

TECHNOLOGY 1471

Chapter 1471 What A Bus!

Mosby turned the pages of the newspaper in his hand with pity.

If he had known that Baymard would grow this much to the point where it even had such a powerful Merchant association helping new and old Pyno merchants, why would he choose to leave instead?

'You guys are playing with me, aren't you.'

After spending 5 months with his family, Mosby, who thought he no longer wanted to be a merchant, was again stirred towards the path due to his son.

That's right. In his absence, his son had come of age and had also become a tier-3 merchant within the association.

Tier-12 was the highest one could reach.

Each Tier had its perks and advantages, like what sort of goods they could export and import in Baymard.

There were also chances to advertise themselves across the continent and other advantages in growing their businesses.

One shouldn't even talk about the bi-yearly party held in various locations across Pyno.

After returning, he realized that his home had changed.

There was something called solar bulbs scattered about, and even locks, pens, and paper, which used to be so expensive!!!

But maybe his best item so far was the toilet paper.

After using it once, he quickly did away with his thoughts of using a sponge or rope to wipe his bottoms.

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"Father, you need to calm down. This much is nothing." Nicolas looked at his father, both happy and helpless, at the man's constant fidgeting.

They had been sitting in the bus station for no more than 10 minutes. Yet, his father felt it was an eternity.

"Right... Right..." Mosby thinned his lips, trying to act as calm as the others seated around them.

But his shaky voice and overly large eyes were quick to betray him. "You say... Will it come on time?"

"Hmmm." Nicolas nodded, looking at his watch. "Always on time."

Even if it is late, it wouldn't be longer than a few minutes delay.

Some people choose to continue further with their carriage whenever they enter Baymard's Territory.

But with buses running about from territory to territory, he usually used these buses if he came with fewer people.

In the border city, countless buildings were kept in place for the sole purpose of keeping and maintaining carriages, wagons, and horses belonging to travelers.

There, he would 'park' his carriage for as long as a time as he estimated his stay in Baymard while choosing to use the bus to head towards where he wanted to go.

It should be noted that though the buses could arrive at their destination within a few hours, it could take up to 12~15 days to reach the many spread out Baymardian territories.

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Both father and son spoke warmly, with Mosby mostly looking out the massive glass windows from time to time.

And soon, he saw 6 strange carriages heading their way.

Boom!

He stood up in disbelief, subconsciously moving forward with his body impulses.

"This... Bus? Bus! Bus! This-Bus!"

Mosby looked like a child, seeing the world for the first time.

He pointed at it severally, almost jumping on the spot.

And many who witnessed his sheer joy also had smiles on their faces.

Nicolas chuckled, following Mosby like a parent.

And sure enough, the announcement went off.

[All travelers heading to Sigamon Town, please board the Blue Fairy with tickets on hand.]

[All travelers headed for Quincy town, please board the Golden Circle with tickets on hand.]

The announcement went off for various locations. And soon, Nicolas heard theirs.

[All travelers headed for Lagoon town, Terese Town, Riverdale City, and finally, the Royal Capital, please board buses; Fantasia, Night Sky, Enchanted or True Blood with your tickets on hand.]

Great!!!

Many glanced at their tickets, knowing which buses they were boarding on.

All 4 of these buses would indeed end up in the Capital city. But some would stop at either Riverdale City, Lagoon city, or Terese city... With only one of these 4 buses heading straight to the Capital city on a non-stop trip.

And lucky for Nicolas, that just happens to be the one he and his father were in.

Hehehehehe~

Lucky...

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Night Sky.

That was the name of the bus Mosby stood before.

And as he ascended the strange bus stairs, he met a very professional lady with a smile on her face.

She dawned a clean pair of deep blue pants, a shirt, a black tie, black gloves, hair tied ponytailed with red lipstick on her lips.

The lady seemed to be the bus driver.

"Sir, may I see your ticket?"

"Ah... Ye... Yes." The nervousness in his voice was evident. But the lady didn't alter, smiling very kindly at him.

"69-F... Sir, your seat is at the far back to your left. Welcome on board, and thank you for using our services."

"Ah-..."

Mosby didn't know how to reply, nodding sheepishly.

Her words and professionalism had somehow made him feel so safe, as though nothing could shake their travels.

Not only did he feel his money's worth, but also felt pleasure for the trip he hadn't even begun yet.

Maybe this was the magic of Baymard.

Since he came into the territory, he has been feeling very, very safe.

"Father, your seat is over here by the window."

Cool!

Mosby smiled like a fool, happy to have stolen a window seat.

Was he the son of luck to have gotten such a steal?

He seemed to have forgotten that not long back, he was the same person who thought himself unlucky.

Bah!... Who the hell cares?

(^0^)

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Mosby's eyes shone with excitement, feeling the overly soft seat on his tushie.

The chair was positioned at a comfortable angle, with a firm armrest to his sides.

Looking up, the windows had curtains pinned to the sides, giving them a homely yet sophisticated touch.

And on the back of the chair in front of him was a small table he would pull down in case he wanted to eat a meal or place his reading books on.

And below the foldable table was a netted pouch that had some pamphlets about the bus safety and fixture uses in them.

There was also a list of touristic things to do in the empire, not just in the Capital city.

What? There was something called a Camping/Caravan sight in Hopkinstown?

What about the fields of Eden in J-Town?

So exciting!

Mosby dawned a broad smile filled with wonder.

'What will the Royal Capital City be like?'

Chapter 1472 The Choice Was Made

On the bus, the many passengers either closed their eyes to rest, knitted, read books, or even talked with one another merrily.

The trip was steady.

Mosby was still in awe at disbelief when seeing the speed of these magnificent buses.

F***? Do you see how fast the trees are moving past them?

Compared to their carriages, this speed was too godly.

Mosby gripped his armrest, feeling goosebumps from sheer excitement.

Another thing that caught his eyes was the roads his father said were the highways

They were presently moving on the longest highway in the empire called Shanks Road.

And strategically placed along the way were signs telling people where to go and what safety measures they had to comply with.

Even carriage and horse speeds were taken into account.

But what was also great was that before arriving at a town, city, or village, one would see various signs on the highway, telling people which 'Exit' they had to take to get to these places.

'So organized!' Mosby commented, having a broad smile plastered on his face.

And soon, his eyes blew up like fireworks the moment he heard the announcement.

[Dear Travelers, we will be arriving at the Capital in 15 minutes. Please check your seating area twice to confirm that all your things are in order.]

"Ah!-" Mosby jolted forward as though taking in a celestial command.

Say no more.

He was in his own world, placing his items back into his bag.

And soon, he caught a glimpse of Baymard's looming walls.

Boom!

He felt an explosion burst out in his mind. The good kind that intoxicated the very fiber of his being.

This... This... What sort of stone was this?

Smooth... Uneven without blemishes... Beautiful...

Words alone couldn't describe how he felt, starting at such walls that were too unique and never-seen-before.

No matter how hard he looked, he couldn't find the secret about them!

Mosby stared at the walls in a daze.

'How did they do it?'

Bah! Who the hell cares?

(^?^)

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Vrmmmmmm~

The vehicle drone into King's Landing.

And soon, Mosby passed through security.

Holding onto his rollable luggage, Mosby stared at the floor nervously.

~Jzzzzuung~

The escalator moved magnificently, with Mosby panicked on how to go about placing his foot on the moving stairs.

'If I fall, won't the stairway eat me?'

The stairs seemed to be coming from underneath the thin opening. And Mosby felt that if he could miss a step, his clothes and even his skin might be caught on the mighty stairway to the heavens!

"Father, it's okay."

Gulp.~

Holding his son's hands, Mosby took a leap of faith.

"Ah!~"

In the first second, he was shaky. But soon, in no time, he steadied his leg, allowing the stairway to leave him up!!

'Oh, Ancestors... Was this how you felt when ascending to the heavens?'

'...'

Up the stairs he went, passing through the many terminal points.

The Landport was also a large Bus station too. Some were waiting to leave Baymard, heading towards the other Baymardian territories, while others were only waiting for the connecting buses to take them straight to the Coastal Port instead.

Yup!

There were special buses for those who just wanted to head straight to the coastal ports and hop aboard their ships wherever they had to go.

Moving about, Mosby saw a lit-up board with bus schedules that would change now and then.

Curiosity, he stood beside his son, focused on looking at the screen.

"RC-38... That's ours..."

That's their bus.

So that's it!

Mosby nodded, seemingly understanding the technologies from this other world he entered.

To him, Baymard was no longer in Hertfilia.

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Like so, they stayed there for another 40 minutes. However, Mosby's butt had never touched any of the seats since their arrival.

And what was he doing?

Of course visiting the many travel stores!

Custom-free chocolates? So tasty! A pullover that said, welcome to Baymard, so good-looking!

The father-son duo walked around endlessly until they found a spot to grab a bite.

Today was Mosby's first time having BayBucks croissants with chocolate fillings and a vanilla latte.

The bread was so soft, almost melting into his mouth upon impact.

Mosby closed his eyes and rolled his tongue around his mouth in silence.

He didn't need to speak of his satisfaction because his face said it all.

Looking at the other food items on display, he had an unwilling expression.

If not for his already filled belly, he wouldn't have minded having 1 of everything to taste.

What great food!

(*^*)

Soon, their bus arrived, and Mosby finally stood in line.

"Sir, remember to get your official passport before the dateline on the slip expires."

"Yes! Yes! Yes, I will. Thank you."

Mosby replied, tightening his grip on his documents.

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He got his identity slip/temporal passport from the border city he came from.

No one could pass through into Baynard's territory without passing through the border control and getting issued this temporary passport.

The temporary passport already gave them a fixed date of when they should leave Baynard.

Since he and Nicolas were coming for a 2-week trip of sightseeing, as well as a few business meetings in the Merchant Association, he had been given 3 months' stay.

That alone was more than enough to cover for any unforeseen circumstances.

Of course, they also told him that if he was here for health reasons or other reasons that needed an extension from the current date, he could also apply from the offices.

Mosby held his temporal passport tightly, treating it like his own flesh.

"Father, should I keep it for you?"

"No!." He retorted, putting it in his pocket and patting his chest severally. "What? Do you think your old man is too careless or something? Go! Go!... Hurry up and lead the way! My eyes are wasting time, looking at you when I can be looking at other heavenly things!!"

'...'

Should he be insulted or amused?

Nicolas shook his head, helplessly following behind his father.

How come the image of his old man was so different from what he remembered years back?

Once again, Mosby and Nicolas boarded a different bus from King's landing into the Royal Capital city.

Finally!... They were here.

(^0^)

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[Ladies and gentlemen... Welcome to the Royal Baymardian Capital!]

Mosby stared at the tall highrise buildings, feeling 10 years old again.

Its... So it's all true.

No horses... No carriages... Nothing of those sorts had filled the advanced city.

All he saw were the many monster carriages moving about.

Buses, trucks, cars, trains... It was all there.

And sitting on the bus, his expression was filled with infinite impatience while passing by the many buildings.

The buildings came in all sorts of sizes. Some were spherical, rectangular, some shaped strangely, and others with 5 sides.

And once again, he spotted several booklets on bus schedules, trains schedules, and the list of touristic sites particular to the capital City.

'So detailed!!'

This time, what he saw was more thorough.

Seeing this, he couldn't help frowning. "Son, aren't these Baymardians afraid?"

If it were him, he wouldn't display such detailed maps about the public districts.

"Father, I thought it would be a problem too. But since I've been familiar with Baymard, they've never had any issues yet... So I can't say."

What Nicolas said was the truth. Maybe in the future, things might change. But for now, this seems to be working for them.

The more Mosby learned about Baymard, the more silent he became.

If one has a treasure, shouldn't they safeguard and hide it away forever?

After spending so much time in Veinita, he had seen the true cruelty of those on bigger continents.

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Vrmmm~

The bus stopped at the largest bus station.

And once again, they passed through a rigorous security check before being allowed to will their luggage away.

But where would they go?

Of course, to District H.

This district was filled with villas and different styled homes, from ordinary to luxurious for foreigners.

Here, businessmen and others could acquire these residences for the duration of their stay.

Bam!

The door was shut, and Mosby couldn't believe he would be staying in.

"Hahahahaha~... It's as you said... Water is coming out on its own!"

"Amazing! This microwave is ingenious!"

"Eh? So this is the stove thing you mentioned before? Awesome!"

Room by room, Mosby went through their A-framed 2-story home filled with adventure.

But maybe the most incredible thing was the computer in their rooms.

They, who were supposed to go out for a stroll, found themselves holed up in their rooms, exploring the exciting world of the Internet!

Even Nicolas hadn't seen this before.

Like so, Mosby felt himself in a dream-like state.

With an unfathomable gaze, he stared at the stars in silence as though trying to make up his mind about something.

'Those people who brought me to Arcadina requested I gather information about Pyno for them... If I didn't comply, my family... They'll get hurt.'

—Silence—

Chapter 1473 Battle Preparations!

In a flash, many weeks went by, with many events unfolding across the world.

There were wars, battles, celebrations, new opportunities, new hatreds, and new friendships formed throughout Hertfilia.

Everyone was engrossed in their matters, counting their blessings and hardships as the days went by.

And before they knew it, it was already the 3rd week of July.

Summer was long in full bloom!

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Swahhh~ Swahhh~ Swahhh~

The waters patted the sides of the massive ships with a gentle touch, completely contrasting from the dangers underneath.

The sun was still rising, yet the weather was stagnant and boiling the moment many stood on deck.

Ringggg~~

A phone went off.

[Your majesty, we've entered the waters of Titarian.]

"Good. Slow the ships as planned."

[With immediate effect, your majesty.]

Tut...

Landon subconsciously nodded, calmly walking towards his balcony with a warm mug of tea in hand.

And sure enough, the signal had been given, and many sprung onto the deck like wolves in a hunt.

'I should probably get going.' He reminded me.

As planned, they had to slow the speeds at which all ships moved.

If they didn't do this, they'd probably arrive at the shores of Titarian 18 minutes after entering its official waters.

With that, Landon stepped out of his room, meeting a few others on the way down to deck level.

But unlike his calm demeanor, the same couldn't be said for those on deck.

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"F***! Is it just me, or did time just disappear like that?"

"Bro, I feel the same way too. I want to say that I'm fully prepared. But my body won't stop streaming when thinking of what's to come!"

"Hahahahaha~... You newbies and youngsters sure are lively. It's normal to feel butterflies. But you need not worry too much. You'll all be accompanied and paired with us, veterans. So you'll be well looked after. Just follow orders, protect yourself, and you should be fine."

"Senior... Thank you so much... But why are your legs shaking?"

"..."

Many listened in awe, watching the famous marines and soldiers give them courage.

Their previously sunken chests rose firmly above the skies with a single word from their seniors.

Cecilia stared at her senior in obedience and attentiveness.

Was she nervous? Of course, she was!

This was a life and death matter like no other.

Double-S.

That was the mission status. Something she had never undergone before. She was a newbie whose highest mission undertaking was an A-Class mission.

She had never even been on an A-class one, not to talk of being in a Double-S task.

It can be said that her emotions were very turbulent, sometimes filled with self-doubt and other times overflowing with confidence.

Why her? Why was she chosen for such an important task out of many in her brigade?

Was it her potential? What qualities did the higher-ups see in her that made them choose her out of the lot?

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Cecilia took deep breaths, wanting to calm her trembling body.

So it was true, what they say.

The closer one got to the shores, the more words of panic echoed out of their minds.

How would things go?

What to expect?

Cecilia clutched the hem of her long camouflage shirt, starting at the incoming group of superiors at the forefront.

ATTENTION!

Everyone subconsciously stood at attention.

And soon, all that could be heard were the sounds of several thundering boots marching forth.

Din. Din. Din. Din. Din~

Like whispers of battle, the mighty footsteps drummed in rhythm to their hearts.

"Dario Coastal City, Tatarian. That's where we will be docking in a matter of time. So I ask... Are you ready?!!"

"Sir, yes, sir!"

"I can't hear you."

"SIR, YES, SIR!!"

The men's voices echoed out, neither too loud nor too low.

Though they were at a safe distance, away from any damn pirate passing by or patrol ships, the voice of many could still be carried forth by the open air.

But this alone gave many a sudden strength from within.

The replies of these brave soldiers, Navy, and marines echoed out from all Battleships.

And at this moment, they all connected, feeling as one.

Yes! They weren't fighting alone.

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"We are ready, sir!"

"Good! Then the battle has already been won!"

Landon swept a firm gaze at the massive gathering of both men and women, letting his words sink in.

"Double-S class!... You all have been chosen and found worthy of undertaking this deadly mission. And as already planned, I will be leading Team Blue, and your Queen will be leading Team Red!"

Everyone listened with a firm gaze, once again receiving a brief overlay of their tasks.

Though there were but 2 main teams, it can be seen that underneath each team were many subteams consisting of marines, military doctors, dogs, and soldiers.

The Navy also had instructions on what to do while all ground teams set out.

As Landon spoke, a cold aura leaked off him, reminding everyone how deadly their current situation was.

"The enemy is here and on the move! They are vicious and will do anything to kill the target."

Everyone knew who he spoke of — The T.O.E.P's.

"We have but 3 main missions to fulfill: save the target while protecting the innocent. Capture or kill enemies. Sign a treaty with Titarian."

Everyone nodded, subconsciously repeating his words.

"As for the target's uncle... We received Intel that this uncle, Codename Featherduster, should be on his way to the Capital as we speak."

'The corporation date was but a few weeks away. So it's more likely the Featherduster should either be there or on his way over.' Many thought.

"I'm sure everyone knows this... But due to the Titarian's unique terrains, anything can happen in these parts. Not only will we have to beat the enemy, but we'll have to survive in this strange place."

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They call Titarian the Land Of Hills.

Its difficulty is unpredictable and said to have a mind of its own.

So how could they not be vigilant in strange territories?

Landon looked at them deeply. "Remember, though the missions are important, your lives weigh far more than that. Keep yourself safe before attempting to keep another... Now... Prepare for battle!!"

It was time to face the T.O.E.Ps once more.

Landon's eyes glowed with a cold glint.

The T.O.E.Ps would never let him go. So why should he do the same?

It was almost time to end things with these bastards and head to Morgany.

Chapter 1474 Real or Fake?

Din. Din. Din. Din. Din.~

"Move! Move! Move!"

The men quickly geared up, not forgetting to take out the dogs.

Whoof!~

Was it time?

Woof! Woof! Woof!~

The dogs barked the moment they saw their men in full uniform.

How could they not recognize the military battle attire consisting of arm shields and everything else?

Woof! Woof!~

The Navy quickly suited each dog up, protecting them with shielded vests.

~Pheee~

A whistling sound that human ears couldn't pick up echoed out. And suddenly, the dogs stood in straight lines at attention.

3 Whistle blows were all it took to issue the command. And in silence, each dog lined up behind its prospective dog leaders.

(*^*)

"Move. Move. Move. Move!"

The dogs were led towards the vehicles on the lower floors without a single word from their human counterparts.

With discipline!

The dogs followed the subunits they were assigned to, seated within the vehicles in preparation for what was to come.

Ammunition had long been packed, vehicles had been checked with no issues detected, spare tires placed in them, and food supplies also tucked away.

Some vehicles were medical, others for the dogs, and some for the fighters.

At the same time, some prepared to descend into the waters instead.

They would only submerge around the forest Coastline regions, away from the docks.

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Landon held Lucy's hand. "Be safe out there."

"Of course!" Lucy replied with a sweet but childish smile. "Of course, I'll be safe. Don't you see who you're talking to? Even I think there's almost no one out there who can beat me!"

"Be serious." He flicked her forehead lightly.

Though he wouldn't let anything happen to her, he still wanted her to keep her guard up and stay safe. She also had her teams to overlook.

Their safety was in her hand. And she couldn't afford to be careless.

This was her first mission of his rank.

"I know... I'll be safe."

"Good."

The lovey-dovey couple smiled at each other, immediately feeding dog food to those passing by.

'Your majesty... Queen Lucy... Can't you guys see that this isn't the time for this?' Many inwardly rolled their eyes, forgetting about their initial nervousness.

All single dogs secretly promised to find partners after this. While some just missed their partners back in Baymard.

You have to know that there is always a kind of joy in one's heart when returning home to an overly excited wife, husband, boyfriend, or girlfriend after battling and facing death.

The feeling was like no other, reminding them that this was what they were fighting for. Peace, love, and just a good life.

For others, they only felt better knowing that their partners were here, working alongside them.

Even if they were placed in different groups, so what? At least, they would meet up at some point. They also prayed to their ancestors that their partners also stay safe too.

In the end, the once tense atmosphere changed into an emotional one, with some even jokingly processing their love for others.

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Landon briefly glanced at his watch, holding his walkie-talkie a few inches away from his mouth.

"Pick up the pace."

[Copy that, sir. 18 minutes before impact.]

Most people were seated in the modified military vehicles or the underwater ships, ready to move out.

18 minutes before they reached the busy shores. There was no way out of this. Their presence would be flashy. But so what? Even if many knew, how fast could news travel when relying on horses and

carriages? There is no way the enemy would be able to travel and deliver this said news to codename Featherduster, who should be close to the Capital by now.

As for being afraid that the T.O.E.P would have their spies send out word on the present on their technology, quite frankly... Landon didn't care anymore.

He knew the time for war was drawing closer. And sooner and he thought, they would have to head to Morgany.

Thus, let them look! Let them feed their eyes and feast on the havoc he was about to cause.

However... If he should catch them, they'll wish they were born blind from the start.

Landon chuckled coldly, separating from Lucy and heading toward his vehicle.

Alright.

Let the games begin!

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–Docks, Dario Coastal City, Titarian, Zohl.–

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The sun warmly cascaded over the many hilly planes across the scene.

Look left, look right, look all around... One would find no even claims, except for the roads.

The buildings stood firm on these bizarre hills and strange terrains.

To the left, there was a small hill filled with sand, like a desert. Yet just behind this hill was another filled but bushes and greenery as thick as that of a forest. And another had but stones on them.

Just around the visible shoreline, any who draws closer to the city would already see these hills of stark contrast. Some colored yellow, others blue, some white, and others green.

The entire land seemed to have all the colors of a rainbow scattered about.

But these hills were separated from the docks by a vast leveled plain that seemed man-made.

These places used to be small hills that ended up getting dug and leveled by the ancients of the land ages ago.

The busy docks had ships sailed in and out at an alarming pace, only showing how popular the city was.

The sun was up; men carried barrels up and down the docks while others were busy grabbing customers who wanted to sail.

Ah yes...

Dario city was a commercial city with a large inflow of travelers year in and year out. Both noble, merchant and ordinary ships could all be seen docked ashore.

But... where there was light, darkness also prevailed.

In the vast city and along the shorelines, a number of spies hovered around with ill intentions.

However, no one could've prepared them for what was about to come.

Many stared at the fleet of approaching boggles with gruesome expressions.

This... This...

Was this real?

Chapter 1475 Friend Or Foe?

Pang!

A few sweaty and greasy men dropped their barrels to the ground, spilling the rum through the newly formed cracks.

This should've been a problem. However, no one's eyes were focused on this matter.

"Blimey!.. What the hell are those?"

"I must be dreaming. What sort of thing has such a speed if not a boggle?"

"It's... It's... Coming here... It's coming over here!!!!"

"Boggles... A whooping fleet of boggles!"

Everyone froze in time, looking at the speeding creatures approaching the massive docks.

Good Goddess!

What do they do? How do they prepare to fight a boggle if it decides to crush their ships to smithereens?

You look at me; I look at you.

Dammit!

"Get moving, you crazy sons of b**ches! Roe the bloody ships aside! Row the damn bloody ships aside!!!!!!!!!!!!!"

It was unknown who yelled out first. But the moment the words echoed out, a turbulent storm abruptly filled the scene.

To the left, to the right, to the front, and all directions.

The sweaty blue and dark skin-toned people ran amok in all directions, trying to save whatever they could from disaster.

Do you know how powerful boggles were against their wooden ships? No matter what class/type of boggles appeared, they would be powerful compared to their lumber vessels.

It's very rare of Boggles to head so close to the docks... But this didn't mean it was impossible.

For all they knew, the boggles could reach the docks and smash all their ships to smithereens.

And the worst part of it all was that they would be powerless to do a thing against these tough-skinned creatures.

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Apart from docking on the actual docks, many could choose to anchor on the waters not too far from the docks and use smaller boats to row towards the docking lanes.

When those rowing on the waters spotted the fast-moving boggles, their faces turned pale white from horror.

"F***ing yellow belly bastards! What the hell are you guys waiting for? Row the ships away before we all get crushed!!"

Good Goddess!

Row, row, row, the boats... Gently down the—... Gently?

F*** you! Gently their asses!

The men began to row with the strength of Thor as they secretly prayed to make it through the ordeal.

And while those aboard were rowing the bigger ships with all they had, some had already gotten on the smaller rower costs, using the waves caused by the bigger one to push them to shore quickly.

They placed a few of their treasure chests on the chests and began moving at 'lightning speed.'

Even if their bigger ships sank, these leaders at least wanted their treasures to remain. After all, once sunken, it would be hard to dive in and retrieve it all.

It should be noted that even though they were anchored close to the docks, there was still a vast amount of sea space between them and the sea floors below.

Of course, many in this era could last longer underwater due to their lifestyle and constant reliance on the sea.

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The situation was not rare, as even back on modern Earth, the Bajau people's nomadic lifestyle gave them remarkable changes, enabling them to stay underwater for unbelievable periods.

If one had to picture themselves holding their breath, how long could they last underwater? A minute? Two?

One should note that swimming in a pool or dunking one's head underneath a tub of water wasn't the same as swimming down into the ocean against the massive pressure squeezing one down.

In hindsight, one could last 30 seconds to a minute when heading down into the deep ocean without scuba gear or air tanks.

But for the Bajau people, they could last for up to 13 WHOLE minutes underwater.

Do you know what 13 minutes were? On a sunny day, one could make a good walkthrough several blocks within this time.

But for the Bajau people, they managed to go beyond human standards, proving that any human could adapt to any situation.

Of course, these abilities weren't merely the result of dedicated training.

The Bajau people have lived their lives at sea for generations, so much so they developed special adaptations to their oceanic lifestyle.

And due to the changes, their spleens were 50 percent larger than normal.

Spleens weren't necessary for survival, but they did play a role in the immune system and act as a kind of filter for the blood, removing old red blood cells and recycling iron.

Nevertheless, the spleen held a reserve of blood. And when mammals dive underwater, the spleen contracted, sending reserved, oxygen-rich blood throughout the body.

So, a bigger spleen means more available oxygen when diving.

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The human body can change, just as it had changed from the early man-days.

And just like the Bajau people, what was shocking in Hertfilia, was that almost all sailors and people of the sea had these changes.

It can be said that at least 35% of Hertfilia's population seemed to have mutated their bodies to adapt to life on the seas. What's more, they seemed to have better abilities than those of the Bajau people.

With daggers in their mouths, most pirates could swim down below the vast oceans and last for up to 17 minutes with no worries.

The harshness of medieval times was indescribable... Especially if they had to swim below to recover sunken treasure.

What could they do if they had no scuba gears or air tanks?

Of course, some could only stay for 10, 13, and even 15 minutes underneath.

But staying for 17 minutes wasn't a problem for a small fraction of people.

A majority could stay for 15.

However, even with their abilities, swimming down and recovering heavy treasure from their sunken ships would extend their energy, making the time they had to spend below very limited.

This was why treasure recovery was hard... Even if their ships fell close to the docks.

Dammit!

The men inwardly cried, watching the stream of boggles swim towards them from afar.

Row! Row! Row!

Many rowed with unfathomable strength, thinking of their bad luck for meeting with such a difficult situation.

Everyone was still thinking of their fate when the group of goggles soon became clearer and clearer.

And it was then that they knew they were wrong.

Boom!

Everyone stared with widened eyes at the mighty 'boggles' approaching.

"If in not mistaken... Could these be... Ships?"

True or false?

They were actually ships?

(+0+)

.

Many couldn't believe their eyes, seeing the many metal ships advancing towards the scene.

"So tall!!!"

These were the tallest and largest ships they had ever seen in their lives!!!"

Many were already flabbergasted by the fact that metal could stay unsinkable on water. So seeing the two ring ships sail forth ly made their throats dry from disbelief.

Were they drunk from all the rum, or were their eyes no longer working the same?

Many had the impulse to pluck their eyes out, wile them on their clothes for clarity and force them back into their sockets.

But at the same time, the news was quite a stir for some hidden forces.

On a horse, a blue-skinned man squinted his eyes dangerously before making a U-Turn towards the city.

'I have to report this matter to Mr. M!'

The man's eye had a hint of greed flashing in its abyss. 'No matter what? We have to get at least one of the ships or find out the source of these ships!'

Gallop. Gallop.

The horse galloped away with the mysterious man. And just like his case, many also rushed out to report matters to their superiors.

Assassin guilds, Noble estates, the City Lord's palace, the hidden T.O.E.P estates... Many had their lookouts leap away to convey the messengers.

Some stayed back to observe, sending only a few to report the matters.

But no matter what faction they belonged to, everyone had the same thoughts running through their minds.

Who were these strange people? Why were they here in large numbers and fleet of vessels?

War or friendship?

The sun was high up, and summer was here.

This was indeed the time of war... Or were they friends of the Empire?

What to expect?

Many licked their lips with interest, feeling some wave of greed well up within them.

Such ships should belong to the powerful Morgany!

But those in the T.O.E.P knee they didn't... So... Who were they?

Who was the man controlling Such a powerful fleet?

The webs of fate began to spin dangerously.

.

"Prepare for battle!"

The order was given out, and the stand-by troops began to move. If these strangers were here against Titarian, their duty was to fight and hold the fort.

If not, they would welcome these strangers in!

That was the standard protocol for such situations, waiting for the word to reach the City Lord's ears.

"Prepare for battle!"

"Prepare for battle!"

Gallop. Gallop. Gallop!~

A thundering group of horses rushed down the many hills towards the leveled plains in wait.

What to do?

Many ships made way, not wanting to get caught up in some terrible situation.

They dared not get involved with the mess.

And soon, the stars of the show had arrived!

War or friendship?

Chapter 1476 Word Along The Streets

Everyone looked at the scene with piercing stares.

It wasn't their imagination.

These giant metal ships were slowing down the closer they approached.

But why?

The moment the question popped up, many quickly threw it at the back of their heads. No matter what reasons these people came, it would be best to stay out of their way.

The group of ship owners and sailors dared not stop or slow down their pace.

What a joke.

Better safe than sorry.

Goosebumps filled their bodies, reminding them of the impending tension in the air.

Row. Row. Row away!

.

Gallop. Gallop. Gallop~

The horses galloped away with their manes dancing in the air.

Whoosh!

"They watch it, buddy! You crazy son of a b**ch."

A man cursed the damn ordinary dressed rider, staring at his basket of apples scattered on the street.

What's more, before the slight slope, the apples began rolling downwards.

"My apples! My apples!"

F***!

What bad luck.

Where the devil was this guy heading to at such high speeds?

The poor man had true tears in his eyes, seeing his hard work roll down the slope.

Gallop. Gallop.~

The man in black rode through the busy streets, taking turns and jumping over obstacles time and time again.

With the way he was going, one would think he was running from an assassin chasing after him... Or could it be so?

Look left, look right, look around maniacally.

Many of the streets become vigilant. What was even funnier was that some also began running too.

Don't blame them for doing this.

When you see someone running as though it's the end of the world, you better run away from the seven, just to be sure. Who knows if you'll get stray feathers into your heart and end up dying because you were on the set of the crossfire?

Say no more.

Hawkers dived for cover in the nearby stores, people moved on the same spot in circles with evident confusion in their eyes, and some only laid down, already planning to play dead.

They waited to see someone or something chasing the mad rider but saw nothing.

False alarm?

(?^?)

Some thought so, while others didn't. Who knows if after a while, danger would emerge?

Like so, many began preparing for the worst. And the culprit of it all was already close to his destination.

.

Gallop. Gallop. Gallop. Gallop.~

The dark steed charged with its owner towards a seemingly poorer estate.

Amongst the many estates, this one was a lower-class one for people like barons. It wasn't as lavish and big. It looked like a start-up estate for a start-up nobleman.

Compared to the many other estates in this grand city, no one would take any staying here too seriously.

"Halt! Who goes there." One of the guards stopped the rider.

And without saying any more words, the rider took out his identification crest. From there, their conversation seemed strange.

[Rider]: Day and night, the sun and moon engulf the land.

[Guard]: On top of the world, both figures are.

[Rider]: Be it day or night, we are the sun and moon hovering over the land.

[Guard]: Cabbage or Carrots.

[Rider]: Carrots.

[Guard]: Eye or Tongue.

[Rider]: Eye.

One by one, the guard tested the rider.

And in no time, the rider was free to pass.

For these tests, one couldn't master what was asked. Every morning, afternoon, evening, day in and day out, the passwords are changed according to what the superior sent below.

The questions were changed by midday and midnight.

Additionally, one must have a unique crest embedded with particular stones hard to find in other places apart from the source.

Seeing the crest, the guard knew that the rider must be a direct person or tool of their lord.

Such a rank was something even he hadn't reached.

So powerful!

The guard's apple bobbed against his throat.

"You may enter."

"Hmmm..."

.

The rider took off, heading straight for the innermost section of the estate.

Many who spotted him along the way knew he was in a hurry.

It looks like the news he carried was a heavy one.

But what could it be?

Gallop. Gallop.~

The rider showed no signs of stopping. He had to reach his master fast!!

And in the innermost sector of the estate, a certain middle-aged man was currently leaning on a long red resting chair with 3 voluptuous women nestled on his chest; 2 on his sides and one with her knees to the ground and her face staring at him from below.

Their voices were soft and alluring.

They, as well as the man, we're all butt-naked.

"My lord... Why don't you have a grape?" One of the ladies took hold of a stem of grapes from the golden bowl, hovering it close to the lord.

And very awfully, the man stretched his neck forth and yanked out a few.

~Clap. Clap. Clap. Clap.

"The lord is awesome."

"Hahahhaha~... I know." The playboy of a man said, leaning forth to kiss one of them, while another was running her fingers in his can't and kissing him lightly. And for the lady below... Well... She also attended to his lite man too.

"Hahahahaha~... Life is sweet. You all know me too well."

The ladies smiled, enjoying his company.

They liked men like this who were always willing to spend on them and give them a good time.

Though not as rich as the many nobles in the city, it was this man's excessive generosity that made many whores in the city wish to be his sex toys.

Spank.

The naked man was playful with his whores, enjoying their teases and caressing.

But soon, that all came to a stop.

Knock. Knock.

The man's eyes flickered, though his expression remained like that of a flower dandy.

"Who? Who dares to disturb this daddy's enjoyment?"

"Boards and Daggers, by Lord!"

Woosh!

The naked man abruptly stood up playfully, taking hold of the naked women and kissing their hands and necks.

"My little ladies... It looks like some people don't want me to rest. So why don't you all run along? Don't worry... Daddy won't take too long."

Chapter 1477 Mr. M!

Giggle. Giggle.

The ladies chuckled, giving the man a last taste of their sweet bodies.

Hmmmm...

Their kisses stung his body, giving an electric thumb in his heart.

Pah!

He soaked their butts one after another as they hastily wore very transparent attires made of knotted rope weaved together.

Well, as whores, their business was to advertise their bodies. That was their market.

And advertise they did.

They giggled and walled out the massive private bed chambers, not caring that the other guards saw them.

The man tied a love of fabric on his waist, walking behind them closely.

"My Lord." The guards guarding his room saluted.

"Go. Take the little ladies to my playroom. Give them anything they desire and treat them like my prized possessions."

As he spoke, he looked at the ladies with burning lust, making them blush. Hey... Even if they were whores, who wouldn't want to fantasize about one day capturing a noble's heart and beckoning one of his wives?

Bubuum.

Each lady felt they had a shot... Especially after hearing him say they were to be treated as prized possessions.

The 39-year-old man with his strong body, handsome face, and wealth was already prince charming in their hearts.

But unbeknownst to them, the moment they turned around, the playful expression on the man grew cold.

"Get in."

The rider followed the man humbly. And though anxious to hear, he dared not.

Don't let his master's previous performance fool you. His master was one of the most vicious people he had set his eyes on.

.

Mr. M.

His rank in the Society was unfathomable. And his control and power would be deadlier.

His master was a man of many faces. One moment he could kill you, and another, he would be smiling at you.

And within the entirety of Titarian, his master was the 2nd in control of all actions administered by the Society here in this empire.

His master's origins were also very peculiar.

The master was a mixed blood — his mother, a Titarian woman, and his father, a Morg.

He had never seen his mother, though he heard his father raped and killed his mother after his birth.

But he didn't feel sorry for her.

Who asked her to be a convenient vessel for child making?

From a young age, his father allowed him to grow up in Titarian. However, he was allowed to enter Morgany every 2 and a half years.

Like so, he switched back and forth between places, never feeling left out.

What was more, he was initiated into the Society at a young age.

Thus, his missions and other factors kept him busy.

And now, he has grown up to the age of 39.

His family, A.K.A, his 2 wives, and children were all in Morgany, birthed by Morg women.

Though he was blue, he was far lighter in complexion than the other blue-toned Titarians.

His skin tone did give him off as mixed blood. But all this was part of the plan, making it easier for him to sink his way further into Titarian's empire.

And over the years, he and other mixed bloods carried on their tasks here in Titarian.

At the moment, there was a bigger task for many in Titarian –Assassinating the Crown Prince of Titarian.

.

For this task, Mr. M had sent his men over, not going in person.

As #2 in Titarian, how could someone of his prestige head out and reveal himself?

No! He chose to lay low and continue his act of being a flower dandy.

No one took him seriously from a young age to now because of his 'playboy nature.'

Week in, week out, he would invite ladies from all walks of life to his estate. He even took the wives of many men too. And had fought over these wives against their husbands, making some ladies choose to abandon their marriages.

Pff~... Bahahahaha~~

For this, he only laughed because after winning the fight, he would keep them in a honeycombed state for at most a week before decisively throwing them out of his estate.

They claimed to love him but wasn't it just for the money?

They abandoned their children and his ads for the money!

Sure enough, he enjoyed his playtime using his dandy role.

The rider swallowed hard while staring at his master, who was completely different from before.

.

"Speak."

"Yes... Master."

The rider said all he saw and everything he guessed.

And the more he spoke, the more in disbelief Mr. M was.

"Is this a joke? Are you telling me you saw metal ships float?"

The rider nodded vigorously. "Yes, master."

Mr. M quickly rose, staring at his window deep in thought.

And soon, he turned around with a wicked smile plastered on his face.

Giant metal vessels that don't sink?

'I must have them! But first, it's safe to access these strangers. And for that, I'll have to go out in person.' He thought.

"Call in Alucard and the others standing outside."

"Yes, my master."

Good...

Mr. M smiled, calmly donning a casual-looking attire that ordinary pleasant guards wore.

Hahahahaha~

'M' was in ecstasy.

If he could get his hands on these things and submit to the Society, not only jump up a rank, but the doors of more opportunities and wealth would be open to him.

More importantly, it was a fact that if there were more than 1 similar item turned in, the tasker could collect 1 or 2 as his or hers.

From the report, many similar metal ships were sailing toward them. So didn't this mean one of these bad boys was already his?

Hehehehehe~

Mr. M was in a good mood, leaving his mansion alongside his most trusted men.

The stablemen brought their horses over.

And soon, they took off, rushing across the streets like crazy.

But... They weren't the only ones who did so.

.

—City Lord's Palace.—

"What? Ships made of metal? War? Let's go!"

.

—Other Noble estates.—

"F***! Are you sure you saw things right? If that's the case, what the hell are we waiting for? Move! Move now!"

.
–Assassin Guilds & Information Houses.–

”I want everyone out there now! Find all you can about these strangers! If it’s a war, we have to prepare and lay low too!!”

In no time, the city was in chaos, unbeknownst to the culprits slowly approaching via metal ships.

The shores were filled with archers, men at arms, and warriors waiting for the worst scenario to unfold.

And soon... The strange metal ships reached the shores.

What to expect?

Chapter 1478 Finally Arrived

[15 minutes post arrival]

The words echoed out within the ships.

And many within the vehicles all braced themselves, clenching their fists, subconsciously holding onto their seats, and even tightening their grips on their steering wheels.

Meanwhile, the knights and warriors standing within the leveled plains swallowed hard while staring at the enormous ships sailing their way.

Mr. M stood on top of a bushy hill, staring over the horizon with an unfathomable gaze.

His body quivered uncontrollably with widened eyes.

Sure enough, the ships didn’t disappoint him. They were majestic, giving off a powerful aura that made all the nearby ships and humans subconsciously give way.

What was power? This was power!

’These are the highest ships I have ever seen! But how can they be so fast? What sort of slaves are rowing the giant ships? Animals?’

Murdoch’s eyes turned sharp. ‘No matter the cost, I must have one in my possession!’

No other forces are allowed to have such masterpieces. So it was only right for them to confiscate these godly pieces of work.

Soon, they will belong to Morgany.

.

”Alucard... Cappon... Windock...”

”Yes, master.”

”Ride down low. I want you on their tails like a shadow.”

Murdoch's voice was low but intimidating. "I want to know why they are here and what connections they have in Titarian."

All 3 men in black nodded humbly. "As you wish, my lord."

With that, they took off.

And just as baffled as they were, was also the City Lord of this great coastal city.

Riding his horse amidst the many men at arms standing in formation, the blue-toned burly red-head city lord galloped to the front with all his might, accompanied by some of the nobles he met along the way.

Each one of them was dressed in full battle attire with armor.

"City Lord, you are here!" exclaimed one of his subordinates at the forefront.

"Hmmm..." The fiery redhead city Lord pulled his horse reins, steadying himself with his eyes still focused on the incoming fleet of ships.

-silence-

A strange quietness filled the air as many subconsciously held their breaths.

Goosebumps covered their arms the more imaginative their minds became.

Be it the other nobles, the city lord, or the many forces standing in formation; everyone had butterflies in their bellies.

"City Lord... What do you suppose they came here for?"

"It's hard to say..." He replied calmly.

So far, he hadn't spotted any archers or warriors on the decks of these ships. There were indeed a few people passing by, but none pointed held weapons at them.

Of course, it could also be that he didn't see things well enough.

After all, the ships were so tall that all he could see was a certain fraction of the deck closest to the rails.

One could stack several wooden ships on top of one another to understand how freaking tall these ships were.

And the closer the ships neared, the more difficult it was for them to see any other things on the decks apart from the metal rails.

Indeed. It was hard to say whether these people were foes or friends... But it wouldn't hurt to prepare for the worst.

.

Alright.

Raising his hand and placing a megaphone close to his mouth, he gave out his orders. "A-shield Formation! Prepare to take cover!!"

Din. Din. Din. Din.~

The many shielded knights at the forefront all surrounded the groups of archers they were assigned to.

And in no time, they formed blockades of armored walls in all directions, leaving little gaps for the archers to shoot through.

The city lord was taking no chances.

The fact that they couldn't see the decks of these ships anymore was indeed a problem.

For all he knew, these strangers could have their archers crawling on the deck grounds as they spoke.

And when the ships reached the forefront, the archers could spring up and begin taking them to death.

Make no mistake.

These tall ships were akin to tall city walls. The arrow range would increase, allowing them to shoot far distances.

And what this spelled out for them was misfortune.

With that, the city lord and several other nobles rode their horses behind the rows of first-line archers and shield knights.

Now, all they could do was wait.

.

[5 minutes post-arrival.]

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

[All ground units or worse for departure! May the ancestors be with you all.]

Brrmm!~

The ignition was turned on, and the vehicles were all alive.

Landon threw a piece of gum in his mouth, looking at the gathering of seated men in his military truck, looking to the ground in utter silence.

Some crossed their hands against their chests, leaned back, and closed their eyes as though sleeping, while others only took out their daggers, sharpening them against one another.

Others continued reading their books as though the announcement had nothing to do with them. But that was far from what their inner feelings were.

They were here for the Double-S class mission.

Wooww~

Many took in deep breaths, calling their chaotic hearts.

Indeed... May the ancestors be with them all.

Suddenly, a loud metal sound echoed out.

Many didn't need to see to know what that sound was.

~BRRRRRM!

Murdock almost had a pleasant heart attack, watching a part of the lower ship walls open up and lower itself to the docks.

How? How is it doing this all on its own?

Impossible! Those inside must have somehow lowered it with rope.

Good... Good...

Murdock was already smiling like a silly goose.

But this wasn't all that made his heart tremble.

After the part was lowered, the railings on the lowered floor began to blink from red to green.

What was this?

How did they do it? Were there Phoenix fireflies in there that made it glow so brilliantly during this bright daytime?

(+0+)

I'll be damned!

The more Murdoch saw, the more he went into a blissful cardiac arrest.

'I can now die with no regrets?... Impossible! This daddy must get these ships!'

Murdock was already fantasizing about how he would use them. But nothing could've prepared him for what was to come next.

Chapter 1479 Strange Man

"Ships... Ships... I must have them—... Eh?"

Vrrrrrrmmmm!~

Like lightning, the many military vehicles drove out so speedily that even the city lord had his eyes shot out of their sockets.

Who am I? Where am I? What am I?

Oh, my Goddess!

Many subconsciously held their chests, watching the strange metal carriages approach the scene.

How! How was any of this possible?

"City Lord, how do we address these people? Do they even speak our language?"

"Forget about the language. City Lord, I don't see a horse at sight. So how can their carriages still be moving?"

"It's impossible for there not to be an animal pulling these carriages at such speeds."

"Yes, you're right. There are many unknown creatures in this world. So there should be something in these carriages, doing the work... But... I just don't understand how they do it."

Look underneath these carriages; there are no signs of animal feet running along. All one could see were the strange black and fat-looking wheels that were definitely not made from wood.

But what sort of material was that? They dared say they had never seen any managerial like that used for these wheels.

Could it be some strange animal skin, some strange wood unknown to them, or a piece of sea stones unique to these visitors?

Ahhhh~...~...

Many inwardly screamed, feeling a swell of uncountable questions bombarding their minds.

But no matter how deep they thought, it was impossible for them to know how these wheels/tires were made.

Heh... Advanced Industrial chemistry, physics, and a good understanding of heat, pressure, entropy, enthalpy, and many other factors came into play when creating this single item.

So they could just forget it!

This strange material/wheels was something home only to Baymard!

F***!

Many were blown away by the coolness of these carriages.

(+0+)

So awesome.

.

Vrrrrmmmm~

Landon's vehicle was at the forefront of it all.

And with a cool light drift, it finally stopped after tilting its left side toward the massive crowd.

And soon, the door opened.

Gulp.

Many Titarian knights subconsciously swallowed hard with a hint of nervousness in their eyes. Forget it. They were more in awe than anything else.

Even though they had never seen such carriages before, what man could resist the temptation of a cool ride?

Bloody hell! Did you see how swift the driver's parking skills were?

Landon and the rest didn't know this, but their sudden move would be the talk of the city for months and even years to come.

Some had already planned to rush to the most popular carriage and wagon makers, wanting to see if they knew a thing or 2 about such godly pieces.

Who can make these cars here in Titarian? These would be their biggest topics of discussion going forth.

But for this, the carriage makers would distort their faces to these requests.

Having metal wheels and even metal carriages was impossible from what they knew.

In just a few days, such items should rust!!

Just the humidity, fog, rains, snow, cold winds in other seasons, and even the salty sea breeze in summer should facilitate rusting.

So this would be the highest mystery of all. How do these strangers do it?

More still, having metal carriages and wheels would be too heavy for horses to pull.

Say no more.

Even Murdock one that without these strangers giving out the secret manufacturing processes, it would be impossible for them to recreate these items.

That's why even if he had to confiscate them, he would still torture every single one of these strangers to fess up and give all information to Morgany!

Yes... His plans were already set in stone in his heart.

.

Instantly, the entire scene was bubbling with curiosity. Even the many knights and men-in-arms wanted to see what these visitors looked like.

Luckily, they didn't have to wait any longer because soon, a strange man stepped out.

Bear in mind that in Titarian, a man was anyone above the age of 14, the coming of age period.

It was a man with dark raven hair and inky eyes that could light up a starry sky.

Too bright.

They had never seen someone with such clear eyeballs before.

Even in medical times, many had a few lines of red in their eyes. Similar to how yellowish teeth were more than common in different variations. Of course, even the Morgs with the 'cleanest teeth' still had a pale yellowish tint.

Things like this were traits common to people of this era.

So seeing such white eyes, as clear as a newborn baby's, was bound to be noticed by them.

What was also very jaw-dropping was the man's attire.

What was this? What sort of clothes were these?

The outfit looked so expensive and manly!

Even the man's black boots were made from materials too unrecognizable.

And again, they couldn't help asking themselves.

Who were these people?

Gallop. Gallop.~

The city lord and nobles who backed away earlier rushed to the forefront to meet this stranger.

From the actions of these visitors, it's clear they mean no harm. At least they haven't attacked them.

And because they chose to show themselves amidst the many pointing arrows also demonstrated their willingness to cooperate with the forces of the law here in Titarian.

It looks like they came in peace.

But this didn't mean they would let their guards down around the people.

.

"I'm city Lord Zenon. The lead protector of Dario city. I'm sorry if we seem curt, but given the circumstances, we had to prepare for the inevitable."

The fiery red-haired Zenon calmly explained, glancing at the many knights ready for battle.

"Hmmm... I understand. I, too, would've done the same thing."

After all, his arrival was indeed too eye-boggling not to pay attention to.

Zenon narrowed his gaze at Landon. "I take it you're not here for trouble?"

"Trouble?" Landon chuckled playfully. "No, city lord Zenon. On the contrary, I'm here to help."

"..."

Chapter 1480 Finally Arrived

[15 minutes post arrival]

The words echoed out within the ships.

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Din. Din. Din. Din.~

The many shielded knights at the forefront all surrounded the groups of archers they were assigned to.

And in no time, they formed blockades of armored walls in all directions, leaving little gaps for the archers to shoot through.

The city lord was taking no chances.

The fact that they couldn't see the decks of these ships anymore was indeed a problem.

For all he knew, these strangers could have their archers crawling on the deck grounds as they spoke.

And when the ships reached the forefront, the archers could spring up and begin taking them to death.

Make no mistake.

These tall ships were akin to tall city walls. The arrow range would increase, allowing them to shoot far distances.

And what this spelled out for them was misfortune.

With that, the city lord and several other nobles rode their horses behind the rows of first-line archers and shield knights.

Now, all they could do was wait.

.

[5 minutes post-arrival.]

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

[All ground units or worse for departure! May the ancestors be with you all.]

Brrmm!~

The ignition was turned on, and the vehicles were all alive.

Landon threw a piece of gum in his mouth, looking at the gathering of seated men in his military truck, looking to the ground in utter silence.

Some crossed their hands against their chests, leaned back, and closed their eyes as though sleeping, while others only took out their daggers, sharpening them against one another.

Others continued reading their books as though the announcement had nothing to do with them. But that was far from what their inner feelings were.

They were here for the Double-S class mission.

Wooww~

Many took in deep breaths, calling their chaotic hearts.

Indeed... May the ancestors be with them all.

Suddenly, a loud metal sound echoed out.

Many didn't need to see to know what that sound was.

~BRRRRRM!

Murdock almost had a pleasant heart attack, watching a part of the lower ship walls open up and lower itself to the docks.

How? How is it doing this all on its own?

Impossible! Those inside must have somehow lowered it with rope.

Good... Good...

Murdock was already smiling like a silly goose.

But this wasn't all that made his heart tremble.

After the part was lowered, the railings on the lowered floor began to blink from red to green.

What was this?

How did they do it? Were there Phoenix fireflies in there that made it glow so brilliantly during this bright daytime?

(+0+)

I'll be damned!

The more Murdoch saw, the more he went into a blissful cardiac arrest.

'I can now die with no regrets?... Impossible! This daddy must get these ships!'

Murdock was already fantasizing about how he would use them. But nothing could've prepared him for what was to come next.