

Northwest 32

Chapter 32

7 barrels of wine, 19 barrels of rum, 11 barrels of dried beans, 8 barrels of pork, gunpowder Uh, whats with the gunpowder? Huh, it seems that someone erased what was originally written here and wrote over it.

Lil, who was studying the ledger, looked frantically around for Marenzio.

This guy never organises his books properly.

When she found Marenzio happily negotiating at a market stand not far from the pier, she shouted, addressing him directly.

Marenzio! Why is the ledger so disorganised? We used gunpowder only once this voyage!

However, the surroundings were so noisy that her voice couldnt reach him. After glaring at his unbothered back, Lil returned her attention to the ledger. The chef stood in front of her, nervously watching to see if the captain would erupt.

Lalo, how much clean water is left?

Less than ten barrels, Captain.

Hm, thats cutting it close. What else do you need for the galley? Have you written it down already?

Lil went over the list that chef Lalo had made and scribbled her signature at the bottom. She then took some cash receipts from her pocket and handed them to him.

Go to La Piero on the upper street and load it as soon as possible, let them ship it this evening.

Aye, Captain.

And next

Captain! Its me!

Still panting, Jericho intervened between Lil and the rest of the waiting crew. Somehow, his face was completely distorted and dishevelled. Lil, who had a rough guess of the situation, turned to the two sailors waiting for her.

You guys take the ledger to Cesar and tell Marenzio to see me later.

After watching them turning around without a word, she grabbed Jericho by the neck and crossed the dock. While they made their way through the commotion caused by the supply arrangement, Lil, being in a hurry, whispered low and fast.

What happened to you? Why are you alone?

I lost him.

Are you kidding me?

No! Captain, Im dead serious.

What!

Well, you see, its just that he was gone in a blink of an eye.

Where?

In front of the bakery

Ugh, that bastard!

In her sudden outburst, Lil kicked her feet in the air.

Of course, I didnt expect that Jericho would be able to follow Ed easily. After all, Ed is in terms of skill not far behind Cesar, but its still irritating.

Still muttering some incomprehensible curses, she threw Jericho a silver coin.

Okay. Youve worked hard. Rest for today.

Hehe. Thank you, Captain

Lil smirked back at him.

Not a word of this to anyone, or you wont get any more of these, got it?

Of course, Captain.

Now, go on.

Aye, aye.

As she watched Jericho run back, Lil thought for a moment.

If Ed suddenly vanished, it would imply that hed realised that he was being followed. There may be a post office nearby, but I dont believe thats his true destination.

But I was right, as soon as we landed, he sneaked out. I wonder what hes up to And why cant he just walk out with some dignity? In addition, there is a major naval outpost in Marchand. Why would a man on the run from the Navy walk around here in broad daylight? Whether hes a spy or a deserter, its going to be a pain in the ass if hes recognised by the navy.

Its really annoying. Why does it cost so much to keep that guy in line?

Lil quickly looked around. Since they had just moved all their cargo, the dock was busy to the point of chaos.

Cesar is nowhere to be found, so I have no choice but to go alone. Fortunately, I already handled all the urgent matters myself and can leave the rest to Alain.

Ill check around the naval post first.

For a minute, Ed had completely forgotten about the sergeant. The man shifted his gaze from Ed to the pigeon perched on his forearm.

Great, you finally found me.

Ed carefully removed Sagastars letter. He then took out the rice seeds soaked in scented oil from his waist pocket in preparation for his reply. He told the bird to wait a moment and went to the desk. The desk, which was used to calculate the route, was a mess. Ed rummaged through it and picked up a relatively neat piece of paper. It was never his intention to draw a chart for Sagastar, but

because the sergeant kept a close eye on him, he pretended to do so. In reality, the so-called chart looked nothing like a map, but contained a sequence of numbers, like a password.

Ed opened Sagastars letter and only read halfway through it before he threw it into the fireplace. As if thinking of something troublesome, he massaged his temples carefully, like a man with a headache. Eventually, he scraped a match and threw it onto the letter. Seeing the blazing letter, he turned around and beckoned his pigeon.

Come here.

The carrier pigeon flew towards him. Ed tied the letter to the birds slender leg and reasoned that if the Bell Rock keeps moving, he would require a detailed map of the complex waters around Archipelago. Preferably one that fits in his pocket so he could check it frequently.

Even if Sagastar is the one whos suffering as a result of the routes inaccuracy, Im more concerned about the Visha. I cant let my precious ship suffer in the melting weather of the South.

Ed wiped the sweat from his forehead.

Your return load is going to be a bit heavy.

He turned away from the pigeon and noticed that the sergeant was still eyeing his every move. Ed clicked his tongue, picked a chart that would fit into his arms, and rolled it up.

What are you doing?

I am following His Majestys direct orders.

Are you taking our belongings without permission?

Its an unavoidable act to fulfil my orders. What are you going to do? This is nothing.

What What nonsense

The officers voice was drowned out by the flapping of the pigeons wings, making his protest unheard. The red-winged pigeon noisily roared around the high ceiling and only flew out the window after the officer had shut his mouth.

Good boy.

Ed watched the tail disappearing into the pure white and sunlight lit sky with delight.

I shall take my leave then.

He left the room, but was followed by the officer.

Hey, Lieutenant.

Youre not giving up, are you?

In an attempt to shake off the persistent man, Ed broke out in a sprint.

Lieutenant!

Ill tell the Admiral about your contribution.

What? What do you mean?

Damn it, how annoying.

Ed dashed out the naval outpost.

Hey!

As soon as he left the building, Ed was taken back by the sudden sunlight hitting him in the face.

As Im born in the North, the southern climate is beyond my imagination. In the past, it was a climate that even the Imperial sailors during the expansion period had trouble enduring. Now it feels like the hot temperature is my natural enemy.

Worrying about his head becoming too warm under the striking sun, he removed his hat and pressed his hand on his crown.

What the heck!

Ed flapped his nearly burned palm. He couldnt believe it was this bad, especially when he was wearing a hat. He swallowed his abusive language and put his hat on again. As he walked through the main gate of the naval outpost, he saw a lady walking past him holding a parasol.

Ed clicked his tongue.

Come to think of it, it was only natural for Mireille to fail. He has been exclusively searching for Liloa among slender, black-haired beauties who looked like her female body. But the red jewel Liloa is wearing is an artefact dating back to ancient times. Its a relic that shouldnt have existed if things were in order. However, this is not the first time an object with mysterious powers has been discovered. Although its uncommon, the connection with the gods has not been severed in any way, contrary to what most people think. Artefacts are constantly mentioned in modern-day history books and I, above all, could know as I own one. Therefore, it didnt surprise me that other powerful families have such items as well.

I must say Liloas relic is a little amusing. Its a relic that, when held, changes ones gender. Isnt it completely useless to everyone except Liloa? Shes the ideal proprietor. Even if she didnt have that necklace, she would probably still wear mens clothing to avoid Mireilles relentless pursuit. But thanks to the necklace she can rob merchant ships without worrying about revealing her true identity.

I was drawn to this mission as a mere spectacle, but my fascination for Liloa is increasing over time. Shes a special woman, its difficult to understand her motivations or to figure out her inner thoughts. The only things I discovered so far are that she has a very deep relationship with Cesar, she likes the wind, and she has no intention of going back to her home country. Judging by the fact shes mainly targeting Garni merchant ships, her resentment towards the Duke must be immense.

Ed started to laugh, remembering the story the Duke had told him.

From the beginning all the way to the end, the only thing the Duke could talk about was Liloa, to the point it felt uncomfortable to listen to. With that conversation in mind, it isnt too difficult to understand her determination to never return to Sesbron.

He agreed with Cesar, who called the duke a depraved man. The Duke of Mireille belonged to the category Ed hated the most. Ed already loathed him when he heard him talk about his past with Lil, but he really thought that the duke was rotten to the core when he tried to move him, using the relic as a bribe.

Because, she is just a woman who likes the wind Wait, what?