

Witch 11

Chapter 11: Third Princess

“The sea breeze has become so cold.”

While gazing at the boundless ocean surface, Garcia Wimbledon said while stroking out her wind tangled hair with a feeling of regret in her voice.

“Because the winter is coming,” she said, looking back at the handsome man standing behind her and giving him a reply. “Although this is the south, it is not the deep south. There, people don’t understand what winter means.”

“During the winter our fleet cannot be in the port, the ocean current will hold them down, we will be unable to move a single step. So at this time, they should be at the last voyage.” The woman turned around, “Ryan, how much time has passed since the Blacksail Fleet has set sail?”

“Two months and four days,” the man answered without hesitation, “if nothing else happens, within three days they will arrive at the Port of Clear Water.”

She laughed, “I hope they can give me a sufficient surprise.”

Ryan looked at the woman in front of him, his heart was filled with emotion. When reflected by the autumn sun, her gray hair had traces of silver in it, her long and narrow eyes were a reseda green. While looking at her, you would feel an indescribable sense of oppression. Due to staying at the coast for a long time, her skin had gotten slightly rough, it was not longer as white as all the other women of the royal family were, but Ryan did not complain. In his eyes, Garcia had the temperament that cast any other beauty into the shade.

Compared with those inbred idiots from the Graycastle flock she appeared to be different, rather the daughter of King Wimbledon III was a true genius. She possessed the wisdom and pride of a noblewoman, however unlike the other nobility, who would scrupulously abide by common sense, on that point, she was even a bit like the civilians – breaking away from the ordinary, filled with expectations, with an extremely rich spirit for adventure.

Of course, no civilian would have this kind of ability and vision, to join the rank of a duke right away, compared to her even the other aristocracy appeared to be lacking in foresight.

All of the trade income of the Port of Clear Water was to be reinvested into the fleet construction, no coin was to be left in their treasury, the light of a miser would not shine very far.

‘Hiding a gold royal in the cupboard would be without any meaning, when you don’t use it, it will be like a stone. Only when you take it out, can it reflect its own value. The point is to spend it wasn’t equal to losing it, as long as the investment is on the spot, the reward you gain, will go far beyond your own investment.’

This auspicious method, Ryan could still deeply remember her telling it to him, it was almost like she was anointing his head with the purest balm, it easily broke through all the inherited concept of his former teachings.

Compared to those nobles who spent their whole day saving and trying to increasing the amount of their gold royals, Ryan had the feeling that this was the true method of a ruler.

So he has boldly placed his life under Garcia's command, vowing to follow her to the Port of Clear Water.

After they had arrived here, Ryan had found out, that the third princess was far more than her philosophy — not only was she a person of philosophy, furthermore she was also a person of action. At the center of her plan was her Blacksail Fleet, and on the path to her ambitions, there was no hindrance that was allowed. Already five years had gone by, Garcia's forces have infiltrated the Port of Clear Water, organized and prepared her Blacksail Fleet – and then, her father, Wimbledon III started the strive for the position of the King. In other words, even from the beginning, she had already walked in front of all the other heirs.

"Let's go back inside the room, the wind is becoming more and more powerful," Garcia said. Her palace was located at the Blue water Port, above the natural harbor. The tower-like building seemed to be a protector stationed above the shore. On the top of the tower was a circular terrace, with an unobstructed field of view, it was possible to have a bird's-eye view from the entire harbor, seeing the coming and going of the merchant ships.

Today, after her five-year operation, the business plan in the Port of Clear Water had already begun to take shape, every six months a barque would be launched. Furthermore, she had already obtained the people's trust. While the third princess seemed to be in good mood, Ryan hesitantly raised his biggest doubt, which has haunted him for months.

"Your Highness, there is one thing I do not understand..." he said as he shut the door, leaving the roar of the sea breeze outside.

"You may speak," she nodded while smiling.

"How could you have foreseen all of this, even before the king has announced the King's order?" He had also thought that it would be impossible that her father Wimbledon III would mentioned it to her in advance, but even after having carefully thought this matter over he still hadn't come to a conclusion. Everyone knew, that the second prince was the heir that the king valued the most, the King's Order had been set up for him. This point could be seen by everyone, since the second Prince had gotten Valencia as fiefdom.

Could she have guessed all of this on her own, furthermore already having started five years ago laying out her plan? God, she was only eighteen years old!

"Foreseen?" She showed a funny look, "do you take me for a witch? I don't have that kind of ability."

"Erm, but....."

"Furthermore I did not know that my father would declare the strive for the King Order, paving the way for his treasured second son. In fact, there exists no connection between the strive for the King Order and my plan"

There was no relationship? When Ryan suddenly become aware of this aspect, his mouth became wider and wider.

Seeing the expression of disbelief on Ryan's face, Garcia smiled. "Don't tell me I should have waited for my father, to first tell me that I should fight for the throne, would I have then have had the ability to fight for the throne? Similarly, would it really in the end have been the one who govern his town the best be the one to sit on the throne of Graycastle? I thought you understood my plan when you had seen the Blacksail Fleet."

So that's the reason, Ryan murmured, her fleet is not only for the battle of the throne. This fleet belonging to the third princes could change the sails after leaving the port, robbing the ships from other cities and countries. Similarly, the third princes encouraged the people to go out to the sea, to participate in her Blacksail Fleet. She promised, all the loot would become the property of the ship's captain, the Port of Clear Water would never collect any tax toward this profit.

This move would bring her huge wealth, so this time she had simply ordered the Blacksail Fleet to sail straight south, to plunder any ship which passed the endless Cape, as well as the people of the southern Shamin.

And these measures were not just for money. She did not take the plundered wealth to build cities or expand the land trade, she just invested it back into the yard and continued to build more ships.

In the past few years, she had gained a large number of experienced sailors and fierce warriors, and also embraced the people's hearts and minds — if she couldn't continue to govern, all those who had participated in the plundering of the ships and villages would also be sent to the gallows.

"The best in governance of his territory would end on the Throne of Graycastle?" No, Ryan now knew, to be able to sit on the throne, she would need to possess numerous warships and soldiers, then she could follow the Sanwan River, even reaching out to pressure the City of Golden Harvest.

"You knew that you would be assigned to the Port of Clear Water?"

"This, contrary to what one might think was unexpected, a deal to increase the business value of this place," Garcia shrugged, "originally it was a pay back to the church who tried to fool me... "

Related to the church? Seeing his counterpart haven't said anything more, Ryan also did not dare to question further. But he knew, even if Garcia had not come to Port of Clear Water, this place would still have followed her will, and moved according to her desired direction.

"Putting those matters aside," she poured herself a cup of black tea. "The little trick from before seems to have failed."

"Ah, yes," Ryan who hurriedly recovered his thoughts, replied, "There is only news coming from Border Town, they reported that the pills have failed. There is no news from the other places."

"No news should mean they were killed by my brothers, nothing to be surprised about. Originally they were chess pieces who had been easily arranged, only to be used in the meanwhile. However..." She changed the subject, "for other pieces to fail is normal, but I would not think even my fourth brother would still be safe and sound. To tell the truth, I'm a little disappointed."

"Kingfisher said in the secret message, that the prince certainly ate it, but..."

“A failure is still a failure, I don’t want to hear any excuses,” Garcia interrupted, “soon it will be the time of the Months of the Demons. Our lovely brother will have to go searching for refuge in Longsong stronghold, right? When the moment arrives that the demon beasts invade, I am afraid that he will need to stay for a long while inside of the stronghold. Write to her, tell her to take hold of this opportunity. I would like to see, whether the goddess of fortune will stay by the side of fourth brother once again.”

“Yes, your highness.”

“You go ahead,” Garcia waved her hand, when Ryan was about to leave, the princess called to him once more. “Ah, yes. I seem to recall that the pill had been bought from an alchemist master, wasn’t it?”

Ryan nodded.

“What did he say back then? The pill will be colorless, tasteless, and will melt inside water, if it enters the mouth it will be incurable, a guaranteed death, it was his latest alchemical achievements, right?”

Garcia yawned, “hang him.”