"Dragmus!"

"Dragmus!"

"Dragmus!"

"Dragmus!"

" _ "

Good.

Jimosen and Linvor were fully convinced that this was the will of Dragmus.

When they closed their eyes and asked for guidance, this was the first thing that popped up in their heads.

So this must be his will.

After all, Dragmus had always manifested himself like this, putting ideas in them so far, they had always won.

So their belief in this had continually been strengthened.

Just like that, the fleet of Dragias hurriedly whipped the slaves, forcing them to paddle as hard as they could towards Baymard.

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Landon, who was watching everything, was dumbfounded.

Unless the heavens themselves gave visions, anything any human thinks is his/her own thoughts.

Of course, one could be tempted and swayed.

But really, if a thought pops into someone's head with no one putting ideas in them.

Then that was what the person was feeling and not what the heavens had decreed.

Landon had been thinking about how to find the remaining Dragias still alive.

Who would've known that some of them would deliver themselves to Baymard's arms?

These dragias just said that no weapon fashioned against them would make them lose.

Heh... He'd like to see if it were true or not.

Alright. It was time to end things once and for all.

Chapter 1017 - Moving In!

Standing heroically on one of the battleships, Gary's wife, Ruby... as well as Trey's wife, Yara, calmly spoke into the speaker in their arm shields, as if they were Buzz Lightyear.

These Women were the Top Dogs in the Marine Corps.

They both planned to go for their dinner date with the gang.

But who would've known that enemies would dare approach Baynard?

Yara's eyes were cold when she heard that her stupid husband, Trey, dared to go in without backup.

Heh. It looks like she has been too soft on him lately.

He deserved some beatings!

Their second-in-commands by their sides couldn't help praying for Admiral Trey in their hearts.

Who didn't know how powerful Marine General Yara was?

He was clearly asking for death!

Somehow, they could already see the scene of General Yara dealing with him in their matrimonial home when all this was over.

Sigh... The poor Admiral.

He obviously knew his wife. Yet, he dared to make such a bold move.

R.I.P to the late Admiral Trey.

You shall be missed.

.

Yara was so pissed that her murderous aura continuously leaked out, making some rookies and even veterans shiver in fright.

Was it just them, or did they just see flames of anger around her?

Everyone looked at Ruby pitifully.

But when they also saw Ruby pissed off, also releasing her own murderous aura, they were dumbfounded, confused and helpless.

'General Ruby, why the hell are you also furious?

What's your point here?'

(>T□T)

Ruby was pissed off when she thought of Trey's situation.

Why? Because not long ago, that idiot husband of hers, who calls himself Admiral Gary, also pulled a stupid stunt like this.

Trey's actions had reminded her of that incident, making her angry all over again.

As expected, birds of the same feather flock together.

Gary didn't know it, but presently, he was walking on a very thin sheet of ice.

[Gary back in Navy Headquarters]: Eh? Why do I have an ominous feeling?

...

The Marine Corps had split into companies (a group of 12~200 soldiers), forming several Tactical-sized units and positioned themselves on each Battleship ship.

They stood firm on the deck, with some standing beside large boxes of equipment there.

Ruby's teams focused on rescuing the imprisoned slaves paddling down below, while Yara's teams would focus more on clearing the path and taking out the enemies.

They couldn't very well sink the ship as there were too many innocent people aboard.

"Generals! News from Admiral Trey's team just got in."

Yara and Ruby turned around at the same time hastily.

After listening, they then sat on the deck floor and worked things out swiftly.

With a large sheet of paper brought over, everyone calmly analyzed things and depicted how they imagined the ship's interior would look based on all their experiences and missions on the seas.

Yara held her pencil and tapped her lower chin: "According to the estimates of how tall and wide each enemy vessel is, each ship can take up to 9,000 people if you pack them like sardines, banking them up on beds and allowing some to sleep on the floors."

Ruby nodded: "Right. Of course, they could have fewer people on deck. But for this case, let's assume the worst-case scenario, taking 9,000 as the number on each ship. And out of that 9,000, let's assume that 1000 are slaves paddling below. So 8,000 times 48 sh.i.p.s should be.... "

Instantly, one of their subordinates answered promptly: 384,000 enemies and 48,000 slaves, generals!"

"Good. Remember, this number could indeed be wrong. But it's the most logical at the moment.

So. Change of plans. Listen up!

Blah, blah, blah, blah, blah, blah~."

They agreed on a new plan of action swiftly.

"Generals, what about the rookies? Isn't this mission too high grade for the first mission?"

"Not necessarily. Rookies have to learn and understand just how terrifying the battlefield was.

They will undoubtedly make mistakes.

But, we are sending them in with veterans like you all.

If you can't even keep an eye on them as veterans, then how can you all be able to secure hostages?"

Yara nodded and added to what Ruby said: "We expect you all to let them learn, but at the same time, you must secretly protect them and each other. Understand?"

"Yes, Generals."

"Good. Now quickly pass the new plans to all Companies. Kill those who fight back, capture those who surrender. Remember that."

With that, the subordinates did as they were told.

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This was a surprise attack.

So news on the matter kept coming in time and time again.

And they, as leaders, had to act fast!

Alright. They finally confirmed these people's identity, as well as got more information about where the ring leaders were.

The girls, along with their second in commands, ironed things out in a matter of minutes before talking into their arm shields again.

The rookies who had just been chosen to partake in this mission, felt very nervous at the slight changes made to the plan that had just been revised 10 minutes ago.

Their heart rates fluctuated wildly as they felt too overwhelmed with emotions.

So this was how it felt to be on a real mission?

Indeed, practice could never beat the real thing.

They just hoped that they didn't mess things up.

Ruby and Yara tightened their grip on their weapons while looking ahead calmly at the enemy fleet that was already somewhat visible.

"8 minutes before Mission Engage.

All companies stay alert and get ready to engage!"

Meanwhile, those within the Coast Guards (CG) all stormed out in different directions as planned.

"Rainbow! Nightingale! Blue Bird! Rain Storm! Golden Fish! And unit Thunderbird!

Direct the tourists to a 2-mile radius away from the enemy's location.

Emergency unit Saving Grace! Head towards Admiral Trey's Ship for assistance. Man Down!

All other chosen units should encircle the region at a 0.7-mile radius from the enemy, blocking the scene.

Focus more on the sights visible to tourists.

The other sights facing the empty seas can be left unguarded.

Move! Move! Move!"

Chapter 1018 - The Impatient Watchers!

Everyone moved speedily, hurrying to complete their assignments.

And soon, some of the tourists had noticed the action happening.

How could they not?

Several Baymardian sh.i.p.s were speeding off in a flash, occupying different regions around the waters.

The strangest thing was that now, they were guided and showed the way to move diligently.

They smelt that something was off.

Could it be pirates? Or some unknown enemy forces?

Their ears and eyes itched to discover the truth.

But no matter how much they asked, these Baymardians had tight lips, just smiling back at them and acting clueless about the whole thing.

Smart people who owned their own sh.i.p.s chose to stay silent and observe a little bit more while sailing very, very, very slowly.

They didn't believe that they wouldn't be able to see anything!

It looked like a storm had come Baymard's way.

So, the question was, will they be able to settle it?

Many looked ahead with curiosity, stretching their necks, hoping to see something.

Unfortunately, a 2-mile radius was too far for the eyes alone to see things clearly.

From where they were, the sh.i.p.s would only look like dots or streaks of light along the waters.

And coupled with the Coast Guards directing and blocking vision, their efforts were deemed useless.

Dammit! Such a perfect opportunity to gather more information had been disrupted by these smiling Baymardians right before their very eyes.

F***!

Some people even decided to sail ahead and stop around one of the Arcadian Coastal cities, towns or villages, to wait and gather information.

This sort of thing could sell like hot cake... especially for some people who made a little out of selling information.

This scene had caught their interest.

So how could they just let it go?

"Change course!"

"Change course!"

"Change sailing Course!"

(*^*)

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Like that, plans had changed for many, as well as for the Dragias still aboard their sh.i.p.s.

"Primates! Primates! Primates!"

It's bad.

The front sh.i.p.s have reported that over 15 massive Baymardian sh.i.p.s are heading our way.

And on the ship, even though we can't see it clearly, it looks like they have hundreds and thousands on board.

Those damn bastards earlier on had probably alerted their friends after leaving here."

Linvor squinted his eyes dangerously: "Impossible! Even if they already got back now, It's impossible for them to gather so many people in such a short time."

Jimosen nodded in agreement: "It's either they were already prepared for us, or this is another team that happened to pass by. With the loyalty of the dragias, no dragia can betray the Temple, revealing info to these bastards. So we can safely assume that this group were just passing Baymardian sh.i.p.s."

"That's right. They're probably Baymardian sh.i.p.s that had been sailing at another region around the waters.

It's clear that those bastards who left earlier on had met them halfway through and reported the matter, hence making these people storm off towards us in rage.

But this shouldn't be a problem.

With Dragmus by our side and the rings of victory, this battle has already been on in our favour.

Dragmus never lies!

Now, quickly tell the men to prepare for battle.

Provided we can evade their shocking attacks (tasers), then the rest will be history.

All archers should stand firm and get ready to fire when those dogs come near.

We, the chosen ones, will always win.

Now go!"

.

In a flash, the massive war horn in one of the rooms on the main ship was pulled towards the window and blown loudly.

~Pupuup! Pupuup!~

The wind carried the sound across towards the neighbouring Temple sh.i.p.s, who in turn blew their own war horns, getting the message across the entire fleet of 48 vessels.

Soon, the Dragias started tapping their legs on the ground in rhythm while singing some ritual song.

And as they sang, the primates both removed their hats and long overalls, revealing a very purple attire underneath.

They both wore white longed-sleeved medieval fabric shirts and what looked like a purple vest on top of it.

Of course, their pants were back, their leather belts black, and their boots black as well.

And dangling around their waists, was their purple sword sheaths, which also had compartments for their Blessed Dragia daggers too.

As the Dragias chanted and stumped their feet in rhythm, the Primates also got ready for battle.

The battle cry of all 150,000 people chanting and stumbling their feet in unison, coupled with the war horns, made those curious tourists miles away feel like crying.

Sure. From here, it wasn't that loud.

And quite frankly, it sounded like a squirrel talking.

But the fact that they could hear something this far away meant that if they were closer, it would probably make their ears erupt.

Some started talking across their sh.i.p.s to the Baymardian vessels close to them, trying to bribe these people.

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"Bro... I'll pay you 5,000 Bays on the spot if you just give me a bit of information on the matter.

Think about it. That's 5,000 Bays!

Eh? Is it not good enough? Then how about 8000?

10?... 20....? 50,000 Bays! I will give you that and even throw in my daughter to the first person that gives me all the juicy details."

"Young man... Young man.

Please. I'll die if you don't get me information.

You might not know, but the doctor said I only have 2 days to live.

Just do this one thing for me, and the God you serve will reward you handsomely.

Isn't it your way as a Baymardian to always tend to the poor, sick and needy?

Well, I'm dying... So give me the info now!"

"Hey! These seas don't belong to you people!

If I want to set sail in this direction, why can't I?"

"That's right! You all clear the way for me as well.

I want to pass this way, not that way.

So why do I have to listen to you?"

"A Soothsayer told me that if I don't sail this way, then I'll perish soon.

So will you be able to sleep well at night knowing that you killed me?"

" "

Chapter 1019 - Attack!!!

The anxious tourists clamoured at the Baymardians on the sh.i.p.s beside them, screaming and requesting to watch or get news on the matter.

They were so anxious that some wished they could jump over their own sh.i.p.s and land onto the Coast Guard sh.i.p.s, begging these people nonstop.

But no matter how they pleaded or what they offered, the Baymardians stood on deck, with calm smiles on their faces, holding long red glowing sticks, pointing at the direction they should move.

They pointed their glowing sticks as if dancing, making the tourists feel like they were talking to blockheads.

Curses!

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Meanwhile, back on the battlesh.i.p.s, everyone was finally ready for action.

"Generals! All companies have successfully surrounded the enemy fleet.

Ready to engage."

"Good." Yara and Ruby answered in unison and nodded.

Ruby then connected to all companies: "At this crucial moment, the weapons in your hands will become your saving grace. Not only for yourselves, but for your comrades as well. For some of you, today is your day out on a real mission. A simple word of advice. Don't act heroically unless you are 90% sure of the outcome. Oh... And one last thing to everyone, both veterans and rookies... Don't Shame The Marines!"

(Y^Y)

The rookies who heard this panicked even more as they tried to recall what made up a good marine.

Provided they didn't act cowardly, using their comrades as shields in fear, or didn't leak out information just to escape or didn't do other shameful things, didn't blatantly abandon their comrades in need, deliberately kill innocent slaves below or did other seamless actions... they should be good right?

Some looked at the veterans beside them nervously, as if wanting to confirm things, but ended up fighting their lips, swallowing down their uneasiness.

Luckily, they all had veterans close to them who would move alongside them during the battle.

This was a real-life battle with enemies coming at them with every intention to kill.

So how could they not get worried?

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The sh.i.p.s sailed closer and closer... And the more they approached, the more monstrous it appeared.

What was this?

From a distance, these sh.i.p.s did look like they were the same size as Trey's own.

But now, the dragias helped their arrows in confusion and anxiety.

The deck levels of these Baymardian sh.i.p.s were 3 or 4 floors higher than theirs.

Their eyes looked upwards as they now pointed their arrows up towards the high deck levels of these Baymardian sh.i.p.s in alarm.

F***!

The dragias gritted their teeth and firmed themselves.

"Everyone! Don't be afraid. We have Dragmus with us, so stay alert!

Fire if any of these bastards dared to descend onto our sh.i.p.s!"

The dragias remained vigilant as they realized that all around their formation, these Battlesh.i.p.s had surrounded them like towering walls surrounding a city.

The air was so tense and brittle that it could snap at any given moment.

The Primates who were at the center turned grim at the fortified walls surrounding them.

They kissed their rings and glazed at the sh.i.p.s silently.

There was a wave of uneasiness in their hearts.

And soon, what they saw was too shocking and hard to describe.

How come they felt like they had been set up?

~Pui!

In a flash, several thick lines of smoke left these towering battlesh.i.p.s and dropped onto the sh.i.p.s on the first line of defence in the formation.

Eh?

Did they just lunch smoke with no fire?

"Smoke grenades launched.

Boards lowered.

First wave tactical teams, move out! Second wave, cover them!

Come on! Let's go!"

On cue, the Marines standing within several marked spots around the sh.i.p.s, found themselves moving outward towards the sides, closer to the enemy sh.i.p.s.

They all had harnesses on, with ropes attached to them that came out from below the extended mechanical boards.

In a flash, they sat at the edge of the extended boards and jumped off calmly.

And as the ropes automatically extended, they continuously shot at the enemies below.

~Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang!~

The thunderous sounds broke through the air, making the expressions of everyone within the smoke change drastically.

"Ahhhhhhhh!!!!!!"

Their gruesome screams were carried out across the air as if hunted by ghosts.

"Something... Something hit me!"

"My belly! My belly! My insides are hanging out!"

"Primates! Please pray to Dragmus for aid!"

"Dragmus, help me! Dragmus!!!!!"

~Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang!

Some tried to raise their arrows to shoot whatever demon was within the smoke but were shot numerous times by the unknown.

Plop.

They dropped to the floor unwillingly and felt very betrayed by Dragmus.

Didn't he say he would be there for them?

Then why did he forsake them?

Could it be that they committed some grave sin and were now being punished?

They closed their eyes and silently rated in their hearts for forgiveness.

Was Dragmus angry that they didn't deal with those slimy Pirates yet?

It was said that all this time, Dragmus had always felt very disappointed in them.

So that was it, right? This was their punishment for failing over the past centuries.

Blame them for not being strong.

But then again, dragmus was a forgiving God.

So their death was probably to stimulate the other sh.i.p.s within the formation to fight harder.

Yes! They died with a purpose.

They shot and finally accepted their deaths, knowing that these bastard Baymardians would soon follow.

"Hahahhahahahaha!"

~Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang!~

(XOX)

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Several shots were fired, and some on the smoke-filled sh.i.p.s quickly took cover, rising into the lower decks.

Some even swung their ropes and landed onto the other enemy sh.i.p.s close by.

But even at that, things weren't that easy.

The second wave of tactical teams were seated on machine guns aboard the Battlesh.i.p.s.

These machine guns incorporated thermal detection on them.

So even with the rising smile, they accurately rained terror on many within the 2nd line in the formation.

One could imagine how getting hit by such massive bullets felt.

Rather than getting a small bullet hole, the wounds alone would look like some beast took a massive bite off one's body.

~Bang!! Bang!! Bang!! Bang!!~~

"Ahhhhhhhhh!"

One of the dragias found his entire left shoulder blown away, while another got his right left detached due to one hit.

The wave of terror caused by the spine-tingling screams from their contacts made the other dragias tremble and take several steps back in horror.

What exactly were they fighting against?

Chapter 1020 - The Jig Was Up!

~Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang!~~

Right before their very eyes, a few others on the third inner formation line, witnessed those on the 2nd line lose their body parts like magic.

Illusion! Illusion!

This was definitely an illusion, right?

Seeing this scene, they shook their heads in disbelief and prayed again for more blessings.

If they finally won this war, they would give up half their wealth to Dragmus as offerings.

At the same time, some believed that this move was done by some of the secret and rare beasts aboard the Baymardian sh.i.p.s.

It seemed like the stories were true.

For Dragmus and their own safety, they must win this war!

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Back on the first formation line, chaos reigned supreme there!

One of the dragias, who had just managed to evade the raining bullets, tripped over a dead body amidst the fog of smoke and fell with a loud bang hitting his chin.

But how could he feel pain now?

He was just about to rise again when he suddenly froze.

His body then trembled vigorously.

He touched his c.h.e.s.t and felt it moist.

Blood! Blood had blossomed out of his c.h.e.s.t, dyeing his already red shirt.

~Pff!

He spat out a large mouthful of blood in disbelief and unwillingness before falling to his knees again, twitching hard.

1 second later, he was dead!

The smoke began to disperse fast, revealing Yara's silhouette a few steps back.

She did several hand gestures, indicating that they should all proceed carefully towards onwards.

Presently, Yara's battleship was positioned perpendicular to the dragia ship she descended onto.

The Battleship was anchored sideways (vertically), while the enemy ship she was on was positioned straight on with its head facing them (horizontally.)

The Baymardian sh.i.p.s slanted so that their sides faced the heads of 3 or 4 enemy sh.i.p.s at the same time.

So the marines from a single battleship ship all scattered below onto these 3~4 sh.i.p.s at once.

That said, Yara and a few others had landed onto the high post/deck at the front of the ship used by the Captains and crew members for observations.

If this were an 18th-century ship when the sailing wheels got invented, the ship steering wheel would be here.

Of course, in this 10th era, such a complex mechanism that involved pulleys, and ropes attached to the paddles that could control an entire ship, wasn't even thought of yet.

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Yara quickly tapped the dead body to make sure it was dead, before hurriedly dropping to the floor and crawling towards the edge of the post with railings and stairs headed downwards towards the main deck.

Through the gaps on the railings, she made several shots at those still alive, before rushing down the stairs with her Company vigilantly.

Standing on the main deck, just behind her, was the post she had descended from.

And from here, she could see several doors underneath the post at deck-level.

These 2 doors were definitely stairways or storage rooms.

And just ahead of her, at the extreme end of the ship, was another post standing on 2 floors up the main deck.

Just from a single glance, it was easy to see that the first/deck-level floor should have stairways leading up or down below.

And above this deck level were probably luxurious cabins where the captains of these sh.i.p.s sleep.

The post she stood on earlier was 2 floors up the main deck level.

Why? Because the Captains and co-captains rooms took up the entire floor.

Yara did several hand signals, and the marines quickly dispersed out into different directions.

With the 2nd group of tactical teams shooting at those within the 2nd formation line, they didn't need to worry about sneak attacks from those in the nearby enemy sh.i.p.s.

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Meanwhile, a few dragias hiding and peeping through the small creaks in the doors trembled anxiously when they thought of their predicaments.

They were currently trapped in a room on deck-level that had a stairway at one end of it.

Thos was the floor they typically stored their cleaning supplies and trash in.

One had to pass through this small tight room to get to the stairway at the back and descend to the lower decks.

But now, the stair doorway had been bolted by their so-called dragia brothers on the other side.

They wasted no time in abandoning them, shutting the door right on their faces.

Some had already given up and were now seated calmly waiting for death, while others continuously banged on the door in fright.

~Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam!~

"Open up now! Dragmus will never forgive you all for what you're doing!"

"Let us in! Let us in!"

"Brothers! Let's run up on the food and forcefully pry it open."

"No! It's no use! Those bastards had probably placed all 3 wooden planks across the door from top to bottom."

"Then, then, then, then... What do we do?"

"What do we do now?"

"Of course we fight! We give these people a piece of our minds!"

"Yes! We don't go down without a fight!"

"Yeah!!!!"

(*O*)

Listening to the faint sounds of their battle cry, Yara raised her hand, causing her team to freeze.

From there, she spoke into her arm shield.

"TC-01 to RC-01. The cake is still in the oven. I repeat! The cake is still in the oven!"

"Copy that TC-01. Over."

Ruby, who was aboard one of the battleships, answered promptly and continued staying on standby with her units.

The tactical teams had already begun clearing the place.

And soon, it was time for them to swoop in and transport the slaves out, as well as gather any who chose to surrender.

As for the dead, treasures or info left behind, they'll remain on the ship.

After the battle, the Coast guards, A.K.A the cleaners, would haul everything back towards headquarters.

Now all she was waiting for was Yara's signal.

Yara stood by the side of the door, raised her fingers in the air and began the countdown.

3... 2... 1...

~Bam!

"Help me! Help me! They forced me into joining this temple. I'm innocent!"

" "