

Read I'm the King Of Technology Chapter 1551: Awaken, Oh Shamelessness

Chapter 1551: Awaken, Oh Shamelessness

"What a massive estate... Look! Look! It also has a rose garden too!"

"How beautiful~... The wind always blows away the purple trees, making the purple lotus petals rain continuously."

"Wipe! Is this a school or a private estate? Tsk. Such a place is indeed good for studying in."

"Exactly! How I wish such a place could've been built decades ago when I was still a vibrant and young lass."

"You also have that same dream too? Aiiy~... What I would give to be 30 years younger."

"Beautiful."

"Amazing."

"Divine..."

"Good-looking... It is indeed good-looking. But now, it's time we take a look at how our tuition money is spent."

"Yeah."

Many nodded, following the path.

Cyprian listened to the words of many, agreeing with their thoughts.

But maybe because he was too immersed, he accidentally bumped into one of the guardians.

"Ah!-... I'm so sorry. I apologize for my carelessness."

"It's... It's okay." Another dark-toned 28-year-old man replied, a little nervous too.

"First time here?"

"Is... Is it that obvious?"

Cyprian shook wryly. "Well, your hands are shaking. But don't worry, it's also my first time."

"Really?"

The other man's eyes lit up excitedly.

Finally, he had someone to talk to. He was timid and introverted by nature.

So though many spoke around him, he still swallowed hard, having a tough time integrating with the crowd. But after he and Cyprian met, he took it as fate.

What's more, they were both dark-toned people, obviously from Romain too.

The man shyly puffed his face like a puffer fish, talking and walking alongside Cyprian.

"I'm... I'm... Frodo, by the way."

"Cyprian."

A man's bond was simple to make, especially since they realized when their children were in the same elementary school sector.

And soon, the group reached a massive 4-story building with its own fountain at the front too.

Of course, they also spotted over 12 buildings scattered about but chose to head towards that one because a stream of teachers were waiting for them at the front.

The teachers stood on the outdoor stairs in a V-formation, with the Principal, Vice-principal, and several others at the very front of it all.

Oh, My heavens!

Why did they think these groups of teachers looked so powerful?

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"Once more, Guardians... welcome!"

Everyone thought it would be the Principal or vice-principal who would take the stage.

Sadly, it was another teacher to address them.

They felt a little disappointed but expected.

Feeling the confident auras these people exuded, who wouldn't want to hear them speak?

It was akin to listening to the top scholarly talents, educational members, and palace ministers speak.

In this era, those well-spoken were far more respected than others.

There was a universal decorum that well-spoken people followed, blending strength, intellect, and poise with their eerie action.

The art of controlling the crowd and rallying up a group was also important, especially when protecting oneself against getting framed and judged publicly.

This was a brutal world. And skills like these exuded from these teachers made many feel it right for their children to be here.

Are you convinced?... Convinced so far!

(*^*)

"Guardians!"

One of the teachers stepped forward to address.

"It is our honor to host the Parent-teacher conference, focusing on your child's progress academically, socially, and all other aspects regarding their classroom behavior."

So detailed?

Everyone squeezed their fists, hoping their children didn't do something wrong they weren't aware of. And the more they heard, the tenser the atmosphere became.

"First, we will have a general conference meeting, addressing all guardians in groups. Kindergarten guardians will be addressed in Hall 1; Grade 1 guardians will be addressed in Hall 2... Blah, blah, blah.... And for those with children in various grades, you can pick which hall you would like to go to."

Question answered.

Cyprian decided he would first go to the hall related to his daughter's grade before heading out to join his son's mid-way.

According to the teacher's words, they should have this general conference for 1 and a half hours before being called into the offices and various rooms for private meetings no longer than 12 minutes.

It was clear that some people might finish up earlier while others might have to wait for hours and hours until it was their time to go in.

Either way, the school had arranged food for them and even tours around the school for those who wouldn't be called in anytime soon.

The school had managed the time slots efficiently, allowing them to know when they would be called in.

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And just like that, the general conference began with parents, guardians, and teachers engaging attentively with one another.

Cyprian and Frodo held the booklets in their hands in awe.

"This... Brother Cyprian... This is really smart!" Frodo's hands quivered the tighter he held his booklet.

Half of it was written in Pyron.

And if one flipped the leaflet upside down and started reading from the back, they would also realize it was all in Roma.

But this wasn't what made them in awe and appreciation.

Written inside were answers to several questions a majority of them had in mind.

Questions like;

What will their child be learning about this school year? The curriculum and a brief explanation of several topics were lined up.

What about books? What about their physical strength in such warring times?

No one wanted their children to become wimpy in these times.

That's why Landon had also included archery, sword training, and kendo from age 7.

Yes!

The school was a blend of modern and academic performances of this era.

Whether one liked it or not, Strength training, calligraphy learning, poetry, and several other aspects could not be thrown away. Or else he would just be keeping these students at a disadvantage in this current world.

It was also good since it allowed 'peasants' to learn introductory lessons to what would have been impossible for them in these times.

A simple Arts & Craft session, as well as simple introductory sculpting lessons, were seen as heavenly to these folks.

There were also club activities after school to better support whatever training many found themselves drawn to. Yes! This academic was an elite academy with aristocratic training that made many bleed with envy.

So seeing the well-outlined curriculum, how could these parents not be impressed?

There were even non-compulsory classes for public speaking and other matters too.

Too impressive!

'What a school!... Even if that son of mine tries to drop out, I would rather break his legs than let him dare!'

'No way! My girl dare not leave this place. Or won't I have to pull the good old Tear-jerker to gain her pity and send her back to school?'

(?^?)

Tch.

Even if some had to use shameless means, they were more than willing after seeing how good the curriculum was.

Chapter 1552: Amazed Parents

Must stay in school.

Must stay in school!

These were the thoughts of many.

Never in their wildest dreams could they imagine the school was so detailed in everything it did and all for the current price they were paying every semester.

They felt they were dreaming with such a cheap and doable tuition.

Hell!

What this school was offering had far more aspects, both academic, mental, and physical, even surpassing those of the famous academies across the many empires.

Yet, it wasn't some sky-high price only nobles or those in noble factions could afford.

One had to know that even if a peasant wanted such an opportunity, they would have to take an assessment test from a noble faction and enter that said aristocratic faction before finally joining the academy with their tuition covered.

Again one could get shouted by blatantly entering many arena houses and catching the eyes of some big noble.

Believe it or not, Baynard's prices were only 30% of what they would have to pay to enter these prominent academies and be in the presence of nobles.

One should recall nobles hardly like being close to peasants, wanting to keep the feeling of being better than them always.

So to enter such a place, one must have a backer. And even then, one's education would get limited unless they were very talented.

They might train to be physically strong. But theory-wise, they would get limited, only knowing the basics and nothing more.

This was to keep everyone in their 'class group' and make only the nobles rise above the rest.

Whether it was to be a strategist, a key painter, or any other profession, the peasants that ended up being famous truly pushed themselves up there against the odds.

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It was also important to know there were several lesser schools around, primarily for peasants.

These very small schools only had 1 or 2 buildings in place, run by former soldiers who were probably relieved from their duties.

So what do these retired, injured, or relieved people do when they return to their home cities, towns, or villages?

They start a small school as a business, teaching young ones the way of the sword.

Some, like painters, sculptures, builders, and all the rest, took in disciples of their own, teaching them using crushed flowers pictures or what was blood paint (a mixture of blood, dirt, animal substances, etc.)

Once an animal was killed, wasn't it a waste to do away with its blood?

People learn with what resources they have.

But to enter the big leagues, they either have to take their talents and get tested by a big person or get scouted.

So imagine their shock from Baymard's curriculum... At such an insanely cheap piece at that.

(+0+)

Good... Good... Good...

Say no more.

Many, mainly the peasants amongst the group, had their eyes lit up like torches as they read through the booklet.

Literacy in U.N empires has gone down by a large number ever since their empires came in contact with Baymard. Many were now beginners or intermediary writers and speakers of Pyron/Roma.

And even if they were words they couldn't ultimately make out some words written, the lead teacher ahead was now going over everything written below one by one, solving a few questions that came up now and then.

This... this...

Cyprian gripped his booklet with trembling hands.

'This isn't a dream, right?'

Do they teach all this to his son and daughter?

Cyprian's face stretched in gratification, once again thanking his majesty Landon Barn deep in his heart.

Sigh...

As expected, a good Monarch sure could make a difference. Even more unexpected was that many around him also thought so, especially Frodo, who murmured in awe and fisted his chest softly.

"Long live his majesty, Landon Barn."

Cyprian was taken aback, finally chuckling at his new friend's open proclamation.

Yes...

Long live his majesty, Landon Barn!

...

Like so, Landon's fan base was growing without his knowledge.

The P.T.E-meeting progressed with everyone getting deeply drawn in until soon, time was up.

All questions concerning overall general matters had been solved, whether it was on how to contact the school in case of emergencies, aspects on club activities, classroom matters, and so on.

Now, it was time for the one-on-one seasons.

F***!

Cyprian couldn't believe his eyes when staring at his watch.

Augh~

He planned to only stay here for half the time before heading to the meeting room pertaining to his son's Grade 4-class.

Cyprian smacked his forehead, inwardly calling himself stupid.

Sigh...

Blame him for getting too sucked in. Nonetheless, he felt the general information should be similar.

"Great! Great! My meeting is scheduled from 1:15 to 1:30. Location: This same room!" Frodo exclaimed, looking at his meeting slip.

"Buddy, what about you?"

Cyprian pulled out the information from the bucket at the back of the booklet.

For parents with several children in many grades, they combined his meeting times all in one slip.

'What a great convenience.'

He couldn't help complimenting.

"Mine? 1 P.M to 1:15 in here and 2:30 to 2:45 in another room."

Looking around, he could see at least 15 isolated desks alongside the corners of the room.

What was interesting was that the room seemed to be built for one-on-one conversations, with wooden walls chest-high isolating each cubicle from the next, giving a sense of privacy.

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Tick-Tock. Tick-Tock.

The time was already 12:10 P.M.

So all he could do was bid his time until 1 P.M.

Others went to take a long stroll around the school, jumping in the arranged tours around the premises.

In times like these, it would be good to show off the many facilities the school had and offered the students.

A computer lab, a library, an indoor Olympic-size swimming pool, a gym, and so on.

Hey... The P.T.E-meeting would stop by 5:30 P.M, allowing parents to go home with their children, who would also finish club activities around then.

So why not tour around for now since some had their meeting time slots at 4 P.M?

Frodo smacked Cyprian's shoulders playfully.

"Bro, let's check out the cafeteria!"

Chapter 1553: P.T.E Over... Trouble Comes!

Like so, time went by swiftly, with Cyprian attending all his meetings.

And thanks to having all general questions long answered, he stormed into these meetings, only focusing on his children's progress.

First, the teachers brought out the final results for the last 2 semesters.

This was the start of the school term. So even though they were having a P.T.E-conference meeting now, the results from the last 2 sessions already showed what strengths and weaknesses his children had.

And of course, the assigned teachers talking to him were those who taught his children during those semesters.

He could see his girl was weak in language but very strong in Math. She was also good at archery, even though she barely started it during the last semester.

She had the 4th best foundation and beginner level-stance and technique in her class.

She also ran well, finding herself on the junior track team.

She was only decent in subjects like biology but excelled in another called chemistry.

To her, biology almost had no numbers and chemistry was just up her alley.

Anything with numbers, she was good at.

But when thinking of lengthy matters, she just didn't like them... Except they were literature and poetry, of course.

That is, who doesn't like listening to famous stories?

Again, he could see the massive improvement in her calligraphy and writing.

Just look at her test papers... Was this truly what his daughter wrote? He felt like framing it as a treasure.

He had never seen writing so good in his family before!

All these praises were good and all. But why did he hear that his daughter was also a chatterbox in class?

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Augh~

Cyprian felt embarrassed when the teacher spoke about her disturbing his classes on multiple occasions.

'This girl...'

He would have to give her a proper spanking when they got home!

Cyprian's face turned red, wishing the ground could open up and swallow him whole.

Her grades were good, with the lowest grade being a B. But why was she still so troublesome?

'Stinky Girl. Just wait for your father to clean you up!'

Cyprian listened to the teacher summarize a lot about his daughter in 8 minutes. These were things he didn't even know she had as habits!

Some were good, and others needed attention.

All in all, he learned his daughter was super friendly with her classmates, not isolated, had friends of her own, and felt some subjects like biology were challenging.

Following that summary, the remaining 7 minutes were spent in a brief Q&A session with him asking any other questions he felt necessary to know.

"Is my daughter the one bullying people?"

"No."

"What types of support are available to help her keep up with her studies and her classmates if need be?"

"Library, computer rooms, and teachers."

"What grade qualifications does she need to get accepted into the gifted-talented program?"

"Blah, blah, blah, blah~."

"..."

"How is she with in-class assignments? Even though you've given me some suggestions to promote and manage her struggles, if I find myself unable to assist her, what other options do I have to better her mentally, physically, and academically?"

"Blah, blah, blah, blah~."

"..."

"What is my role as a parent to make them grow better? And also, can you recommend some activities to support her learning?"

"Puzzles, brain-teasing books, etc."

"..."

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What a strong meeting.

Those 15 minutes he spent talking about his daughter was the most intense he had ever had.

He didn't even know there was so much that these teachers observed.

At this point, it would be a lie to say he wasn't impressed.

He learned things about his children he didn't even realize. I even felt no school or academy in his empire could give such a detailed outline of his daughter's strengths, weaknesses, and habits.

What parent wouldn't want such an analysis?

It aided him in knowing what direction his child could grow towards.

Already he knew she would probably love a profession involving lots of numbers or her favorite sports.

He also saw an essay on what she wanted to be in future.

There was also another follow-up on 3 other professions they felt they wanted to get drawn into.

Her first dream job was to be a Math teacher. And for the other options, she chose to be a track runner, a 'store owner,' or a movie star!

Look. She even placed her favorite actress as her idol.

Things like these allowed him to gauge her future, knowing what she would be most comfortable with.

As for matters concerning his older son of 10 years, the meeting was during another time slot with another teacher.

Here, he found his son was very quiet and a little too withdrawn compared to his daughter. The teacher raised this concern, seeing if he could spend time with his son and draw him out of his shell.

As for matters, his son was a good boy, the class monitor of Class A, Grade 10.

Yes...

For Grade 10 alone, there were Classes from A to F, with the best students being in the A class and the worst in the F.

But every 1 out of the 2 primary term semesters, they would shuffle the students around, sending some good students to F class, worst students to A class, and so on.

This move raised the overall class average seeing as there were peers to teach the weaker ones.

And while his daughter was at the top of C-class in her grade. His son was the 3rd top in A-Class of his grade.

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All in all, Cyprian was impressed!

He collected his fist in awe, looking at the bullet-point key notes long printed out for these meetings.

'What a school. With this, I will know how to help them more.'

Cyprian puffed his chest out, feeling like a proud and confident father.

And soon, he saw his 7 and 10-year-old children outside the room.

"Father."

"Dad!"

The troublemaker, of course, yelled 'dad' while his silent son called out softly.

Only now did he know how accurate the teachers were.

But this much was good.

He felt he could leave his children in Baymard's hands with peace of mind.

"Com'on... Let's go home." He said softly, rubbing his hair and holding his daughter's hands.

"No way! Father, let's stop for ice cream first!... Ah! Let's get cake too. I know just the place, dad. Believe me. With me... You can never go wrong!"

"..."

Cyprian paused dumbfoundedly before bursting out in laughter. His son revealed a slight smile, and his daughter quickly pulled them both away.

Warm...

Such moments always felt warm.

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Smiles here, laughter there...

Just like Cyprian, many felt a warm atmosphere seeing their children and relatives meet up with them after club activities.

The day went by quickly. And in a blink of an eye, Baymard fell asleep in a merry state.

But little did they know that just around the corner, the darkness was now surrounding them all!

Yes...

The darkness had come to capture the fraudsters!!

Chapter 1554: Enter: The Red Devil

Revenge... Oh, sweet revenge.

The seas were calm, with the gentle caress of the summery night breeze lightly blowing about the scene.

The night was young, as midnight hadn't arrived.

Silent night... Silent, calm and gentle night.

Over 250 galleys sailed across the open seas, all heading in one direction... Baymard!

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Shwah~... Shwah~... Shwah~...

The waves tapped the corners of the ships lightly.

There was no sound from the men, yet everyone was moving with stern expressions plastered on their faces.

The air was so brittle it could snap.

But why all the tension?

Sling!~

Shirtless men sharpened their weapons in silence, others relieved themselves, and some moved about the ship from one assignment to another.

Even though the night was here, it was still summer.

The air was thick, hot, and still with little to no breeze.

The shirtless men gazed at one another, rounding up whatever they were doing.

Soon...

Soon, they will receive the order!

Din. Din. Din. Din. Din~

A red-haired broad-shouldered man calmly walked across the deck, heading to a stairway on the opposite.

Many didn't need to look up to know that whoever was approaching was either a large and heavily armed man or a leader who considered himself untouchable.

The man exuded confidence with every step he took.

However, just a single look left many in shock.

They were too dazzled that they couldn't help whispering amongst themselves, especially the crew members who were still seen as juniors.

"I'll be damned!... It's Captain Red Beard!"

"What? You mean the famous Red Beard who rules over half of Skull island?"

"Yes! It's him! I was only fortunate to see him once in my life, but I will never forget him." One of the crew members spoke, recalling his days when he had to battle with others in order to get chosen by the higher-ups or other prominent men to join their crew or faction.

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Red Beard...

The name sent chills down the spines of many.

"I heard once that a massive Boggle was about to attack his fleet. But when all hope seemed lost, Red Beard, asleep during the shocking incident, only looked out his balcony, giving the vicious creature one stare."

"And then? And then what happened?"

"Hehehehe~ I tell yah, I heard it was incredible! The creature ran away in horror, too scared to look into his eyes. It's said just staring for long can keep one in a trance abyss for all eternity."

Hiss!!!

Many sucked in air, lowering their heads, never wanting to meet this red devil's eyes.

"Red Beard... A.K.A, the red Devil of the seas. He is still number 16 on the main private list."

"So fierce! That's number 16! With the hundreds and thousands out there, it's not easy to climb the ranks."

"You don't need to say it anymore. This guy is so fierce that it's been speculated he doesn't have any blood in his body. It's ironic since his name he's the famous Red Beard. But many said he was cursed by the ghost of Old Yeller, one of the greatest pirates to have ever lived."

"So scary? Damn!... But wait! Didn't he and the late Nopline of Pyno have a brotherhood?"

"Of course they did! Why do you think a person of his high rank would actively go on this mission? I don't know the whole story, but somehow, Baymard is also involved in Nopline's matter."

"That's right. When useless Nopline died, his things were taken by those lowlifes. I heard Red Beard was looking for something in particular which these bastards stole."

"Tch!" One of the operates scoffed, feeling Baymard too stupid.

How dare they provoke so many terrible people all at once?

"Huh! It looks like this Baymard is really dead. With Red Beard fighting by our side, these Baymardians will soon become a thing of the past!!"

"Yeah!"

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Discussions like these came up whenever the red-haired devil passed by.

His face was expressionless, and his eyes cold. Maynard...

A murderous aura seeped out whenever he thought of all the money, treasures, and deals he lost from Nopline's death.

You have to know that though Nopline was his chess piece, this worthless insect was still his eyes and ears in Pyno.

Do you think he was sad about the fool's untimely death?

Heh.

What he cared about was all he lost!

He, Red Beard, would get his 'just' revenge.

Red Beard's eyes flickered with a cold glint.

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Din. Din. Din. Din. Din. Din.

Up the creaky outer stairway he went, along the luxurious wing above the deck.

Only those in high positions could stay in these upper cabins. And the more he advanced, the more luxurious the space.

Red Beard moved through the narrow but stylish hallway.

To his left were 2 separate cabins, while his right only had one cabin that took the same space as the other 2 on his left.

1, 2, 3...7

He knocked in a coded manner.

"Sunny days, clearer nights."

Translation: It's safe—no enemy at sight.

Still, he knew he was being watched by the tiny, hardly visible hole on the door at waist-level.

These peepholes were so small and hard to spot, especially with how the door was painted and coated.

A brief silence passed before the door was opened from within.

"Enter."

Hmmm...

Red Beard's eyes had scanned the room in just a few seconds.

There were golden candle stands, well-sewn carpets made from the most expensive wool, feathered pillows scattered all over the comfortable couches, and a golden table with a tray of apples in the center.

Fruits expire the fastest out at sea. So the delicacies were limited since their last quick stop.

But not to worry, after tonight, they would have plenty of luxurious food to fill them up for weeks.

Hmmmm....

Red Beard's eyes fell on the 3 men standing before the other 2 seated men. He recognized only the 2 seated men. The other 3, he guessed, were their subordinates.

Good...

Since everyone was here, then it was time to begin.

Chapter 1555: The Night Was Young!

Not many could deserve to sit beside the other 2. But Red Beard was in a league of his own, with enough power to rival the duo seated.

What's more, his position in the T.O.E.P was also eye-jarring.

So how could they not show him respect?

Famous Art Society Member, Marcus Perquo, was seated in a slanted manner with a silver goblet in his hand.

He looked at Red Beard lazily, with a hint of interest in his eyes.

As for Benvolio Higgins, the number 17 top on the Medical Society list, also rested his eyes on Red Beard with brief scrutiny.

'As expected of the one many call Red Devil. Even his stare is enough to make a big man like myself stay vigilant.'

What a beast!

Benvolio couldn't help sitting up, more appreciative of the Society for sending this guy to aid them in their battle.

You have to know that for several weeks, they had long joined up with Red Beard's fleet of 100 galleys, sailing together as planned.

But would you believe it if they said all this while the infamous Red Devil hadn't shown up once?

Instead, he had been sending his most trusted aides to finalize things with them.

They made plans on what attack strategies to use, as well as went over all major pieces of information without seeing him once.

He was like a ghost, having his invisible hands stretch over everything.

Of course, they also heard a lot about the Red Devil, who by the way was a Training maniac.

He would rather train all day than come to see them.

He, Red Beard, spent most of his time training like a machine. It was like he was addicted to it.

Over the many years, he hardly gave face to anyone except those at the very top.

So if his subordinates could handle things, why bother wasting his time?

Even now that he arrived, you best believe he wouldn't stay here for more than 5 minutes unless he truly had to.

In short, the man's character was arrogant and easily upsetting for those who didn't know him.

But even so, rather than being disgusted, they revered him instead.

All geniuses had their own quirks, earning the right to be arrogant.

So what about it?

They too were geniuses in their perspective fields, having their own radical behaviors too. That's why they understood him completely.

If this were modern times, the sentence: Game recognizes Game would hold true to their lot.

Either way, having such a fierce devil on their side was a guaranteed success for their mission.

The duo smirked, already imagining how they would confront that frauding and thieving bastard soon.

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"The time has come. In a couple of hours, we should hit Baymard's shores." Marcus commented, gesturing at the massive sea map before them.

The map had several labels and lines on them, as well as various x's posted in several spots.

If they were to turn left from where they currently stood and sailed further to the open seas out of Pyno's perimeter, they would reach the spot called the 'Green swirler.'

On the map, it was presented by several x's and twirling lines.

Again, to ensure they knew the right soot, they referenced the North Star's astral viewings and many more essential aspects too.

A ship's speed was measured in knots.

So everyone also knew how many knots it would take to get to these paths, as well as how long it would take too.

Additionally, creatures seen or well known to these water areas were listed on the maps in well-known abbreviated ways.

"We hit the shore 2 hours, 45 minutes from now."

"1 A.M." Benvolio intercepted. "Our men are ready. So I trust your side is ready as well?"

"Naturally." Red Beard replied, pointing at several points along the shores.

"Once more, as per the plan, we'll break apart, attacking from all regions across these so-called Baymardian Coastal Districts."

"Right."

As of now, they planned to hit Districts 'I' and 'L' harder than the rest.

Why? Because District 'I' was where the official visitor port was, and District 'L' seemed to be a barrack posting site focused on training what they call police officers (Navy) there.

That's what their intel relayed.

They also had to be on the lookout for the mysterious close-range weapons that could fry one's insides upon contact.

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One should know that the reason they wanted to take down this barrack fast was to take advantage of their surprise move and eliminate as many enemy knights as they could before the enemies far into the city rushed over as backup.

As for infiltrating via land, they didn't want to.

Baymard has long expanded its territories, and sneaking in such a large number of knights would've already ruined the element of surprise.

What was their priority? The Capital city.

They planned to enter from the coastal regions before heading to the main wall dividing the Capital city from the other Baymardian territories.

There, they would close the city walls and barricade the place, adequately take over the city next noon.

Once they take over and reveal their identities as Morgs, any neighboring Pyno empire wouldn't dare to blatantly go head to head with them knowing it was suicide.

Marcus suddenly recalled how he was embarrassed by the little brat who ruled this empire several years back.

The brat dared to turn in the manufacturing methods for the Baymardian papers, pens, pencils, and many other items.

He was disgraced and thrown out like a homeless dog before a massive gathering of peasants.

When has he, the number one master in the Arts society, ever faced such blatant disrespect?

Even the late Alec Barn had to humble himself before him.

So how dare the little limp belittle him so?

Marcus clenched his goblin, imagining he was strangling the bastard.

But he wasn't the only one. Both Red Beard and Benvolio wanted a piece of Landon's flesh too.

For this battle, they had preferred to bring out all of Morgany's latest military inventions.

Huh!

They would like to see how these bastards would fare against the mighty Ballista.

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No more talking.

The trio stood in tactful understanding.

"Gentlemen, tonight we strike!"

Chapter 1556: Warning! Warning! Intruder Alert!

Tick-Tock. Tick-Tock.

The intruders used the enemy Baymardian watches to tell the time with no shame.

And as the ticking noises bellowed, the tension aboard the galleys grew hotter.

The lit torches, as well as the solar Baymard bulbs, were all turned off, making the ship seem hunted.

But who's to say there weren't ghosts aboard?

In the dead of night, only the faint glowing eyes of many shone dimly the further they advanced.

Each leader narrowed their eyes, whistling a natural tune in the wind.

Wheee~~~

Break apart!

The order had been given, and the many galleys sailed off to every corner across the coastal zones.

All galleys were to hit their mark on land at the same time.

So some slowed their speeds, and others hastened up.

Every move had been calculated, giving rough estimates of when they should all reach their mark.

In no time, everyone was in position. And when the clock struck 12, they all sailed forward to their designated positions.

Tonight, they were bound to conquer!

Red Beard's eyes glowed fiercely.

.

Like so, the confident Morgs were quickly inching in for war.

But back on several shores across the Coastal districts, many Baymardian Coast guards had begun noticing several strange sightings.

In particular, one of them was Junior Grade Lieutenant Jonah.

On the towering 4-story-tall guard post, Jonah and several others manned their stations, seated before the several working spaces around.

Yes!

This guard post was considered large, nothing like the typical smaller guard posts one would imagine.

After all, these guard posts were considered part of Baymard's first line of defense against intruders.

So not only was it like a small treehouse above the sky, but it was also like a barricade, protecting those inside too.

It had a mini toilet, reserve water, and a stack of emergency canned food supplies.

What's more, the entire structure was made of thick metal, protecting those above.

Yes...

panda (nov)el It was true that no matter how it was coated, the structure would rust faster since metal itself being close to seawater wasn't a good deal.

But so what?

Baymard was willing to pay the maintenance bill and cover the cost.

These were wearing times. And until all empires were united, they dared not play with their defense.

Thus, these guard posts at the very front were all toughened.

And if the situation above was really compromised, those within the guard posts could blow up the guard post and reverse-zipline to another secure higher post.

That's right.

Far above were what the Baymardians call 'Invisible' wires running 4 stories high, connecting with other equally towering tall guard posts.

In truth, it was hard for the human eyes to see these very high ropes from ground level, which was the military's plan.

What's more, the ropes seemed camouflaged in color too.

But back to the matter of the reverse Zipline, the ropes led to even higher regions far away, which were considered safe zones fortified with walls and defense systems in place.

Yes.

These coast guards could zipline upwards to these posts, ensuring enemy arrows didn't shoot them along their zip lining.

The mechanism would skyline them fast in no more than 30 seconds.

So they could put a timer bomb, ensuring that when they were safe on the other side, the guard post got destroyed simultaneously.

After all, no matter what, they didn't want the enemy to get their hands on any Baymardian military weapon.

.

In the guard tower, several people joked, retelling their amazing, exciting, or annoying occurrences that happened to them during the past week.

The shifts constantly rotated. So at times, one wouldn't see their buddy at work for another 2 weeks or even 4.

Some also went out on missions, and others went for their assigned holiday break.

"Is what you're saying true? The internet service provider BlackJack is offering a huge yearly and monthly sale for the upcoming Baymard day?"

"Yeah! If you switch plans now, you'll be saving 15 Bays worth of money per month!"

"So good?"

"HmHm! What's more, the internet speed is faster and stronger too."

"Awesome!!... I'll definitely check it out later. Tsk. Now that Baymard day is coming, this is the best time for deals. No matter what, saving money is a must. But hey, your wedding is coming up soon. So don't go running out on missions so frequently, leaving the miss's all to herself a lot."

"Pfff~... You should be telling her that." The engaged man commented. "Would you believe in the one who is stickier than her? She tends to kick me off the bed whenever I try to make her sleep in."

"Bahahaha~... Welcome to couple life, bro. My woman also has me in tears. And honestly, I don't know who she loves the most; the animals she cares for or me. As a vet, they sometimes have her up at mod-night to hurry to the zoos, ranch, and other places if the situation is critical. Sigh... She's even busier than I, a Coast Guard Officer meant to fight enemies. But you know what, I wouldn't have it any other way."

"Tsk. This guy... Why do I feel you just want to spread dog food rather than complain?"

"Eh?... How do you know?"

"Pff~...Hahahahahaha~"

(^_^)

...

The men smiled, having their conversation deviate to their women. And the more they spoke, the prouder they were of dating/engaging/marrying such treasures.

Of course, they still continued monitoring their surroundings, everyone standing in various positions.

Then suddenly, Jonah's eyes froze in horror.

The massive disc-like heat vision telescope had picked up an astonishing sight.

But it wasn't just him who reacted, as another meaning the massive Night vision device also picked up the sight.

Dammit!

Jonah punched to the side, opening an enclosed covering and pushing the giant red button.

Now, all Coast guard sites, as well as those in the Navy Headquarters in District K, should have gotten the warning.

Bullocks!

Jonah hastily picked his walkie.

"This is D-I, Post 1, calling all units. Intruder Alert!... I repeat, intruder alert!"

Chapter 1557: Bad Odds In favor

What? Intruders?

The entire Navy was awakened by the crazy sirens going off.

Some stopped their training, while others rose from their office seats with urgency.

Who would be so bold?

In their offices, Navy Admiral Gary, and Coast Guard Admiral Trey, also smacked their tables, grabbing their rallies and rushing out their offices with several navies and coast guard officers beside them.

These lots were their most trusted secretaries and aides.

-Trey's side--

Trey was donning a Blue Coast guard cape, handgun majestically as he walked.

[Trey]: "Quick! I want stats on all Districts. I want to know their situation, whether safe or not. We are the Coast guards of Baymard. Our main line of duty is to protect the shores no matter the cost. So hop to it! Also, someone for the love of heaven, please contact the barracks fast!"

"On it, sir." One of his subordinates replied while another stepped closer to give a report.

"Sir, our men are already heading out. Tonight, we might use all hidden traps to stop them from entering further into Baymard!"

"Good! Wait. For the bird stones to fly over the enemy site and gather more intel."

"Yes, sir!"

Everyone had a solemn expression.

Trey's deadly aura had seeped out, reminding many of how terrible their Admiral's abilities were.

Sure enough, with their admiral's strength and fury, he might squeeze the jelly out of these intruders!

Trey barked his orders with authority, every word grounded out to dust with his momentum.

His veins popped on his arms, and his expression predatory.

'Dare to attack when I'm on duty?... Heh... How very, very bold!'

"Move out!"

~Din. Din. Din. Din!

Trey and his group took a left turn in the hallway, visiting in a blink of an eye.

And on Gary's side, a similar situation unfolded too.

.

The Navy Admiral Gary had a long white cape hanging off his shoulders. Trey's was Blue and his White.

The ridges on Gary's neck became dangerously pronounced the more he listened to the incoming reports.

"What? Earlier, you saw an estimated 30 approaching District 'I,' and now it's 50?... Hold on! A distress warning is coming in from another district... What?!!! 60 Galleys in District K?"

Gary's face turned uglier than it already was. He threw his head towards those around him. "Check! Check for me! What about the other districts?"

"Sir! This just in... The other districts have similar situations too. We fear in total, there might be 300 Galleys sailing our way."

"Blast it!" Gary cursed. "First things first, contact the prisons. Though the wardens are all out on missions, their second in command are indeed up to the task."

Everyone nodded, already inching their walkies close to their lips.

There was a chain of command here.

Just as they were Gary's subordinates, they too were the bosses of several others.

So tonight, even if the second in command for both female and male props were sound asleep in their perspective homes, you best believe they would wake them up and drag them away.

"Alert the police forces to prepare in case a breach reaches the pedestrian sites. All streets must be covered and secured. With galleys of 300, it's safe to assume we have a bloody war on our hands!"

Right!

Everyone thought so too.

.

From the reports, the galleys were the largest they had ever seen, even bigger than those from Adonis who tried conquering Pyno and Carona before.

Already, they had a hunch the Morgs were behind it since such ships could only belong to top power forces.

After all, who could have such warships in large quantities apart from Adonis and Morgany?

It takes money to acquire such ships and maintain them too. So not just any power could hold them.

With the sheer size of those ships, they could estimate the vessel had 7 levels below deck.

Maybe the slaves rowed on the last level.

Again, one of the floors will primarily be used for storage, keeping barrels and wooden containers of rum, food, weaponry, fixing/maintenance materials like tar, rope, etc.

This floor should also have a small kitchen and other special rooms essential to the ship's well-being.

And with these 2 levels out of the way, the other 4 levels should be sleeping quarters for either the enemy or their stallions.

Anyway, Gary liked working with the worst-case scenario. So he quickly eliminated the idea of stallions occupying any of these ships.

'What if it was all just enemy knights?'

(?^?)

From his experience dealing with several enemy ships, sleeping cabins should have gatherings of warriors sleeping on the floors and on several Hammocks.

It would shock many to know that up to 20 people could squeeze into one small room, everyone sleeping and using each other as pillows.

What's more, the Hammocks suspended also gave them additional sleeping space too?

Bear in mind that 20 was the estimate for ordinary-sized ships.

So what about this giant ship? Would 30 people be able to fit in one room?

.

Again, judging from the reports, those outside estimated each floor should have at least 10 cabins on each side, making a total of 20 cabins on a single floor.

But how could they roughly estimate the size?

The Coast guards had already sent long-range signal military drones camouflaged as tiny birds.

Fairly quickly did the math in his head.

20 sleeping cabins, a minimum of 30 people/room.... 20×30 ... 600 per floor.

So imagine this times 5 for the rest of the floors?

3,000 enemies aboard a single ship! And this was excluding those who slept above deck.

But do you think his calculations stopped there?

No!

$3,000 \times 300$ (his estimated number of ships).

Gary almost had a heart attack.

900,000 enemies!

Damn!

The Morgs truly wanted to wipe them out!!

How were they now certain the enemy was Morgany? Simple. Their bird drones had picked up the sailing flags they were all too familiar with.

Moths were a proud punch, showing off their symbols even in times like these. Though some ships had different images on their sails, they all had a unique symbol to verify they were part of Morgany.

This symbol can't be mimicked since it's stitched using a weird method only known to Morgany's military. Again, specially treated paint is also thrown on the sails to differentiate them from fakes.

.

Gary's face turned pale the more he analyzed.

This was bad!

The enemy had come to many all at once, catching them by surprise.

"Quickly! Get the barracks, the Prison special forces, and the Police officers on board! And someone contact King-Father Lucius and his Royal squad... Tonight, we need all hands on deck!"

Heaven help them all.

Move! Move! Move! Move!!!

Chapter 1558: And So It Began!

The night was supposed to pass by peacefully, with many already slumbering away unbeknownst to the impending danger lurking around.

His beloved woman in his arms, his eyes sweet and sugary, and his mouth curved into a smile... Lucius was indeed in Sleepville.

He unconsciously rubbed his face against Mother Kim's chest, his unawakened consciousness finding his soft spot he usually aimed.

Ah yes...

This was the life.

So calm... So blissful... So wonderful... So---

~Ring!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!~

Lucius shot up with grievances on his face.

If the call wasn't important, he would have someone's head by morning.

He had just closed his eyes an hour and 46 minutes ago. But as a Military man and a King-Father to a renowned empire, his body had long been trained to be ready for action when need be.

Lucius stretched his hands fast, not wanting the ringing noise to disturb his lady.

His hands moved to the phone, and his body peeled away from Kim.

Mother Kim's frown loosened after he picked up the phone.

Phew~

Lucius gained his feet, stepping away from the bed with the coded receiver in his hand. And almost immediately, an urgent voice echoed from the other end.

1, 2, 3...

Boom!

Lucius was now wide awake.

An invasion? Not on his watch!

With an imaginary lightning speed, Lucius slid into his emergency boots, opened his bedside drawer, and took out the emergency military uniform he always placed.

From experience, one must always have their uniform close by, as well as their weapons.

Even before coming to Baymard, such a thing was the norm. Sleeping in one's attire was what 99% of military personnel did.

Assassins came by daily, wars rampant, noble factions fighting each other... How can anyone keep their military attorney too far away?

Sleeping with one's sword or dagger behind their pillows gave many the feeling of being safe.

Sometimes during campaigns when marching about in full armor, they also slipped in their armor for months no matter how unconstrained it felt.

If he, Lucius, had to go back to the days of wearing chunky armor and sleeping with them, he would advise anyone to sit up and lean against a surface when sleeping.

It was much more comfortable than lying flat down. The armor raised one's neck uncomfortably and gave severe back pain too.

If sleeping on a bed with armor, make sure to stagger the pillows in an inclined manner.

Provided the space was elevated even by a bit, the results would be better than sleeping on leveled ground wearing full armor.

Of course in a seated position, at least one would be relying on the soft meat of their tushie to rest rather than feeling the pressure from the metal when lying flat with no inclines.

How to say it?

It's like a lying turtle upside down. At least a turtle's shell was naturally made to accommodate it.

But with armor... So uncomfortable.

(!w!)

.

In a flash, Lucius was dressed, leaving a quick note by mother Kim's beside table and fleeing the room after pecking her on her cheeks.

It was funny how he was holding his boots and tiptoeing out the room. And when he closed the door quietly, it was as though he had left all his warmth in the room.

Lucius turned his Walkie on with a grim expression.

"Calling all palace guards, assemble at Open ground immediately!!!"

Lucius switched stations on his walkie. "Juliet, Zain... contact the barracks, the prisons, and the stations... I want stat immediately."

Lucius' mind quickly went to work.

He would take 1/3rd of the guards away, leaving the rest to guard the palace.

His orders... Under no circumstance should his Mother Kim, little Kora, or anyone else leave the palace until they get orders from him.

If the war goes well into the day and even the afternoon, you best believe Baynard would have a forced holiday, with schools not resuming until afternoon or not at all.

The streets will be filled with Police officers, allowing only those working in places like the hospitals or the lower region to head out and work.

Such patients would also be allowed to move about, especially if it's an emergency with someone fainting at home, having a stroke, or needing some service.

Of course, all this was if things carried on well into the day.

They planned to round things up fast before dawn. And no matter what happens, these invaders must not pass the Coastal zones!!!

.

Dammit!

Lucius heard the estimated number from Gary, almost fainting in the process.

No! They had to give it everything they got relying on handheld weapons and nothing more.

They couldn't very well use tanks and blow up their territory, could they?

Lucius closed his quivering eyes, knowing they wouldn't be sinking all these ships.

Why? Because they didn't want the good of tens and thousands of slaves in their hands.

With all these ships, do you know how many people are chained up down there?

They would have nowhere to go but sink below, unlike the ones who could swim up.

This was just too much blood of the innocent.

How does one become a Morg slave rower?

Easy.

Every time pirates kidnapped people and put them to the test via competition, those they deemed 'weak' automatically turned into slaves, not wanting to be a part of any pirate or noble Morg crew. And so they begin rowing and rowing till they drop, dying at sea many a time.

From the information they collected and their experience dealing with Morgs, they knew these lot suffered in bondage, with some even being eaten by Cannibalistic Morgs if they dared to defy orders from their captains.

As slaves, they had to live worst than dogs. But once in a while, some dared to retaliate, ending up in plates of these cannibal Morgs.

So knowing all they did, how could they shoot these ships down?

They believed in karma. And taking down these ships knowing what they knew would mean they disregard the lives of these lot.

Ahhh!~~

Lucius ruffled his hair bitterly.

Damn his conscience.

Even if everyone did agree to shoot the ships down, he would totally be against it.

.

F***!

He squeezed his walkie fiercely, "First line of action. Report."

[Gary]: "We have 80 underwater ships heading towards the incoming fleets. Our men will sneak aboard the ships from the far back and begin taking action."

[Trey]: "The enemy is still oblivious we are aware of their presence. They plan to surprise us. But we now have the advantage of surprising them!"

Hmmm...

Lucius entered his vehicle, gesturing for the driver to move out while assessing the situation.

Yes.

The enemy is saying towards them with no light aboard their ships.

It was pitch black out there for them. And because the enemy was unaware they had submarine ships, they have the upper hand for now.

Though these ball-shaped submarines could carry a maximum of 50 people at once, they were confident that with the elite groups sent out in all 80 subs, they should be able to handle the first line of enemy ships at the very back of the formation.

Of course, the submarines would go and come severally, loading more marines and soldiers aboard as many times as needed until the enemy ships reached the shores.

Yes.

Since they weren't going to shoot these ships down, they knew the enemy would touch Baymard soil.

But unfortunately for them, they won't be infiltrating even 1/5th into the coastal districts.

.

"Good. Keep me posted." Lucius switched stations again.

Everyone wanted to talk to report matters from all directions.

[Sir. All brigades have sent their teams out. Trigger traps set, drones in the sky, snipers in position, and everyone in camouflage.]

"Good. The enemy will land, thinking they're still invincible. Stay hidden until the attack order is given."

[Copy that. Over.]

Lucius looked out the car window and sighed.

What a chaotic night.

Wow~ Wow~ Wow~

Police sirens invaded the stress, with uncountable cop vehicles and personnel on the streets.

"What is our duty?"

"To serve and protect!"

"To serve and protect!"

Bulletproof vests that could also stop arrows, black police shields on hand and many police officers were lined up across the orders dividing the coastal regions from the rest of Baymard.

They were Baymard's third line of defense if the Navy, Soldiers, marines, and special correctional/prison squads failed to stop the invaders from reaching this point.

Many clenched their weapons, breathing heavily.

This was the first time such a thing was occurring, only showing how big of an army the enemy had.

No one spoke, leaving the hurting silence to choke them all.

And sure enough, Baymard's move was so great that even spies within the city woke up and stared out their windows.

'What's going on? Why all the big movements?'

No matter how they asked, there was no one to answer their questions. But some Morg spies in the city smiled slyly, having a hunch on it all.

Hehehehehehe~

Finally... It was beginning.

Chapter 1559: [Bonus Chapter]Prepare To Engage!

~Bloop-Bloop-Bloop-Bloop-Bloop.

Under the waters, many strange creatures blurted bubbles while swimming about.

Left they went... Up, down, sideways, in circles they swam.

Everything seemed as it should be under the seas, except for the many strange metal balls swimming within.

Inside, everyone's face was grim.

They used the lowest light source to illuminate their path.

They were being extra cautious, though at their current depth, those above won't be able to spot any strange lights below.

And so from time to time, those within the metal balls would get several 'jump scars' from the underwater creatures that popped too close to transparent front screens.

"Sir, we've reached the edge of U.D.W. (undetected waters). Any further, and our cover will be compromised!" One of the Navy pilots reported.

When leaving Baymard, they never sailed straight to the ships.

They took another far curved back, going round and finally moving far back away from the left before once again approaching. But this time, they made a U-turn and approached from the back like a wolf stalking its prey.

The enemy had seen any nearby ships sail towards them this far out. So they wouldn't expect the enemy to attack them from behind.

That's why most of their attention was still on the front.

However, there were still a few onboard these ships who looked back from time to time, maybe watching out for any massive sea beasts that might strike.

Bottom line, most had their eyes peeled to the front.

.

With one word from the superior, the many other submarines froze in place.

"Release the spy telescope and the high sound frequency receiver!"

"Yes, sir!" The submarine pilot answered promptly while adjusting his glasses.

(*□^□)

With quick hands, he began touching several buttons and levers on the controls.

~Tap. Tap. Tap. Tap. Chack!

Release!

A lengthy but sturdy pole stretched from above the ship.

And soon, an artificial frame was now standing on the water surface with its mouth opened, revealing a tiny but powerful microphone.

It was a high-resolution one that could pick up the conversation from the targeted ships.

Every submarine ship had chosen a targeted enemy ship to listen in on.

Similarly, the small flexible spy telescope shot out the ships, teaching the surface level.

The spy telescope was covered with a reflective coating that gave it the illusion of being invisible.

It reflected its surroundings, making it hard for one to spot it, especially out here on the dark seas.

~Zzzzzz~

The sound began static for a millisecond, finally picking out the many words from the pirates aboard the target's ships.

But to better filter out sounds, they played about with the final, eliminating wave noises and other natural ones.

"Focus your attention on the cabins above the deck."

~Zz-Zz~

There was no sound, probably meaning no one was in there. Or even if they were, they chose to stay in silence.

No!

These lead, powerful men should probably be out of their rooms with their weapons in hand, ready to pounce on Baymard.

But by experience, there should be hidden guards in these rooms even if it seemed no one was available.

With no kick, they began focusing on the apparent large gathering of people aboard the ship.

Their voices were clear for everyone to hear.

"Look! There are tiny fireflies in the sky above. But what are they?"

"I know what they are! They're fire clouds. The clouds aren't made from fire but strange stars probably above them. Yes, yes... That's what they are."

"Wow! So knowledgeable?"

"Of course! Who do you think I am? These fire clouds are seen as a good omen. You see! This is a sign we are heaven's parking!"

"Heaven's darling? Heaven's darlings!... Bahahahaha~... Even the hexanes are with us... Huh! Those bloody thieves won't know what's coming to them. How dare they steal from our beloved Morgany and expect to get away with it?"

"Pui!~ They even have the guts to rob our medical businesses, using fake treatments like the worthless wastes they are!"

"We have Red Beard on our side! Today, they will become slaves."

"Aiyy~... Though they're stupid, they do have a few manageable-looking women. Hahahaha~... I can't wait to take one."

"Forcefully?"

"Of course, forcefully! It makes it all the sweeter. The younger, the better. The last 8-year-old lassie died before I could even have my fun... Tsk. How boring. The whore was wobbly and disintegrating so much that I had to slice her neck off to give me some pleasure."

"No women for me. I want those wee lads... To have them scream in fear while forming my way in is always enough to make me high."

"Hmph! Baymard!... This is what they deserve for standing against us!"

"Now, I only look forward to seeing their disheveled dog begging skills."

"Bahahahahaha~... 'Dog' is indeed the right word for them. Today, we unleash hell."

...

The many men aboard the ship spike in low tunes, not wanting the sound to travel far forward and reach Baymard's shores.

They thought they were being discreet. But little did they know their words had made many boil in fury.

Bastards!

Many cursed fiercely.

If not for the slaves aboard, they would've sunk their galleys without mercy.

These madmen were undeserving of sympathy.

Assholes!

The space was silent; everyone was again refreshed on how cruel this world was.

In Baymard, they did live in a bubble... A safe bubble.

And for some, they had been living there for so long they forgot how rotten the world was.

Across the many ships, everyone felt the same.

"Prepare for ejection!"

"With pleasure, sir!"

The soldiers and marines all too happily exclaimed in unions, wanting nothing more than to go out there and kick ass.

As per practice, felt formed limes and began entering all 4 chambers the size of a massive shower.

Each chamber could take at most 8 people.

Into the chamber, the first group went.

The doors closed tightly. And instantly, water from beneath filled the chamber space at a steady enough pace that allowed them to adjust to the water pressure.

.

Swahhh~~

Everyone had their wetsuits on and a time in their mouths.

Go time!

'Pap!'

The adjacent wall opened, allowing them to not only out into the surrounding waters but also allowed fish to swim in.

Tick-Tock. Tick-Tock.

All this happened in 3 minutes.

And when the first team left, the changed door closed, and the water drained after, expelled to the outside.

~Flap. Flap. Flap.

The trapped fishes slapped their tails across the now empty chamber.

Voom!

The inner doors opened, and the following teams swooped in, ready for ejection.

Everyone recalled their instructions.

Get aboard the ships, stay inconspicuous corners, and wait for the signal before attacking

When the enemy reaches the shores, that's when they'll attack.

Enemies would fall, not knowing what hit them.

The goal? Get as many of their people on board and wait for the opportune moment to blind their foes.

The enemy would then be circled on land (their front), at sea (their backs), and in the air.

Yes!

The first few lines of ships in the enemy's formation might have their feet touch Baymardian soil.

But while the ships at the back were seemingly trying to wait their turn to dock, they would be shocked just how many of them would get taken out.

.

Meanwhile, in the seas opposite another Coastal District, Red Beard's eyes glowed fiercely the closer he observed the shores.

Of course, his most trusted men were on the other ships instilling their assigned fleets.

The closer they got, the quieter their fleets with no one whispering anymore.

On the sails above, a lanky, flexible but strong man swung down the ropes, hastily reaching Red Beard's side.

"How is it?"

"Nothing."

Because they were in darkness, their eyes had adjusted, becoming more sensitive to light.

So far, they didn't see any Baymardians parking the place, which matched the information they received on how lazy and dependent these Baymardians were on the other Pyno empires.

Maybe because these lot haven't traveled out and seen the world, they think having the assistance of all other Pyno empires was enough to keep them safe.

The reports stated these Baymardians were simple-minded people.

For example, in some coastal districts, one could see patrolling knights from afar.

But in others, they seem to have deserted their post, with some even sleeping on the sandy shores.

Their reports from many spies had proven these facts true.

It's said the Baymardians mostly care about District I, the public port region, and the knight (Navy) district.

They left the other districts wide open for the taking.

Red Beard had his doubts. But with what he observed from afar, he felt he might be overthinking things.

Nonetheless, it was always good to be cautious, especially when they were now 10 minutes away from the shores.

"Slow the ship's pace!"

Red Beard squinted his eyes deeply.

It seems too good...

Chapter 1560: Red Beard's Thoughts

Slow the ships! Slow the ships to a halt!

(*^*)

...

With the change of pace from the ships in the formation ahead, those behind also slowed their paces.

Right now, they were already so close to the shores.

Each district, whether public or not, had built docks stretched forth towards the sea.

Within district I, the dock covered the entire shoreline.

But in the other districts, the docks covered but a tiny fraction of the place.

There were also no buildings around these private districts except for strategically placed guard posts.

And a good distance away from the shores were tall sturdy walls that were more or less see-through.

From the distance they were out at sea, they couldn't determine what type of walls these were. Nonetheless, they had information from the spies, knowing it was called a cross-barred fence.

It's said the fences were made with tiny holes that made it near impossible for one to scale above unless they had the right tools for the job.

The spies in here had studied these corners, knowing the Baymardians hardly had any form of security around these fences. Even if there were patrol guards, these guards would be at the guard posts inside.

The spies that sneaked in even claimed to have also snuck over barred fences in District B and whatnot.

In the end, though Red Beard believed Morg scout's would never make any mistakes in their scouting, it still looked too easy, giving him an upsetting feeling.

He knew lowlife continents were weak and foolish. But wasn't this a little bit too stupid?

Looking at the district more, he noticed a good chunk of pace before the strange fence.

In truth, the distinction was akin to the width of a football stadium. It was the distance between the audiences seated on bleachers, staring opposite one another.

The space was freaking huge, taking many aspects into account.

Additionally, the fences were also something else.

If any modern person were there, they would realize the fence was far thicker, heavier, and sturdier than the usual barred fence.

.

Look forward to the left; Look forward to the right.

He could see some guard posts having lights on, while some had no lights.

Hmmm...

To let the uneasiness he felt fade, he knew someone had to check things out first. And as they say, if you want something done, you do it yourself!

Red Beard was a man who, whenever it came to meetings or paperwork, would willingly shove it all to his subordinates.

But when it was physical, he liked to see things firsthand for himself.

After fighting all their lives to get to their current positions.

Alright.

Reaching the front edge of the ship, he placed his dagger sheath in his mouth and prepared to jump in.

"Wait for my signal."

'Yes, my lord!' Many inwardly exclaimed, seeing him dive into the dark waters.

Which other leaders would be willing to do this, not wanting to endanger their lives?

Some felt touched, not knowing Red Beard's concern was preserving their lives so they could do their bloody jobs and exact the revenge he came for.

He wanted no mishaps. So of course he was willing to go in.

Splash!

The red devil made a splash, swimming towards the nearby docks.

At this distance, no deadly beasts should be so close to the docks.

They were already in Harbor water space.

Even if there was no room in the docks, one could anchor themselves in the water space, lowering their small boats in paddle towards land.

Look all around, the open waters they were in should be the harbor space.

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Stroke. Stroke. Stroke. Stroke. Stroke!

In the water, the fierce red-haired devil swam impressively.

As a pirate, the water is part of his calling.

Many a time as he dived deep in search of fallen treasure.

Many pirates could hold their breaths for 12~15 minutes straight. But he could do 18.

The fishes slapped his cheeks, ran across his thighs, and did everything in their part to explore his mysterious being. But the red-haired devil couldn't care less.

The sea underneath was dark, inky, and scary, with only the moonlight illuminating it lightly.

Underwater, his hands were clasped, his legs joined like a fish, his breathing controlled, his movements superb, and his speed incredible.

And to be honest, if not for the beard, one would mistake him for Hanma Yujiro... 'Baki's father!'

Red hair, body built to the gods... Muscles so powerful and intimidating... No! This guy really looked like him.

All that was left for him was to have an equally terrifying son... (Which he did, back in Morgany.)

(!..!)

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Boom!

Red Beard finally reached the docks, not or once taking his head out for air.

Well, the ship was already close to the docks, so his swimming time would never be up to 18 minutes. At most it was 10.

With his dagger in his mouth, he slowly raised his head underneath the dock made from strange materials.

He wanted to say it was iron, but it felt too strange. Of course what he didn't know was that it was made from Aluminum.

Aluminum was considered one of the best choices for decking materials because it required low maintenance, would not rot, decay, warp, or twist, and only needed to be cleaned as one saw fit.

He also saw some parts covered with wood, but overall, it was a blend of both materials to create the current dock.

Red Beard felt it silly.

If they placed 'iron' into the salty waters, won't it rust faster? In that case, won't you maintain it frequently too?... Stupid.

A bit of his vigilance went down, thinking these people might truly be idiots.

Underneath the docks, he swam to the corners, peeking across the sandy shores. In this particular district, only a tiny fraction of it had a dock.

The rest were just sandy shores all around.

Look left; Look right.

With his trained vigilance, he should have been able to pick up any enemies that might be in hiding. But there was nothing.

Red Beard frowned.

Could it be he was wrong?

"_" [Bird drone on sea log]