

TECHNOLOGY 821

Chapter 821: Chaos In The Base

"The targeted has been spotted.

Requesting for Backup at Camp 3.

I repeat, the target has been spotted.

Requesting for Backup at Camp 3."

"Ground team MB3 calling Air Force PC-3B.

Target spotted running towards 7 O'clock alongside several others.

Target is wearing black pants, with a green scarf around his waist, and a grey very light long sleeve shirt."

"Got it MB3."

"Target found!"

"Target found!"

The moment the message was transmitted, everyone now knew that their target was located within the 3rd pirate base on the island.

So with immediate effect, more marines and soldiers were sent to mobilize the target.

As for Mitchen, he was still frantically chasing the target.

He activated his inner athlete mode and ran like a terminator from the future.

"Don't you dare think that you can escape from me!"

(*O^O)

Marlo turned around only to see the big guy dashing towards them in full beast mode.

Who the hell was this?

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Bang Bang Bang

"Ugh!

My ass!!"

Several people surrounding Marlo dropped to the floor in all sorts of funny ways.

The most pitiful guy was the one who was shit in his ass. 2

The force propelled him forward, causing him to fly and land on his belly.

Instantly, sweat began to form all around his body, as his immune system struggled to cope with the ass-shot wound.

Bam!

He screamed out in unbearable pain from his butt.

If he ever survived this, how could he ever hold his head up high again?

The shame was just too much!

He couldn't help silently cursing the perverted sorcerer who attacked him.

'Bro, upon all parts of my body, why did you have to go for my right butt cheek?

Don't you know that you've made me lose face now?

Scratch that, how was he supposed to sit after this?'

He looked at the wounds of others and compared them with himself.

Others had wounds on their arms or legs, but Mr. Pervert over there decided to magically target his ass instead.

Dammit!

Why was he so unfortunate?

He felt violated.

(:'T^T':)

He wanted to know why! 1

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Bang Bang Bang Bang Bang.

'Bam!'

Marlo and his men watched people mysteriously fall in agony and were utterly taken aback by the means of these sorcerers.

But were they going to give up?

Not a chance!

If anything, their desire to stay alive and report this matter to the organization was stronger than ever.

Right now, they were just 2 buildings away from the forest.

But the thing was, each building was separated by wide open fields.

So the distance was really great.

Marlo gritted his teeth in determination: "Everyone, Split Up and regroup at the hideout!"

"Yes, my lord!"

With that, they ran in completely different directions.

And the moment they did so, the escaping pirates also confusedly followed whoever was in front of them.

The entire group that seemed to be running in one direction, became chaotic with people running in Zigzag manners.

Some even turned around in sheer confusion as they thought that the group broke up because of some fearful enemy coming from the front.

Again, this caused even more prisoners who were fleeing from different locations to join the chaos as well.

So now, the Baymardians and pirates were all blended up in one big panicky crowd.

And for these panicky pirates who wanted nothing more than to survive, when they accidentally ran into the Baymardians, of course their first instinct was to fight.

So amidst their anxious running, they also drew blades and began attacking fiercely, which in turn slowed down the soldiers and Marines.

Mitchen looked at them and smirked.

How clever!

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Bang Bang.

Captain Hanbo was busy fighting his way through the Chaos alongside Mitchen.

'Swish!'

He swiftly ducked one of the pirate's attacks and shot the person's arm before focusing on the next one.

"Sir!

I think the enemy might've realized that we won't kill any of the pirates or themselves.

At least, they might think that we need them alive to extract information before killing them in the end.

So they came out with this ploy to keep us fighting while they flee."

"Hmmm...

He's clever." Mitchen replied while taking care of 2 other pirates.

Bang Bang.

Mitchen squinted his eyes at Marlo's figure way ahead.

He had to say, he was pretty impressed by how this guy was able to think fast amidst all this.

Right now, they couldn't make far away shots because the entire place is chaotic and they might accidentally shoot someone dead instead... Wire, they might accidentally kill the target.

What if someone pushed him or bumps into him, causing him to take a kill shot meant for another?

At the start of their mission, they did kill some of the pirates for absolute silence.

But when their cover was blown and tge place became rowdy, they switched to injuring the pirates instead.

So they couldn't make any long-range shots, only close to shots.

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Again, Mitchen knew that those surrounding the base might already have their hands full.

Why?

Well for starters, this pirate base alone seemed to have at least 15,000 in it.

And those surrounding the base hidden on trees are roughly around 400.

So undoubtedly, they will have their hands full trying to stop people from fleeing, even if they were snipping non-stop.

Because once they focused on one target, another would have already run ahead.

It was the same as asking a sniper to shoot everyone in a massive crowd during a holiday.

Undoubtedly, the sniper when the sniper would miss some people because everyone was running zig zag and haphazardly.

So Mitchen knew that he had to personally chase the Target, lest they lost him.

If the target stepped into the forest, the air force might only be able to soot some of his movements if he didn't hide through the trees.

Yes!

They had night vision goggles.

But those also spotted trees and whatnot.

So just like training, anyone could stealth move through the forest, avoiding any open areas that brought in direct sun or moonlight.

Of course if they just ran carelessly, then the air force would be able to spot them.

Anyway, Mitchen didn't want them to reach the forest at all.

Because if maybe 100 of them ran there, how was he supposed to know ego was who?

His heat vision goggles would show him heat energy images, and if all 100 ran in different directions after entering the forest, then who should he chase if all he saw were reddish body images?

No matter how he looked at it, he had to stop or at least follow Marlo closely.

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Bang Bang Bang.

"Hanbo! Liah! Mingeh!

You 3 follow me.

The rest of you, cover us and clear the path.

We're going after him!"

"Yes sir!"

Chapter 822 - Foreign Mercenaries?

Bang Bang Bang Bang.

The trio ran alongside Mitchen worry-free while the other Marines and soldiers quickly eliminated those in their path.

And when the soldiers and marines had their hands full, all 4 just smoothly avoided the pirates.

They ducked, jumped and ran without even harming them.

Their eyes were on the prize!

Mitchen exploded like a cheetah and ran towards Marlo in a flash.

But just when he was about to take a shot, he ran out of bullets.

'Catchack!'

Dammit!

He placed his weapons away and decided to fight hand-to-hand combat with the bunch.

Refilling would distract him and might even give the enemy right before him a chance of fleeing or attacking?

As for the trio who followed Mitchen, they focused on the people surrounding Marlo, him to Mitchen.

"My Lord, watch out!"

'Boom!'

Ratcliffe blocked Mitchen's Fist, but when pushed back quite a bit.

F***

Was this guy's hand made of metal?

Ratcliffe struggled to stand while watching the giant approach them slowly.

"Mr. Marlo.

Hasn't anyone ever told you that it's rude to walk away from a fight?"

Marlo paused and turned around coldly.

"Well, it depends if who I'm fighting with is worthy or not.

So, are you worth it?"

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Marlo seemed calm on the outside, but he was actually shocked on the inside.

For the enemy to call his name and look directly at him meant that the enemy knew how he looked.

Who was it?

Was it truly the temple that stated everything tonight?

Apart from his brothers, Ratcliffe and his shadow Guard Quincy, the rest of his men only thought that he was another shadow guard.

Like earlier on before they left the building, he first whispered his plan to Ratcliffe and Quincy, who then told the other 13 of his plans.

And from there, they strived to convicted the pirates as well.

Of course, he had told the other 13 that their master, himself was already safe and would meet them in the hideout.

So all they had to do was get their asses there.

On this split second, Marlo thought long and hard about how the enemy had known of his appearance.

That would mean that they had drawn a portrait of him ages ago and had formulated it amongst themselves.

So the question remains: Who was it?

Did the information come from spots, or did someone his brothers, Ratcliffe or Quincy betray him?

His heart and mind made him lean towards the idea of a spy, but some dark seed within him couldn't help but question if there was any hidden grudge between himself and people close to him.

He looked at Ratcliffe and Quincy's worried expressions and immediately ruled them out.

So that only left his brothers and the temple.

But he had worked with his brothers for over 17 years now.

And they had never tried to kill him before.

Rather, every year, he always got assassination attempts from the temple.

So, all fingers rightfully pointed at the temple.

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"Yahhhh!!"

"Eat my fist bastard!"

"No!"

You stay away from me!"

The background sure was lively.

And amidst the battle and confusion that was going on, that was going both Mitchen, Ratcliffe and Marlo stared at each other coldly.

The air was so brittle and tender that it seemed like it could snap any minute from now.

Time seemed to freeze up as the trio felt their heartbeat speed up with emotions.

"Tell me stranger, do you like to gamble?"

"Hmm... No, not really."

"Then why choose to gamble with your life?"

Do you know what you're doing or who you're up against?"

Mitchen did some stretchy poses nonchalantly: "Don't know and don't care."

Tch.

Marlo's mouth twitched with rage.

How can this imbecile still act like this with no fear even after calling his name?

Wait!

That's was it!

"So, they haven't told you about my identity, have they.

If I'm not wrong, your group are mercenaries that take on dangerous missions right?"

"You could say that."

Marlo chuckled and smiled coldly.

As expected, no one would be willing to take on such a task if they knew his real identity.

So the time probably chose to get a mercenary group to do the job.

Maybe they were from a different continent instead.

Because when they had been yelling and communicating amongst themselves, they used a weird language that he couldn't understand (Chinese).

So even though they also knew how to speak in Pyron, he was more inclined to believe that they came from another new continent because no one within the Pyno, Morgany, and Veinita Continent would dare attack a pirate island, even if the temple sent them.

This only meant that these foreign mercenaries had taken the job cluelessly.

This should be easy then.

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Marlo crossed his hands over his chest and smiled more confidently.

"I'm sorry to say this, but I'm afraid that you've been duped by your employer."

"Eh?"

How so?"

"Well, let's just say that I belong to a powerful organization that has forces and connections within 3 continents.

And within the organization, I'm the 3rd person calling the shots there.

So if you touch me, then the organization will hunt you down all the days of your life."

Seeing Mitchen stroke his chin deep in thought, Marlo felt even more relaxed about the situation, and Ratcliffe on the side only scoffed in disdain.

He too came up with this analogy as well.

They were nothing more than mercenaries who had a few sorcerers in their midst.

Then they probably hired them because of the sorcerer and their naivety.

"How about this.

If you call off your attack now, then we can forget everything that happened today.

You have my word."

Mitchen looked at the overly confident Marlo and smiled.

"Hmm.

I think what you've said makes sense.

After all, your identity seems to be a mighty one.

Any ordinary people would've chosen to back off.

But you see, I'm different." Mitchen said, while slowly taking a cool martial arts stance.

"And Mr. Marlo, only a fool will believe that a pirate such as yourself can keep his word."

Marlo looked at him and sneered.

That's right!

As a flawless pirate, why should he keep his word if they don't have any business transaction or if they weren't close?

Anyone who dares to attack him is an enemy for life.

So there's no way that he would write it off.

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"Stranger, are you sure that you want to fight me?"

You may not know it, but I have 2 renowned names.

One is the baker, and the other is the Fast Legs

And do you know why people very close to me call me the fast legs?

That's because right from birth, the strength within my legs has always been greater than the average person's.

Though I cannot crush metal or stone, my kicks are always life-threatening to my opponent.

I've killed people bigger and sturdier than you are with just a single kick.

So it's not that I was running away from the fight earlier on.

It's just that in my eyes, you are unworthy of my time."

But since you want to fight so much, then why not?"

"Now that's what I'm talking about here!

And you! Pointy Ears!

You're free to join in the fight anytime."

As an impeccable butler, Ratcliffe's facial expression remained the same.

But deep down, he was swelling with rage.

Pointy Ears?

Who was that?

He felt that the son of a b**ch was indirectly mocking him.

"How absurd.

Do you think that you will be able to take my lord and me at once?

How dare you look down on us?

My lord, please allow this humble servant to deal with this barbarian."

"Mr. Pointy Ears, Mr. Marlo... Enough chit-chat.

It's time to show me what you've got."

"With pleasure," Marlo answered coldly.

If he didn't beat this bastard to non-existence, then he wasn't Marlo Jones, A.K.A The Baker!

Chapter 823 - Mr. Pointy Ear's Vengeance

"Hey!

Enough chit-chat.

Come at me with everything that you've got."

"With pleasure.

YHahhhh!!!!!"

Boom!

Marlo stepped forward and delivered his famous iron kick, but was blocked by Mitchen.

He stepped back again and looked at Mitchen who hadn't fallen as planned.

Heh.

So he wasn't just big for nothing.

No matter, he still believed that he could slowly fracture the son of a b**ch.

After all, to this day, no one has been able to come out unscathed from his deadly leg attacks.

Most just died on the spot.

He smirked and rushed forward fiercer than ever.

Swish Swish Swish Swish!

The air whistled as he sent fierce kicks at all angles; right, left, up and even towards Mitchen's feet, but the bastard just kept dodging his attacks with an excited smile on his face.

Dammit!

He was annoyed by that stupid smile.

As for Mitchen, he was so excited by the challenge before him.

Honestly, within the entire Baynard, only Landon, Lucius, and a selected few others could keep his attention this long when fighting.

He felt so pumped up that he couldn't help smiling stupidly.

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"Mr. Marlo, to be honest, I have to say, I'm pretty impressed by your leg work.

If I were an ordinary person, then I would undoubtedly be at your mercy right now.

But that's not the case, isn't it?

Mr. Marlo, I'm going to get serious now, so watch out."

'Bam!'

"My lord!"

Marlo coughed hard from Mitchen's attack.

He thought that only he might've been blessed with a crazily strong body part.

But now, he knew that he was wrong.

Just as in the case with his obey string legs, his opponent seemed to have overly strong fists too.

"How dare a lowlife such as yourself lift a finger against my lord?"

Swish!

"Hey Pointy Ears, sorry, I forgot about you there," Mitchen said apologetically, and Ratcliffe wanted nothing more than to slice him to pieces.

In actuality, both Ratcliffe and Marlo had been fighting him this entire time with Ratcliffe at his back.

But both parties still failed to land a single hit on him.

Ratcliffe felt like he had been living a lie all these years.

As a famous assassin who was feared in the entire Morgany empire, how could a filthy mercenary be better than him?

If he was a nobody, then he would be able to accept defeat just like that.

But after working hard for years and standing on top of it all, he was now in a bind because of a lowly mercenary that couldn't compare to him a renowned assassin.

So how could he not get mad?

To make matters worse, his opponent treated him as if he wasn't even there.

It was as if he was some pesky fly that had just been squashed with ease.

He had never felt so low in his entire life!!

His breathing grew coarser as he continued fighting Mitchen.

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Marlo quickly forced himself to forget the pain he felt and focus on the man before him.

He then jumped on the same spot as if he was some sort of boxer ready for the next match.

In fact, he was preparing his legs for what he was about to do.

Way back in his younger days, the moment he realized how powerful his legs were, he began coming up with several attack skills all based on his leg attacks.

He had developed and enhanced them over the years to this day.

He dashed like lighting towards Mitchen and sent a brutal punch his way.

Bam!

Marlo smirked when Mitchen blocked it just as expected.

He followed up by grappling his hands and landing a killer kick to his face.

Pah

He was finally able to land his first blow.

But was he happy?

No!

He knew that this was far from enough from dealing with this pest.

Mitchen sent a fierce kick and he also blocked it with another deadly kick.

Pah Pah Pah Pah Pah

Bam!

Both sides were fully immersed and had even forgotten about poor Ratcliffe who tried to send his moves towards Mitchen to no avail.

[Ratcliffe: (:T_T:) How can you guys be so mean? I'm a renowned assassin alright? So why are you guys tearing me like the wind? Can you guys pay little attention to me?]

Ratcliffe felt like stooping down and drawing lines in the sand.

Sigh... these 2 were really heartless.

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Pah Pah Pah Pah.

Bam.

"Hahahhahahahahahahaah!

Good!

You have fire!

But, as I've said, I'm not that easy to take down."

Marlo only smiled when he heard what Mitchen said.

"Take down?"

Who said I was trying to take you down?"

Fhooh!

Marlo quickly took something out of his tiny side hidden within his waste scarf and threw it directly into Mitchen's eyes after Mitchen blocked his attack.

Not good!

Mitchen felt blinded for a second.

Marlo just looked at him playfully while sending more attacks at him.

"Heheh.

That's Devil's Tears, one of the famous plants on the island.

You see, after drying it and grinding it to powder, it still didn't lose its effectiveness.

Your eyes are burning, right?

Heh.

It has the same effect as putting pepper in your eyes, only that apart from the swelling, itchiness and pain you feel in your eyes, the victim will also hallucinate for a maximum of 4 hours as well.

And as the hours pass, the pain great increases.

Of course, there's a way to counter it.

But why should I tell you?"

Marlo smiled cruelly and kicked Mitchen vengefully before fleeing the scene with Ratcliffe who also kicked Mitchen before leaving.

"Consider this a lesson for touching the lord."

Pah Pah Pah Pah Pah Pah

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Ratcliffe's expression almost looked crazed.

He felt like he had been liberated only for a brief moment because even though Mitchen was in him this situation, how could he still be able to block 90% of his attacks, as well as the lord's attacks?

Did he have extra sets of eyes that they weren't aware of?

Do you have to be so exaggerated?

Ratcliffe felt like Mitchen's whole existence was mocking him.

And after stepping away for a second, he turned around again and gave Mitchen 2 deadly kicks.

Pah Pah.

"Eat dust and die lowlife."

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Ratcliffe looked at him with disdain and fury, wishing that he could drop an entire mountain on him that would squash him like a bug.

No!

He didn't even want his remains to be found.

Ratcliffe prided himself to be an impeccable butler.

But this loathsome fellow just made him feel like breaking character over and over again.

How could such a hateful person exist?

Chapter 824 - Injured!

The duo fled the scene, and those who were taking care of the numerous enemies around all looked at Mitchen anxiously.

"Sir!!!!!"

The feelings of rage and uneasiness were fully displayed from those around him.

And amidst it all, Mitchen just stayed calm as if nothing had happened.

But his murderous aura seemed to leak out, frightening those who even tried to come close to him.

Some pirates immediately knelt and cried, while others shat and peed themselves.

They swallowed a gulp of saliva and knew that this man was not to be tempted.

The aura released by him was so strong that some couldn't even get up, even if they tried.

Such a man was the devil himself, right?

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Mitchen calmly stood up in rage while trying to bear the pain he felt in his eyes.

He was starting to get dizzy, which meant that very soon, the first stage of his hallucination would begin.

But was he scared?

Nope!

Before coming here, they had already been educated on all mother nature issues here.

So they were fully prepared for poisonous plants, hallucinatory plants and whatnot.

With that, he took out his Walkie Talkie fast.

"Ground command to any air forces around CP-3 building 2-East.

Emergency, Medical team needed!"

Instantly, one of the air forces responded to his emergency call.

All air force teams had emergency medical supplies tailored for this mission.

So it wouldn't be long before he was treated.

He quickly identified himself and gave out his location patiently, while the marines and soldiers around him strategically brought their fights closer to him and surrounded him in order to protect him.

But where did these pirates dare to mess with him?

They had already associated him with the devil, okay?

In fact, could it be that those fireflies that they saw earlier were signs of this man's coming?

Either way, they dare not mess with the calm burly man.

His aura was just too terrifying!

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Mitchen sat on the floor in a relaxed manner and crossed his legs in deep concentration while trying to clear his mind through the Shaolin way.

And as expected, the previously overbearing pain wasn't that bad now.

Everything seemed to be within his control.

He opened his eyes and smiled coldly.

He swore that once he got eye relievers and the cure, he would ransack this entire island until he found Marlo.

Earlier on, he really held back his strength for fear of crushing or breaking Marlo's bones or ribs.

After all, he didn't want him to be permanently damaged while in prison.

So he had lowered his strength during the battle and only used 30% of it.

But now, his fury made him want to raise it higher.

If Ratcliffe knew that he didn't even use half of his strength when fighting him, the guy would probably puke out blood and die from fury.

During the attack, his body almost snapped into 2 when he received any of Mitchen's attacks.

At that time, he was wondering if his fists were made of metal.

So what the hell?

Mitchen on the other hand was going through his shortcomings while waiting for medical care.

He only blamed himself for his misjudgment.

That's right!

He only lowered his guard because based on what the enemy was wearing, as well as his observations during the battle, he concluded that the only weapons that the enemy had were a sword in his hand and his dagger.

But that's where he was wrong.

There were various kinds of weapons, and things like fire, poison and even the peppery hallucinogenic powder blown to his face was also a weapon as well.

It was just that he focused his attention on the weapons he could see protruding against the enemy's body and didn't think for one second that the enemy might have powder on them.

As expected, he still needed to improve himself much more.

He saw this as a learning opportunity that showed his strengths and weaknesses.

Those who watched everything from a side-eye only held him in a higher stance in their hearts.

Why?

Because even after the unbearable pain he felt which confused him, he still managed to block 90% of the opponent's attacks with his eyes closed.

Additionally, he was also able to land several fierce attacks on the enemy as well.

They felt that the enemy could only escape by pulling this cheating stunt.

If not, how could they ever defeat the warden?

It was just a fantasy dream for the enemy.

So it was impossible!

They only felt that they wouldn't be able to block those attacks with their eyes closed.

As expected of a master.

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Landon sighed from relief after looking at Marlo's image on his monitor.

Phew!

He could now relax.

Earlier on, the moment he got the word that Marlo had been spotted and was around Mitchen, he quickly put on the systems monitor to watch Mitchen.

Yes!

He had placed trackers on all leaders within this operation so that if they needed help, he could just warp himself to their locations.

And now knowing that Marlo was around Mitchen, of course amidst all the chaos, he found an isolated region within Camp 1 and opened his monitors.

He scanned the area around Mitchen and located a safe place to warp to.

From there, he appeared personally and placed trackers on Marlo and Ratcliffe.

So now he didn't need to worry about not finding them.

He couldn't take action on them because if any of the soldiers or marines found him here, they would look at him weirdly.

He was supposed to be in camp 1, which was all the way on the other side of the island.

So how could he be here this fast after receiving the news just a few minutes ago?

More still, where was his team?

It would be too suspicious if he was here but his team was way back in Camp 1.

What's more, they literally just spoke to him face-to-face a few minutes ago too.

So if the news passed through the Walkie Talkies, he was afraid that his actions would only further their belief that he was either a God, Demi-God, Deity or Messenger From Heaven.

So all he could do right now was track them and allow the others to tackle them.

And if by the end of the day they still weren't found, then he would 'accidentally' lead them to where Marlo and his gang were hiding.

He sighed from relief that the target wouldn't escape him, or else it would be his death.

With the matter of his life and death temporarily solved, he continued leading his team to take down those within Camp 1.

He would just leave it to the others for now.

He had a feeling that Mitchen wouldn't let this matter go.

He could only light a candle for Marlo in his heart.

Sigh... He just had to unleash the beast.

Well, all's well that ends well.

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As for the duo, Marlo and Ratcliffe, they just presently entered into the forest region.

And even though some people were still chasing after them, they didn't worry at all.

This forest was their territory.

And the way to their hideout was a deadly one.

Heh!

They'd like to see how these bastards would survive this.

Chapter 825 - Mother Nature's Best

Marlo and Ratcliffe ran into the forest alongside a hundred other panicky pirates that ran haphazardly in fear.

There were many hideouts deep in the forest, so some went to the ones they could remember.

Of course, others thought of riding towards the other camps to call for help.

They didn't think that these people would be able to take everyone on the island all at once.

One should know that their crew alone roughly had 15,000, and the other crews had 13~14000 people in them.

Of course, their first captains had several other men and shots on missions at the moment.

So there were only about 15,000 of them in the base.

Again, some freshly new pirate captives were currently in another island training.

Each time slaves were brought and assigned to crews or positions on land, they would first get trained on another island for a year and a half before they began working where they were stationed.

From there, many start by becoming floor boys who clean the deck at all times.

And with time, they eventually become the fierce and lawless pirates that they were today.

On the training island, all their complaints, plans and hopes of escaping will be driven out of them in very gruesome manners.

So they had no choice but to give up because even if they did escape, they would now be 'wanted' by the pirate organization for life.

This was bad because greedy people who spotted them would undoubtedly want to turn them in and get the reward money.

And if they had another family, then that family would also be targeted as well.

In short, escape wasn't an option for them.

So they had to give up and accept their fates as pirates.

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Anyway, their crew got 1,200 recruits after making them fight each other hand with only daggers at hand.

They could fight as they liked with anything going.

But they couldn't kill their opponent or deliver a fatal attack.

After all, every one of them was still merchandise that had been bought.

So after fighting, the pirate captains would bid for the fiercest, smartest or even strategic ones.

Of course, the ordinary ones would still be gotten at lower prices, but the eye-catching ones were treated as treasures.

And last year during April, after the fierce bidding, their crew got 1,200 new pirate recruits that have been training on that island ever since.

Additionally, they also had another 5000 or so who were out on missions.

So their total population was around 20,000 for just their pirate crew, the Rock-Head pirates.

Anyhow, even with just 15,000 people currently at the base, they still felt like this alone was enough to give any enemy headaches and nightmares.

So the chances of the enemy presently attacking the other bases on the different sides of the island seemed less likely.

After all, the other crews also had thousands of people there too.

With that in mind, several pirates ran towards the island's extreme ends to get aid from the other pirate crews.

Some also ran towards the ship docks of the other crews in order to get on their sh.i.p.s and urge them to set sail instantly.

This matter needed to be reported to headquarters at once.

And so just like that, Marlo and Ratcliffe found themselves running and bumping into confused and panicked pirates that couldn't decide whether to go back, forth or to the sides.

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"Radcliffe."

"Yes my Lord, say no more."

Din Din Din Din

"Uhh!"

With quick assassin steps, Ratcliffe secretly knocked down two confused pirates by their side who had similar physiques to them.

One should know that even though it was nighttime, the moonlight was so bright that they could see each other's faces here.

Ratcliffe glanced around and after confirming that no one saw anything, he and Marlo dragged the bodies to the bushes.

Three minutes later, they came out with entirely different attires, as well as head scarfs over their heads and mouths.

Since the enemy could now identify their faces and clothes, it was paramount that they switched it up as soon as possible, should they run into the enemy again.

Stepping out of the bushes, they once again mingled amongst the other panicky pirates calmly.

They stayed in the middle of a particular group of people, as they intended to use them as experimental subjects.

Unlike the pirates who were too scared at the moment while rushing for safety, they on the other hand still had their sense online.

This was the forest, so how could they ever forget about the dangers of mother nature?

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Ratcliffe and Marlo looked at each other in understanding while ensuring they stayed in the middle of the group.

And just as they expected, they encountered several tests from mother nature, all of which didn't affect them since they remained in their center positions.

Many pirates drowned in sinking mud, while others ran close to massive beautiful but deadly plants that sucked them dry.

Some idiot also accidentally bumped into a Hongorous beehive that was a colony of red bees which were smaller than regular bees but more gruesome.

The bees all swarmed around the idiot's face, disfigured him and killed him in a matter of minutes.

But how could mother nature let things go?

'Grrrrrr!!!'

A deep grunting noise echoed all around the group, making many tremble weakly.

Some had just been thinking about leaving the group and branching off to where they wanted to head to.

But now, how dare they?

The sound right now didn't sound like it came from one creature.

No!!

It sounded like many beasts were out there hiding in the shadows, waiting to have a taste of their thick flesh.

'Sling!'

They took their swords and daggers out impatiently while carefully observing their surroundings

"My Lord, it appears that we have company."

"Hmm.

In this case, then this group is now useless to us, understand?"

Ratcliffe smiled broadly and while looking at the anxious pirates.

"My lord, I understand."

"Good."

Chapter 826 - Gentors

The air was tense, as everyone kept looking around left, right, and center in fear.

They stood rooted on the spot while trying to toughen themselves up in preparation for what was to come.

The group had already lost several people because of Mother nature's test.

But previously, people died from plants, insects and even mud.

And this time, hearing the fierce sound echo out made them remember that there were in the deep forest region where deadly creatures here liked to move in packs.

They quickly gathered their spirits ready and put their fears behind them.

Hey!

If they could kill vicious sea creatures, then why couldn't they kill whatever was out there?

Plus, many of them typically went out in groups to hunt while on the island, so their fears went down a bit.

Of course, these men have forgotten that what they typically hunted were wild boars and other creatures that didn't move in packs as big as these.

One should know that the island was somewhat close to Terique's shores, as well as Arcadina's shores.

So they had specific merchants who deliver them several months' worth of supplies like wheat, rum and other foods regularly.

That said, they only got their meat from the none-dangerous or semi-dangerous regions of the forest.

.

Over the years and decades, many groups that went hunting hardly met many setbacks because they stayed within the safest regions.

They were very well aware of the dangers deep within the forest and dared not step this far unless it was an emergency.

It was because of the danger level here that the crew had sent an entire group of 10,000 people to create and establish several hideouts in the forest securely.

Of course, they also stored their treasures there as well.

So that if anyone ever dared to sneak into the forest to steal them, then they could only wait for death.

With plants and animals that were both blood-sucking and deadly, who would dare?

They only went onto the forest every three months to check their treasures, as well as to continue familiarizing themselves with the way.

Again, at least 800 people were sent at once to one hideout location for safety.

Their numbers were so big that no creature dared to attack them openly and could only let them pass.

But now, their situation was different.

Their group of about 100 people had dwindled due to mother nature.

And now, there were only about 60 of them.

Either way they looked at it, the situation wasn't favourable to them.

But everyone still felt like provided it wasn't the intruders but a mere animal; then they could do it.

They stood courageously while vigilantly observing their surroundings.

And soon, the creatures revealed themselves.

.

'Roar!'

Everyone looked at the beasts in shock.

Gentors!

They were an aggressive breed that sent fear down several people within the Pyno continent.

They looked like a very hairy leopard with a flower ring around their necks.

That's right!

They had large flower-like petals around their necks that could close and open just like a regular plant could.

One could say that their appearance was somewhat cute, but make no mistake, those flower-like petals on the ring of their necks had a tiny tube running through them that squirted out a very toxic fluid at a high velocity rate.

The fluid released could make the enemy numb for a maximum of 5 minutes.

Sure, the times sounded short when compared to other numbing creatures.

But they had sharp razor-like claws and teeth and would enable them to kill their prey in a heartbeat.

So 5 minutes was more than enough for them.

Again, the creature was twice the size of a regular leopard and also had a single massive tail that broke into two tails towards its end.

If anyone from earth saw it face to face, they would undoubtedly forget its cute fur and feel frightened.

Goodness!

It was about 2 meters tall when standing on 2 feet and 4 meters long.

Its sheer size alone was enough to intimidate anyone.

The pirates looked at the beasts that were almost as tall as they were and took big gulps.

These huge greenish Gentors were not to be looked down on.

.

'Grrrrrrrrrrr!'

Over 50 fierce Gentors slowly stepped out of the dark, revealing their deep yellowish eyes for all to see.

Without a doubt, these creatures were smart.

They figured out the confusion going on in this part of the island and decided to hunt merrily.

In fact, many creatures did the same as well.

Rarely do these humans come this deep into the forest in tiny groups.

So why not stock up on food?

Some humans ran all alone by themselves and had been swallowed and ripped apart by other hungry creatures.

Tonight, the animals, as well as the pirates were going crazy.

Of course, if they weren't the Baymardians who had heat vision goggles and tranquillizers to shoot animals far away, then it would be tough for them to be fully guarded all through the night.

They could only see when they walked through the path that the moonlight created.

But what was lurking within the shadows around the places where the light didn't pass through was what they needed to be afraid of.

.

The pirates tightened their grip on the blades and deeply imprinted this point in their minds.

Of course, the Gentors were also looking at their prey intensely as well.

Marlo and Ratcliffe stared at the creatures that had jumped from their left side.

Heh... It seemed that they had been chosen by them as prey.

Marlo chuckled playfully.

"Come here, big guy."

The Gantor looked at his calm demeanour and felt that he was looking down on it.

Every ferocious creature likes others to at least tremble or fear it to some degree.

In this way, they could be seen as the kings of their territories.

But what did this human mean by its actions?

The Gantor was furious!

Roar!!!!!!

It leaped forward in just two steps, opened its mouth and reached for Marlo's neck.

Marlo immediately lifted his right leg and made a sweeping motion in the air, kicking the heard right in the face.

Pah!

"Oooooooooo~~~"

The beast whimpered and wailed while using his paws to caress its cheeks before lifting its head to look at Marlo in disbelief.

It had many doubts in its head.

Are you really human?

Are you sure that you're not another beast that just looked human?

Blood trickled from its mouth and slowly slid down its body.

The beast looked around and stood up in embarrassment as it didn't want its fellow Gantors to witness such a thing.

Hey.

What was he going to tell them?

That he was knocked down in one swoop easily by a human's kick?

They would just look at him in disdain.

And within their pact, the females will undoubtedly not choose him as a partner.

He got up instantly and acted as if he wasn't the one who was smacked a few seconds ago.

It looked at Marlo's sarcastic smile and felt angry all over again.

'Roar!!!'

This time, it squirted its fluid at a high velocity from its petals.

But Marlo used another person as a shield and later thought it a lesson again and again and again.

The poor guy was beaten so much that it doubted its life.

But of course, not every creature was in a bad spot as it was.

And not everyone was as fortunate as Marlo.

.

"Ahhhhh!"

"Get away you bastard!"

"No! No! I don't want to be your food."

"Brothers, help me!

Help me and I'll give you all my treasures."

"Ahhhhhhh!!!

Many pirates at the back tried to resist.

Some succeeded, while others were hacked to death.

But what did it have to do with Marlo and Ratcliffe?

The duo stealthily evaded everything around them and hard the pirates as shields for their escape.

With that, they left the drama and used another path to head towards their hideout.

They ran vigilantly for a bit more while blending in with another crowd.

And soon, they heard a voice that they didn't want to hear.

Marlo looked ahead and sighed.

Honestly, why was their luck so bad?

Chapter 827 - Revenge Is Near!

Marlo looked at the group of people before him and sighed.

Why was their luck so bad?

The thing that troubled him the most is that he just had to run into Mitchen again.

Dammit!

If he had known, he would've stayed on the previous path rather than branching off towards this direction.

He figured that the earlier path might have other dangerous animals around, so he chose another route towards the hideout.

Of course during their journey, they had indeed wasted time bypassing mother nature which slowed them down considerably.

One should know that the island itself was enormous.

And the closest route after leaving the base to the hideout would take them 1 hour and 35~45 minutes if they weren't stopped here and there by mother nature.

It was deep, deep, profound within the forest.

So it wasn't something that could be reached in a matter of minutes.

Marlo and Ratcliffe smiled bitterly when looking at the enemies before them.

Well, the good thing was that the enemy, particularly Mitchen, might not know that they were the ones he was looking for.

They now had a completely different outfit, and their faces and hair were covered with scarves as well.

So maybe they could still escape this unnoticed.

.

The pirates were utterly shocked and anxious when they saw the enemy step out of the shadows in all directions.

F***!

Mitchen looked at the group coldly while scrutinizing them sternly.

And soon, his eyes lit up when he saw Marlo and Ratcliffe who were in different outfits.

Even without seeing one's entire face, there were bits of clues here and there that could still aid them in identifying their target.

Mitchen, who personally saw their target face to face, had noticed several major vital points.

Firstly, the way Marlo ran, his body size, height and his eyes made Mitchen get suspicious.

Of course, in the group, Mitchen had five suspects that could be Marlo and three suspects that could be Ratcliffe.

All eight suspects had scarves around their faces and heads, which wasn't an uncommon or suspicious thing to do in the forest since it can prevent bugs from biting your face and whatnot.

Plus, some pirates saw it as a fashion sense, so they wrapped themselves up, only revealing their eyes.

Earlier on when they were still hiding in the shadows, Mitchen quickly identified his suspects amongst the group of 35 and selected 7 Marines and soldiers to take on 7 of the suspects; of course he chose to take care of the last one amongst them.

But as fate would have it, the person he pinpointed was actually Marlo.

.

With the plan fixed, Mitchen and the other 7 focused on their prey while the rest of the soldiers and marines concentrated on the remaining 28 pirates.

Of course, this wasn't the first group that Mitchen and his team had caught off guard.

They identified possible suspects and attacked the suspects with combat, while the other pirates were asked to either surrender or get shot.

As for how they would get transported out of the forest after getting shot, well, there were already other teams that took care of that.

So they wouldn't have to walk for hours just to get to the base, because if they did, some might die from excessive bleeding or injection.

To put it simply, there were soldiers and marines assigned for transforming the prisoners.

And all this was made simple with the help of the pirates themselves.

The pirates did a great job creating several 2 narrow-laned roads, which were probably used when transporting their treasures, hunting yields and whatnot.

Of course, they wouldn't be so stupid to put their secret hideouts close to these roads.

One could say that it was a great way to misdirect many who wanted to steal their treasures.

They would use the roads to transport their treasures to some degree.

And after that, they would hand-carry them treasure through all sorts of terrains and oaths before getting to their hideouts.

The roads were marvellous and very essential every time they went on hunts and whatnot.

.

Anyway, another set of teams from the Sh.i.p.s have already been sent to each base.

That's right!

The transport ship that came alongside all 8 Navy sh.i.p.s had already released several military trucks and prisoner transport vehicles on all enemy docks.

They drove straight to all bases and were now here for pick-up and drop-off.

More importantly, thanks to the forest roads that the pirates created, the trucks all from into the forest to some degree.

That said, if a team captures enemy pirates, they would first contact the air force teams, which will in turn contact any available prison transport teams within the nearest or closest vehicle accessible roads.

So even if they captured the enemy on a foot trail path, they just had to locate the nearest road from them and the transport team will drive the vehicles at a close enough distance before contacting the team to bring the prisoners towards the vehicle.

From there, the prisoners would get on the ship, get first aid, and those who got shot would also be hastily sent to the medical centers within the sh.i.p.s for treatment.

From there, the rest was history.

.

As for Mitchen, he decided that the soldiers fight all Marlo and Ratcliffe suspects.

Heh!

If they shit them, then how was he supposed to battle Marlo?

There was no way that he would let his resentment go just like that.

He stared at the Marlo suspect before him and boldly advanced.

Marlo, who had actually been targeted by this guy again, was dumbfounded.

Even with his face covered and completely different attire, this guy still chose him out of everyone else?

Did the bastard have eyes that could see through clothes?

What sort of curse did he have on him to warrant so much bad luck all in one night?

Marlo truly felt like everything was a conspiracy at this point.

His mind quickly wondered about how to escape once again.

But how could Mitchen let him go?

Mitchen squinted his eyes coldly.

"Mr. Marlo, do you think that hiding your face will change anything?"

I'll still know that it's you.

So it's pointless."

"Indeed, it seems that I can never fool you.

But if I can escape once, then I can escape again."

Listening to his voice and examining his body language, Mitchen's eyes turned even colder after confirming his identity.

He was just saying it to probe him, but Marlo actually thought that he had identified him and revealed himself.

Good!

He can now take his revenge!

Chapter 828 - Mitchen's Revenge

"Mr. Marlo, last time, it appears that I went easy on you.

For that, I'm truly sorry as I didn't give you a satisfactory battle.

So this time, don't expect any courtesy from me."

"Don't worry; I wasn't."

"Good.

Then let's begin, shall we?"

With that, Mitchen rushed forward and sent for a very domineering punch towards Marlo.

Marlo sneered and raised his fierce leg to block the punch, listening to kick Mitchen's hand away.

But what happened next left him in a daze.

Bam.

He fell to the ground in shock.

What the hell was going on?

During their last battle, he was somewhat evened out with this guy and blocked a punch with his legs back then.

So why was it so different now?

Wait?

Did this guy hold back in the fight earlier on?

Black lines appeared on his forehead when he thought of the matter again.

No!

He had to escape.

This guy was too damn dangerous!

.

"Pay attention to the fight!"

Bam.

Rumble Rumble.

Crack!

What?

Marlo quickly rolled away to find out that the ground itself had visibly cracked with visible lines on it.

Pieces of ground scattered around the crack, and there was a deep puddle-like hole in the center of the hole.

F***!

Was this bastard trying to kill him?

Don't this peolle need him alive anymore?

Didn't he know that just one punch from him and his entire bones might shatter?

He would definitely die from such an attack.

And what about the vibrations from the ground that he felt earlier on from just that on punch?

Such a thing might even might his blood boil amd spill out of his body, no?

He was sure that the strength released from this last punch was way powerful than the one that sent him flying earlier on.

He couldn't help but sweat a little.

Son of a b**ch!

What sort of mercenaries had that villainous temple sent after him?

The other pirates who had already been taken down opened their mouths wide in shock at Mitchen's literally groundbreaking punch.

They couldn't help but look at those who captured them gratefully before looking at Marlo pitifully.

Bro, what exactly did you do to anger this devil?

Many were so shocked and scared that they forgot the pain from their injuries and silently thanked their lucky stars that they didn't meet such a fierce beast.

What if after all these beatings, the poor guy still got hit by that sorcerer thing (gun).

Wouldn't that be too pitiful?

(:T^T:)

Many quickly turned obedient and did what they were asked to do while they were supported away to the transport vehicles.

It was best for them to go far away from this beast, lest they angered him.

Hopefully, they would never see him again.

But how would they have known that he was their warden?

Sigh... Their prison days were sure to get lively.

.

Bam.

After getting his attention once more, Mitchen controlled his strength again and smiled playfully.

He didn't intend to give him any time to rest or think deeply.

And as the battle advanced, his attack speed also increased as well.

Like a storm, he sent another punch that was so fast that a strong gust of wind came from his fists.

Bam

"Pluhhh!"

Marlo spat out blood after receiving a direct hit.

He clutched his chest and felt like the hit almost made his heart burst out of his chest and fall out.

He gritted his teeth and roared in rage.

He sent his famous flying kick towards his opponent, but Mitchen just leaned back and grabbed his legs, swinging him in the air [Ape style] before tossing him to a nearby tree.

Bam.

Marlo didn't have time to rest as the moment he landed, Mitchen had only appeared next to him, ready to make his next move.

Bam Bam Bam Bam Bam Bam Bam.

Marlo had never felt so aggrieved in his life.

He felt like a test subject for all of Mitchen's antics.

His body hurt so badly that he was willing to raise the flag of defeat.

But something within him still strongly urged him to escape.

It was just that his body had been badly hit that he could hardly stand on his own.

He thought rationally about it.

It wasn't entirely impossible to escape.

.

Firstly, even if he got captured in the end, he didn't believe that he wouldn't be able to find a way to escape once they brought him to either Yodan or Deiferus (Empires that the temple had their bases in.)

That's right!

Both empires are very far away from here.

And on sea, he might even meet some pirates and find a way to escape.

Again, even if he could escape during the voyage, the moment they got on land, he would be able to escape during their long journey to their bases which could be months away.

In his mind, he just needed a little recuperation time before he would be able to flee.

Well, that was one option for his escape.

Another would be to focus on these mercenaries.

All they wanted was money, wealth, prestige and women, right?

He realized that he had been going about this wrong.

During his fight, he only told them to step down after revealing his identity and educating them on how powerful the pirate organization was.

But thinking about it now, how could these desperate mercenaries give up the massive amount of money they had been promised if they got the job done?

They had wasted their time and resources to get here.

So who was going to compensate them if they back off?

More still, it does like the reward money was too good for them to leave this mission alone.

That said, even though they might be a little scared after hearing about the pirate organization, they still decided to capture him because of greed.

So if the problem was wealth, money, prestige or anything else, then why not give them what they wanted?

.

Bam Bam Bam Bam

"Wait!"

Mitchen lowered his leg, squatted down and started at Marlo coldly.

"Well, what is it?"

"I'll double the amount of whatever your employer offered you if you let me go.

No, scratch that.

I'll triple it."

Seeing Mitchen remain silent, he grumbled silently at how greedy these mercenaries were.

"Fine!

I'll give you five times what you were initially promised."

Mitchen looked at him and smiled broadly.

"Mr. Marlo, it seems that you've got our identity wrong.

You see, we're not mercenaries."

"What?" Marlo exclaimed in disbelief.

"Hmhm.

We're not mercenaries.

As for who we are, you'll know that in due time."

With that, Mitchen knocked Marlo cold and took out his Walkie Talkie.

"This is Ground Team MB3 calling in.

Primary Mission accomplished.

Target acquired.

I repeat, target acquired."

Chapter 829 - Magoon Island Aftermath

"This is Ground Team MB3 calling in.

Primary Mission accomplished.

Target acquired.

I repeat, target acquired."

Mitchen quickly lifted the unconscious Marlo and placed him over his shoulder caveman style.

Of course, he took out all his weapons and also handcuffed him before taking him away.

Mitchen personally wanted to deliver him to his cell on the ship.

Who knows if the target would get up and try to flee?

They were already exhausted as it is, so they didn't have time for any more hindrances.

"My Lord!!!"

Ratcliffe, who was busy fighting another soldier, anxiously tried to break away and rescue his master.

Mitchen turned around and smiled.

"Oh?

Pointy Ears.

I almost forgot that if he's here, then you too would be here as well.

Heh.

I haven't forgotten your last goodbye message.

But seeing as we have a very long time to get acquainted, I'll settle my scores with you later.

Winnie!"

"Yes, sir!"

"Finish him!"

Winnie moved like lightning and karate-chopped him as well.

Pap.

Ratcliffe unwillingly fell unconscious.

Winnie removed all of his weapons and also handcuffed him.

Of course, each time they dealt with a group of pirates, they would handcuff them and then the transport team would give them more handcuffs after taking the prisoners away.

.

Winnie looked at Ratcliffe and decided to carry him over her shoulders as well.

She has always followed Mitchen wherever he went and was more like Mitchen's secretary and bodyguard.

And because of her high position within the prison, she and several head guards had also been gifted with some strength from the system.

For sure, Mitchen remained the strongest above everyone else.

She also learned the ways of Shaolin, so coupled with her already crazy strength, Ratcliffe's body wasn't that big a deal for her to carry.

It was just that looking at her tiny body that carried the burly Ratcliffe, anyone who stumbled upon the scene would be amazed and shocked.

How can this lolita have so much strength?

The prisoners who saw this almost peed themselves.

Dammit!

What sort of world were they living in?

How can such a tiny girl be so fierce?

They then looked at the other soldiers and Marines around them and wondered if they were also that powerful.

They couldn't help looking at Ratcliffe pitifully.

Earlier on, they thought that Marlo was the most miserable of them all.

But now, they felt that it was Ratcliffe.

At least even if Marlo was defeated, he lost to a mighty man and had even held up for that long.

So it wasn't that shameful.

But what about Ratcliffe?

He lost to a puny girl, which would undoubtedly destroy his reputation.

The problem wasn't that he lost to a girl.

No!

The issue was that he lost to such a tiny girl.

There were already several powerful female pirates, but all of them were completely ripped.

They still looked gorgeous and had very s.e.xy figures with muscles and abs.

But looking at the girl before them, she didn't seem to have any, and one might even think that she is as delicate as a flower.

So in the eyes of those who stumbled upon the scene, they might laugh that Ratcliffe lost to such a delicate flower.

Everyone looked at him in sympathy.

Brother, take heart.

The unconscious Ratcliffe: (-_-)

.

Just like that, Marlo and Ratcliffe got captured.

And the moment word got out that through the walkie-talkies, everyone felt ecstatic.

With their primary mission accomplished, they could now focus on the other tasks at hand.

With that, they spent the entire night catching all criminals and sending them to the sh.i.p.s.

Those that needed emergency medical treatments were attended to first.

As for those that only needed first aid, with the Military doctors all swamped, the Navy stepped up and provided simple first aid procedures to those with minor injuries.

This went on for an entire day, with people switching shifts now and then.

One had to know that not every soldier, Marine, and Navy officer participated during the night battle because they would undoubtedly stay on the island for several days until they finished their tasks.

So they decided to take shifts.

.

The night remained as busy as ever, and once morning came, another team went out to transport the gold, treasures and important documents while guarding against the wild creatures around.

Another thing that they focused on was transforming some creatures that weren't in the Baymard Zoo as well.

Landon gave them a list with picture drawings and familiar habitats where these creatures may likely be located within the island.

He had explicitly said that they couldn't separate any families.

Some creatures were similar in parental upbringing to pandas and other independent animals.

Landon wanted to focus more on these ones.

Just like the pandas, some creatures abandon their children after they reach a certain age.

That is, they will let them be and won't be bothered with them anymore.

Some even leave and migrate far away to start another family, where they begin the habit of birthing another child and then later abandoning it.

This case was much more common with many male beasts.

They just went here and there, spreading their seeds and taking no accountability for it whatsoever.

And some female species also do the same because it is their way of life.

Sigh... Nature can be cruel.

.

Landon wanted to take particular species that could be independent on their own.

Of course he would take both males and females, hoping that they reproduced and continued their lives once they got to the zoo.

And so, several teams focused on searching for them.

They tranquilized them and transported them into the cargo ship.

Apart from doing all this, they also raided all grains and non-perishable foodstuffs within the bases.

This can be donated and used for charity once they get back.

There was no point leaving it here for the next wave of pirates to use.

Following that, they also wore several protective suits and went out uprooting and transporting some plants too.

They will grow them for medicinal purposes, as some plants might have several rare properties which can better their lives.

Landon looked at it all and smiled broadly.

He could finally go home.

But before that, there was still one more thing left for them to do.

Chapter 830 - Magoon Island Mission Finalization

After taking a nap, Landon woke up and headed towards the dungeon at 2 P.M.

He was in charge of dealing with prisoners within base one while Mitchen and Lucius would deal with the dungeon prisoners in the bases they attacked last night.

Not everything could be done in one day, so they planned to spend as many days as possible to settle these things properly.

Din Din Din Din Din

Landon calmly walked into one of the rooms and sat behind the desk there.

All rooms within the building were now used for interrogation and questioning.

Landon wasn't the only one who would do the questioning.

They didn't want it to take forever, so several others were assigned to interrogate the prisoners too.

And each prisoner would be questioned by at least three different interrogators before their status got confirmed.

So they would go from one room to another.

The interrogators who have specifically studied criminal psychology and whatnot could pick up truths or lies here and there.

And the little things that they do or say would make things easier for the interrogators.

Of course before Landon came here, the soldiers and Marines on the earlier shift began recording everyone's name, date of birth, reason for being here and so on.

Again, several pirates who weren't badly injured were brought and made to pinpoint why these people were locked up.

But just to be sure that both the prisoners and pirates were telling the truth and not winging it, they decided to interrogate them.

.

Landon sat down and waited for the first person to be brought in.

"What do you want?"

No, no!

I didn't do anything.

Please let me go!"

Ooooooo~~

The blindfolded man cried while struggling to escape.

He felt terrified.

Why did they blindfold him?

We're they going to execute him?"

After leading him to the chair, the soldier escorting him removed his blindfold and sat him down.

Landon was also wearing a mask for fear that someone might know that he was the ruler of Baymard.

"Please, don't be afraid.

We aren't going to hurt you."

The man opened his eyes wide fearfully.

He didn't believe it at all.

Landon only shook his head wryly and nodded to confirm what he said.

"It's true!

My friends and I aren't pirates.

We are mercenaries who have been sent to capture these pirates.

But we couldn't just leave you all in the dungeon after leaving.

So what wanted to free you all.

But we first have to know why you were locked up."

"Really?

That's it?"

"Hmhm.

So if you tell us why?

Then you're free to go after some days.

You have my word!"

The young man decided to say everything that he knew.

Even though he still had doubts about him getting freed, it was better to take this chance and see what happened, no?

.

Landon listened very attentively and nodded.

"So you're a corporate rowing slave?"

"Yes, sir.

Two years ago, I was kidnapped and sent to some island.

They asked us to battle one another, but I ended up within the fighters' dead last category.

And even though the crew bought me, they still didn't give me a pirate title.

They decided that he would forever be a slave rower.

You see, 8/10th of those rowing pirate sh.i.p.s are the pirates themselves, while the other remaining group are people like me.

We are not allowed to participate in any pirate activities on ship or land.

We forever remained chained up on the sh.i.p.s' lowest level, while the pirates can freely row without getting chained.

In this way, if there is an attack, they can also join those above to fight.

Likewise, they can also flee the ship, leaving us for the enemy.

For the past two years, I've lived in the dungeon and on the lower deck of the sh.i.p.s."

Landon continued squeezing every piece of information out of him while another soldier hurriedly wrote everything down diligently.

.

The questioning and interrogating went on for three days.

Many knelt and thanked them heartily, especially those who were about to become food.

Without a doubt, they were all questioned in order to identify whether they would be a threat later on.

After all, what if some of them were actually dangerous people?

Within all the camps combined, they only found 17 out of 912 prisoners that appeared to be dangerous.

Some of them were captured spies, while others were mercenaries and assassins.

Of course during the time that they were on the island, they kept all 17 in the dungeon.

They didn't want them to know who they were or see the many cars and trucks passing by.

It was also the main reason why each prisoner was blindfolded before leaving the dungeons during interactions.

That's why when they met the prisoners, they dressed in ordinary clothes for pirates and even mercenaries.

They appeared with swords in their hands and told all prisoners that they had beaten the pirates on the island and even went as far as saying they were ordinary mercenaries.

This way, even if the freed spies relayed the message about what happened on the island to their masters, they didn't see the battle, so they have no idea how it actually went down and can only believe that it was the hands of mercenaries.

.

As for the other innocent 895 who had been freed, they gave them money and instructed them to take the pirate sh.i.p.s and set sail.

These slaves were mostly rowing slaves, so they were more than happy to be row away.

Of course when the Baymardians had sent them off, they strategically removed all vehicles and even requested for the Baymard sh.i.p.s to sail away first.

This way, their secret would remain well hidden.

As for the 17 dangerous people that remained in the dungeons, they only freed them several days later, 2 hours before Landon and the rest had to depart the island permanently.

That's right!

Everyone was already onboard the Navy sh.i.p.s when one of the trucks drove back towards the dungeon.

The vehicle parked in a hidden spot, and all 20 soldiers dressed in ordinary attire stepped off and released the prisoners from the dungeon.

But before leaving, they once again locked them up in a room with windows facing the opposite direction from where they parked the truck.

With that, they drove off quickly, boarded the sh.i.p.s and left for good.

Heh.

They wondered how long it would take for these people to realize that the place was deserted with just them on it.

More still, how would they get off the island when all pirate sh.i.p.s had either sailed off or got burnt?

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Staying on the island was definitely not an option because if any other pirate ship docked on the island and caught them, their fates wouldn't be good.

They'll be sent to headquarters for questioning on what the hell happened here.

More still, the Baymardians had cleared all grains and foodstuff within the bases.

So their only option was to team up and hunt.

What if during that time, they were surrounded by packs of wild beasts that greatly outnumbered them?

Well, probably if they don't go too deep into the forest, that should be somewhat okay.

And they could also fish if they wanted to.

Again, they probably didn't know the many challenges of mother nature, so their luck was terrible.

Their only choice was to build a raft and travel out for months on sea before reaching the nearest land.

But would a raft really cut it?

Sigh... Their options were limited.

Landon laid on his bed with a frown on his face.

'System, why haven't you notified me yet?

Isn't the mission over?

Where is my reward?'

'That depends, host.

Define completion.'

' '

Chapter 831 - Another Saviour?

Where is my reward?'

'That depends, host.

Define completion.'

' '

'System, are you joking with me?'

'Not at all, host.

The system has always been a serious one and never jokes.

The system only reminds the host to look up the word [completion] before asking for any rewards.'

Forget it.

Landon smiled wryly when he thought about his reward.

As expected, he would only get rewarded the moment Marlo stepped his foot into the prison.

So he had no choice but to wait.

Just like that, they left Magoon island after spending five days there.

And in another 3~4 days, they should reach Baymard's shores.

Landon was pretty pleased with the amount of sheer wealth that they had accumulated.

He smiled and calmly walked towards a conference room to have a meeting with Mitchen, Lucius, Winnie and some prison officials that came on this trip too.

It was time to decide where each prisoner would go.

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Previously, they had only debated on the fates of Marlo and his men.

But the other pirates were different because unlike Marlo, they weren't cannibals.

Again some of them were rookie pirates that haven't stayed long in the crew.

They had low fighting abilities and weren't that much of a threat.

So they'll be placed in any sector below Sector A, depending on their capabilities.

They wouldn't place them in a place where everyone was stronger than them.

Everyone would go where they were supposed to.

Of course, all 3 Pirate Captains will stay in Sector A alongside some of their fiercest crew members.

All this had to be finalized before they arrived at Baymard.

That way, they could settle them down faster, and he could get his reward.

With that, he hastily left his room and headed for the meeting.

He felt like if he didn't do it now, the system would find other ways to play with him.

Of course, the system wasn't the only one that enjoyed playing around.

Far away, another person was currently enjoying his little game.

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--Capital City Outskirts, Arcadina--

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Whoo-Whoo.

Awoooooo!!!

Creek Creek.

The dark forest played its nightly tune as the owls spoke, the wolves howled, and the crickets creaked.

Danger lurked everywhere within the dark cold woods, as the night creatures showcased their strength within the darkness.

Everything was as it should be; peaceful yet dangerous and mysterious.

And hidden away deep within the forest was a massive base that was entirely out of sight for those who didn't know of its existence.

Only by entering a cave and travelling for 1 hour on foot could one get there.

The forest region was rumoured to be cursed, and several blood-dependent plants existed within the land.

And many-a-times, people have reported that they spotted ghosts wandering around the forest in the dead of night.

So apart from being afraid of getting eaten by frightening beasts, no one dared to go further into the forest.

And within the hidden estate, several men were currently shitting themselves fearfully.

Dammit!

Who the hell had they offended for them to be treated like this?

.

Squeak Squeak.

Chi-Chi-Chi-Chi-Chi.

Within a mouldy-smelling dungeon, several rats ran amok haphazardly.

Tonight was their hunting night.

"Dammit!

They bit me again!"

One of the prisoners within the dungeon hastily grabbed the fat rat and accidentally flung it in the bucket of poop on the other side of the cell.

Pang

The rat struggled to come out but found itself seemingly drowning within the bucket of waste.

The sight was both disgusting and regretful.

"You fool!

What if they forget to give us food tonight?

Look at what you've done.

You've just watched our supper!"

"Yeah!

What are we going to... Eh?

Sh! Sh!

Someone's coming!"

Everyone acted naturally, with some pretending to fall asleep while leaning on the walls.

Din Din Din Din Din

Several guards walked in with buckets of food in their hands.

"Heh!

Count yourselves lucky.

Tonight, you'll get the rare privilege of feasting on our leftovers.

And I hear that there's even some pieces of fish mixed in it too.

Isn't that great?

Well, you know what to do.

If you want to eat, stand back!"

With that, the prisoners stood far away from the cell doors.

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Even if they wanted to escape, they wouldn't be so foolish as to fight their way out now.

There were over two hundred guards that came down to supervise and deliver their meals.

They were very much outnumbered, and they were sure that more guards would also be standing along the corridors too.

So mealtime wasn't the best time to escape since everyone's eyes will be on them.

Thinking like that, they did as they were told and took several steps back.

The guards entered each cell and dumped all the contents of the food onto the ground, and also kept a bucket of water too.

The food looked like it came straight out of a dumpster, but they didn't care.

The moment the guards stepped out of the cells, everyone rushed towards the food like crazy.

And of course, the rats also joined them as well.

For a moment, they began fighting with the rats, as well as amongst themselves.

They cleaned the entire floor, leaving no crumbs of good behind.

Not even a single grain of rice could be seen on the dirty rat-infested floors.

They licked their hands and tried to savour the taste as much as possible.

Who would've known that they who were the highest of nobles would end up like this?

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"What do we do?"

If we keep staying here, they'll definitely kill us all!"

"He's right!

The guard said that they were only waiting for their leader to come before taking care of us permanently.

So what do we do?"

"No!

I don't want to die now!

How can I leave everything that I have to those bastard children of mine?

My heir is currently on an assignment far away.

If I die now, those ingrates would probably squeeze him out of his inheritance before his return.

How can my legacy be inherited by some concubine or lower-rated wife?

That will be the greatest sin in my life!"

going to kill us!"

Everyone spoke nervously while trying to come up with different example plans.

Suddenly, the figure dressed in black appeared before them.

An assassin?

Everyone instantly became alert.

Their hearts raced with several thoughts of death and unwillingness.

"Who are you?"

The man in black just looked at them calmly and smiled underneath his mask.

"Who am I?"

Well, I'm your saviour."

Chapter 832 - Mr. Saviour, Please Take Us Away

Everyone was first surprised and taken aback while directing what they had just heard.

Did this mean that they wouldn't die anymore?

Their eyes beamed with joy as their lips quivered with excitement.

Hahahhahahahaha!

They'll finally be able to get out of here.

Some of them began fantasizing about how they would bring the bones of whoever was responsible for their capture.

Because from what they were told?

It appears that one of Alec's most trusted followers had planned this all to teach them a lesson for not saving him.

Every time the guards spoke about the matter, they would look at them with disdain and even more them for being hypocritical.

They felt like maybe one of Alec's sons, Eli or Connor, were secretly making things happen behind the shadows.

After all, it was only right for them to fight this matter out.

But why didn't these two sons understand their position?

Even if they wanted to help Alec, how could they do so when the masses were against him?

From what they were told, the person who ordered their kidnap came from far away to witness their deaths.

So it was probably Alec's sons who had kidnapped them.

Everyone quickly put the whole thing at the back of their minds and focused on the matter at hand.

Their escape.

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The man in black hastily spoke to them while looking left and right severally.

"Everyone!

There's no need to ask questions now.

Minister Gonnery, your first son paid me a lot of money to find your whereabouts and bring you back safely.

My men have already surrounded the place.

We are here to take you home."

Gonnery felt touched when he heard that his heir had paid a ton of his personal money just to get him back.

Who wouldn't like a filial son?

Meanwhile, the others didn't even bother to get him out.

Hmph.

Wait till he gets back and cleans them up!

Everyone looked at the man in black as if he were their saviour before looking at Gonnelly pitifully.

"Old friend, you wouldn't think about leaving us here, right?"

"Yeah!

Remember all the times we shared.

You can't leave us here, alright?"

"Look!

We'll even compensate you for the trouble!"

"Fine! Time! Fine!

Save them too."

The man in black nodded.

And out of nowhere, four other men in black appeared and aided him in opening the dungeons.

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From there, they ran through the corridors and quickly noticed that several guards had already been killed.

It looks like what that man in black said was true.

His men should've already surrounded the place by now.

So there was nothing for them to worry about.

They ran confidently and even kicked some of the dead guards on the floor to release their pent-up rage.

Pah Pah Pah Pah Pah.

Some even spat on them and three cursed words too.

The suffering that they had undergone for the past week was something that would hunt and kick them for the rest of their lives.

So how could they not be angry?

They followed the man in black consistently while passing by many dead bodies.

And as they advanced, they met more and more men in black too.

All signs indicated that the operation was going smoothly... Or so it seemed.

Everything happened in a split second which left them utterly shocked, confused and afraid.

They were surrounded!

Why?

How can this happen when they were so close?

Their faces turned pale as despair filled their chaotic hearts.

They trembled and hid behind the men in black while silently praying to their ancestors to sac them.

Some went as far as promising to change their sinful ways if their ancestors let them escape tonight.

Even if the devil himself appeared tonight, they would readily sell their souls to live for another day.

Their legs turned mushy, and many fell on their knees in fear.

Plop.

Who would save them now?

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They were presently standing in a large courtyard with over a thousand guards surrounding them with all sorts of weapons.

If they dared to take another step, then they would only have themselves to blame.

Soon, a man they had never seen before appeared before them.

He looked no more than 35 and had a cold smile on his face.

Clap Clap Clap Clap.

"Gentlemen.

I travelled all the way from the East to visit you all, and you're already leaving so soon?

Why not stay a bit longer?"

Cold sweat trickled down everyone's backs when they saw the ferocious look in the man's eyes.

"Well, answer me.

Where do you all think you're going?

Are you refusing my hospitality?"

"Not at all, Noble one.

How dare we?"

"Yes, yes.

How can we leave when you provide us with a place over our heads and good food?

We were only going for a night stroll.

That's all."

Everyone was licking his boots to the best of their ability.

Right now, their lives were in his hands.

So what could they do?

The man chuckled and looked at them playfully.

"Oh?

Since you're so bored, then why don't I entertain you?

Sylvester!"

"My lord!"

"Take them to the PLACE.

And as for their friends here, you know what to do."

Everyone became increasingly petrified when they saw the guarded rush towards them.

What exactly was the PLACE?

"Please forgive us, noble one.

We'll never try to leave again!"

"Let me go!

I don't want to die!

I don't want to die yet!"

(>:`TOT':)

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They tried to break free from the guards.

They struggled like people with a mental health condition who were carried away by doctors.

Anyone would break down if they were sent to the deaths.

Some began thinking of all the things they had reserved or planned to do before they got kidnapped.

Like getting nude-sculptured by the famous Marcus Perquo, whose works were within the royal palaces in all empires within the Pyno continent.

It's said that he also does work for other continents too.

His waitlist could go on for years because he only sculpted those who were great figures in society.

To be cultured by him is to be made!

Everyone had their own inner thoughts.

Some thought of wealth, others fame, family, enemies and some hobbies.

The presence of death made their minds turned crazed.

As for the men in black, they fought for a while to protect them but were defeated in the end.

The nobles got dragged away while staring at the dead men in black lying on the ground.

Their figures grew smaller and smaller until they disappeared from the courtyard completely.

The man who had been ordering everyone about, calmly walked towards one of the dead men in black and knelt.

"Master!"

Following that, everyone else knelt as well.

If the nobles saw this scene right now, they would definitely puke blood and die from rage alone.

Master?

What stupid master?

Is it fun to play with their emotions like this?

Why give them hope before crushing it all together and driving them to insanity?

There they were, minding their own business in the dungeon.

And in came Mr. Saviour, who turned out to be the big boss.

What sort of plot is this?

Luckily, none of them were here to witness this scene.

And who was the big boss?

Well, it was none other than Mr. Death.

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Death turned his face to the sky and laughed excitedly.

"Hahahhahahahaha

How was my performance?"

"Impressive as always, master."

"Good!

Let's begin the show."

"As you wish, master."

"Hahahhahahahahhahahahaha!"

Death laughed even more and walked towards the PLACE.

It's been so long since he had a little fun.

Things were going great for Death.

But in another distant place, someone else was currently facing a dilemma.

There was always trouble lurking within the shadows.

Chapter 833 - A Wanted Man

--Reginal City, The Empire Of Carona--

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The sun was way up in the sky, and the busy streets were loud as always.

Everyone had their own agenda and things to do as they moved along the busy sidewalks and roads.

The place had come a long way and development was clear for many to see.

But of course, not everyone appreciated these changes.

Bam!!!!

A large table was flipped in rage by a very robust man in a large office.

His breathing grew coarser as he thought of the contents of the letter that he had just received.

The air was tense as he clenched his fists in outrage.

"My lord!

Are they crazy?

If they know that you're sir Nopline's person, then why would they still attack you?

What the hell are they thinking?"

One of the knights in the room couldn't understand the Caronian government.

How could they send him a letter of dismissal after knowing who his master was?

Wasn't that just plain stupid?

.

The knights within the room began moving around in panic while watching the doors and windows as well.

They didn't think that such a day would come for them.

"City Lord!

What do we do?

Those bastards are currently in the inn waiting to drag you back to the Capital!"

"How dare they?

Don't they know who master Nopline is?

They're just seeking death!"

Morroc raised his head coldly: "Silence!!!!"

Everyone zipped their mouths and stared at him patiently.

Morroc sneered and quickly ripped the letter into many pieces to calm his thundering heart.

He felt like he had been slapped on the face with this dismissal letter.

Who was he?

He was the city lord of Reginal city, and had been that for the past 16 years.

And sometime during his reign, he had met master Nopline and had sworn to be his follower.

From there, he began constructing the underground camps just as Master Nopline had instructed.

Of course everything was done in secret, and his rewards were five times more than what the Caronian empire paid him.

It was because of this that he could get more knights under his command.

His power grew alongside his wealth.

He could have any woman he wanted, no matter the cost.

Even his 4th wife had been stolen from another man.

But so what?

No one dared to resist or deny him anything, or else the price would be death.

Likewise, no one dared to tattletale to the royals because of sir Nopline.

So seeing that everyone else seared his master to the bone, he couldn't help wondering if the Caronian royals were too justice-seeking or stupid.

It's clear that they had just found out about his crimes after all these years.

Still, any smart person would close his eyes and turn their faces in another direction because of his backer.

But these royals were demanding justice instead.

How foolish!

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Firstly, they dismissed him and requested that he be dragged back to the Capital for judgement as if he was some criminal.

No way!

How could he allow other nobles to see him like this and mock him?

He would rather die than have his reputation plummet down.

The most painful thing was this his name would be removed from the list of nobles, bringing down to commoner status.

As for his family, the innocent shall be freed and the guilty punished.

If innocent, they claim 50% of his wealth.

From there, each wife and her child/children can get their individual manors anywhere within the empire.

The amount of treasure in Morroc's treasury is enough to support each for many years.

And within this time, they could find themselves jobs if they needed more funds.

Again, any of his children or wives that aided him in catching slaves, raping men and women, and doing other things will be punished as well.

The entire family was still under investigation.

But Morroc's case had already been concluded.

They had all the proof.

So his verdict was final.

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Morroc felt it incredulous.

Thrive already written down their final verdict to him.

So why drag him back to the Capital to be disgraced?

It was because they wanted to make an example out of him.

Now others who had different masters out of Carona would think twice about their next moves after seeing his outcome.

But why him?

Was he the only one who has ever betrayed their empire?

He felt like they were just making a mole out of a mountain.

"They want to drag me back?"

No way!

Gather everyone and quickly head for the treasury.

I'd like to see how they would stop me from taking what belongs to me and leaving."

"Yes, Lord!"

The guards and knights ran out speedily, calling whoever they saw to aid them.

The whole place became very rowdy, and many servants almost thought that they were under attack.

Even Morroc's wives, sons and daughters didn't understand what was going on.

They felt a wave of panic and also began making a few items to flee as well.

How could they stay here and wait for death?

In an instant, everyone hoarded their guards like crazy.

"Hey, you over there, we need more guards.

Follow us now."

"What the hell are you doing?

If you take our men away, then who will protect my daughter and I?"

"Are you crazy?

If you take my men away, then what about my sons and I?"

"Shoo!

Don't come here and infect the minds of my men.

Leave now!"

"I'm sorry mistress.

It's the lord's command."

"Well then, tell that same lord that I, Gweniviere, refuses."

"I, Patricia, refuse."

"Tell him that Kitana refuses.

Now get the hell out of my sight!

Tch.

The nerve of you to pick on a poor defenceless woman and her children.

Have you no shame?"

(*^*)

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When Morroc got the news, his blood boiled.

How dare they deny him?

What happened to all the good times that they had shared?

As expected, women were all two-faced demons.

He almost wanted to march over there and back them to pieces, but now east the time.

He had to hurry.

The clock was ticking, and time wasn't on his side.

He was now on the Run!

Chapter 834 - Man On The Run!

As for Morroc's wives, they brutally refused to give any guards to him.

He already had 6/10th of the knights under his control, so why was he so greedy?

They packed their stuff and decided to slip out as well.

It was better to hide somewhere in the city and later send spies to check the situation.

They weren't fools!

From the moment they heard that their husband sent people to ready all horses and carriages, pack his belongings, as well as carry some things away from the treasury, they instantly knew that this bastard thought of leaving them behind for whatever enemy was coming.

Since he didn't think of them, then there was no reason why they should give two-Fs about them.

Everyone was on their own.

As for love?

Who did they love most, if not their children?

They made their decision to leave the man who abandoned them now and flee with their families.

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Stormy waves were set in Morroc's heart as he watched the men load stuff into the carriages and wagons anxiously.

He became very irritable and began lashing out angrily.

"You there!

Why the hell is it taking so long?

How difficult is it to carry that tiny chest?

Hurry up!

And you.

Why are you just standing there admiring him?

Is he your lover?

Get over there and help him now!!!"

Everyone buried their heads deep in work and dared not offend him.

After all, he was still Sir Nopline's person.

And they believed that soon, Sir Nopline would solve Morroc's current predicament.

That's why they decided to follow him.

But how would they have known that Nopline was dead?

In just a few months from now, those that chose to side with Morroc see the newspapers would deeply regret the decisions that they made today.

But that was all in the future.

For now, not everyone chose to leave with Morroc.

Yes!

They did follow his orders and load the wagons and carriages, but they weren't going to follow him out because he was no longer the city lord.

They worked for the empire and had their families here.

So they were scared that any wrong move might cost the lives of their families.

That's why they chose to be neutral.

In future if Morroc won, they could plead and join him again.

After all, it would be a loss for him to execute thousands of knights due to resentment.

At least that's how they saw it.

For now, they chose to be neutral; not hot, not cold, but warm.

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Morroc's crazed expression brightened up considerably when he saw the last item getting loaded up.

They didn't take everything within the treasury.

Just enough to last them until they got to one of his estates in Terique.

Well, it was way more than enough.

But so what?

He grabbed his hands at anything that he could see.

Hahahahhahah

That was the last one.

Wait?

What were these buffoons doing?

In a flash, his chippered expression became grim.

Morroc gritted his teeth furiously: "What are you all standing around for?"

Get on your horses now!"

Many looked to the ground and trembled silently, while others turned to the side to avoid eye contact with him.

"My lord, we, we, we, we're not going with you."

Sling

"Say that again?"

Morroc unsheathed his sword and looked at the cowardly men before him.

They trembled and dared not repeat their words.

"How many people will go with me?"

Get over here now!"

Instantly, a thousand and nine stood on the opposite side.

That's it?

He had 12,000 people on this shift alone, and only 1,009 chose to go with him?

"Hahahahhahahahahahaah!"

He laughed coldly and gazed to the skies as if trying to remember this day.

He couldn't very well kill the remaining lot because they were way more than those who decided to follow him away loyally.

Early on, he wanted to make an example out of those who chose to stay.

But who would've known that the whole thing would play out like a joke?

Even though he wouldn't be able to remember their names or faces layer on, these betrayed better pray that he doesn't find them because although it would be a loss to kill all of them, there were still some things that were worse than death.

Morroc was very spiteful.

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He glanced at the crowd coldly and scoffed.

"Since you've made your choice, then you better not regret it!"

With that, he and his loyal knights stormed out of the estate, never to return.

And the money they left, all the guards who previously lowered their heads stood firm and sneered at Morroc.

They didn't for one minute feel like Morroc would be able to deal with all of them, even if he came out victorious in the end.

Morroc rushed out with bloodshot eyes.

He looked at the city gates and felt like he was very close to freedom.

What royalty?

If they have the ability, then let them personally come down here and get him!

Didn't they say that he wouldn't be able to leave the city?

Then why was he succeeding now?

They had just left the city, which made him laugh confidently.

The gentle breeze blowing on his face calmed his emotions, arousing positive feelings within him.

He felt unstoppable.

Too bad the feeling didn't last long.

Morroc scrunched his face the moment his carriage stopped.

What was going on?

Who would dare to stop the city lord?

He poked his head out of his carriage window and spotted several strange carriages surrounding them.

He recognized them immediately.

These were Baymardian vehicles.

Soon, a very plump person got out of one of the vehicles alongside several others.

They all had swords on them.

The chubby figure playfully strolled towards him alongside two other guards.

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"And who might you be?"

The masked figure took off his mask and smiled broadly.

"The soon-to-be King, Benjamin Hamilton.

But, my friends call me Santa.

Hey!

You're not my friend, so don't call me that.

Eh?

Why are you looking at me like that?

Is it because I don't take you as my friend?

Sigh...

Brother, it's not that I don't like you, but you know, you're a criminal, and I'm not too fond of your personality.

Well, needless to say, you're under arrest.

So please, do me a favour and don't make this messy.

As you can see, I would like to get back quickly.

I have a wedding in 3 weeks.

And my bride desperately needs my attention for the wedding planning.

So can we hurry it up?

Look!

If we hurry it up, I'll let you call me by my nickname, alright?"

" _ "

Chapter 835 - Dead? Impossible!

Santa and the Caronian soldiers moved speedily to face the matter at hand, while the few Baymardian soldiers/drivers just sat there watching it all.

They had but one job, and that was to be the designated drivers here.

Some Caronians unsheathed their stores and took down their opponents, while others preferred hand combat.

Apart from seeking justice, they took the mission seriously because after completion, their actions would give them merits.

So advancing to the next stage was all up to them.

Plus, many wanted to enter the Caronian Special Forces units.

That's why they weren't slacking off.

After all, the Baymardians who accompanied them were also noting down their actions and performances.

Ting Ting Ting Ting Ting

Pah Pah.

Bam Bam Bam.

They went all in, while making sure that no one escaped.

Santa giggled while dodging Morroc's attacks.

"Hey, hey, hey.

Aren't you being a tad but fierce?

Why are you so angry over a nickname?"

"Shut up!"

Swish.

The blade whistled in the air as Santa sucked in his chubby belly and stepped back.

Phew.

That was close.

He then unsheathed both swords and smiled.

Only the heavens knew how much work he put in over the years.

His skills had improved incredulously, as he had a sword maniac as a bride-to-be.

Not to talk of her entire family, who drilled him every waking hour of the day.

Training was now part of his life.

But could someone tell him why his belly didn't go anywhere?

Yes, he got taller, more prominent and had muscles.

But somehow, he had muscles on his big belly.

Was he cursed with this physique?

Actually, his body looked like Sig Curtis' in 'Full Metal Alchemist.'

Yup!

His body was like Ed's teacher's husband.

Well, maybe not that big.

Anyway, over the years, he and several other Caronian soldiers had been going on missions to improve themselves.

And dealing with Morroc was just one of the missions that he personally selected to partake in.

From here, he would head towards the other cities that built the underground calls and figure their city lords before rushing back to the Capital in preparation for his wedding.

.

With just a single flick, Santa pushed Morroc back fiercely.

Shrrrrrr!

Two long visible lines were drawn on the road by Morroc's feet.

Santa quickly advanced and threw several swings at his opponent, giving him no chance to rest.

Morroc, who was now under pressure, couldn't help but curse the fat pig in his mind.

Even though he wanted to escape, he had to admit that the chubby bastard had more raw strength than he did.

Just blocking his attacks almost threw his swords to the ground.

Damn this pig.

Santa smiled at Morroc's obvious discomfort.

Ting.

"I've told you.

I have a busy schedule ahead of me, so why not save both of us the time?"

Sling!

"Never!

I'll never give up!

It should be you delusional royals that should give me way.

Or do you think that sir Nopline would actually let you all go?"

Ting.

Both parties separated and came at one another again.

"Sigh... Since we're taking you away, then I can probably let you in on a little secret.

You see, if it were before, then yes! We would've been afraid of your master.

But there's something you don't know yet.

Your dear master, Sir Nopline is dead."

Sling!!

What?

That was impossible!

.

Morroc trembled anxiously.

He personally saw Nopline in February and had just arrived at Carona 3 weeks ago.

So could it mean that during the time of his journey back, someone had killed his master?

One had to know that from Terique's Capital city to the Coastal city, to Carona's Coastal port, and finally to Reginal city took several months of travel.

And he had just gotten back three weeks ago, so if what they said was true, the person killed his master within this period.

However, if that was the case, then why did the royals who were all the way in the Carona's Capital get word about this faster than his people?

Moreover, if the killing happens after he left, how could news travel this fast, so much so that they had already planned to drag him away?

It didn't make sense at all!

Morroc sneered.

"Hmph!

Do I look stupid to you?

Aren't you just trying to lower my guard down?

You plan to capture me and find a way to blackmail my master. Isn't it?

Tch!

What Justice?

You're all fighting for more benefits like the rest of us.

So why be hypocritical?"

Morroc's voice was filled with disdain.

They planned to use him to cool the people's hearts down while still seeking benefits from his master.

This was not the first time that he had seen such a scenario.

Even he had thrown his subordinates into the fire to appease someone with power.

But why him?

Why did he have to be the scapegoat?

He was unwilling!

.

Santa was really speechless with this guy's way of thinking.

No matter what he said, this guy didn't believe it and thought of him as a greedy person.

Some people were just like this.

They would blame the entire world for their situation and think that everyone was exactly like them.

To this type of person, Santa had no more words to say.

"Hahahhahahaha!

That's right!

That's why you are.

A greedy soon-to-be royal who likes to look down on people."

Morroc's expression was crazed.

His bloodshot eyes opened widely, and he began screaming in rage.

"You all use people and then discard them like worthless toys.

After all my years of guarding this city, you now decide to bring me down?

What evil have I done?

What have I done that others don't do?

Am I the first person to do what you accuse me of?

You all are just the same.

And that whore Queen P..."

Bam!

Santa punched his face hard before he could finish his sentence, sending him rolling on the ground in agony.

Santa's entire body oozed with bloodl.u.s.t.

"Watch your mouth.

The next time you dare talk ill of my queen, I promise you that you won't live to see the next day.

Kyle!"

"Sir!

"Wipes!"

Santa calmly wiped the part of his fist that touched Morroc's face.

No one insults his queen.

No one!

Chapter 836 - Mission Rewards

They quickly cleared Morroc and his men before heading into the city once more.

The team that previously gave the dismissal letter to Morroc was currently staying in one of the inns there.

And within the group was the newly appointed city lord and his administrative team that will continue to follow all treaty rules and properly maintain order in the city.

In the meantime, those who previously sided with Morroc would await their punishment from the new City lord.

With that, they took Morroc away and headed towards their next targeted city.

Santa smiled while looking at a picture of Penelope.

Hahahhahahaha.

After years and years of waiting from childhood till now, they were finally getting married.

I guess dreams do come true after all.

Santa leaned back and continued to indulge himself in his fantasies.

Meanwhile, back in Baynard, Landon was also indulging himself in his own fantasies as well.

Hahhahahahahaha.

Finally, he can receive his rewards.

.

'Ding!'

'Congratulations, Host.

The host can now view his rewards.'

Landon didn't waste any time and quickly clicked on the Yes button to receive his reward.

As expected, the information pierced through his brain, causing discomfort for a few seconds.

He massaged his temples and hastily looked through the information he received.

As for the reward, well... he was given a knowledge of Forensic Facial Reconstruction.

Hahahhahahaha.

From the chemicals, Resins, and everything needed that could reconstruct someone's skull and even tell others how the person used to look like when they were alive.

Now, if they found any skulls or even picked up any clues, they could piece out everything together and identify their suspects or victims better.

For example, they went out on a mission to search or rescue a particular person(s).

But they got there too late and the culprit had already burned the person leaving just the bones behind.

Well, they could pick up all the skulls that they found and reconstruct how all those people looked like before finally consulting that the person they were looking for was indeed dead.

It wasn't just for crime, as even their ancestors' skulls could be reconstructed for people to see the human evolution for themselves.

This was an advancement that many historians would love.

Landon was pumped as he started writing down the list of chemicals and everything else that he needed.

This task would purely fall onto the Alchemy/Chemical Industry.

Most of the chemicals already existed in large batches.

But for some, he still needed to give them time to produce them because once they were done, he would also start teaching the forensic teams all he knew.

With that, he excitedly wrote everything down step by step and even began writing textbooks on the matter.

He had to hurry it up because soon, the Fashion Show would begin.

And as promised, he had to be there, or less Lucy, Lucia, and the girls would eat him alive.

But while he was in his time capsule buying himself away, a little drama was currently taking place within the prison walls.

.

"Hey, look!

Fresh meat."

"Fresh meat?

Where?"

"Heh!

Why don't we test them out in the playground?"

"The Moon head one is mine."

"Quick!

We have to inform the boss!"

"Good!

We have new meat for the gang."

Pirate Captain Wimo walked into the strange place alongside the other pirate Captains and their strongest crewmates.

Ever since they stepped into the place, they never kept their vigilance down for one second.

They weren't fools!

Just from a single glance, they could tell that these people were as dangerous as they were.

It seems that they would have to sleep with one eye open while staying in this new jungle.

Every single person looked deadly as if they were ready to attack them any second from now.

Was this going to be their new home?

They had already started missing Magoon island and the outside world.

No more travelling, no more pirate life out in the open waters, doing whatever they wanted.

They couldn't help but curse their luck.

Why did they happen to be there when the island was attacked?

If they had known, they would've gone on a mission to avoid their current predicament.

But even though he felt helpless about the whole thing, they knew that the pirate organization would rescue them once word got out.

So all they had to do was stay alive until they came for them.

They didn't believe that these Baymardians would be able to take on the entire pirate organization.

That would be suicide... unless they had thousands of sorcerers.

.

"This way!"

They were shown to their new prison rooms within Sector A and later asked to join the other prisoners for Lunch.

The moment they stepped in there, they saw everyone in different cliques and positions.

Some gave them provocative looks, while others looked at them seductively.

But the most shocking thing was that they spotted a troublemaker who they knew too well.

Whitebeard?

What the hell was he doing here?

Whitebeard looked at them in shock before later rushing towards them with his crew.

Weren't these the pirates from Magoon island?

They were among the top-ranking pirates.

So how come 3 of them combined couldn't take down these stupid Baymardians?

Whitebeard looked at them with disdain.

"Why are you guys so useless?

Three of you combined still got defeated?

What is the pirate organization paying you for?"

"Watch what you say

"Why are you here!"

Wimo and the other pirate captains gritted their teeth furiously at this loudmouth.

If not for his brothers, they would've already beaten him to a pulp.

.

"Now that you all are here, why don't you join my gang?

Fellas, here is a whole new game, a dangerous one at that.

It's more brutal and tough than you can ever imagine.

Why?

Because almost everyone in here is a big shot!

Look!

See over there? That's Prince Eli Barn's party.

They call him the King within these walls.

And in truth, he is.

You can mess with anyone, but you can't mess with his men.

We also have Prince Connor's clique and several other gangs with top assassins and other well-known figures.

So in here, you need a team to fit in.

I'll make it real clear for you all to understand.

Join my side or face my wrath.

So what's it going to be?"

Chapter 837 - Brother Is Here?

Whitebeard stroked his newly trimmed beard with a broad smile on his face.

How could he let this opportunity pass him by?

His eyes shone greedily as he looked at the people before him like treasure.

With more people in his gang, wouldn't he be able to become king of this place?

By then, he would kick that sc.u.mmy Eli Barn and step all over his pretty-boy face.

The nerve of him to show no signs of respect to his seniors.

What have children of today become?

He was in his early 40s, and the brat was around 24~26 years old.

So who should be bowing to whom?

He had a personal grudge that would be avenged before he left this hell hole.

But for that, he needed more men.

And since more pirates got captured, then why not take them in?

Of course, before he got rescued, he would still get revenge for these Baymardians who trimmed his beard and hair.

They trimmed his flowy beard that reached his belly, all in the name of taking precautions.

They claimed that he could be hiding weapons there, but didn't they know that his beard and overly long hair were part of his persona?

If he didn't yell out the names of the pirates before him, they might not have known who he was.

No one had ever seen him like this.

He now looked completely different and younger with his shaven face.

Dammit!

How was he supposed to instill fear without his scary looks?

He felt like these Baymardians had destroyed a part of him, and he wanted revenge!

Of course, that would be later on when his brothers rescued him.

For now, he wanted to recruit these pirates into his range and overthrow Eli Barn, the King within these walls.

.

Whitebeard looked at everyone expectantly, but sadly, they didn't seem to agree with his vision.

All three pirate Captains looked at him in disdain and sneered.

"Sorry, but we refuse!"

"Hmhm.

You of all people, should know how prideful we as pirates can be.

So how do you expect us who are Captains of our own crews to bow under someone else's leadership?

Com'on, did you really think that we would agree?"

"That's right!

Unless it's the LEADER himself, we will not join anyone less crew.

You say this place is a deadly jungle, then why do you think that we won't like to test it out for ourselves?

Have you forgotten that we are all top-ranking pirates?

So if you Whitebeard can survive, then why can't we?"

Whitebeard's smile cracked the more he listened.

His face turned as red as a tomato's in fury.

Ingrates!

Here he was doing them a favour by offering protection, but they still turned it down?

Fools!

He glared at them with no intention of hiding how he felt.

"I hope you all know what you're doing.

Be careful that I don't report this matter to my brothers after they rescue me."

Miwo smiled sarcastically at him: "Speaking of your brothers, I forgot to mention something exciting. Your brother, The Baker, had also been captured."

--silence--

.

Everyone, including the other pirate Captains, looked at him in disbelief.

Time froze as they listened to Miwo.

It was as if all noise in the world had stopped.

The heavy pressure that their minds and ears were facing now sent chills down their spines.

Who was the Baker?

That someone that all of them dared not have eye contact with.

They had never even seen his face before, and his tales were legends amongst the top pirates.

So how could he be here with them?

But was the Baker really locked up here?

No way!

That's impossible, right?

Everyone looked around as if trying to determine whether the Baker was right under their nostrils all along.

Such thoughts only frightened them even further.

Mr. Baker, where are you?

WhiteBeard's lips quivered in disbelief.

"What the hell are you talking about?

Do you know the kind of evidence that brother of mine is?

There's just no way that he got captured!"

"What can I gain if I lie?"

"My trust!"

"Pui.

Who wants your stupid trust?

I'm telling the truth!

A few days before we were attacked, your brother secretly arrived on the island and decided to stay there to wait for you, Whitebeard.

He knew that you would be coming there soon, as per your usual schedule.

So he stayed.

But unfortunately, his timing was wrong.

All I know is that when I asked about him, the head guard said he had been captured.

I'm telling you, the Baker is here!"

.

Whitebeard felt like he was losing his mind.

How?

Was his brother truly captured?

Then where was he?

He was counting on him to rescue him first.

So did this mean that he would have to wait longer before getting rescued?

His other brothers were far away in Morgany.

So by the time the news gets to them, an entire year might've gone by.

Marlo was the closest around the Pyno Continent.

So with him down, wouldn't he have to wait here even longer?

More still, what have they done to his brother?

They better not have touched a single hair from his head, or else they would have to face his wrath when he got out of this prison.

With that, he ran towards one of the guards and started making trouble.

"What the hell have you done to my brother?"

Why isn't he here if you captured him?

Where are you torturing him?

I want to see him now!"

Guard: (-_-)

Just like that, Whitebeard started fighting the guard, and a little matter became a big matter that once again alerted Mitchen.

On the other side of life, Marlo was currently trouble adjusting to his new vegetarian life.

What the hell was this?

His body felt weak and really felt like he was ill.

Ever since he got captured, he has been eating vegetables and all sorts of disgusting meals daily.

His body was too used to human flesh that any other thing made him throw up.

He's been a cannibal for decades now, mainly eating one thing.

So the change seemed to affect his entire body as his belly constantly felt empty, and even after eating vegetables, he felt like he would still pass out from extreme hunger.

Meat!

Meat!

Meat!

He wanted human flesh!

Marlo curled his body on his bed and tried his best to calm his turbulent mind.

The hunger pain gave him intense headaches.

And as every second passed by, he seemed to be losing his sanity.

He was currently within a large glass box within another gigantic cubic barred box within the cell.

His cell was the size of a massive one floored house, and he was in the center of it all.

There was so much security in place just to keep him here.

He kept screaming for human meat nonstop, but no one paid him any attention.

They didn't for one second believe that he would die if he didn't eat human flesh.

Please!

The medical team had researched and given him a proper diet in line with his age and health.

So what was he yapping on about?

Of course, they still watched him closely because the way he looked at his own feet gave them the notion that he might honestly eat them.

That would just be tragic.

[Mitchen: You said the prisoner died?

Guards: Yes Sir. He ate himself to death.

Mitchen: Eh? so he died from too much food?

Since when did the prison become a 5-star hotel that gave people food whenever they wanted?

Guards: No Sir. I think you're missing the point. He died because he ate himself to death. Sir, he ate his own body.

Mitchen: ' _ ']

The guards could already see it now.

That's why they had close attention to him, as well as Ratcliffe and the other core members of his gang who were Cannibals.

It was all fun and games until they actually are themselves.

That's one of the reasons why they dared not put them in one cell.

In the face of zombie-like hunger, loyalty didn't matter here at all.

They were 100% sure that given time, both master and subordinates would eat themselves.

So why risk it?

Like that, Marlo and his clique found themselves in hell, while Whitebeard fought his way through to see his brother.

As for Landon, he was getting ready for the show.

That's right!

He was on his way to the Novora Fashion Show!

Chapter 838 - The Novora Fashion Show

The sun was high in the sky, and the people were merry.

People came all over the continent for today's show.

They were primarily interested in grabbing the collections first hand because within this period, the exhibition will be released to all stores.

And who would want to miss getting a piece of the clothing from the famous Novora Brand?

Please!

Those things go out of stock in the blink of an eye.

So for people far away, better get it now than later.

Again, some people came to see the idols as well.

"Oh my God!

I just saw Julie Garner!"

"What?

The same Julie Garner who played Xena the warrior princess?"

"Yes! Yes! Yes!

There she is!"

"Gosh!

It's actually her in the flesh!"

"Look over there!

It's Pete Bayson.

Hahahhahahaha!

As usual, he always looks like he just got out of bed."

"I know, right?"

His hair is flying all over the place.

But hey!

He's the editor in chief for L.u.s.tiere, so he can afford to be like this lax."

"Forget about him.

Haven't you seen Gustav Gnoma over there?

Ahhhhh!

I can't believe that I'm meeting my idol at last.

He did such a terrific job playing Mr. Darcy in Pride and Prejudice, so how can I not love him?

Gustav! Gustav! I love you!!!"

(^O^)

.

The people screamed heartily as they watched their idols and stars step out of their vehicles and make their way into the massive building before him.

The stars waved and smiled while walking in.

Some even blew kisses to their fans, who screamed for their attention.

Of course, the news reporters were always present, taking note of every single thing.

It was estimated that tomorrow's headlines would be hot and in high demand.

As for the fashion show that they were attending, it was the second biggest one of the year, hosted by a powerful Fashion brand called Novora.

Speaking of fashion, there were many fashion brands in Baynard.

But none were as famous as 'KiLu,' which Landon made based on Mother Kim and Lucy's names.

Anyway, anyone could own and develop their own fashion brand if they wanted to.

They just needed to have enough money for their project or get a loan if eligible.

From there, they could contact the Textile & Tailoring industry to create the designs according to their wishes.

Or, they could buy their desired tactics from the stores and hand sew the outfits for customers, but that would be too tiring and stressful.

So everyone typically contacted the Textile and Tailoring Industry clothing materials.

In the future, after the world becomes united, sewing machines would be something that everyone could freely use.

But for now, they had to contact Overseer Sophia for the job.

In the matter of clothing brands, several people outside Baymard also had their clothing brands as well.

The label at the back would just say made in Baymard to emphasize and further publicize the industry even further.

Hey, business was business.

.

Everyone kept staring at their idols with star-struck gazes until Landon, Lucy, Lucia, Jarvis, and Andrew arrived.

The moment they stepped out, the crowd went even crazier.

"Princess Lucy, I'm your biggest fan!"

"Goddess Lucia, I love you!"

"Prince Jarvis, I'm still waiting for your marriage proposal."

"Prince Andrew, please don't smile at me like that.

My poor heart can't take it anymore!"

Andrew and Jarvis thanked the Gods for making them dark-skinned because they were blushing real hard.

Ever since they came here, they had signed several autographs when they stepped out.

The whole thing made them both speechless and helpless.

As for Lucia, she found her little fans to be cute.

If she wore an outfit today, they would try to mimic her style tomorrow.

She even had a 7-year-old boy propose to her when she visited Lucy in school.

She and Lucy walked together while Landon and the boys followed behind, giving the ladies a chance to show off their attire.

They had fans who loved to keep up with their fashion tastes.

So the ladies always loved to show their outfits out.

After all, it was also the designers' pride to have the ladies wear their designs.

Ladies didn't mind telling people how amazing these designers were.

Everyone's eyes were glued to the scene as if trying to save the image forever.

Very soon, Landon and the gang stepped into the building and were instantly teleported into a new world that captured the theme of Novora's Fall collection.

.

Words couldn't adequately describe the scene before them.

A tower scintillating with epic lights would be outsparkled by the reality before them.

The spirit of autumn freshness could be seen everywhere.

They looked around wide their mouths wide open in shock.

Did they just create a fake forest within the building for their Fall collection?

The trees were all bare, and the leaves were all scattered across the enormous hall.

But the thing was that the trees were all white, and the leaves were all very golden.

Of course, the trees weren't on the runway itself. They were just positioned all around the room, making it feel like they were still outside.

And the clear glass ceiling aided more in bringing the outside inside.

There was also an overly long and massive pond rectangular pond in the center of the runway.

The runway itself was broad and extremely long.

The entire hall was the size of a massive airport's check-in station.

It was incredibly huge, so the long runway winded down several oaths before the models could exit.

But this was done so that everyone would get a chance to see the clothes properly while the models passed by them.

Everything left them in awe.

How did they make these fake trees and put them in the building like this?

Everything came together like a work of art.

F***!

What were they standing around for?

They grabbed their seats and waited for the show to begin.

.

Landon shook his head wryly at their overly excited gazes.

When the show actually began, what would they do?

He clocked at his watch and right on cue, a good voice echoed out of the speakers.

Everyone instantly sat up in anticipation.

Even Jarvis and Andrew, who thought they wouldn't be interested in this event, couldn't help but pay keen attention as well.

What could they say?

Their curiosity had gotten the better of them.

Just like that, the Novora Fashion Show officially began.

Chapter 839 - The Novora Fashion Show 2

Just like that, the show began.

The music was booming, and everyone was feeling uplifted and expectant.

Even though the Royals had their brand (which was the most famous one), it was a well-known fact that Novora had collaborated with KiLu to make this fall collection.

So everyone was excited to see the outcome.

The music played, and instantly, a 17-year-old model stepped on the runway, making everyone's head turn.

What a walk!

Is this what they call a catwalk?

The girl moved with one hand on her h.i.p.s while walking confidently.

Each foot perfectly aligned with her forward steps as they moved to the rhythm of the beat.

Everyone instantly fell in love with the clothes she was wearing.

For the men, they felt like it suited the woman even more.

They were more interested in men's clothing.

So they didn't think much of the female's clothing.

Looking at the clothes, they truly felt that women were indeed beautiful creatures that could make anything come alive.

Of course, regret were some who were now studying within the Beauty & Fashion Academy.

So they noted down everything for institutional purposes too.

As for the ladies, they just could get enough of it.

Trust women to be keener to every detail on the dress.

Every woman in the audience almost fainted.

The girl on the runway wore a fine red tweed coat with a velour finish.

And the moment she removed the coat, held it and hung it over her shoulders, the woman almost fainted from shock.

What was this?

The ladies were in a daze.

But who could blame them?

The model's outfit was just too stunning!

.

Looking at the outfit, those back on earth would definitely recognize it.

It was similar to the polka-dotted dress that Marilyn Monroe wore in the movie 'The 7 Year Itch.'

Its cinched waist, choker-neckline and other features made anyone feel beautiful.

The lady also wore white gloves and a set of pearl earrings.

Her dark hair was done in a short bob with bangs, making her eyes seem cat-like.

Her gorgeous make-up and demeanour made many feel like she was the most beautiful woman in the world.

At this moment in time, she had completely captured everyone's attention like a nymph.

The women just couldn't take it!

"No way!

I have to get this dress before I head back to Deiferus.

If my husband sees me in this, he'll fall in love with me over and over again."

"What perfection!

Did you see the coat?

I must have it!"

"I'm more interested in her hairstyle.

Do you think that she and I have the same head shape?

I don't want to do this hairdo only to find out later on that it doesn't fit me."

"I know.

Still, I too want to get this look.

This might be the new look of the season.

So how can I stay behind?

Who doesn't like to be beautiful?

No way!

Before I leave, I'll visit the hair salon... Even if I have to miss my trip back."

(*^*)

Their eyes burned passionately as they immediately thought of rushing to the stores and grabbing everything they could get.

After all, some of them wouldn't be back here until the same time next year.

So why not but everything now?

They felt that if they didn't do so, they would regret it for the entire year!

.

Up next, yet another stunning girl came on stage.

She encompassed femininity in a dress that awed many.

But what was this?

It wasn't a dress but a top and bottom skirt?

But there was more.

How could the skirt transform into pants?

The ladies felt like they were dreaming.

Up next, a male model stepped on the scene.

And this time, the men's eyes burned with desire.

The clothes looked elegant and even some heat heroic.

Good taste!

The men then also spoke about purchasing them too.

From the suits, cardigans, blazers, scarves, beanies, hairstyles and everything else, the men liked many items and secretly decided to purchase them too.

Who didn't like looking good?

At the same time, they couldn't help but praise how good-looking these male models were.

Damn!

Their beards and faces could make many men buy the items, and that's because they encompassed the whole manly look that men in this era looked up to.

At times, they walked down the runway with a blazer and no shirt on, but their abs were glistening and shining so much that many men secretly decided to train or work out more.

Even though about 97% of men were lean or fit with abs for days, they still had their own individual goals.

Some wanted to grow as mighty as their rulers or male superiors, while others preferred to keep lean bodies.

So in their minds, their perfect body vision would be biased to what they liked.

Some counted their abs and were pleased that theirs were more defined than the models making them feel more confident.

As for others, they felt that some of the models were too fit instead since they preferred a lean body.

But whatever the case, all body sizes of this era stepped on stage to appease everyone.

In the end, both men and women were delighted.

.

The show continued.

And as time went by, even child models came on stage.

"What's the name of that outfit?"

"It's called La Lame Rouge."

"Outstanding!"

As expected, its name caresses the lips with the lightness of champagne.

I simply must have this dress!

Tell me, do you know the exact date when the items will be in stores?"

"Wait, didn't they say September 6th?"

Isn't that in 3 days?"

"God!"

Why is it so far?"

"Ahhh!!!!!"

Have you seen that bag?"

It's chic and so fashionable.

It will go very well with my ruby necklace.

I've decided, I must have it!"

"Just look at that couple-outfit?"

I'll get that for my husband and I."

"Look!"

They also have several children's outfits as well.

My daughter will look so cute in that."

(^_^)

Just like that, the Novora show came to an end.

It was a huge success that left many anxious for their items.

Landon clapped as the show finally ended.

He took the gang to meet the designers, and later on, they chilled for a bit before going their separate ways.

Now, he could get back to work.

Surprisingly, when he got to his office, he received word from his secretary that the 3 Musketeers wanted to see him urgently.

His cheerful smile turned upside down.

And he immediately felt like crying.

What did they want this time?

Chapter 840 - The 3 Musketeers

"Your majesty, they're waiting for you in the 7th hall."

"Alright, postponed any scheduled activities by an hour.

I'll see them at once."

"Yes, your majesty."

With that, Landon made his way towards the 7th Hall in another separate building.

These people were old, so Landon always felt terrible when they had to trek all the way to the building where his office was.

Of course, they could use the palace staff golf-like carts to come over as well.

But Landon still felt like it was a hassle for them.

The palace was too big and very wide with several lawns, fountains, towering buildings, ponds, gardens and whatnot.

Every time he had to see them, he would pick a spot closest to their working area.

They were all royal gardeners, so he picked the building closest to their working stations.

The palace also had a wide five-story building for staffers, just in case they worked overtime, needed immediate rest or couldn't go home for one reason or another.

There was also the Palace clinic to attend to tourists, staff members and royalty when emergencies occur.

The clinic only treated minor to moderate injuries like first aid, burns for the kitchens, cuts and so on.

Anything too complex would be referred and rushed to the Hospital.

Anyway, Landon preferred to see these elderly men at a place that didn't inconvenience them.

He took his private mini staff gulf-like cart and drove towards the building while mentally preparing himself.

After all, meeting the 3 Musketeers could make anyone breakdown.

As expected, the moment he stepped into the hall, the three culprits began their drama.

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~Oooooo~

All three men had fake tears flowing down their cheeks.

They pouted their mouths and changed their demeanours to look sad while still crossing their arms.

Their action could undoubtedly make one think that they were trying to be brave amidst their pain.

And honestly, Landon would have thought so too, if he hadn't heard them run around the room just before he came in.

Don't think Landon didn't see the water bottles behind them.

These old bastards were ConMen!

He saw them peeking through the massive windows earlier on when he was driving his cart.

And when he was in the corridors, he heard rushed footsteps and bits of their conversation.

They were so loud that those along the corridors leading to the hall could hear them.

So their pitiful act really made him feel speechless.

They stood there as if begging him to ask what the matter was.

Landon looked at them and sighed deeply.

Who asked him to be an Earthian?

He couldn't just stand here and watch them go on like this, even if he knew that it was fake.

Who asked him to be respectful to the elderly?

He massaged his temples at the drama that was about to unfold.

His mouth touched as hooked at their award-winning grammy tears.

"What's the matter?"

Instantly, all three men burst out even more while flexing their muscles.

As expected, no matter the situation, they always wanted to prove that they were more manly than him.

But was this really the time?

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Old Man Paitus flexed his muscles with tears in his eyes while gesturing to his leader Old Man Willow.

And old man Hermon did the same as well.

They got into formation while doing weird poses with Old man Willow in the middle.

And as they spoke, they continuously changed their poses too.

"Brat!

Just forget about it.

We are real men.

Why would we tell you our issues?"

"Yeah!

Who asked for your help?"

"Yes!

We are the most powerful men in the world.

So why would we need your help?"

"That's right!

Are you trying to bring us down so that you'll be better than us later on?

Well, too bad.

We will always be the strongest people in the world.

So just give up."

"That's right!

You can't even beat me, so how can you defeat boss Willow?"

Landon: (-_-)

Willow puffed his chest proudly and immediately forgot that he was supposed to be crying: "Fellas, please, go easy on him. He's our junior member, so don't be too hard on him. Of course, he will never be able to beat me!"

"Exactly boss.

He's far behind when it comes to you."

"That's right!

How can you compare with the boss?

He's something that once carried 10 Hangols on his back while fighting a pack of 30 gigantic wolves, while also hand sewing a shirt."

'I highly doubt it.' Landon thought.

"He also defeated a fleet of 50 sh.i.p.s all on his own while cooking."

'That's only possible if he burnt all the sh.i.p.s with the fire from the kitchen and somehow managed to survive.' Landon thought.

"He also killed 100 ferocious beasts with just his gaze."

'Does he have laser vision now?'

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Landon had black lines on his forehead while Willow was feeling overly proud instead.

"Yes, I'm awesome.

But let's not be too hard on our junior member.

Who asked me to be too kind?

If our nosy junior wants to know why we are depressed, then we can only tell him.

Sigh... Brat, I never intended to say anything.

But you've really forced my hand."

Landon twitched: (>-_-)

"Since you want to know so much, then I'll reluctantly tell you.

But this doesn't mean that you're better than I am!"

"Fine!

You're better than I am.

Are you happy now?" Landon said while secretly rolling his eyes heavenwards and praying for patience.

They kept calling him nosy, but who exactly called him over?

He had never met any group of individuals as shameless as these old men.

Their ability to turn black into white was truly something else.

Anyone walking in would think that he was poking into their business when it was the other way around.

He looked at the old men who kept posing while forgetting to cry and honestly felt helpless.

Sigh... The faster he ended this drama, the better his sanity.

Who asked him to care about them?