

[David Lance POV]

The next day, I woke up early, going down to the hotel lobby to get some breakfast before I left. I knew that it was going to be a long day, so I wanted to make sure that I had enough energy.

After a rather decent breakfast for hotel standards, I went back to my room to grab a few of my things before heading down to the docks to scout for a boat.

At the docks, there were a lot of people milling around going about their business, so it was easy enough to blend in, even as a foreigner.

Surveying the area carefully, I walked around for a bit, looking at the different boats that were for display before finding one that looked small enough to be manageable but big enough to make the journey.

For a quick glance, it was easy to tell the trip on the boat wasn't going to be a comfortable one, but for what I wanted it, it would do.

Deciding to buy the boat instead of stealing it, after remembering I had a no-limit budget from Oliver.

I made my way over to the boat, where I gave it a closer look before asking the owner who had approached me as I inspected his boat how much he wanted for it.

After haggling for a bit with the man, we finally settled on a fair price, which was roughly around what I had in cash on me at the moment.

After paying the man and loading what little I needed onto the boat, I cast off, making my way out of the harbor and towards the open sea.

The journey from there started pretty uneventfully, for the most part, mostly because my computer had access to the league's satellites, which, while limited, still allowed me to freely avoid the patrol boats as they came rather easily because I was constantly monitoring for them.

Everything was going well so far, but it was too soon to say anything; after all, I still had around twenty hours left of distance to cover. But for now, I was content to just sit back and enjoy the ride, even if it was a little rocky every now and then.

The first few hours of my adventure were pretty calm as I went through the different islands that dotted the vast sea, but as I got closer to the DMZ, the waters started getting rougher, making it a little harder to keep the boat on course.

But with a few quick adjustments here and there, I was able to get back on track and continued towards my destination, feeling pretty good about myself at the moment.

Which reminded me that I had to thank Oliver for taking me on his boat so many times.

If it wasn't for him and his boat driving classes once a month, I wouldn't have been able to get this far with the boat.

Smiling, I approached my laptop to check on the maps.

Seeing on the map I was already nearing North Korea and would arrive in a few hours or so.

Meaning that I had to find a place to dock and hide my boat, which apparently would be rather easy because, according to the satellite data I had, North Korea was surrounded by uninhabited islands, some of which still had no name.

Taking my time to research about the islands, I picked one of the nameless islands that no one had visited in over two decades, at least according to the League's Database, before immediately setting a course toward it.

Six hours later, as I got closer to the island, I started slowing down the boat, noticing ahead the rocky shores.

After a few minutes of cautiously making my way through the dark rocky waters.

I finally reached land.

Where I immediately beached my boat on the soft sand as I quickly disembarked, before carrying my boat in one hand effortlessly, hiding it between the trees before making my way up a small hill I had just noticed, that led to a better vantage point of the island.

Reaching the top, I grabbed my binoculars, where I began surveying the area.

From where I was, I was around three hundred miles away from the coast of the nearest inhabited island of North Korea.

So, taking that into account, and the fact I was able to swim around one hundred miles an hour, give or take, I should be able to reach land in a few hours with little to no problem.

I might have to punch a shark or two, but that's rather unlikely. Besides, I swim faster than Sharks anyways.

Realizing there was nothing else to do on the island, I made my way back down the hill before taking one last look at my boat, making sure it wasn't visible from the beach from any possible angle before making my way back into the water where I started swimming towards North Korea with nothing but my waterproof backpack.

The first thing I noticed as I dived into the water was that the temperature was very cold, but as I increased my speed, I soon became accustomed to water as I propelled myself through the sea with little to no effort, using every stroke to get me closer to my destination.

After a few hours of swimming, diving deep into the water every now and then to avoid patrols, I finally reached the shores of North Korea, where I made my way to a small rocky outcropping that led to a desolated area, using it to climb out of the water, before grabbing my backpack and taking out a small towel where I proceeded to dry myself off as best as I could, hiding behind some trees.

Now that my warmup of the day was done and I was finally within North Korea, the first part of my plan was complete. Now all that was left was to make my way to Mount Paektu undetected, but before that, I will wait until the night sets in so that I can move freely.

Better safe than sorry.