

System 1001

Chapter 1001: Who Dares Disrespect Him? _2

After a slight hesitation in his heart, Walter placed his right hand on the wooden door.

Knock~knock~knock~

The deep knocking sound echoed.

Walter could clearly hear the applause and the woman's voice behind the double wooden doors instantly cease.

The next second.

Zock's voice, full of anger, sounded from behind the double doors.

"As the Manor Lord, does my word mean nothing?"

"Haven't I said not to disturb me when I'm resting?!"

Hearing Zock's shouting voice, Walter's heart sank slightly.

Just as he was about to speak, footsteps climbing the stairs sounded from behind him.

Walter immediately turned his head to look.

He saw Land, propping his hands on the stair railing, moving up with difficulty.

Seeing Land's bloody corner of his mouth reveal a sneer, Walter chose to ignore it directly.

Walter naturally knew that Land ascended the stairs to the second floor, waiting for him to be punished by Master Zok.

Facing the double wooden doors, Walter hastily explained.

"Master Zok, it's Walter. I have important matters to report to you."

Behind the double doors, Zock's somewhat puzzled voice sounded.

"Walter? Didn't you go to Morgan Town?"

The next second, Zock's tone changed and she continued to shout.

"I don't care who you are, I've said it, no one and nothing should disturb me!"

"Get out of here before I get angry!"

Next to the stair railing, Land's sneer became more pronounced.

Walter raised his voice, "Master Zok, this concerns the life and death of your manor."

"I must report to you!"

Listening to Walter's tale, Land's face was full of contempt.

He couldn't help but mockingly said, "Ridiculous, life and death?"

"Master Zok is the largest Manor Lord in Alba Town!"

"And a supporter of Viscount Jon Zack."

"Who dares disrespect him? Who can disrespect him?"

Walter naturally heard Land's words, his brows furrowed as he continued to wait for Zock's response from the bedroom.

With a series of what seemed like barefoot footsteps, Zock's response rang out.

"Walter, you'd better report some information that satisfies me."

"Otherwise, smack yourself in the mouth fifty times!"

Walter could clearly hear the light footsteps behind the double doors getting closer, finally stopping at the door.

Click~

The sound of a locked door latch being moved was heard.

Clatter~

The tightly shut double wooden doors opened.

A woman's body, evenly proportioned without a trace of fat, entered his sight.

White and delicate skin, a voluptuous body draped in a thin layer of satin.

Along with that delicate young girl's face...

Under the glow from the corridor's wall-mounted oil lamp, Walter could clearly see a noticeable blush on the girl's face.

Perhaps it was from the girl's previous steps.

The thin silk draped over her body had slipped down, revealing that alabaster curve in front.

Walter naturally knew.

The unrestrained sound from the bedroom originated from the girl in front of him.

After a quick glance, Walter was about to step forward into the bedroom.

A quick succession of footsteps suddenly sounded from behind.

No time to turn around, Land's body slipped through the gap from where Walter was standing at the double wooden doors.

Once inside the bedroom, Land's apologetic voice rang out.

"Master, I was unable to stop Guard Captain Walter from barging onto the second floor, disturbing your rest."

"Please punish me."

Standing on the open space five or six meters from the large bed, Walter lowered his head in silence.

Land, who had just finished speaking, slightly shifted his gaze and stared directly at the maid who opened the door for Walter.

Barefoot, taking light steps, she walked toward the large bed where Zock lay.

With each step, the high arches of the maid's hips swayed noticeably.

Especially in the moment when the maid climbed onto the large bed, Land, who saw that mesmerizing view, raised his eyes instantly.

Despite feeling the dull ache from falling under the dining table on his cold body.

Land still couldn't suppress that throbbing thought in his heart.

However.

Land was merely itchy-hearted.

He dared not do anything untoward to the maid Master Zok had just bought and exceptionally liked.

From the bed shrouded in a layer of muslin, Zock's low voice rang out again.

"What exactly is going on?"

Walter's mouth opened slightly, just about to speak, when Land immediately seized the opportunity.

"Master, Guard Captain Walter, I don't know what he has been through."

"Returning with a team, he stormed directly into your manor residence."

"Even though I warned Guard Captain Walter again and again, no one should disturb your rest."

"But Captain Walter, indifferent and relying on his stature, threw Land among a pile of furniture."

"Even when those guards were informed by me to stop Guard Captain Walter."

"Those guards, relying on their usual familiarity with Guard Captain Walter, ignored my objections."

"Master, although Walter is the Guard Captain, he only has management authority."

"After all, they are your guards, cultivated at your expense, but now..."

"They cannot even serve you..."

Chapter 1002: Who Dares Disrespect Him?

"You are indeed the Manor Lord of Connelly Manor!"

Walter's brow furrowed, aware that Rand was framing him at this moment.

Yet he still offered no defense.

As Rand's words fell, the entire master bedroom of the manor was plunged into silence.

An oppressive atmosphere began to permeate the bedroom.

Until a few seconds later.

Inquiry from Zock began to emerge from behind the curtains.

"Walter, speak about the 'matter concerning the survival of my manor' you mentioned earlier!"

"If your explanation displeases me, you may start to execute yourself!"

Rand's eyebrows rose as he glanced at Walter beside him.

The last time he slapped himself twenty times, it nearly cost him half his life.

So far, the swelling on his cheeks has not completely disappeared.

This time, Walter is to slap himself fifty times...

A sense of anticipation inevitably emerged in Rand's heart.

Hearing Zock call his name, Walter did not hesitate and responded: "Yes, Master Zock."

"Just as I reported to you earlier."

"To verify the authenticity of the number of armed soldiers the Lord of Morgan Town possesses."

"I took advantage of the night, leading a team of guards lightly to Morgan Town."

Inside the bedroom.

Walter's deep voice continued.

"After crossing the vast southern forests of Alba Town, we continued toward Morgan Town."

"But just after crossing the forest, I heard the sound of marching hoofbeats, the soldiers' footsteps."

"I took the guards to the hillside and looked toward the direction of Morgan Town..."

"Under the illumination of a large area of torches, a large contingent of armored soldiers was marching toward the direction of Alba Town!"

"I made a preliminary estimate of the marching armored soldiers, at least over two thousand people."

"According to their marching speed, at most in two hours, they can reach your manor mansion!"

As Walter's words fell, Rand's almost mocking voice rang out.

"Guard Captain Walter, are you trying to tell Master Zock."

"That the lord of Morgan Town has dispatched a soldier army, taking advantage of the night to invade Alba Town, launching an attack on Master Zock's manor?"

"And an army of over two thousand armored soldiers?"

"And within two hours, will arrive at the master's manor mansion?"

Walter's brow furrowed, and he asked in return: "Is there a problem?"

Rand's smile became more noticeable: "Hehe, Guard Captain Walter."

"I don't know what your intention is, to break into Master Zock's bedroom at night,"

"But do you really think that Master Zock is one of those brainless Manor Lords?"

"Such false information, do you think the master would believe it?"

"Not to mention the master won't believe it, even I, the maids and servants in the mansion, absolutely won't believe it."

Walter's gaze, fixed on the curtain around the large bed, spoke decisively.

"Master, what Walter said is what he witnessed with his own eyes, every word is true."

"If there is the slightest falsehood, I'd be willing to be hanged on the gallows by the master."

Rand wanted to speak again, but Zock's voice emerged from the curtain.

"Walter, if you spoke the truth."

"With the military strength possessed by Connelly Manor, how should we defend against an attack by an army of two thousand armored soldiers?"

Rand was surprised to hear this and asked in disbelief.

"Master, do you really believe what Walter said..."

Before Rand could finish speaking, Zock's shout came out.

"Shut up!"

Rand was startled and quickly shut his mouth, not daring to say a word.

Walter, without any hesitation, immediately responded.

"Master, there are two methods!"

"The first, immediately gather all soldiers in the territory, fully arm them, even the peasants must be summoned."

"Quickly dig trenches outside the manor castle, set up roadblocks, and construct defensive works."

"This will repel enemy cavalry, hinder the enemy's ability to advance swiftly, and attack the manor mansion."

"All the grease and other flammable materials in the warehouse should be transported out, which can form a fire attack or be ignited, obstructing enemy cavalry charges."

"Immediately dispatch personnel to Alba Town, notify the other four Manor Lords in the town, and request them for military aid."

"Because once your manor is breached, the manors with military strength inferior to yours will also face the same threat of annihilation!"

"At this critical moment, all the manors in the town must help each other to survive the crisis."

"Meanwhile, dispatch guards riding fast horses to Kakasong City."

"Inform Viscount Jon Zacks of the crisis you are about to face."

"Request him to immediately notify other town Manor Lords to assemble for military aid to your manor."

"And launch a full-scale assault on the Lord Lynn of Morgan Town to eliminate future threats!"

Listening to Walter's orderly and almost comprehensive response.

Rand once more wanted to say something.

But remembering Master Zock's shout earlier, he ultimately chose to give up.

Zock Connally within the curtains seemed to ponder.

The luxurious bedroom once again fell into silence.

A few seconds later.

Zock's interrogating voice sounded again.

"Tell me the second method."

Walter's voice remained decisive.

"If other Manor Lords cannot offer assistance, we must choose the second method."

Walter paused before continuing.

Chapter 1003: Who Dares Disrespect Him? _4

"Abandon the manor and retreat immediately, retreat as far as possible!"

"The best choice is to go straight to Kakasong City."

"With Viscount Jon Zack's protection, and with the city walls as defenses, it sure guarantees your safety, Master!"

Walter's words had barely fallen.

Land's disbelief voice immediately rang out.

"Walter! Are you crazy?"

"How dare you suggest Master Zok abandon the manor and flee?"

"Don't you know that Connelly Manor is the ancestral property and domain of Master Zok?"

Land's eyes turned, and the tone of his words shifted.

"I know now!"

"Master, I finally understand why Walter has been emphasizing the abundance of armored soldiers in Morgan Town."

"Walter wants you to abandon Connelly Manor, allowing the lord of Morgan Town to occupy your manor effortlessly."

"Yes! That must be it!"

Walter's eyes widened, his fists covered in chain armor gloves instantly tightened.

Walter, unable to suppress his anger any longer, glared at Land, and spoke word by word.

"Enough!"

"If you accuse me again, I'll throw you down right now."

Feeling Walter's aura all over, Land's heart was slightly startled.

He hurriedly stepped forward two steps, trying to get closer to Master Zok's canopy bed.

"Master Zok, you see, Walter dared to speak such threatening words in front of you."

"This is disrespect to you..."

Walter's inner anger burned even more, he took one step forward.

Master Zok's voice sounded from within the canopy.

"Enough!"

Walter and Land immediately bent their waists.

"Walter, just as you said."

"Gather the guards and peasants, dig defensive works, then arrange the guards to go to Louis Manor and the other three manors to request military aid."

"Also, send guards to Kakasong City to report this to Viscount Jon Zack!"

Receiving Master Zok's firm instructions, Walter was solemn inside, immediately responded.

"Yes, Master, Walter will arrange this!"

Upon hearing Master Zok's response, Walter glared at Land again.

Only then did he stride out of the bedroom.

In Walter's view, regardless of whether Connelly Manor can receive help from other manor lords in Alba Town.

Retreating is the best coping method!

Because in front of at least two thousand armored soldiers sent by Lynn, the lord of Morgan Town.

Even if all the soldiers of the manor lords were gathered together.

It wouldn't exceed three thousand in total!

In number, perhaps not much different from the armored soldiers army about to enter Alba Town.

But in terms of equipment, the gap is really too large.

Unarmored soldiers with only a long sword and scimitar on them, how could they possibly be a match for a fully armed squad of armored soldiers?

Especially when they also have heavy cavalry.

If a war breaks out.

It would be a one-sided crushing!

But Walter also understands.

Letting a manor lord abandon a manor that has been passed down for generations.

Losing land and losing privileges.

This is no different from being exterminated from outside!

In the bedroom.

Standing in place, Land watched Walter leave.

Land withdrew his gaze.

Through the somewhat translucent canopy, he looked at Zok holding the maid with his right arm and asked.

"Master, the words of Walter the guard captain are obviously false."

"Why do you choose to trust him?"

Master Zok replied coldly with a bit of displeasure: "Do I need to explain to you?"

Land was shocked in his heart, he hurriedly bowed his head and bent over, respectfully saying.

"Too many words from Land, please forgive, Master."

Master Zok snorted coldly: "No need for more nonsense."

"Immediately go and tidy up the money and valuables in the manor, and prepare a carriage."

Perhaps not wishing to hear Land's questioning, Master Zok added.

"In an hour, I need to go to Kakasong City for an appointment!"

Land raised an eyebrow, and he quickly responded.

"Yes, Master, Land will go now."

Seeing Master Zok have no more words.

Land bowed and saluted, then exited the bedroom, gently closing the double wooden doors for Master Zok.

As for him being pushed by Walter and crashing under the dining table...

Since Master Zok hadn't given instructions, he naturally didn't dare to mention it again.

Before he even took two steps, the maid's soft and curious inquiry rang from the bedroom.

"Master, it's so late, do you still want to go to Kakasong City for an appointment?"

Master Zok laughed and said: "It's so late, what appointment could there be?"

"Going to Kakasong City is naturally as a precaution!"

"If what Walter said is true, I can take advantage of this chance to temporarily leave Alba Town."

"Compared to the so-called manor, staying alive is the most important!"

"Even if the manor is occupied by Lynn."

"I can wait for Viscount Jon Zack to gather all supportive manor lords to destroy Lynn and reclaim the manor."

"Moreover, I might even use this opportunity to ask Viscount Jon Zack for more profits from the fine salt production."

"If what Walter said is false, the manor won't suffer any loss."

"I can even use the chance to gather manor lords to see who in Alba Town is unwilling to provide military aid to my Connelly Manor!"

Master Zok's playful laughter continued to ring in the bedroom.

"Don't worry, both your appearance and figure are to my liking, of course I'll bring you along!"

Chapter 1004: Who Dares Disrespect Him?

"Master Zok is still the best to me..."

"Woo woo woo..."

The maid hadn't finished speaking before the sound from her mouth turned into a strange noise.

Listening to the bedroom words disappear, Land walked slowly and with difficulty toward the stairs ahead to go downstairs.

Land's gaze swept over the fast-moving bodies on the first floor.

Under Walter's arrangement, manor guards and peasants were gathering quickly.

But Land's face was full of gloom.

Regardless of the authenticity of Walter's intelligence report.

Zock Connally, to prevent any mishap during the evacuation, chose to bring a young maid who could only warm the bed.

And not him, the butler who had served for decades!

An inexplicable hatred quietly brewed in the depths of Land's mind and began to spread rapidly.

Muttering voices continued to rise from Land's mouth.

"I've put so much into this manor, yet they aren't willing to take me?"

"Every big and small thing in the manor house is managed by me, yet they disregard my contributions?"

"If they won't take me, I'll just find my own way!"

Walter, standing in the reception hall on the first floor, stared at Land as he slowly descended the stairs.

Just now, in Zock's bedroom, the words that Land falsely accused him of still echoed in his ears.

However.

Without Master Zok's order, he naturally wouldn't kill him openly.

Even when he pushed him under the dining table earlier, he showed restraint.

Otherwise.

Given Land's stature, how could he have the chance to stand up?

But now things were different.

A foreign army approached Alba Town, moving toward Connelly Manor.

Once war breaks out, casualties would be inevitable.

Whether it's guards and peasants, or the butler Land Philip.

Walter withdrew his gaze and looked toward the manor house's main entrance.

Eddie, taking quick steps, arrived and stood before him.

"Guard Captain, the peasants have already begun digging trenches, spike pits, and other defenses."

"Four order guards have been dispatched, going to the manor houses of the four manor lords in Alba Town."

Walter nodded, realizing this was the most extensive defense he could arrange to hold Connelly Manor.

Walter instantly thought of something and queried Eddie.

"The guards heading to Kakasong City, have they been arranged?"

Upon hearing Walter's question, Eddie's face showed hesitation.

"Guard Captain, I don't know whom to dispatch to Kakasong City."

"As you know, only under Master Zok's leadership do we qualify to enter the Viscount's castle..."

Walter's brows furrowed.

Just as Eddie said.

It's not just them, the guards.

Even as the Guard Captain, he too doesn't have the qualification to face Viscount Jon Zacks alone.

At Connelly Manor in Alba Town, his status was special, being a Guard Captain.

But in the eyes of a Lord like Viscount Jon Zacks.

He was no different from ordinary Free People and peasants.

As Walter hesitated, a loud voice reached his ears.

"No need to think anymore, I'll personally go to Kakasong City."

Walter and Eddie turned their gaze.

With the support of a young maid with delicate, fair features and a shapely figure, Zock slowly descended the stairs.

His right arm intimately hooked around the maid's back.

His right palm rested unreservedly on the high curve behind.

Tightening and loosening, over and over again.

To enjoy the comfort felt by his hand.

Watching Zock step down, Walter bowed quickly, calling respectfully.

"Master Zok."

Eddie dared not speak, only bowing with Walter.

Zock reached the hall on the first floor, looked directly at Walter, and continued speaking.

"I'll inform Viscount Jon Zacks of the impending crisis at Connelly Manor and all the information you've reported."

"In other words, the safety of Connelly Manor now rests entirely in your hands."

"In the warehouse of the manor, there's stored food and goods, and nearly fifteen hundred peasants."

"And even the whole manor house's belonging!"

Feeling the weight in Zock's words, Walter didn't dare hesitate and quickly responded.

"Yes, Master Zok."

"Unless the enemy steps over my dead body, they shall never set foot in the manor house!"

Zock nodded in satisfaction, "Good! You truly are the Guard Captain I, Zock Connally, value and appointed!"

"Walter, perhaps you don't know."

"In my eyes, your importance surpasses anyone in the manor house!"

"Thus, even if you've done some outrageous things in the manor, I've only given verbal warnings, never any punishment."

With a firm expression, Walter nodded and declared: "Walter will surely fulfill the mission."

Zock acknowledged and stepped toward the manor house door.

There.

Land still stood by a carriage, waiting.

Walter followed behind Zock and the maid to the door.

With Land's support, Zock and the maid climbed onto the carriage.

After the carriage side door closed.

Zock opened the curtain and instructed Walter and Land outside the carriage.

"You two, I'll head to Kakasong City promptly and request Viscount Jon Zacks to gather the other manor lords for military assistance."

Chapter 1005: Who Dares Disrespect Him?

"Connelly Manor... relies on your steadfast defense."

Walter and Land quickly bowed their heads in response.

Zock didn't waste any words, leaning back and settling comfortably on the soft cushioning of the carriage.

His right arm again wrapped around the maid's waist, resting between her legs.

His gaze shifted, and Zock glanced at a treasure chest placed beneath the cushion. He instructed the coachman.

"Depart."

With Zock's instructions, the coachman immediately began to drive the horses ahead.

Amidst the sound of the whip cracking.

The horses, feeling the pain, neighed and then set off, stretching their legs wide.

From a brisk trot to a full run after picking up speed.

Escorted by six guards holding torches, the carriage drove into the darkness outside the manor estate.

Until the carriage was completely swallowed by darkness.

It was only then that Walter and Land withdrew their gaze.

Land's gaze shifted, glancing at Walter.

Imitating Zock's previous tone, he said.

"Connelly Manor is left to your steadfast defense!"

Hearing Land's mocking tone, Walter frowned and asked.

"What do you mean by that?"

Land stepped forward, slowly walking into the manor estate.

In a cold snicker, his words rang out.

"What do I mean?"

"I, Land Philip, am just a mere manor steward. Where would I have the authority to command the guards under your control?"

"Moreover, I've been injured by you like this..."

"Surely, Captain Walter doesn't expect me to wield weapons and fight the enemies, right?"

Walter immediately fell silent, watching Land walk into the depths of the hall.

Dragging a slightly crooked limping gait, he slowly moved, entering the depths of the guest hall, then turning at a corridor's corner.

Without hearing Walter's voice, Land's tense heart slightly relaxed.

Turning back for a glance, no one was following him.

Only then did Land enter his steward's room, pushing the door open.

Once inside, he quickly closed and locked the door.

Holding his breath, Land pressed his right ear against the wooden door, straining to listen for any sound outside.

Half a minute.

One minute.

Three minutes!

After a few minutes passed, there were no sounds of footsteps approaching the door.

Land stood upright, and his previous limping gait immediately became normal.

Walking to the side of the wooden bed, he moved his hand, pulling away the thin linen bedding.

Instantly.

A golden hue covered Land's face.

Gold pounds and pence, gold bracelets and necklaces, gemstone rings, pearl earrings...

Staring at these dazzling valuables, the corners of Land's mouth curled up, his face displaying an increasingly vivid smile.

"Since you don't trust me, since you're not taking me with you..."

"Then I'll find my own way to leave!"

By now.

Land no longer cared about loyalty to the Manor Lord, nor did he care about whether Connelly Manor was truly facing an enemy attack.

What he needed to do now was to leave Alba Town, leave Kakasong City with this pile of valuables, as far as possible.

With so much money and valuables.

He could completely invest in land by donating to the Church.

As long as he hired some Free People or purchased some Peasants.

He could become a Manor Lord himself!

In other words.

If he could safely leave, he would no longer need to serve Manor Lord Zock Connally like he did now.

Nor would he need to try every possible method to obtain military power from Walter's hands!

Thinking of this, Land's eyes were filled with anticipation!

Taking a few deep breaths to calm his complex feelings.

Land picked up a piece of linen cloth, packed all the valuables, and slung them over his shoulder.

But because the bundle was filled with a lot of gold and silver jewelry, it appeared long and bulging.

After a brief thought, Land took a coarse woolen robe from a cabinet nearby.

Wearing the coarse woolen robe, which was loose and bulging, it conveniently concealed the bundle over his right shoulder.

Land looked with satisfaction, then walked once more to the wooden door.

Holding his breath, he pressed his ear and listened closely.

After listening for a few minutes and confirming no sounds in front of the door.

Land gently unbolted the lock and carefully opened the wooden door.

Through the crack in the door, Land glanced outside, seeing no one in sight.

After hesitating for a few seconds.

Land stuck his head out, looked around, and eventually stepped out of the room.

Where he just now walked normally, his legs once more became crooked and limping.

Escorted by guards, a group of Peasants holding iron farm tools dashed past him.

Originally, he was already uncomfortably hot in the coarse woolen robe, and was now so nervous that he was sweating profusely.

Luckily.

Perhaps due to his usual sharpness and imposing demeanor.

The passing guards, seeing his face, immediately shifted their gaze away.

To him, this was naturally fortunate!

With slow steps, Land exited the manor estate's back door.

After walking six or seven meters, Land stopped his steps.

Reaching down, he began unfastening his linen trousers' belt...

Within two seconds.

A sound of splashing water erupted beneath Land's feet.

His gaze shifted, scanning around.

After half a minute.

The moment the water splashing sound ceased, confirmed there was no one around.

Land swiftly pulled up his trousers, starting to run toward the darkness ahead.

Ignoring the constant dull pain in his body.

Not caring whether guards passing by would notice him.

Nor if he was tripping in the muddy fields...

All he wanted now was to get away from Connelly Manor as fast as possible.

He had already swapped the valuables Zock had asked him to pack!

Even if he didn't escape, once Master Zock found out the treasure chest was filled with rocks, he would rush back to the manor immediately.

And hang him alive on the gallows.

Given the choice between certain death, he might as well take a risk...

In front of the manor estate.

Walter naturally had no idea what was happening inside the manor estate.

At this moment, he was directing the guards and Peasants in the construction of the defense works.

Chapter 1006: Decisive Life-or-Death Showdown

As the peasants continuously dug trenches and spike pits, constructing defense works.

Time kept pushing forward.

Compared to the ignorance and fearlessness of the guards and peasants.

Walter's heart became increasingly tense.

Because he and Eddie personally witnessed the vastness of that armored soldiers' troop.

And understood what kind of harm a troop of at least over two thousand armored soldiers could wreak on Alba Town and Connelly Manor.

As for Zock Connally, who left Connelly Manor...

It sounds good.

He's heading to Kakasong City to request military aid from Viscount Jon Zack.

Puts it poorly.

He's knowingly abandoning Connelly Manor which is about to face a perilous crisis, choosing to flee overnight.

As the Manor Lord, Zock naturally has the right to choose.

However, he, as the Guard Captain of the Manor, can only accept the instructions and commission of the Manor Lord.

Even if he exhausts all strength and falls on the battlefield.

He must lead these manor guards and vow to defend Connelly Manor to the death.

This is the duty and mission as the Guard Captain!

Walter stepped out onto the open space in front of the manor's residence, his gaze sweeping across the ongoing construction of defense works.

Words of reminder occasionally came from his mouth.

"Make sure to dig the trenches vertically; only this way can increase the difficulty for enemies to climb out."

"Spike pits as well, try to smear the walls with mud..."

"And the manor's residence front, back, left, and right, all need defense works!"

The guards replied in unison from their mouths.

"Yes, Guard Captain!"

Compared to the guards' high spirits.

The peasants at this time were dispirited, even their hand movements were extremely slow.

Upon hearing Walter's voice.

They hurriedly perked up and quickened their hand movements.

After the brutal labor during the day, they were already exhausted.

Where was the energy or strength to continue digging and constructing defense works at night?

Looking at these peasants, Walter did not let the guards swing their whips.

Because.

Walter still needed these peasants to together resist the impending large army of armored soldiers!

During Walter's patrol.

A sound of galloping hooves echoed from the distant darkness.

Walter's footsteps paused, his body turned, following the sound's source and looking over.

The sound of hooves wasn't overly chaotic, indicating there were only one, or two riders.

Not just Walter.

Eddie in the distance also turned his gaze, looking into the far-off darkness.

Sure enough, as Walter had imagined.

In less than a minute.

A guard riding a horse galloped out from the distant darkness.

Entering the open space of the manor's residence, illuminated by the built bonfire.

The guard arrived at the front of the open space, hurriedly pulling on the reins, uttering one 'woah' after another to stop the horse.

As the horse stabilized its steps, the guard directly turned over and dismounted.

Stepping quickly, he ran to Walter's front, gasping as he spoke.

"Wo...Walter, Guard Captain, the enemy soldier army has already exited the southern forest of Alba Town!!"

"They are... marching towards Connelly Manor!"

Listening to the guard's interrupted speech, Walter's brow instantly knitted tightly.

Indeed.

Because Master Zock dispatched scouts repeatedly to investigate Morgan Town, angering the Lord named Lynn!

Resulting in now.

Lord Lynn directly dispatched a large army to Alba Town, attacking Connelly Manor!

In Walter's mind, he quickly pondered.

From the southern forest of Alba Town to Connelly Manor, there is at most eighteen miles of distance!

According to the marching speed of that army, six miles per hour...

At most three hours, that large army of armored soldiers will appear in their sight.

If their marching speed is increased, it wouldn't even take three hours.

They are about to engage in close combat with that large army of armored soldiers!

Walter, in a low voice, instructed the guard.

"Scout again and report back."

The guard answered, quickly turned around, and walked towards the horse behind him.

Disregarding the urgency of breath, he mounted again, driving the horse to gallop back towards the distant darkness.

As Walter watched the departing guard, he turned his gaze to Eddie.

Without Walter needing to speak, Eddie immediately stepped forward to his side.

Walter asked: "The guards dispatched to deliver messages and summon the Manor Lord of Alba Town, have any returned?"

Eddie bent slightly, a hint of hesitation on his face, responded.

"Guard Captain, the four guards dispatched, none have returned..."

Walter instantly fell silent.

At most there are three hours left, the army of Lord Lynn's soldiers will reach Connelly Manor!

If there is no military aid from other Manor Lords.

No matter how many trenches, spike pits, and other defense works they dig.

They cannot stop the advancing steps of armored soldiers!

In front of two thousand armored soldiers, they are no match!

Eddie's voice had just fallen.

Another sound of galloping hooves echoed in the distant darkness.

Walter and Eddie's gaze immediately looked over.

Another guard riding a horse was returning towards the manor residence.

As the guard approached, recognizing the guard's face, Eddie quickly opened to remind.

"Guard Captain, that is the guard that went to Louis Manor!"

Chapter 1007: A Fight to the Death _2

Walter merely answered briefly, staying in place, waiting for the guard's return.

Half a minute later.

The messenger guard rode his horse through the darkness, returning to the front of the manor estate.

Agilely dismounting, he ran to Walter's side.

Only then did Walter ask, "Did Neil Lewis Manor Lord agree to provide military aid?"

The guard's face showed a hint of hesitation and awkwardness.

Walter's expression hardened, urging, "Speak quickly!"

The guard dared not hesitate any longer, quickly speaking.

"Guard Captain, Neil Lewis Manor Lord says it's too late now to dispatch and gather soldiers conveniently."

"If Connelly Manor can stand firm, he will assist first thing in the morning!"

Walter's eyes widened in disbelief as he asked.

"Did you inform Neil Manor Lord about the number of armored soldiers dispatched by Lord Lynn from Morgan Town?"

"Did you explain that if Connelly Manor is destroyed, all manor lords in Alba Town would be plunged into crisis?"

Listening to Walter's barrage of questions, the guard's face showed nervousness, quickly responding.

"Walter Guard Captain, I did! I explained all the words entrusted to me to Neil Lewis Manor Lord."

"But he just instructed me to reply to you this way and had the guards escort me out of the manor..."

Seeing the earnest expression on the guard's face, Walter understood the guard wasn't lying to him.

An instant flash of anger surged in Walter's heart, accompanied by curses.

"Hold on until tomorrow morning!"

"Once Connelly Manor is destroyed, the next to fall will be Neil Lewis Manor!"

Eddie and the messenger guard standing beside Walter dared not utter a word.

Walter exhaled several breaths of hot air.

"Stand down, join the defense line, and resist the external enemies together!"

The messenger guard promptly bowed in salute, withdrew, and left.

Eddie watched the messenger guard depart, hesitantly asking, "Guard Captain, what should we do now?"

Walter glanced at him, "What to do? What else can we do?"

"Not only Neil Lewis, but even if other manors refuse military aid, I, Walter, will hold Connelly Manor to the death!"

"Lord Lynn from Morgan Town, to occupy Connelly Manor, must step over my corpse!"

Eddie felt a chill in his heart and quickly bowed in reply.

"Yes, Walter Guard Captain!"

Walter spoke no more, quickly pondering in his mind.

Although Neil Lewis Manor Lord did not directly refuse Connelly Manor's request for military aid.

But asking a manor with only five hundred total soldiers to hold out until morning.

It was essentially leaving Connelly Manor to die!

You must know these five hundred soldiers only include dozens of armored soldiers and dozens of archers.

All other soldiers are merely equipped with cold weapons as ordinary soldiers.

Such weak power, how can they possibly match thousands of armored soldiers?

Walter was indeed a little surprised that Neil Lewis refused.

But Walter felt it was within reason.

Any war entails casualties!

As a manor lord, owning only few soldiers to begin with.

How could one willingly let these soldiers die on the battlefield for others' manors?

Even if Neil Lewis is like Master Zock.

Both are manor lords supporting Viscount Jon Zack of Kakasong City.

But that's just in terms of political stance at large.

To gain Viscount Jon Zack's support was also to obtain the tax exemption rights of Kakasong City...

That is to say.

Mutual manor lords Neil Lewis and Zock Connally are still contenders for interests in this small Alba Town.

Not only Neil Lewis.

Other manors in the town are similar.

If Connelly Manor is destroyed.

They can use all sorts of means to divide and digest the farmlands, forests, and other resources originally belonging to Connelly Manor!

Walter understood.

This is the fundamental reason why Neil Lewis is unwilling to carry out military aid promptly.

Walter also guessed.

Other manor lords would be like Neil Lewis, refusing military aid to Connelly Manor!

Because once Zock Connally, relying on Viscount Jon Zack's influence, seized many benefits from other manors.

Even projecting his manor power over the other manor lords.

Accustomed to domineering in Alba Town.

In such tense and unfriendly diplomatic relations.

For them to come for military aid would be truly surprising to Walter.

Just as Walter predicted.

In the following ten or so minutes.

Messenger guards dispatched returned to the manor estate in succession.

Without exception.

All politely refused Connelly Manor's military aid invitation for various reasons!

After hearing the last messenger guard's report and dismissing him, Walter glanced at Eddie beside him, instructing.

"Go call Land out to discuss how to defend Connelly Manor."

"At this critical moment of life and death, as the manor steward, how could he sit back and do nothing?"

Eddie did not dare hesitate, responded, and quickly walked toward the manor estate at the back.

Walter watched the scene before him, where guards and peasants were intensely building defensive structures under the glow of the bonfires.

Chapter 1008: Duel to the Death (3)

At this moment, Walter felt a sense of helplessness and absurdity.

In the face of such a huge disparity in strength.

To rely solely on these hastily constructed trenches and spiked pits to fend off a vast army of armored soldiers?

This is nothing but a fool's dream!

As soon as that armored army launches an attack on Connelly Manor.

Connelly Manor will be wiped out in an instant!

At this time.

A hurried shout suddenly reached Walter's ears.

"Guard Captain, Land is missing!"

Walter turned his body and looked in the direction of the voice.

He saw Eddie quickly coming out of the manor residence.

As if worried that Walter didn't hear.

Eddie, standing beside Walter, repeated.

"Guard Captain, Land is missing!"

"I've searched the entire manor residence, but I haven't seen any sign of Land."

"One of the peasants said they seemed to see Land wearing a coarse wool robe leaving through the back door of the manor residence."

Walter frowned, "You mean Land Philip has fled the manor?"

Eddie opened his mouth, about to respond affirmatively, but eventually said,

"I don't know, Guard Captain."

"But we haven't seen Land since then..."

Walter's heart sank a little, he truly didn't expect that Land, who had served Master Zok at Connelly for decades, would choose to flee.

But Walter thought again, this is nothing unusual.

At the moment of life and death, who doesn't want to survive?

Walter was just about to speak when a chaotic sound of galloping horses, accompanied by the creaking of wheels.

Echoed in the distance's darkness.

Walter and Eddie's gaze naturally turned toward it.

They saw.

In the darkness, a group of guards on horseback holding torches, leading a cart drawn by a pair of horses, quickly heading towards the manor residence.

Through the glow of the torches, Walter could clearly see the carved emblem on the cart.

Two circular badges of different sizes.

It was the family emblem used by Connelly Manor.

The cart returning to the manor residence was the very cart Zock Connally had left in!

Upon seeing the cart, Eddie curiously asked, "Guard Captain, didn't Master Zok go to Kakasong City?"

"Why has he suddenly returned?"

Walter shook his head and said, "I don't know."

The next second.

Walter suddenly thought of something.

The returning Master Zok must be related to the unauthorized escape of Land!

Aside from this, Walter couldn't think of any other reason for Master Zok's return.

Under the watchful eyes of Walter and Eddie, the cart team drew closer and closer.

Until finally.

Amid the sound of pulling reins and calls from the guards and coachmen, the cart stopped at the entrance of the manor residence.

Walter was about to step forward to greet.

The cart door was forcefully pushed open, slamming hard against the carriage with the hinge.

Zock Connally stepped down, his gaze searching, a voice full of coldness and murder emanated from his mouth.

"Land? Where is Land?"

"Bring him to me!"

Bringing Eddie to Zock, Walter bowed respectfully and replied.

"Master Zok, Steward Land is no longer at the manor residence."

Standing behind Walter, Eddie also bowed, not daring to say a word.

Zock's eyes widened in rage, "Not in the residence?"

"Land escaped?"

"Escaped with this manor lord's money and jewelry?"

"He switched the money and jewelry in the chest with stones."

"Made me carry a box of stones to Kakasong City while he stole all valuable items and fled."

"That was the savings of several generations of Connelly Manor!"

"Good! Very good!"

Listening to Zock's words, Walter and Eddie instantly understood.

So that's it!

The furious words continued from Zock's mouth.

"Walter, I, Zock Connally, as the honored lord of the manor, order you to immediately dispatch guards to capture Land."

"Bring back all the stolen gold pounds and pence, and gold and silver jewelry."

"And Land!"

"I want you to bring him back unharmed!"

"Daring to deceive and steal my wealth... I will flay him alive, cut by cut!"

Walter hesitated in his words.

"Master Zok, according to the guards returning from reconnaissance."

"The army dispatched by Lord Lynn of Morgan Town has already passed through the southern woodland of the town and is marching towards the manor residence!"

"If I leave, there will be no one to command the guards to fend off the impending soldier army!"

Zock's eyes focused instantly, his gaze swept across the open space in front of the manor residence.

"The followers of other manor lords?"

"Why are there only my manor's guards and peasants?"

Hearing Zock's inquiry, Walter said in a deep voice.

"Master, the four manor lords have declined your request for military assistance for various reasons."

"Including Neil Manor Lord of Louis Manor..."

"He even said for Connelly Manor to hold out until tomorrow morning..."

Zock's eyes widened instantly.

"All four manor lords rejected my request for military assistance?"

"Good! Very good!"

Walter continued, "Master, without the support of other manor lords, it will be extremely difficult to hold your manor?"

Zock raised an eyebrow, glancing at Walter, "Extremely difficult, so what?"

Chapter 1009: Duel to the Death (Part 1)

"Do you intend to be like that traitor Land?"

"Abandon Connelly Manor and leave with the guards?"

"Connelly Manor is my Zok's manor! And you are my Zok's guards!"

"Your duty is to hold the manor and protect its safety!"

Walter's expression was stern, his waist bent even lower.

"I obey master's orders!"

Zok snorted, his gaze turned to Eddie.

"Since you can't get away, let him lead a team of guards to search and capture Land!"

Walter raised his head, followed Zok's gaze, and landed on Eddie.

Eddie's face was full of surprise.

Zok continued, "If I remember correctly, he was promoted under your guidance?"

Walter nodded, "Yes, Master Zok, his name is Eddie."

Zok responded, "Very well, you lead the guards to search and capture."

"If by dawn, you haven't captured Land..."

"Or if you capture Land and he becomes greedy for my wealth, unwilling to return to the Manor Castle..."

"Then, Guard Captain Walter will be hanged on the execution rack!"

Walter's expression remained gloomy.

Eddie's face was full of hesitation.

Seeing that Eddie hadn't moved, Zok was about to speak.

Walter took Zok's word, shouting.

"Did you not hear the master's order? Hurry up and go!"

Zok's slightly open mouth gently closed.

Eddie quickly said, "Sorry, master, I will immediately lead the men to search!"

As the words fell, Eddie looked deeply at Walter.

Then, quickly turned around, walked toward a team of guards in the distance.

After conveying Walter's orders to several guards, they followed Eddie away.

In just two minutes.

Eddie, leading five guards, mounted horses, rode away into the dark behind the manor estate.

Retracting his gaze from the direction Eddie and the guards left.

Walter looked at Zok in front of him, spoke.

"Master, once Eddie finds Land and returns your property, I will arrange personnel to report to you immediately."

"But for now... Walter believes you need to immediately take a carriage to Kakasong City."

"If Viscount Jon Zack summons supporting manor lords, Connelly Manor will surely return to your hands!"

Zok glanced at Walter, asked.

"Are you certain that with the armed forces of Connelly Manor, you can't hold out?"

Walter's face showed a wry smile.

"Master Zok, nearly five hundred unarmored soldiers, plus fifteen hundred peasants, totaling around two thousand."

"How could they possibly be a match for two thousand fully equipped armored soldiers?"

Zok instantly fell silent.

A few seconds later.

Zok stared directly at Walter, said, "I understand."

"I will go to Kakasong City now, I will request Viscount Jon Zack to immediately deploy troops for military assistance to Connelly Manor."

"During my absence, you may freely dispatch all personnel in the manor!"

Walter bowed, "Thank you, master."

Zok took one last look at Walter, who bowed in salutation, did not speak, and turned to walk toward the coach behind.

With the help of guards, mounted the carriage, sat inside the compartment.

His right hand wrapped around the maid's slender waist, Zok once again commanded the coachman to drive the carriage towards Kakasong City.

Watching the carriage disappear into the dark under the guard's escort, Walter's face was full of solemnity.

He and Zok still had some words left unsaid.

That is, even if Zok went to Kakasong City to request Viscount Jon Zack to summon and deploy troops for military assistance to Connelly Manor.

By the time they arrive, Connelly Manor would have already been destroyed!

Even if Connelly Manor is eventually recovered.

What remains to be done is only reconstruction and resumption of production.

As for choosing to flee like Land...

Walter had never considered this issue!

As a soldier, he would only die on the battlefield!

Retracting his gaze, Walter loudly called to the guards and peasants ahead.

"Speed up the construction, the more solid the defensive works, the better our chances of defeating the opponent!"

"Master Zok just said, as long as we hold out until tomorrow morning."

"The four manor lords in Alba Town, manor lords from surrounding towns, and even Viscount Jon Zack, will dispatch soldiers for assistance!"

"To put it simply, if we survive the next few hours, we will live!"

"And even launch a counterattack on the opposing Lord Lynn who attacked Alba Town and Connelly Manor!"

"Do you have confidence?"

Perhaps spurred by the tone in Walter's words.

The response, which had previously been weak, now became loud and full of vigor.

"Yes! Yes! Yes!"

Listening to one response after another, Walter nodded.

Even though the opponent has more than two thousand soldiers.

Even though all of their soldiers are armored.

As long as he leads these guards and peasants without collapsing before the battle.

As long as they have the strength to grip their weapons tightly.

Then he has the courage to lead the guards and peasants to a life-and-death battle against the army of armored soldiers!

Even if like a hunting dog cannot defeat a lion.

He will still lead the guards and peasants to bite off a piece of fresh flesh from Lord Lynn!

As for leading these guards and peasants, taking advantage of the night to ambush the soldiers attacking Connelly...

Chapter 1010: Life-and-Death Showdown (Part 1)

As soon as the thought arose, he dismissed it from his mind.

This was no different from striking a stone with an egg!

...

Under the cover of night.

A stream of steel, clad in black-gray armor, steadily advanced under the dim illumination of the night.

However, due to the ruggedness of the gravel and mud roads, the insufficient road width, and the low light,

the marching speed of the soldiers was not too fast.

A messenger soldier, riding a horse, came from the back of the troop to Rose's side at the front.

"Reporting to Lord Rose, all torches have been extinguished evenly!"

Rose glanced at the messenger soldier and responded, retracting his gaze.

Extinguishing the torches, of course, would slow down the soldiers' marching speed once again.

But there are pros and cons.

Extinguishing the torches could conceal the marching troops and avoid enemy ambushes!

Rose's gaze shifted to a burly middle-aged man walking beside the horse and asked in a deep voice.

"Bader, how far is it from here to Connelly Manor?"

Wesley, riding on his warhorse, also turned his head to look over.

Feeling the piercing gazes of the two fall upon him,

Bader felt a faint, inexplicable nervousness in his heart.

Compared to the patrol captain he encountered in Morgan Town,

these two tall and sturdy men exuded an even more formidable aura!

That feeling was different from Guard Captain Walter.

They seemed more like soldiers and generals who had experienced battles and large-scale wars!

Bader dared not conceal anything and responded promptly.

"Lords, since leaving the forest, we are less than twenty miles from Connelly Manor."

"At our current marching speed, we can enter the Zok Manor Lord's territory in an hour and a half."

"In three hours, we can reach the Zok Manor Lord's estate!"

Rose nodded knowingly, and Wesley continued to stare at Bader, asking,

"How far is it to Louis Manor?"

Listening to Rose's inquiry, Bader's face was momentarily stunned.

Louis Manor?

Wasn't the young lord's target supposed to be Master Zok's Connelly Manor?

Why ask about Louis Manor?

In the next moment,

a bold thought appeared in Bader's mind.

The young lord not only wanted to annihilate Connelly Manor but also intended to attack Louis Manor?

Such an idea was far too audacious, wasn't it?

It's essential to know.

Even if Connelly Manor and Louis Manor didn't have as many soldiers as Viscount Jon Zacks,

Connelly Manor with its over five hundred soldiers, plus Walter as the Guard Captain,

was still among the best in the surrounding manors.

However,

when Bader thought of the armored soldiers marching behind, he felt a wave of self-mockery.

Even if Connelly Manor's strength was greater than other manor lords, so what?

Even if all the manor lord soldiers from Alba Town were gathered,

they would still be far from being a match for the young lord!

Even now, being considered a spy and captured,

even having seen the young lord's military power,

Baltran's heart still could not suppress his amazement.

What exactly happened in Morgan Town?

To have grown into such a powerful lord!

Suppressing his amazement,

Bader dared not conceal anything and quickly responded.

"Lord, since Louis Manor is in the northern part of Alba Town, it is somewhat farther compared to Connelly Manor."

"From our current position, the distance is around thirty-five miles."

Wesley responded with a nod, falling into silence and contemplation.

Seeing that the two lords no longer questioned him, Bader obediently closed his mouth and followed alongside the warhorse.

Rose spoke: "Lord Wesley, given the current marching speed of the troops, neither Connelly Manor nor Louis Manor is too far."

Wesley glanced at Rose, nodding in agreement, "Indeed, it's not far."

Rose spoke calmly: "I've been part of the master's territory for a relatively longer time."

"As a courtesy, you may choose one of the two manors as a target for attack."

Upon hearing Rose's words, Bader's heart rate slightly increased.

As expected!

The young lord named Lynn intended to attack both manors!

But soon, a doubt surfaced in his mind.

As a spy sent to infiltrate Morgan Town, if Lord Lynn only attacked Connelly Manor,

he could understand.

Because sending a spy into the opponent's manor territory

was a provocation, an affront to their dignity.

Such actions were something that no manor lord or lord nobility could tolerate.

But Louis Manor...

In the next moment,

the question Lord Lynn had asked him came to mind.

Wasn't it Viscount Jon Zacks who instructed Master Zok to send spies to investigate?

Whether it was Master Zok or Neil Manor Lord of Louis Manor,

both were manor lords supporting Viscount Jon Zacks!

Lord Lynn of Morgan Town attacking Master Zok and Neil Manor Lord,

was essentially because of Viscount Jon Zacks behind the two manor lords!

Just like Lord Lynn's previous question to him.

It was Viscount Jon Zacks who instructed Master Zok, asking Master Zok to send spies to Morgan Town,

to probe Morgan Town's military strength, to discover the precise location of fine salt production!