

TECHNOLOGY 781

Chapter 781 - Contract Finalization

The overly excited group had already made a stop at Tim's industry.

For now, only the facilities were going to be constructed since the system hadn't given him any knowledge of aircraft design.

So, the construction workers would have to build these facilities now.

Even so, Landon had to briefly explain the concept of airplanes, because some parameters in the airports required an understanding of airplanes in general.

Tim's hands trembled while holding the book in his hands.

He briefly glanced through it all merrily.

But, as usual, he still hammered Landon was numerous questions.

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Tim scratched his head in confusion: "Your majesty, why are you designing and emphasizing that the runways are situated in positions that follow the normal wind direction?

And why's the runway space so big?"

Tim felt that there were too many empty fields around the runways, which was a waste of space.

They could build multiple buildings and farmlands there.

So why waste that much more?

Landon understood what he meant and chuckled.

He couldn't blame Tim and the rest for thinking that way.

Of course, the runways were long so that the airplane had enough take-off room.

But why were there always empty fields around it tha could go for miles?

"Tim, those empty spaces are one of the key factors for airplane flight.

When a massive field is empty and isolated, the winds don't have anything to reflect against, like buildings or trees.

So the winds there are usually stronger on larger empty fields.

These strong winds help the new get off the ground.

So the wind definitely dictates the runway design."

This was true.

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Looking back on earth, one might not see a pattern for airport designs at first glance, but they were there.

If one overlapped the prevailing winds in their area on maps, it would be easier to spot the wind patterns.

These patterns in turn help decide how take-off lanes should be positioned.

For example, most airports in the Northern Hemisphere like Dubai... are aligned from East to West which coincides with the normal wind directions there.

Examine any airport, and you'll find that they followed the wind direction when creating their lanes.

One should know that each location in the world has specific wind and weather ranges in which they can fall.

And the weather change rarely goes out of those range estimations.

The head-on wind adds extra lift to the plane, reducing the power required for take-off, which in turn reduces landing speed too.

Of course, there might be times that planes will land with heavy crosswinds that are against them.

This is also possible, but it won't be fun for the passengers or easy for the pilot... That is, if the pilot can land it at all. (^Δ^)

For sure, the crosswinds that each can tolerate differed with each airplane design.

Some have larger vertical surfaces and stabilizers that help to some degree.

An example would be a regular-sized plane like the Boeing 737 that can withstand a crosswind of about 60 Km/h with a dry runway and 55Km/h with a wet one.

Anything above this and the crosswinds will take the plane off track and might even damage it.

That's why lanes were made the way they were.

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If one thought about it more, then they would be able to see subtle things that airports and pilots do.

Sometimes when one has arrived in their designated city or town, the pilots would fly over a city and make a U-turn back to the airport just to land.

High up in the air, they don't really need to worry about crosswinds.

But when landing or taking off, they need to do so in the direction of the normal hemisphere winds.

Also, in some runways, one could see large white-red striped windsocks there tied to poles.

This was generally a great help to the pilots who constantly look at the sock that was filled with air.

And when the winds are too fierce, the sock dances crazily.

The airports had several things that they had taken into consideration when making their airports.

In the early days, the Wright Brothers chose an isolated strip of a beach to test out many principles of flight.

Take-off and landing flight were much better on a massive empty space due to the winds.

But when testing in a crowded place, take-off was much more problematic.

It was possible, but just too power consuming and taxing.

So of course most airports were ridiculously spacious with several lanes.

And Landon dared not compromise when building Baymard's airport.

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"Ah!... I see your majesty.

This is different from the hot air balloons that don't need this much space." Tim said while nodding in understanding.

"Your majesty, So we will maintain the same areas that exist in the Landport and Coastal Ports?"

"Yes!

Baggage, Arrival, Departure, Lounges, Customer service, First Aid, Terminals, Gates and many more areas in the ports will be in the airport as well.

But now, we'll have a few new areas, Like 'Transfers' for connecting flights.

And we'll also have more moving walkways and other amenities too.

"No problem your majesty, I'll take note of all these.

Hahahahaha!

Your majesty, I've seen that you've applied the golden hour plan here too."

"Of course!

It's the perfect way to make money, no?"

"Your majesty, you're a sly one."

Landon chuckled: "where am I sly? I'm just doing my job as an honest business person."

Tim laughed when he saw Landon's innocent expression.

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The golden hour!

What was it?

Well, it was better to envision it like so.

Say you've checked in your luggage and complete the rigorous security check-in phase.

And now, the weight is off your shoulders.

This is the time that you're not likely to spend cash on whatever fancies your eye, and the airport will make that possible for the traveller.

So what do they do?

Their methods dive into the realms of subliminal coercion.

Most airports have walkways that curve from right to left, and this is because most people are right-handed, drive their cars on the right, and hence spend more time looking right than left.

If a person was right-handed, they'll pull their suitcase with their right and unconsciously walk to the left because of the imbalance.

So if the walkway curves towards the left, then you would subconsciously turn your face to the right and see the countless shops lined up on the right side.

Again, after coming out of security checks and entering into the golden hour with so much free time before the next flight, most people are inclined to spend money.

That's why the first shop many people see after clearing security is the duty-free shops.

Every trick in the book has been used to ensure that the airport kept getting money.

And being the businessman that Landon was, how could he not use these tricks?

What slyness?

He was here to make money for Baymard, alright?

More money for the empire!

More money for the empire!

(^0^)

Chapter 782 - The Fairy Demoness

Just like that, operation Airport construction was in full effect.

Everyone's excitement was full to the brim, at this point.

"Tim, there's something else that I need you to do.

But I haven't finalized it yet.

I just need today to finish it up, and tomorrow, I'll come over again.

So, do you think you have time for that?"

"Of course your majesty!

The team doing the Pac-Man, vending machines, and other slot machine games don't need me anymore.

It's already the 2nd week of August, and the team has already started building these machines in bulk.

All their training and practice had officially come to an end, and now, we only have roughly 1 and a half~2 months left before the official launch date.

So with the completion of the new Slot/Coin Machine manufacturing industry, 70% of the work will be done by the machines, and all the workers had to do was properly monitor and check the manufacturing lines.

Of course, there were more things that they would do, but most were already covered by the machine.

Additionally, with the supervisors with them, I'm not need anymore.

With that said, there's nothing new to do, except do paperwork in the office and go for the normal inspection and whatnot around the industry.

Even this new Airport project has to do with the construction team, they already have a good understanding here, since they had built the other ports.

So once again, I'm not needed here too.

As for my lectures, of course, I have my usual teaching schedule in the Engineering, Science & Technology Academy.

But don't worry your majesty, I'm still somewhat free right now, so lay it on me!" Tim said with glistening eyes that twinkled as if he had just found a treasure.

How can he say no to any new project?

No way!

He wanted to know what else Landon had cooked up.

He was so happy that he couldn't stop smiling.

But of course, he wasn't the only one who felt thrilled.

Far away, a young woman smiled coldly at her own reflection.

No one knew what she was thinking of, but her expression was truly terrifying.

But unbeknownst to them, the lady was truly happy for what evil was about to come.

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--Fairy Estate, Deiferus' Capital City--

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'Chirp! Chirp! Chirp! Chirp!'

The sounds of birds flying could be heard through an open window in a well-lit room.

One might be cheerful after listening to the happy songs from these birds, but the people in the room were so gloomy as they cursed these birds a hundred times over.

What will they do if their lady got angered by the sounds and decided to deal with them instead?

At this point, everyone wished that they could strangle these birds to death.

'Mr. Birds, can you please shut up or sing far away from here?'

Many started praying silently in their hearts.

And in the room, a young lady sat like a statue as her maid combed her hair with trembling hands.

The maid was so frightened that she only took a few breaths while combing the lady's hair.

She dared not look into the mirror that reflected her lady's dreadful expression.

Just one accidental glimpse almost made her fall and beg for mercy for what she didn't even know.

'Did I do something wrong?'

Why is the last just sitting there and smiling creepily?

Is she plotting something dastardly?

Will I be safe?

Ahhh!

My legs will soon give out at this point.

What do I do, what do I do?

Will she behead me just like she did poor Meg yesterday?

If I had known, I would've just fled for my life earlier on.

What do I do now?'

(:TTOTT:)

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Countless thoughts passed through the maids' minds while she combed her lady's hair.

She felt like she was moving on needles.

It wasn't just her, as many others in the room felt the same way too.

Why was their luck so poor?

Everyone felt nervous, but no one dared to speak.

Their lady didn't like people talking.

So unless asked a question or here to deliver something, there was no room for talking.

The frightening young lady in question looked at their angsty expression and deepened her smile.

To her, fear equalled power.

The fact that they were fearful of hereby that they wouldn't dare to go against her.

Very quickly, the young lady was properly dressed in lavish clothes, which enhanced her already stunning appearance.

Looking at their lady, one could say that her beauty was a sharp contrast to her personality.

The contrast was truly astonishing.

The lady, accompanied by her entourage of guards and 3 maids left the Fairy Estate and headed straight to the palace.

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'Du-doon! Du-doon! Du-doon!'

As the carriages and horses passed through the busy streets, many people quickly escaped for their lives when they saw the markings and designs on the carriages.

Some people dived into the shops, while others even went as far as stooping with their hands over their heads in fear of being spotted.

Others plunged into ponds, while many just laid in the ground and played dead.

Those on wagons, carriages and horses were in an even more predicament as they almost had accidents all because they were trying to avoid the lady's entourage.

The young lady was known as the 'The Demonic Fairy of Deiferus.'

Of course, some people call her the 'Queen of Hearts' simply because she loved beheading people just like the queen in the Baymardian book 'Alice In Wonderland'.

Every day, she beheaded at least one person... mostly women who were more beautiful than she was.

So with a reputation like this, who wanted to be her prey?

But who was this lady, and why was she being feared to this extent?

Well, the lady in question was none other than the 2nd Princess, Eldora Tudor... who was also blood sister to Deiferus' 1st Prince, Ulrich Tudor.

Even though they were born from the same mother, they had always been enemies and wanted nothing more than to kill each other.

In Eldora's world, anyone who doesn't fear her would most likely betray her.

And her brother was included in that group as well.

Right now, she was heading to the palace with one goal in mind.

No matter what, her father must write a verdict that passed the throne to her.

She wouldn't let anyone stand in her way.

Even her own mother!

Chapter 783 - A Demoness In Disguise

Eldora calmly rode through the palace grounds, passing all the magnificent buildings within it.

The royal palace of Deiferus was in itself a masterpiece different from others.

Its buildings didn't have the usual rectangular shapes, they were more or less focused on arts.

Some buildings looked like a trapezoid, while others formed some sort of optical illusion with them.

It was clear that even though the forefather creators of these buildings didn't know anything about mathematical shapes, they still created inspirational buildings that would be one in a million.

And hundreds of years later, these buildings were still breathtaking.

Eldora got out of her carriage and headed towards the tallest and largest building within the palace.

This entire building was all for her father alone.

He did his work here, and also slept here, while his wives and children lived in another 4-story building that had different wings within it.

If a wife was favoured or invited, then and only then could she step into her father's room on the topmost floor of his building.

Of course, the first 3 floors within her father's building were the only floors that permitted visitors, as there was a garden there, and so on.

But for the rest of the floors going to the topmost one, only those who are permitted by his majesty could step into them.

Even she had never seen these floors.

Nonetheless, she felt like they would soon be hers, so what's the harm in seeing it now?

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"Princess, I'm sorry but his majesty has told me not to allow you to step in any further.

He requested for you to wait here.

He will be with you shortly."

With that, the dark masked leader of the guards vanished.

Eldora was irked once more, as she felt that the guard was looking down on her.

In truth, the guard was just acting like his normal self.

But to her, the fact that she didn't sense fear from the guard meant that he was looking down on her.

She had purposely sliced off hundreds, off not thousands of people's heads just to instill fear into all.

Okay, she also did that because she hated anyone better than her, or anyone who made mistakes.

Even if they accidentally bumped into her, they had to die.

She had worked so hard to make even her own mother fearful of her, so how could she tolerate a mere guard looking down on her?

Was he saying that all she had done was nothing in his eyes?

She clenched her fists in rage and stood in that same spot with unwillingness.

She swore that once she took over from her father, as he would torture that guard until she saw fear in his eyes.

How dare he look down on her?

[Mr. Guard: (-_-)... A Princess, aren't you just thinking too much?]

The maids and guards that followed Eldora in dared not comfort their lady.

Who knew if she would place her anger on them instead?

Now that she was angry, they could only pray that his majesty came fast.

They constantly looked at the stairway, hoping that his majesty could pop up now.

Eldora on the other hand took in deep breaths before calmly seating in what seemed to be a lounge since it was filled with Baymardian couches and whatnot.

40 more minutes passed by before her father arrived.

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"Your majesty!"

Everyone knelt at the sight of his majesty, Julius Tudor.

"Father! Father!"

This unfilial daughter was worried sick about you and decided to come and see you as soon as possible.

Are you feeling any better?

Do you need something to eat?

Father, how are you?"

Julius looked at his loving daughter and felt touched.

She came here 2 days ago, and now she's here again.

It looks like she's really too worried about him.

Everyone said that his daughter was demonic, but he didn't believe it.

She had always been gentle and kind toward him.

There was a time that he decided to investigate where these stories came from, since it was his duty as her father to help her clean up her reputation and live a happy life with a good husband.

But when he was just about to begin investigation, several ministers and others claimed that the rumours were fake and that they had already begun taking care of them so as not to worry him.

Seeing his most trusted people saying this, he truly believed in his daughter even more.

But unbeknownst to him, Eldora had blackmailed them with their most hidden secrets.

Some didn't want their son's evil deeds out since their enemies will use it to drag them down in the mud, while others protected their own behinds instead.

From embezzlement and so much more, Eldora made them put a stop to her father's nosy behaviour.

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Julius, who was now as pale as a leaf, was assisted with everything.

Even though he had done makeup to appear normal, one could see some signs of his illness.

Eldora looked at his pained expression and smiled.

She knew that her half-brother, the 2nd prince, had poisoned her father.

But so what?

His dying would quickly enable her to sit on the throne.

All of her brothers weren't in the Capital at the moment, and she was here alongside her half-sisters.

They all lived in different estates/manors around the city, which made things easier for her if she wanted to deal with her sisters.

Fortunately, none of them were as ambitious as she was, or else heads will roll.

Eldora looked at the dying Julius and continued her good-daughter act.

And so, she began the waterworks.

"Wooooooo!"

Father... I heard that you're going to write out your will and decree today.

After, why would you do that?

You have a hundred more years to live, so why are you trying to curse yourself?

Father, don't you know that if you're hurt, then I will be hurt too?"

Julius looked at the crying Eldora and sighed.

His poor daughter must be very sad right now.

He patted her head and coaxed her like a child several times.

"It's alright, it's alright.

Father will live for a hundred more years okay?"

Eldora lifted her face and looked at him with sorrowful puppy dog eyes: "Hmm... I believe in father."

"Good girl.

You don't have to worry about such things.

As for my decree, I'm still deciding on who should take the throne after my rule, that's all."

"Oh?

Then father, can I give you a suggestion?"

"Of course you can!

Now daughter, tell me what's on your mind."

Eldora smiled mysteriously.

"Yes father"

Chapter 784 - To Riverdale City Again

While some people were secretly doing all they could to seize power, others were just burying themselves with more work.

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--Riverdale City, Baymard--

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Today was a brand new day, and Landon had just finished giving Tim yet another construction project which was in link to why he was in Riverdale city at the moment.

He sat in a massive room in wait.

Of course, he was also here with his secretary, the current City Mayor/ city manager, as well as some other people in the City Council.

Most new territories still kept their former city lords who were now made mayors... That is, if they were worthy of governing these regions.

But those who went against Landon because of greed were sent packing.

With that, the Baymardian government sent someone to take the position of mayor.

And after 4 years, the citizens could vote for another Mayer.

They could apply for candidacy if they meet all requirements on the list.

Because within the next 4 years, they will go to school, learn and decide whether they want to even be in politics or not.

Anyway, after 4 years, they will vote to either keep the same mayor or change him/her to another.

Everyone sat along the table with several documents before them, while their secretaries sat in chairs behind them quietly.

Right now, they had sent for 3 more people.

Time trickled down very quickly, and soon... A guard came in.

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"Your majesty!

Mr. Yusha and his disciples have arrived."

"Hmmm... Send them in."

"Yes!"

With that, the guard left and later reappeared with a 44-year-old man and 2 other gentlemen who appeared to be in their late 20's.

All 3 walked in anxiously, as they didn't know why they were called in.

Had they done something wrong?

Were they going to be punished?

All the way here, they had asked the guards a hundred times if they were in trouble, and the guards simply replied that they didn't know.

Their anxiety was growing the closer they got to their destination.

Numerous emotions passed through their bodies, as they thought really hard about how they had lived ever since Riverdale became part of Baymard.

Maybe they offended his majesty and didn't know about it?

The guards just looked at them helplessly.

They couldn't say anything because they didn't want to give these men hope when they too didn't know why his majesty had summoned them.

Who could know what was cooked up in his majesty's head?

Even the mayor and those from the city council didn't know why they had been summoned.

In regular times, his majesty would give them a heads up and book a meeting based on their schedules.

But he didn't this time.

So maybe the meeting was urgent?

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"W...we salute your majesty!"

Immediately, all 3 knelt and looked to the floor as if waiting for punishment.

"Please get up and raise your heads.

You're not in trouble.

Rather, I invited you 3 here because I need your help.

Your expertise is highly needed here."

The oldest of the 3 looked at Landon in shock and confusion: "Eh?... but your majesty, we're just astronomers who also happen to dabble in astrology."

"Exactly the people I'm looking for!"

Landon smiled broadly.

That's precisely the expertise he needed.

Why?

Because if the airport was going to be constructed, then the weather had to be predicted as well.

One should know that his next main missions might take him a year and a half~2 years to complete.

And after that, he might get rewarded the chance to create airplanes.

He already estimated that he would use 8 months to train the workers to build each part.

That is, they didn't have to know everything

Some would only specialize on how the wings should be made.

They will be taught about all the drawbacks, consequences and reasons why the wings must be done the way they should.

Their only concern should be the wings.

Another team might focus on creating the overhead space for bags, while others focus on the emergency doors.

All they had to focus on was their part that they specialized in.

So for the next 8 months, that's all they would do.

Study and build that part over and over again every single working day.

It will be carved into their bones for the entire 8 months that they build it over and over again.

Even if it was a mere door handle, they would do it until they were almost dead.

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That said, after 8 months of repetitive training, they would put the entire plane together and test it out for 4 more months.

From here, the fun begins.

Pilots will now begin training and one flying for another year before the airport ever opened for business.

So when you look at everything and tally up the time frame, the airport will only be open, 4 years from now.

By building the airport, it wasn't that Landon was rushing.

He was just thinking ahead of schedule in preparation for then.

Isn't that how major projects are done?

The budget and everything needed to be kept aside and finalized before then.

The hangers were currently being built and all other buildings which might take over years to complete.

So all this was part of the plan.

But construction wasn't the only thing that was involved here.

The weather needed to be predicted!

Yes!

How else were they supposed to ensure that the planes don't get caught in a terrible storm up in the air, especially during winter?

Landon knew that the system wouldn't give him knowledge on satellite production because it was supposed to be a reward.

He had a hunch that even after plans began flying, the system still won't reward him with it, so he had to go old school.

And that's why he sent for these 3 special guests.

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Hearing that they weren't in trouble, all 3 felt very relaxed now.

"Your majesty, I and my disciples will be glad to help in any way we can."

"Good!

Now let's begin!"

Chapter 785 - Weather Predictions

The meeting began and everyone listened attentively.

The more Landon spoke, the more they realized that this matter was an important one that involved the entire continent... and in future, the entire world!

The 3 guests; Yusha and his disciples Ben and Gregg, also listened excitedly as well.

They felt like they were now involved in some world-changing event.

"Yusha, I will need you and your disciples to temporarily reside in the Capital city for this.

In fact, just this morning, I had already asked for an academy to be built, dedicated to this matter... And you will be the academy's head.

This is world-changing after that will need your undivided attention.

So if you do accept, then you will have to stay in the Capital alongside your family.

Are you all prepared?"

"We are!"

"We are! We are!"

".... Sorry for my disciples' outburst.

We are prepared, your majesty."

What a joke!

How can they not want to be involved?

Just listening to Landon face them goosebumps.

They were so excited that they wished they could begin work now!

Hey had dedicated their entire life to the atmosphere.

So how could they not be thrilled?

They had already decided that no matter what, they would move!

Landon linked at them and smiled.

As expected, they agreed.

Every time he chose or picked an overseer or head, he always chose someone who was overly passionate about his/her job.

Of course, they also had to be morally grounded too.

As for why he needed their expertise... Well since he couldn't build a satellite anytime soon, then he had to look for an alternate method.

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One should never underestimate these ancient people.

Even back on earth, way before satellites were invented in the 1960s, the weather was still being predicted.

Some battles had been won in the medieval periods because of weather predictions.

Even the fact that people could see the earth's changes through the stars showcased how amazing these ancient people were.

That's why kings and rulers valued them.

For example, in 650 BCE, the Babylonians predicted the weather from cloud patterns and, as well as from the stars.

And way before the Babylonians, Aristotle, Theophrastus and many already compiled books on weather forecasting.

The Chinese, Indians and many others also came predicted the weather as well.

But how did they do it, that was because the ancient people were good at book recording.

They recorded all atmospheric changes, all signs of planetary astral alterations, all signs of rainfall from observation of the Moon's phases, and most importantly all wind movements.

Even sailors had a hand full of people in their teams dedicated to weather predictions.

As they say: 'the red sky at night is the sailor's delight, but the red sky in the morning is the sailor's warning.'

These people depended on weather reading to pass the hurdles while on board.

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As for the world Landon was currently in, one should know that even now, these people have been diligently recording the weather for the past tens of hundreds of years now.

From morning, all through the night and day, there were teams that observed in rotation.

However, these people could only be found in moderate-sized cities like Riverdale.

All city lords heavily paid for these astronomers and astrologists to stay in their cities and constantly record the weather changes, as sometimes, these people could predict whether drought was going to occur or not.

Other natural disasters have been avoided many times because of these predictions.

So all city lords typically paid heavily to keep an entire team of these people in their cities.

But small towns and villages couldn't afford it.

Of course some towns could, but not all.

That said, within Riverdale City, there was a large library that had thousands of books that recorded everything every day for the past years.

Even if it started raining now, there would be a team dedicated to observing and recording the changes.

These people's eyes were always on the atmosphere.

More importantly, they also looked at their crude wind vanes to observe the wind's direction too.

And even though they didn't know anything about temperature and pressure, they typically had other tools and ways to measure what they felt was a hot day or not.

Like the case with the wind.

They had a total of 10 levels to describe the wind.

And their wind vane was also made in that manner.

If the vane didn't even shake, then the wind was just a level 1 extreme mild one.

Likewise, they also had ways to tell just how hot or cold the weather was.

From using stones, sand and other objects, they had a good understanding of things.

And they wrote every single detail in their books.

Anyway, thanks to their book recording skills, Landon could now stipulate a pattern for the weather and place it on charts and diagrams.

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Before coming here, Landon had already warped and scanned all the books last night.

And from what he saw, the weather didn't change that much over the years.

For example, snowfall typically started within the 20~28 of December.

It was very rare that it began later or earlier, at least from the data.

Again, they could also predict the times when the winds would be heavy throughout the entire year.

In fact if one plotted all the data from all books and overlapped everything together, they would have a range for every hour, time and day within the year.

That is, they would be able to know the range and probability of rain falling on so-and-so date or even sun shining then.

Of course, they would still need to watch the current moon's phases, stars, cloud patterns and what not to make ensure that their predictions were right.

Again from all the books, one could also see the wind pattern clearly.

So now, he could start teaching them what to do.

Firstly, all data needed to be recorded now with temperature, pressure and so on.

That's why, he decided to make barometers (for atmospheric pressure), hydrometers (for humidity), rain gauges (for precipitation), Ceilometers (for cloudiness), Anemometers (for wind speed) and other tools.

So for the next 4 years, they will create good graphical weather charts and diagrams.

Of course, he would also give them the entire map that had longitudes, latitudes and whatnot.

Basically, he wanted to teach them numerical weather predictions.

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Yusha and his disciples felt even more excited about this new project.

"Your majesty, I would be honoured to be the Academy head.

But I would like to ask, when can we start?"

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Chapter 786 - Incoming Warning!

Landon looked at Yusha helplessly.

Once again, he had recruited another overly excited person, but he would have it no other way.

"You'll start 10 days from now.

So within this period, you need to round everything up and relocate to the Capital."

Yusha was happy for a while, before growing again: "Your majesty, what about the rest of my team?"

"Don't worry, they have a different arrangement than you do.

I'm aware that aside from your 2 disciples, there are 27 more astrologists in your team who record and observe the weather in Riverdale.

And if I'm not wrong, you've divided them into 3 groups, right?

Those who observe in the early parts of the day, those who observe in the later parts of the day and those who do so all through the night.

But now, you need to divide them into 5 groups rather than 3.

1 group will follow you to Baynard for the first 2 weeks.

And after that, the next group will take their place.

In this way, no observation shift will be disrupted.

This way, everyone will have the opportunity to learn and study while working.

That said, I will also hire new graduates or recruits who are interested in this science.

It will be the duty of you and your disciples to also teach them what to do."

Yusha I'm his disciples patted their charts hard: "No problem your majesty, leave it to us! We won't let you down."

"Good! Good! Good!

I knew that I could count on you all.

But that's not all there is.

You see, over the course of time, several other astronomers and astrologists from all cities within all empires will come to the academy."

Yusha and his disciples almost stood up from shock!

What?

What did his majesty just say?

Never in history had all of them come together like this.

Did this mean that he would be working alongside people from Yodan, Terique and the rest?

Will he work alongside some of the people he looked up to?

He felt like a person who would soon meet his idol.

(^O^)

.

London looked at Yusha's dazed expression and chuckled.

Of course, he was going to create weather charts for the entire Pyno continent.

This way, even they could see and witness how the winds blew in a directional pattern due to the world's rotation and other factors.

Winds have constant steady patterns that typically stay the same from hemisphere to hemisphere and region to region.

Like the trade winds that were powerful or emailing winds that blew across the Atlantic and Pacific oceans.

Or the Polar Easterlies, which were dry cold prevailing winds that blew from the east and emanated from areas of high pressure around the north and south poles.

All these always stayed constant and rarely changed.

So the earlier they plotted and figured out the constant flow of things, the better things would be.

And while they were at it, it wouldn't kill them to record time zones, would it?

Landon decided that after this meeting was over, he would head towards the other cities in Baymard and request for some people in their astrologist team to head towards the Capital as well.

As for their books, Landon had decided to take them in batches.

To start off, they will take 100 books with them.

And after they're done, they will return them to their cities and take another batch of books.

Each team would be responsible for properly handling weather predictions for their cities.

Of course, some wealthy towns also had astrologists too.

so they would also be invited as well

And at the end, they would combine all they had into one giant map, showing the range and flow of things.

That was in the case of Baymard.

For the other empires, Landon would ask their rulers to write out letters for those who should be sent to Baymard full time.

It would be like an appointment of duty.

Weather was a global issue that should involve all empires and parties.

Sometimes, knowing and learning more could save an entire empire... Especially when it came to the weather.

Signs of floods and other hurricane issues will help many more than they can imagine.

That's why it was important for each empire to cooperate for this job.

Additionally, they were learning here, so it was also a win-win situation as well.

.

Once again, Yusha marvelled at his majesty's thoughts but he was a little worried as well.

"Hmmm... Your majesty, I agree.

But how fast can we get others to hop on board with this project?

Some of the empires might not even agree to it.

So what do we do then?"

Landon smiled broadly: "Don't worry, they will."

Yusha looked at Landon and closed his mouth.

In his head, he had already conjured a scene with Landon personally holding the rulers on their necks and forcing them to agree.

Your majesty wouldn't be that fierce right?

Landon only smiled while deep in thought.

Unlike the case with Yusha who was close to Baymard's Capital city, others out of Baymard were too far away.

Which was an issue.

And because Landon wanted all data to be collected and done as soon as possible, he had also decided to send out his soldiers to drop and pick up these people.

It's a given fact that it would take several months and even a year for some to get to Baymard.

So by the time they got their letter from their leaders to the time when they arrived in Baymard... Too much time would've been wasted.

Arcadina alone had over 30,000 cities and towns, and villages alone.

And each place needed to go through tens of hundreds of books to depict what their normal weather patterns were throughout the decades.

So where was the time?

If he wanted all this done in 4 years, then he needed to be responsible for their transport, and even deliver their letter of duty from their rulers to them.

Of course, he would get the various empires to pay for the fees of these astrologists, as well as to pay Baymard for teaching them.

Nothing was free!

He would reach an agreement with their kings before sending his men out.

He even planned to see Micheal in Terique and William in Arcadina tonight.

And the moment everything was finalized, he would personally deliver all letters, as well as send his men to pick them with their books fast!

4 years from now, planes will fly... and nothing, not even the weather would stop him!

.

Yusha nodded while listening to Landon.

"Your majesty, since the Academy of Atmospheric science is currently being built, then where do we study?"

"Don't worry about that.

In the Capital city, there are 10 estates/manors that are kept for these purposes.

Back when Baymard was still in its transformation phase, these estates were all used as temporary homes for different academies and institutions.

Like the law school.

Before they moved into their new building, they rented one of the estates there while waiting for construction to be finalized.

So those buildings are only used for temporary stays.

That said, the government will rent out the largest one for the academy while you wait for construction to be completed.

So you don't have to worry about it."

Yusha put off his worries and relaxed again.

Well, it seems like his majesty has thought of everything.

"Your majesty, will you really be our teacher for the first 4 months?"

"Of course!

The academy will offer several subjects like climatology, meteorology, astronomy, astrology, and many others that focus on the atmosphere.

Of course, you'll also study thunderstorms, something that I call cyclones.

There are a lot of topics at hand, so everyone can only choose the ones they feel drawn to.

With many more people coming in, from both the graduates and the astrologists, I believe that everyone will find what they love.

So Chancellor Yusha, welcome to the team!"

"Glad to be here, your majesty!"

(^_^)

They shook hands firmly, but happily and everyone began to mem plans quickly.

.

The meeting went on smoothly with everything settled.

Now, it was time to head towards the next city.

But before could move, he got an alert from the system.

'Beep!!'

Warning! Warning!

Visitors in danger!

Visitors in danger!

Warning: Host will die if they die!'

Chapter 787 - Visitors In Danger

--Somewhere on the waters around Baymard--

.

The weather was nice and hot.

It was the perfect beach weather that anyone would love.

The weather itself called for peace.

But unlike the sunny ever warm weather, several people only felt cold at the moment.

On a ship, several people were currently under attack by some fierce pirates!

They were just 3 days away from their destination, so why won't fate just let them arrive safely?

All through their journey, they had faced one issue to another.

It was as if the heavens themselves were testing them.

And right now, just when they were almost crossing the finish line, 5 enormous pirate sh.i.p.s surrounded all 3 of their sh.i.p.s.

Presently, they had seen many people sail on what they would call the water roads.

And linking at it, it seemed like Baymard was a very popular place because sh.i.p.s were constantly moving and leaving only within an invisible water path.

It was like they had formed lanes on the water and only chose to travel along those paths.

But they on the other hand were afraid to join in because they didn't know if these strange pale skin people will attack them, capture them or even torture them.

They've already been through a lot since they had begun their travel.

So their only thought was to avoid conflict until they reached their destination.

Worse, they didn't even know if they spoke the same language as these people, so they dared not go close to them.

That's why they sailed very far away from the crowd of sh.i.p.s.

They had chosen a deserted ocean region and had only decided to get closer to the rest when they were hours away from Baymard.

For several weeks and days now, they hadn't met with any issues.

So their plan seemed perfect.

But who would've known that they would meet travelling pirates on these deserted paths?

The worse thing was that they were so far from the other sh.i.p.s that no one would really see whether these pirates were their friends or foes.

So no one knew whether they were under attack or not.

From a distance, everything just looked like tiny dots.

And right now, they felt doomed!

.

The air was tense as everyone quickly sheathed their swords in panic.

On the largest enemy ship, there was a 50 something-year-old man that had the most earrings in his ears, as well as the longest white beard that they had ever seen.

He also had an eye patch and the thickness and longest hair that they had seen on a man.

From the way the pirates acted, it seemed that this was their leader... Or as many would call it, their Captain.

Lucia, Andrew, Jarvis and their men all looked at the leader intensely.

In their mind, they still hoped that maybe these people weren't here to attack them?

The leader who they had now nicknamed LongBeard, squinted his eyes and looked at them in surprise and delight.

His thoughts were more on how much they would sell as slaves since they were dark-skinned.

They were rare for many.

So they should be more valuable than ordinary pale skin slaves, right?

Who knows... Maybe these dark Skinner people might even make them rich.

Longbeard's eyes twinkled with greed.

"Boys!

Take them down, but don't kill all of them.

They're our precious cargo."

With that, the pirates laughed playfully and made their move.

Lucia held her sword firmly as she watched the invaders jump onto their sh.i.p.s.

No matter what, they had to survive.

How could they die without seeing their saviour?

Then who was going to save their people?

She silently prayed to the heavens for forgiveness for what she was about to do.

.

'Ting!'

She countered her first attack with everything that she had.

All during their stay on that pirate island during winter, she along with her brothers and her men had fought almost every day for months, as they tackle more and more incoming pirates.

But even at that, compared she knew she was still very weak.

In fact, it was actually miraculous that she could survive until now.

These pirates had more years battling than she did, which made her extremely lucky since she was never trained or even had prior experience.

Pain!

Her palms turned red, and her body wobbled painfully from blocking her enemy's attack just once.

Blisters appeared on her delicate palm, making her struggle to hold onto her sword.

The enemy's sheer strength had completely overpowered her.

Was she scared?

Yes!

But she believed that if she used her head (brain), she would definitely be able to come out victorious.

That's why had kept her alive all this while.

She gritted her teeth and steadied her trembling hands while thinking of how to take down the giant before her.

.

'Ting! Ting! Ting!'

"Hahahahhahahahahah!"

Just look at how your hands are trembling?

Little missy, didn't they tell you

Weapons don't belong in the hands of a mere woman.

You see, I like you.

You'll make a good addition to my bed.

So why but drop the sword before I hurt you?

I don't want to accidentally slice that face of yours, wouldn't I?"

"Shut up!"

'Ting!'

Lucia didn't know what the bastard was saying, but the way he looked at her made her uncomfortable.

She already has a fiance that she loved dearly, okay?

The look in the pirate's eyes made her full utterly disgusted.

As for the pirate, she was even more mesmerized by her.

"Eh?"

Little missy, what language are you speaking?

How can it be so pleasing to the ear?

Hahahhhahahah!

I've decided, as I'll ask the Captain for you.

How about that?"

'Pah!'

The pirate was shocked that he had just been struck by Lucia's leg.

He had been paying too much attention to her stunning face and her sword that he forgot about her feet.

Unfortunately for her, her attack wasn't enough to fatally injure him.

The pirate's lips spread wide, as he grinned coldly.

"Good!

I like my women feisty.

But, I'll have to discipline you first.

How dare you strike your master?"

'Ting! Ting! Ting! Ting!'

The giant charged even more fiercely than before, proving that he didn't use his full strength earlier on.

This was bad.

Lucia's face turned pale as she was constantly pushed back by the brute.

And soon, she fell on the floor while trembling to lift her sword.

But her enemy was quiet and kicked her weird away before mocking her in the belly.

'Pah! Pah! Pah! Pah!'

'Uhh!'

Lucia held her belly in agony, while the brute felt inexplicably happy with the scene before him.

"Hahahhahahaha!

B**ch

How dare you kick me close to my recreational seed bearer?

How dare you a lowly woman think of destroying my generations?

Heh!

Maybe you're like this because you think that you're too pretty for me.

If that's the case, then why don't I redesign that face of yours and force you back to reality?"

As the man was about to strike Lucia's face, her brothers who were also fighting more enemies almost went crazy.

"Lucia!!!!!!!"

They yelled out in fright, as they seemed to be watching everything in slow motion.

And just when they thought all hope was lost, something miraculous happened.

'Ting!'

--silence--

(°0°)

Excuse me sir, but who are you?

Chapter 788 - Who Are You?

--silence--

(0-0)

Everyone looked at the man dressed in all black and quickly glanced through their memories to see if they ever recalled such a person on the scene this entire time.

The Pirates were confused, and so were Lucia and her crew.

The reason why everyone froze was because the minute the man appeared, there was a thick pink smoke surrounding the sh.i.p.s.

It only took 10 seconds for the entire smoke to vanish.

It was too mysterious and somewhat troubling.

So when it cleared out, they looked left and right to understand what was going on.

But then, they heard an ear-piercing scream which brought their attention to the man dressed in black.

Excuse me sure, but who are you?

And where did you come from?

They blinked in conclusion and even tried rubbing their eyes to confirm what they saw.

Did this man just appear out of thin air?

No!

That's not possible!

They weren't children alright?

The man is probably a high ranking assassin who hid his presence this entire time.

As for the pink fog, it might be a fart from a sea creature right?

Some boggles (whales) are pink in colour.

So won't their farts be pink too?

They had heard of this from some other pirates, but they never knew that they would be able to see these pink farts from the sea creatures in person.

Hmm... The smell was really comfortable and was nowhere near as bad as the farts from humans.

Yeah!

That makes sense.

Now all they wondered was who this assassin was, and more importantly, why was he here?

The skin across the assassin's eyes showed that he too was pale-skinned like themselves.

So why would he appear in the sh.i.p.s if these dark-skinned people?

Or could it be that he didn't hide in these sh.i.p.s but stayed in their pirate sh.i.p.s instead?

Was he an assassin out for revenge against one of their crew members?

Judging from the unwrinkled skin around the man's eyes, it was clear that he was a young man.

At this point, many had already come up with a scene where one of the crew members murdered the assassin's family on the sea, and now the assassin trained grew up and tracked his family's murderer for revenge.

If Landon knew their thoughts, he would only say they read too many Baymardian books or watched too many movies.

What sort of dramatic scene were they painting out?

He was here to rescue people, alright?

.

Lucia whose eyes were previously shut in anticipation for what was about to come, only heard a loud but ghastly scream instead.

"Ahhhhhhhhhhhh!!!!!"

She opened her eyes and was stunned by the scene before her.

She was so dazed that her brain went off for a bit.

Landon looked at her and spoke in Roma.

"I'm here to save you all.

Worry not."

"Saviour!"

Landon was taken aback in confusion from the awe he saw in the young lady's eyes.

Lucia's eyes lit up the second Landon spoke to her in Roma.

She was from the continent of Romain, and they spoke only Roma there.

Meanwhile over here, they spoke an entirely different language that she couldn't understand.

This man appeared from nowhere and could speak Roma.

Plus he said he was here to save them.

Coupled with the overwhelming feeling she had just now, she knew who he was.

Her visions had given her a sense of familiarity with her saviour, so she could tell if he was the real deal or a fake.

Even if someone disguised themselves as him, she would be able to tell the difference.

The minute she yelled saviour, her brothers and the rest of the crew looked at the man and trembled as it dawned on them about his identity.

Who apart from their saviour could appear out I think air?

"Saviour! Saviour! Saviour!"

Landon & Pirates: " _ "

.

'System, you come out now!

What the hell is going on?'

'The system does know the reason for their behaviour, but the host will have to ask them for himself.

All the host has to know is that these people are highly favoured and blessed by several Gods.'

'... System, why is it that your explanation makes me even more confused?'

'The system doesn't know what the host is talking about.'

'Uggh...'

Forget it!

It was better to handle the situation at hand now.

From the moment Landon appeared till now, only 2 minutes and a few seconds had gone by.

The pirates also woke up from their shock.

They called down and realized that this assassin was just a single person, so what was there to worry about?

Heh... Did he want to rescue these people?

No way!

They were their treasures.

Finders keepers pal!

The pirates were red with fury, but Landon's attention was on something else.

And that was keeping all his visitors alive and well.

.

"That's right.

I'm here to save them.

So if a single hair from their head goes missing, then I won't show any of you mercy."

--silence--

The pirates looked at Landon as if they were looking at a fool.

How dare he threaten them?

Did he know who they were?

Their Captain had over 85 ships scattered across the seas, with 2 island bases.

They were one of the fiercest pirates around these parts.

So wasn't he a fool to threaten them?

"Ho?

Brothers, did you hear him?

Apparently, he can take a fleet of 5 down all on his own."

Captain Longbeard sneered at the assassin's idiocy.

"Hmph!

What big words for such a tiny person.

Since you dared to threaten us, then you should be able to back it up right?

Let's start with 200 men first, aye?

Hmhm... That settles it!

200 of you will take him down while the rest will continue dealing with these dark-skinned people.

Remember, don't overly damage the merchandise."

"Eye-eye- Captain!"

"Good!"

Longbeard looked at Landon coldly.

To think that this little imp wouldn't even put him in his eyes.

Even the famous Pirate, Captain Smoke Eyes had to think twice before saying anything to him.

So how dare this twerp undermine him?

If he didn't beat this piece of sh**, then he wasn't the famous Whitebeard!... (Longbeard was the nickname Lucia gave him in her mind.)

He had already decided to capture the bastard and take him to his island base of torture.

No one belittles Whitebeard and gets away with it.

No one!

Chapter 789 - Mr. Assassin To The Rescue

Whitebeard didn't even glance at the-soon-to-be dead assassin when giving out his command.

And in the next second, hundreds of people ran towards Landon in flash.

Looking at their movements, even if Lucia and the rest didn't understand the language, they could tell that these shameless pirates were unfairly targeting their saviour.

Panic spread through their hearts, as they felt that even if he was their saviour... he was human too.

So how can he handle all the men without sustaining any injuries?

They tried to help their saviour, but the enemies before them didn't even give them a chance, as they also engaged them in battle.

"You shameless bastards!

How dare you gang up on it saviour?"

"Yeah!

If you all are so tough, then why don't you fight one at a time?

Despicable!"

They angrily fought while releasing their dissatisfaction on the matter.

How was any of his fair?

They quickly turned their anger into motivation and fought with all their might.

As for Landon, he was like the wind.

His every move and strike was a terrifying one that instantly killed his opponents.

'Peu! Peu! Peu!'

The enemies dropped like flies in shock and confusion.

What the hell was going on?

Landon didn't even give them time to think, as he released several bullets from his silencers towards their vital parts.

The fortunate men only felt a sharp unbearable pain that seemed to firmly grip their heart as if trying to squish it mercilessly.

What sort of feeling was this?

They had never felt like this before.

Even sword injuries don't feel like this.

So what magical things injured them from those black sticks?

At this point, everything was a mystery to them.

Their bodies turned cold and their breathing began heavy.

Everyone felt stumped.

F***!

With this kind of weapon, how were they supposed to fight?

After being hit, it didn't even take up a second before they became lifeless.

They had been shot right in the skull, hearts and other quick-death regions.

How can this be happening?

.

Lucia, who had been standing in the middle of a circular pile of dead bodies, had been utterly astonished.

That is, Landon had built a fort with the dead to keep her safe.

He would kill and throw their bodies in the air as if they were tiny pebbles of stone.

What was more miraculous was that the bodies landed the way he wanted them to.

And all his time, he had been fighting around the fort he had just built.

Lucia wanted to fight, but Landon refused because she would only be dragging him down since she was already injured.

She had been brutally kicked in the belly and also had several sharp sword wounds on her body.

So she wasn't in the right conditions for battle.

All she could do now was anxiously pray that everything went well.

And like a tornado, Landon uprooted everything in his path.

'Chack! Chack!'

Dammit!

He was out of bullets.

He looked at the many incoming enemies and quickly took action.

"Die!!!"

'Swish!'

Landon ducked, causing the enemy to accidentally stab an already dead enemy on the fort's wall.

"You good-for-nothing son of a b**ch!

Why won't you just die?"

'Swish! Swish! Swish! Swish!'

Landon continued dodging the attacks from his enemies while reloading his silencers.

And when he was done, he smiled broadly.

That smile from him made his enemies shudder.

"You!

What the hell are you trying to do?

How dare you look at me in that way?

Die!!!"

'Peu! Peu! Peu! Peu!'

(:TTOTT:)

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More bullets rained on the scene, causing those who saw this to subconsciously step back in fear.

Lucia's men watched everything in awe and surprise.

As expected of their saviour, he wasn't an ordinary person.

And what was up with his immense strength?

What sort of warrior training had he undergone?

While Lucia's men felt the flames of hope in them grow fiercely, the pirates felt the opposite instead.

Whitebeard grabbed the railings of his ship angrily, as he watched everything unfold.

Who exactly was this assassin?

"I underestimated this rogue.

Nonetheless, his stamina should have gone down now.

So it's only a matter of time before he falls.

And when that happens, we'll have him right where we want.

So be prepared.

I don't believe that he will be able to take us all."

"Yes, Captain."

Whitebeard stroked his white long curly beard while patiently waiting for Landon to break down just as planned.

They had 5 sh.i.p.s in total with at least 400 men in each ship (excluding the chained up slaves who were supposed to row the h.i.p.s).

So they had roughly 2000 warriors on board.

As for Lucia and her men, they had lost so many people after leaving their home.

And now, they only had a little over 800 people that survived.

And presently, the pirates had already taken one of their lives, dwindling their numbers down to 400.

Of course, they too had killed several pirates as well.

But the pirates still outnumbered them.

So Whitebeard felt like they could still win this.

With time, he felt like both Landon and these dark-skinned people would lose their stamina.

But he soon found out that he was completely wrong.

Especially in the case of this arrogant assassin.

.

As time flew by, Whitebeard's confident smile began cracking slowly.

This wasn't possible.

He opened his eyes wide in disbelief.

Was he seeing this right?

Just one person had killed over 500 men in such a short period?

How?

If you had this still, then aren't you the equivalent of an entire army alone?

The battleground soon evened up, and later became advantageous to Lucia and her men since they now outnumbered the pirates.

Sure enough, the table-turning technique of their Saviour was too inconceivable.

"Die!"

'Peu!' 'Peu!'

"No! No!"

You're clearly cheating!

How are we supposed to fight against this?"

'Peu!'

"You tell us the truth, are you human?"

'Peu!'

"My name is Farshaw.

Remember my name because I will be the one to end... Ahhhh!'

'Peu! Peu! Peu! Peu!'

(X_X)

Chapter 790 - Whitebeard's Delimma

'Peu! Peu! Peu! Peu! Peu!'

"Ahhhhh!!!"

'Bam!'

(T^T)

The pirates felt unwilling and helpless, as they fell to their defeat.

Who did it turn out this way?

"No! No! No!"

Impossible!

This isn't real!

How can you alone take down so many people?"

Whitebeard gripped his beard tightly while watching his men fall in agony.

How can the men that he has trained for so long die just like that?

They hadn't even displayed their skills before they were taken out.

How did the assassin do it?

Whitebeard felt like he was slowly losing his mind just from thinking alone.

He felt like even he might not be this assassin's equal.

So if this bastard continued like this, then he might end up dying.

And how could he be willing to leave all his worth behind?

He was the 4th ranked pirate leader of the known seas, out of hundreds and thousands of new and old pirate leaders who had their own sh.i.p.s and crews.

Many people wanted his death so that they could take his place and gain wealth from tge pirate organization.

That's right!

They as pirates own nearly all islands around the known waters.

(* Known because they haven't travelled the entire world yet. So they still hadn't passed through some oceans and seas)

Still, the organization is huge, and already has a base in the continent of Morgany.

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Ages ago, their ancestors wanted to conquer Deiferus and claimed it as their new base.

But some stupid temple named the Temple of Dragmus betrayed them.

Yes!

They had a partnership deal with the temple and had even agreed to split the Deiferus with the temple.

So without a doubt, their plans had been shared with the temple since they were allies.

But who would've known that the temple would betray them by taking out many of the forces?

Funny enough, the temple was actually weak at that time.

So they only won because they knew all their plans and strategies properly.

And the stupid deiferus rulers now became grateful to the temple.

So at that time when they get in defeat, a small group of pirates settled in one of the embodies in the continent of Morgany.

And with time, the pirate association was formed.

It was now equivalent to a big noble clan in that empire.

The rulers allowed them to develop, but not to get too strong.

So they resorted to claiming 70% of the islands for their hidden operations and bases.

The pirate organization had pirates from several known empires from different continents.

One should know that the languages spoken within some continents were very similar to others.

Just like how Spanish speaking people could somewhat understand French, Italian and even Portuguese... Or how English is similar to Scots (Scottish language), the same could be said for some continents within the Hertfilian world.

Pyron, Veinit (language in Continent of Veinitta), Morg (continent of Morgany) we're 80~90 similar.

That said, the pirates within these empires formed their association with little to no language barriers.

So one could imagine how huge the association was.

And Whitebeard who was ranked the 4th on the list, no doubt received a lot of wealth.

So how could he be willing to die and let everything that he had suffered for slip away?

.

Numerous thoughts went through his mind in a flash.

What should he do?

What should he do?

Was he going to stay here and die or escape?

A hundred years wasn't too late for someone to get revenge.

So wasn't it better for him to retreat?

As for his reputation, who would know about it if he didn't say anything?

He wasn't worried about his men gossiping because they too were in the same pot with him.

The more prestige, fame and wealth he had, the more they too had.

And even if they switched, no one powerful will take them in because no one trusts snitches.

If they could betray their former boss because of greed or extra coins, then they could also betray their current Captain too.

Bottom line, their faith was now closely tied with Whitebeard.

"Retreat!

Retreat!

Get the slaves to start pulling us away!"

The moment the pirates heard Whitebeard, they almost cried with joy.

Just look at their situation?

Did it look like they still had hope against this diabolical monster?

They almost screamed and jumped in cheers.

Many tried to carry their injured bodies along, but how could Landon let anyone escape?

.

Like lightning, he ran like a samurai, cutting everything in his path... Except he did so with his silencers.

As expected, his primary target was Whitebeard.

He ran across the deck and jumped onto Whitebeard's ship and landed in a cool manner with both guns in his hands.

'Bam!'

--silence--

' '

"Protect the Captain!!"

People started jumping down from the sails in the air, while others rushed towards him like crazy.

And amidst all the chaos, Landon didn't even flinch.

What could they do to him?

He aimed and rapidly fired several shots at them.

'Peu! Peu!'

Everyone's legs went soft and turned into jelly from fright.

Some secretly swore that if they did manage to escape, they would never play along the dangerous waters near Baymard and Arcadina.

Who would want to go against this sort of enemy?

"Ahhhhhh!!!!!"

Both guns fired at the same time, causing the enemies to m.o.a.n pitifully.

Whitebeard looked at everything and quickly ran away for his dear life.

And as he ran, he kept pushing people away while printing towards Landon in panic.

"Kill him!

Kill him!

Kill him for me!!"

Whitebeard accidentally fell but didn't feel the pain at all.

He kept running, hitting others and falling all through till he successfully locked himself up in his massive bedroom.

Those who had seen him earlier couldn't help but be in a daze a little because they had never seen their Captain get this fl.u.s.tered up.

He looked dishevelled as if he was running from a ghost.

If even their Captain succ.u.mbed to defeat, then who were they?

His appearance and actions only caused their fear for the enemy to grow even stronger.

But who sent them to be on the losing end of things, they had no choice but to fight!

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The battle went on with Lucia's men also dealing with the remaining pirates on the other ship.

These pirates only retreated because they were now way less in number than Lucia's team.

So they were now easily overpowered and taken out.

Landon dealt with all enemies on board the ship he was currently in, before slowly advancing towards Whitebeard's bedroom up the stairs.

'Bam!

He shattered the door and slowly walked in and quickly looked around it carefully.

The bastard wasn't in the closet, on the ceiling, under the bed, on the balcony, or within any other visible parts.

He was sure that Whitebeard made his way here.

And more proof was that the door had been locked from the inside.

So he could only be hiding someplace within the room.

Landon touched all the curtains and poked on the bed too.

'Crack! Crack! Creek..'

'Creek!'

Creek?

What happened to the 'Crack' sound from earlier on?

Landon moved around the entire room and the wooden floor on this particular area squeaked differently.

'Creek!'

A trap door?