

The Heist

Isaac McDonagh

CHAPTER ONE

His name was Simon Lokkel and he was a gangster. There was no other way of saying it, he was a gangster through and through. A downright monstrous person. He studied himself and his attire in the mirror: a black tie-less two-piece suit alongside his pale white skin, red eyes and black hair. He began to tie the knots of his suit and cursed in frustration. Some people had buttons on their jackets now, buttons! He shook his head no need to think about that now, not when he had a deal to get to. He exited the house and walked down the street taking the cold sea air. He turned left and walked towards the Warehouse, a large stretch of land where deals were made and souls were lost in the name of veld, the currency of Obher-Ca and tonight he would be rolling in it. He made his way through the maze of crates towards the rendezvous point where he'd meet up with his crew. After several minutes of walking, he exited the crates and met up with his crew. There was Tom, Burr, Calp, Helen and Dojah, all bruisers and good ones too. They strode slowly into the Cesspool, a large circle of warehouses with only two ways in or out at the back and front. They would be entering through the south end facing the city whilst the Hornets would be entering through the north facing the ocean. He considered the various daggers hidden in his outfit, all within easy reach. It comforted him somewhat as they entered the Cesspool. Gills and several other giants were already there and Simon noted that Gills tattoo was on the right, but there was no mistaking that face, he was thirty years old, bald, lots of stubble and one-eared

“Well, Simon my good friend how about we get this on the way?” he practically bellowed

The Heist

“I can hear you fine, no need to shout, and yes, let’s get this underway” Simon replied. They sat down each on a chair they had brought in front of a table set in the centre of the area and Gills produced a contract with a flourish and placed it on the table.

“Well? What are you waiting for?” Gills asked “we’ve already gone over the terms of the contract, you get east slate we get west slate, what’s the problem?” Simon didn’t say anything instead he reached down and picked up the contract and tore it vertically in half revealing underneath a slimy cardboard like substance

“Letul Vile” he said, Letul Vile was an extremely rare substance which was often used to forge someones signature as it soaked up ink so if he wrote on the contract then Gill’s men would’ve walked home with it and then used his imprinted signature to forge another contract most likely to claim their land. Simon looked up and shook his head

“did you really think I would fall for such a trick, Gills, or should I say Callus of the coffins” he spoke smoothly

“What? But, but, but how?” Callus spluttered

“Simple,” Simon smirked “ you dress like a rich man but your clothes are worn but Gills would never wear anything that was in any way damaged, and wore something new each time he met someone as he could afford it but you obviously couldn’t and your clothes were in trend years ago when the Coffins were rich and I knew you weren’t Gills because your ear wound is fresh, like I said before your clothes are wrong and your tattoo is on the wrong side of your body, and I know Callus worked for the coffins and was Gill’s otherwise identical twin, so that’s how I know” Simon

The Heist

sat there and watched Callus's face go through a series of expressions in a matter of seconds shock, frustration and finally rage

"Ah yes, so you've rumbled me, exposed my entire scheme brought my downfall, unless, what if I had been prepared for this and had my men arm themselves to slaughter you," he said, and as if on cue all his men drew cudgels, batons, pikes and daggers while Callus put on a pair of knuckledusters. Simon made a gesture and his men took out a variety of weapons from six-shooters to shuriken and by another signal all his men charged at Callus's all except Dojah who stayed beside him. As both sides rushed each other and carnage ensued. Elbows, knuckles, knees all into each other, one of the coffins charged him, and Dojah brought his foot into the soft spot between the legs. Callus turned and spotted Simon and went after him. Simon began to back up into the south-west corner of the Cesspool with Callus pursuing. Dojah went at him but Callus brought the Knuckeldusters up and Simon saw the unmistakable glint of blades as Callus brought them into Dojah's face, plunging the blades into his eyes. Callus then turned to face Simon, unbeknownst to the fact that Simon had reached into the hidden pocket of his sleeve, and took out the knife in it. As Callus drew closer, Simon lashed out with the knife slashing across Callus's chest , and quickly tossed it into his other hand, plunging it into his heart and then removing it. He turned to see that his group had defeated the Coffins and were plopping the bodies into the water, he turned and did the same with Callus. Turning back to his gang he said "Lets head back ," and that they did.

Chapter two: Sekkel

Simon was trudging up the stairs towards the door and entered, steeling himself for the inevitable onslaught that was to come.

“EXPLAIN YOURSELF BOY!!!” Je Kapan yelled. He was a portly old man with black trousers, a red jacket and twirled moustache

“why do we not have an agreement with the Hornets?”

“Sir we were set up by the Coffins...”

“EXCUSES!!!” he yelled “by this time next week you better have something to make this up to me and if you don’t...” he let the threat hang in the air. Simon noticed something odd, a letter sealed in with a grey symbol of two chains crossed in an “X” pattern. He left going up to his room and sat down on his bed only for seconds later a brick wrapped in paper to come sailing through the window landing neatly on the carpet. He picked it up removing it from the paper revealing that wasn’t a brick but a solid block of gold! The paper had a message written on it. It said “ Goldhouse, 9:00 p.m sharp, table 6 alone” he considered what it could mean before coming to a conclusion. He got up, went to the window crawling down the drainpipe and arriving on the footpath and walking in the direction of the Goldhouse, pocketing the gold all the while before after several minutes walking he arrived at the goldhouse. It was the biggest gambling hall in east slate, with it’s outside designed to look like the outside of a mine. He entered and noted everything he saw. The floor was made out of rock

The Heist

the tables looked like minecarts. He went to get some chips before sitting down at table six. Immediately several people walked over: A man in tattered black clothes with a tattoo of a coffin wrapped in thorns, A black man in a suit with a gold tie and a long ponytail and a man in a red trousers, tie and jackets, with a blue shirt and black hair. They all sat down before a dealer came

“welcome to table six, and what game are you playing?” he asked

“Sekkel,” the black man answered,

“understood” he answered and dealt. Simon remembered the rules: two decks were placed on top of each other and shuffled. all players got five cards at the start of each round and again at the start of each round everyone could pass a card to their right but didn't have to. Then everyone put a certain amount in the pot but there was a minimum of amount of chips you could put in the pot everyone put down their hands, to decide who won you added cards of the same suite but only one suite e.g you have two spades and three hearts you ignore the spades and add the hearts. Ace was worth one, jack 15, queen half your score, and king double your score. If you won, you took all the money in the pot except the money you put in that round. When you ran out of money and didn't win that round you were out. The Coffin started by passing two to the Man In Red who passed one to Simon who passed three to the black man who passed none. Everyone began betting. Red put in 50, Coffin put 21, black placed 19 and simon put 30, then they laid down their hands with Black having two aces of spades and two nines of spades, Coffin a two of hearts, Simon two nines and a queen, and Red with two tens a queen and a king. Next round

The Heist

everyone returned their cards to the deck which was reshuffled and everyone was given new cards. Simon won this round, Black the next, Red twice next, and on it went until there was 45 in the pot, Red had 800, Coffin had 20, Black with 450 and Simon with 300. No-one passed cards, Red put in all 800, Coffin had to meet minimum of 20 so did, and Simon and Black put everything in. Hands laid down, Coffin 2 queens, Red nine ace 8, Black two tens, Simon two tens, as such they both got dealt new hands and all old ones were shuffled into the deck, Black two nines and a seven, Simon two eights and a six. So Black won.

“Good game?” he said, “and what a crowd, the legendary gambler Draviel Crimson and the infamous Gangster Simon Lokkel!” Simon frowned, how had he known who he was?. Just as he was leaving black seemed to remember something

“Oh and Mr Lokkel? A proposition, meet me in my office at 3:00 p.m any time this week,” he said and handed him a card with two words written on it in bold writing and several numbers below. Simon looked up but he’d already walked out. There was noise of a commotion at the door so Simon and Draviel went to see a parade of men in official looking clothes walking in followed by a man who turned to face them

“greetings, Draviel Crimson, Simon Lokkel,” he nodded to each of them “I am Hescan Luda,” he stopped speaking letting his words sink in. Hescan Luda was a merchant billionaire and mob boss who had recently begun destroying or purchasing every major casino in town an act that had earned him the nickname of “conquerer of casinos”

“Well, Mr Luda it’s an honour to meet you but I must say I expected someone... different,” Draviel said. Luda was a Caucasian man with buzz-cut hair and a goatee that forked off his chin at the left right and centre like he tried to grow a Fu Manchu

The Heist

and Ming the Merciless beard at the same time, he dressed in a garish three piece suit, with red pants, reflective purple jacket, blue waistcoat, canary yellow shirt and reflective green tie and he was adorned with enough jewellery to sink a cruise.

“Greetings Lokkel, I have an offer for you, if you’re interested meet me at the jade palace whenever suits, now skedaddle from my property!”

CHAPTER THREE: CORPORATE

Simon lay on his bed pondering what to do. Hescan Luda or the other man? Hescan was a coffin so it was likely a trap, but Simon didn't know who the other man was, he thought back, the man was in expensive clothes that were clean and well looked after and on top of that he had quite a lot of chips so the man had money to burn. He had held himself with an air of authority and the card he had given him was made of heta-paper a highly rare and silky soft material. So all of these led up to the fact that he was very rich and he had had a smell of peldaha spice which was only imported from by companies and the man was black only one of those three companies hired non-whites so the man was working for D'vull. Or was D'vull as he had also had a scent of seawater and D'vull had only gotten back from a voyage hours before Simon had a chunk of gold thrown through his window. Simon held up the card , there was two words written on it *tarjavelus coo* which translated into free pass while the numbers were arranged in sets of two going 3,5 4,7 8,5 22,1 9,8 4,3 while he puzzled over them he realized that they looked familiar like a code the alphabet to number to math code! How it worked was having numbers in sets of two and you'd add them together and find the letter in the alphabet letter that matched the number, so he did this but when he had translated this he got hkmwqg in other words gibberish, but D,vull was Enjabetian so it would translate into his home alphabet which possessed 5941 seperate letters and each letter rather than translating into a letter in our language translated into a word so he tried again and got "golden street, second house left side". He smirked, got up and left. As he walked down several thoughts were running through his head but he ignored them. As he came upon the house he had been instructed to go to two guards stepped up to stop him only for Simon to flash the card at them and they backed off. Simon walked up the stairs towards the office and entered. It was plain with a desk made of black

The Heist

wood that had two chairs on either side of it and no windows. As Simon sat down D’vull spoke

“good to see you Simon,” he nodded at him

“well D’vull, why am I here?” Simon enquired

“I see you worked it out, well done,” D’vull said sounding slightly amused

“yes it was simple, but you didn’t answer my question: why did you invite me?” Simon spoke with a tinge of annoyance in his voice

“ yes, yes well I have an offer for you, Simon,” he smirked

“ Ah, okay but first, where are your guards?” Simon asked

“don’t need them,” D’vull replied

Simon frowned, no merchant would go without guards unless egotistic or stupid neither of which increased D’vull’s chances of Simon accepting his mysterious offer, so he decided to test this rich mans confidencehe reached into his sleeve and grabbed the knife in there. As he drew it out, he noticed two grates on the ground on either side of the desk with no screws in them. He had just enough time to think “that’s odd” before he was on the ground and there was a large wolf baring down on him. D’vull let out a sharp whistle and it scamperd to his side. Simon got up slowly and regarded the beast, a magnificent specimen up to a grown mans ribcage it was entirely black with gold colured fur running down its face giving the illusion that it was crying. Simon noticed the grate swung wide open realizing what had happened, the hound had been watching him and attacked when it sensed danger with the grate leading to the room below.

“magnificent creatures aren’t they?” he said,

“indeed but what’s your offer?” Simon said impatiently

The Heist

“well my offer is quite simple, I’ll be your corporate agent,” he said.

A corporate agent was a big businessman/woman who supported a gang, giving them lawyers, information enforcers products and funds and the businessman/woman got money fom jobs and reputation. Simon considered this, a corporate sponsor would more than make up for the failure of the hornets.

“Perhaps, and also are your dogs glaring?” Simon asked

“yes Simon, yes they are, and also friendly warning if word of this gets out you’ll have Merchants lining at your door to become your sponsor before I,” D,vull said warningly

There indeed was others who attempted to get his attention. A great many in fact but most of them were in fact second rate stooges who just wanted money and failed to impress him in the slightest. One night he was walking to another meeting when he noticed several men with clubs attempting to tail him without being seen. He turned and sighed

“Well gentlemen how about we get this over with, hm?” Simon said. The men in question stepped out of their hiding places looking bewildered, they had been convinced that their hiding places were perfect. Even so they rushed at Simon with snarls quickly replacing their shocked expressions. Simon sighed and lashed with a kick to the gut on the first and a jab in the eyes to the second. The third was bigger so Simon grabbed the downed first one’s legs and swept them across the path knocking him and then kicking him in the nose. Several more were running at him and Sion noted the one that seemed to be the alpha had a limp so he launched a knife into his bad leg and as the man fell of balance Simon knocked him down hitting and he knocked others behind him like dominoes. Simon then quickly jabbed another man in the throat and he fell. As more ran at him a loud voice yelled

“Stop!” Simon saw the man who yelled it walking towards him. He was large, with chalk white skin and blue eyes although one Simon noted had no iris or pupil just plain blue. He was incredibly muscular and dressed in skintight black trousers and a *fuskell* military

The Heist

uniform with a black coat pinned together in the middle by pins. He had a circular bronze medallion pinned at the right with a swirling cloud engraved on it.

“Greetings Simaun Lökkol I have come to bargain,” he spoke with a heavy accent and pronounced every syllable as a different word. Simon tilted his head and answered

“is that why you sent your thugs after me, *Dajmarin*?” Simon answered

“why yes I am *Dajmarin* how did you know?”

“ your clothing pegs you as military and your badge is of universally recognized black ops warfare, also your accent is Duvan, so two and two,”

“impressive, and I sent my men to tail you and since their cover was blown they couldn’t risk discovery so they attacked, I am here because after Duvan war, I traitor to country so had to hide, did so by killing Merchant and resuming place, in order to preserve myself. My name in Ovrle-Dve. My true identity I cannot divulge, and I am here to keep up my guise, `by extending an offer to be corporate sponsor,” Simon smiled and said

“Sorry but I’ll have to decline, as I people in my line of work have a saying; don’t trust Duvans,” he smiled. Orele nodded and walked away. Simon’s eyes followed him and when Orele left, he frowned. Something hadn’t felt right about him but Simon shrugged it off. He had a meeting to get to after all.

CHAPTER FOUR: JADE WORLD

Several days later, Simon was walking along the pier and looked up at the sky enjoying the breeze flowing from the ocean before turning to walk away. He thought about where he was going and who he was going to meet. He sighed after everyone else had failed he was going to meet him before he came to a decision. He heard the noise of loud music and looked up. He could see the green lightshow. That meant there was only about an hour before he arrived. After an hour of walking, he arrived at Jade Fortress a massive castle/casino/hotel/criminal hideaway/good way to go blind. He entered and looked around for the man he was meeting with. He spotted him on a platform sticking out of the wall, with a flight of stairs attached. He walked up the stairs to meet him.

“Simon my dear boy, how are you doing?” Hescan Luda asked. He was in another garish combination of clothes with a purple open dressing gown blue trousers and neon green shirt. He was drinking from a pink saucer “*good god*” Simon thought “*is everything about this man ridiculously garish,*” Luda was sitting in an orange chair

“well, my friend would you like some tea? Yes? No? Maybe? Would you say something?” he said raising his voice slightly

“very well I’ll say something, I’ll say that there are a group of my people down there mingling with the crowd all of whom are prepared to shoot you at a moments notice, so don’t try anything,” Luda stiffened slightly at the thought of being killed.

“So,” Simon said taking out his own drink and sipping it “shall we get down to business hm?” he said.

The Heist

“why yes, of course,” Luda said. He was afraid, Simon could see it in the way he was moving, stiffly and with his eyes darting around the room, looking for anyone who might be a threat.

“you’re not going to find them,” Simon said “but, anyways, what is your offer Hescan Luda?”

“well, Simon, my offer is to be your Corporate agent, and I understand you’ve been getting a lot of this lately, but I can give you great things Simon, great things like Shul-Dve owned by Orele Dve,”

Shul-Dve was the most secure place on the planet, an isolated island miles from any land or shipping routes. The Guards lived inside it and had no contact with the outside world which made them impossible to bribe, and it had never been breached. It was bank and gulag rolled into one.

“Well, let me think... no,” Simon said,

“Wha-but why not?” Luda spluttered

“Simple,” Simon said “one: you are an egotistical tosser who could spout anything to get me to sign, two: everything you care to list could be offered by another client and three: you’re a coffin,” Simon stood and just as he was walking out noticed something peculiar: a letter marked with two chains crossed in an x.

Simon was walking back towards D’vull’s place with several worrying thoughts running through his head, he had seen that before but where? And what was its significance? He put these thoughts to one side as he approached D’vull’s office and opened the door.

“well D’vull I’ve come to a decision,” Simon said

The Heist

“well? What is it?” D’vull asked. He wasn’t at the desk but rather beside and looked to have been washing his dog when Simon had come in.

“Ive decided to accept your proposition,” Simon said

D’vull nodded “good to know, now leave please my dogs aren’t going to clean themselves,” Simon nodded and left.

CHAPTER FIVE: BETRAYED

Simon walked slowly up the steps towards Je Kapan's office, contemplating the inevitable truth that was coming together. He entered

"well? Ya got anything to make up for it yet?" Je Kapan said

"I do, but first lets talk about other things, like your little secret yes?" Simon said

"what secret I I don't know what you're talking about Simon," he blustered

"yes you do Kapan, you know what one I'm talking about the one about you selling us out to Hescan Luda," Simon replied

"N n n no I didn't boy ," he stammered angrily

"yes you did, Kapan, now allow me to explain , you have been sending letters to an unknown person, marked with a very specific seal: two chains crossed in an x, and while I was at Hescan Luda's I noticed a letter marked with the exact same seal, and the coffins had known about our arrangement with the hornets and knew that Gill would be involved in it which only the two of us knew," Simon finished.

Je Kapan's eyes widened, he stood up and hefted his cane, and as the light fell on it Simon saw it was in fact an elongted cudgel. He ran at Simon forgetting that there was a desk in the way and running into that. He got up and jumped onto the desk hitting his head of the chandelier. He collapsed on the ground and got up walking dizzily. He slipped on the recently waxed floor and hit his head of the desk. Simon poked him to check if he was knocked out and Kapan lunged at him missing by a mile and falling of the balcony down onto the ground. Wimon picked up a note and walked down the stairs. He lifted up the note and began reading aloud.

The Heist

“Greetings Hescan Luda, a good day to you, I am sorry that the Contract plot didn’t work but I have more information for you. At half past midnight Tuesday next week, a large convoy of gold will go through the docks on its way to a ship. It will be marked with an “S” best of luck robbing it yours truly Je Kappan,” Simon passed it around the crowd to read.

He turned to look at Je Kappan and flicking his wrist, a knife appeared in his hand from seemingly nowhere. He advanced on him, but Kappan raised his hand

“wait!” he spoke hoarsely “if you kill me you are going to miss out on 345,984,304, 781 veld! That deal we made with Ulysess, he will only pay if I’m delivering the money,” Simon looked at him and shrugged

“then we miss the money,” he said dismissively and plunged the knife into Kapans chest.

For several seconds nobody spoke then one said

“what are we going to do? We need the veld, and the only other place with that amount is Shul-Dve,” Simon smiled a sharks smile

“then we rob Shul-Dve!”

CHAPTER SIX: RECRUTIMENT

Simon stared at the wall, thinking several things. He heard the door open and looked at the clock

“your late,” he said,

“I don’t care,” She said, it was definately a female “I’m only here for the job,” Simon turned to look. She was about his age with blond hair tied in a bun and green eyes. She wore a white t-shirt and shorts, she had a hint of seawater.

“your a *heckuneit* aren’t you?” she nodded. *Heckuneits* were a nomadic race of people who lived on boats. “I’m Miryn,” she said

“I know,” Simon replied. “I have a job for you, with a higher chance of painful death than reward, and from what I’ve heard about you, that’s what you specialize in,” Simon said.

She nodded “whats the job?” she asked.

“breaking into Shul-Dve,” Simon said. She nodded and her face stayed completely blank.

“how much money will this make?” she inquired

“about 40,000 for you, as agreed,” Simon said. She nodded again.

“Why do you need the money?” she asked . Simon frowned at this question. Nobody had ever asked anything like that before. He shrugged “The Culling is going to arrive in about two months time. This usually wouldn’t be a problem but we had to move after an attack last time so we need the money to do up defences and get food and water before it arrives. Shul-Dve is the only place to get this much money on such a short notice,”. The culling was a massive cloud of shadows that passed over the land and carried with it monsters. It passed over this place every two years and in the time leading up to it everyone reinforced their homes and stocked up on provisions. It remained over land for about a month. It was called the Culling because very often people couldn’t reinforce their

The Heist

homes enough or homeless people didn't get to a shelter and were eaten so the population was culled. Simon had no intention of joining them.

"Oh also, someone else I need to find, her name is Rele, white hair, blue eyes and cyromancer," Miryn tilted her head before answering

"yes I know her, but you won't like where she is, J'llvo's palace as a concubine," Simon silently cursed, J'llvo was a former Khal warlord and notoriously sexist. His concubines were more like slaves, and were always half dressed, always pretty and always had their voice box removed. He considered this.

"Very well, then gather these people and meet me at the docks this Friday," he said and handed her a sheet. She nodded and left. Simon got up and looked at his list. Some of these people would be easy to find. But others not so much. He got up and sighed. This was going to be a long night. He left and walked towards The Jade Palace. When he got there he saw a commotion at the door. Draviel Crimson was struggling to get past two guards, who seemed to be dragging him away easily. They flung him on the ground and walked back in. He got back up and was about to go back in when Simon called him

"Draviel," his voice carried over the wind. He turned "Simon, how are you doing? Actually wait, I'm getting back what Luda took of me," he walked up to the doors where a bouncer was standing, and swung a punch. The bouncer didn't see it coming and was stunned. Draviel then walked in before he could recover Simon followed. Two more Bouncers spotted him and ran at him. Draviel caught their arms and kicked between one's legs and swung the other onto the ground. He walked towards where Hescan Luda was sitting and when he saw him Luda let out a shriek. Draviel punched him and took something from his pocket. He then let the bouncers drag him out. Draviel looked back at Simon "well?". Simon said "I've got a job for you it's big risk big reward something you enjoy," Draviel nodded "I'm in," he said Simon handed him a card "meet me there on Friday," Draviel nodded and walked off. Simon walked in another direction towards J'llvo's palace. He looked at the massive bag of money he was holding. While Draviel had been beating people up Simon

The Heist

had taken a wad of chips and swapped them in for real veld. He shrugged. J'llvo was selling some concubines today. And Simon reckoned he had enough cash to buy Rele. He walked in to see J'llvo standing there his arms spread as if showing off the women behind him. Simon took this in. All the women were chained to poles forcing them to stand upright. They were all dressed in bikinis and had faint thin scars across their necks. Rele was there. He walked up to J'llvo and dumped the bag onto the table. "That one," Simon said pointing to Rele. J'llvo nodded and looked at the money and nodded. He signalled to another man who unlocked her chains except for a collar around her neck and attached a chain to it. He dragged her off the stage to Simon and handed the chain to her. Simon walked out. When they were far enough away he took off the collar and she looked at him curiously. Her eyes widened in recognition. "*Simon?*" she signed. He nodded. "*what do you want?*" she signed. "I have a proposition for you, it is higher risk than reward but the money will be enough to pay for surgery to fix you," she tilted her head for a moment before answering "*I'm in,*"

On Friday Simon was waiting for everyone on a barrel. He noticed movement at the bottom of the docks. D'vull, Miryn, Draviel, Rele and a large muscular man with black hair tied in a ponytail. A white jackel walked beside him. And beside him was a dark skinned man of about Simon's age. Lockur, Alyo and Temuj the Khal who made Simon's knives. "hello everybody, lets skip the pleasantries, I invited you all here because I require your skills to perform a job, and before you ask what the job is two words: Shul-Dve," there was not uproar which surprised Simon. Instead Lockur shrugged, Temuj tilted his head in mild surprise, D'vull, Myrin and Rele were impassive and Draviel rubbed his hands with glee. Simon shrugged it off " here's how it's going to work, Miryn will forge all of us papers, detailing things about our alias's. There is a festival happening where everyone who has a lodging at Shul-Dve gets to check their goods. It's happening in two weeks time so we

The Heist

should make it in time any questions?" One hand went up Temuj's "when do we set sail?" he asked and Simon smiled "now,"

CHAPTER SEVEN: SAILING

As they sailed towards Shul-Dve, Simon went over various plan details on the heist, Then making them promise not to tell everybody the entire plan and making them promise not to talk about the details they discussed. He heard Miryn shout and frowned, why had she shouted? There was nothing of danger out there. Then he noticed another ship in the fog. It wasn't a noble ship, it was too small for that other than that he could make out nothing. He considered the task at hand, robbing Shul-Dve would be almost impossible. Robbing it of this much money would be nigh undreamable. He stopped and walked over to where everybody else was. They were crowded around the edge of the ship looking at the other ship. He walked up beside them without making a sound. He tapped Draviel on the shoulder and Draviel shrieked and jumped into the air. Simon smirked at this. Draviel and everyone else turned and Draviel accusingly pointed at Simon

"why'd you do that?" he asked

"because it amused me," Simon answered with a smirk. Draviel gave him a glare and turned around to see that the ship had come closer to theirs. Much closer in fact. So close that Simon could see the skull and crossbones on the flag and the sword wielding men on the boat.

"Pirates," Simon muttered. "They're probably attacking because its a noblemans ship and presume that there is gold on it," at that precise moment grappling hooks shot out of the ship and latched onto theirs pulling it close enough for the pirates to jump onto. And that they did. The first landed only for Lockur to grab by the throat and toss overboard. Another landed in front of Simon who stabbed him and pulled the knife out throwing it at another. Simon cut the nearest ropr and proceeded to the next one when a pirate landed right in front of him. Simon stabbed him in the jaw pulled it out and cut the throat of another. He then cut the rope and threw a pirates cutlass at one who was jumping making him twist and

The Heist

fall. Other pirates looked decidedly less keen to jump after that. Simon heard a twang as the last rope was dislodged. Draviel threw a bomb at the pirate ship and Simon saw Lockur at the wheel driving away at incredible speeds. After several hours speed sailing, they slowed back down to a moderate speed. Lockur stepped away from the wheel. He walked away and said to Simon

“I hate you,” Simon who had been walking away at that point replied with a simple gesture that may or may not have involved sticking up the middle finger and facing it in the direction of persons. Lockur shrugged and walked away

CHAPTER EIGHT: THE HEIST

As the ships were drawing in close to Shul-Dve, Simon was reviewing the papers he'd had Miryn forge. Lockur and Draviel were D'vull's bodyguards, Rele and Miryn were his sisters, Temuj was the entertainer as all parties were required to bring a swordsman for the fights. Simon was the accountant. Outside the bells began to ring, signalling that they had arrived. Everyone took to the deck and Simon used this as an opportunity to pass everyone their paperwork. Everybody looked on at it. There was no island to see, just a massive stone wall several miles high adorned with gargoyles and patrolled by guards. The only way in was a massive gate stretching down underwater and would have required a titan to open. Then as if automated, the gates slid open without a sound and the ships sailed in one by one. On the inside it was rather different from what Simon was expecting. There were docks and the majority of Shul-Dve was forest with an occasional cottage. In the centre there was a massive castle, and Simon presumed that was where the treasure was.

"When we get to the castle there will be a party, during which everyone with bookings will be called out to inspect their goods, when that happens, Miryn I want you to tail me and D'vull when we're called out and intervene if anything goes south," she nodded. At the party, everyone was shown the list so they knew who was being called out before them. When Simon heard his name he picked up a drink and spiked it with something designed by Rele exactly to his specifications. He walked up to D'vull and went with him to check his money. When they arrived Simon gave the guard the spiked wine and the guard drank it. Instantaneously the drug took hold and the guard was frozen in place and put to "sleep". Simon took out a device created by Temuj designed to pick the lock and put it up to the lock. The machine did its job and Simon emptied the money into a sack lowered by Miryn. He then hefted it up again. The guard woke up several minutes later and accompanied Simon and D'vull out. Simon then partied for the rest of the party knowing that Miryn was

The Heist

delivering the veld back to the ship, and when the party was over sailed back to home. When they reached the shore, Simon split the money to what everyone was owed, and they went their separate ways. He walked back and considered everything. Some of the money stolen was Hescan Luda's and Simon smiled at this. Without it The Coffins would fall and Temuj was probably already using his veld to make some of his more expensive ideas. Now Simon could use the money to perform the renovations and get stocked before The Culling hit. And once it was over The Black Wings would rule the city.

THE END