

Menu 198

Chapter 198: Praise

Mrs. An Lu, who was already lifting her hand to push the door and enter, stood frozen in her tracks.

Not in?

Who's talking if no one is in?

Could it be your cousin, Jason?

The lady took a deep breath, allowing the smile on her face to appear less stiff, before she knocked on the door again.

Thud!

Thud, thud!

Clearly, the lady put considerable strength into the knocking this time.

The door creaked open halfway.

Revealing Jason, sitting at the dining table inside.

Likewise, Jason saw Mrs. An Lu with a smile on her face.

“Lord Gerard, there are some matters I would like to discuss with you.”

“May I come in?”

The lady asked again.

Jason wanted to refuse.

But he had not forgotten that at this moment, he was playing the role of Gerard.

Gerard would not do such a thing.

Suppressing the irritation deep within.

Jason nodded.

“You may.”

Seeing Jason’s consent, the lady immediately walked in and, turning around, was about to close the door.

“There’s no need.”

“The room is too stuffy.”

“It’s better to let some air in.”

Jason spoke.

Mrs. An Lu smiled, withdrew her hand from the door, and turned to sit down slowly across from Jason at the dining table.

Even dressed in a leather armor and belted with a long sword, the lady retained her dignified demeanor.

Even Jason, who was wary of her, had to admit this.

But it did nothing to lessen Jason's vigilance.

On the contrary, he became even more cautious.

In fact, it proved just how necessary Jason's caution was.

The very next moment, the lady spoke up.

"Lord Gerard, what do you think of 'Fort Swallow'?"

There was no clear target.

But the implication behind her words was evident.

So...

Jason answered very seriously,

"The food tastes good."

Mrs. An Lu took a sharp breath.

She had prepared her words carefully, but now, she forgot most of them in an instant.

Huff, huff.

After taking several deep breaths, the lady raised her head to look at Jason and asked as a matter of course,

“And besides the taste of the food?”

“The portions are quite generous.”

Jason continued to answer earnestly.

Huff, huff.

Mrs. An Lu’s breathing became more rapid.

Looking at Jason's serious demeanor, showing no trace of pretense, she subconsciously started to doubt if there was something wrong with the way she was asking her questions? ɽ

Then, the lady did not linger on these questions.

"I hope you will agree to let Barney Clark temporarily manage 'Fort Swallow.'"

"As an exchange..."

"The inheritance of 'Fort Swallow' will be open to you."

Mrs. An Lu said.

The inheritance of 'Fort Swallow'!

Jason looked at Mrs. An Lu in surprise.

He was amazed at her grand gesture.

The inheritance of 'Fort Swallow' could be considered the lady's biggest trump card at the moment, yet here she was, presenting it so readily as a bargaining chip on the table.

It was truly unexpected.

After all, with the inheritance of 'Fort Swallow,' the lady had a backup plan.

If things really went south, she could abandon 'Fort Swallow' and start anew.

It might take more time, but it would be a much better choice than the current one.

However, Jason quickly collected himself.

Her trading partner was not him.

It was Gerard!

The Golden Griffon, Gerard!

A man of his word.

A promise without regrets.

Realizing this, Jason shed his initial surprise.

He looked calmly at Mrs. An Lu in front of him.

This calm unsettled Mrs. An Lu.

“I’m sorry.”

“For now, I cannot agree to any of your conditions, madam.”

“The war is not over; it has only just begun.”

Jason shook his head.

“You mean until the day the war ends?”

Mrs. An Lu pressed on.

Jason didn't answer but looked toward the door.

Reed, holding up two large trays, stood there. He turned to Mrs. An Lu, cracked a smile full of etiquette, and said in a soft voice, "My lord never said that, madam. Please do not misunderstand."

"By the way, my lord doesn't like strangers around when he dines."

"Please leave."

The personal servant put the food on the table while gesturing to Mrs. An Lu to leave.

The lady's smile grew slightly stiff.

However, she did not linger.

After giving Jason a curtsy, she then turned and left.

Reed watched her depart and then directly instructed the surrounding Harbor Guard, "Tell Mrs. An Lu that the lord is too busy with official duties whenever she approaches."

"Yes."

The Harbor Guard immediately nodded.

Returning to the room, Jason had already continued eating.

Observing Jason eating, Reed did not disturb him.

Instead, he stood quietly by until Jason finished, and then the personal servant began to clear the table, advising, "My lord, you must be careful with that lady."

"Her ambitions are not small."

"Heh, temporary control?"

"I'm afraid it's borrowing with no intention of returning."

The personal servant scoffed.

Then, lowering his voice, he said, "My lord, if you want the 'Fort Swallow' legacy, there are some basics in the small library at the harbor. It's not very complete, but it has the foundations."

"It's a sword technique that emerged after combining more than a dozen kinds of agility-focused swordsmanship, modeled on the swiftness of a swallow."

"Quick, agile."

"When it's performed to a certain level, it can make a single thrust seem like three or four."

Combining more than a dozen kinds of agility-focused swordsmanship?

Modeled on a swallow?

Quick, agile?

Hearing these descriptors, Jason thought again of how he used to lift his broad-bladed, short-hilt cleaver above his head and then chop down with it.

No need for such fancy stuff.

One chop from me, so satisfying and zestful.

If one chop fails, two will suffice.

If two aren't enough, I've still got grenades.

With this in mind, Jason said decisively, "Bring them here, I'll have a look."

Strategically disdain your enemies, tactically respect them!

It's always good to learn a bit.

What if I'm just not suited for 'Griffin Swordsmanship'?

"Alright."

The personal servant smiled and replied.

This wasn't against any rules.

He believed that if Lord Jason wanted to see it, Lord Gerard would surely allow it.

After that, Reed's smile faded.

"Just to be safe, I've used a secret technique to notify General Anno in advance."

"If he marches quickly, the general can arrive at 'Fort Swallow' by midnight."

"Following the original plan, this will become our first line of defense."

"Then, half of the 2,000 cavalry from the Harbor Defense Army will patrol back and forth between 'Fort Swallow' and Hans Port, thoroughly clearing out any scouts from the New Federation. The outposts established by the old general will also be fully activated, and more soldiers will be stationed there."

"The remaining half will form a guerrilla defense line in front of 'Fort Swallow'..."

Reed explained in detail the upcoming arrangements to Jason.

Jason listened intently.

Wherever he didn't understand, he asked Reed.

Even though he didn't need to know all of this stuff, to impersonate Gerard, Jason thought it was better to have a clear understanding.

And as Reed was explaining to Jason, the news of the retaking of 'Fort Swallow' had already spread back to Hans Port via secret communication.

"Victory report!"

"Victory report!"

"Lord Gerard has retaken 'Fort Swallow'!"

Joyous voices rose from within 111 Duron Street.

Then, they swiftly spread in all directions throughout Hans Port.

Dennise on the fourth floor of 111 Duron Street naturally heard such news.

The previously sullen Dennise immediately broke into a smile.

As expected of Jason.

He actually recaptured 'Fort Swallow' so quickly.

Denise thought to herself silently, unable to help but exclaim:

"Well done!"

She muttered softly.

Carried away by the wind.

In the distance, the hidden Undead Army heard such praise clearly.

Roar roar roar!

Soul Fire surged, and a silent roar echoed all around.

Kneeling on one knee, Lederma, who led the Undead Army, was so excited that the number of undead behind him swelled to two hundred thousand, all of whom knelt down one after another.

“For Her Majesty, to death we serve!”