

TECHNOLOGY 1061

Chapter 1061 - Sub-Captain Jingo

With the coast clear, Killian and his comrade continued as planned, carrying out their assignment diligently.

Meanwhile, not too far away from the sh.i.p.s, Old Fru and his team had stealthily followed Crow Face, Jingo and a few other top leaders onto one of the estates.

They didn't know why these pirates dragged Josh here.

Wouldn't it have been better if they just took him directly to the sh.i.p.s?

Old Fru and his team were both confused and intrigued.

At present, they had already taken out a few guards around the estate and had stealthily made their way in after Jingo's team entered one of the estate buildings.

When they remembered the scene they had just witnessed, they couldn't help rushing up hastily.

'Hold on, Major General. Help is on the way.'

~Bam!

With brute force, Josh was thrown to the floor, banging his back hard against the wall.

His entire body was bloodied, with only his face being somewhat clear.

His damp, wet long hair stuck to his face as water droplets quickly slid down his cheeks.

The tiny flakes of snow that fell onto his hair earlier on had now turned into liquid.

Everyone in the too gave way to Jingo, who was calmly removing his black gloves.

Jingo silently observed Josh, taking in his full image as if trying to put his image into his brain.

With the light snowflakes and the darkness of the night, he didn't see Josh's appearance well when they were outside.

So this was the first time he could see the Hamunaptra spy properly.

Even though the man's face wasn't bloody, his ghastly pale appearance made Jingo frown.

"Quickly. Bring the water and the healer to recheck his wouldn't before we get aboard the sh.i.p.s.

And get the man warmer clothes. We can't afford anything to happen to him, or it will be our behinds!"

Old Crow Face nodded in understanding: "Sub-Captain, what about his face? They might still be looking for him. So we have to be extra careful in all or any moves we make... at least until we get to Morgany.

"Hmmm... What you say makes sense. After all, we want his people to keep thinking that he never left this empire. So we can't let anyone see him get aboard our sh.i.p.s.

For all we know, those temple bastards might be watching our every move now and might willingly give out information to his people when they come back looking for him.

Yes. Many saw us bring him here.

But we could've killed him and buried him instead. So no one has to know that he boarded our ship.

That said, I need you to clean him up, redo his wounds, give him a quick face paint, tie his hair back and provide him with proper clothing for travel."

Crow Face and the rest nodded in understanding.

There were still a few loose ends that he needed tying up.

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~Tap. Tap. Tap. Tap. Tap.

He walked up the stone stairway while a few men in front of him walked ahead with flaming torches in their hands.

Two men were ahead of him, and 4 men were behind him.

The group of 7 stone stairways, leaving the cold and mouldy room below.

At present, most people were out helping them load items, goods and people.

So the estate was a little desolate, with only a few guards strategically stationed around here and there.

Jingo touched the letters in his inner b.r.e.a.s.t pockets once more and felt reassured again.

He and his gang proceeded along a narrow hallway while being greeted by a few guards stationed there.

Soon, they stepped out of the building and entered another nearby building.

This time, Jingo kept his men outside one of the main rooms and proceeded toward alone.

One might think that Josh was the only prisoner in this place.

But that would be a lie.

Jingo entered one of the rooms, shut the metal door tightly before walking towards the writing desk at the forefront.

Was he here to read the secret letters in private? Was he here to pass his time, waiting for the Hamunaptra spy to get cleaned up?

Wrong!!

With a smirk on his lips, he placed his hands on the desk.

~Drrrr~

A rectangular hole formed on the ground, revealing a secret stairway beneath it!

Jingo broadened his smile, moved towards the corner of the room, lit a torch and took it with him down below.

He descended the metal ladder with his torch until he got to the bottom.

~Squeak. Squeak. Squeak.

The sounds of mice running about echoed loudly into his ears.

But Jingo couldn't be bothered with this.

Just below the ladder on the corner wall was a wheel with sturdy ropes attached to it.

With one hand, he rotated the ropes, which in turn brought the long table above together as if it never parted in the first place.

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With everything adequately sealed, Jingo steadily walked along the narrow hallway until he arrived at a circular open room.

Immediately, the hoarse sounds of someone breathing heavily greeted him the moment he stepped in.

~Houuu... Houuuu... Houuuu~~

The man had his head dropped downwards while his hands remained chained up against the walls.

Looking at the prisoner on his knees, Jingo couldn't help chuckling mysteriously.

Oh, how the mighty have fallen.

He placed his torch in one of the torch holders and slowly made his way forward.

And with a playful smile on his face, he suddenly stopped and burst out into hysteria.

"Hahahhahahaha!

I'm back.

Tell me.... Do you miss me, sub-Captain Jingo?"

Chapter 1062 - Someone?

"Do you miss me, sub-Captain Jingo?"

The chained-up man raised his head, revealing a similar face to the man who just walked in.

What was going on here?

The scene taking place now would definitely shock any who saw it.

How could there be 2 Jingos?

The Jingo who just came in, smiled unnaturally as if he were a demon brought out from hell.

Meanwhile, the real Jingo was chained up and brutally beaten down here.

So how did this happen?

Jingo had never been so helpless and angry in his life.

Right now, he had been drugged by some deadly poison that would slowly eat his insides, wearing his strength with time.

Even now, he felt it completely hard to keep his eyes open.

He was also having waking nightmares as the entire room spun uncontrollably.

Dammit!

He shouldn't have been too confident earlier on.

Because he left his shadow guards in his cabin to guard some treasure, he ended up getting taken by these bastards instead.

It all happened when someone called to inform him that Old Crow had arrived.

Yes. By now, Old Crow should've probably arrived

But the key thing was that these people had announced his arrival before the pirate messenger did.

Maybe their own hidden scouts had probably been faster and delivered the message earlier than his.

Jingo didn't know the real truth to this matter.

All he knew was that after calmly riding his horse for a bit, he suddenly felt something pierce through his t.h.i.g.h.

Maybe because he was highly confident and didn't think that anyone would dare move him here, he ended up not staying overly vigilant.

After all, not too far from where he got stabbed were several pirates laughing and joking around.

He looked at who stabbed him, only to realize that it was the person who delivered the message that stabbed him.

He tried talking but found that his entire body seemed to be going numb after getting stabbed.

And once he entered this building, he saw this fake standing before him that looked exactly the same as himself.

The body proportion and everything else looked the same.

Instantly, he knew what they were up to.

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Jingo looked at the fake before him wanting nothing more than to rip off that fake mask on his face.

BASTARD!!

How dare this bastard steal his identity?

No! It was his! It was his!!!

Jingo gruffed and tried to make sounds of frustration.

His face couldn't even distort or frown due to the poison.

Pain. Pain. Pain.

~Grrr....

The poison slowly ate through his body like gnats biting into flesh.

Why?

Why did he fall prey to these bastards?

A wave of regret and anger swelled his already damaged body, making him more determined than ever to survive.

No! He couldn't die!

He had to live and report this matter to the organization!

That's right.

The poison made it so hard for him to cough that his body was doing its best to forcefully send the black blood out of his open mouth, dripping it down his body.

~uogh. uogh~~

The once proud and arrogant Jingo now looked like he had a stroke and was still in a vegetative coma with his mouth and eyes wide open.

But as tragic as this was to him, the fake Jingo found it all too pleasing.

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The fake Jingo grinned broadly and danced playfully around him before pulling his hair back and sitting on his face.

"Hahahahaha!

You didn't see this coming, did you?

You, who didn't put the temple in your eyes, are now fighting for your life here."

The Fake Jingo looked at his hands and trembled with excitement: "Finally. Finally, Finally, my time has come! Heh. You don't know how hard I've tried to mimic your every move. For the last 7 years, I've been trained to look like you, move like you and even eat and have p.l.e.a.s.u.r.e as you do. The spies we have in your crew were a great help to us. Over the years, we have studied your likes and dislikes. How does it feel? Tell me, Sub-Captain Jingo. How does it feel to be beaten by a member of the Temple of Dragmus?"

Now, I will be the owner in charge of your crew. Don't worry. We have allies in your crew. No one will know the truth. Hahahahahahaha!!!!"

'Bastards! Bastards!'

~Ghhhh...~~

Jingo, who heard this, inwardly trembled in fury.

Who? Who were the spies in the crew?

The colour on his face drained as he gazed at the bastard before with an unforgiving judgement.

Dammit! When he got out of here, he would destroy this arrogant son of a b**ch, even if it was the last thing he did!

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Feeling like he had played enough, the fake Jingo finally decided to end it all.

"Heh. You really didn't think that I'll leave you alive in here, right?"

With that, he opened up a pouch of black powder and sprinkled it on Jingo's hair and body.

Beautiful.

Now, for his grand finish, he took the flame on the wall and brought it over to the now terrified and unwilling Jingo.

"I've trained too hard and gotten used to this identity.

Sorry. I won't allow anyone to steal it from me.

In this world, there can only be one Jingo D'ongonia.

And that's me!!!"

'No!!!!'

~BRRRRRRMMMM!!

Thunderous flames erupted on Jingo, visibly burning his skin.

Grhmmmm~~

Jingo, who couldn't speak, looked on with hatred and fear as his body burned and choked from it all.

The flames bored deeply, peeling off his flesh and creating smoke in his throat, choking him hard.

No! No! No!

He was unwilling.

He was unwilling to die like this!

Even if he became a ghost, he could kill this son of a b**ch!

Thinking of the secret he was keeping, the burning Jingo suddenly chuckled.

Even till this moment, this fake bastard didn't know that he had lost.

That's right, they both lost today.

And as if the heavens heard his prayer, fake Jingo suddenly turned around, making him believe that someone was coming.

Who?

Who was coming to save him?

Chapter 1063 - Fake, Real... Dead?

Who?

Upon hearing these fake footsteps, the Fake Jingo quickly took out his weapon.

His men should be In the sh.i.p.s.

So whoever was coming in was definitely an enemy.

And sure enough, he was right.

~Woosh!

Like lightning, 4 figures advanced hastily.

The moment Lucius and his men saw the smoke, they knew that someone's life was at stake.

So they dared not sneak in but rushed over fiercely.

~Tap. Tap. Tap. Tap.~

"You three, this seems to be some torture room of some sort. Check those buckets for water and save him.

As for me, I'll handle the big guy over there."

"Yes."

With that, the gang divided up with Lucius aiming for the fake Jingo, who in turn ran towards the wall and picked up a long Scythe, which looked like the weapon one would see the grim reaper holding.

He gritted his teeth maniacally: "You the hell are you all? Are you also here to steal my identity? I'll tell you all now that I'm the real Jingo who the heavens have blessed! So you can just die!!!"

~Swoosh!

The long Scythe went forth in circular motions, aiming to stab Lucius to death.

Indeed. The weapon's wielder was very skilled, as he created no openings or gave a chance for his opponent to advance.

His actions were swift and precise, keeping Lucius at Scythe's length.

With both sharp weapons in his hands, Lucius continuously blocked the attacks as if he were tapping a drum instead.

~Ting! Ting! Ting! Ting!

The duo jumped, rolled, and even knelt when battling each other.

The tension in the air was so great that Fake Jingo struggled not to not for fear of missing a single enemy attack.

F***!

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Sweat beaded in his palms and around his face as he felt his hands grow heavier and heavier.

His palms had all turned red with pain and tiredness.

Something that shocked him silly.

Over the years, he had followed Jingo's training methods, which was a highly powerful one developed by those in Morgany.

Those from the inside had constantly sent the training methods and techniques down, turning him into an indestructible being to many in the Pyno continent.

In fact, even when training in the temple, almost no one could defeat him.

So he had been very confident in his Morg training.

Of course, the higher-ups also shared the information with many Primates and others with higher positions.

But one shouldn't think that stealing this routine was easy.

Apparently, for over 500 or so years, they had only managed to successfully steal the routines of just 4 people, showing just how tight the security in Morgany was.

It was even a miracle that their guy was able to survive this long without getting caught and was able to send them Jingo's training routines.

They knew that Jingo's routine wasn't even the most powerful, only being above average.

But here in Pyno, it was treated as a national treasure within the temple.

They also modified their bodies and trained them to crack small stones and large wood blocks in a single go.

Such a thing was already more than what they could ask for, so they dared not overstretch things.

That said, they had been planning on how to better infiltrate Morgany by swapping both Jingos with each other.

This plan was thought of for 7 whole years.

Fake Jingo was trained and told that if he didn't become Jingo, he would disappoint Dragmus and not be welcomed in the temple anymore.

That's why even till now, he didn't want to believe that he had lost.

Seeing that these intruders were helping the burnt Jingo, he thought he had been discovered and had his emotions thrown all over the place.

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"No! Even if there are hundreds of you, I will still be victorious!

I am the chosen one. I am the real Jingo. So how dare you all try to stop me?

Die! Die! Die! Die!!!"

Like a psycho on the loose, he came at Lucius with everything he had, trying to hook his opponent's neck on the curved blade of the Scythe in hopes of cutting his neck off clean.

Lucius on the other hand had gotten enough clues out of this nut case, so he hastened his actions.

"Die!!!!"

~Bam.

Fake Jingo was sent flying, brutally hitting himself against the wall.

~Plugh...

He spat blood in disbelief.

What just happened?

How did his opponent reach him so fast?

He didn't see anything at all!!!

Ghost?

He was mortified!

"Ahhhhhh~::~

He screamed in agony and subconsciously tried to lift whatever was holding him down with his other hand.

But Lucius ruthlessly kicked the hand away as if it were a soccer ball.

~Bam!

The hand bounced back and slammed into the wall brutally.

F***!

What the hell was going on here?

Could it be that this was the power of those highly skilled Morgs?

How could they be so strong?

F***!

At this rate, wouldn't he just die from a heart attack instead?

~Bam. Bam. Bam. Bam Bam!

(:ToT:)

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After Lucius had whacked him hard enough, he looked at his men at the corner calmly.

And when he saw them shake their heads, he knew that the burnt victim didn't make it.

It looks like they were a step too late to save this person.

But from the body build and several other cities, he could tell that the burnt person was the real one, and the person he was beating up was the fake.

What did he call himself?... Jingo?

Hmm... They might have to investigate things later.

But now can't the time.

Chapter 1064 - Loosing The Battle

Looking at the fake jingo coarsely breathing against the wall, Lucius quickly decided to end things.

After all, as planned, they weren't supposed to take prisoners today.

For all they knew, the enemies might be watching everything commence from a safe distance.

So when trying to run away, if someone saw that they took 'Jingo' with them, things might get too complicated.

As for the fake Jingo, he still thought that they would take him for torture and questioning, giving him a chance to survive and possibly a chance for escape.

But Lucius's following words made his entire expression grim.

Even though he didn't fully understand 9/10th of what the man before him was saying, he still got bits and pieces of it.

Lucius silently crouched down and looked at the fake before him coldly.

"Normally, we would take you back for questioning.

But for today's situation, we can't take back any prisoners.

Goodbye."

"No! No! No!!!"

Seeing Lucius's hands moving forward, fake Jingo protested loudly.

But sadly, his fate had already been decoded.

Very swiftly, Lucius snapped his neck, almost cutting it off from its sockets.

And after searching the fake's pockets, he found 4 secret letters as well.

Lucius raised his eyebrows when he saw the acronym on the letters.

It's this T.O.E.P again.

Interesting...

It looks like they're yet again one step closer to understanding these T.O.E.P people.

But for now, they had to get out of here fast!

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~Woosh!

They left the bodies and exited the place the same way they came.

A fake stone door opened up, and several others stepped into the torture room.

What???

Anyone who saw this would be once again made speechless.

So this was the secret that the burnt person died with?

Out of the 3 that walked in, one looked very much identical to the 2 dead Jingos.

It was just that the person had a stranger aura when compared to the others.

What the hell?

Heh. It turns out that these dead Jingos were both fakes.

The real one had come to this town a month earlier, as planned by the organization.

That's right. The person parading himself was the real Jingo earlier on, was only a double, who was ready to put his life on the line for Jingo.

He had been Jingo's double for 11 years and had felt the same pain and worries as Jingo.

So the double himself had always thought of himself as Jingo too.

The thing was that he looked very similar to the real Jingo, as if they were identical twins.

Of course, the moment the burnt Jingo got set on fire, Jingo had planned to save him.

But the sudden intrusion of those mysterious people made him aware that others had also infiltrated the place too.

So he had no choice but to watch his double burn to death.

As for the letters that these people had taken, they were all empty.

The authentic letters were still with him.

Heh.

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Looking at his burnt double, he felt it was a real shame.

A good double had just been destroyed, just like that.

What was even funnier was that the double didn't know he had been here all this time.

He left Morgany earlier than his double and crew, allowing his double to take full charge of everything.

So the double thought he was the only one here.

Sigh... What a waste of a good double.

Luckily, he had 2 more in Morgany.

"Sub-Captain. Should we head towards the sh.i.p.s?"

Jingo shook his head: "No. They might've already infiltrated it. So far, we don't know if they outnumber us or if we outnumber them. So we can only watch what they do from a distance.

At least now, we're sure that these Hamunaptra people are real. It looks like they came to rescue their comrade. It's a pity that we didn't have a mole time to torture and get information out. But from now on, we'll be more aware of them. First things first, we need to leave and report this matter to the organization. It's a pity that the crew would have to be sacrificed. But this is all for the greater good. Don't you think so, Old Crow Face?"

The real Crow Face nodded calmly.

Sometimes, sacrifices had to be made for the good of the organization.

This wasn't the first time they were losing crewmates.

There were times when they lost over 30 sh.i.p.s of people when they came across bigger enemies like the Temple of Adonis.

So now, when facing the Temple of Dragmus and trying to catch the spies in their crew, they did expect to make some losses.

In fact, even the training workout that had been 'stolen' had all been given out according to plan.

They were supposed to catch all spies in one swoop during this trip.

But who would've thought that they would meet even a bigger enemy here?

Everyone's expression was grim.

"Sub-Captain, their skills are far superior to ours."

"Hmmm... The only advantage we have might be that Morgany as a whole is broader and undoubtedly bigger in number than some hidden organization.

Unless they own an entire continent like those Adonis bastards, I doubt they would be able to hit us all at once.

That's why we have to hit them first!

We need to search the entire world if we have to and find them fast!"

Everyone nodded in agreement with this analogy.

"Yes. So when do we leave?"

"Tomorrow evening!

For tonight, we stay put and let them go.

If my guess is accurate, they should leave the 'merchant' ship we came with.

So tomorrow morning, we'll gather all the clues we can find and take off in the evening.

As expected, they should've already sent the boy away.

So staying here for too long is meaningless.

The language they also used didn't belong to Morgany, Veinita or Pyno. So they are definitely foreign."

"Sub-captain, their attire was also blizzard and looked like it belonged to an ancient organization as well."

"I noticed that too.

But where? Where do these people come from?"

Everyone bobbed at the turn of events.

Hamunaptra... The Eyes of Horus...

Wherever these places are, they would find it!

That's why they had to leave Pyno fast!

There was no use staying on this worthless dump anymore.

Besides, with the fake letters these people took, they would trap them soon enough.

Yes...

Tonight, they lost.

But soon, they would have their revenge!

Chapter 1065 - Foul Play

Just like that, all over the town, several things were happening all at once, with some enemies noticing things but decided to stay back in the shadows.

No one wanted to stupidly sacrifice themselves when they didn't know much about the other side.

So everyone was playing things safe... Including the Baymardians, who were truly outnumbered out here.

But the enemy didn't need to know that they were outnumbered, did they?

They kept the illusion of Hamunaptra up, speaking only English with a few Pyron words, as well as showing odd their musical strengths for all to see.

With no guns or anything of that sort put in the open, their assassination and Shaolin skills were all many could see.

This hidden force was strong!

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And as time went by, the presence of the Baymardians was noticed by those on the sh.i.p.s.

~Din! Din! Din! Din!~~

"Assassins! Assassins! Assassins above!"

"Dammit! Who the hell would dare go against us?"

"Kill them! Kill them all!"

~Slash! Slash! Slash! Slash!

Killian and a few others on his team entered the dimly lit stairways of their targeted sh.i.p.s.

While a few others stood up the stairways, blocking the doors to the deck.

So one was going in or out.

Without a doubt, Killian was very much outnumbered, with hundreds coming at him.

But so what?

Very quickly, he took out both of his fans and began his dance.

~Slash!

"Ahhh!! My hands!

Bastard! You'll pay for this!"

~Slash!

"He's on the ceiling. Get him!"

~Slash!

"F***! I can't see! I can't see!

The bastard blinded me!"

~Slash!

"Broken tooth! Broken tooth!

Dammit! The bastard killed Broken Tooth!"

~Slash!

"My balls! My balls!

This bastard sliced off my balls!"

~Slash! Slash! Slash!

"Ahhhhhhhh!!~::~"

~Boom! Bam! Plop!

....

In the right dimly lit space, chaos reigned supreme, followed by the ghastly screams of many within.

He was so fast that by the time he passed them by, it was already too late.

Heads rolled, t.e.s.t.i.c.l.e.s rolled, and other vital parts that took a heavy toll on the enemy.

~Pffff~

Blood splattered around, dying the already musty stained floor red.

~Plop.

Some dropped to the floor and held their lower parts in agony, wishing that they died instead.

Their bodies trembled like fish out of water as beads of sweat-drenched their foreheads and back.

Dammit!

It hurt like hell!

And a loud thumping pain forced its way into their heads, trying to crack them into pieces.

No! Their entire attention was now focused on their bottom parts.

Where did they have the time to think of something else?

F***! What were they supposed to do now with their lives?

How were they supposed to live without the bottom part there?

They gritted their bloody teeth unwillingly while starting heavenwards.

Dammit!

Why them?

What evil did they do to deserve such a punishment?

That was a MAN's pride, for heaven's sake!

With it gone, weren't they just b.a.r.e like women?

As proud Morgs, how could they live like this?

They hadn't even done it one last time before their opportunity was taken away.

So how was this fair?

No! They had to get help and fix this problem no matter what.

There should be a healer that can do it, right? RIGHT?!!

~Grrrrraahhhh~

The men who didn't have their heads cleanly sliced off or their hearts pierced, all growled in discomfort and agony.

Some had lost their t.e.s.t.i.c.l.e.s, while others had lost her balls... Or just one ball, making them feel unbalanced.

As of now, where did they have the mind to fight?

The pain was unbearable!

And the culprit or culprits that caused their predicament couldn't care less about their thoughts and proceeded to deal with their comrades.

Of course, those who hadn't tasted pain yet still rushed in.

"Get them! I don't believe that all of us combined won't be enough to kill these sons of b**ches!"

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~Slash! Slash! Slash!

Killian continued his murderous saga alongside a few others, fighting nonstop with almost no breathing room.

It was a complete jungle out here, and one false move could lead to their dooms.

In these tight claustrophobic hallways, event hands, weapons and objects were constantly reaching at them in hopes of taking them down.

It was like they were in the center of one of those Baymardian Zombie Apocalypse movies.

Specifically, they felt like they were in the Tv-series called the Founder of Diabolism, where sect members faced all sorts of demons and zombies coming back to life.

So with everyone reaching for them like swift zombies, the trick was to keep dancing in all positions, creating personal space or boundaries around one's self.

As well as kicking and sending dead bodies flying to open up the space.

"Ahhhh!!!"

~Slash! Bam! Bam! Pah!"

Killian kicked, danced and twirled with his bladed fans, sending his enemies flying while destroying them too.

His moves were ever so graceful, like a lone fairy dancing charmingly into the night.

One might be fooled by it all, that is... Until they see the heaps and heaps of destruction laying underneath this lone fairy.

And just like that, the number of hot-blooded pirates dwindled down.

Now, many weren't that foolish to just head straight on.

They looked on with hesitation while feeling helpless as well.

Just seeing their surviving comrades trembling on the ground and holding their bloodied lower parts, made them swallow large gulps of saliva nervously.

Lying trough! Who had they offended to get targeted by these monsters?

Even they, they were always found and arrogant, dared not step forward to have their lower regions tempered.

This was the worst punishment any man could face!

They had never witnessed such a scene before.

How many people target that part when fighting?

Even assassins didn't go that far.

That was worldwide foul play!!!

(T^T)

Chapter 1066 - Perverted Enemies?

"You....!!!"

They had never seen such a thing before.

Who actively targets the lower region?

Only crazy people, that's who!

~Gulp

The whole thing invoked a wave of fear in their hearts as they trembled and subconsciously placed their hands at their lower regions.

Could it be that these strange assassins had come here to take their lower regions away?

They had heard about these things before.

But who knew that they would one day find themselves facing the same things like the stories they heard?

Did they want it for some ritual?

How could such perverts exist?

They looked on and suddenly turned around, trying to flee the scene and get out of the ship.

F***!

In this situation, it was better for them to get more backup.

Heh.

You say they are cowards?

Yes! They would readily accept the title.

For their manhood, they would indeed be cowards!

"Run! Run for your lives!

These bastards want to collect our lower parts for some ritual!!!"

~Din. Din. Din. Din. Din. Din~~

"Run! Run!

Call for backup!!!"

Many quickly ran towards the ends of the hallway and started ascending the stairs.

But how could it be that easy?

Those guarding the deck doors took out their own fans, preventing them from leaving.

Like they said. No one was going in or out.

They either fight for survival or die!

When those who wanted to flee saw this, their faces visibly grew grim as they came to terms with the matter here.

Would their lower regions be sliced off too?

Why? Wasn't this too evil?

"No way! No way!

I can't go down like this!"

"Move!!

I warn you, I have a secret weapon, and I'm not afraid to use it.

So get out of the way now!!!!!!!"

~Slash! Slash! Slash! Slash!

"Ahhhhh~~~~."

Tonight was indeed a bloody one.

With almost all untouched enemies heading up, the Baymardians quickly ran through the injured again, making sure to put them out of their misery permanently.

Earlier on, because of the tight space and overcrowded Bess, they could only injure some people.

But now, with almost everyone dead and the hallways cleared, they could adequately finish their work.

Of course, Killian and a few others proceeded to scene towards the regions where the slaves were locked up, while a handful stayed back to properly kill off the injured.

Stepping down vigilantly, Killian saw the prisoners all chained against the walls, shivering in fright.

When some met his eyes, they would look away and tremble subconsciously, in fear that he would kill them too.

There was no helping it.

Killian and the rest, who were all dressed in black, looked too scary.

"Please... Don't kill us."

"Don't kill us... Don't kill us."

They folded their legs inwardly, flared their hands before their faces and backed away as if trying to disappear into the ship unnoticed.

Everyone's bones turned into jelly when they remembered the gruesome screams they heard earlier on.

What now?

Killian passed by them calmly, looking for anyone who looked suspicious or for any pirates hiding amongst the slaves.

And after searching for a while, his eyes lit up.

Bingo.

With a flick of his wrist, their heads were sent rolling.

~Slash! Slash! Slash!

~Plop.

"Ahhhhhhh!~~~"

The chained-up slaves screamed in terror at the rolling heads.

No one had seen how these men in black made their move.

One minute they were here, and the next minute, they were there rolling heads.

Who wouldn't be shocked silly?

The most frightening thing of all were these people's auras and the fact that they hadn't even opened their mouths to talk yet.

What did they want?

Why were they here?

No one knew anything!

And that's precisely what terrified them to the bone.

Earlier on, they at least had an idea of what the pirates wanted with them.

But now, things had suddenly changed, leaving them more fearful of the future... especially after seeing how brutal these people were.

~Slash! Slash! Slash!

Everyone closed their eyes in terror.

And by the time they opened it, apart from terror, confusion also filled their eyes.

Eh?

They looked around in confusion.

Where did they go?

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Killian and his gang calmly ascended the stairs after 'cleaning up' the ship.

They first used their heat goggles to ensure that no one was around before opening their communicator and speaking pure English.

Killian reported their mission status and also listening in on everyone else's mission status too

Alright.

Just 2 more sh.i.p.s haven't finished yet.

A few others headed towards the sh.i.p.s to help out, while the rest stayed in their targeted sh.i.p.s.

Everything was going according to plan.

Killian also got wind that Lucy and Ruby's teams had already completed their missions and had rescued the overly sick and dying that were left in the dungeons for dead.

They also stole several documents too, maps and plans too.

Of course, from the report, they had successfully brought those people aboard one of the ships.

As planned, some deep-sea soldiers had already left the underwater ships with a few bags of first aid supplies.

They literally left the bag in the floating water, tied it to one of the sail ropes dangling around the pirate ship.

With that, they swam back and away unnoticed, leaving those aboard to haul the supplies up.

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As for Lucius' team and the rescued Josh, they were now on one of the pirate ships too.

Of course, there was a reason why they didn't free the slaves or rowers now.

Firstly, freeing them here would only result in them getting caught again.

After all, this entire town, along with the perimeters of forest, mountains and so on... Were all under the control of the enemy.

So if they started fleeing now, they would still get caught and placed back in the dungeons.

For now, they planned to set sail with these pirate ships and take them out of the vicinity, finding a safe place before docking and freeing them all.

Well, that was the plan.

Everyone waited vigilantly until they got the final okay from all teams.

Good.

It was time to go!

Chapter 1067 - Heading Off!

While everyone was waiting for things to get rounded up, Josh was already explaining matters to Landon and the rest, who in turn contacted the ships again from time to time.

"Major General. Don't worry.

As earlier on as when we spotted you, we had already contacted one of the nearby mission ships.

So by now, the dispatch should have already docked somewhere, heading towards the boy's location."

"Hmmm."

Josh, who was all bloodied and tired, finally felt reassured and closed his eyes to rest.

The time he spent with these pirates had been truly tiring since he was given no time to rest.

It was as if they wanted information in exchange for giving him time to sleep.

They tried every possible method to crack him without physically going overboard.

But of course, he still held on hard

And all his hard work paid off.

Finally, he could sleep.

As for his comrades and the kid, they should be rescued soon enough. So he was glad.

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Josh slept soundly while they administered first aid to him.

He was so tired that the pain couldn't even wake him up.

Like they said, earlier on when they noticed Josh, their main ship had already gotten information about where Josh was supposed to be at and what he was assigned to do there.

Following that, at the very start of the long battle, the other ship had docked very far away from here, close to another remote village.

At least from their estimation, the village should be 3 weeks of travel by horse away from the town Landon was currently in.

So it was impossible for the T.O.E.P guarding this town to know of the matter there.

And even if they spotted the Baymardian sh.i.p.s, they wouldn't link the matter to each other.

After all, who didn't know that King Henry had enlisted the help of the Baymardians over the past month?

Many that saw this might just assume that they were here on orders from Henry to carry out some mission.

Of course, if possible, Landon hoped that no one would see the ship.

One should know that so far, how the Baymardians moved was always a mystery to many.

The dispatching or retrieving mission sh.i.p.s, typically docked in desolate areas around 2 or 3 A.M when everyone was deep asleep to do their thing.

And it wasn't like they would dock directly in villages and or communities.

No... They generally chose scanty empty fields surrounded by some forest region, before connecting with the hidden carriage routes all around the place.

The chances of getting seen were very slim unless someone was out at night doing something in secret.

But from the report that just came in, it seemed that they had chosen a good place to dock.

The rescue team had already been sent out in vehicles, and the ship that dispatched them was now back in the open waters as if it was never there in the first place.

Like so, they had sent people to look for Josh's teammates.

But all this happened at the start of tonight battle

Now, with this new wave of info from Josh, they had a clearer picture of where his contacts should be hiding for the time being.

Well, it looked like it wouldn't be long before he rescued the boy named Renkin and completed his side mission.

Landon couldn't help releasing a long sigh of relief.

Soon, all battles were over, and it was time to go.

Landon quickly debt word out through his shield mic: "All team leaders, begin phase 3. I repeat, all team leaders, begin phase 3."

"Copy that. Over."

In a flash, several people began running up and down the pirate sh.i.p.s.

~Din! Din! Din! Din! Din! Din!

Their loud footsteps confused the frightened slaves who had no idea of what their future held for them.

What was going to happen to them?

But what surprised them was that these cruel strangers didn't even bother looking at them and proceeded to head towards the last floor below deck as if they were air.

Okay?...

(°_°)

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While things eased up with the slaves, the rowers on the other hand, were now tenser than ever.

Why? Because these foreign men with their strange language had come to them instead.

So far, they could only get a few words out of these sentences and began doing what they wanted.

"Row, Row, Row the ship."

Well, it wasn't too hard to understand, was that?

These strange men would tell them what directions to stir towards and what directions were a No-No.

Of course, these men in black weren't psychic to know where to move.

They communicated with a few others on deck using the metal pipe communicating on the sh.i.p.s.

The voices above echoed down below, and the voices below echoed upwards as well.

There were two iron pipes here, one for talking into and the other for listening.

Well, the rowers dared not dilly dally and used their entire force to paddle away.

And the more they listened, call it intuition, but they didn't feel all that threatened by these people.

For sure, these people were strong, and their attacks were brutal.

But for some reason, they felt no immediate danger or fear as they did with the pirates.

And when they were a distance into the horizon, hundreds of people slowly emerged from the surroundings with grim expressions on their faces.

They might have lost this battle, but this wasn't over yet.

This was just the beginning!

Chapter 1068 - Freedom?

Looking at the sh.i.p.s that sailed into the snowy showers, Jingo's hairs stood all at attention.

If his guess is accurate, way ahead, on the waters, should be countless sh.i.p.s with the bit residing in one of them.

They had probably brought an entire army here just to take the boy, so going after them would only end up badly for them.

Of course, on the way to this Hamunaptra place, Jingo hoped that these bastards would meet with doubtless pirate sh.i.p.s and possibly die at sea.

He didn't know where Hamunaptra was, but he felt that it was too far away from here, meaning that they should at least run across hundreds of pirate sh.i.p.s along the way.

After watching the sh.i.p.s fade away into the snowy showers, Jingo quickly turned around and headed back towards one of the estates.

For now, he needed to get some shut eyes... Because tomorrow will be a busy day.

With that, the men who appeared so suddenly, once again disappeared, returning the town to its desolate state.

Time passed by quickly, and after 2 whole days of sailing on the pirate sh.i.p.s, they found a safe spot that was estimated to be far away from any impending dangers.

They docked in one of the towns, freed both slaves and rowers. Of course, they distributed the treasures on the sh.i.p.s as well, which seemed to be just right.

(**Cough. Cough~~... Landon had kept a bunch in his space.)

They only planned on taking doc.u.ments with them since they would abandon these sh.i.p.s and swim towards the underwater sh.i.p.s that had been following dispatched earlier on when they reported in early this morning.

.
~Ching!

"You... Free!"

Emilia's hands trembled in disbelief when these strange people incurred her chains.

Over the course of their travel, these people never harmed them, constantly provided food to them and even looked after their wounds.

The only thing that made her doubt their motives was the fact that these people still kept them chained up.

But now that she was freed, their actions all made sense to her.

There must've been a reason why they didn't free them earlier on.

Nonetheless, she was more grateful than ever.

Did this mean that the heavens answered her prayers?

~Plop.

"~Oooooooooo~~"

While holding Killian's leg, she dropped to the ground and soiled his shoes with her tears.

"You!... Free you because you're worthless!"

Eh?

She choked on her tears

So these people were trying to be mean to them, and we're driving them away, saying that they were a bother and would slow them down?

Intuition told her that this wasn't the case.

But with the stern manner in which they said it, she had no choice but to believe it.

She sniffed her nose in embarrassment and stood up, before bowing again in the is.

Whether they intended to save her or not, they still did it.

And that fact would never change.

That's why she was more grateful than ever.

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Seeing her finally leave, Killian was inwardly pleased that she got the message.

He was a bad guy, okay?

Bad guy! Bad guy!

Or... Could it be his acting?

Was he not acting right?

No! He can't mess the plan up!

Thinking like that, he continuously released his murderous aura, making many other slaves around tremble in fear.

Yes. He was a bad guy.

So it was only because their presence was annoying that they decided to free them?

Then thank the heavens for making them inconveniences.

As for why they shared the pirate wealth with them... apparently, it was also because it was inconvenient for them to travel with so much treasure.

These people seemed to move like assassins.

So it made sense that carrying numerous c.h.e.s.ts filled with treasures would only slow them down too much.

Imagine them carrying c.h.e.s.ts of treasures and fleeing?

It was indeed a convenience.

After all, one shouldn't forget the dangerous battle that recently took place.

Do you think that those pirates would let such a thing slide?

So these foreigners needed to flee as fast as they could.

That's why they had to carry less with them.

Yes. Yes. Yes... This all made sense now.

Once again, these slaves thanked their lucky stars that these foreign assassins were on the run.

Again, these people also treated their wounds earlier on because they had initially planned to take them out on the sea and didn't want them dying.

But somewhere along the line, they changed their minds since it all seemed like a bother.

And from the looks of it, even these sh.i.p.s seemed like a bother to them too.

They've probably only now decided to abandon these pirate sh.i.p.s behind since other pirates would notice it and give them trouble too... Meaning their destination should be far.

So now, the more words these foreigners said about how much of an inconvenience they were, or how they were nothing, worthless and a nuisance, everyone just smiled more and more.

So let them go and give them part of these treasures.

Hahahahaha!

After cracking the 'code,' these slaves started to feel very intelligent.

Damn, they were good.

(^_^)

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~Din. Dim. Din. Din. Din.~~

Emilia moved through the massive crowd of freed slaves on the deck and turned around nonstop, looking for her mother.

"Mama... Mama!... Mama?"

Her eyes darted back and forth, side to side and in all directions, just to find a fighter that looked similar to her mothers.

It wasn't until she went on her knees and begged one of these foreigners for help, was she able to locate her mother.

"Mama!"

The duo higher each other silently while thinking of all that they had gone through.

Emilia's mother had wanted to kill herself after getting defiled, but some strange but mocking words from one of the assassins changed her mind.

Of course, most of what the assassin said was vicious, cruel, wicked and very moving.

But, the message did go through.

Thinking in a new way, she decided to live for herself and her daughter.

Seeing how worried her daughter was, she knew that her choice was correct.

If she died, wouldn't her daughter be too heartbroken that she might even follow her into the afterlife as well?

Listening to the assassin commenting on the changes around Deiferus' Capital city... she decided to move there and settle down.

In fact, the assassin had just been warning her to stop crying or else they would kill her, just like he killed some people in the Capital city.

But the information he dropped within his warning gave her the idea to move.

With everyone united, and all treasure distributed, the 'foreign assassins' finally abandoned the sh.i.p.s and headed into the nearby woods.

Their mission was over!

Chapter 1069 - New Trend?

And so just like that, Landon and his team headed into the forest region and dashed towards the snowy shores before diving straight into the cold waters.

They had already got word that the boy had been rescued and was on his way to their ship.

With this news, it was time for them to head home

Mission accomplished.

And while the gang were now preparing to head back on with glee, back in Baymard, several people were also immersed in a state of joy as well.

Standing around a large white table were several people dressed in white overalls, looking at the items on the table as if looking at newborn babies.

"Hahahahaha! These pieces are a masterpiece!"

"Yes! This time, we did it! We really did it!"

"Oh my God! After today, I'll open up that bottle of fine wine, and we'll drink to our success. Hahahaha! We did it, guys! Look! Our babies are born!"

The group of white-coat people picked up the pieces with their gloved hands and raised them high up as these pieces were Simba in Lion King.

Some wiped the teardrops hanging at the corner of their eyes, while others just stood there, trembling in sheer joy.

They did it! They really did it!

Overseer Tim, Overseer Wiggins, and a few supervisors under their industries looked at their masterpiece with pride.

Only the heavens know just how much stress this seemingly easy project gave them.

At first, they thought it would be a piece of cake since they had little experience with some parts of the process.

But who would've known that it would give them hell?

Remembering all the broken pieces they had thrown to the wall because they weren't good enough, everyone felt like all their sleepless nights and sacrifices were indeed worth it.

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Everyone scooted around the table and observed the items with care, holding each item with both hands like a precious gem.

Coincidentally, there were a few new people in the group who were there today to start learning about putting the parts together.

And what were they putting together today?

Well, of course, it was none other than headphones!

Those who came in watched the superiors geek over the parts with curiosity.

Separately, the parts didn't seem all that hard to make.

But eyes could be receiving.

If someone said it was easy, Tim, Wiggins and the rest would smack the person so hard that they would find themselves in the past.

But even though designing and putting headphones would have some similar aspects as those, there were other distinct and key attributes that needed to be captured.

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"Well, don't just stand there!

Come in! Come in!"

Very quickly, a few of the supervisors ushered the production team in.

Before they began actual production, they had to understand everything concerning headphones.

The research team, which was a combination of people from both Tim and Wiggin's industries, cooperating to create the structure, perfect rubber softness against the skin, wiring and so on... Had already researched and come up with parts that have reached a passive grade.

Of course with time, these things would get researched and improved year after year.

But for now, wasn't this great?

"Welcome, everyone!

Today, we will once again take a big deal into the future!

Some of you have been selected from different departments like those who create telephones, Tvs and so on.

While others are high school graduates that have just entered the Baymardian Institute of Science & Technology, and are here under part-time hours.

Well, whether you have experience or not, we will teach you everything from scratch.

In this project, your superior and I worked our butts off since October of this year to fully understand the project's in and out.

And just like we did, I expect you all to put your hearts and souls into this project.

Is that understood?!!"

"Yes, sir!" Everyone answered in unison, with many wearing their glasses and looking sternly while holding their notebooks too.

From the ads in the newspapers, they only knew that it was some new project.

Nonetheless, they were still overly excited to get chosen because who didn't know that when the words 'New Project' came out, it meant something worth fighting for in the supermarkets and stores?

Everyone had also started saving and predicted the cost of buying whatever comes out of this 'new project.'

That was just how the people of Baymard rolled.

Typically, one would use 35~50% to pay bills, depending on how high their salary was or where they were staying, tuition, etc.

And the other half of their income would be split into two, savings and spendings.

So if they used 50% to pay bills, 25% would be saved in the bank for emergencies or fixture businesses... While the other 25% should be used for personal things like eating, buying clothes, cars, getting a family vacation, etc.

Saving was good, but one shouldn't forget to live their life with their loved ones as well.

So you best believe that if there were a new resort popping up, they would have a day visit.

Frankly speaking, there were also payment plans for some new items, depending on the item.

Plus, if it were an item like a radio or something of that sort, the price shouldn't be too high and moderately considerate.

They didn't know what these headphone things were, but they felt it shouldn't be as expensive as getting a new car or even buying a fridge, right?

Now, just listening to the name, Head-phones, showed that it would be something around their heads.

And when they say phone, are they talking about telephones?

Will they strap a wall telephone over their heads?

Or could it be that it would soon become a fashionable thing to wear those home phones on their head or dangling around their chins?

Then where will the wires go?

Will they be wrapped with wires while walking?

Headphones.

Could this be the new fashion?

Chapter 1070 - The Future!

Within the room, the superiors were standing at the back of the long white table, while everyone else was standing on the other side, a little further away.

Tim looked at the puzzled expressions on everyone's faces and grinned while massaging his long beard.

Wiggins at the side, gently leaned against the wall at the back of the table, crossed his hands over his chest and lazily looked at them all, giving off a sense of a powerful sensei.

At the same time, the other superiors in the room also stood proudly, as if they had just come from saving the world.

This scene made the crew tense up with excitement, as they wanted to know what this headphone project was all about.

Seeing that everyone's attention was fully captured, Tim's smile broadened even more.

"Whether with experience or not, the importance of technology in our day-to-day lives is what we must continuously seek to make our lives better as humans.

Like the matter with density.

Very quickly, those who used to work in different departments years back... How did we calculate density?"

A few hands went up.

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"Sir... Firstly, Density is Mass divided by volume.

But before, we used to take an object, place it in a sealed container, and drop it in a volume calibrated bucket or drum.

We first recorded the volume of water in the drum before dropping the sealed item into it.

And once the water level rose due to the space occupied, we recorded that volume... Which was the volume of the water and the object combined.

And with simple subtraction, we easily came up with the volume for the object alone.

Again, because the sealing container always has negligible weight, we added a correction factor to the volume as well."

Tim nodded his head in satisfaction.: "Good. That was how things were years back, which made things go slower for us. But now, there are volume calculating machines and so on. Yes. We will never forget these basic steps since we use them during research or even in schools. But for mass production in a production line, because of our advancement in technology, we can now do all these easily. That's why technology will always be an essential part of human evolution!"

Everyone nodded in agreement when they thought of the many changes that Baymard had welcomed over the years.

It was very hard for them to remember what this place used to look like earlier on?

For sure, it was all barren dying land with open fields and twig houses built far apart from each other, mainly concentrated within the region presently called District G.

But now, look at what technology has brought into Baymard?

Long ate the days when they would have to poop on the open floors or poop upstream, just to take baths or drink this same water downstream.

Many couldn't even believe that they used to do that.

That must've been someone else and not them.

Even the quality of food, sleep, health, etc... were better year in, year out.

This was an undeniable fact!

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"As I said, today will be your first day creating headphones.

I know you all don't know what they are yet, but allow me to elaborate.

Do you ever have moments, even within a group, when you'd like to listen to another song than what others were listening to?

Are there times you just want to switch the radio stations and listen to a broadcast different from what everyone else was hearing?

Well, in future, there will be a small portable device (music players, pods) that will allow this.

But what you will all use to listen in with, is what we headphones."

"Oooohh...."

Everyone's eyes opened in shock the more they listened to Tim.

So these headphones will allow them to crank up the volume without others around them listening in?

This was great!

Now, when someone wanted to listen to the news, and they didn't, they could just find out and do their one thing.

Damn!

What sort of fairy device is this?

(°0°)

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According to Overseer Tim, even though there was another production currently working on this playing device (music players), while they stuck to the headphones.

Well, they also learnt that they would also be creating earphones, which were supposed to be different from headphones.

Tim, Wiggins and the rest were the ones smiling from molar to molar.

These people couldn't see it, but they knew that bigger changes were about to come in Baymard.

Yes. They would start selling headphones, earphones and music pods/players sometime this coming Spring.

But they knew that even with this, the integration of headphones wouldn't fully get integrated into Baymard... until computers and the internet come in a year and 6 months later.

Like his majesty had said, all customer services would start using these headphones and their computers to do things.

A great wave of change would soon grace Baymard's doorsteps once soon enough.

And by that time, they would once again make history!

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With all the introductions completed, it was finally time to get to work by educating them on the functions of each part.

"Everyone, please choose a workstation and take a seat.

I expect 3 people at each workstation!"

Just like that, things started kicking off.

"Sir. Why is the mesh area made in this way?"

"It's to allow sound waves to pass instead of reflecting back into the headphones."

"Sir, why is the plastic membrane thin on the outside but thick on the inside?"

"We do that for a wide and flat audio frequency range."

"Sir..."

"Sir..."

"Sir..."

Now, all that was left was for his majesty to come back in 2 days' time and approve of some things.

It was just that with the way his majesty moved, even they thought he moved like a ghost.

He should be coming back after his mission, right?

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And so just like, headphone production began.

Again, Baymard was immersed in its peaceful ways... But far away, some matters were stirring up wildly.

In a massive hidden estate, 13 women with long pointed fingers, all sat alongside each other, looking at a portrait calmly.

"Sisters!... There's no mistake.

She is the one we need."

"Yes... She will make our spell realized."

"We need this new toy captured.

Only in this way can we, the Witches of the Avodart, succeed in our plans!"

"Witches!"

"Witches!"

"Witches!"

"Witches!"

The women chanted while staring at the portrait cruelly.

Princess Lucy, aye?

What a fine specimen!