

System 1071

Chapter 1071: Taking the Initiative _6

"For instance, where is the most convenient and fastest route from Morgan Town to Boxi Town?"

Lynn noticed that Tim Jones was indeed listening to his inquiry.

But his bent waist and lowered head never lifted.

Lynn shifted the topic of conversation.

"If you can provide me with accurate and useful intelligence."

"The houses in Morgan Town... whether it's a one-story or a two-story, you can choose freely."

"Even a legal and legitimate residency status in Morgan Town!"

Tim Jones, with his head down, immediately raised it upon hearing this.

His somewhat clean face was full of disbelief.

"Lord, you... are you speaking the truth?"

Lynn leaned back, reclining on the back of the main seat at the dining table.

"Of course!"

"A gentleman never goes back on his word!"

Listening to Lynn's firm words, Tim Jones bowed gratefully.

"Thank you, Lord."

"Even if you didn't promise me these conditions, as long as you ask, Tim Jones would speak without reservation."

"Becoming a Free Person employed by you and earning one-tenth of the daily crop yield is already the best reward you've given us."

Lynn responded, "Then, Tim Jones, tell me everything you know."

Tim Jones no longer hesitated and began to speak.

"Lord, Boxi Town... is different from other towns."

"Other towns have always been divided and jointly controlled by three or four or five manor lords."

"But Boxi Town only has two manor lords! Devant Benitez and Bruce McKinley."

"Nearly 150,000 acres of land in Boxi Town are controlled by these two manor lords."

Hearing Tim's account, Lynn couldn't help but raise an eyebrow.

Even the former Morgan Town and Alba Town had five manor lords each.

And yet, Boxi Town only has two manor lords occupying such a vast amount of land?

Perhaps Tim Jones perceived Lynn's thoughts.

Or perhaps it was just a coincidence.

Tim Jones continued, "Boxi Town once had four manor lords."

"But with the help of Viscount Jon Zuck, Benitez Manor and McKinley Manor forcibly took over the other two manors."

"Having lost their competitive and balancing counterparts, Benitez and McKinley Manors controlled all the land."

"They forcibly increased the land lease fees and reduced the salaries for Free People!"

"Causing the Free People in Boxi Town immense suffering."

At this point, Tim Jones's tone became somewhat gritted with anger.

It was evident.

Free People like Tim Jones were deeply affected.

However, Lynn could understand how Tim Jones felt at this moment.

If there are a few manors to balance each other out, Free People still have options to choose from.

But if the manor lords face no checks and balances.

And all the land is controlled by lords from the same faction.

An inevitable monopoly on land will emerge!

The rent of the land, and the daily wages of the Free People will be entirely under their control.

If they feel it's unfair, they can always choose not to lease land or accept employment!

However.

Free People, who rely on labor and planting to gain necessary food.

Without land and labor, how can they survive?

Eventually, the only choice left for them is to sell themselves into becoming peasants, scraping by on whatever the manor lords provide.

Or, like Tim Jones, leave Boxi Town for Kasong City.

But as manor lords, how could they possibly allow these Free People to leave so easily?

Tim Jones continued speaking.

"To survive, I had no choice but to leave Boxi Town with my family and head to Kasong City."

"While looking for work, I happened to see Boer merchants recruiting at the talent market, so I brought my family to Morgan Town..."

Lynn nodded, remaining silent.

Tim Jones recalled Lynn's question for a few seconds and continued speaking.

"Lord, I can only tell you about the number of guards and peasants Benitez Manor had when I left Boxi Town."

"As for whether there has been any noticeable change in the number of guards and peasants in Benitez Manor after I left, I cannot guarantee it to you..."

"Since I was never employed by McKinley Manor, I cannot inform you of the specific number of guards and peasants in McKinley Manor..."

Lynn nodded: "Tell me all that you know, and that will suffice."

Listening to Lynn's calm words, Tim Jones felt slightly relieved and continued.

"When I left, Benitez Manor had a total of a thousand guards and nearly six thousand peasants!"

"The reason for such large numbers is that Benest Manor had annexed the former Cole Manor."

"Absorbing the guards and peasants of Cole Manor for its use."

"If I am not mistaken, McKinley Manor should have a similar number of guards and peasants."

Lynn furrowed his brow, contemplating quickly.

In a small town, the population is very limited due to production capacity restrictions.

Especially in small towns at the southern border.

The amount of land, the backwardness of production tools, and low grain yields.

All mean that a small town cannot support a larger population!

Just like Lynn knows of Morgan Town and Alba Town.

Each town has only about three to four thousand Free People.

Each manor can support about fifteen hundred guards and peasants combined!

It's not that the manor lords don't want more labor force.

But they have reached the limit of their manor's production capacity.

Therefore.

Even though Boxi Town has more extensive land area than Morgan Town and Alba Town, there will be a limit.

And based on the rough estimation from Tim Jones' account.

Boxi Town, currently with only two manors, each having nearly a thousand guards and five to six thousand peasant Free People.

Seems reasonable!

Lynn responded with a question.

"How many soldiers wearing armor are there in Benitez Manor?"

Upon hearing Lynn's inquiry, Tim Jones recalled slightly and said.

"If you mean armed soldiers like this distinguished commander... none at all."

"In Benitez Manor, there are only some guards wearing leather and cloth armor."

"I assume McKinley Manor is the same."

"Because during my time in Boxi Town, I never saw soldiers wearing metal armor."

Lynn nodded again, as he had previously suspected.

The price of standard armor is expensive, and it's scarce in number.

Ordinary manor lords simply cannot afford to equip their manor guards with armor!

Chapter 1072: Yearning for War

Not to mention the manor lords.

Even Jon Zuck, Viscount of Kakasong City,

has inherited the viscount title through generations.

Up till now, he only possesses a thousand sets of armor!

Armored soldiers are not just a representation of a lord's military strength but also a display of the lord's profound economic strength!

However.

Lynn, after a moment of reflection, came to terms with it.

Not every manor lord or lord can be like him.

His territory has directly minable open-pit iron mines, salt mines, and coal mines.

After continuous training and education, he also has a large number of blacksmith apprentices capable of forging armor.

The existence of the three mines.

Provides Lynn with the confidence to conquer the entire Karedi Empire and even the entire Garonia Continent in the future!

Seeing that the lord sitting on the wooden chair had no intention of asking further questions,

Tim Jones continued, "Devant from Benitez Manor is extremely greedy!"

"After occupying Cole Manor, he even covets McKinley Manor, also a supporter of Viscount Jon Zuck."

"Devant once boasted that one day Benitez Manor would become the sole manor lord in Boxi Town!"

"Thus, there has always been conflict between Devant and Broo Manor."

"Resulting in minor clashes arising from the interest of the two manors!"

Lynn nodded, his face full of calm.

Tim Jones paused for a few seconds before speaking again.

"Lastly, regarding the safe and convenient route from Morgan Town to Boxi Town as the lord inquired..."

"If Tim remembers correctly, there is a muddy road to the southeast of Morgan Town."

"However, both Morgan Town and Boxi Town are too remote."

"That muddy road is seldom traveled, and now it may be overgrown with weeds."

"Passing through there might present challenges when heading to Boxi Town."

"Even on horseback, it would take at least a day and a night!"

"As for whether there are other better routes, Tim does not know..."

At this point,

Tim Jones bowed and respectfully said,

"Lord, these are all the matters Tim knows about the manors in Boxi Town."

Just as Lynn was about to speak, he suddenly thought of something and asked Tim.

"Do the Benest Manor and McKinley Manor have stone walls like the one under your feet?"

"Or are they wooden or mud walls?"

Tim Jones didn't hesitate and replied.

"Lord, neither manor has any wooden, mud walls, nor city walls..."

Lynn nodded, "Very well."

"Inform Wesley to arrange for someone to take you to Morgan Town to select a house."

"If Wesley has any questions, say it's my order."

Tim Jones' eyes filled with joy, promptly bowing again, his words excited.

"Lord, thank you for your reward."

"You are the most generous lord Tim has ever seen, bar none!"

Lynn smiled faintly, "Go find Wesley and claim your reward."

Tim Jones expressed his thanks several more times before bowing and leaving.

Compared to Tim Jones' nervousness and fear when he arrived,

now he seemed like a different person.

His steps were light and quick, and his face was brimming with obvious excitement.

As a free person hired,

The hiring terms did not include food and lodging!

The only remuneration was a tenth of the daily harvest of crops.

To live and eat in Morgan Town, they had to use the daily wages for food and lodging.

Considering the distance from Morgan Town to Kakasong City,

and the walking speed on foot,

plus the possible dangers encountered on the journey back and forth...

They can't commute!

In other words,

If they wanted to continue being hired free people for Lord Lynn,

they could only choose to rent houses in Morgan Town to live.

Even though now they have a high daily income,

renting and obtaining food in Morgan Town also consumed a lot of grain!

But now,

If they could obtain a house building in Morgan Town,

Tim Jones could completely minimize daily spending!

The most critical aspect is,

Lord promised him a legitimate right to reside in Morgan Town.

This is the most important existence!

Watching Tim Jones' figure quickly leave the manor castle,

Lynn's eyebrows slightly raised.

There are houses in Morgan Town that can accommodate more than three thousand residents,

at least a thousand houses!

These thousand houses can be used as homes for the families of the manor castle garrison soldiers or rewards for hired free people.

By rewarding Tim Jones with a house and granting him the status of a legal resident of Morgan Town,

Lynn intends to inform all free people and farmers in Morgan Town,

that as long as they contribute to the lord, the lord can reward them with whatever they need!

In this way,

those free people and farmers filled with unease about the future will be filled with hope for their future lives.

Increasing their work enthusiasm!

The duty of a lord is, after all, like this.

Ensuring the security of the territory, implementing various methods and policies to accelerate the territory's development!

Lynn withdrew his gaze and began to ponder.

Now, Boxi Town only has two manor lords supporting Viscount Jon Zuck, Lynn was indeed quite surprised.

Not to mention the intelligence information reported by Gasper to him.

Chapter 1073: Yearning for War _2

Even previously, when the Bishop's Guard Captain Samuel came to his territory.

The information he provided had obvious discrepancies.

The only possibility was that an estate annexation occurred in Bo Xi Town recently.

In this way,

The plan to deploy cavalry to utilize their high mobility and flexibility to attack Bo Xi Town was difficult to carry out.

The current number of cavalry he possessed... five hundred heavy cavalry and one thousand one hundred light cavalry.

Even including the hundred horses seized from Connelly Manor and Louis Manor,

The cavalry force he could organize was only one thousand seven hundred cavalry.

If, like in Alba Town, attacking Connelly and Louis Manors,

The number of armed guards and peasants in the manors was limited.

Totaling around fifteen hundred people.

Plus, the grudges between the manor lords made them unwilling to provide military aid.

With the advantage of the soldiers' armor and the cavalry's superiority, it was easy to overrun the two manors!

Currently, in Bo Xi Town, only Benitez Manor and McKinley Manor remained.

The entire population gathered, following the orders and instructions of the two manor lords.

On ordinary days,

They might have continuous conflicts and friction over their respective interests.

Once faced with an external invasion,

As they both supported Jon Zuck, the manor lords would undoubtedly unite without hesitation!

Even if the two manors did not unite,

Benitez and McKinley Manors, each having nearly six to seven thousand guards and peasants,

Such a huge population would put tremendous pressure on seventeen hundred cavalry!

Surrounded by guards and peasants, his cavalry force would surely suffer significant losses.

A few days ago,

Jon Zuck had just gathered a group of supporter manor lords.

The current supporter manor lords were undoubtedly on high alert, extremely vigilant.

It was very likely they increased the vigilance on the main roads around the town.

The construction of defensive fortifications around manor residences...

To prevent a repeat of the fate of Connelly Manor and Louis Manor.

Being overrun by his armored soldiers!

Thinking of this, Lynn couldn't help but frown.

The number of cavalry he had was still too few!

If only he had ten thousand now...

Let alone ten thousand cavalry, even with just five thousand cavalry,

He would surely wave his hand without hesitation, letting the cavalry army charge towards Bo Xi Town, to break the two manor lords!

Of course.

Ten thousand cavalry was just a fantasy for Lynn at the moment.

If archers and infantry were sent along with the cavalry...

The marching speed of the infantry would surely affect the assault capability!

By the time his armored soldiers arrived at Bo Xi Town,

The two manors' guards and peasants would have completed gathering and be ready.

Even on the way to Bo Xi Town, implementing fortifications and ambushes to catch him off guard!

And the most important factor.

Time!

According to Tim Jones's description, because of rugged roads, riding horseback alone took two days of marching.

Sending a large number of troops to march to Bo Xi Town would be busier and take even longer!

If on the way to attack Bo Xi Town, Jon Zuck, along with other manor lords, attacked Morgan Town...

Or coordinated with Benitez Manor and McKinley Manor to encircle his army...

The consequences would be unimaginable!

Standing constantly next to him, Rose saw that Lynn had no words and quietly waited.

Rose naturally understood that Lynn was thinking about the next step of the strategy.

A few minutes later, Lynn's eyes lit up.

He glanced at Rose, still standing in the distance, and turned his head to look at the nearby guard, instructing.

"Find Wesley and let him meet me in the reception hall."

Receiving Lynn's instructions, the guard quickly responded.

"Yes, my Lord!"

Without any hesitation, the guard took large strides and headed out of the manor castle.

Watching the guard leave, a trace of confusion appeared on Rose's face.

Waiting for two minutes.

Wesley, wearing a composite half-armor, entered the reception hall with large strides.

After glancing at Rose, Wesley bowed to Lynn respectfully.

"Master!"

Lynn responded, "Wesley, I need you to lead Earl and some soldiers to Bo Xi Town!"

Hearing this, both Rose and Wesley raised their eyebrows involuntarily.

Lynn said solemnly, "There is one thing I need to inform you in advance."

"To provide marching speed, I can only dispatch... five hundred heavy cavalry and one thousand two hundred light cavalry to you."

"I need you to, within seven days, extinguish the two manors of Bo Xi Town as much as possible."

"At least, destroy one manor."

"Then, bring everything from the destroyed manor back to Morgan Town!"

Lynn's words became solemn, staring directly at Wesley.

"Wesley, do you think you can do it?"

Feeling Lynn's questioning, Wesley's expression slightly tightened.

When Rose found Tim Jones, he learned from Tim Jones about the information on the manor lords in Bo Xi Town.

Thoughts in Wesley's mind quickly spun around.

Lynn continued, "Purely based on numbers, the gap is at least more than sixfold."

"Plus, it's unfamiliar territory, a long distance, and a short time..."

"I know the difficulty of this external operation is very high!"

Lynn changed his tone and continued.

"However, Jon Zuck is about to lead the supporter manor lord's army to attack Morgan Town."

Chapter 1074: Yearning for War (3)

"Facing the threat of foreign enemies, I can't give you more troops, and I can't give you more time!"

"Whether or not you can destroy the Manor, you must lead the cavalry back to Morgan Town within seven days."

"However many cavalry you take out, you bring back exactly that many!"

"This is to prepare for the future head-on confrontation with Jon Zuck's military group!"

Lynn suddenly raised his voice.

"Wesley!"

Wesley snapped back to attention and answered aloud.

"Master, Wesley is here!"

Lynn asked again, "Do you think you can do it?"

"I need a definite answer!"

Wesley's face was filled with solemnity as he replied firmly.

"Master! I can!"

"I can do it!"

Lynn's tone relaxed slightly. "Good, tell me your general ideas and strategy for leading the cavalry to break into Boxi Town."

Five hundred Warhorses from the Badan Empire.

One thousand two hundred Ordinary warhorses that could Charge and fight their way through.

Plus fully armed cavalry wearing Standard Plate Armor and wielding five-meter Alien-shaped Spears!

It could be said—

These one thousand seven hundred cavalymen were his strongest combat power at present!

Whether it was the Warhorses, the Armor, or the cavalymen themselves—

They were all things Lynn had painstakingly accumulated over time with great expense of money and effort.

Naturally, Lynn was unwilling to suffer huge losses just for attacking a small town!

Wesley explained in a deep voice, "Master, Benitez Manor, McKinley Manor, and Boxi Town are all Ordinary small towns without walls for Defense."

"Thus, Wesley can lead the cavalry to launch a Charge and directly attack into the town itself or into the Manor residence."

"Even if the two Manors have prior Guard or precautions."

"The Guard they have, while defending the Manor residence, will definitely find it very hard to spare men to Guard the town!"

"Even if they can detach some Guard, they absolutely cannot be a match for our armored soldiers!"

"Let alone when it's a large-scale Charge by one thousand seven hundred cavalrymen in Armor."

Lynn nodded, signaling Wesley to continue.

"Several Manors in Boxi Town have been consolidated into two, causing the town's population to gather together."

"But no matter how many people there are, they are only unarmed Ordinary Farmers and Peasants."

"Facing fully armed armored soldiers, facing a large number of corpses being cut down..."

"As long as the Manor Lord is killed, the immense psychological pressure and intimidation this creates—"

"Afterwards we may not even need to continue fighting; the remaining Farmers and Peasants will voluntarily lay down their weapons and surrender!"

Lynn nodded again.

Just as Wesley had said.

If there was a suitable battlefield.

One thousand seven hundred cavalry carrying out a large-scale Charge on open ground—

Even if the opponent had ten thousand men, there would be no fear at all.

Lynn even felt that a single Charge would be enough to tear apart the enemy's formation!

Lynn looked Wesley straight in the eye and spoke.

"Wesley, you may select soldiers from the Manor Castle and set out with Earl."

"Remember to bring Tim Jones. With him there, your operations will be much easier."

"Gasper's spies have also infiltrated Boxi Town. If necessary, you can try to find him."

"Let the spy provide you with more detailed and accurate intelligence..."

At this point, Lynn's voice hardened, and he spoke in a deep tone.

"Wesley, I will be waiting in the Manor Castle for your triumphant return!"

Wesley immediately responded, "Yes, Master."

"Wesley will never betray the Master's trust!"

After bowing, Wesley turned and withdrew.

Rose, who had been standing to the side, watched Wesley's departing back, his mouth slightly open, wanting to speak but hesitating.

Seeing Rose's expression, Lynn spoke.

"What is it? Do you have a different opinion?"

Hearing Lynn's question in his ears, Rose was slightly startled, quickly bent at the waist, and replied respectfully.

"Master, you misunderstand. Rose would not dare have any objections."

Lynn looked directly at Rose and said in a low voice.

"You think that after you toiled all night to find Tim Jones from Boxi Town—"

"In the end I let Wesley lead Earl and the cavalry to attack Boxi Town, and that this stole your credit?"

Rose grew even more nervous, his straight back bending lower.

"Master, Rose wouldn't dare."

Lynn continued, "Daring or not daring is just a matter of a single thought."

"Just as I warned Wesley, 'However many cavalry you take out, you must bring back that many,' now I must also warn you."

"Wesley's dare-to-fight, dare-to-charge character suits external campaigns better."

"To win a war, he will think of every possible way and make all kinds of decisions."

"You have a steady, methodical, and patient character, more suited to city Defense!"

"There is no good or bad between these two temperaments; what matters is how they are used!"

"Compared to external campaigns, I prefer to keep you in the current Manor Castle and in the future territories."

"Even if one day I am gone, you, Rose, will still be able to hold our territory and hold all of Morgan Town for me."

"The cavalry that Wesley takes out can lose battles, can die in battle."

"As long as Morgan Town still stands, as long as the territory still exists, there will always be a chance to start over!"

"I can continue to develop the territory, trade fine salt, sell Glazed Glass and alcohol to gain more money."

"I can buy Warhorses from traveling merchants, recruit and train soldiers, and gradually rebuild the cavalry."

"But once Morgan Town is defended to the death and the territory is destroyed... then everything will cease to exist!"

Chapter 1075: Yearning for War _4

"Especially now, if Jon Zuck leads his supporter manor lord soldiers into Morgan Town."

"I need you, Rose, to lead the soldiers in defense!"

"Which is more important...I think I shouldn't need to explain further, right?"

Rose's body, bent over, suddenly trembled, and the hairs on his body stood up.

Lynn's words were simple and clear, without any twists and turns.

Rose could clearly feel the sincerity and earnest emotion in Lynn's words.

Rose's voice became somewhat trembling.

"Rose... Rose dutifully obeys his master's teachings."

Watching Rose's actions, Lynn responded with a nod.

"If you understand the importance, then you may withdraw."

"With Wesley and Earl out, you will need to take control and manage the defenses of Morgan Town."

"And ensure that patrols are strengthened on the main roads leading from the various small towns to Morgan Town."

Rose promptly replied, "Yes, master, Rose understands, Rose will take his leave first."

Watching Rose retreat from the reception hall.

Lynn rose from the wooden chair, stepped towards the open courtyard outside the manor castle.

Standing by the gap in the parapet, Lynn's gaze extended beyond the manor castle.

He saw.

Under the leadership of Rose and Earl.

Squad after squad of heavy cavalry in standard plate armor, one by one, light cavalry in composite armor, stepping and hustling along the gravel and muddy roads between the farmlands.

Departing from the manor castle, heading swiftly into the distance.

A cavalry force numbering seventeen hundred could already be described as vast and mighty!

The mixed sound of hooves and occasional neighs caused the farmers working in the fields to glance over.

Seeing the large-scale cavalry clad in black-gray armor, their expressions changed.

Especially the guards and peasants from Louis Manor.

Seeing such cavalry again, terror resurfaced in their eyes.

The sense of oppression and visual impact from the armored cavalry was overwhelmingly strong!

However.

Upon realizing that they now belonged to Lord Master Lynn as his farmers.

These cavalrymen would become a powerful force to protect them!

The tension and terror in their hearts began to quickly dissipate.

Watching the cavalry move off into the distance, Lynn began to descend the walls.

With Red, he headed towards the farmers who were busy with the harvest labor.

Taking a sickle from the hands of a farmer.

Amidst the incredulous gazes of the farmers, Lynn bent his waist and began harvesting swath after swath of wheat before him.

Whether they were Free People from Kakasong City.

Or guards and peasants from Alba Town's manor.

This was the first time they saw.

A Lord who controlled an entire small town, with so many armored soldiers.

Personally joining the farmland's harvesting labor.

Lynn ignored the gazes of the farmers and devoted himself entirely to the harvest labor.

[Collection Experience +1]

[Collection Experience +1]

[Collection Experience +1]

Bit by bit, the experience continued to accumulate.

In matters of external warfare, with Rose, Wesley, and Earl around, Lynn naturally had little to worry about!

Rather than sitting in the manor for a long wait, it was better to join the harvesting team.

Not only could it speed up the efficiency of crop harvesting, but also continue accumulating skills experience.

A multitude of benefits!

...

At the forefront of the cavalry march.

Earl, clad in standard plate armor and riding a warhorse, was scanning the surroundings with his eyes.

On his youthful and firm face, there was a noticeable trace of surprise and excitement.

Riding on a warhorse as well, Wesley naturally noticed Earl's expression.

Wesley couldn't help but smile, "This isn't your first time going out for a campaign, right?"

Listening to Wesley's words.

Earl slightly restrained his expression, naturally understanding Wesley's point, and replied.

"Reporting to Lord Wesley, I have participated in many campaigns before."

"But the enemies we've faced before were far less in number than this time!"

"As Lord Wesley mentioned, the upcoming Boxi Town, there are over ten thousand enemies waiting!"

"If we start the charge, the scale, the momentum, the scene..."

"It will certainly cut through them like a sharp blade!"

"A true soldier should charge into battle on the battlefield!"

"Even dying on the battlefield is worth it!"

Perhaps Earl imagined the scene of the charge in his mind.

The excitement and anticipation he had just restrained reappeared on Earl's face.

This time, Wesley did not interrupt or question Earl's imagination.

Instead, he looked at Earl with approval in his eyes.

Wesley could understand Earl's feelings.

Earl had just come of age, and was appointed Centurion by Lord Master Lynn, in charge of a hundred-man armored cavalry unit.

He was at the age of infinite glory!

And at the time he most desired war to gain more honor and recognition!

Wesley responded, "In that case, let's quicken our pace and swiftly reach Boxi Town, to eradicate the two manors there."

"To bring back everything Lord Master desires."

"Lord Master did say he would be waiting at the manor castle for our triumphant return!"

Listening to Wesley's words, the excitement on Earl's face became even more apparent.

"Yes, Lord Wesley!"

Earl turned his head and shouted loudly to the cavalry behind him.

Chapter 1076: Yearning for War (10,000 Characters)_5

"Pass on Lord Wesley's order: the whole army is to increase marching speed and reach Boxi Town as soon as possible!"

As Earl's words fell.

A chorus of shouts answered from the cavalry ranks behind.

"Yes! Yes! Yes!"

Listening to the cavalry's response, Wesley felt a surge of unrestrained ease and satisfaction in his chest.

Not just Earl.

The cavalry behind him were just as hungry for war!

They longed to gain more military merit through war, to obtain promotion in office, to change their status and rank.

Wesley turned the thought over in his mind.

As one of the Commanders appointed by Lord Master Lynn.

How could he himself not want to build achievements, to gain more battle merits.

To let Lord Master Lynn see his Ability.

To win Lord Master Lynn's recognition?

If not for Master Lynn picking him out from a crowd of refugees, appointing him as the Commander responsible for teaching and training soldiers' Archery Ability.

Wesley could hardly imagine what sort of situation he would be in now...

Starved to death on the streets?

Or sold himself as a Manor Lord's Guard?

Or perhaps died at the hands of bandits?

Wesley considered himself to have some special Ability in Archery.

But in a state of extreme hunger, with his stamina completely exhausted.

Even a few Farmers holding iron farm tools could easily end his life.

Wesley knew very clearly in his heart.

The grace of being recognized and employed was something he could never repay!

The only thing he could do.

Was to carry out any order issued by Lord Master Lynn without the slightest hesitation!

Wesley let out a long breath of hot air, pushing the thoughts in his heart down into the deepest part of his mind.

His hands tightened on the reins, giving them a quick snap; at the same time, his legs gave a slight squeeze to the Warhorse's belly.

At Wesley's shout of "Hyah!", the Warhorse let out a shrill neigh and galloped toward the road ahead.

Behind him.

The cavalry likewise drove the mounts beneath them, racing after Wesley in front.

Under Tim Jones's guidance, the galloping cavalry column left the territory of Morgan Town.

They entered a stretch of ownerless, weed-choked wasteland that had yet to be cleared and used for Planting.

Here.

Belonged neither to Morgan Town nor to Boxi Town.

Because Kakasong City lay in a remote position and labor was limited.

There were many such weed-choked wastelands lacking in fertility in this Southern Border Land.

Only after they were cleared for Planting, and then reported to Marquis Duca.

Would this stretch of wasteland be assigned to some Lord!

At the end of the weed-choked wasteland lay a dense mountain forest of trees.

According to what Tim Jones said.

If they wanted to avoid taking the main road from Kakasong City, they could only cut through the dense mountain forest between the two small towns.

Following an almost invisible track of broken stone and muddy ruts, they galloped to the edge of the forest.

Wesley extended his right arm, directly signaling the cavalry behind to halt.

Wesley narrowed his eyes slightly, scanning the forest ahead.

One towering tree after another, thick enough that several men together would be needed to encircle them, stood like forest sentinels, standing guard.

The trunks, twenty to thirty meters high, bore branches and crowns thick with leaves.

Blotting out the sky and sun, they veiled the heavens.

Even though it was now midday, the forest ahead exuded a deep, shadowy gloom.

Only when the mountain wind stirred the crowns and set them swaying did patches of sunlight pierce through the leaves, sprinkling into the forest.

Creating streaks of light like falling silk brocade...

A gust of mountain wind carrying the smell of soil and green bitterness swept over, and Wesley felt a faint, inexplicable chill.

Earl drove his mount forward to Wesley's side.

He followed Wesley's gaze and looked ahead.

Earl withdrew his eyes and asked.

"Lord Wesley, is there something wrong?"

Wesley glanced at Earl and said in a low voice.

"A forest this dense is a natural trap for a marching column."

"Whether it's the tangled roots, or the swamps covered in rotting leaves, it's all too easy for a Warhorse to break a leg, for soldiers to fall to their deaths, or to be swallowed and drown."

"At the same time, it's a natural breeding ground for guerrilla bands."

"As long as the ambushers place a small number of Archers, or javelin-throwers, or set a few traps, it's enough to inflict a fatal blow on a marching column."

"It could even cause an entire marching force to be wiped out in the forest!"

"Someone once said: 'I'd rather face an enemy ten times my number head-on than step half a pace into an unknown forest'!"

"To pass through such a dense forest is no different from gambling with your life!"

Feeling the gravity in Wesley's tone, Earl's brows instantly furrowed.

"Lord Wesley, then how should we resolve such a forest crisis?"

Wesley did not hesitate in the slightest as he spoke.

"First option: clear a path with axes and saws!"

"Assign soldiers to carry Iron Axe and Iron Saw and open a road, cutting a safe passage for the main body that follows."

"That way, we can effectively avoid ambushes and unknown dangers within the forest."

"But the drawback is obvious: the cutting Speed of Iron Saw and Iron Axe is slow."

"Second option: burn it out with fire!"

"Set the forest alight directly, burning away all the potential unknown risks within, ending it once and for all."

"But this likewise has a drawback: if the wind suddenly shifts, it's all too easy to set ourselves on fire."

Listening to Wesley's orderly explanation, Earl nodded, suddenly enlightened.

In the next instant, Earl's brows lifted.

He seemed to understand why Lord Master Lynn had told Wesley to bring him along.

Lord Master Lynn wanted Lord Wesley to teach and train him!

Earl's heart could not help but be moved.

Wesley shifted the topic and continued.

Chapter 1077: Longing for War _6

"With the sudden attack command from Lord Master Lynn, even though the manor lord of Boxi Town is vigilant,"

"they would hardly expect an ambush to be set in this forest."

"However, to be on the safe side, it is still necessary to send a reconnaissance force into the forest to scout and patrol!"

Earl nodded at the meeting, pondering for two seconds before speaking.

"Lord Wesley, Earl is willing to lead a reconnaissance force into the forest for scouting and patrol."

Wesley glanced at Earl again.

Upon witnessing the determination on Earl's face, Wesley nodded and ordered,

"Centurion Earl, I order you to lead a hundred-man cavalry unit into the forest."

"Clear road obstacles while scouting for ambushes or unknown dangers in the forest."

"If any abnormal situation is detected, withdraw immediately and report!"

Earl's expression became stern and he responded promptly.

"Yes, Lord Wesley."

As his words fell, Earl spoke no further.

After dispatching a cavalry unit, he spurred his horse into the forest.

Until the cavalry disappeared into the forest.

Wesley withdrew his gaze, glanced at the afternoon sky, and called out to the cavalry behind him.

"Everyone start eating dry rations and replenish water."

"Once Centurion Earl's scouting party returns, we will immediately set out into the forest, heading toward Boxi Town!"

A series of loud responses ensued.

"Yes!"

Wesley also took out hard bread and jerky from his pouch and began to chew.

Dry and hard.

Then, he took out a waterskin and took several large gulps.

An intense feeling of fullness immediately hit.

In a cavalry raid, it is naturally impossible to carry supply troops.

To restore physical energy, one can only consume the dry rations carried.

Though difficult to swallow, it is far better than going hungry.

Wesley dismounted from his horse, poured some water from the waterskin onto his palm, then extended it to the warhorse.

The warhorse immediately began to lick and drink.

The rough tongue's texture was felt on Wesley's hand.

It is mid to late August, and the weather is still hot, combined with the scorching sun.

Both humans and warhorses need a significant amount of water.

After feeding, Wesley hung the waterskin on the saddle and turned his gaze to Tim Jones not far away.

"Have you ever heard of the manor lord of Boxi Town setting up sentries or spies in this forest?"

Tim Jones, who was chewing jerky, put it away upon hearing Wesley's inquiry.

Dismounting, Tim Jones bent his knees in a salute.

"Lord, according to Tim, there has never been a manor lord setting up sentries in this forest."

"Because this forest is really too remote, the roads have been abandoned for years, rugged and pitted..."

"Lacking merchant caravans to plunder, and deficient in stable water sources..."

"Even bandits are unwilling to establish nests or stay long-term in this forest."

"There are some poisonous insects and beasts, but with the armored cavalry led by Lord, I believe none of the beasts would be feared."

"Tim believes the greatest danger is still from the rugged roads..."

Listening to Tim's explanation, Wesley nodded slightly.

Since there is no danger, it coincides with resting and replenishing for the cavalry while also providing Earl with a chance to train.

Even though Lord Master Lynn has not specifically instructed him.

Wesley can clearly sense Lord Master Lynn's focus on Earl.

Accurately speaking.

It should be enhancing and improving Earl's comprehensive ability through actual combat experiences!

Wesley has no concern regarding this.

With his current familiarity with Earl, as long as Earl is willing to listen.

He's willing to teach Earl all the combat tactics and experiences from his mind.

Half an hour later.

Earl finally led the light cavalry troop out from the shadows of the forest canopy.

Seeing the waiting cavalry figures, Earl quickened his horse's pace to approach Wesley's side.

Earl spoke respectfully, "Lord Wesley, from the forest entrance here to the exit over there, has been thoroughly scouted."

"No trace of ambushed figures was seen in the forest."

"Some fallen logs and debris on the road have also been cleared."

"Moreover, I have stationed cavalry at twenty-meter intervals throughout the forest to monitor the area."

"If any unexpected situation arises in the forest, it will be known immediately!"

Wesley looked approvingly at Earl.

Earl is far more astute than Wesley imagined, making decisions based on the forest's conditions.

"Well done."

"Notify the entire army to set out immediately and enter the forest."

Earl immediately responded, "Yes, Lord Wesley."

In Earl's calls, heavily armored soldiers stopped resting and mounted their horses.

As Wesley spurred his warhorse forward, towards the forest.

The cavalry also spurred their horses, chasing after him.

The thunderous sound of galloping hooves echoed through the forest.

Frightening birds and beasts into flight and dispersal, creating a series of rustling sounds.

Just as Earl said.

On the road through the forest, every certain distance, a cavalry waits.

As Wesley's cavalry troop reached,

they immediately spurred their horses, joining the troop.

...

The sun sets westward.

Golden rays pour from the distant western horizon as the orange-red circle sinks into the horizon.

Illuminating a vast expanse of cultivated and planted farmland.

Shining on a three-story manor estate and series of thatched wooden huts.

Peasants clad in thin, worn linen garments.

Even though their linen clothes have been soaked by sweat, dried, and soaked again...

Repeated numerous times.

They persist in enduring the heat, the blazing sun, working in the fields.

Not far from them, are guards wielding whips.

As soon as they show any slack or laziness, the guards' whips will mercilessly strike them!

Crack!

A crisp sound of a whip echoed.

The next moment.

A painful scream emerged, followed by a trembling, pleading man's voice.

"Please, don't hit anymore... Ah..."

Crack!

"Ah... I was just too thirsty and wanted a sip of water..."

Crack!

"Oooh, I realize my mistake... I won't drink, I really won't drink..."

"Please, Lord, spare me..."

Chapter 1078: The Strategy to Break the Deadlock (1W)

Hearing these agonizing cries and wailing pleas.

The peasants working around took the opportunity to glance at this scene while turning during their labor.

Under the constant arm swings of the robust man.

The whip made sounds like cracking through the air, landing precisely on the peasants kneeling in the field.

Each lash caused a bloodstain to open on the peasants' exposed skin.

With distorted expressions, dry and cracked lips emitted painful moans.

Despite everything.

These peasants did not stop their work at all.

Only coldly sneaking a look.

Being peasants, they were used to it all.

Naturally.

Today, the punished peasant is someone else, tomorrow it could be them.

Numb, indifferent, without a ripple in their hearts...

As peasants, they were shackled and confined in thought since their ancestors.

As Manor Lord's property, they were to cultivate and plant for the Manor Lord, offering everything, only surviving by clinging to the Manor Lord.

They had never thought of rebellion, unable to resist.

Hoo~ hoo~ hoo~

After continuously swinging the whip over a dozen times, the burly middle-aged man stopped, slightly fatigued.

Chest puffed, panting heavily.

Bending his waist, supporting his hands on his knees, exhaling forcefully.

The guard following the middle-aged man quickly took out a water bottle from his waist and handed it over.

"Guard Captain Callum."

The panting middle-aged man Callum Russell turned back and looked at the sound.

Seeing the water pouch in the guard's hand.

Callum straightened his body, seized it, and drank eagerly.

With a gulping sound, clear water flowed and spilled from the corners of his mouth, absorbed by the soil below.

The peasants whipped by Callum listened to the sound of drinking, watched as the water flowed and fell.

Their eyes filled with longing, Adam's apple moved, swallowing the nearly non-existent saliva.

Not only the peasants in front of Callum.

The distant peasants working also glanced, eyes full of desire for water.

In such weather and temperature, working continuously for so long.

Now they were truly parched!

After gulping down several mouthfuls, Callum lifted the water pouch above his head, letting the remaining water drench his hair.

Allowing that comfortable coolness to drench his hair, flow over his cheeks, soaking his silk robe.

Callum shook his shoulder-length hair, contentedly said.

"Comfortable! So comfortable!"

As he spoke.

Callum's peripheral vision caught sight of the peasants kneeling in the fields.

Callum's eyebrows rose, bending his waist, looking down at the peasants said.

"What? Still want to drink water?"

The peasant was shocked, quickly replied.

"S...sir, you misunderstood, I don't want to drink water, nor dare to think of drinking water."

Callum stood upright, snorted coldly.

"At least you know your place!"

Callum's gaze shifted swiftly, sweeping across the peasants around.

Callum naturally knew, as he disciplined the peasant before him, there were pairs of eyes sneakily watching them.

"I'll say it again!"

"No drinking water until the designated time."

"Even if you die of thirst in the fields, it's not allowed."

"Even if the thought of drinking water crosses your mind, it's not allowed."

"Do you understand?"

A series of weak responses sounded around Callum.

"Understood..."

Callum's face turned stern, shouted again.

"Do you understand?"

Feeling the change in Callum's tone, the peasants were terrified, quickly responded loudly.

"Understood!"

Listening to the louder voices around, Callum nodded in satisfaction.

Withdrawing his gaze from the peasants, striding away towards the manor in the distance.

As he passed by, the peasants all bowed their heads, saluting.

Observing these peasants' expressions and movements, Callum raised his chin slightly.

As Benitez Manor's Guard Captain, his identity and status were only second to Manor Lord Devant and Lady Dalia.

Regardless of whether these peasants have offended him.

As long as he wishes, as long as he desires.

He could unhesitatingly whip the peasants, listening to their pained screams.

Even controlling the power over life and death of these peasants.

This is the pleasure that comes with possessing power!

Callum glanced at the gradually dimming sky, asked the guard beside him.

"Has Master Devant returned from the town?"

The guard following beside Callum quickly lowered his head to respond.

"Lord Callum, sir has not yet returned."

"Sir had mentioned going to the town to discuss matters with McKinley's Master of Blue Manor."

"Perhaps won't return for the night..."

A bright gleam flashed in Callum's eyes momentarily, responded.

"Got it."

The guard dared not utter any further words, following quietly behind Callum.

Paving through the rocky dirt road between fields, Callum reached the open square before the manor.

Slightly raised his head, looked towards the third-floor window of the manor.

Seeing the scarf tied in front of the window, the brightness in Callum's eyes became even more pronounced.

Callum was just about to turn and enter the manor, thought of the guard following behind.

He immediately turned, looked directly at the four guards behind him, said sternly.

"Watch over the peasants in the fields, no meal or rest until the time comes."

Chapter 1079: Strategy for Breaking the Deadlock _2

"Master Devant specifically instructed that the cultivation planting must be completed by the end of September!"

"I've been patrolling the cultivated land for so long, I'm a bit fatigued and need to rest for a while."

"No matter what happens, do not disturb me!"

Upon receiving Callum's instructions, the four guards promptly responded.

"Yes, Guard Captain!"

With a nod of acknowledgment, Callum dismissed the four guards and began his stride toward the manor's residence.

As maids bowed in greeting.

Callum reached the depths of the reception hall and climbed the stone staircase to the third floor.

After a short ascent, Callum arrived on the third floor.

His gaze swept around to ensure neither guards nor maids were present.

Callum walked toward the room with the double wooden doors ahead.

Standing in front of the door, Callum gently knocked and softly spoke.

"Master, Callum has urgent matters to report to you."

A few seconds after Callum's words fell, a soft woman's voice echoed.

"Master has gone to the town; you can report anything to me."

"I will convey it to the Master when he returns."

"Come in, the door is not locked."

Upon hearing the woman's gentle voice, Callum's eyebrows raised involuntarily as he replied.

"Yes, Lady Dalia."

Without any hesitation, Callum extended his hands and gently pushed open the double wooden doors in front of him.

As Lady Dalia mentioned, the door was indeed unlocked.

With a slight exertion, the wooden door opened.

Once the door opened enough to allow entry, Callum's figure flashed into the room.

He then casually closed the door and locked it.

Callum's gaze turned, surveying the room's scene.

Despite the room being rather dim with a thin veil draped over the large bed.

But through the sunset rays shining in from the window cracks and the glow of burning oil lamps on the walls...

Callum could clearly see.

A graceful figure lying on the large bed ahead.

Adding to this, the room was filled with a pleasant aroma.

Callum's heart rate quickened, his breathing began to hasten.

Before Callum could speak, the woman's gentle voice emerged again from behind the veil.

"Didn't you say you had urgent matters to report? Why aren't you coming over?"

"From this distance, I can't hear clearly..."

Responding to the tone of urging in the voice, Callum promptly replied.

"Yes, Lady Dalia..."

Callum started to approach the veiled bed step by step.

Closer and closer.

The woman lying within the thin veil became increasingly visible.

Her rounded shoulders slightly raised, lightly draped by a satin robe like a hill.

The silky fabric traced along the curves, outlining the captivating fullness of her chest.

Perhaps due to the flat and unconstrained nature.

The snowy white seems about to escape the robe's cover, spreading out...

A plump rounded hipline sharply contrasted with the woman's slender, graspable waist.

The soft mattress she lay on was pressed into an indentation.

Her long legs delicately crossed, smooth and fair.

Deeper within, the scenic view was barely veiled by the woman's satin robe.

The elusive nature of the view provokes a deeper yearning to explore!

Watching the woman's enchanting figure, Callum's Adam's apple involuntarily rolled, swallowing his saliva.

The woman's dissatisfied voice sounded from behind the veil.

"What's this? Now you're becoming so reserved?"

Callum moved his right hand, directly lifting the veil in front.

Dalia's exquisite face and enchanting body revealed themselves to Callum's view.

Callum's body moved, lunging toward Dalia.

Until the nightfall fully enveloped the world.

Callum glanced at Dalia resting her head on his arm.

Her originally clean and fair cheeks.

Now they turned a deep flush, covered with tiny beads of sweat.

Dalia's slightly parted rosy lips, exhaling intense breaths like Callum.

Callum's gaze shifted from Dalia's cheeks downward.

The fair neck, the visible collarbone below which spread a rounded whiteness with a blush...

Feeling Callum's movements, Dalia.

Slowly opened her shimmering eyes.

Dalia turned her head side, glancing at Callum with soft eyes, speaking gently.

"If there's nothing else tonight, stay with me, will you?"

Callum hesitated, "But, Master Devant..."

Dalia directly intercepted Callum before he finished.

"Don't worry, Master has gone to town to discuss matters with McKinley Manor Lord, he won't return tonight!"

"Besides, don't you know Master's personality?"

"The Master, who likes young women, will surely find a bunch of young women to accompany him."

"Master has long lost interest in an old woman like me..."

As she spoke, Dalia's right index finger traced over Callum's muscular chest and abdomen.

In Dalia's luminous eyes, full of admiration, she continued softly.

"Otherwise, Master wouldn't prefer to sleep in the library under the care of maids rather than return to the bedroom to rest."

"However, I can understand the Master."

"The Master's manor is expanding, growing larger and larger."

"If Master manages to acquire McKinley Manor, he will become the sole great manor lord of Bo Xi Town!"

Chapter 1080: Strategy for Breaking the Deadlock (3)

"No, he wants to monopolize Boxi Town as the Lord!"

"Sigh... Yet I can't give the Master any children, so he has to seek other women?"

"But at my age... it's when I need companionship the most..."

Callum remained silent, simply listening quietly to Dalia's lament.

In the dead of night.

Callum, donned in the Guard Captain's robe, unlocked the door latch and gently opened the wooden double door slit.

After ensuring there was no sound outside, Callum quickly slipped out of the room, closing the door behind him.

With quick steps, he moved towards the stairs not far away.

Upon reaching the reception hall on the first floor, Callum felt a slight relief in his tense heart.

Perhaps because it was late at night.

The maids in the Manor Castle had already returned to their rooms to rest.

Only outside the Manor Castle.

There were still teams of Guards sitting around the bonfire, occasionally engaging in conversations.

Just as Callum intended to step towards the open square outside the Manor Castle.

The sound of galloping hooves and the rolling of carriage wheels rang out from beyond the Manor Castle.

Callum raised an eyebrow and quickly walked out of the Manor Castle.

Arriving at the entrance of the Manor Castle, Callum looked into the distance.

In the darkness afar.

Under the illumination of Guards holding torches, escorting the scene.

A carriage was traveling over the gravel and mud road, heading towards the Manor Castle.

Although still distant.

Callum already had a suspicion in his heart.

Indeed.

As the carriage procession drew nearer.

Callum finally saw clearly the emblem of crossed axes carved on the carriage's compartment.

It was the family crest of Benitez Manor!

Callum felt relieved that he had left Lady Dalia's room earlier.

If Master Devant had known, the consequences would be unimaginable!

Callum immediately stepped forward to greet them.

Addressing the lazy Guards sitting around the bonfire, he ordered.

"Quickly move the chevaux-de-frise and welcome the Master's return to the Manor Castle!"

Upon hearing Callum's words, the Guards dared not delay, quickly standing up.

They jogged to the front of a chevaux-de-frise and moved it aside to allow the carriage procession to enter.

A few minutes later.

The carriage entered the open square and stopped at the entrance of the Manor Castle.

Callum stepped forward, took down the wooden steps used for footing, and then reached out to open the carriage door.

Callum glanced inside the carriage compartment, seeing the middle-aged man with his right hand reaching into the maid's robe beside him, quickly lowered his head, respectfully greeting.

"Master, you have returned."

Devant Benitez's right hand did not cease its motion, yet he spoke to the maid.

"Go to the study first and wait for me!"

The two maids, their faces flushed from the handling, hurriedly bowed and responded.

"Yes, Master."

Devant Benitez looked at the young and bashful faces of the maids, feeling satisfied.

Withdrawed his right hand from the maid's robe, Devant stepped out from the compartment.

After seeing the carriage move to the back of the Manor Castle.

Devant casually glanced at Callum, inquiring.

"While I was away, has anything happened in the Manor?"

Callum, with downcast eyes, quickly responded.

"Master, everything in the Manor is normal."

Devant acknowledged with a sound and intended to step into the Manor Castle.

He already saw the two young maids had entered through the side door of the Manor Castle.

They were swaying their hips, walking up the stairs towards his study.

Devant's eyebrows lifted slightly, instructing in a perfunctory manner.

"Very well, continue to strengthen the guards, report anything to me immediately!"

With that said, Devant strode into the Manor Castle.

However, he hadn't taken two steps.

Callum's somewhat hesitant voice sounded behind him.

"Master, do I need to gather the Manor's Guards and peasants tomorrow?"

Devant's steps halted instantly, frowning at Callum.

"Why gather the Guards and peasants?"

Callum quickly clarified, "Master, it's for Viscount Jon Zacks' gathering."

"Have you forgotten..."

Devant's expression darkened, he spoke.

"Of course, I haven't forgotten."

"However, when did I ever give instructions for you to gather the Manor's Guards and peasants?"

Callum's mouth opened, intending to explain, only to realize Devant was staring straight at him.

Appalled, Callum quickly lowered his head, explaining.

"Master, you've misunderstood Callum. I only wish to seek your instructions on the next step."

"I wouldn't dare make any decisions on my own..."

Observing Callum's slightly trembling body, Devant snorted coldly.

"As long as you understand!"

Callum bowed his head even lower, not daring to meet Devant's gaze.

Devant spoke in a deep voice: "Given the distance from Boxi Town to Kakasong City, even gathering Guards and peasants for a large marching operation, it would take at most four days to arrive."

"Not to mention, I've never even considered gathering all of the Manor's Guards and peasants to send to Kakasong City!"

With his head lowered, Callum's eyes displayed surprise, hesitantly reminding.

"Master, didn't Viscount Jon Zack say he would allocate the resources of that Lord in Morgan Town according to the contribution size from each Manor Lord?"

Devant's gaze crossed over Callum, looking through the open door of the Manor Castle, towards the distant night sky.