

## **Menu 183**

### Chapter 183: The Beginning

The hall was as quiet as if a pin had dropped.

The air in the corridor congealed.

‘Fort Swallow’ has fallen?!

Everyone was rooted to the spot, dumbfounded.

Especially little Reed!

After having completed a full military plan, the ‘Fort Swallow’ he was relying on had suddenly collapsed.

What kind of joke was this?

I haven’t even started, and I’m already getting slapped in the face by the enemy’s Flying Dragon riders?

For a moment, even with Reed’s temperament, he found it hard to remain calm.

“What happened?”

The personal attendant asked.

However, he did not forget the passphrase.

In the corridor, General Anno, Chief of Staff Sidlin, Security Chief Bofute, and Deputy Director Gulate all walked in quickly with serious expressions, all staring at the signalman.

“Spareribs, barbecued pork, meatballs.”

After the correct passphrase, the signalman then said, “It was the Duke of ‘Fort Swallow’s’ brother, Earl Anne, who suddenly launched a coup and opened the gates of ‘Fort Swallow’.”

“In his attempt to cover his wife’s escape, His Grace died in battle.”

“The Duke’s personal guard, following their lord, all died in battle.”

“The Duke’s advisors and staff, following their lord, all died in battle.”

Each sentence from the signalman was like a heavy hammer, striking at everyone’s heart.

The personal attendant's face changed colors repeatedly.

The faces of General Anno, Chief of Staff Sidlin, Security Chief Bofute, and Deputy Director Gulate looked even worse.

Because they knew exactly what this information meant.

Hans Port had lost its barrier against the New Federation!

They would now face the full brunt of the New Federation's army!

Not just the First and Second Infantry Legions.

More enemies would come pouring in!

Remember, the entire New Federation had seven fully staffed Legions.

They might not arrive immediately.

But as time passed, these Legions would inevitably arrive one after another.

By then...

What would happen to Hans Port?

To resist desperately would be like using one's arm to block a car.

To give up resistance was even more unrealistic.

Should we take to the sea?

Chief of Staff Sidlin thought silently.

At this moment, the old General Anno was furiously shouting:

"Anne, that traitor!"

"He has betrayed not just his own bloodline!"

“He has also forsaken his honor!”

“I must catch him and execute him by firing squad!”

“Calm down, Anno.”

Chief of Staff Sidlin, with a head full of thick black hair and an equally bushy beard, patted the balding old general and said softly.

Then, the Chief of Staff turned his gaze toward Jason.

Even though he had ideas in his mind, he knew that Jason was the decision-maker here.

As the Chief of Staff’s gaze turned, so did General Anno, Security Chief Bofute, and Deputy Director Gulate, all looking towards Jason.

They were waiting for the controller of the port to issue orders.

If it had been Gerard standing here, there would surely be a highly targeted arrangement.

But here it was Jason.

Jason was not familiar with these matters.

Thus, he glanced at little Reed while asking the signalman, "Did the Duke of 'Fort Swallow' manage to help the escapee successfully flee?"

"They escaped!"

"The Duchess, along with about a hundred Attendants, is now heading towards the port."

"However, at least a thousand-strong Cavalry unit is in hot pursuit behind them."

The signalman replied.

And at this moment, the personal attendant finally came back to his senses.

"Lord Gerard, please allow me to dispatch a team to meet them."

“And we need to inform Lord Barney Clark.”

“Also, we need to raise the defense level of the entire port to the highest.”

“We need to divide the harbor patrol forces into six shifts to rotate...”

Little Reed began to lay out the next steps immediately.

He was well aware that Mr. Jason was clueless about these things.

It was necessary for him to step in.

Even if it seemed somewhat abrupt, the personal attendant could no longer concern himself with proprieties at this time.

After everything was said, Jason nodded.

He would not voice his opinion in an area he was not adept in.

Moreover, at this time, Jason was already seriously considering the specifics of a 1vs40000 plan.

Hence, Jason remained silent throughout the following meeting.

Jason's silence left General Anno, Chief of Staff Sidlin, Security Chief Bofute, and Deputy Director Gulate looking somewhat perplexed, but they didn't show it outwardly.

It wasn't until the meeting ended and they had left 111 Duron Street that General Anno could restrain himself no longer.

"What happened?"

"Lord Gerard is acting out of character."

The old general asked.

"At last night's dinner party, the New Federation sent assassins who slaughtered the relatives of the Lord, and even 'Lord Hans' suffered bizarre injuries that forced him to seek treatment in the Southern Archipelago under the escort of Lord Reed."

"Lord Gerard's unusual behavior must be due to this."



Chief of Staff Sidlin sighed.

“First, they sent someone to create chaos at Lord Gerard’s evening banquet.”

“Then they used an undercover agent to breach Fort Swallow’s defenses.”

“It truly is that bastard’s method.”

“Next, it should be our port, right?”

The old general cursed.

However, his mind remained exceptionally clear.

“Didn’t you see that Bofute was left behind?”

“Lord Gerard must have made preparations.”

“What we need to do is straighten out the troops, and be ready for war at any moment—didn’t you establish a few outposts outside the port previously?”

“They will play a major role this time.”

Having said that, the Chief of Staff closed his eyes, pondering how to stall the New Federation’s military might.

Meanwhile, Vice Commissioner of Public Safety Gulate was quite different.

As soon as he got into the coach, the vice commissioner couldn’t contain his excitement any longer.

“Success!”

“The Lord has succeeded!”

“Indeed!”

“Choosing the New Federation was the right decision!”

“What comes next...”

“Is my time to shine!”

The vice commissioner had already made up his mind.

As soon as he returned home, he would send messages to all the undercover agents, ordering them into action.

He had already received orders from the Lord before, but at that time, he had some hesitations.

And now?

No need!

Hans Port was doomed to lose!

Didn't you see that even Gerard was utterly disconcerted?

His opportunity had finally arrived!

“Speed up.”

With that thought, the vice commissioner said.

The coachman immediately lashed the whip vigorously.

As the Vice Commissioner of Public Safety for Hans Port,

Gulate lived not far from 111 Duron Street.

Soon, he returned home.

Without waiting for the coachman to open the door, the vice commissioner pushed open the carriage door and ran towards the study in the master bedroom.

There, he had all he needed to initiate the ritual for all the undercover agents.

A basin-like container.

After pouring clear water into it, Gulate uttered the Dufol Language.

'zha zha si! zha zha si!'

As the Dufol Language was spoken, Gulate directly sliced his finger.

It was a very simple ritual.

Just say the Dufol Language.

Then, drop in a droplet of blood.

Subsequently, the basin would relay responses from each undercover agent.

But...

As soon as the blood was dropped into the basin,

Besides diluting, there were absolutely no other reactions.

Gulate was stunned.

He thought he had made some mistake during his first activation of the undercover agent ritual, so he prepared to try again.

‘zha zha...’

After finishing the Dufol Language, blood dripped in once more.

Instantly, ripples formed on the clear water in the basin.

Within each ripple, there were layers of images.

Gulate breathed a slight sigh of relief.

There was a response.

Seemingly, his error indeed laid with the first attempt.

Thinking this, Gulate lowered his head to look at the ripples in the basin.

But just as his face was about to get close to the water, a skeletal claw suddenly stretched out from the basin and grabbed Gulate, dragging his head into the water.

Gulate struggled violently.

He pushed with his hands.

He kicked with his feet.

But it was all in vain.

About a few minutes later, after Gulate shook a few times, there was no more sound.

The maid who had been waiting outside the door, after waiting a long time and past breakfast, could not help but knock on the door.

No response.

The maid instinctively pushed the door.

It opened.

Upon seeing everything inside the study, the maid let out a scream—

“Ahhhh!”

“Something’s wrong!”

“Lord Gulate has drowned in the washbasin!”