

Menu 184

Chapter 184: Your Will, Our Mission

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Upon receiving the news of his deputy's death, Security Chief Bofute galloped directly to the scene.

“Protect the scene!”

Bofute commanded his subordinates with a grave expression.

It wasn't just because the dead was his deputy.

More so because Lord Gerard had temporarily left, entrusting him with the entire harbor's security.

Suddenly, Bofute felt an immense pressure.

Because, this Chief of Security knew very well what he was up against.

The 'harassment' of Secret Agents from the New Federation!

Those agents certainly did not wish for their lord to safely bring back the 'Fort Swallow' widows and the remnants of soldiers. They would undoubtedly cause great disruption, restraining their lord's energy.

Even if their lord managed to bring back the widows and remnants of 'Fort Swallow'.

He would still have to face the mess at the harbor.

Thus, after receiving Gerard's orders, Bofute immediately made multiple strategic deployments.

But what he hadn't expected was a mishap still occurred.

The one involved was his deputy.

Bofute's face was somber, his gaze sweeping across the study before him.

A very common layout, just like any other harbor study, nothing noteworthy, except... for that basin-like container.

As the Chief of Security for the harbor, Bofute naturally had encountered the 'Mystical Side'.

Moreover, he was proficient in several secret techniques.

Therefore, upon seeing that basin-like container, Bofute immediately noticed the difference.

“A device resembling a communication tool!”

After inspecting it, Bofute furrowed his brows.

Firstly, such a device would definitely not cause death.

Secondly, this sort of device should not appear in the study of his deputy, Gulate.

Who would own such a device?

Nobody was clearer on this than Security Chief Bofute.

He subconsciously thought of little Reed’s parting admonishment.

‘Keep a close watch on Gulate and those related to him!’

If previously Bofute had any doubts about the admonishments of Lord Gerard's personal attendant, at this moment, the Chief of Security would no longer have them.

It was obviously Lord Gerard's command.

Reed was but a mouthpiece.

Did Gulate have ties with the Secret Agents of the New Federation?

Was the opposition specifically left behind by their lord as a long line to catch a big fish?

At this moment, in the interest of the entire harbor's safety, was their lord no longer being indulgent?

Thoughts swiftly cycled through the depths of his mind.

However, on the surface, Bofute issued orders with an unfazed demeanor.

"Search!"

"Conduct a thorough search of this place!"

“Yes!”

A squad of harbor patrol troops immediately sprang into action.

Perhaps in face-to-face combat, these patrol troops were not the finest, but in matters of searching and arresting, they could indeed be called experts.

Soon, scraps of paper hidden in the crevices of the floorboards were found.

These scraps were not written in a common language, but rather consisted of numbers.

“A code!”

Bofute recognized at a glance what these were.

Then, his gaze turned to the bookshelf nearby.

With a code, there must necessarily be a codebook.

Only when matched up correctly would the proper message be revealed.

Nevertheless, even Bofute couldn't expect to find the correct codebook on a full bookshelf in a short amount of time.

"Take all of this back with you!"

Bofute ordered.

Then, just as the Chief of Security was preparing to leave,

several subordinates rushed in from outside, in a hurry.

"Report to the lord, an accident occurred on Walnut Street, someone fell from a horse and died."

"Report to the lord, something has happened at the Pineapple Street café, someone choked to death while eating."

"Report to the lord, an accident occurred on Pineapple Street, someone was chased by a dog, fell, and died."

“Report to the lord...”

A succession of reports made Bofute frown.

“Dispatch people to protect the scene.”

“And then investigate thoroughly.”

Bofute continued to issue commands.

But in this Chief of Security’s heart, there was already a daring conjecture: Could these deceased individuals be related to Gulate? Could they be the remaining Secret Agents of the New Federation?

If that was so...

Lord Gerard must have a more secretive armed force.

Is it the Guard Army?

No!

Even the Guard Army couldn't achieve this level of precision, this bizarre.

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It must be the old guards from Lord Hans' side mentioned in the rumors!

With this speculation in mind, Bofute could not help but let his thoughts run wild.

As a hereditary vassal of the harbor, he knew some secrets about the Hans Family.

That included the mysterious disappearance of the old guards.

A force of over a hundred men, both formidable in battle and bizarre to the extreme.

Their most glorious fight was probably against the counterattack of the old Federation, where the hundred-man team held off two full legions of the old Federation, relentlessly harassing, raiding, and beheading, until the enemy was completely routed.

But in the recent ten years, they vanished without a trace.

“Could it be them?”

Bofute speculated.

...

Breakfast began at 111 Duron Street.

But compared to the usual lively atmosphere at the dining table,

there was only Dennise sitting at the huge table.

Jason, Gerard, and little Reed were not there.

Nor were Peters and Hume.

Dennise hugged her once favorite meat bone, feeling it had lost its flavor.

That's why she only ate three people's portions.

Then, she saw the kind, plump cook auntie who had just cleared the table for her, head into the kitchen, and the next moment, swap her usual long skirt for knight's attire and leather armor, shouldering a massive Wolf Fang Club, with two flintlock pistols hanging on each side of her waist, and come out.

"Miss."

"I'm so sorry."

"I won't be able to cook for you for a while."

"War has come."

"I need to head to the front lines."

The cook auntie carrying the Wolf Fang Club looked at Dennise with full apology.

Dennise was well-loved by the servants of 111 Duron Street.

Because Dennise, wearing a cotton dress, was not only kindhearted, innocent, magnanimous, but also had none of the airs typical of nobility. Aside from occasionally getting lost or unintentionally breaking some furniture, she was the perfect subject of service in a servant's heart.

"War?"

Dennise was stunned for a moment.

She was familiar with the word, often seeing it in books.

But to really face it, this was her first time.

She looked around vaguely.

She saw that all the familiar attendants and maidservants had changed out of their usual servant clothes and long skirts. They had put on knight's attire and leather armor, holding weapons as they stood in front of 111 Duron Street, ready to depart.

"So that's why Jason and little Reed left."

"Why Peters and Hume followed."

“Are they also heading to the front lines?”

Dennise thought blankly.

Seeing Dennise’s dazed look, the plump cook auntie felt a wave of distress.

She preferred to see Dennise carefree.

“Don’t worry, Miss Dennise.”

“Everything will pass.”

“With us here, with Lord Gerard here, everything will be alright.”

“It’s just two full infantry legions, we can flatten one just as we can two!”

The cook auntie thumped her chest, signaling Dennise to be at ease.

Then, the auntie said goodbye to Dennise.

“Miss Dennise, wait for me to return.”

“I will still cook for you.”

After speaking, the auntie waved her hand and shouldered the Wolf Fang Club to join the formation.

Dennise watched the formation depart.

111 Duron Street became even emptier.

The faces of those remaining were filled with panic and unease.

Accustomed to liveliness, Dennise disliked such an atmosphere.

Especially without Jason by her side, Dennise felt even more uncomfortable.

Unable to help herself, Dennise muttered softly—

“I don’t like this kind of war!”

“Let it end quickly!”

“I want Jason back by my side!”

“I still want to eat the meat bones the plump auntie cooks!”

Hurry!

Let it end!

The wind carried the voice away,

blowing through the harbor’s city districts,

over the distant sea,

and across that land.

And then...

“As Your Majesty wishes, my queen!”