

## Menu 189

Chapter 189: Because, He Is Gerard

In Jason's view, a war horse stood rigid, lifeless.

From its markings, one could tell it belonged to the Harbor Defense Army.

More importantly, a decapitated head was hanging on one side of the saddle.

In the mouth of the head, there was a letter.

Reed examined it carefully before taking out the letter.

However, he didn't immediately hand the letter over to Jason, but instead closed the head's eyes before passing it on.

Opening the envelope, the letter read—

Gerard:

Do you want your soldiers to live?

Do you want the widows and wounded of Fort Swallow to live?

Come to Banana Bay alone before sunset.

We'll be waiting for you there.

...

There was no signature.

There were also no overt threats.

But the content of the letter was more effective than any threat.

After skimming the content, Jason handed the letter to Reed.

Reed's complexion changed drastically after reading the letter.

But the personal servant didn't directly urge Jason to do anything.

Because, at that moment, Jason was Gerard.

Gerard would never shy away from such a challenge.

He would simply go to Banana Bay as requested, eliminate all the enemies, and return with his soldiers, the widows, and wounded of Fort Swallow.

But,

That was Gerard.

Not Jason!

Even though they looked alike, the gap in their abilities was enough for the personal servant to know what to do.

“Clive, when did you find this?”

Reed asked the captain of the Guard Army.

The middle-aged captain of the Guard Army, still robust as an ox, with his hair tightly shaven to his scalp, exuding an even greater sense of ferocity, responded meticulously.

“A quarter of an hour after we set up camp temporary camp!”

“The enemy timed it very precisely.”

“Our trail and that of the Scout Cavalry have been locked onto by them.”

As Clive spoke, he shared his conjecture.

To these speculations, Reed wasn't surprised.

The advancement of a large troop couldn't be easily hidden from prying eyes.

But, the Scout Cavalry...

Suddenly, Reed clenched his fist.

The Scout Cavalry had all been dispatched by him.

At that time, he thought that if they left the city in small groups at staggered times, they should be safe.

But now it seemed he had been somewhat naïve.

Even more crucial now was the need to abandon the Scout Cavalry.

Five hundred men!

To the entire Hans Port, the number wasn't too many.

But that doesn't mean Reed could easily give them up.

But if he didn't give them up, to trade Jason for five hundred men?

It was too risky.

If successful, all well and good.

If it failed...

The entire battle would collapse!

By then, not just five hundred men, but all of Hans Port would fall.

"I'm sorry."

"I apologize."

"Gentlemen, I..."

Reed bit his lip, a resolute decision rising in his heart. Just as the word 'abandon' appeared in his mind, he suddenly saw Jason walking towards the frozen horse, sniffing.

A faint fragrance.

It must have dissipated along the way.

Jason thought and turned to Reed:

“Bring me the map of Banana Bay.”

“My lord, you...”

“I, Gerard, never abandon a subordinate.”

Jason spoke indifferently, cutting off the personal servant’s anxious plea.

The surrounding Guard Army looked up at the tall figure with respect that remained as firm and fervent as ever.

Especially Clive, the captain.

“My lord, I’ll guide you.”

Clive said.

“That won’t be necessary.”

“Since they’ve asked me to retrieve my men alone.”

“It’s best I go alone.”

“I certainly do not wish for a small mistake to lead to any misfortune befalling my men,”

Jason shook his head with a smile.

The members of the Guard Army, watching such a smile, clenched their fists and placed them on their chests, bowing their heads in salute.

“My lord...”

The anxiety on little Reed’s face grew.

Jason, however, silently observed his personal servant.

In the end, the servant gritted his teeth and nodded.



Because he knew.

At this moment, Jason represented Gerard.

“Please take good care of yourself.”

As the servant handed Jason the map, a warhorse, and a bag of food, he admonished him.

“Hmm.”

Jason nodded, took the map, checked it, then mounted the horse and headed straight for Banana Bay.

Having already chosen to go,

there was no need to hesitate.

Banana Bay, located between Hans Port and “Fort Swallow,” was a bay.

It was called Banana Bay because it somewhat resembled a banana in shape.

At this moment, the waves at Banana Bay were ceaseless.

Curses were flying everywhere.

Members of the Defense Army, bound by ropes, hurled insults at a man sitting on a rock.

“Traitor!”

“You betrayer of the covenant!”

“Lord Gerard will not let you off!”

...

Their voices lingered for a long time, but the man sitting on the rock was completely unmoved.

His gaze was fixed on the woman in front of him.

The woman’s appearance was disheveled, but her noble air was still undeniable.

“Lady An Lu, have you made up your mind?”

“Tell me the heritage of Fort Swallow.”

“Then I might consider sparing you, Dres, and the others,” said the middle-aged man with a smile.

“Do you think I would believe you?”

“You bastard who betrayed your own brother!”

“You will not die a good death!”

Lady An Lu cursed at him.

Slap!

The middle-aged man raised his hand and slapped her face, cutting off her curses.

He had restrained himself with this slap.

Even so, Lady An Lu still lost most of her teeth.

“Without teeth,”

“your looks will quickly fade,”

“and my patience is limited,”

“A moment before sunset is your last deadline,” said the middle-aged man.

“What does it matter if my looks fade?”

“Even faced with death, I would choose it willingly,”

“And then...”

“I’ll be waiting for you in hell,” Lady An Lu said, struggling to sit up, every word heavy with resolve.

The middle-aged man clicked his tongue and shook his head.

“It seems you really have too much faith in the said Gerard,”

“Unfortunately...”

“Have you not thought that if I dared to send that letter,”

“would I not be prepared?” the middle-aged man said, and from a shadow to one side, a long-haired man walked out.

The man was very well-built, with shoulders about one and a half times wider than an average person’s when viewed from the front, especially his arms, which were much larger than normal, hanging by his sides like two marble pillars.

“Will Gerard come?” the man asked.

“He will,”

“Because he is Gerard,” the middle-aged man answered with a smile.

The long-haired man snorted disdainfully.

Then he pulled a rhombus-shaped crystal from his bosom.

The crystal sparkled brilliantly in the sunlight.

With his eyes lit up by its radiance, the long-haired man broke into a sinister grin.

“With this!”

“Even Gerard can’t...”

Thud!