

Chapter 3003 Cursed Princess Maria

The ominous night loomed overhead as the cloud slowly obscured the moon. It looked like fate was on their side as the cloudy night only made their operation easier to execute.

Judging from the slight sheen on their coats, Fitz and the others had been waiting for Matthew for quite some time. Still, when he arrived at the port, he was surprised to see Solon participating.

"Matthew! Oh, the crown prince is also here! Hey, guys"

"Weren't you at the Great Mountain? Why are you here? Unannounced, too."

Solon ran his fingers through his hair sheepishly in the face of Matthew's questioning.

"My men found a cruise ship deep in Durham Family's waters. Some of them decided to take a risk and snuck a look. The people on board are on the list."

Matthew immediately understood what Solon was getting at.

It was highly likely that these mercenaries and assassins came to the wrong conclusion after failing to locate them. Soon, they fell prey to their pride when they couldn't find any of Matthew's allies.

They mistakenly assumed that Matthew decided to cut it loose in the face of their declaration of war. They thought Matthew had decided to scurry away with his tail tucked between his legs.

As a result, the 20 organizations that had banded together promptly decided to throw a pre-celebration banquet!

It was a rather happy coincidence that one of the cruise ship's service staff was on Solon's payroll.

"You could've just called, you know? You're not skilled in logistics, tactics, or in terms of fighting prowess. So, what can you even bring to the table? Aren't you just being a burden?" the crown prince reprimanded belligerently.

Nonetheless, Solon didn't explode in anger. Instead, he was being rather meek as he kept glancing at Matthew. It was obvious he was silently pleading for Matthew's help.

Matthew couldn't help but shake his head when he saw that. Solon's going to be living in the crown prince's shadows forever if he keeps this up.

"Spit it out. We're allies, aren't we?"

Solon's eyes lit up as he hastily blurted, "Okay. So, my forces have grown too rapidly. We're losing in the arms race because of our numbers. Plus, weaponry gets updated every so often. Our funds are getting low. So, I was thinking we could turn the mercenaries' and assassins' resources into our resources."

Once he finished his proposal, his fingers started fidgeting. Sure enough, his eyes went from flickering to outright avoiding the crown prince's gaze.

Matthew couldn't care less for any guns those organizations possessed. That was because they were of little use to him.

It definitely didn't help that he had plenty of firearms and ammunition at Hulwin! Moreover, they had Solon to thank for the newest intel. So, it wouldn't hurt to consider the spoils as Solon's reward.

"Deal! Still, try to be careful when we're moving. You don't want to get hit by a stray bullet before you can enjoy having an arsenal."

"I totally get it! I'll keep out of the way!"

After they sealed the brief negotiation, a combat force of nearly 3000 strong swiftly boarded their ship under the cover of night. Some men were under the crown prince's command, while others were elite fighters sent by the Martial League headquarters. Regardless, they were all here for the same cause.

"Perfect!"

The second all their men had gotten into position, the crown prince jumped to the bow of the ship!

Since there were only two warships at sea in the past, the combat fleet was currently using six escort ships and two destroyers courtesy of Ocean Group.

Suffice it to say, it was a significant upgrade. Not only were they traveling at faster speeds, but the firepower it boasts was also spectacular.

The barrels' cold, metallic sheen could easily reap the souls of 20 men with one blast.

"The crown prince's fleet! Attention! Departing at 35° north latitude!"

As the crown prince's bold command fell, the fleet efficiently formed a perfect formation and sped toward their prey.

It was a dark and windy night. There was no way their foolish enemies would see them coming. This was, without a doubt, the best day to end it all!

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The organization was having a blast on Princess Maria.

The owner, who was quite the sailor, had repeatedly warned them that this cruise ship was cursed.

Since sailors were known to be strangely prone to superstition, none of the bloodied mercenaries and assassins paid any heed to his kind warning. They simply figured this was just one of the many quirks a sailor tended to have.

If anything, the gory tales the owner regaled them only made them even more determined to rent the ship.

To them, real men should face all the horrors of the world head-on!

Shortly, the bright lights lit up one by one, signaling the banquet's official start.

The luxurious cruise ship shone like a brilliant pearl on the sea, utterly different from its cursed reputation. Thus, it was extremely eye-catching.

"Although we may compete over scores, I, Frederick, would like to give a toast! May we soon get our hands on Matthew and his band of rats! Here's to us and the \$300 million reward! Cheers!"

Countless glasses of different sizes were raised high in the air amidst the ear-piercing musing!

After a beat, the men drank their swill with a large gulp, paying nary a care to the red liquid dripping down the corner of their lips as it slowly trickled down their necks.

They were utterly lost in their drunken fun of flashing lights and seemingly unending drinks. None of them had any idea that the curse of death was upon them.