

TECHNOLOGY 1051

Chapter 1051 - A Wicked Witch!

Just like that, the Baymardians... No... The Agents, from the eyes of Horus, began their long but risky night against the pirates.

Everyone's face was stern, severe and alert.

"All units Move! Move! Move!!"

Everyone entered the underwater vessels and headed out swiftly.

Tonight would undoubtedly be a fight against the odds.

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Meanwhile, things on land were also getting heated up as well.

On the shores of the Coastal Town, several tanned clammy-skinned Pirates were currently escorting several chained up prisoners towards the sh.i.p.s.

The male prisoners moved on the right, and the female chained prisoners moved on the left alongside each other in agony.

A young Deifer girl gritted her teeth unwillingly after being dragged alongside her mother by these bastard pirates!

She and her mother had been forcefully taken away from their homes after her bastard father listened to his new wife and threw her and her mother out of their home.

According to her father, it was her mother's fault for not giving him an heir all these years.

And now that his new wife had given him a son, he was afraid that her mother would poison the child.

On top of that, his new wife kept saying that they were cursed and needed to leave.

But how could they have known that after getting kicked out, their fate would turn worse?

They went to her uncle's home but were denied permission to step in.

So they had no choice but to sleep on the streets like beggars.

That's right!

They had been kidnapped by some council members when they were still homeless on the street and shipped to this heaven-forsaken town.

And all this time, she had been locked away in some estate dungeon here in this town.

Tonight, it looked like they were finally ready to transport them to some faraway place.

Why were her and her mother's fates so bad?

Emilia's eyes turned red with hate and unwillingness as the burden of the heavy chains pulled her down.

Each step felt like she was walking on nails towards impending death.

She looked at her sick mother before, and a teardrop slid down her cheeks.

She hated this cruel world.

In this cold weather, they hadn't been given any warm clothes... Not even a Baymardian blanket.

Now, coupled with the musty dungeon air, insufficient food intake, and the wounds from all the wh.i.p.s... this all contributed to why her mother fell seriously ill.

They walked barefoot on the snow while the cold icy chains around their necks, hands and legs pressed against their open wounds, making it harder to advance and even steady their breathing.

~Thup!

Emilia glanced over her shoulder and felt her heart constrict in pain.

"Mama!!!!!"

Emilia turned around, struggling to get close to the fallen woman.

Tears fell uncontrollably as her trembling hands reached for the frail woman.

"Mama! Mama! Mama!!!!!!!!!"

Her thrilled voice travelled across the cold air, alerting many pirates, who were now annoyed by it all.

One of them revealed a fierce expression with no sympathy whatsoever and took out his whip, marching towards them in anger.

"Get up yah wee lassies!

What the blipping hell do you think you all are doing?

Stop stalling the line and get up!!"

With that, the pirate raised his hand, drawing the long thick whip at the back with so much momentum.

And in the next second, he pulled in forward mercilessly.

"You wee lassies better her up now!!!!!"

~Slash! Slash! Slash!~~

"Ahhhhhhhh...Grrrrrrrrr~::~~

Emilia tried her best not to scream while covering her fallen mother in agony.

~Slash! Slash! Slash!~~

~Shrrrii! Shrrrii! Shrrrii!~~

The sounds of thin pieces of fabric ripping off, penetrated her ears after each whip strike.

The deep cold quickly inched its way into her open wounds, making every part of her back feel like it was being sliced with an actual knife

Her entire back became painfully riddled with deep lines that all looked ghastly.

Her once beautiful skin had quickly peeled off, oozing blood from it.

~Grr. Grr. Grr~~

With every strike, her body subconsciously twitched forward as her muscles spasmed out of control.

But no matter how painful it all was, Emilia only smiled and tried to put up a brave front before her terrified mother, whose eyes were all soaked in tears.

"Emi! Move out of the way..."

Please... I'm begging you, move out of the way..."

Listening to her mother's pleading but sickly voice, Emilia could only smile gently at the woman who she was guarding.

It was all her fault!

If she could've just conceived a male child, then her daughter wouldn't have to suffer so much.

It was because of her inability that made her daughter suffer.

Why?

Why was such a useless person like herself brought into this world?

If she had never been born, Emilia would have never come into this cruel world to suffer.

She knew it. It was her fault!

She should have just been thrown into the woods as a child and gotten eaten by some sacred beast.

At least in that way, she would never make her daughter suffer so much since childhood.

Even her blood brother had looked at her with disdain, calling her a wicked witch who refused to give a good man as her husband a child.

Her brother also told her that she should be lucky that her husband hadn't reported her to the council yet, or she would've been burnt to ashes for being so wicked.

Yes. They were right.

She failed to unlock her potential and give her husband a male heir.

It was her existence that was holding her daughter back.

Without her, Emilia would not have had such a terrible childhood.

She, as her mother, was guilty and should just die!!

Yes. With her gone, Emilia would be free.

That's what everyone had told her, and they were right.

It was all her fault! It was all her fault!!!

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With all her strength, she gritted her pale, sickly lips and pushed her daughter away as hard as she could.

~Slash!

"MAMA!!!!!!!"

Chapter 1052 - A Fallen Prayer

~Slash!!

The agonizing sound of the whip echoed out across the frigid air, making many shower in horror.

Without a doubt, the force used by the whip wielder was a tremendous one devoid of any sentiments.

Emilia, who had been pushed aside, looked at her kneeling mother beside her, was so shocked by what happened that she couldn't even force her muscles to move yet.

But when she saw a streak of blood flowing downwards towards the side of her mother's face, trailing down near her ears, Emilia felt something within her break even more.

"MAMA!!!"

She rushed to her mother only to see a deep long line against her mother's pale face.

The flesh had opened up like a blooming flower, spilling as much blood out as if it were honey.

Emilia's heart quaked in pain at the sight of it all.

The pirate, as if noticing his actions, paused in annoyance.

F***!

They weren't supposed to destroy the faces of any of these women.

They could whip their bodies as much as they wanted, but the face was out of the question.

Dammit!

He looked at the monster-faced woman as if blaming her for his actions.

Why couldn't she cover up herself like the rest?

When getting whipped, one's first reaction is to use their hands to shield their faces or use their backs to block things out.

So what was up with this lady?

Didn't she value her beauty anymore?

More still, how dare she actively disfigure herself?

She now belonged to them and was their property.

So who was she to make a move on herself?

They decided what to do with her body and not the other way around.

The ugly wench had to pay for her actions!!

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The other nearby pirates also blamed the women as well.

She did it! She disfigured herself!

One of the superior pirates in charge of today's operation came forth and stood by the pirate with the whip while looking at the monster in disdain.

"That's enough whipping for now.

Remember, we have to keep the line moving.

When being whipped, a normal person would pick up the pace. But this woman couldn't even move earlier.

She was probably sick or something and lost strength.

Now, coupled with her monster-like face, who will agree to let her grace their beds?

Not even 60-year-old Smokey in headquarters wouldn't want her in his bed."

"So, in other words, she's disposable?"

"Yes.

We have a criterion for the women who have to grace the beds of others in Morgany.

They must be portable, usable, but not disposable.

Her size makes her portable.

And her overly ample plump bosoms are still firmly in place and haven't turned as flat as sandals yet.

Now coupled with her solid backside, it's safe to assume that she's still usable and can be dished out to anyone in Morgany.

BUT!!

A woman can only be disposable once she isn't portable anymore, has lost her firmness or is facially figured.

So, she is now disposable!!!"

"So we kill her?"

The superior pirate revealed a mysterious smile while looking at the monster on the floor: "Yes... She has to die. But don't you think it's a little bit of a pity to kill her just like that? Her body is something else. So once she gets on the ship, stop the bleeding and put a bag over her face.

I don't believe we won't be able to have fun when her face is not in the way again."

"Ah... Good! So she'll be our reliever until we get close to Morgany?"

"Yes. When she's all dried up, we'll throw her overboard.

Heh. Who asked her to disfigure herself?

She has no one else to blame but herself!

But before we set sail, I'd like to test her skills out for a bit.

In fact, I want to do it now. So take her to my cabin immediately and have the bleeding stop first."

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Emilia looked at the shameless men before her in shock and fear for her mother's life.

They wanted to violate her mother?

No! No! She couldn't let this happen!

She gritted her teeth fearlessly and spread her hands wide open, blocking her mother's view from these leechers

"You stay away from my mother!

You hear me? Stay away from her!!!"

The Pirates watched playfully and didn't even take her seriously.

With their strength, she was just an annoying fly on the wall.

~Pah!

The loud crispy sound echoed out across the area as Emilia fell from the thunderous slap.

"No! Mama!"

In desperation, she watched them unlock her mother's chains and drag her helpless mother away mercilessly.

The other pirates felt her actions pretty amusing, especially when she was struggling to fight against them.

"Hahahaha! Hey, we have a female Hangol in here."

"Aiyoo~~ So scary. Look... We're shaking in our pants. Hahahahahahaha!"

"F***!

Unfortunately, we aren't allowed to touch the 'cargo' we're transporting, or else I would've loved to tame such a fierce beauty."

"Damn. She must feel really good up my skin with the way she acts."

"Hahahhahaha!!!"

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~Plop~~

Amidst all the moving and laughter, Emilia fell to her knees in a daze with moistened.

She gripped the snow, allowing the cold to feed into her very existence.

Yet, she couldn't feel it now.

Why?

Why were her and her mother's life so difficult?

One of the pirates sneered at her and quickly flashed out.

"Look here, Wench!

You are nothing but a senseless p.r.o.s.t.i.t.u.t.e... a dog in heat for us men.

So play your part and get moving!!!"

~Lash!~

Just like that, Emilia was whipped and forced to carry on.

Now, knowing that her mother was aboard one of the sh.i.p.s, she dared not stay behind again.

She had to save her mother.

But how?

How would she be able to do it?

Just thinking about it made her legs feel like they were pulling iron.

Emilia's heart trembled uncontrollably when she thought of her fate.

'Gods of the heavens, please hear my prayers and come to our aid.

Please... Save us all.'

Chapter 1053 - Fruitful Trip

'Gods of the heavens, please hear my prayers and come to our aid.

Please... Save us all.'

Emilia silently said her prayers before getting dragged away harshly.

"Move, wench!!"

~Drrr!!

Emelia lowered her face and walked through the snowy ground barefoot expressionlessly.

Just like her feet, her heart was completely chilled into ice.

For many other prisoners, their expressions and thoughts were similar too.

No one liked to be a slave.

They marched in long lines, lowering their heads as if accepting their fates.

Meanwhile, the pirates continuously suppressed them, making sure that everything was in order.

Pirate Third Mate, Jingo the Toothless, calmly got on his horse and rode towards one of the estates within the town.

In pirate crews, there were over 30 positions that people could fit into.

The Captain, Quartermaster, 1st Mate, 2nd Mate and the 3rd Mate are those who typically have the highest positions aboard.

While many others were either, Boatswain, Cabin boys, carpenters, Coopers, front line pirate warriors, Navigators, Cooks, Strikers/Fishers, Deckhands, Healers, Slave Overlookers, Helmsmen (steers the ship most of the time if quartermaster doesn't do it) and so on.

In fact, these were just a few of the many positions on deck.

Everyone had a purpose and functions to do while at sea, all assigned within any of the 30~40 different job descriptions available.

That said, Jingo had a very high position within the Crew.

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One should know that their big boss, A.K.A their real Captain was back at the base on one of the Islands around Morgany.

There were thousands and thousands of people all under their Captain, with many sh.i.p.s involved.

That said, their Captain had divided his fleet between the Quartermaster, 1st Mate, 2nd Mate and himself, the 3rd Mate.

So each of them had been given a portion of the fleets to manage, making them sub-Captains of these small fleets.

That's why many might call him Sub-third-Captain Jingo instead.

In this fleet of 9 sh.i.p.s that he was overlooking, they all called him like so and took him as a Captain in his own way too.

Even though he was sent out here on a mission, he had sent Old Crow face and many other top pirates in his sub-fleet to handle things.

While he, on the other hand, had to hurriedly do any private mission that the real Captain back at the base had told him in secrecy, which also involved the T.O.E.P.

But in truth, it's one of the towns that had been secretly marked as pirate territory.

That's right.

This place was riddled with Land pirate spies who specifically lived here and carried out hidden tasks without anyone's knowledge.

All the influential estates belonged to the T.O.E.P or pirate spies who acted like wealthy Deifer members while collecting info.

Of course, it wasn't until last year that this place had been officially pronounced and claimed by the pirates.

The discussion was made at the beginning of last year by headquarters.

And the news hadn't properly circulated to every pirate yet.

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But before coming here, Jingo had been informed of the decision and was told to meet a certain person who would give him some secret documents on all activities concerning the Temple of Dragmus.

Deiferus itself was their territory.

So he needed to act swift and stealthily, or else it would be game over.

Luckily, he got the documents with no problem and couldn't wait to head back and submit them to his superiors.

Yes.

Now, they would be able to completely destroy that bloody temple once and for all.

According to what the spy said, after he gathered and stole some temple documents, he had hastily travelled towards this town for 3 months straight, before spending another 2 months hiding and waiting for their arrival.

So all he knew was information before August of this year.

That said, Jingo felt like it was still okay.

What could change within 5 months?

He felt that the temple wouldn't change their actions no matter what.

From what he could tell, the temple had been making plans for decades and had always acted when they were overly certain of the outcome.

So their targets would never change.

And now that they, the pirates, had this information, they could counter them easily, by surprise attacking them, just like the Temple ancestors did to the pirate ancestors.

The best revenge is the one that comes out of nowhere.

Yes... Within these last few months, nothing had probably changed.

This was the temple they were talking about.

Their strength of always being certain was also their biggest weakness.

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Jingo subconsciously touched the letters in his many inner pockets and felt relieved.

If he locked it away in his cabin aboard one of the sh.i.p.s, who knew if an assassin or spy would successfully sneak in and steal them?

It was risky for him to walk around with them, but he was a hundred percent sure of his skills.

His being 3rd Mate didn't come from thin air.

Anyone who dared to tackle him better be prepared for the worse.

He had been blessed with hands like rocks.

And coupled with the unique training techniques in Morgany that strengthened and enhanced them, it wasn't for nothing that others called him The Destroyer.

It wasn't for nothing that he was entrusted with this mission.

Jingo touched all 4 inner jacket pockets and felt secured feeling the letters there.

All there.

Now, only one thing kept him concerned.

He furrowed his brows and squinted his eyes dangerously.

Where the hell was he?

Where the hell was Old Crow Face?

Chapter 1054 - A Busy Night

Jingo looked towards the town entry point coldly.

That's right.

He was waiting for Old Crow Face's team to arrive

Even though Old Crow Face had been delayed, they sent a messenger ahead, who travelled nonstop with little to no sleep.

The messenger, of course, informed them about the Eyes of Horus and also told them that Old Crow Face would be arriving sometime tonight.

That's why they had been loading up the slaves from the dungeons.

All this time, they had also been on high alert, trying to see if any strange sh.i.p.s belonging to the Eyes of Horus were docked here.

But so far, they found nothing.

Well, at least they attained the strange spy from Hamunaptra.

Jingo felt like this trio was very much worth it.

The discoveries they made would shock his superiors.

"Have they arrived?"

"Yes, Sub-third-Captain Jingo.

They are here."

"Good. Lead the way."

With that, Jingo rode towards Old Crow's team, wanting to see the so-called captured spy.

He also wanted to hear this strange language that Old Crow Face called Hamuna... Since the guy came from Hamunaptra.

Jingo gave his horse a kick and hurriedly advanced.

"Hey!"

~Hee-hee-hee-hee!

Unbeknownst to him, far away from the town's entry point, his comrades had just popped their leads out of the waters close to the docks.

They, too, had no idea that he got taken in.

Their meeting would definitely be legendary.

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~Plop!

Several heads shot out of the water, vigilantly observing the environment around them.

Now, the darkness had completely engulfed the land and the seas, with no moonlight passing through.

The clouds were thick in the sky as they continuously dropped sparse balls of snow into the water.

The snow immediately dissolved upon contact with the swishing waves, making the water colder than it already was.

So everyone was more than okay.

Please!

People could dive in the arctic with wetsuits.

So what more of this water that hadn't even formed a single ice block yet?

It was still the beginning stages of winter.

So the water had no ice blocks on it yet.

With everyone wearing black wetsuits, no one could see their tiny heads out fairway in the waters.

Even the pirate sh.i.p.s were dark.

One should remember that all floors below deck didn't have windows.

Wood was a risky deal that no one dared to play with... Especially out in the open seas.

So only the luxurious cabins above the deck level had windows overlooking everything.

And right now, these rooms weren't even lit.

Indicating that their owners weren't there yet

Of course, only one of these rooms shone brightly. (The one that had Emilia's mother in it.)

From this far out, they couldn't see what exactly was going on in there, but they took more of it and decided to check it out later on.

On the decks, they could also see several people in straight lines going down into the sh.i.p.s, accompanied by overly loud clanging noises.

No doubt about it!

Those were the sounds of chains ringing loudly.

Their eyes lit up in understanding.

Prisoners.

Aright.

Now that they had scouted the perimeter properly, it was time to move in.

With that, they slowly sent their heads back in the water and swam towards the forest region closest to the docks.

And after a while, they once again slowly popped their heads out and observed the forest region, making sure scouts weren't there.

Ruby used her heat vision goggles and instantly spotted 3 people high up on the tallest bold trees around the shorelines in front of the forest.

Ruby looked at the dark clouds above before looking at her surroundings once again.

Presently, with how dark places were, as well as how dark her wet suit was... even if she were to step out of the water now, those high up in the trees wouldn't see her.

From the looks of it, they should be more interested in scouting or observing which sh.i.p.s were coming in and out.

And since no sh.i.p.s or rowboats had come this way, it was clear that they found it impossible for someone to pop out of the water and get on the shores.

No one could hold their breaths under the water for that long.

What were they, mermaids?

Even the cold waters would make one out of breath pretty fast.

The scouts also exuded a certain confidence level that no one would be entering from either side of the woods, be it the side facing the docks or the other far sides.

The way they related up against the trees and even crossed their legs, swinging them playfully, showed how confident they were in their operation.

Through her goggles, she could see perfect reddish-yellow heat images that showed what they were doing.

How confident!

This could only mean that around the forest regions closer to the docks, there should be a lot of spies there ready to deal with any issues.

It looks like just entering the town might be a hassle.

After analyzing things, Ruby made a few hand gestures to the people around her, who in turn did the same to those behind them.

She and Lucy were entering from this angle, While Landon and Lucius were entering from different angles.

Seeing that everyone got the message, they once again popped into the water as if they were never there in the first place.

Now, it was time to get busy!

Chapter 1055 - Snowy Bears

Up on the trees, the night scouts who were relaxing while snuggling up with a blanket way upon the tallest trees couldn't help feeling bored a bit.

Presently, all 3 of them sat on trees very adjacent to one another.

This was their team.

And if one were to walk along the shorelines further along the forests, they would see other teams strategically placed apart from each other.

From here, they couldn't really see the other team's high up in the trees.

But they knew they were there.

They shivered up on the trees while moderating their breathing.

Being a scout was truly hard.

Whether rain, lightning, snow, wind or sun, they had to stay here until they were told to leave.

Even when it was freezing like hell, they were to stay put unless there was something to report back.

Yes. That's right.

The wilderness was their true room.

So this job wasn't easy.

That's why they came prepared while staying up on the trees at night.

In the day, during winter when the trees were mostly b.a.r.e, they had to hide at ground level and only climb up from time to time to check things out.

But during the night, they definitely stayed up in the trees.

The good thing was that 8/10 wild creatures went into hibernation while the other fraction was still roaming around at this time too.

Some very deadly beasts hibernated in summer and Fall just to get up in winter instead.

So they had to be extremely careful too.

That said, while staying up on the trees, they had their blankets, scarfs, gloves and black cotton masks that looked like those for thieves instead.

They also had their bows and arrows if some wild creature tried barking up the wrong tree.

The gang of 3 leaned back against the trees, all facing the shores in a dull state.

One of them swung his legs and rolled his eyes in annoyance: "Day in, day out. We do the same bloody thing, but nothing exciting ever happens around here."

"Got that right. When I joined the organization as a pirate, I thought I'd be out in the high seas killing, looting and enjoying all the p.l.e.a.s.u.r.es in life. But who would've thought that I, a born and raised Morg, would be taken in as a Land Pirate and sent to Pyno instead? Dang, it! This place is sh**t!!!"

"I second that. This place is absolute trash! Who still has unstoned roads nowadays?"

The roads and tiny footpaths are still b.a.r.e. And when rain falls, it all turns muddy.

Uggh... So ancient.

As expected, no place comes close to Morgany."

"Agreed!

At least, it's not all that bad since that Baynard place started making some good items.

I heard that around March this year, they sent old Nicodemus to report the matter to the organization with proof.

By then, those in our beloved Morgany should make plans on taking these things."

"Heh.

I think these shameless Baynardians stole these ideas and things from our people in Morgany... Or else, how could they have the brains to come out with them?

Who doesn't know that these Pyno people are dumb and uncivilized?

So what good could they make?

Tsk! Once those in Morgany know, they'll come back and teach these thieves what happens when one steals from us, Morgs!!"

(*^*)

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The trio kept up their usual banter and routine of mocking these uncivilized people and belittling them.

Right about now, 2 typically slept, while one of them stayed up.

And they would switch like so, taking naps until places got brighter.

Then they would go down from the trees and stay out on the ground until afternoon. That's when their shifts ended.

So they preferred taking their naps now, before getting down in the early periods of the morning and facing some beasts and creatures below.

With the many scouts, spies and everyone else stationed around the territory, nothing ever happened out here at night, so what was the worry?

One of the pirates folded his hands under his blankets and adjusted his body against the tree before yawning: "Alright, boys... It's night out for me. "

"Me too. It's light out for me too."

"Well, it looks like I'll be the one staying watch again. You all better bit sleep too deeply, or... Eh?... SHHH!!!! Do you hear that?"

Insanely, everyone sat back up again and jerked their ears out in silence.

~Broooahhhh~~~

~Broooahhhh~~~

Snowy bears?

(°0°)

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They listened to the sounds and once again confirmed that what they were listening to was indeed the sounds of snowy bears.

One would think that they were safe up here.

But snowy bears were like the snow and loved being out in the snow.

They were a little thinner than regular bears and could climb trees ridiculously fast.

It was said that they could see in the night as clear as day.

They didn't know how correct this sentence was.

But from their previous experience, these snow bears had once spotted them in the dead of night and had quickly climbed up in a heartbeat and attacked them brutally.

These bears travelled in packs of 20 or more.

So even with their bows & arrows, they were utterly helpless in this matter.

Dammit!

The last time they faced these bears was the previous winter when they almost got torn into pieces by their sharp steel-like teeth.

These bears could shatter the legs of chairs with just one bite.

So imagine how fast they'd be able to bite off chunks of their flesh?

The more they listened to the calling sounds, the paler their faces grew.

~Broooahhhh~~~

F***!

They had to move now!!!

Chapter 1056 - An Impending Disaster

~Broooahhhh~~~

F***!

They had to move now!!!

Snowy bears!

With their eyesight, they should be able to spot them on the b.a.r.e trees once they get close enough...
Since they could see as clear as day.

So their best bet was to hurry back down and hide in their man-built ground hole and wait for the beasts to pass by.

There was a wide hole a little bit further up ahead that was covered up with a metal cover.

That was where great typically hid in situations like these.

All 3 men felt a prickling sensation of a spider crawling on their backs when they heard the sounds getting louder and louder.

Their hairs all stood at attention as they hurriedly jumped down to take cover.

"Dammit! Why the hell are we so unlucky?"

"Hurry! Hurry! We have to leave fast!!"

~Pam!

They landed on the snow and nearly tripped just after landing.

They were rushing so hard while glancing over their shoulders that they didn't even properly look at the ground or their surroundings.

Then suddenly, amidst the snowy near sounds, a sharp whistling sound echoed out from the sides.

And before they knew it, they found themselves falling to the ground in horror and disbelief.

~Thup! Thup! Thup!~~

They had been shot right in the head with arrows.

They stretched their hands forth as if trying to grab onto hope while falling.

Dammit! How was this happening?

They didn't want to die yet!

What about their riches and promises of the future?

They were Morgs, for heaven's sake!

So why should they die in this desolate place?

They hadn't even enjoyed their lives yet to the fullest.

How could they not be unwilling?

Their bodies started vibrated nonstop and immediately turned cold

Fear, hatred and all sorts of emotions gripped their hearts when they sensed that their entire body was shutting down for good.

No... What was going to happen to them now?

They didn't even have time to scream or make any cries for help before they unwillingly lost consciousness.

Only in these last moments, that they knew they had been set up.

But by whom?

This was a question meant for those alive to answer.

Right now, they were dead and gone!

~Plop!!

Their lifeless bodies right to the ground face down in a large 'bang.'

They fell with their eyes and mouth wide open.

No doubt about it. If their bodies were left the way it was, all sorts of bugs would bore into their dead flesh, gnashing, swimming and darling holes through their pale, lifeless bodies.

~Whoosh!

Yara's team popped out and quickly dragged the bodies out of sight before covering them up with snow.

They had lured these men down because if they made any moves, trying to attack them when they were still high up in the trees, these men might scream or make overly loud noises.

Now that the bodies were taken care of, they cleared the scene and quickly found a secluded location for themselves.

That's right.

Now, they could change out of their wetsuits and get properly equipped without worry.

Of course, another team will be there to take their swimsuits back to the underwater vessels A.S.A.P.

Lucy took her team away, while Ruby took her own team away too.

"Alright. Follow my lead."

"Hm."

With that, they were off.

But of course, they weren't the only ones on the move.

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On the other side of the docks, a scout who had his eyes closed suddenly woke up and opened his mouth in alarm.

~Pfff!!!

Blood sprayed through his neck like a fountain after a cold light flashed past it.

The man's eyes rolled upwards in despair as he wanted to yell or call out for help.

Too bad his body was shutting down faster than his thoughts.

~pap!

His lifeless body leaned back against the person who slashed his throat.

And like that, he was hurriedly cut gently placed in the snow on his back.

After burying the man, Landon turned his head to Lucius, who had also taken down another scout.

So far, so good.

Everyone had done their part.

They looked at each other and nodded in understanding before disappearing again into the dark like ninjas.

~Woosh!

Landon ran straight ahead with his hands at the back and leaped onto a tree, and jumped from branch to branch stealthily.

This way, they wouldn't leave too many footprints in the snow.

And with their heat vision goggles, they would be able to see anyone or beast ahead of them.

Lucius and the rest also got in the trees and jumped swiftly like dark flashing shadows.

In this era of assassins, this sort of training was a must in their military lives.

So the barracks had fully covered these.

Just like that, they continued killing and clearing their way through until they reached the border region between the forest and the town.

But when they arrived, they saw something that left them shaken.

They took out their small binoculars and trembled in utter disbelief and rage.

Major General Josh?

.

Everyone, including Lucius, felt their hearts sink when watching the scene before them.

Josh! Josh! Josh!!!!

What was he doing here?

Cold sweat trickled down Lucius' face when he saw Josh's bloodied appearance.

If they didn't come, wouldn't this mean that Josh would've been shipped away without their knowledge?

Seeing how shocked Landon was, Lucius knew that this was all a coincidence.

Luckily, the stupid brat had remembered before he left for Zalipnia.

Or, by the time they would've realized the situation, it might've already been too late.

Josh could've been on any pirate ship out in the open.

So they would've had to start searching through hundreds and thousands of pirate ships stationed all over Pyno.

F***!

Grace would've killed someone alive!

Don't look at her charming appearance and think she's weak.

That girl was as strong as Lucy.

(*Well, she did look like Erza Scarlet in Fairy Tail. So... Yeah.)

She had sometimes shown her strength even when educating students in class or working on the government building.

Even when she trained alongside Josh, many who saw her fight dared not cross her.

With the current situation, many who knew her felt like they had stopped a natural disaster from happening.

.

Lucius opened his arm shield like Buzz Lightyear in Disney's Toy Story and transmitted the message for all.

"This is Delta 2X reporting in.

Major General Josh is being held captive.

I repeat. Major General Josh is being held captive!"

Chapter 1057 - Shaolins At Work!

"This is Delta 2X reporting in.

Major General Josh is being held captive.

I repeat. Major General Josh is being held captive!"

...

What? Major General Josh was being held captive here?

A wave of shock slapped the faces of those who picked up the message.

Their eyes went cold, as they now knew what to do.

At present, there should be another ship attained far away in another corner around Deiferus.

These sh.i.p.s were stationed here and strategically moved from time to time around different points across Deiferus.

These sh.i.p.s were the ones that dropped those out on missions, collected any info they could find, and many times took those who completed their missions back to Baymard.

After all, they had radars to know who was where, so they typically chose scanty paths to pass, hence avoiding suspicions.

And, it always helped when they dropped or picked up the marines or soldiers off late into the night around 2 or 3 A.M.

Some sh.i.p.s were either going to Deiferus, going to Baymard or staying stationary far away from sight, just in case there might be trouble.

Bottom line, there should at least be one mission ship close by that would pick up their radio signals.

But most importantly, all these sh.i.p.s always carried information about those out of missions in Deiferus.

"This is The Victorious, BN-183, calling in.

Is anyone out there?

I repeat. This is The Victorious, BN-183, calling in.

Is anyone out there?

Static.

"Hello! The Victorious, BN-183, this is The Queen's Plunderer here. Over."

"Good. Man down. Possible rescue needed at the mission location.

We need key information about Major General Josh, serial number 00-000-003.

We need his mission location, mission task, and those in his team."

"No problem. I'll also contact those within Deiferus with Vehicles to get ready to drive towards the town, city or village where the soldier's mission was supposed to be carried out and check for any other teammates. Dead or alive, we will find them all. Over."

Just like that, the search for Josh's teammates began.

They had to make sure that Josh wasn't the only one taken away towards some weird location.

For all they knew, their other comrades could be in dire need of help too.

Meanwhile, back ashore, Landon and Lucius went their separate ways alongside the Shaolins, according to the development of things.

They had stated in the shadows and observed thoroughly, making heads and tails of what was happening.

Their initial plan was to attack the sh.i.p.s together.

But now, they saw Josh getting dragged into one of the largest estates close to the shores, for heaven knows what.

Of course, they could've left things for Lucy, Ruby and their teams to do.

But from what the girls said, they had also observed several slaves being taken out of several states on their side.

One thing to note was that not all the slaves in the dungeons might be taken out or chosen to go.

Some might even be left alone because they estimated that these people would die soon, maybe due to the extreme weather, wounds or something.

So they had to go into the dungeon and check things out for themselves.

They weren't all that interested in these things.

What interested them were the possible documents that they saw a few people secretly fold and rich away.

In short, they had to get into these estates and had no time to move all the way to the other side, where Landon and the rest were.

That's why Lucius and his team broke off to save Josh instead.

Now, it was left for Landon and his team of Shaolins to deal with those on the sh.i.p.s.

.

"Let's go!"

"Hm."

~Woosh! Woosh!

And after getting very close enough, they passed their actions and readied their weapons, ready for action.

Landon squinted his eyes like a leopard while slowly advancing as he looked at his juicy prey.

And right behind him were the Shaolins!

Hanging on their sides were what looked like ordinary Chinese fans that opened and folded.

But these ones were killer fans that had razor-like veins that could cut and slash the enemy.

They also had a very overly thin but flexible Garrote wire that's typically used for assassins.

And finally, they had a pair of what one would call a metal calligraphy brush with them with a pointed tip.

It was 1/3 the length of an a.d.u.l.t arm and was as thin as a pencil, with its sharp knife-like tips.

Alright. Let the games begin.

One of the pirates, who had a whip in his hands, finally placed the whip back after watching the last batch of slaves enter the ship he was assigned to watch over.

Now, all that was left was for the pirates carrying the chests to hurry up and load everything in.

Ahh... It felt good to go back to the open seas.

"Hey. Thomas, catch."

~Thap.

The pirate caught a chicken drum from his nearby friend and slowly walked towards the gang, standing close to the forest.

Their ship was docked a little close to the forest region, so there was no helping it.

Nonetheless, he wasn't afraid or worried about any enemies because the entire place, even deep within the forest, had Land Pirates diligently watching the area.

Unless one had otherworldly eyes that could spot everything, it was impossible for them to pinpoint all the hundreds and people spread across the region.

Thomas bit into the chicken viciously like a starved animal while walking towards his pirate comrades.

What bad could happen for chilling a bit?

Chapter 1058 - Ascension!

"Delicious!"

It's only been 4 hours since I ate, but why do I still feel so hungry?

Hey! When did you manage to sneak out booze?"

"Heh. What do you know, I didn't sneak this out? I only borrowed the wine from Magona Estate. So how is it stealing?"

Ahh... This one is good.

"They call it champagne!" Said another pirate who was drinking from something from his sac made from some animal's belly.

"Hahaha! These Baymardians no doubt stole this from Morgany. Just taste how good it is? Damn. I should've taken more."

Thomas sat on a stone beside his comrades, leaned against a tree and drank a bit of the 'Champagne,' opening his eyes in shock.

Good stuff!

"Yup! You should've taken more."

"Hey! Leave some for me, you bastard!"

The gang ate their stolen chicken drums and fought over the Champagne, chilling and relaxing until everything was ready.

Of course, they also stood close to the forest because they didn't want to get caught eating or drinking now.

They, as pirates, always tried to find ways of sneaking things about.

It was in their pirate nature to take advantage of any and all situations, making it beneficial for them.

Provided they didn't get caught, then all was good. No?

It was just that on this very night, they seemed to have made the biggest mistakes of their lives.

Unbeknownst to them, they were all in grave danger!

Eh?

Thomas, who was leaning on a tree still chewing on another cold chicken drum, suddenly felt a sharp pain at the right side of his throat.

~Ptchu!

Something had burst into his burst.

His entire body first responded by trying to cough out the piece of chicken in his mouth.

But then, a dark shadowy hand plastered itself over his mouth.

~Bhhmm~~

His throat was stabbed and his mouth sealed.

So of course his cheeks swelled up with food and his body trembled with uneasiness as he struggled to find an opening to send the food through.

Thomas' eyes darted in all directions as his hands flared up, trying to remove the hand from his mouth.

Thomas' heart sank.

An enemy was here!!!

All this happened in no less than 2 seconds.

And before Thomas could fight back, he found that whatever had stabbed him in the neck was quickly drawn out again.

~Ptch! Ptch!~~

He had been stabbed 2 more times.

A cold light flashed through Kilian's eyes when he removed the metal stick from his opponent's skull.

That's right.

He was a Shaolin soldier in Landon's team.

Seeing that his opponent was losing strength, he hastily dragged him to the forest and covered him up with snow before anyone else could see them.

The snow should keep the body out of sight and somewhat reduce the smell of the decaying body and blood.

Killian whipped the blood off his weapon and quickly followed Landon.

.

Finally coming out of the forest, the gang all decided to storm the first pirate ship, which was the one closest to them.

Unlike the organizational methods used in Baymard had arranged its docks, the dock here was too disorganized and haphazard.

Sh.i.p.s belonging to one person or group were typically docked too close to one another in such a way that a person could jump onto each ship from the decks.

With how close the sh.i.p.s were, it would be easy for them to move through each one.

So after getting out of the forest, the gang ran, jumped, rolled on the snow when needed and successfully scooted themselves close to the ship nearby the forest.

Inside the ship was rowdy, with people shouting and commanding the slaves on where to stay and what to do.

There could also hear a lot of gains clanging against each other too.

And coupled with the loud yells and banter from the pirates, no one would be able to hear them climb up the sides.

They just had to be careful enough not to send their sticks too deep into the wood.

Swirling the pair of metal sticks in his hands, Killian swiftly stabbed into the wood and propelled himself upwards while carefully listening to what was going on around him or within the ship every step of the way.

He went up a bit before moving to the left carefully, following Landon's every step.

And when they were close to the nearby ship, he followed Landon's move and leaped onto the other vessel, stabbing into its wood.

~Pah Pam!

He froze patiently again and leaned onto the wood before signing again.

So far, so good.

.

Just like that, the Shaolins separated into mode teams that got on all pirate vessels docked too close to each other.

Of course, there were other sh.i.p.s around too, which might actually still belong to the spies in the towns, so they had to be extremely careful.

Anyway, most sh.i.p.s were docked in a slanted position, with their sides facing the dock instead.

That way, they would be able to load whatever it was they wanted to with ease.

They made sure that they moved very low in the dark angles below while observing those on the decks.

Because the pirates were very busy loading things up and ensuring that all slaves were chained and good to go, not many were standing idly on deck.

This was their biggest advantage.

~Pmm. Pmm. Pmm~

Killian made his way stealthily until he reached the 6th pirate Ship, while Landon continued to the 7th with a few others.

Now that he had reached his targeted ship, it was time to ascend.

Chapter 1059 - Into The Night

~Tap. Tap. Tap. Tap~~

Killian began his ascent while regulating his breathing and staying one with all the forces around him.

He strategically used his sharp weapon to pierce the wood at intervals that coincided with the high pitches around him.

Landon had given him full authority to lead a few others and get aboard the 6th pirate vessel.

From his observation and estimation, there should be at least 400 pirates tightly settling themselves down in the first 2 floors below deck.

One shouldn't think that pirates lived luxurious lives out in the open.

If anything, 30~40 of them were made to squeeze into a single cabin and sleep.

Some hung swinging beds on the wooden frames, while others picked out positions on the floor to sleep on.

Some slept while seated up, while others even chose to sleep in the broom or cleaning space on the deck area.

Of course, some also slept along the stairs too.

So it didn't feel all that claustrophobic to the pirates.

.

Again, the estimate is that there were about 400 sleeping and occupying the first 2 floors below deck.

But as for the last 2 floors, it would mostly be occupied by the captured slaves that were even more tightly packed than the pirates.

But even at that, there should still be about 10 or so pirates constantly keeping an eye on them there.

Again, these weren't all the floors on this ship.

There was a last floor below deck (the 5th floor) that had rowing slaves in them.

These Rowers were those who got kidnapped by the pirates, taken to the island for training but ended up having the worst results ever.

So since they were deemed as trash, they were only used as Rowers.

Every 5 years, rowers would get a chance to get on the island and re-enter the selection again.

And if they fight or impress any top pirates, they could throw away their fates as Rowers.

On the other hand, if they lose, then too bad.

They would have to wait for another 5 years to once again attempt getting out of the dilemma.

So the Rowers were a mix of New and Old captives.

.

Killian and many Baymardians knew this because of their many pirate crew encounters, like when they captured Whitebeard.

In short, if these pirates weren't carrying any slaves, this pirate ship alone should've been able to take a thousand pirates aboard.

And this was just a standard-size pirate ship.

The only spacious regions on the ship were the deck itself, the cabins/rooms on the deck floor... and the elevated cabins above the deck floor on both extreme ends of the sh.i.p.s, as well as the viewing region (where the steering wheel should've been) above these cabin spaces.

The spacious cabins were for those in power, as well as the healers/ pirate doctors too.

And one shouldn't forget the storage cabins at the deck level too.

Apart from these, many pirates typically chose to sleep outside on the deck, facing the sky.

Some also slept up on the sails too.

Pirates really had it hard.

But for some reason, all this added to the fun and adventures they faced day in and day out.

No two days were ever the same.

.

There should be at most 60~80 people on deck buying about on this dark night.

So he and his team of 20 have to work fast.

His majesty was right.

They were truly outnumbered here.

Swish!~

Like a spider, he and his men scattered out, each having their own purposes and duties.

Killian swiftly moved towards the outer walls of one of the luxurious cabins above the deck.

He placed his ears against the walls briefly but couldn't hear a single sound.

No one was in!

He quickly moved towards one side of the wooden window frame while another Shaolin moved towards the other side.

Looking at the hinges on the window, Killian nodded at his teammate before taking out his Fan.

Slash! Slash! Slash! Slash!~

The wooden parts holding the hinges of the window had been cleanly sliced off.

Now, the hinges were no longer attached to the window.

He had also broken a greater fraction of the window off since there should be a bolt on the other side.

Brrr~

The duo quickly gripped the slashed-off window part and pulled it out.

Good. They now had an opening into the room.

.

~Pap.

After the window was once again sealed, the room once again fell into darkness.

But just when they were about to wear their night vision goggles, Killian felt an impending danger gearing towards them.

No! They weren't alone!

Swish! Swish!!!~

Tang~~

The sounds of daggers sprinting and vibrating back and forth the wall behind them echoed across the darkroom.

Killian, who had swiftly rolled away, dared not dilly dally with the matter because these hidden guards were like bats that could pick up sound in a heartbeat.

Killian rolled while wearing his goggles.

And as he moved, the floor creaked, and the hidden guards made their move.

Creak!!~~

Thup! Thup! Thup!~~

Daggers and several darts were shot into the ground like crazy, wherever Killian and his contact went.

Of course, they too weren't pushover's.

So without wasting time or even wearing their goggles yet, they had perfectly guessed the location of these hidden guards.

Alright. It was time to show these assassins what Shaolins could do.

Chapter 1060 - Possessed

Very quickly, Killian rolled forward and threw one of his sharp weapons towards 2 out of the 4 hidden guards in the room.

Thup! Thup!~~

The sounds of his weapons bobbing on the ceilings echoed out, followed by the sounds of people scattered about as well.

The assassins quickly backflipped and landed beside Killian.

Now, the real battle began.

Ting. Ting. Ting. Ting~~

Swish!~

The hidden assassins moved like lightning, attacking Killian like crazy.

Their moves were brutal, precise, and deadly.

Their control was something that assassins in Pyno wouldn't be able to achieve.

Even the fact that they were still fighting him in absolute darkness as if they could see him shows how much practice they had gone through to hone their sense of hearing.

Killian deflected their moves while testing them as well.

Without his night & Heat vision goggles on, he too had a sense of what they were doing too.

In complete darkness, one's hearing, coupled with the art of prediction, will be their most treasured asset.

Even the blind could fight. So one had to train for such things.

All the blindfolded and darkroom simulation training he did in Baymard really paid off.

Alright. Testing time was done.

Now, he had to quicken his pace.

Sensing the daggers coming his way, Killian quickly threw to the side, avoiding one dagger while opening his fan.

~Drrp.

When the last dagger pierced through the soft center of his fan, Killian quickly closed his fan and twisted it, making the assassin's hand and body twist as well.

This move utterly shocked the hidden assassin because in the next second, Killian gripped his twisted hand, yanked him forward and head-budded him.

Pam!~~

The hidden assassin immediately turned dizzy as he struggled to stand erect.

This... This... How was this possible?!!!

(°Δ°)

Sweat quickly formed on his back when he realized the severity of the matter.

The hidden guard felt like the entire room was moving as blood slowly trickled down his nose.

This can't be real, right?

His blood thumped in his head, and his breathing became hoarse for the first time since the fight began.

Could anyone tell him why he felt like his head was about to be split open just from one head-bud?

WHAT THE HELL IS GOING ON HERE?!!

.

The other comrade who heard his friend's hoarse breathing was both shocked and alarmed.

In this pitched black room, he couldn't tell what this bastard had done to his friend.

But he knew it wasn't good.

In this split second, everything seemed frozen in time.

F***!

Who exactly were they up against?

A cold chill froze the assassin to the spot as a wave of some strange emotion eroded him?

Fear?

Was this what people called fear?

His body that he had tamed and controlled for decades, now turned ashen and numb.

This wasn't the body he was used to.

What was happening to him?

He was a proud Morg goddammit!

And a pirate at that.

So how could he know fear?

How could people in this lowly continent make him shiver?

What was going on here?

He clenched his teeth to control the tiny quake and shivers occurring within his body.

No way! He must be possessed!

Yes! Fear was a sign of weakness.

So how could he be weak?

With that, the 2nd assassin gritted his teeth and swiftly attacked randomly in order to end things fast.

But how could it be that easy?

.

The 2nd assassin launched another Knife thrust fiercely.

But this time, Killian leaned all the way back, placing hands on the floor.

And with one swift action, he raised one of his legs and kicked the blade upwards, deeply rooting it into the ceiling above.

Tang!!~~

The dagger vibrated firmly.

Of course, what happened next was something that these 2 assassins couldn't make heads or tails of.

The moment the blade was knocked upwards, Killian raised his other leg, giving him a kick that almost snapped his neck into 2.

What the hell was this?

~Woosh!

With his legs up in the air, Killian moved using a Tekken Eddy- spin, knocking the 1st assassin who was struggling to attack him at the back.

Pah! Pah!~

Bam~

The duo fell and spat out blood in more disbelief.

Why did they feel like they had been crushed by metal instead?

Once again, they struggled to fight against the emotion called fear that plagued their entire minds and bodies.

'This isn't real. This isn't real.

This isn't real. This isn't real.'

Like a ritual spell, they constantly chanted these words, wishing to break the curse.

But sadly, they failed to understand that, like all humans, at least once in their lives, they would experience what was called FEAR.

.

Hearing the struggling sounds his opponents made while trying to stand up, Killian opened his fan like a gentleman and calmly placed it across his face, covering his nose and mouth.

If the candles were lit, one would think that he walked and used the fan like a noble scholar with one hand behind his back.

Getting close to his targets, a cold glint shone in Killian's eyes.

Slash! Slash!~~

Pap. Pap~~

Heads rolled on the ground, followed by the faint sounds of blood squirting out.

Pff~~

The proud Morg Pirates were dead.

The entire battle happened in more than 3 and a half minutes.

Killian turned to the corner when he heard the sounds of 2 more heads rolling, followed by something retracting back.

Heh. It looks like his comrade had sliced off their necks using a thin but very sharp garrote wire.

It was retractable, just like a measuring tape.

Good.

With these assassins down, they could finally move on.