Chapter 1281 - 339: Harvesting [Emperor Potato]

Chapter 1281: Chapter 339: Harvesting [Emperor Potato]

If this time the [Emperor Potato] can achieve an output of fifteen hundred pounds per acre.

Then the four and a half acres of potato fields can at least yield six thousand seven hundred pounds of potato seeds.

Wait until next spring to plant these six thousand seven hundred pounds of potato seeds in the fields.

At least thirty-three acres of fields can be planted!

By the end of next September.

Lynn can harvest at least forty-nine thousand five hundred pounds of potato seeds from the fields!

Relying on repeated potato planting to gain more potatoes.

Ultimately undertaking large-scale potato planting.

Of course.

This is just Lynn’s preliminary calculation based on the current potato seeds planted.

The yield per acre of planted potatoes is bound to fluctuate up and down.

The most crucial thing is.

If Lynn has more Energy Stones, he can completely exchange for more [Emperor Potato] seeds from the [Special Seed Store].

This would accelerate the efficiency of large-scale potato planting.

While Lynn was contemplating, he arrived at a piece of farmland protected by a fence.

In front of the farmland.

Gavin was standing with a team of farmers.

When the farmers saw their lord, a spark lit up in their eyes, and they respectfully addressed him in unison.

"Lord."

Lynn glanced at them briefly, nodding slightly in response.

No need for Lynn to speak, Wilbur came forward from the farmer team.

"Master, as per your instructions, the farmers and digging tools are ready."

Without any useless words, Lynn addressed Wilbur.

"Then let’s start digging."

"Instruct them to try their best not to damage the potato seeds while working!"

Wilbur quickly responded.

"Yes, Master."

Upon hearing the response, Wilbur turned and walked to the farmers.

After a few instructions from Wilbur.

Wilbur personally led fifty farmers into the field to start digging.

Following the rear of the team, Lynn also entered the potato field, joining the digging task.

In the potato field, Lynn’s gaze swept over the potato stems and roots below.

The stems and leaves were withered, the tubers swollen, withered and spotted potatoes nearly emerging from the ground.

Perhaps due to the strong sunlight of the Karedi Empire.

These potatoes matured earlier than Lynn had anticipated.

Lynn originally thought.

The potatoes planted would only mature and be harvested by the end of September or early October!

Taking the iron rake from a farmer’s hand, Lynn spread his feet wide as his shoulders, standing steadily one in front and one behind.

With double-handed grip on the rake handle, he slightly exerted force with his arms, lifting the rake.

Then, using the weight of the rake and the strength of his arms and the twist of his waist.

Lynn brought the rake down from the side of the potato hill.

Under this power.

The rake instantly plunged into the soil.

Lynn’s arms exerted even force, pulling the rake backward and downward.

Instantly.

The soil and potato clumps loosened, plump and smooth potatoes scattered in the soil, catching Lynn’s eye.

Gazing at the myriad of potatoes at his feet.

A sense of joy inadvertently surfaced in Lynn’s heart.

Finally, the potatoes were harvested!

Moreover, from the fullness and the quantity of at least eight or nine potatoes beneath a single plant.

Lynn had a bold thought in mind.

The yield per acre for the planted [Emperor Potato] must be over one thousand five hundred pounds.

Even though it was Lynn’s first time planting [Emperor Potato].

Lynn felt this planting would result in a bumper harvest!

Lynn exhaled, looking at the farmer standing nearby and said.

"I’ll handle the digging, you are responsible for picking up the excavated potatoes."

Hearing Lynn’s words, the farmer’s face showed tension and disbelief.

He was actually going to cooperate with the lord on digging?

What a supreme honor!

The farmer quickly responded respectfully.

"Yes, yes, Lord."

Lynn responded indifferently, not speaking any further.

Moving his feet a few steps, he arrived at another potato plant, repeating the digging action.

[Collection Experience +1]

[Collection Experience +1]

[Collection Experience +1]

...

As Lynn continuously dug potatoes, the experience accumulated little by little.

Until noon.

Having excavated the last potato plant in front of him, Lynn stopped his actions.

Placing the rake diagonally on the ground, Lynn rested his hands on the handle end, leaning against it to rest.

Lynn’s gaze shifted, looking at the vast potato fields behind him.

After a half-day of digging, the four and a half acres of potato fields had been dug up by the farmers.

As Lynn observed, Wilbur, his linen trousers full of mud, came before him again.

Wilbur reported: "Master, the potatoes have been completely dug."

"However..."

Lynn raised an eyebrow, asking.

"However what?"

Wilbur hastily explained: "However, the farmers carelessly damaged some of the potato seeds during the excavation..."

"But rest assured Master, it’s only a very small part."

"Wilbur estimates, around ten pounds..."

Lynn nodded and said: "No matter, send the damaged potatoes back to the castle."

"The remaining potato seeds should be strictly selected, any with black spots, rot, sprouting eyes, insect damage, and malformation should be picked out."

"Then send the selected potatoes to a ventilated cellar and store them using the sand storage method."

Hearing this, Wilbur asked in confusion.

"Master, what is the sand storage method?"

Lynn didn’t mind explaining and said.

"Lay a five-centimeter thick layer of moist river sand at the bottom, ensuring the sand is moist enough to be clumped without crumbling."

"Place the selected potato seeds flatly on a layer, making sure to stack the potatoes."

"Cover the potato layer with about ten centimeters of river sand and then add another layer of potatoes..."

"Repeat this process up to five layers!"

"Cover the topmost layer with fifteen centimeters of river sand."

"In addition, arrange personnel to check the stored potatoes every fifteen days."

"Once rotten potatoes are found, they must be removed promptly."

"If the sand layer becomes too dry, make sure to keep it moist..."

Listening to Master Lynn’s calm explanation.

Wilbur dared not slack, attentively listening.

After the explanation concluded, Lynn summarized.

"This batch of potato seeds is crucial for expanding future planting."

"Be sure to take care of them!"

Wilbur earnestly replied.

"Master, Wilbur will remember it by heart!"

Lynn nodded slightly, dismissing Wilbur to arrange for personnel to start transporting potatoes back to town.

With the harvested potatoes, Lynn's tense heart finally relaxed.

Tip: You can use left, right, A and D keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

Chapter 1282 - 340: Nothing Matters More Than Staying Alive (10,000 Words)

Chapter 1282: Chapter 340: Nothing Matters More Than Staying Alive (10,000 Words)

Back at Lord's Square, Lynn sat on the bench, resting.

With a thought, he opened the [Resource Management] panel to check.

[Potatoes]: 7200 pounds

Seeing the quantity of potatoes displayed on the panel, Lynn's eyebrows slightly raised.

Indeed.

Just as he had guessed.

The yield per acre of the planted potatoes far exceeded fifteen hundred pounds.

It reached sixteen hundred pounds!

Although it is a significant gap compared to the yield of three to four thousand pounds per acre in Lynn's memory.

However.

As long as there is a yield.

That proves that this land can grow potatoes.

And Lynn has many ways to increase the yield per acre!

Through deep plowing, fertilization, reasonable density planting and sowing methods, field management, irrigation, and more.

To improve the yield per acre of [Emperor Potatoes].

Under the condition of limited soil fertility and lack of chemical fertilizers, Lynn naturally cannot increase the yield per acre of [Emperor Potatoes] to three or four thousand pounds.

However.

Increasing the yield to two thousand pounds per acre, Lynn believes is still possible.

Moreover.

Even if the current potato yield per acre does not match the yield in Lynn’s memory, it still far exceeds the output of barley, wheat, and other grains.

Almost ten times more!

While Lynn was resting, Wilbur came running over quickly.

Bow down in front of Lynn and respectfully said.

"Master."

"The weight statistics of the harvested potatoes have been completed."

"A total of seven thousand two hundred pounds!"

Lynn nodded and spoke.

"I know."

"According to the method I instructed you, properly preserve and care for all the potatoes."

"To expand the planting scale next year!"

Wilbur hurriedly responded, "Yes, Master."

Sending Wilbur away to get busy.

Lynn stood up from the wooden chair and returned to the castle with Red.

The [Emperor Potatoes] planted in spring have been completed planting and harvesting.

Next, they are waiting for October to start harvesting the cotton in the field!

It was now midday.

With Kuisi’s service, Lynn comfortably enjoyed today’s lunch.

As Kuisi served a bowl of fresh fish soup to Lynn, she curiously asked.

"Master, Wilbur said he received your instructions to send over a basket of crops called ’potatoes’."

"However, the chefs saw this crop for the first time and had no idea how to cook them."

"Please guide..."

After sipping the fresh fish soup, Lynn put down the porcelain spoon in his hand and replied.

"There are many ways to prepare potatoes, they can be washed clean, placed in the pot with skin on, add water to cover the ingredients, and sprinkle a small amount of fine salt."

"Cook on the wood stove until chopsticks can easily penetrate, then take them out for direct consumption."

Kuisi listened earnestly to Lynn’s explanation.

Lynn continued: "They can also be used for charcoal grill."

"Directly bury the potatoes in the embers or charcoal, cover with hot ash grill for half an hour, once cooked, add rosemary, herbs or spices to enhance flavor..."

"You can also mash the cooked potatoes, add a small amount of milk, lard, etc., stir into a mud-like consistency, knead into dough, shape into patties for roasting."

"Or cut the potatoes into small pieces, boil them with oats and clear water into porridge."

"Alternatively, slice the potatoes thinly, use lard to fry them in the iron pot until golden and dehydrated, to make chips."

"Aside from these, you can also make potato stew, marinated potatoes, etc."

"They can both serve as a staple food to fill the stomach and as a supplement to body requirements..."

Listening to Master Lynn’s explanation, Kuisi quickly responded.

"Yes, Master, Kuisi has remembered."

Lynn nodded slightly, continuing to enjoy his lunch.

After finishing lunch under the service of Kuisi and Janet, Lynn left the castle with Red.

Lynn entered the blacksmith workshop area, joining the construction team of five other double-chamber reflector furnaces in the blacksmith workshop.

For now.

Lynn needs to forge suitable steel armor for all soldiers in the territory and garrison, which requires smelting a large amount of steel.

Lynn also needs a large amount of steel to lay down steel tracks for transporting ore and goods within the territory!

The previously laid wooden tracks, after high-intensity coal transportation over time, have shown some damage.

If there is a large amount of steel, Lynn would naturally upgrade the wooden tracks to steel tracks, designing and producing heavier load-bearing steel ore carts.

Only in this way can coal transportation efficiency be effectively improved.

Providing a continuous fuel supply for the six double-chamber reflector furnaces to be built in the future.

As for the iron ore supply, Lynn has no worries.

With two Kirk Ships capable of carrying ten tons as transport tools.

The iron ore excavated in the depths of the forest upstream can be transported back to the territory.

It can also satisfy the iron ore demand of the double-chamber reflector furnaces.

The most crucial thing is.

The shipbuilding apprentices in the shipyard are still continuing to produce Kirk Ships.

The water transportation capacity in Lynn’s territory will only grow stronger.

Taking the plastering knife from the hand of a blacksmith apprentice.

Lynn invested himself in the construction of the furnace body of the second double-chamber reflector furnace.

[Construction Experience+]

[Construction Experience+1]

[Construction Experience+1]

...

In Lynn’s continuous laboring, experience increased bit by bit.

Seven days passed in the blink of an eye.

On the morning of September twenty-fifth.

Standing firmly in the blacksmith workshop, Lynn’s eyes were fixed straight on the double-chamber reflector furnace in front.

Wearing a linen robe, Ehrelo stepped in front of Lynn, respectfully reporting.

Chapter 1283 - 340: Survival Is More Important Than Anything (10K)_2

Chapter 1283: Chapter 340: Survival Is More Important Than Anything (10K)_2

"Master, the workers report that all the iron ore in the smelting chamber has been completely melted."

"We can begin pouring the molten iron for casting!"

Lynn did not hesitate and immediately responded.

"Start extracting the iron!"

Upon receiving the affirmative response from Master Lynn, Foreman Erelo was taken aback and quickly replied.

"Yes, Master!"

Stepping away from Master Lynn, Erelo approached the double-chamber reflector furnace.

He addressed the fifteen furnace operators and shouted.

"By Master Lynn’s order, begin the iron extraction!"

Erelo’s voice was loud and resonant.

Several passing blacksmith apprentices halted their steps, their eyes wide, watching this scene from afar.

They were curious.

What kind of iron smelting furnace could it be?

Forcing their Lord to decisively dismantle the stable production blast furnaces.

Even though during construction, they heard from Foreman Erelo’s mouth.

Their Lord wanted to smelt steel that combined strength and toughness.

The fifteen operators responded in unison.

"Yes, Lord Erelo!"

As their responses echoed down, the operators busied themselves.

Two operators approached the double-chamber reflector furnace and together opened the steel liquid discharge outlet.

With a metallic ’clank’ sound.

The sealed outlet was slowly opened.

Instantly.

A surge of searing heat gushed from the double-chamber reflector furnace.

Coming alongside it.

Was a red-orange steel liquid resembling molten lava.

The steel liquid flowed gently, and under such high temperatures, even the air appeared distorted!

A few other operators had already prepared ladles, standing ready.

Under everyone’s watchful eyes, the steel liquid flowed into the ladles.

Then several other operators transferred the ladles for subsequent processing.

What left Lynn feeling regretful.

Was that the current conditions in the territory for steel forging remained limited.

If optimal conditions were available, an appropriate amount of alloy elements could be added to the steel liquid.

Silicon, manganese, chromium, nickel, and so on.

This could precisely adjust the chemical elements in the steel.

Other operators poured the steel liquid from the ladles into sand molds for natural air cooling.

The advantages and disadvantages of using natural air cooling for the steel liquid in the molds.

The advantage was that it required less manpower and resources; the steel liquid in the molds would naturally cool and solidify into slabs.

Afterwards, only de-molding was needed to obtain steel blocks.

The disadvantage was that cooling time was prolonged!

In the current late autumn weather, with daylight temperatures of twelve degrees, it would take at least over ten hours for the steel liquid in the molds to cool.

Moreover, due to the high temperature impact of the steel liquid, molds are prone to shrinkage, cracks, and material inconsistencies.

Based on the forging knowledge and techniques in Lynn’s mind.

Lynn knew well that the optimal cooling method was a combination of sand embedding and annealing treatments.

This could both reduce cooling defects and enhance the properties of the steel through subsequent treatments.

However.

Lynn was acutely aware that the territory’s conditions were limited!

Setting aside the need for higher quality molds.

Just managing the timing and temperature for sand embedding was enough to overburden the blacksmith apprentices.

Only by waiting for the blacksmith apprentices at the workshop to become more skilled in their forging and production techniques could reconsiderations be made.

Looking at the molds filled with steel liquid, placed at the ventilated area, emitting high temperatures.

Lynn felt a surge of satisfaction.

Even though natural air cooling took longer.

The constructed double-chamber reflector furnace had indeed produced the first batch of steel liquid!

Waiting for the steel to fully cool.

The apprentices at the Blacksmith Workshop could commence forging steel products!

Thinking of this.

Lynn couldn’t help but feel a surge of anticipation.

They were one step closer to creating a torrent of a million steel flows!

Pushing away the wandering thoughts in his mind, Lynn entered the construction site and once again engaged in the construction of the double-chamber reflector furnace.

...

Kakasong City.

Within the towering church building.

Simo, dressed in a pure white bishop’s robe, stood beneath the massive cross.

Holding a thick ancient book in his left hand, he murmured words, constantly echoing through the hall.

In front of Simo.

Many richly dressed individuals knelt on the ground, bowing, heads lowered, listening intently to Simo’s speech.

After an hour had passed.

Simo closed the hefty ancient book in his hands and uttered a benediction.

"Amen!"

All sixty or so followers kneeling responded in unison.

"Amen."

Simo glanced over the richly dressed women, smiling gently.

"Everyone, today's evening prayer session is over."

"Although I, as the agent of the God in this world, represent divine intent, the profound meanings conveyed by the divine require constant study and reflection..."

The devoted followers responded again.

"Thank you, Lord Bishop, for your guidance."

Simo continued to wear his kind smile, nodding in acknowledgment.

Watching as the groups of followers rose, paid their respects, and turned away, leaving the church.

Simo's gaze fell upon a middle-aged woman wearing a gray and white satin robe.

"Lady Daphne Ramirez, please hold on for a moment."

Hearing Simo's gentle call, Daphne, who was about to leave, paused in her steps.

Chapter 1284 - 340: Staying Alive Is More Important Than Anything

Chapter 1284: Chapter 340: Staying Alive Is More Important Than Anything

Daphne looked at Simo with confusion and asked.

"Lord Bishop, do you need me to do something?"

Simo shook his head and spoke gently.

"Lady Daphne, please come before me..."

Still confused, Daphne exchanged a few words with the lady beside her, letting her leave first.

With measured steps, Daphne came before Simo.

Bowing with respect, she addressed him.

"Lord Bishop!"

As Daphne bent forward, the round and firm alabaster before her chest seemed about to fall.

Simo’s eyes couldn’t help but brighten.

But in the next instant.

Simo restrained the greed and desire in his eyes and responded.

"Lady Daphne, I can sense that you are lost in confusion!"

A look of astonishment spread across Daphne’s face as she repeated Simo’s words.

"I am lost in confusion?"

With a calm demeanor, Simo nodded and continued.

"Yes, Lady Daphne."

"Your eyes are full of uncertainty and fear about the future, laden with exhaustion and fatigue."

"Clearly, you are bound by the affairs of your household!"

"Yet no one understands or empathizes with you, and your efforts go unheeded..."

Listening to Simo’s gentle narration.

Daphne’s body shuddered violently, and goosebumps involuntarily stood up on her skin.

Daphne looked at Simo, her eyes filled with turmoil, and hastily inquired.

"Lord Bishop..."

"Just as you said, Daphne... Daphne has always lived in confusion and pain..."

"They all think Daphne has been living in luxury without worries."

"But they don’t know how much Daphne has sacrificed for Ramirez..."

"Nor do they care about how much Daphne has sacrificed, only knowing how to demand more!"

At this point.

Tears began to stream from Daphne’s eyes.

Full of anticipation, Daphne looked at Simo and asked.

"Lord Bishop, what should Daphne do..."

"What should I do to be liberated from confusion and pain?"

Seeing Daphne’s tear-streaked face, Simo smiled gently and responded warmly.

"Lady Daphne, I can help you through a Deception Breaking Ceremony."

"To help you break free from your inner dilemma and gain liberation!"

Simo’s words took a sudden turn.

"However, the success of the Deception Breaking Ceremony will depend on your devotion to God!"

"Moreover, conducting the ceremony will consume a great deal of my energy and strength..."

Daphne instantly understood and quickly spoke.

"Please rest assured, Lord Bishop, Daphne has always been the most devout follower."

"As long as you can successfully help Daphne with the ceremony, Daphne is willing to purchase five Gold Pounds more every month..."

"No, Ten Gold Pounds of Redemption Certificates!"

Simo’s eyebrows raised with satisfaction and he replied.

"Very well, Lady Daphne, please follow me."

"To successfully conduct the Deception Breaking Ceremony, it must be done in an absolutely quiet and undisturbed environment."

"The Deception-Breaking Room of mine is the perfect choice!"

Daphne bowed slightly, gratefully.

"Thank you for your generosity, Lord Bishop."

Simo nodded slightly, placing the heavy book in his hand on the nearby podium.

He began to walk towards the hallway on the side of the hall, with Daphne following closely behind.

As they passed the entrance to the corridor, Guard Captain Samuel happened to approach.

Before Samuel could speak, Simo took the lead and said.

"If there are any matters, wait until I have conducted the Deception Breaking Ceremony for Lady Daphne to report them."

"Remember, no one is to disturb the ceremony!"

Samuel said nothing, looking once at the voluptuous woman following Simo.

In an instant, he understood.

Samuel quickly bowed and respectfully responded.

"Yes, Lord Bishop!"

Simo acknowledged with a sound and spoke no further words.

Under Samuel’s watchful eyes.

Simo and Daphne walked on, entering the corridor.

As the two were about to round the corner of the corridor.

Samuel clearly saw Simo’s right hand slide around Daphne’s waist.

His right hand continued to move down, settling on the prominent curve behind Daphne...

Samuel withdrew his gaze with an indifferent expression.

Such scenes and images, Samuel could no longer remember how many times he had seen.

This kind of Deception Breaking Ceremony was not only conducted by Simo.

The priests and other clergy of the Church were the same!

By taking advantage of their positions within the Church.

While satisfying their bodily desires.

They could still gain a significant sum of money from the wives and daughters of these wealthy nobles.

A win-win situation.

Of course, many like Simo were very willing to do so.

Crossing the corridor beneath his feet, exiting through the back door of the Church.

Samuel walked towards a cluster of abandoned and collapsed buildings a few hundred meters away from the Church.

Perhaps because of the Church Standard Plate Armor he was wearing.

With each step Samuel took, the ground echoed with the sound of iron boots hitting the floor and the scraping and clattering of plate armor components.

Samuel scanned ahead with his eyes through the Iron Helmet.

The abandoned and collapsed buildings lay in silence.

But soon.

Several thin and frail figures poked their heads around the walls, observing Samuel from afar.

Recognizing Samuel’s familiar face, excited voices echoed within the abandoned buildings.

Tip: You can use left, right, A and D keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

Chapter 1285 - 340: Survival Is More Important Than Anything (10,000 Words)_4

Chapter 1285: Chapter 340: Survival Is More Important Than Anything (10,000 Words)_4

"It’s Captain Samuel!"

"Master Samuel has brought food to aid us!"

"Come out, everyone..."

"..."

Cheerful voices continued to echo.

One by one, thin and frail boys and girls stepped quickly out from behind abandoned buildings, surrounding Samuel.

Seeing these children with faces full of dirt, a rare smile appeared on Samuel's face.

With a movement of his right hand, Samuel took the package off his shoulder and handed it to the girl with light golden hair in front of him.

Samuel said, "Nancy, distribute this food to them."

The light golden-haired girl reached out to take it and did not immediately open the package to distribute the food as instructed by Samuel's words.

Despite the girl holding all the food.

The dozen or so children standing behind her had no intention of snatching it.

Even though their stomachs were rumbling with hunger.

Nancy slightly raised her head, looking up at Samuel and said.

"Samuel, you don't have to bring us food every week."

"We have no relation to you, and you bear no responsibility towards us."

Looking at Nancy, who only reached his chest and had a face full of seriousness.

Listening to Nancy's words, Samuel didn't mind at all, smiling once again, he said.

"If I hadn't brought you food every week, you all would have starved to death six months ago."

"It's one thing that you're not grateful; you're even blaming me now?"

Nancy frowned slightly and continued.

"You misunderstand; I have no intention of blaming you."

"I just want to tell you, you don't have to feel responsible for us."

"Our life and death have nothing to do with you."

"You don’t need to spend so much money on us."

"With that money, you could go to the tavern and live it up, or to the brothel and have several women accompany you overnight..."

Listening to Nancy’s nonstop chatter.

Samuel’s gaze passed over Nancy, looking directly at the few little boys behind her.

Feeling Samuel’s gaze, smiles instantly appeared on the faces of the little boys.

Nancy, who was speaking, naturally noticed Samuel’s small gesture.

Nancy was instantly a bit flustered and exasperated.

"Samuel, I’m talking to you!"

"You always ignore my words!"

Samuel withdrew his gaze, looked at Nancy again, and smiled.

"I’m listening..."

Samuel’s words took a sudden turn, he continued.

"By the way, Nancy, I’ve found a good place for you all!"

Nancy wanted to say a few more words, but upon hearing Samuel’s words, her eyes widened.

"A good place?"

Samuel nodded and explained.

"Yes, at least in my view, that lord’s territory is a great place for you all."

"All the residents on his land can receive three free meals a day, live in red brick houses, and even have opportunities for education."

Nancy’s face was full of disbelief.

Three meals a day?

Living in a red brick house?

And having educational opportunities?

Such generous living conditions.

Shouldn’t only the children of the nobility and wealthy merchants in Kakasong City have those?

Samuel continued speaking.

"Moreover, that territory has tall defensive fortifications constructed."

"Unless there’s a large-scale soldier force attacking that land."

"Ordinary bandits, criminals, and exiles couldn’t even enter that territory."

"Plus, with that lord’s wise governance, all residents live and work in peace and stability..."

Nancy had no further questions, her eyes full of hope and yearning.

No need to worry about hunger, no need to worry about safety, everyone living in peace and prosperity...

Isn’t that what’s described as heaven in books?

Seeing Nancy’s expression, Samuel continued speaking.

"The meat you received in the last two months was bought with gold pounds from the lord!"

"Otherwise, I wouldn’t have had enough salary to buy you large quantities of meat..."

Nancy’s eyes widened, and she quickly asked Samuel.

"Samuel, where is the place you’re talking about?"

Hearing Nancy’s eager inquiry, Samuel didn’t waste any words and said directly.

"Samuel, are you speaking of the Lord of Morgan Town in Lorin, who burned Viscount Jon Zachary and his supporting manor lords, along with tens of thousands of troops, with a mountain fire—Lynn Blake?"

Samuel nodded calmly, "Yes."

Upon getting Samuel’s affirmative answer, disbelief reappeared on Nancy’s face, and she continued.

"In Kakasong City, rumor has it that Lynn is the Flame Demon!"

"How could he provide such living conditions to the residents of his territory??"

Samuel, unsurprised, responded.

"If I hadn't personally gone to Morgan Town, to Lord Lynn's territory, I would have thought the same as you."

"But having visited Lord Lynn's territory and meeting with him twice."

"I found that Lord Lynn is not as the rumors say."

"I even feel that Lord Lynn is just a few years older than you."

Nancy's eyebrows couldn't help but raise; she's only fourteen now.

A few years older than her...

The Lynn, feared and trembled by all the residents of Kakasong City, could he have just come of age?

Speaking of this, Samuel's expression turned earnest, he continued saying.

"But, Lord Lynn possesses something others do not!"

"As for what it is... I can't say."

Tip: You can use left, right, A and D keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

Chapter 1286 - 340: Survival Is More Important Than Anything

Chapter 1286: Chapter 340: Survival Is More Important Than Anything

Nancy remained silent, her mind replaying Samuel's words.

Samuel glanced at the sky and continued speaking to Nancy.

"Even though Viscount Jon Zach has been wiped out, Kakasong City will not become better for it."

"On the contrary, it will become more chaotic because it is leaderless."

"In my opinion, being able to go to Lord Lynn’s territory is your best option."

"Barring any unforeseen events, I will be taking the guard unit to Morgan Town tomorrow, heading to Lord Lynn’s territory."

"If you want to go, you can wait for me at the South City Gate of Kakasong."

Before Nancy could respond.

Under the gaze of the children, Samuel stepped towards the distant church.

Nancy stood in place, watching Samuel’s figure gradually disappear, murmuring softly.

"Fire of Lorraine..."

...

Back at the church.

Samuel walked through the corridor and up the stairs.

Just arriving at the second-floor corridor, a guard quickly approached Samuel.

The guard bowed respectfully.

"Captain of the Guard, the Lord Bishop is looking for you."

Upon hearing this, Samuel frowned and asked the guard.

"Has the Lord Bishop’s Deception Breaking Ceremony ended already?"

The guard quickly replied: "Yes, Captain of the Guard."

"This time the Deception Breaking Ceremony only took a few minutes..."

Samuel nodded knowingly, "I understand."

Without further words, Samuel strode towards Simo’s bedroom.

Standing before the double wooden doors of the bedroom, Samuel was about to knock but found them slightly ajar.

Before Samuel could call out.

Simo’s voice came from the bedroom.

"Come in directly."

Samuel responded, pushed open the wooden door with both hands, and walked in.

Stopping in front of the walnut desk opposite Simo, Samuel respectfully said.

"Lord Bishop."

Sitting on the wooden chair, Simo lifted his eyelids and glanced at Samuel.

"What did you want to report to me just now?"

Samuel quickly nodded and responded.

"Lord Bishop, Samuel has obtained reliable information..."

"Sir Ludovico Dons summoned a group of Free Nobles to his residence for a late-night meeting a few days ago."

Upon hearing Samuel’s words, Simo’s eyebrows immediately raised.

"Ludovico summoned the Free Nobles for a late-night meeting?"

"What does he intend to do?"

Samuel shook his head and continued.

"As for the detailed content of the late-night meeting, Samuel has yet to find out."

"However, by roughly analyzing the current situation in Kakasong City."

"Samuel boldly speculates that it is likely about the new leadership of Kakasong City..."

"The Lord Bishop should also know that Ludovico once openly and covertly competed with Jon Zach for the control of Kakasong City..."

"Now that Jon Zach is dead, it surely presents an opportunity for Ludovico!"

Sitting on the wooden chair, Simo coldly snorted and said.

"I knew that Ludovico only pretended to agree at the last church meeting!"

"He wanted to stabilize the Lord Bishop and then secretly join forces with other Free Nobles and wealthy merchants to pressure the Lord Bishop."

"Even trying to grab the position of the new leader of Kakasong City!"

Samuel subtly nodded in agreement.

Simo continued to say.

"But does Ludovico really think he can hinder the Lord Bishop just by allying with Free Nobles and wealthy merchants?"

"That’s too naive!"

Simo’s gaze shifted and he asked Samuel.

"So far, how many believer soldiers have been recruited?"

"Nearly a month has passed, don’t tell me there hasn’t been any progress."

Samuel quickly responded.

"Please rest assured, Lord Bishop, Samuel has been fully committed to recruitment."

"Thus far, we have recruited four hundred believer soldiers from a group of loyal believers!"

Hearing the numbers reported by Samuel, Simo nodded in satisfaction.

Keep in mind.

Previously, due to Jon Zach’s suppression, the Church’s number of armored soldiers was kept limited.

Jon Zach only allowed the Church to have fifty guards.

Now, with four hundred recruited believer soldiers, military strength is significantly improved.

Speaking to this point, Samuel hesitated a bit.

"However, Lord Bishop..."

"These four hundred believer soldiers have not undergone any military training!"

"If they are to be deployed in war, they must undergo long-term military training."

"Moreover, they need to be equipped with standard armor and weapons."

"Sending them hastily to the battlefield is merely sending them to their deaths..."

Simo mused for a moment and said.

"The Lord Bishop is naturally aware of these facts."

"What you must do is continue to recruit believer soldiers, as skilled as possible."

"If possible, the Lord Bishop hopes that the Kakasong City Church will possess thousands of believer soldiers to face future wars!"

Hearing this, Samuel bowed respectfully, his mouth slightly open as if to speak.

Simo gazed directly at Samuel and continued to ask.

"Is there anything else?"

Upon Simo's inquiry, Samuel finally spoke up.

"Lord Bishop, a merchant named Boer has been hiring Free People in large numbers at the talent market in the city..."

Simo immediately frowned and remarked with dissatisfaction.

"A merchant hiring Free People for labor is perfectly reasonable, isn't it? Why report this to me?"

Samuel lowered his head and explained.

"If it were just regular hiring, Samuel naturally wouldn't bother the Lord Bishop with it."

Tip: You can use left, right, A and D keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

Chapter 1287 - 340: Survival Is More Important Than Anything

Chapter 1287: Chapter 340: Survival Is More Important Than Anything

"The employment notice posted by the Boer Merchant offers daily wages for Free People at twice the normal market rate..."

"Of course, that's not all."

"The key thing is, Boer is hiring for Lynn, the Lord of Morgan Town!"

"As long as the Free People in Kakasong City are willing to accept employment and relocate to Morgan Town."

"The enticing wages for hiring Free People... can be doubled!"

Simo's eyes widened as he spoke.

"Hiring for Lynn?"

Samuel responded, "Yes, Lord Bishop."

"Samuel conducted an in-depth investigation on the Boer Merchant."

"Boer was once just a traveling merchant between villages, dealing in agricultural goods."

"Yet through continuous trade with Lord Lynn, exchanging goods for fine salt, he earned a high profit margin and grew wealthy, expanding his merchant fleet ever larger."

"Now, his cargo transport uses as many as ten horse-drawn carriages."

"And the Guard Team he employs wears Chain Armor."

"Two days ago, Boer Merchant even met the audit requirements of the Merchant Guild, allowing him to establish his own Merchant Guild within Kakasong City!"

Listening to Samuel's ongoing account, Simo fell silent.

Simo wasn't concerned about the Boer Merchant.

He was just a merchant moving goods back and forth.

Simo was concerned that this merchant was hiring Free People for Lynn!

Under the temptation of high labor wages, many Free People would surely accept employment and head to Morgan Town.

Given the distance between Morgan Town and Kakasong City.

It would take at least two days' journey by foot.

What this means is.

These Free People would likely accept Lynn's terms—settling in Morgan Town.

Thus, receiving twice the labor wage from Lynn.

If only a few hundred Free People accept employment and choose to settle in Morgan Town.

It could be overlooked.

But if more and more Free People choose to head there.

Then.

The labor force in Kakasong City would only diminish!

Lynn is pilfering the labor force from Kakasong City!

Should the city's labor force be drained.

Even if he becomes the new leader of Kakasong City, managing the entire city, what use would it be?

A strong sense of crisis arose in Simo's heart.

He must immediately devise a way to change the situation in Kakasong City.

He needs to quickly take control of the entire city.

Gather all the forces within Kakasong City.

To resist Lynn's infiltration!

Only now.

A hint of regret emerged in Simo's heart.

Had he known, he shouldn't have unilaterally recognized Morgan Town as belonging to Lynn's territory for the sake of the Tithing Lynn paid.

Simo realized.

Compared to Jon Zuck relying solely on military suppression.

The situation with Lynn is much trickier!

Simo's thoughts raced through his mind.

For a moment he didn't know what to do.

Simo asked Samuel, "We must prevent Lynn from hiring the city's Free People!"

"Samuel, do you have any ideas?"

Samuel thought for a few seconds, tentatively speaking.

"Lord Bishop, how about capturing Boer Merchant, what do you think?"

"Not just the Boer Merchant."

"If anyone is found hiring Free People for Lynn, immediately capture all of them!"

"Or perhaps, directly behead Boer Merchant as a warning to others?"

The moment Samuel finished speaking.

Simo shook his head directly.

"No way!"

"Based on the information you've gathered, it's clear Boer received orders from Lynn, which is why he's recklessly hiring Free People in Kakasong City."

"Once we capture Boer or behead him publicly..."

"It would be a provocation to Lynn, an act of war!"

"There's a high chance Lynn would deploy an army to attack Kakasong City!"

Simo naturally knew that his relationship with Lynn was extremely delicate now.

He coveted the mineral resources, labor force, and vast farmland in Lynn's territory.

Wishing to claim them as his own.

But, due to insufficient strength, and the chaotic situation in Kakasong City.

He couldn't make any moves against Lynn's territory.

Furthermore, he had to satisfy Lynn's demands to some extent.

To avoid Lynn launching an attack on Kakasong City.

Lynn, with his territory newly risen.

Had decimated Morgan Town and Jon Zuck's supporter manors.

And seized the labor force and other properties within these manors.

Lynn needs a considerable amount of time for digestion and recovery.

If he makes any moves that harm Lynn’s interests.

Lynn definitely wouldn’t ignore them!

To entirely resolve the chaotic situation in Kakasong City and face Lynn of Morgan Town.

There’s only one way.

That is relying on powerful military strength to suppress them!

Simo pondered in his mind.

Aside from recruiting believer soldiers from Kakasong City, where else could he seek strong military aid?

Standing in place, Samuel saw Simo remaining silent for a long time.

Samuel dared not make any noise, quietly waiting.

Only after several minutes.

Simo returned to his senses, looked at Samuel, and continued to ask.

"Is there anything else?"

Samuel quickly replied.

"Lord Bishop, the end of the month is approaching."

Simo’s brows furrowed, not immediately understanding Samuel’s implied meaning.

"What about the end of the month?"

Samuel explained, "Lord Bishop, the end of each month is when Lynn, Lord of Morgan Town, pays the territorial Tithing!"

Upon hearing the words ’Tithing,’ Simo’s eyes brightened, responding.

"Tomorrow morning, take the guards to Morgan Town, enter Lynn’s territory, and collect the Tithing."

"Once the collection is complete, return to Kakasong City immediately."

"There’s still an important task I need to arrange for you!"

No matter the current state of relations between him and Lynn.

They must collect the Tithing from Lynn’s salt mining!

Bear in mind.

Every additional Gold Pound allows for the hiring of more believer soldiers.

Samuel responded.

"Samuel accepts the order."

With those words, Samuel bent in salute, withdrew from the bedroom.

Upon leaving the bedroom.

Samuel also closed the double wooden doors for Simo.

In the spacious, silent bedroom, only Simo remained, still resting on the wooden chair.

Rising from the wooden chair, Simo walked with somewhat heavy steps towards the inner room.

Pushing open the wooden door with his left hand, Simo’s gaze settled on the three-meter-wide bed in disarray.

A body, barely covered by a thin silk quilt, was lying on the bed’s side.

Despite the quilt’s cover and concealment.

It couldn’t hide the graceful figure beneath.

Simo didn’t speak, felt no urgency or desire...

He bypassed the graceful figure’s back, moved to the front, and looked.

Side-lying on the bed, Daphne’s eyes were wide open, staring straight at Simo.

In the light brown eyes, there was fear and hatred...

Daphne had lost all signs of life.

Simo’s gaze held with the deceased Daphne.

Then he moved his body, sitting on the wooden chair next to the bed.

Simo’s eyes moved across Daphne’s cheek, neck, collarbone, and the high-rising snow-white...

A soft murmur escaped from Simo’s lips.

"If only you had cooperated with this bishop, none of this would have happened."

"Living is more important than anything!"

Tip: You can use left, right, A and D keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

Chapter 1288 - 341: The Church Has Already Decayed!

Chapter 1288: Chapter 341: The Church Has Already Decayed!

Early morning.

After having breakfast, Lynn, accompanied by Red, left the castle and headed straight for the Handicraft Workshop District.

Perhaps it was because it was late September.

The Karedi Empire had entered deep autumn.

The trees planted along the sides of the red brick roads had turned golden-orange.

Large patches of uncultivated wild grass outside the town were also gradually becoming yellow.

The entire territory slowly lost its greenery, presenting a bleak late autumn scene.

Even the temperature showed a noticeable decrease.

Though the sky was fully bright now, a slight chill could still be felt.

Among the respectful gazes of the town’s residents.

Lynn passed through clusters of red brick houses and arrived at the Handicraft Workshop District, entering the Blacksmith Workshop.

As soon as he entered the Blacksmith Workshop, the foreman Ehrelo immediately stepped forward to greet him.

In front of Lynn, Ehrelo respectfully bent down to salute, his words filled with surprise.

"Master."

"Ehrelo was just about to come find you, and you happened to arrive at the Blacksmith Workshop."

Lynn glanced at Ehrelo and asked.

"Has the steel liquid in the casting molds cooled and solidified?"

Ehrelo quickly responded, "Yes, master."

"The steel liquid has already cooled and solidified as daylight broke."

Lynn nodded and continued.

"Very well, arrange for personnel to demold immediately and prepare to start the new round of forging production!"

Ehrelo bowed his head slightly and explained.

"Master, Ehrelo has already arranged for the blacksmith apprentices to begin demolding the steel."

"By noon at the latest, all steel demolding will be completed and forging labor can begin."

Lynn looked approvingly at Ehrelo, not taking issue with Ehrelo’s autonomy.

Smelting steel, cast solidification, followed by steel demolding...

Were within the scope of management as the Blacksmith Workshop foreman.

Ehrelo’s foresight to arrange personnel in advance to shorten labor time naturally was a good thing.

It meant.

No more need for every trifling matter to await Lynn’s instructions or orders before execution.

Walking across the slightly uneven ground, Lynn arrived at the demolding area of the Blacksmith Workshop.

Blocks of steel extracted from the molds came into Lynn’s view.

[Ordinary Steel Block]: A high-quality steel block cast from advanced double-chamber reflector furnace smelting, high strength and toughness, suitable for producing armor, weapons, and other steel products.

Looking at the steel blocks before him, Lynn nodded in satisfaction.

Indeed.

The more advanced the scientific technology, the higher the grade of the manufactured items.

Just through the smelting of the double-chamber reflector furnace, even the most basic iron ore had become [Ordinary] grade steel blocks.

Lynn looked at Ehrelo, praising him.

"You did very well, finally exhibiting the decision-making capacity a workshop foreman should have!"

Ehrelo’s face showed a hint of shame, quickly lowering his head.

With a thought, Lynn took out a scroll of parchment stored in his [Backpack] and handed it to Ehrelo.

Seeing a large roll of parchment suddenly appear in Master Lynn’s hand, Ehrelo’s eyes widened instantly.

Was this magic?

Ehrelo was extremely certain Master Lynn had entered the Blacksmith Workshop empty-handed!

Soon, Ehrelo was relieved.

Given the terrifying abilities and power Lynn displayed.

Even possessing magic, Ehrelo found it quite reasonable.

Because.

In Ehrelo’s view, Master Lynn’s appearance was like the descent of the God to save humanity.

Not only Ehrelo.

The vast majority of the territory’s residents believed this.

Suppressing his inner thoughts, Ehrelo took the parchment handed by Master Lynn, and opening it with some curiosity.

Upon seeing the parchment, with precise detailed armor designs and annotations.

Ehrelo’s eyes couldn’t help but widen again, curiously asking.

"Master, these diagrams are..."

Lynn glanced at the parchment in Ehrelo’s hands and explained.

"These are the armor designs and data for the Blacksmith Workshop to forge and manufacture for the soldiers later."

"Heavy cavalry, wearing Heavy Padded Armor, equipped with a five-meter Winged Spear, a one-meter top-rounded kite shield and an eighty-centimeter longsword."

"Heavy infantry, wearing Composite Armor, equipped with a three-meter long-handled axe or long spear, an eighty-centimeter steel round shield and a seventy-centimeter one-handed sword."

"The armor worn by light cavalry, light infantry, and archers, I will have the Textile Workshop produce."

"But your Blacksmith Workshop still needs to assist in forging production, such as the steel chest plate on the leather armor’s chest, wrist steel plates, etc."

Watching Ehrelo fixate on the parchment in his hand, Lynn continued.

"All armor styles, I have designed in robust type, medium type, and ordinary type, weapons are also marked with their dimensions."

"The Blacksmith Workshop just needs to forge according to the diagrams and data."

Listening to Master Lynn’s instructions, Ehrelo responded by rolling up the parchment and respectfully answering.

"Yes, master."

Lynn responded, addressing Ehrelo.

"While the double-chamber reflector furnace is under construction, I need you to immediately lead the blacksmith apprentices to start forging production."

"Divide the apprentices in the Blacksmith Workshop into several batches for different forge tasks."

"The first batch, responsible for forging the Heavy Padded Armor and vests needed by heavy cavalry and equipping their weapons."

"The second batch, responsible for forging the Composite Armor and weapons needed by heavy infantry."

"The third batch, responsible for forging the armor components and weapons needed by light cavalry, light infantry, and archers."

Chapter 1289 - 341: The Church Has Already Decayed! (10K)_2

Chapter 1289: Chapter 341: The Church Has Already Decayed! (10K)_2

"The fourth batch is responsible for forging the wheel plows. Now, not only the territory but also Morgan Town, Boxi Town, and Alba Town all require a large number of wheel plows for deep cultivation."

"The fifth batch is responsible for forging production tools and agricultural implements."

"Without affecting the productivity of town residents, forged steel tools and farm implements should replace the previously used iron tools and farm implements."

"..."

Lynn originally thought of having Ehrelo dispatch a team to start forging steel rails and manufacturing steel mine carts.

But.

Considering that they need to construct the double-chamber reflector furnace while also carrying out so many forging tasks in batches.

The two thousand apprentices in the Blacksmith Workshop are completely insufficient, so Lynn abandoned the idea.

If Lynn wants to upgrade the rail transport capacity within the territory, he must proceed step by step.

Or.

Wait until there is more labor available before making plans.

Watching Ehrelo who was somewhat busy memorizing the instructions, Lynn reminded him.

"Foreman Ehrelo, no need to be anxious."

"The armor I optimized only changed the forging material from ordinary iron to steel; otherwise, there are no significant changes."

"As long as you lead the apprentices to understand and master the properties of steel, you can quickly restore the previous production efficiency."

Listening to Master Lynn’s comforting words, Ehrelo felt a great surge of gratitude and quickly responded.

"Thank you, Master, for your guidance."

Lynn nodded and spoke solemnly.

"Since the first batch of steel infrastructure has completed demolding..."

"Foreman Ehrelo, from this moment, cancel all breaks for the blacksmith apprentices."

"I need you to lead them to quickly master the properties and forging methods of steel."

"Immediately join the new round of forging production."

Feeling the change in Master Lynn’s tone, Ehrelo responded swiftly and loudly.

"Ehrelo accepts orders!"

Lynn answered and then glanced around the Blacksmith Workshop before striding out towards the distant textile workshop.

After more than a month’s time.

The Blacksmith Workshop can finally resume forging production.

The optimized armor and weapons have already been instructed to the Blacksmith Workshop.

What Lynn needs to do now is.

To wait for the Blacksmith Workshop to use the double-chamber reflector furnace to smelt steel, forging steel armor and weapons of higher strength and toughness!

Striding into the textile workshop, Lynn’s gaze moved, scanning the surroundings.

The workers in the textile workshop were all fully focused on the production of linen robe and pants.

Some of the textile workers were even engaged in making rough wool robes.

Even as Lynn walked through the aisles of the textile workshop, not a single person glanced his way.

Lynn didn’t mind and continued walking through the textile workshop.

When he reached the depths of the textile workshop, the recently emerged Yimini immediately saw Lynn.

Without any hesitation, Yimini approached Lynn quickly, bowed in salute, and respectfully called.

"Master Lynn!"

Lynn glanced at Yimini and continued walking down the aisle, asking.

"How is the progress of the linen robe production?"

Yimini hurriedly followed behind Master Lynn and responded.

"Master Lynn, by mid-September, the textile workshop completed five thousand sets of linen robe and pants."

"Under Steward Kuisi’s instructions, the finished linen robe and pants were registered and distributed to the outdoor laboring residents."

"The remaining few thousand sets of linen robes and pants are being rushed by Yimini and the workers."

Lynn nodded slightly and said.

"The weather is getting colder. Besides rushing the linen robe and pants, the production of rough wool should also be on the agenda."

Just as Yimini was about to speak, Lynn continued.

"Besides that, there are other tasks that need to be executed by the textile workshop."

Yimini’s eyebrows raised as she curiously asked.

"Other tasks..."

Lynn responded, "The new furnace in the Blacksmith Workshop is already constructed and operational for forging."

"It won't be long before Ehrelo sends people to deliver the forged armor plates to the textile workshop."

"I need the textile workshop to continue stitching heavy padded armor, vests, and composite armor!"

"Not only that."

"The textile workshop also needs to use the linen cloth and leather stored in the warehouse, combined with metal components, to produce cloth armor and leather armor!"

Listening to Master Lynn's consecutive instructions, Yimini furrowed her brow.

As known.

The textile workshop is currently rushing the production of linen robe and pants and rough wool robes.

Master Lynn once again assigned so many tasks...

Of course, Lynn noticed the change in Yimini's expression and said.

"I understand that these tasks present some difficulties for the textile workshop."

"But there's no choice."

"No matter how difficult, the textile workshop must execute and complete the tasks."

"This is not only related to the normal life of residents but also to the life safety of the soldiers in the territory!"

"Only with enough armor can the combat power of the soldiers be ensured, thus guaranteeing the security of the territory!"

Listening to Master Lynn's words, Yimini's expression turned solemn, and she promptly responded.

"Yes, Master."

"Yimini is willing to follow all of Master's instructions!"

Lynn nodded.

With a thought, a bound leather appeared in Lynn’s hand.

Handing it to Yimini, Lynn said.

"These are the schematics for stitching heavy padded armor, composite armor, leather armor, and cloth armor."

Chapter 1290 - 341: The Church Is Already Rotten! (10,000) _3

Chapter 1290: Chapter 341: The Church Is Already Rotten! (10,000) _3

"In the spare time between clothing production, you may introduce the workshop workers to initial understanding and familiarization."

"Wait until the linen robe and pants and coarse wool robe are completed in the workshop."

"Everyone immediately engage in the assembly and production of armor!"

Lynn took the leather Yimini handed over by Master Lynn and responded once again.

"Master, Yimini accepts the order!"

Lynn no longer wasted any words.

He directly dismissed Yimini to organize the workers in the workshop and accelerate the progress of clothing production.

The textile workshop led by Yimini now has a total of six adjacent workshops with a workforce of eleven hundred people.

Completing the remaining obligations will not take much longer.

Walking out of the textile workshop.

After making a round in the Handicraft Workshop District and confirming there were no abnormalities, Lynn.

Once again engaged in the Blacksmith Workshop, joining the construction of the Double-chamber Reflector Furnace.

[Construction Experience +1]

[Construction Experience +1]

[Construction Experience +1]

...

As Lynn persistently worked on gaining Construction Skills experience.

Time passed quickly.

Until two days later.

A Guard ran quickly into the Handicraft Workshop District, entering the Blacksmith Workshop.

Stopping about four to five meters from Lynn under Red's watchful gaze.

The Guard bowed and respectfully reported.

"Master Lynn... Church Guard Captain Samuel has arrived in the town and is waiting for you at the Lord's Square..."

Listening to the Guard's urgent and panting words, Lynn's eyebrows raised slightly as he spoke to the Guard.

"Have Samuel wait for a moment, I will come immediately."

With Lynn's definite directive, the Guard quickly responded.

"Yes, Master Lynn."

Without any hesitation, the Guard immediately turned and left.

Lynn laid the last piece of refractory brick on the wall and put down the plastering knife.

Lynn went to the nearby water tank to wash his hands that were covered in refractory mud, then stepped out of the Blacksmith Workshop heading toward the Lord's Square.

It was already the end of September.

It was the time for Lynn to pay the Church the Tithing.

Passing by several Red Brick Houses and through the streets, Lynn arrived at the edge of the Lord's Square.

Looking ahead, several tall and burly figures dressed in Standard Plate Armor were standing beside warhorses.

Even though there was still some distance.

Lynn could clearly see the prominent cross symbol on the Standard Plate Armor.

Samuel was standing, waiting with a few Guards.

Without hesitation, Lynn walked forward quickly.

Before getting closer, Lynn noticed the keen perception of Samuel, whose body turned and gaze looked toward him.

Samuel’s previously calm face showed a smile and he stepped forward to greet Lynn.

Symbolically walking a few meters forward, Samuel stopped his steps.

He slightly bent at the waist toward Lynn and said politely.

"Lord Lynn, thank you for taking the time from your busy schedule to receive Samuel."

Samuel naturally saw the traces of mud on Lynn’s silk robe.

Lynn replied with a smile and said.

"Of course, Samuel is the Church Guard Captain, I need to personally receive you."

Samuel smiled broadly without any words.

It was just simple pleasantries.

Samuel wouldn’t take Lynn’s comments seriously.

Especially.

During the last visit to Lynn’s territory to collect the Penance Money for the burning of Lorraine, the words spoken.

Lord Lynn didn’t mind personally leading an army in full armor to flatten the gate of Kakasong City and have a face-to-face with Church Bishop Simo!

With such courage and strong military strength, Lynn.

How could he possibly care about a mere Church Guard Captain like him?

Samuel knew clearly.

This was because Lord Lynn wanted to glean more intelligence from him.

A powerful lord would give enough respect to people who had valuable information!

The Lynn in front of him was the same.

Samuel slightly bowed his head respectfully and said.

"Lord, as usual, Samuel is following the instructions of Lord Bishop Semo to come to collect the Tithing from your territory."

Lynn was not surprised at all and nodded.

"Naturally, at the end of each month, one-tenth of the fine salt production is paid as the Tithing."

Lynn’s gaze shifted, glancing at Red beside him.

Without needing Lynn to speak, Red nodded in acknowledgment and immediately called over a Guard to instruct him.

Lynn’s gaze shifted past Samuel to look at a carriage not far away.

In that carriage.

Children with thin and ragged figures stood crowded together.

If there weren’t protective railings and seats in the carriage box, they would have fallen under the pressure.

The children’s eyes, of various colors, were wide open, staring directly at him.

Lynn withdrew his gaze, looked at Samuel and calmly said.

"I presume, Captain Samuel, your visit this time is not just for collecting the Tithing, right?"

Samuel had naturally observed Lynn’s wandering gaze.

With no pretense, Samuel bowed slightly and said.

"Yes, Lord, your insight is sharp and discerning!"

"As Lord has seen, the eighteen children on the carriage are refugees from Kakasong City."

"Rest assured, Lord, they are not offspring of the army that perished in the Fire of Lorraine."

"They are merely a group of orphans, wandering without roots..."

Lynn’s expression remained calm as he continued to question Samuel.

Tip: You can use left, right, A and D keyboard keys to browse between chapters.