

## TECHNOLOGY 801

### Chapter 801 - Check-Up

Just like that, 5 days went by in a flash with the Zalipnians settling down.

They had watched a lot of shows on the cathode ray tvs and were very pleased.

Speaking of T.Vs, they were in themselves simple computers.

Just like calculators or even photocopying machines, they operated on simpler functions and didn't weren't as complex as laptops that had google and whatnot.

Tvs just focused on a few functions like On, Off, volume and so on.

Therefore, these cathode ray tvs were easy to make... At least to the Baymardians who had been making calculators, radios and photocopying machines.

Anyway, Tvs were already a part of Baymard and were used for news and whatnot.

And Lucia and the rest had enjoyed shows like Merlin and fear factor.

To them, the fat boxy T.V was truly extraordinary.

That said, the Zalipnians didn't spend all their time must watching Tv.

For the last 5 days, they applied for their Visas, started learning Pyno and had their medical check-up done.

As for the matter of their check-up, Landon found their reactions somewhat funny, especially when it came to their check-in results.

Their results were no joke.

Many needed minor/major surgeries and recuperation, as the old wounds that they had acquired throughout their journey were intense... their muscles had been strained and their bodies were overall tired.

Nutrients and other factors needed to be pumped into their bodies.

From what he understood, there was a period in their journey where they battled for 3 months straight almost every day.

And many of their men, sh.i.p.s and belongings were lost.

And the moment spring came, they sailed out of that island and fled for their lives.

They were first chased by another bunch of pirates who wanted revenge against the many pirates they killed on that island.

So they had been Wanted fugitives on the waters.

It was truly miraculous that they were here.

Again, at sea, the atmosphere was different, and with no fresh foods, fruits or anything else to give them constant nutrients, many ate stale food that caused sickness instead.

The only thing they ate daily was fish.

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Additionally, their rum and freshwater ran out, leaving them to drink salty ocean water which had other microbes and bacteria in them.

One should know that before voyages, they usually filled barrels with fresh stream waters that had been boiled up.

Streams and river water weren't salty so they were typically the best water sources for many.

But the water from the ocean made them feel like they were chugging down several spoons of salt instead.

So many factors contributed to their ill health while travelling here.

And now after everyone did their check-ups, the doctor told them what their best plan of action should be.

That said, since there were too many of them that needed several surgical procedures, the doctor decided to have them schedule their surgical appointments immediately.

But that was the issue here.

They weren't willing... At least not now.

What a joke!

They haven't even explored the city to their heart's content, and the doctor was telling them that after the surgery, they might have to stay in bed for months?

Forget it!

Let them finish their exploration before forcing them to bed.

No way!

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"Your highness'.

As your subordinates, how can we boom the first surgeries and allow you to wait while in pain?"

"Yeah your highness'

Seeing you hurt makes us feel hurt as well.

So wouldn't we be seen as uncaring if we go first and let you all suffer?"

"I agree your highness'

Please, who first."

Everyone shook their heads and looked at Jarvis, Andrew and Lucia pitifully.

They looked like they were showing filial love towards the Zalipnian royals.

One of Andrew's aides stepped forward.

"Your highness'

It is our duty to protect you all.

So for the sake of his majesty and the queen back in Zalipnia, we cannot watch you continue to live in pain.

Why, just last night, I couldn't sleep because I was thinking about your conditions.

That's why..."

'Crip!'

(°0°)

--silence--

Everyone glanced on the floor to see what was dropped.

It was a pamphlet on the city's touristic sights.

Andrew and Jarvis's mouths twitched.

For our own good aye?

Then why does it seem like you all are rushing us towards the hospital so that you can go out and play?

And what do you mean that you couldn't sleep because you were worrying about our conditions?

Are you sure it wasn't because you were watching the T.V?

Who are you all trying to fool?

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The 37-year-old aide quickly picked up the pamphlet and coughed awkwardly.

"Your highness'

As I said, it's for your own good."

Immediately, many others agreed as well.

"Yes your highness'

We are doing it because we want you to get well."

(^Δ^)

As the men spoke, Lucia was quite amused by their ability to turn white to black.

Why hadn't she noticed that they had this sort of skills?

It was quite funny.

Well, she didn't blame them because she too would've done the same.

Andrew and Javis just smiled while watching everyone jump around and express themselves passionately.

"Alright!

We as royals understand your worries.

But it's because of your love and care that our consciences wouldn't allow us to sleep well knowing that you all are injured.

That's why we took our time out to schedule a list with the doctors for everyone.

So tomorrow, the first group will go for their operation.

And tomorrow, the next group will go as well.

We as royals are responsible for your lives.

So how can we go for treatment without ensuring that everyone has been treated?

That's why we had decided to be the last group of people going for treatment.

Now, here's the list.

Tomorrow, the first set of people will go to the hospital at their scheduled time.

Aren't you all happy?"

" - "

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Happy?

How could they be happy?

Your highness'

Aren't you all using the same excuse as we did?

As royals, how can you be so shameless?

Everyone felt helpless and nervous as they looked at the list.

Some wanted to cry when they saw their names appear early.

While others jumped in excitement instead.

Very quickly, they looked at their names and strategized about what attraction they could see before they went for treatment and recuperation.

As for Lucia, she didn't need any major surgeries.

She mostly had swollen regions on her body from punches and kicks from her enemies.

Maybe it was because she was a beautiful girl who the enemy always underestimated.

So because of this, the enemy typically teased her and hardly had any intention to actually stab her to death.

Everyone that she had encountered during this journey had looked at her lustfully and seemed to be determined to have her as a bed mate instead.

And because they took her as weak, many had died under her calculations.

They had greater raw strength, but she had brains.

She can't remember how many people had field because she kicked the thing between their legs hard.

It might be foul play and too vulgar for a lady to do.

But anything goes in war, so she wasn't all that embarrassed.

That said, she was in better condition than her brothers and almost everyone else.

So she didn't need surgery, just treatment for her bruised belly, arms and thighs.

Luckily, she was dark in complexion and it was easier for her to hide them.

Plus, her clothes covered those regions, so she wasn't worried about it getting exposed.

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Everyone checked their names in the list diligently.

And everything else was said and done, Jarvis, Andrew and Lucia went to Landon's office.

It was time to get serious.

### **Chapter 802 - Treason!**

"Good morning brother Landon."

(^\_^)

Lucia strolled into Landon's office merrily and sat down on the couch.

Her brothers of course were right behind her.

"Brother Landon.

Words can never express our gratitude towards you and your family for taking care of us so well.

I have to say, your home (empire) is very lovely and warm."

"Thank you," Landon said with a broad smile on his face.

Seeing them comfortable and happy, also made him calm and pleased as well.

After all, they were the people that the system had asked him to take care of.

So their emotions were linked to his mission.

Is, it would make things easier when signing the treaty in future.

This was what many would call, planning ahead.

Landon took a sip from his coffee calmly.

"You all said that you wanted to know more about the temple of Adonis right?"

Well then, I'll give you all a detailed rundown of who they are and what they stand for." Landon said sternly, as he began talking about the temple.

Everyone's expression turned cold the more Landon spoke.

Dammit!

What sort of beasts were these people?

Everything about their deeds and beliefs made their hearts icy.

Andrew gripped his chair cushion angrily.

These people had to be stopped once and for all.

"Brother Landon, thank you for agreeing to our request."

"Hey, enough with the thanking alright?"

I'm already your brother, so how can I watch you all suffer without extending a helping hand?"

Don't worry, we'll get to Zalipnia before March as scheduled."

Everyone looked at Landon warmly.

"Thank you, brother!"

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One should know that typically, even if they left now on a regular ship, they would arrive sometime in March of next year.

But Landon had promised them that they would travel on January 5th and arrive around mid-February, which was earlier than they anticipated.

It all sounded miraculous to them.

But after seeing everything within Baymard, they firmly believed it to be true.

Additionally, it wasn't advisable for them to travel with so many injuries as they could meet pirates and other dangers out there.

More still, they had to be in fighting condition for the battle ahead when they got back home.

So Landon's plan of letting them recuperate and travel in January was the best option.

Seeing that their worries had faded a bit, Landon began discussing the Zalipnian treaty with them.

Of course, none of them could sign it since the system required it to be their father, the current ruler of Zalipnia.

But he wanted them to see the benefits of it all.

Plus, wouldn't it be good if they also got transport sh.i.p.s that took them to and fro Zalipnia?

From education to crime, agriculture and whatnot, they had a lot to benefit from the treaty.

More than ever, he would be pleased to welcome them to the U.N (United Nations) team.

All 4 discussed for a bit before calling it quits.

With the Zalipnians properly settled, Landon once again focused on Baymard's development.

And while all this was going on... Far away from here, troubles continued to crew one by one.

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--The Capital City, Arcadina--

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In a very spacious office, William was currently having a meeting with a few of his men.

As expected, nothing ever went as smoothly as ge planned.

Of course, he was prepared for whatever troubles were ahead.

He frowned and tapped his fingers on the table thoughtfully: "Reddit, have the letters been written and stamped yet?"

"Your majesty, it has been done."

"Good!

Bring them to my office later in the day."

William thought about the letters and secretly sighed from relief.

A few days back, Landon had visited him once again and had spoken about this weather thing with him.

He planned to slowly write the letters inviting those on the list to go to Baymard.

But Landon literally held him at sword-point, hurrying him up to begin writing the letters.

The list was so long because Arcadina had over 30,000 cities, towns and villages.

At least one person from all cities and some towns would be invited.

And at most 10 people from a single place were invited as well.

Just from a single glance, William knew that there were at least 40,000 people on the list.

So within these few days, he got 200 people to write these letters, stamp them with the royal seal, and cross-check it, making sure that all names on that list had letters.

Landon told him that tomorrow night, he would come and pick the letters up.

So everything needed to be ready before then.

William knew that this project was a world-changing one.

Even the royal astronomer couldn't sit still.

Additionally, when Landon said that all empires would be involved, there was no way that William wouldn't participate in it.

As Landon had said, this was a historical moment and his name would once again be added into the history books.

So of course he was willing to participate.

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"Your majesty, we'll send everything to your office right away."

"Good.

And don't forget to send the list back as well, Reddit."

"Yes your majesty"

William nodded and turned his attention towards another person.

"Collins, how far have you all gone in taking care of that matter?"

"Replying to his majesty, as planned, we have set up an office just near the palace for human rights.

And as it stands we have gotten hundreds, if not thousands of reports, thanks, and complaints already.

Many slaves are currently registering their new identities as citizens.

Some have been successful, while others haven't because many nobles don't want to release their slaves or pay them.

They're insinuating that we are partial to the slaves.

And are requesting that we buy them back instead if we truly want them to be free.

Your majesty, they've even gone as far as secretly electing another King to usurp the throne."

'Bam!'



Reddit slapped the table hard in fury.

How dare they?

This was mutiny!

The air turned frosty, as everyone was in rage

But unlike the rest, William didn't show any signs of shock or disbelief.

Rather, he chuckled coldly.

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"Oh?

So it's treason, aye?

How bold!

Heheheheh.

I already knew of their plans.

I heard that they called me a paper Hangol, and even insinuated that it was by luck that I could capture Alec and become ruler.

Heh...only a fool will take a Bear's meekness for weakness.

That I'm kind to the less privileged, doesn't make me weak!

But since they want to play so much, then who am I to disappoint?

Hahahhahahaha!

Things are really getting interesting"

## **Chapter 803 - Treason 2**

"Heheheheheh!

William laughed at the thoughts of those old idiots.

They were so greedy that they didn't even understand that oppressing people in this manner could have backlashes in the future.

Forget about the backlash, what about the poor imminent people who were treated worse than dogs?

Where was their compassion?

William couldn't bring himself to allow others to go the way they did.

He had once gone undercover and lived like a slave for 8 whole months.

Once, he and his slave friends are leftover soft bones from the dogs.

And if they were too hungry, they had no choice but to sneak into the garden area and pluck apples and other fruits from the trees.

This was dangerous because if they were caught, they would be whipped or beaten to death for theft.

But what could they do, they were just too hungry.

Slaves weren't seen as humans, so no one truly cared for them.

They died like flies from overwork, malnutrition and other issues.

Of course, there were still times that they had enough food to eat as well.

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Slaves who were loved or highly favoured by their masters lived well.

It was just that no one knew the mood swings of their noble owners.

In short, their lives were in the hands of their masters.

If they failed to poison someone or even serve a dish that their masters hated, then they would get punished.

Sometimes, even if they were r.a.p.ed or framed, no one would stand by their sides.

Their lives were in their master's hands, and anything could happen.

So they lived in constant fear and bondage.

Remembering his time in that manor, William couldn't help but scoff at these complaints.

Why would he buy the slaves back?

Those people have worked ways more than the original place that they had been bought off.

So instead, it should be the nobles paying them the difference.

Yet these people dared to argue with him?

Hmph!

He wasn't going to change his mind.

Slavery was banned, and that was that!

The slaves were all free to go.

And if they chose to stay, then they should be paid.

That's why he had sent specific teams of people to go from house to house monitoring everything.

He wouldn't leave any stone unturned.

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Reddit scoffed at the thinking of these nobles.

"Your majesty, I don't know what these nobles are thinking.

But I for one like this change.

Currently, we've already begun registering, hiring and training some of the learned slaves as traffic control officers, garbage management workers, gardeners, and so on.

In fact, even the illiterate slaves were also hired for basic jobs too.

And from a single glance, clear to see how clean the air in the city is.

And all this is because of the changes that have been enforced.

Now littering and throwing garbage and dead bodies on the roads and surroundings was a crime.

Bit by bit, a certain pattern of order had been realized.

And as the days go by, everything's coming together nicely.

This Liberation for the slaves has made them more enthusiastic, happy and loyal to Arcadina.

They now want to work, earn a living and stay in the empire.

In this way, the population will constantly remain steady.

You're right your majesty.

Happy people mean a happy empire.

Because even if these slaves and peasants didn't retaliate now, in future, maybe hundreds of years from now, they might riot and cause major havoc and wars.

Which was only right, because they have been treated like dirt up until now.

That's why it was good to correct these issues now.

More than that, we have all worked as slaves and seen their struggles too.

We understand their plight and am also willing to better their lives.

So we fully support these changes."

Collins nodded in agreement as well.

All of them had been working with William since he was a toddler, so they, who used to be outcasts, also understood the struggles of these slaves.

So the new rules had to stay.

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William had never even thought of changing the rules just because the nobles didn't want to stop maltreating people.

One had to come up with a good reason for changing the rules, not some wack excuse.

Besides, he had already signed the treaty with Baynard.

So Arcadina had to abide by the agreed rules.

Be it human rights, corruption and other major concerns... All of them had to go.

And the happiest people who embraced this new way of living were the peasants and slaves.

But as expected, many of these old fogies felt that it was an insult for these slaves to live good lives after leaving them.

More importantly, if the slaves left, then who would manage their grand manors and estates?

The option of paying their wages was totally out of the question!

So what do they do?

Many of them were against it all and secretly called William a paper hangol who was weak.

They even made up a lot of stories about how Alec had 'accidentally gotten caught and died.

The stories had circulated around the Capital so much that many began believing that it must've been luck that made William their king.

So many started forming an opposition party that secretly reflected a new ruler who would bring back the old good times.

Change was something that many hated, and they were amongst those.

William knew that changing his empire would be hard.

But he wasn't worried.

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One should know that the population of both the slaves and the peasants made up more than 85% of Arcadina's population.

And this group was willing and ready to accept change.

It was the other percent of aristocrats and nobles that were adamant.

But even at that, within the nobles, many also welcome the change with open arms.

So if one analyzed it properly, it all boiled down to him changing the group of nobles who refuse to be civilized human beings.

Why were they so happy to torture and treat people badly?

Honestly, he started to think that these people might have some mental issues.

Well, whatever the problem was, he would beat them to acceptance if necessary.

And since they even went as far as to re-elect a new ruler while planning to take him down, then he can only shed tears for them.

Because there was no way that he would lose.

So since they started this game, they better come at him with everything that they had.

Because just like them, he too had made some preparations.

He had already prepared a special gift for them and had even gone as far as calling a special guest to deliver it to them.

And that special guest should be here any moment from now.

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William continued his meeting before someone came in and whispered into his ears.

"Alright.

Meeting adjourned.

We will pick this up tomorrow, same time."

"Yes, your majesty."

With that, everyone left.

And soon, a tall burly figure walked in with a mask on his face.

William smiled warmly: "Uncle, you're here."

"Of course!

How can I miss this opportunity to play?"

The masked man smiled mysteriously underneath his mask.

And who was he?

Why, he was none other than the famous top-ranked assassin in Arcadina, Mr. Death.

#### **Chapter 804 - Marlo Jones, A.K.A, The Baker!**

Death lay on the couch in a relaxed manner while grabbing an apple from the fruit tray at the center of the table.

He looked so chill as if this was his own office.

William was already used to Death's laid-back personality.

This uncle of his used to be his father's subordinate.

And after he came of age, his father assigned Mr. Death under him to be his biggest hidden force within Arcadina.

'Crunch!'

Death chewed in his apple playfully.

"Young master, one my way here, I heard some very amusing news.

So seeing that you sent for me, I take it you want me to deal with your best problems right?"

William looked at him and smiled broadly.

"Uncle, some people think that I'm just here for show.

So what else can I do?

They were so quick to forget that I personally executed Alec and some other nobles a few months ago.

Now, they even dared to call me a paper hangol thinking that I was just lucky.

Sure, the Baymardians aided me a lot.

But they are not my opponents."

Death stared at William and smiled mysteriously.

"Young master, say no more.

I'll take care of it.

But I just want to ask, how much fun can I have with them?"

"Uncle, you can play to your heart's content.

But you can't kill them.

Anything else goes, provided you don't kill them or disable them."

"Young master, when did I say that I'll kill them?

When have I ever been so bad?

I'm a law-abiding citizen who just wants to play with them a bit.

So how am I bad?

That said, when can I start?"

" "

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Law-abiding citizen?

'Pui!'

Death's smile truly resembled that of a devil's right now.

He couldn't wait to play with his new toys.

Sigh, it has been so long since he had interesting toys like prince Connor and the late prince James.

Hopefully, this batch of people were as exciting as the previous ones.

Obviously, as his young master had ordered, he wouldn't kill them.

But what he would do would still make them wish that they were dead instead.

Heh-heh-heh!

William shook his head and looked at Death helplessly.

He could only secretly light up candles in his heart for those nobles.

He more than anyone else knew what his uncle was capable of.

He was already too busy to fully concentrate on those idiots.

So with Death's aid, all he had to do was sit and wait for the results.

William and Death discussed for a bit more, before finally ending their little meeting.

William had noticed too many issues that needed to be cut from the roots.

Of course, he wasn't the only one facing such dilemmas.

Far away, someone else was in a bind as well.

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--Capital City, Baymard--

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In a large waiting room, 2 soldiers were currently seated there patiently.

One crossed his arms and closed his eyes, while the other took out a book to read.

And all that could be heard was the sounds of the loud wall clock.

'Tic-Toc-Tic-Toc'

Both soldiers sat in absolute silence.

And soon, the steady sounds of footsteps disrupted the clock's musical piece.

The soldier who was reading a book closed it, while the other opened his eyes to take a look.

"Captain Phill, Captain Beatrice, your majesty will see you now.

Please follow me."

Both soldiers stood up in a flash and made their way towards Landon's office.

Why were they here?

To deliver messages from Terique.

That's right.

They were part of the group that was assigned to deliver messages to and fro Terique.

After this, another team will pick up the task of delivering messages for a short while.

30% of the soldiers would pick up such tasks at least once a year, based on the scheduling.

Some might only have the opportunity to take such missions next year or the year before that.

These missions were ranked highly because letters and other secrets are traded by the rulers from one empire to another.

So if it falls into the wrong hands, then it could be too disastrous.

Anyway, message delivery was fast because the soldiers used both the sh.i.p.s and army trucks to get them to the Capital cities of Terique and Arcadina.

Currently, a team of 12 were sent to Terique to deliver some messages to Micheal, as well as to the soldiers that were sent there to aid Micheal in cleaning up Terique.

So now that the message delivering team was back, Landon expected to receive the replies and reports from those in Terique.

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Both soldiers silently followed one of Landon's secretaries, until they were right before his door.

To put it more simply, they were now standing in a mini-office that was meant for secretaries.

And apart from the one leading them, there were 2 more secretaries there.

The one leading them first went into his majesty's office for a bit before ushering them in.

And the moment they were in the presence of his majesty, they gave a proud military salute, presented the mail and stood there silently with their hands behind their backs.

"Good job!

You're dismissed."

"Yes sir!"

With that, the soldiers left the room.

Landon calmly opened the first few letters and read them.

It was mostly about the progress of things so far.

Once more Landon was happy that Baymard was getting richer.

With Nopline dead, his mountains of wealth in all his numerous estates within Terique would be shared between Terique and Baymard.



And as agreed upon, Baymard would take 65%, and the rest would be left for the Terique government to loot.

At first glance, it might seem unfair to Terique, but was it really?

Firstly, Nopline wasn't the only one who got killed or executed.

There was Kamara and Micheal's brother, John.

One should know that these 2 also had secret bases around the empire too.

But Landon had decided not to take anything property from them because he believed that their wealth should go to Micheal since it was his late ex-wife and late brother they are talking about here.

So Micheal had the right to inherit it

Of course, he and Micheal also agreed to give John's current wife some money as well.

The poor woman had suffered alone for all these years.

Ever since she married John decades ago, John had never touched her.

He only married her for pretense while still seeing Kamara.

So the woman had never born a child for John.

She was just an innocent widow who turned into John's punching bag.

It was only right that she kept the main estate and some of the wealth.

As for the wages of the guards and servants, Micheal agreed to pay them until she decided to remarry or decline his offer because of a job or something like that.

Again, apart from that one estate, all the other estates belonging to Kamara and John would also belong to Micheal as government property.

Essentially, Baymard was the one getting the short end of the stick here.

So Michael gave them 60% of Nopline's monetary wealth as compensation.

But all his estates, sh.i.p.s, properties and land will belong to Terique, including that 40% of his treasures.

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Landon finished reading several more letters until he stumbled upon the last one.

His expression turned serious after reading it.

His hands trembled violently just picturing what he read.

This was truly a cruel and sick world.

Well, he better get someone to deal with this right away.

With that, Landon picked up his phone to call the barracks.

'Not so fast host.'

'Ding!'

'New side mission: Capture Marlo Jones, A.K.A The Baker.

Reward: all Knowledge on Forensic Facial Reconstruction.

Punishment: Death.

Deadline: 1 month.

Note: This is the deadliest psychopath within the Pyno continent and is more deadly than any of those in the Host's prison.

Mind you host, he is also one of the smartest.

So this system wishes you good luck, because you're going to need all of it.'

--silence--

'System, you're doing it on purpose, aren't you?'

'Host, why can't this system understand you?'

This system is just sending out missions as planned, so whatever do you mean?'

Landon was really at loss with such a shameless lying system.

(>\_-)

'system, do I look like a child to you?'

You're definitely doing it on purpose.'

'Host, do I strike you like such a system?'

If you have evidence them sue me!

If not, just go do your mission.

This system has a clear conscience and has nothing to hide.

So this system is innocent and has nothing else to say.'

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Landon retracted his hands from his office phone and looked heavenward.

One day he would really sue this bloody system.

He definitely had an enemy in the heavens.

Or else how could he be stuck with such a system?'

It just wasn't fair!

### **Chapter 805 - Magoon Island**

Landon sighed and quickly accepted his fate, even though he wanted nothing more than to choke the bloody system to death.

Why was it trying to make his time in this world hard?

Presently, he had a lot of work to do here in Baymard, not to talk of the fact that he had special guests over.

Additionally, this was the last week of August, meaning he just had 3 more weeks before setting off for his other mission in Deiferus.

According to the system, Julius Tudor would soon die and he had to safely put Henry on the throne.

And that wouldn't be easy, since most of his siblings were all hard nuts to crack.

Funny enough, immediately after that, he had to attend Penelope and Santa's wedding in Carona.

The day Julius died, was just 5 days away from the grand wedding.

The system was trying to kill him here, seeing that he had been robbed of his time.

And now, he had an additional mission before even setting off for the mission in Deiferus.

He could only squeeze family time between the gaps.

But what about his one time for relaxation?

His time was now fixed between family, missions, empire development, and so on.

But what about his vacation time for pure relaxation?

The system was clearly out to get him!

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When he thought about the fact that he would be journeying to thousands of worlds with this same system, he felt like crying.

He was stuck with this bastard for a very, very, very, long time.

Who could be more pitiful than him?

'Pap!'

He rubbed his face helplessly and gave himself a little spanking on his cheeks to cheer him up.

Feeling a bit better, he hastily entered his time capsule and began writing down all the information that the system had given him about his target.

Of course, those in Terique have provided 60% of information about Marlo Jones, A.K.A The Baker.

So he just blended all the information needed for his mission.

From there he made his way towards the barracks.

He had to show and discuss it all with Lucius and the other military personnels.

And the earlier they got it done, the faster he could start selecting his team who would join him on this mission.

He was in a rush!

He had to carry this mission out fast, before setting out with another team towards Deiferus as well.

So there was no time.

And while he was preparing for his mission, The Baker had other things in mind.

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--Magoon Island, Found Between Arcadina and Terique--

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On a large island that belonged to the mighty Pirate organization, 3 main forces/ pirate Captains ruled the islands.

They were all under the top 20 strongest Pirates and had been awarded their own territories to develop their forces even further.

After all, the bigger they were, the more victorious their missions from the organization would be.

The island in itself was a huge one.

At times, one might look at the map and think that it was small.

But just like other Caribbean island countries like Jamaica, The Bahamas and others back on earth, the island itself was big enough to support many others.

That said, not all regions on the island had been used it given out by the organization.

They only gave out 15% of the island to those 3 pirate Captains.

The other 85% were kept for future pirates who performed exceptionally well.

And if any of the pirate Captains on the island died, the land allocated to them would once again belong to the organization and their crew would be absorbed and sent/assigned to different crews or captains.

They could also be sent to the main base in the continent of Morgany or given to new promising pirates as well.

That said, only 15% of the land was in full use, while the other percentage was left as a jungle for exploration and defence against invaders.

No one knew this island more than the pirates, so many who tried to take them down in their own land died without even knowing it.

The sinking swamps and deadly environment showed the invaders that they were dealing with something that was beyond their scope.

The island of Magoon was pirate territory, and not just anyone could waltz in as they damned pleased.

That's why the pirates took turns in setting up traps all over the island.

Plus, they had nature to look out for them as well.

Even though these pirates always looked like they were high off enjoyment, make no mistake, they were always ready for action!

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Today, the island was lively as always.

Some pirates went deep into the forest to gather fruits and food, while others went to the highest point of the island that gave them a 360-degree view of the place.

Some stood in the west, while others stood on the east of the tall mountain-like structure.

There were people positioned all around it to keep a close watch on the waters for any incoming sh.i.p.s.

Of course back on the pirate territories, many ate, chugged down rum, battled with their swords, arm-wrestled, played instruments, danced, slept drunkenly all over their territories, danced and told exciting adventures as usual.

"It's true I tell ya!

There I was, on the open waters, lying on nothing else but a piece of wood minding my business.

But suddenly, something poked out of the water.

No!

2 things poked out of the water and swam around me in circles

But was I afraid?

Hell no!

I grabbed both things while still laying on the wood.

I grabbed them and lifted them in the air, only to reveal a mighty 2 headed Kown (shark)."

"What?

You lifted them in the air while still lying down?

Then what happened next?

Why are you keeping us in suspense?"

"Hey!

Why are you even asking?

Of course he ripped them apart with his bare hands.

Probably, that's why they call him The Divider!"

"As expected of his strength.

With him in our crew, who would dare go against us?"

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The younger/newcomer pirates spoke with disguised awe in their eyes.

They clinked their jugs of rum and listened to the stories excitedly.

When would they be able to be as powerful as the divider?"

Many of the new pirates spoke out as they listened to the many tales of the senior pirates in their crew.

One of the senior pirates who had been laying down in the shade lifted his grass hat from his face and glanced at the overly excited youngsters mysteriously.

"Have any of you ever heard of The Baker?"

Everyone searched their minds and looked at themselves in confusion.

The Baker?

Who was he?

### **Chapter 806 - A Restless Night For Prey**

The Baker?

Who was he?

The young pirates looked at each other in confusion.

Nope!

That name didn't ring a bell.

Seeing their expressions, the pirate sat up and placed his grass hat properly in his head, seized a jug of rum from one of the younger pirate's hands before looking at them mysteriously.

"So, you want to know who The Baker is?"

Well, let's start with his qualifications.

He is the actual brother of our leader.

No!

Not the brother of our crew Captain, but the actual brother to the leader of the pirate organization."

Everyone looked at the senior pirate in shock.

Some jumped up while others who had been paying down sat up instead.

The leader was like a God to them.

He was an existence that many dreamed to get a glimpse of before they died.

He was their role model as pirates.

Their leader's tales were something that made people grip their chests excitedly.

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Everyone knew that the leader had 3 blood brothers from the same mother.

And the only brother known to everyone is Whitebeard.

The other 2 brothers have always remained a mystery to the majority of the pirates.

So how could they not be curious about the Baker?

Of course, their curiosity didn't affect how they thought about this baker guy.

Many began showing disdainful expressions on their faces.

"Hmph!

So what if he's the leader's brother?

Isn't he just rubbing some of the leader's reputation?

If he were that powerful, then how come we have never heard of him?"

"Yeah!

Whitebeard is known and respected for his accomplishments which he obtained over the years.

But the other brothers have no known accomplishment.

As pirates, we are lawless men who respect the strong.

So why should we care about this Baker guy who only uses the leader's reputation?"

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Everyone sneered with disdainful expressions, which made the senior pirate laugh.

"Hahhahahahhahahaha!

Your words only show that you all are still too young in this pirate world.

Heh!

From what I know, he's even more deadly than any of the main pirate Captains on this island, including our own captain."

"No way!

I don't believe it!

How can someone like that be better than our crew Captain?"

Everyone felt like the senior had just insulted their Captain if he could compare such a person to their captain.

The senior pirate chugged down a large gulp of rum and hit the jug on the floor excitedly.

"Ahhh!

Good rum!

The reason why you haven't heard of the leader's other brothers, is because you all aren't in a high enough position.

Make no mistake, the 2 men that you look down on, are the fiercest ones within the pirate organization.

Believe it or now, he's someone our crew Captain wouldn't mess with, even if his life depended on it

Think about it.

How can the leader's brothers be weak?

There are many powers working for the organization in the dark.

So it's not that those men are weak, but that your levels are too low to know who they are.

In a single sentence; you all are unqualified."

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'Boom!'

Like a bomb, the information hit them hard.

What?

Everyone felt like their faces had just been slapped.

The more they listened, the more shocked and scared they were.

What if such a powerful person overheard them and chose to take care of them permanently?

Cold sweat trickled down their backs as they thought about the things they had just said.

Indeed, the pirate organization itself was massive.

And not everyone could work publicly.

Some needed to work behind the shadows.



And no one knew who those people were.

The senior refilled his cup again and gulped its contents down in one go before wiping his mouth fiercely.

"Ahhh!

It gets better and better with every cup." He said while patting his belly.

Everyone looked at him impatiently.

Senior, can you hurry it up and go back to the story already?

Right now, they were scared, as well as in amazement about the baker.

As expected, the brother of their leader was nowhere near ordinary.

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The senior pirate looked at their anxious expressions and smiled.

"Now you know how big things are.

Even I am not qualified to know about the Baker.

But, I accidentally stumbled upon a certain scene in my younger days that has haunted me till this very day.

You see, there's a reason why they call him the Baker.

His ways of doing things are ways that even I wouldn't wish on my worst enemies.

He is a hidden legend that not just anyone can see.

No one knows what he looks like apart from his brothers.

And that's why it's easy for him to move in the shadows because he could walk right in front of us on the streets, and we won't know who he is.

He's a ghost, and a frightening one at that.

And when he's officially in the presence of pirates, he'll wear a mask.

I heard that he changes his masks daily and had over 400 of them.

He is a person that no one can mess with.

He is the Baker!"

The senior pirate spoke while looking at the main building ahead.

Everyone looked at him and didn't know what he was thinking of.

But the information that he dropped made them shiver uncontrollably.

What sort of scene could haunt someone this long?

They secretly swore never to talk ill of the leader's brothers again.

Who knew if they would be watching from the shadows?

Everyone made a mental note of the name, The Baker.

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As for the senior pirate, he just continued staring at the main building while lost in thought.

Yesterday, he accidentally spotted a person wearing a unique mask.

And that mask was one that he would never forget even in his dreams.

It was the same mask from that incident in his younger days.

It was really coincidental that the baker chose to wear that particular mask yesterday.

The pirate knew that the next day, the baker would definitely have another mask on as well.

He only knew this much about the baker because his senior brother also worked in the pirate headquarters too.

Many major personnel and pirates knew of the baker.

But all that they knew was superficial.

No one knew where he was going or what he was up to.

He just disappeared and reappeared when he wanted to.

Excluding the Pirate Captains, no one else on the island knew that the baker was here.

And during this time, the pirate Captains had asked their bodyguards to wear masks.

So even if the pirates on the islands saw the masked baker, they would assume that it was a bodyguard on an errand or something.

Only he knew that the baker was actually here.

He looked at the main building curiously.

Why was the baker here, and what was he up to?

Of course, the person in question was hidden in a room way below.

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In a dark spot room, a masked man looked at his collection of weapons and smiled cruelly before picking one of them up.

With that, he turned around and faced the n.a.k.e.d man who was gagged and with his hands and feet apart.

"Higoro, Higoro, Higoro.

Are you ready to tell me the real truth, or would you rather we play this game nice and slow.

I believe that you're a smart man, though not smarter than I am.

Nonetheless, you're smart enough to make the right call.

So, what's it going to be?"

Higoro was petrified and scared to death when he watched the baker advance with an evil smile on his face.

'HMMMMMMMMM!

HMMMMMMMMM!

HMMMMMMMMM!'

Higoro's muffled screams only made the Baker more excited.

Tonight was bound to be a restless one for his prey.

### **Chapter 807 - Marlo's Rage**

Marlo ran his hands over several cold metal tools while watching his prey muffle helplessly.

'HMMMMMMMMM!

HMMMMMMMMM!

HMMMMMMMMM!'

The n.a.k.e.d Higoro who had his hands and feet tied apart, muffled pleadingly.

But Marlo paid no attention to his cries, which made Higoro even more desperate.

How did he allow himself to end up like this?

If he knew that Marlo was this frightening, he would've never agreed to be a double agent for the Temple of Dragmus.

Not many knew the history between the two, but he did.

It was this Same temple that betrayed the pirate organization when they wanted to take over Deiferus ages ago.

And over the years, they kept sending doors into the organization, just in case the pirates wanted revenge.

But, how could a large and powerful organization not get a glimpse of their operations?

They easily mobilized some of their pirates to also capture all spies, as well as go undercover

Within the temple.

But sides were fighting a secret battle.

Therefore, both sides also caught and killed enemy spies as well.

It goes without saying that Higo was a spy for the temple too.

And his task was to monitor or stay in close proximity around Marlo Jones, A.K.A The baker.

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It took Higo 5 whole years to work hard and 'accidentally' get transferred to the organization's headquarters.

But he realized that even though he was at headquarters, he couldn't get any additional or useful information about the organization or the other pirates and their locations.

Only the top superiors knew more info, which troubled him greatly.

From there, he spent another 2 years to once again get 'accidentally' transferred into Marlo's team as a minor reserve force that was only there for backup.

That meant that he was never let in on any plans or activities.

He never knew where Marlo went, what he did, who he contacted.

As reserves, he typically stayed in Marlo's official base.

No one had ever seen his face, so he used that to move as he pleased.

But as fate would have it, not too long ago, Marlo seemed to have a need for his reserves.

So he sent for them to go out on a mission.

That mission was what changed Higo's meticulous planning over the years.

That's right!

This whole mission was a trap that was meant to catch Higo.

Marlo knew of his existence the moment he arrived at headquarters.

And all this time, he had just sent people to secretly follow him and observe his every move.

Higo was completely taken unawares when he was arrested.

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Marlo smiled coldly while watching Higo struggle.

One could feel the tension and unease from his struggling expressions, which gave rise to a feeling of ecstasy to Marlo.

With a single flick of the wrist, he unleashed hell upon his prey.

'Slash! Slash! Slash! Slash!'

"HMMMMMMMMMMMMM!"

Blood splattered everywhere as Marlo began neatly carving out his prey's body as if he was decorating some sort of pastry.

'Slash!'

Marlo sliced off his n.i.p.p.l.es, as he found them an eye saw.

How could he create his masterpiece with that ugly thing there?

Art and presentation were a must in every baker's work.

Today, he was going to create another masterpiece!

With that in mind, after getting the information that he needed, Marlo attacked to his heart's content.

The more he attacked, the more sunken Higo's pain was.

His breathing became haughty and his entire body was filled with sweat, as if he had just run an Olympic race.

His eyelids became very heavy, as he struggled to see his torture underneath the

His body trembled, as he felt his life-threatening to vanish under this torturous beast called the Baker.

Marlo began humming as he slowly placed his blade down and picked up a sharper one.

He carefully carved out the flesh against Higo's neck revealing his bloody throat.

From there, he forced Higo to swallow all the body parts that he had sliced off one by one.

'Spluh!'

Higo spat out blood, vomiting nonstop each time he was fed his own raw flesh.

Everything frightened him silly.

He watched his body get sliced, as if one was casually cutting off meat from a chicken and almost had a heart attack from the shock alone.

Marlo grinned coldly and forced everything down his throat in satisfaction.

Now, the garbage/unwanted body parts had been discarded.

So he could finally create his masterpiece and unleash hell.

At this point, he looked almost mad.

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'Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam!'

"Hmmmmmmmh!!!!!!"

The heart-stopping sounds of all sorts of weapons sounded out one by one, making the guards outside the room horrified.

Their spines tingled as they envisioned it all.

How gruesome!

They almost pitied the poor man in there.

And the once strong-headed Higoro, who had now gathered everyone's sympathy was truly in tears.

"I'll talk, I'll talk, I'll talk."

His raspy hoarse voice made Marlo pause his actions.

Marlo smiled and harrassed Higoro's body playfully: "See, isn't it better when you're obedient? Now, for starters, I want a list of all those who are working with you in the organization. Speak!"

"I, I, I can give you the names, but you must promise to let me go."

Marlo smiled even more broadly.

"Oh?"

Alright.

If you can survive after everything today, then I'll let you go.

You have my word."

Mao dropped his weapon and the 2 conversed for a bit.

"One last thing.

Was the temple behind the attack in Terique?"

"I, I, don't know."

"Are you sure?" Marlo asked coldly.

"I don't know.

I was never informed of any plans of that nature.

You have to believe me."

Marlo listened and didn't believe it for a second.

Who else would have the guys to attack him apart from the Temple?

They must've been the ones behind the attack in Terique.

His face turned cold when he thought of the fact that he, the famous baker was actually made to flee in such a matter.

He would never let this matter go!

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Marlo looked at him and sneered: "even though you were used as bait, it seems like the temple doesn't trust you that much for them to not inform you of their plans. But don't worry, by the end of today, you'll be on your way to a better place. The afterlife!"

Higoro's eyes opened in fear: "No! You lied to me. You said that you would let me go. You gave me your word!"

"Hmm.

I did give you my word.

And I never had any plans of breaking them.

I said if you can survive everything after today, then I'll let you go didn't I?

Well then, today isn't over, and there are still a lot of things to do."

Higoro shivered and shook in fright at the sight of Marlo who had just picked up his weapon again.

"No!

You promised!

No! No!

Nooooooo!"

'Bam!'

'Slash!'

'Cluck!'

'Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam!'

(xox)

## **Chapter 808 - Missing Orders**

The flames from the fireplace continuously warmed the room, as Marlo slowly ate his meal.

His meal was fresh out of the Chimney-like oven.

Its smell and taste were truly sensational.

He had to say, he was really enjoying the taste coupled with the new Baymardian spices that he bought in Terique.

Everything blended perfectly well together, highlighting the flavour even more.

Marlo picked up another piece of meat, dipped it in the bowl of blood and placed it in his mouth.

'Crwu! Crwu! Crwu!'

He closed his eyes and enjoyed every little bit of it.

The taste gave him mouth-watering orgasms that made him feel like killing even more.

Luckily, while fleeing Terique, he had kidnapped 30 women and children as his reserves while he waited for his brother on this island.

He couldn't kill any of the pirates, so of course he needed reserves for his stay.

No other meat could do it for him like how human meat could.

He had just killed off Higoro, so he wouldn't have to kill another person for the next week or so.

Higoro was a full meaty grown man.

And normally, one might take 3 or more weeks to fully eat Higoro clean.

But not in Marlo's case, he was an assassin type of pirate who needed to maintain his muscles and body proportions by eating a certain amount of food every meal.

So for him, it would only take him at most a week to finish up Higoro leaving only his bones behind.

Marlo had already neatly prepared everything else for storage and placed it close to the fire to dry up to a certain degree.

And once that was taken care of, he would later store them in basins of cold water.

Higoro should last him for a week, and after that, he could kill off 2 children for the next week.

They had started crying a lot, which began to piss him off!

In cases like these, it was better to get rid of the children first.

At least the a.d.u.l.ts had some sense to stay quiet when frightened.

If not for his threatening the children, they would still be screaming nonstop and disturbing his peace.

Tch!

What an annoying bunch of preserves.

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Marlo ate while seemingly lost in thought.

Of course, he was thinking about the things that went down in Terique.

What did the temple mean by attacking him directly?

Did they also attack Nopline?

No!

That wasn't possible!

He knew that Nopline was currently in Terique's Capital City and was staying in the highly guarded Palace.



Moreover, the number of forces that Nopline kept in the Capital, along with his sister's forces and some of his allies, was so great that one might need to prepare an entire army to battle them with swords and whatnot.

The temple wouldn't be able to make this move yet.

So it was safe to assume that Nopline was safe and out of harm's way.

As for how and why he was in contact with Nopline, well that was relatively easier to explain.

No one could stand alone in this world.

No matter how powerful they were.

Everyone needed allies that they could count on.

Of course, nothing was for free in this world.

Over the years, Nopline had been one of the key providers of slaves to the organization.

Nopline kidnapped, deceived, captured and sent people from all over the Pyno continent to one of their islands that was meant for slave auctions.

There, the slaves would either get assigned to different crews or different bases and headquarters on the islands and within the Morgany continent.

And if they refused to obey, then they would be shark food.

Plain and simple.

The organization was too busy to bother with acquiring slaves, so they left all that to some powerful people within the empires.

For the pirates, they took on serious voyage missions like attacking their client's target on ship, or even hunting for treasures or exporting the vast waters.

Of course, there were times when they were told to capture exquisite sea creatures that sold for millions.

And at times, they also discussed themselves and headed onto land for more serious missions.

That said, they were busy as a bee.

And just as new pirates emerged, several others died as well because many of these missions were life-threatening.

Some died without even knowing why they died.

Their lives were hanging on thin threads.

And so, they needed allies within many empires to provide them with some supplies of what they needed.

They even worked closely with some merchants too.

That said, many hated them for good reasons too, seeing that they liked pillaging, raping and killing indiscriminately.

Pirates were a proud bunch who loved living lawlessly.

Without a doubt, not all were like that, but the majority made many hate them wholeheartedly.

Their actions of sometimes harassing bar women or killing peasant husbands and sleeping with their wives were seen by many.

Once, pirates visited a town close to the shores, partied hard and burnt the place just before leaving because someone had offended them.

Let's not even talk about the time that they brazenly slept with a noble's daughter and wife right before his eyes just after robbing the guy clean.

The noble fainted from rage and swore to hunt them down.

But where could he see them?

The Pirates left and sailed off to another empire or continent.

More still, the noble didn't even know their names.

And even if he did, the pirate organization was something that not even the rulers of different memories would go against.

Everyone knew that pirates protected their kind.

So if word went out that a pirate died from someone's hands, they would unleash hell on that person.

Bottom line, the pirates didn't have time to handle slave capturing and transportation.

They left that to their trusted allies like Nopline.

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That said, everything had been going very peachy and fine over the years.

But for the first time ever, something odd happened.

Apart from confirming his suspicions on Higor, he also went to Terique to investigate a very important matter which contributed to the growth of the organization.

Basically, It all boiled down to one very important question; 'Where were the slaves that they ordered?'

### **Chapter 809 - Who Was Responsible?**

Marlo ate calmly, while his most trusted aide carefully filled his cup halfway with blood, before filling it up again to the brim with rum.

The aide then stirred it, ached it on the table and stood by his side like a loyal butler would.

Marlo picked it up and slowly drank its contents emotionlessly.

"Ratcliffe.

What do you make of the situation?"

"My lord.

All this time, Nopline hasn't sent the regular batch to the slave auction island which is indeed bizarre.

The last batch of slaves arrived on the Island last year during the month of April.

And now, a new year has already begun and still, no slaves have been sent yet.

In fact, rather than saying that a new year has begun, it would be more accurate to say that the new year was about to end seeing that we are currently in the last week of August.

So for the past 16 months, nothing has been sent yet.

Following the last order we received, the next one should've arrived sometime this January.

But it's August now, and no new slaves are in sight.

So my lord, if I may... Either sir Nopline was delayed by something or he betrayed us.

The latter is very unlikely seeing that we have been doing business with him for over 17 years, and also have some bargaining ch.i.p.s against him to keep him loyal.

So it's more likely that he was delayed instead." Ratcliffe said while pouring more blood into his master's cup very professionally.

Ratcliffe was an all-rounded butler.

He was a high-ranking assassin, an amazing cook, a good cleaner, a good tailor and everything else.

Since his master lived in the shadows, they typically travelled and stayed by themselves and he had learnt to do everything for the master.

But dressing him up in the mornings, fetching his water and whatnot.

No one could poison the master's food or even put something in the master's clothes or bathwater because he personally tested and did all those things for the master.

His entire purpose and reason for living was to serve his master.

He was just an impeccable butler.

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Ratcliffe gently patted Marlo's mouth with a handkerchief.

"My lord, I believe that your guesses are correct.

From what I know, no one, not even the rulers would dare to openly do something against Nopline.

So it must be the temple of Dragmus.

But from what I see, their initial target didn't seem to be sir Nopline, but you.

And this begs the question, who knows about your existence other than the top pirates and superiors?

Master, only those you directly work with like sir Nopline, as well as the enemy, the temple of Dragmus know of your existence.

Again, narrowing it down, no one knows your schedule, not even people like sir Nopline.

Master, was it really a coincidence that they attacked one of sir Nopline's bases while we there?

They probably got information from their spies and wasted no time in eliminating us.

So only a spy close to us would be able to leak out the information and plan an ambush attack on us.

Luckily, they attacked when we left the base and headed into the nearby city 14 hours away to gather information about sir Nopline's state.

Master, I think that the temple might've indirectly delayed Nopline from sending the slaves as planned.

They might've done this just to draw us here and ambush us." Ratcliffe said expressionlessly.

All fingers pointed towards the temple, and Marlo couldn't agree more.

The fact that he had personally caught Higor, only made him suspect the temple even more.

All this, what can he expect from a scheming backstabbing group who had betrayed his pirate ancestors hundreds of years ago?

They liked planning in the early and making incidental moves so as not to alert their prey.

This was their style, and he believed that they were now out to get him.

Luckily, he had noticed their move.

And now, he could better prepare and protect himself against them.

Of course, he would give them a little gift to thank them for their kindness.

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Just like that, Marlo had blamed the temple for Baymard's attack on one of Nopline's bases.

He didn't even know that Nopline had been executed.

But funny enough, the person that he thought wouldn't leak out his information, switched his life away in a blink of an eye.

The moment Nopline was told that he would be executed, he brought out his trump cards by talking about the pirate organization and even threatening them with the baker and several other hidden powers in the organization.

Even though Nopline had never seen Marlo's face and only knew a little about the baker's identity, he still snitched in hopes of making Micheal fearful of him.

No one wanted to die, especially when they had so much wealth and power.

So he was willing to say nothing he could if it meant that he would stay alive.

He even spoke of this pirate island that he had visited before when he was summoned by the baker.

To him, this was one of the baker's hideout locations.

And he wasn't wrong, as coincidentally, Marlo was here now.

Anyway, after all that stitching, he still got executed.

And just like so, the Baymardians now knew about the baker's deeds.

As for Marlo who knew nothing about the matters at hand, he had decided to lay low for a bit before swiftly sending a message to Nopline about the slave matter.

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One should know that apart from the organization's demands, Marlo had his own demands as well.

Nopline was Marlo's personal food (human) deliverer who was in charge of delivering at least 2000 people per batch to the islands.

And from there, he would send his men to pick the slaves up and bring them to his base.

Since April of last month, he had been living off the supplies he got.

And just a few months ago, everything was finished, as his closest men were also cannibals as well.

Now, they needed more food fast.

He couldn't very well keep sending his own men to kidnap people because it was too risky.

For one, doing so could potentially reveal his location if a powerful force was around.

Staying hidden in the shadows was the life that he and his men lived.

Even those on this island didn't know that they were here.

They just thought that they were ordinary guards.

But now, if they went out and pretended to blend in while capturing prey, the risks were endless.

Marlo couldn't help but appreciate Nopline's services even more.

Sigh... He missed the days of constant food delivery.

As for why he just couldn't bring himself to eat other types of meat, that was because nothing else could compare to human flesh in his mouth.

And it tasted even greater after watching his victims scream, struggle and beg for mercy.

Children, babies, a.d.u.l.t.s, all of them had ended up in his belly for decades.

He enjoyed stripping everything off their bodies with everything intact.

He was someone who craved for human flesh as if it were his everything.

He personally loved killing his prey right before his meal like a ritual.

Even drinking their blood gave him ecstasy.

He was a cannibal through and through, and an intelligent one at that who has taken care of more enemies than many in this world.

Of course, Ratcliffe was also a cannibal as well.

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Both discussed for a bit about sending a thank-you gift to the temple.

Because just as Marlo had promised, he would never let this matter go.

But unbeknownst to them, an unknown enemy was making its way towards their location.

An unlikely enemy was coming!

### **Chapter 810 - Making Plans**

Back in Baymard, Landon had finished briefing the higher-ups on the letters and notes that he had received.

Of course, he passed some of the letters and reports along for everyone within the room to look over.

And as the meeting advanced, everyone began debating on the best strategy to take down the baker without the organization's knowledge.

It wasn't that they were afraid of any counterattacks.

But during my situation, it was best to take the smartest route.

In this case, they were looking at the best way to finish the mission was to use a silent approach.

Without a doubt, the pirate organization would certainly find out that they had their comrade in their prisons.

But that would be a long while.

One should know that a detailed list of prisoners was always published weekly so that their family members could identify and visit the prisoners.

It was their right to see their families, and Baymard had no reason to hide them away.

And normally, jotting down Marlo's name would alert several people.

But here's the thing.

No one knew the baker's real name (apart from his brothers).

So even the pirates who accidentally saw it would brush over it without blinking.

It was the cons of staying in the shadows.

More still, most states only knew each other's first names or pirate nicknames, as it was easier to memorize and build one's character amongst the crews.

For some, the last time they heard their real name was over 15 years ago.

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Again, it was just easier since sometimes, there could be more than 10 James or Johns on the same crew sh.i.p.s.

More still, when pirates were being ranked on the list of strongest pirates, it would just be too confusing to use their names.

Hence powerful nicknames like Iron Head or Silver Tongue were used by all.

Bottom line, the longer they stayed as pirates, the more they forgot their real names.

So even if their real names were published for their live ones to visit them in prison, no one might actually recognize their names.

That said, in the case of Marlo, only his brothers would be able to identify him.

And that might take a very, very long time.

Firstly, before no one might suspect that Marlo was missing until the end of the year.

Right now, he was here around the Pyno continent, and even if he wanted to sail towards the Continent of Morgany and report back to headquarters, it would take several months to get there.

So they might only notice his absence by year-end.

Following that, they would probably start searching for him everywhere.

And it might also take longer for them to know that he was in Baymard.

In short, even planning a rescue mission might take longer as well.

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Everyone agreed with this method.

if they executed it well, the pirate organization might only have a chance to come at them sometime in the summer of next year.

In fact, they might not even make their move that early if they still weren't able to track Marlo's whereabouts.

Everything had to be meticulously planned out.

So they couldn't leave any pirates on the island who would tattletale about the attack.

Moreover, they needed to take enough sh.i.p.s that would transport all the wealth from the pirate buildings on the island to their sh.i.p.s.

And once everything was said and done, they would leave the island as soon as possible, since it was indeed a pirate island.

If they tried to inhabit it, then more incoming pirates would notice them and report their presence to headquarters.

The meeting progressed very smoothly with everyone asking questions and giving their own inputs as well.

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"Your majesty, thanks to the Pyno continent map you gave us, we know the size of the island as well as its location.

But this ain't enough if we want to be utterly successful.

So I suggest that once the soldiers are a certain distance away from the island on ship, they should use a hot air balloon and fly over the island to properly pinpoint where the pirate buildings, island hills and other formations are.

Knowing this can help us strategize and even come up with escape routes in the worst-case scenario.

Moreover, knowing where the pirate buildings are located would make the mission progress faster.

So I suggest we use the hot air balloons to mark up all that we can see.

After all, the pirates have the advantage of knowing the island to heart.

So if we didn't prepare well enough, we might unintentionally allow some people to hide and escape from our clutches." Said one of the military superiors.

He felt like they didn't know that much about the place and needed to be extra careful in this one.

Landon rubbed his chin thoughtfully.

To be honest, even though the system gave him a detailed map, he refused to use it for this mission.

He wanted the soldiers to use their intuitions and skills to navigate their way through the place.

This was the perfect time to test out their skills, as well as to freely allow them to use the new gadgets and weapons.

Landon knew that there was sinking mud and all other dangers out there.

So all he could do was arrange a simulation on how to escape from these dangers before they headed out.

He would also request for them to take some pills that would fight against some toxic plants there too.

This was part of the growth.

And so the rest was up to them.

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Landon nodded in agreement.

"Hmmm.

Let's do that then.

And additionally, we will also have to analyze all potential dangers on the island.

So we will have 4 days of simulation with the soldiers before finally setting out."

"I agree, your majesty!"

"I agree as well your majesty."

"Good!"

Landon decided to create the soldiers before they headed out.

For one, the system required him to take care of Marlo before within the next 3 weeks.

And the only reason why he wanted it done within this first week was because he didn't want Marlo to kill any other person as food.

So they would use 4 whole days to prepare before setting out and capturing him.

Well, that was the plan.

With that, Landon followed everyone out of the room.

Now, it was time to urgently call in the team.

And so just like that, Marlo's days were numbered.

It was as if the tense atmosphere around the place magically spread out across the Pyno continent because far away, someone else was making big lives as well.