

Menu 182

Chapter 182: vs 40000?

Upon hearing the shout of “urgent message,” little Reed immediately stood up, came before Jason, and faced the messenger directly.

“Recite it.”

As he spoke, the personal servant gestured several hand signals.

The New Federation’s assassination attempts against Gerard were endless.

Impersonating messengers and using so-called ‘urgent messages’ to approach Gerard for assassination was not new; thus, Reed had arranged a set of ever-changing secret signals.

A messenger could be impersonated.

But secret signals could not.

Because, even the messengers themselves did not know what today’s secret signal was.

It could be a gesture.

It could be a code word.

Or, it could be both.

Just like this time.

After seeing the personal servant's hand signals, the messenger immediately responded.

"Ribbs, roast pork, meatballs."

Hearing the correct signal, Reed stepped aside.

"Report, Lord Gerard."

"His Excellency, the Duke of Fort Swallow, has sent an urgent letter!"

"The first and second infantry legions of the New Federation have suddenly appeared within the territory of Fort Swallow, forming a pincer attack, and the Duke of Fort Swallow is requesting support!"

The messenger spoke rapidly and clearly.

Instantly, Jason frowned.

Though he did not understand military affairs well, Jason comprehended the implications of two infantry legions suddenly appearing within the territory of Fort Swallow.

Gerard had mentioned more than once that Fort Swallow was Hans Port's barrier, defending the harbor from inland military forces.

If Fort Swallow fell, Hans Port would be completely exposed to the New Federation's artillery.

Therefore, if Fort Swallow requested support, Hans Port would certainly send troops.

But how to deploy those troops, how much material to carry, and other such matters, Jason could not decide.

So, the next moment, he spoke like this.

"Hmm."

"Understood."

He tried to maintain Gerard's tone.

Jason gave an ambiguous answer.

Reed at his side cooperated by saying:

"Gather the commanders of the Harbor Defense Army and all staff officers."

"Including the Chief of Security, meeting at 111 Duron Street in half an hour."

"Yes!"

The messenger immediately saluted and turned to run outside.

Reed promptly closed the door.

The personal servant turned around, his face serious as he looked at Jason.

“I’m sorry, my lord.”

“I thought we had more time.”

“But he did not give us much.”

“I’ll briefly introduce the people who will be coming to the meeting later.”

As he spoke, the personal servant began the introductions.

The armed forces of Hans Port can roughly be divided into three groups:

The Harbor Defense Army.

The Harbor Patrol Army.

The Harbor Guard Army.

Among them, the Harbor Defense Army includes Hans Port’s navy and army.

The Harbor Patrol Army is responsible for all security within the port, under the command of the Chief of Security whom Jason had met before.

The Harbor Guard Army, the smallest and most elite among the three, is Gerard's personal guard force.

"General Anno is in charge of the Harbor Defense Army."

"He is an old man from the port, once your head guard and also served as your swordsmanship instructor for a while, knowledgeable in military affairs, brave in battle but hot-tempered."

"Therefore, you arranged for Chief of Staff Sidlin to assist him."

"Chief of Staff Sidlin is also from the port, in his early years a well-known captain, adept at planning and positioning, once served as your advisor, and occasionally still does."

"Both can be trusted."

At this, Reed made a point to clarify.

Jason looked to his personal servant.

There are those who can be trusted.

Naturally, there are those who cannot be trusted.

In fact, it was just as Jason had thought.

“Lord Bofute of the patrol army can be trusted as well,”

“But his deputy, Gulate, is likely one of the New Federation’s spy leaders.”

“We have not moved against him yet as we are playing a long game.”

“The command of the Guard Army used to be held by my father, and now by me.”

Reed kept talking as he turned and walked toward a curtain hanging on the wall.

The personal servant pulled the curtain away in one swift motion.

A map depicting Hans Port, Fort Swallow, and the inland areas appeared directly before Jason.

Under Jason's gaze, two black flags were placed outside 'Fort Swallow'.

"The first and second infantry legions of the New Federation are both fully staffed with 20,000 each."

"The first infantry legion has been through the previous 'Old vs. New' conflict, many of whom were once under your command. However, those who remained are inclined towards 'Aymodun III'."

"The second infantry legion was formed at the end of the 'Old vs. New' conflict and was mainly responsible for cleaning up the battlefield," Reed continued.

"What about us?"

"How many do we have?" Jason asked.

"The Harbor Defense Army, our navy, has 88 sail battleships, including 2 first-rate ships, 36 second-rate ships, and 50 third-rate ships. There are about 20,000 in active navy service."

"Our army has a complete infantry legion of 10,000 men, well-equipped and well-trained, ready for immediate combat. That old general also trained a cavalry troop of 2,000, ready to fight any time."

“The Harbor Patrol Army has 2,500 men; they are used to daily tasks and wouldn’t be effective in direct combat.”

“The Harbor Guard numbers 800. They can adapt to any battlefield and are your trump card.”

Listening to Reed’s introduction, Jason’s gaze returned to the map.

Hans Port had an absolute advantage in naval forces.

But at the ‘Fort Swallow’ battlefield, the navy could not be deployed; only the army remained.

A full tally of 12,000 men against two full-strength legions of 40,000, who had actually been through real conflict, left Jason, who had never participated in any major military combat, entirely unsure how to proceed.

Furthermore, it was not possible to send all the harbor army forces.

Therefore, the only option he could think of was to send part of the forces to reinforce ‘Fort Swallow,’ taking advantage of the terrain for defense, and then seek an opportunity to counterattack.

More than that?

Was he supposed to go cut them down himself?

1 vs 40,000?

After giving it serious thought, Jason felt somewhat suffocated.

So he asked Reed,

“How many men does ‘Fort Swallow’ have?”

“The Grand Duke of ‘Fort Swallow’ is not very good at military affairs. All the forces combined amount to about 10,000 men with ordinary weapons. However, with the support of the city walls, it wouldn’t be difficult to hold out until our reinforcements arrive,” Reed replied.

“Do you have any suggestions?” Jason asked.

At such a time, Jason thought it best to seek advice from a specialist.

“Fight a war of attrition!” Reed immediately responded.

Then the personal servant pointed to the map and explained,

“We have sea transport, which can continuously bring food and materials from the Southern Archipelago, and then supply resources to ‘Fort Swallow,’ just a stone throw away!”

“Meanwhile, ‘Aymodun III’s supply lines are exceedingly long, requiring a tremendous amount of manpower to maintain. Out of ten pounds of grain transported to the front line, at most only three pounds remain. Moreover, General Anno’s cavalry trained to circle around to the space between ‘Fort Swallow’ and the inland can harass the enemy’s supply line and in conjunction with Guard Army’s elite, lure and kill the enemy’s ‘Dark Guardian’ squads.”

“As long as the enemy’s supply line is cut, victory in this war will be ours,” Reed declared confidently.

Jason nodded repeatedly as he listened.

All of these were things he had never considered before.

Then Reed started to inform Jason of some details that needed attention.

These points would be presented by Jason at the upcoming meeting.

Just as the two finished discussing, and when General Anno of the Harbor Defense Army, Chief of Staff Sidlin, Head of Security Bofute, and Deputy Gulate had already appeared at 111 Duron Street, on the fifth floor, a communication soldier ran up swiftly.

This communication soldier looked anxious as he rushed past several people and came straight up to Jason—

“Urgent report!”

“‘Fort Swallow’ has fallen!”