

TECHNOLOGY 82

I'M THE KING OF TECHNOLOGY

Chapter 82 Slytherin's Great Plan

-----Sangria City-----

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Standing in front of Slytherin, were one of his trusted aids and 4 other soldiers under his command.

So as not to draw too much attention onto himself, he had left thousands of his men back at his base, in Engril City. And had come to sangria city with just 150 men.

His men had all blended in with the peasants, and actually looked like servants and farmers.

Today, Slytherin had already received word that the ghostly prince would leave the Quinzy Inn, and head towards the 'Haunted Plane' of Sangria.

The Haunted Plane was a cemetery located in the outskirts of Sangria, that was believed to be cursed.

People didn't go there during the night time, due to the frightening folk tales that were said about the cemetery.

That's why all burials were only done during the day.

Those who were brave enough to go there at night, never came back to their families.

It was believed that the ancestors of their enemies haunted the cemetery, and were thirsty for blood.

It was also believed that once the ancestors got a hold of a living person, they would suck out all the blood from that person's body, leaving only a dried out corpse at the end.

"Boss, we had observed that place every night for the past 4 days... The masked man would go there with his men for a few hours, before coming back to the Quinzy Inn." One of Slytherin's subordinates said.

"Did he meet anyone there?"

"Boss....Except for the hooded woman that he met on the first day, he hasn't met anyone else."

"If that's the case, then he might be using that place as a way to send messages to his subordinates."

"How many men does he have with them each time he goes to the cemetery?"

"Boss, he always takes 15 men with him to the cemetery."

Slytherin nodded as he listened.

"Tonight, I will only take 30 men for the mission. Tell the rest of the men to wait outside the gates of Sangria.

Once this mission is over, we will be heading out immediately." Slytherin commanded.

The night was dark, cold and somewhat foggy. All around, sounds of frogs could be heard, croaking away. As well as the loud chirps of crickets.

'Criek!... Criek!... Criek!'

The rain that fell during the day had finally stopped, leaving most of the foot paths muddy.

Slytherin and his men moved stealthily, as they followed their enemies towards the cemetery.

Today, they wore all-black clothing, leaving only their eyes visible for all to see.

They indeed looked like assassins.

Even with the pale moonlight cast on them, one would have to struggle just to make them out.

Once the ghostly prince and his entourage passed through the cemetery gate, Slytherin signaled for his men to stop.

The cemetery was also shrouded with fog, and gave off an eerie feeling to it.

From what his subordinates had found out, there was a secret base, located at the back of the back of the cemetery. It was hidden away by the bushes and trees.

During the day, his men had been able to pinpoint where exactly the entrance to the base was.

Amongst the 30 subordinates that had followed him, 10 were tasked with surrounding the enemies base. While the other 20 would follow him quietly, into the base.

There were 2 enemy guards standing at the door of the base.

Slytherin needed a distraction.

One of his men shot 2 arrows a little further from the enemy base.

'Thup!..Thup!'

"Did you hear that?" One of the guards asked.

"Yeah I did... I'll go check it out.."

The noise was coming towards a grave that stood a little farther away from the base's entrance.

Once that guard left, 2 other arrows were shot again.

'Thup!. Thup!'

The last guard standing by the entrance, heard sounds coming from a different direction, and decided to check it out as well.

The fog within the cemetery didn't help much, because he couldn't see anything from where he was.

Once the man left, Slytherin signaled for those 10 men who were suppose to surround the base, to deal with the guards, while he made his way with the rest towards the base.

Very quickly, they entered the base and spotted 5 more guards patrolling another hallway.

"Boss what do we do now?"

Slytherin bit his lips and thought for a while.

He needed this operation to be done quietly, and without a hitch.

He couldn't allow that bastard to get a chance at escaping.

At the start, when Eli tasked him on getting information on the ghostly prince, he really didn't have a personal vendetta with the bastard.

But for the first time in his life, he had failed a mission.

Who would believe that he, Slytherin Cord, the master of the empire's best intelligence organization, would fail a mission?

He, a person whom even the king wanted to hire but couldn't.... At his level, he could be working for several empires if he wanted to.

Infact, the first time Slytherin had told Prince Eli that he had failed the mission over dinner, Eli looked at the bottles close to Slytherin, and concluded that Slytherin was drunk.

It was too unbelievable.

Even if people had heard that he had failed a mission, no one would believe it... that was how good his success rate was.

And at that point, Slytherin became more and more determined to catch this mysterious ghostly prince.

It became an obsession to him.

He had even started calling the ghostly prince as his little white rabbit.

He called him little white rabbit, because rabbit stew was his best dish.... And little because he truly felt like no one could outsmart him.

He honestly couldn't wait to slit the throat of the man who gave him so much pain, throughout these few months.

He would spend sleepless nights stalking and tracking down the ghostly prince's movements, but he could never really pinpoint where his little white rabbit's hideout was.

But the third time he took over the mission, he had more than 80 % of the men who followed him on the mission, killed at once.

At this point, he had changed the ghostly prince's name from 'little white rabbit' to 'bastard'.

F*** getting rabbit stew. Right now, he wanted to eat the rabbit's flesh raw.

It was then, that he had developed bad blood with the bastard.

This time, he wanted to skin the bastard's face and place it on his wall at home.

Anyway, right now Slytherin had to make sure that their actions didn't alert the 5 guards ahead of them.

He looked up, at the wooden frames on the ceilings and his eyes lit up.

"Follow my lead"

Slytherin placed his hands and legs on the walls, as if he were doing a side-way leg split.

He looked like 'Jean-Claude Van Damme', as he climbed up the narrow walls.

The hallway they were in, had extremely narrow walls, as it was closer to the entrance.

Once they had all gotten onto the wooden ceiling frames, they quietly moved on the frames, towards an even bigger hallway.

This hallway was the one that had 5 guards patrolling on it.

As they moved, they began to listen to the conversation of all the patrolling guards.

They had learned that the ghostly prince was still having his meeting in a room 2 hallways away from them.

They continued in ahead and finally arrived at the last hallway.

Slytherin signalled for his men to move.

6 men quickly dropped from above, landing on the 3 guards guarding a large wooden door.

Before the enemy guards could react, the men quickly placed their hands on their enemies mouths, and used their blades to silence them.

Once that was done, they quickly moved the bodies to the sides.

As they dragged the bodies, Slytherin and the rest of the men on the ceiling dropped down.

"Be careful.... This bastard is tricky!!" Slytherin warned, as he stood in front of the large wooden door with a victory smile on his face.

'Bamm!'

The door was kicked down, and the men quickly rushed in.

But to their surprise, there was no one in site.

Forget no one, there was absolutely nothing in the room... No tables, no chairs... nothing.

Why was this room guarded if no one was in there?

At this point, they all became solemn.

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"Looking for me?"

