

Menu 195

Chapter 195: The Pawprint Mark

Looking at that large banner, Jason was taken aback.

Such a big banner, to have so many words written on it.

He thought subconsciously.

Then, he quickly shook his head, casting that thought out of his mind.

“Queen?”

Jason looked at the title with confusion.

In the knowledge he possessed, there was no such point of information.

He turned his head towards little Reed.

The personal servant immediately shook his head.

He didn't know either.

In fact, except for the legendary Queen Mary from the 'James Dynasty,' he had no idea who else could be a queen.

Neither the old Federation nor the New Federation.

No queen had ever been born.

Seeing his personal servant shaking his head, Jason narrowed his eyes, scrutinizing the entirety of 'Fort Swallow' even more meticulously.

An eerie silence prevailed.

But not devoid of vitality.

Jason dismounted and, after signaling little Reed to be on guard, he headed towards 'Fort Swallow'.

Little Reed didn't stop him.

Because that was Gerard's style.

However, a troop of Harbor Guards followed him.

Among them was the leader of this hundred-man troop, Clive.

To Clive, it was a great honor to fight side by side with his lord.

As for more?

That would be to bravely slay the enemy!

Jason led the team away, and the large troops behind him began to watch 'Fort Swallow' and their surroundings vigilantly.

Without passing through the unguarded city gates.

Jason pointed at the city wall in front of him.

Immediately, Clive and five others climbed over like monkeys, and only after confirming safety, did Jason pass through the long gateway.

Then?

He saw the eerily quiet streets and pairs of eyes hiding behind doors.

Jason's perception, three times more than an average person's, allowed him to clearly sense these eyes watching him.

And also those low voices of discussion.

"It's a living person!"

"It's the army from Hans Port!"

"Not undead!"

Voices like these kept drilling into Jason's ears.

Undead?

Jason frowned.

Had there been undead here before?

Jason instantly became alert.

He gestured a sign of vigilance to his subordinates around him.

After all, not all undead were as harmless as his pet dog.

“My lord, there’s a discovery!”

From the top of the city gate, Clive shouted.

Jason immediately turned around and went up.

At that moment, Clive, the leader of the Harbor Guard, pointed at that huge banner with a puzzled face.

Only when close did it become apparent that this enormous banner was pieced together from various fabrics of the same color.

Mostly high-quality black velvet.

A few were ordinary cloth.

And in the corner of the cloth-composed banner, a dog paw was clearly embroidered...

Spread open, showing the pink, fleshy paw.

It had a touch of cuteness.

It just didn't match the words written above on the banner.

"Was this used as a makeshift replacement because they couldn't find enough fabric?"

"This Queen Her Majesty really doesn't sweat the small stuff."

"Undead, queen, not sweating the small stuff..."

Unconsciously, the image of Dennise came to Jason's mind.

But the next moment,

Jason shook his head.

How could it be?

An incompetent undead who stayed up late reading novels, struggled to get up in the morning, was lazy and gluttonous, tripped while walking, casually destroyed furniture, got lost when going out, how could she be related to a so-called queen?

But then again, could it be possible that someone else had consumed such 'sugar'?

And then...

Hiss!

Jason instinctively contemplated.

And then, a burning sensation in his mind.

“

It immediately halted his train of thought.

The last thing he wanted was to die senselessly.

By then, confirming there was no ambush, young Reed had already led the main force inside ‘Fort Swallow’.

That golden Griffin banner provided the hidiers with an incomparable sense of security.

“It truly is people from Hans Port.”

“Subordinates of Lord Gerard!”

“We are saved!”

All those who had gathered rushed out in a swarm, surrounding the Harbor Guard and bombarding them with questions.

“Countless Undead!”

“They attacked ‘Fort Swallow’!”

“The New Federation was defeated!”

“They’ve joined them!”

...

These agitated words reached Jason’s ears.

They dispelled the last bit of doubt in Jason’s mind.

Such inept Undead like Dennise couldn’t possibly command more Undead.

There was a terrifyingly strict hierarchy among the Undead.

One like her would definitely be the bullied kind.

There must be someone else.

With this thought, Jason couldn't help but shake his head and chuckle.

Then, the next moment, he suppressed his smile.

Lady An Lu ascended the city walls, stepping toward him.

"Lord Gerard."

Lady An Lu greeted Jason.

Jason nodded slightly.

Then, he did not speak.

He wasn't very good at handling such situations, so it was a relief to stay silent.

"Are you thinking of Her Majesty the Queen?"

Lady An Lu inquired.

Then, without waiting for Jason to reply, Lady An Lu continued, "I've been thinking about who Her Majesty the Queen could be, but aside from Queen Mary, I can't think of anyone else."

"Perhaps..."

"This is a malicious joke."

"But the number of Undead is no joke."

"Likewise, I can't figure out where so many Undead in the south could have come from."

Lady An Lu spoke as if she was making small talk.

At first, her gaze carried a sense of bewilderment.

Quite simply, she had come to take back 'Fort Swallow' with the resolution to die.

But now?

'Fort Swallow' had returned to her hands just like that.

As if she had suddenly lost her life's purpose.

However, as she spoke, the lady quickly recovered.

'Fort Swallow' had been reclaimed.

But 'Fort Swallow' still needed governance.

All of that depended on the man before her.

Fortunately, she wasn't without connection to the man before her.

“Lord Gerard.”

“When do you plan to marry Carol?”

Lady An Lu asked.

How should I know?

You should be asking Gerard that!

I’m just a temporary replacement!

Jason thought to himself, but he couldn’t utter these words aloud; instead, his gaze shifted toward the town below.

After Lady An Lu climbed the wall, young Reed had been paying close attention to this place, and upon receiving Jason’s gaze, the personal servant directly rushed towards the gate.

“Lord Gerard!”

“There are some matters that require your personal attention!”

Reed announced.

“Alright, I’ll be right there.”

After responding, Jason gave Lady An Lu an apologetic smile and turned to leave.

Watching Jason’s retreating figure.

Lady An Lu clearly sensed Jason’s reluctance and hesitation.

Yet, the lady was not angered.

She only pondered more intently.

How could she ensure that Gerard would accept the marriage successfully?

Strategic marriage was her last and best option to reclaim ‘Fort Swallow’.

And having stepped down from the city wall, where he breathed a sigh of relief, Jason was about to thank Reed when the messenger ran up as if in a frenzy—

“Lord Gerard, urgent news!”