

Northwest 48

Chapter 48

The people who flocked at once began to scramble. Lil couldn't properly open her eyes due to the sudden sunlight but tried to look around. Out of nowhere, someone bumped into her which made her stumble back against the main mast and fall on her butt.

The Captain has been beaten!

Lil, still down, was almost hit in the face by a huge knee. She grabbed her hat and stood up, it was then that she noticed that everyone around her was looking in the same direction. It was towards the stern side of the ship. Lil turned around and followed their gazes.

Kwak!

A lifeless body broke the stern railing and fell heavily on the upper deck. Lil soon realised it was the ship's bald-headed captain. Her eyes landed on the upper deck, which was already spread with several people lying on their backs. The bodies were all holding weapons as if they were in the middle of a fight when they fell. Lil had a hunch on how this could have happened, but it took some time for her to fully understand the situation.

Then a single voice descended on the deck, which had become as silent as if it had been splashed with water.

What do you mean the Captain got beaten?

Everyone gathered on deck looked up at the same time. Lil, who did not want to accept the situation at all, lifted her chin slowly. Her gaze passed the railing that had been completely destroyed, and landed on the stern. She had to squint her eyes as the scorching sun hit her head-on. A figure with his back to the sun was standing tall on the highest deck of the stern, his face completely hidden in the shadows.

Im the Captain now.

When Lil recognized the voice, she involuntarily spits out abusive language.

That madman

After his declaration, the free-spirited man wiped his bloodied long sword on his clothes. Except for Lil, the whole group stared at the scene as if they were witnessing the arrival of a legend.

Triumphantly, Ed put his foot down on the tattered railing.

Im taking over this ship.

Not long after, Lils shoulder that collided with the bucket earlier started to hurt. As if it was a start sign, every spot on her body that had been hit by the swarm of loose objects began to throb. Lil slowly lowered her eyes and scoured her wrecked body.

What did I do to deserve this?

Uwaaaaa!

At the same time as sporadic shouts pierced her ears, Lil felt extreme rage rising from somewhere deep inside her.

I still remember the rotten image of Ed nodding his head calmly when I laid out my plans to him yesterday. Seeing him now, it's no wonder he acted so obediently.

Her eyes, brimming with anger, looked up again. The renegade next to Ed was demanding for hooray, while Ed, who was completely obscured by the light, could not be seen. Nevertheless, Lil glared against the sun.

Ed turned away from Lil's eyes, which were about to pierce him, in a cold sweat. Her sharp eyes seem to be on fire. He wanted to apologise, but he couldn't because he was still standing on the stern. Also, he couldn't expose Lil as they didn't figure out her identity yet. So in the end he tried to mumble his words.

This was not on purpose!

Ed was willing to put his hand on his chest and make a vow, because it really wasn't intentional that things turned out this way.

- Flashback -

After Lil exited the warehouse, Ed was left alone and contemplated his strange mood. Something didn't feel right. Normally, he enjoyed the ferocious rumours about him as the Admiral. Human imagination is limitless, and various wild and bizarre stories circulated about him, Ed was always amused by the tales he could never come up with himself. But that was the extent of his interest in the gossip, even though he never corrected it. Only this time, he felt heartbroken for some reason.

I didn't know it at the time when I was bragging about myself, but Liloa is a person who hates harsh physical punishments. Of course, torture is not about being fair, but a high-intensity act to obtain confession and information.

Ed remembered what Lil had said the other day about torture and punishment, that it was of no use in a civilized society.

Even so, why is she taking those rumours so seriously?

Ed kicked a piece of wood that was rolling in front of him, while muttering unfamiliar words and eventually opened a window on the stern.

The waves are quite high.

After he checked the wind, he slipped through the window and clung to the stern. The shabby shirt he picked up fluttered in the wind. Ed gave strength to his hands and feet and started to climb up, clasping pugs that stood out as a true rock climber. Because it's an old-fashioned ship, there were many intricate decorations and sculptures on the stern, which worked in his favor. Attached to the captain's room was a terrace-like structure, making it easier for Ed to break in from outside. Ed had to climb a little higher and finally jumped over the railing. The window frame on the stern was made of wood and luckily for Ed, it was slightly open. Through the open window, Ed checked the inside. He pondered for a moment as he couldn't see where the bald-headed captain had gone to. Eventually, he opened the window and stepped inside the cabin.

There was no bed or hammock, so the captain's office and bedroom were separate. Ed guessed there was a high possibility that the bald man, who lost his prisoners, had fallen asleep after some heavy drinking. He looked around and found a second door, meaning there was another space connected to the right side of the office. He walked to it and quietly put his ear to the door. He heard a sudden

groan and opened his eyes in amazement. Behind the door was the bald man snoring through his mouth, repeating a choking sound several times. Ed faced the office again and his stolen sword was the first thing that caught his eye. He admired its marvelous figure hanging on the wall like an ornament. The curved part that continues from that slim straight line is nothing less than a piece of art. Ed nodded his head with a satisfied expression, almost forgetting he was still standing in the captain's room.

They see my sword as a symbolic loot obtained by killing the Navy, so it should have rightly been taken by the Captain. The ugly guy with the missing front teeth Liloa talked about must have taken her necklace. She offered to help me retrieve my sword to get me to join the plan, but I knew that she had no intention of doing so. It was quite obvious as she didn't know what my sword looked like and just last night she didn't care at all whether I was looking for it or not. Nevertheless, it was a really cute suggestion.

Ed looked away from the sword with a smile and decided to concentrate on his mission again. First, he read the map spread out on the desk.

Just as Liloa said, the ship is going towards the open sea. If so, were they in Marchand for the Erimyan? Whatever the case, it's none of my business.

Ed looked at the tools and compasses scattered around the chart.

Only a few craftsmen in the Empire know how to make highly sophisticated navigation tools for exploring the oceans. Seeing an unknown signature engraved on the back, it seemed like a small-scale compass. Well, they didn't need a very accurate compass as they were only going to the Majel Islands.

Ed put one of the compasses and a telescope in his pocket

Suddenly, heavy footsteps approached. Ed hurriedly dived out of the window he had entered through.

Captain! Captain!

Even though the pirates tried to enter with a lot of noise, the bald head didn't budge at all. Ed watched through the slightly opened window how the door slammed and cracked, and eventually opened at once. The two men who dared to destroy the door of the Captain's room came in and roughly opened the bedroom door, then dragged out their bald-headed captain.

Hey, Captain. Get up.

After being patted on his cheeks a few times, the bald head finally came to his senses. He was pulled out of his bed out of nowhere, so when he finally realised the situation, he angrily grabbed one of the guys by the neck.

How dare you!

This is urgent, Captain. There's an intruder on board. I think it was one of those two Navy bastards from earlier.

What?

Please, hear out the dock watchman. He was found gagged in a corner of the dock.

Ed observed the second guy who came up to the captain and chimed in.

Seeing his swollen jawline, it looks as if he was beaten by Liloa and passed out.

That slick-looking guy punched me on the chin and took some of the water. There must be an empty water bottle rolling around somewhere!

The supply man found him unconscious and stuck in the corner of the warehouse. He was lucky. I already checked the dock and gun deck with a few men of the crew and they were both empty. There's no way he would have thrown himself back into this vast ocean, so he's probably hiding somewhere on the cabin deck.

What the hell!