

System 321

Chapter 321: Charge with Me (Part 4)

Lynn responded, "Bring her over."

The Guard quickly bent over, "Yes, Master."

Watching the Guard turn and depart, Lynn pondered in his mind.

A succubus wholeheartedly helping him steal information, five years' time...

Completely sufficient.

As for that Demon Contract...

While Lynn was pondering.

Under the curious gaze of the surrounding townsmen, six Guards surrounded Kuisi and walked over.

Kuisi's hands and feet were both shackled with iron chains.

With every step she took, there was a clattering sound from her iron chains rubbing against the ground.

Ultimately, the Guards stopped her five meters in front of Lynn.

In Kuisi's eyes, there was clearly a flowing blood-red color, and her gaze swept over Lynn with obvious greed.

The Kuisi before him was actually Yaya in disguise.

Yaya's soft and alluring voice rang out.

"Hmm~ Lord, are you sure you want to agree to my terms?"

"Aren't you afraid that I'll use another contract to enslave you?"

"You know, succubi always like to absorb men's essence qi when mingling with them..."

As she spoke.

Yaya's body slowly moved; even the coarse wool robe could not hide her slender figure, enticing a few extra glances.

Lynn directly ignored Yaya's body movements and got straight to the point, "Tell me about your so-called 'Demon Contract.'"

Yaya's flattering expression and swaying body disappeared.

Kuisi spoke, "It's just a simple ritual."

"I'll chant some words, and afterward, all it requires is a drop of your blood, Lord, and the ritual will be complete."

Lynn nodded, "Then let's begin."

Listening to Lynn's indifferent words, a barely perceptible hint of surprise appeared on Yaya's face.

The calm and composure of the Lord before her gave her a strange feeling.

Not only that.

Other men, upon seeing her body and hearing her words, couldn't wait to pounce on her.

But in front of Lynn, it was as if he saw right through everything, as if the succubus's charm had no effect on him at all.

A seed of unexplained dissatisfaction was planted in Yaya's heart.

Yaya opened her mouth, exhaling a breath of warmth, her eyes gently closed.

The next second.

Yaya's eyes, which had just closed, suddenly opened, and the originally faintly red eyes became bright red.

Obscure and incomprehensible words flowed from Yaya's mouth.

"あざう..."

As Yaya spoke, Lynn could feel an inexplicable chill centered around her, converging.

Lynn noticed that beneath Yaya's feet, red energy was gathering and forming a swirling magical array.

Symbols, signs, and some random patterns...

Watching this scene, Red instinctively took a few steps toward Lynn, shielding half of his body behind Lynn.

The other Guards also formed a vigilant defensive formation.

Finally, after two minutes.

Yaya's chanting finally came to a stop.

She looked at Lynn, speaking calmly, "Lord, all that's needed is a drop of your blood, and the Demon Contract can take effect!"

Lynn did not speak; instead, he glanced again at the array beneath Yaya's feet.

A message instantly appeared before his eyes.

[Equal Demon Contract]: Caster Yar Bed, Contract content: To pass Lord Lynn's test, assist him in gathering intelligence for five years, after which the caster will regain freedom. If either party fails to fulfill the contract, they shall be eternally tormented by the Eternal Fire.

Looking at the message, Lynn's brows furrowed lightly.

Clearly, Yaya was trying to be crafty, deliberately concealing the consequences of breaching the contract.

Lynn stared directly at Yaya and spoke, "Did you forget to tell me the consequence of breaching the contract?"

Listening to Lynn's words, Yaya's body suddenly stiffened.

She sensed the confidence in Lynn's tone.

Could the young Lord before her actually understand the contract content she just recited?

Impossible.

Yaya hesitated for a few seconds, but she eventually spoke, "The consequence of breaching the contract is—eternal torment by the Eternal Fire."

Upon hearing this, Red slightly moved his body, looking at Lynn.

He wanted to dissuade him, but Lynn's voice had already rung out.

"I accept these terms."

Although it's a Demon Contract, both he and Yaya would face the same consequences upon breaching it.

But for Lynn, there's nothing to lose.

For several thousand pounds of fine salt in exchange for a succubus, once the contract term elapses, he could simply release her.

Obvious surprise flashed in Yaya's eyes instantly.

Knowing the painful consequences, he'd still choose to make a Demon Contract with her?

The only reason must be that the confident Lord Lynn believed he could restore her freedom in five years.

Lynn continued, "What do I need to do?"

Yaya snapped back, explaining, "I need a drop of your blood, Lord..."

Upon hearing this, Lynn did not hesitate at all and drew the one-handed sword from his waist.

Swoosh!

The sound of the blade scraping against the hilt was heard.

The sharp edge glided across Lynn's left index finger, and a stream of blood flowed out.

Just as Lynn was about to speak, Yaya stepped out of the ritual formation.

Under the gaze of Lynn, Red, and the Guards.

She opened her rosy mouth and placed it over Lynn's finger.

As Yaya's mouth and tongue moved, Lynn felt a sucking sensation on his finger.

Chapter 322: Charge with Me (Part 5)

Lynn's eyebrows immediately raised.

After licking Lynn's blood clean from his finger and confirming there was no more bleeding, Yaya finally backed away a few steps.

Yaya's pink tongue licked at the corner of her mouth, she spoke contentedly, "Lord, the contract has been successfully concluded."

Lynn looked directly at Yaya and said, "Does the Demon Contract require swallowing the blood of the contract party?"

Yaya's cheeks revealed a sly smile, "Of course not."

"I just wanted to taste the flavor of the Lord's blood and help you treat your injury..."

Lynn glanced at his left index finger, the wound hadn't miraculously healed, but it did stop the bleeding.

Lynn spoke, "From now on, you are free."

"On the premise of not affecting the normal development of this territory, you can try any way to get close to me and harm me, and that would be passing my test."

Clank, clank.

Two guards cautiously approached Yaya and unlocked the iron chains on her wrists and ankles.

Yaya rubbed her slightly reddened left wrist with her right hand, her mouth curved upward, revealing sharp fangs, "Well... Lord, you need to be careful..."

As she spoke.

Yaya transformed into the appearance of Kuisi and then changed again.

In just a few seconds.

Yaya changed into the form of Lynn, almost identical to Lynn's speech.

Except there was no weapon on her, her demeanor and aura lacked Lynn's composure, everything else was identical.

Whether it was Red or the few guards nearby, their faces showed a look of surprise.

Just after transforming into Lynn's appearance, Yaya glanced at the guards beside her, and her form changed again.

In a matter of seconds, Yaya changed into a young guard.

Under the gaze of Lynn and the others, she ran towards the small town in the rear.

After turning behind a red brick house, she completely disappeared from Lynn and the others' sight.

At this moment.

Red couldn't help but ask, "Master, are you just letting her hide in the small town like this?"

Lynn nodded.

Seeing that Master Lynn had made up his mind, Red had no more doubts, retreated a few steps, and stood behind him.

Looking at the still early sky, Lynn re-entered the kitchen, continuing to grind Cooking Skills Experience.

[Cooking Experience +1]

[Cooking Experience +1]

[Cooking Experience +1]

...

With a thought, Lynn opened the Heavenly Artifacts panel.

[Construction: Level 2 (211/500)] (+)

[Planting: Level 2 (91/500)] (+)

[Collection: Level 2 (151/500)] (+)

[Production: Level 2 (145/500)] (+)

[Hunting: Level 2 (25/500)] (+)

[Cooking: Level 2 (145/500)] (+)

[Forging: Level 2 (16/500)] (+)

[Medicine: Level 2 (9/500)] (+)

[Breeding: Level 2 (34/500)] (+)

After sweeping a glance over the Nine Great Skills, since he had been building the castle, the Construction skill had over two hundred experience points.

The remaining Eight Great Skills are still far from reaching Level 3.

However.

Lynn does not feel despair.

Just keep grinding!

Seeing the progress bar clearly, every effort he makes can be visibly seen as rewarding.

What can't be done?

...

On the other side of the territory.

On a barren, deserted wasteland.

A caravan of carriages is traveling on a road paved with some gravel.

Under the pressure of heavy loads on the carriages, even though the wheel rims have been reinforced with iron, they still emit unbearable screeching sounds while moving.

Surrounding the carriages, over twenty guards in leather armor are encircling the area, their eyes vigilantly scanning the surroundings.

A guard who appeared to be sixteen or seventeen drove a horse to the front.

Smiling with dirt-stained cheeks, he spoke to the Guard Captain Ryan beside him, "Uncle, will our escort missions always be this simple in the future?"

This caravan consists of twelve carriages in total.

Each carriage is fully loaded, transporting nearly five thousand pounds of barley, totaling sixty thousand pounds of grain!

Departing from Morgan Town, they arrived in this frontier land.

Despite spending these few days with meals in the open and rest relying on tents and campfires for warmth.

Fortunately, they encountered no danger along the way.

Neither the Wild Wolf pack nor the growing Bandit Corps had come across them.

Ryan turned to glance at the young man, "Mike, do you think it's easy?"

The young man called Mike simply nodded.

Ryan rolled his eyes, "That's thanks to Master Boer's blessing, we're just lucky."

"Back a few months ago, before you joined the Guard Team, we encountered a massive group of bandits..."

"They rode horses, waved weapons in their hands, and charged with bizarre cries."

"That sense of oppression can only be understood if you experience it yourself!"

Listening to Ryan's account, Mike turned to look at the carriages behind.

A man dressed in silk sat upright inside one carriage, resting with closed eyes.

He seemed uninterested in Mike and Ryan's conversation.

Mike's curiosity grew further, "Uncle, how did you handle those bandits?"

"Did you engage them in close combat?"

Ryan shook his head, "Fortunately, thanks to Master Boer."

Mike listened attentively as Ryan continued.

"If it weren't for Master Boer having a good relationship with the Lord, the Lord sent a military force for rescue."

Chapter 323: Charge with Me (Part 6)

"Although the bandits' target was our horses and the grain on the carriage, they didn't harm us. Yet for Master Boer, this would be a tremendous loss..."

Upon hearing this.

I became increasingly curious about the Lord mentioned by my second uncle.

Ryan had told him directly that the Lord had built a wall here in the borderlands that exceeded the height of Kakasong City!

Not only that.

The Lord also possessed a group of soldiers clad in plate armor!

Heavy cavalry!

Seeing Mike remain silent, Ryan's words shifted, "Don't worry too much. Just wholeheartedly follow Master Boer and do your job well."

"After transporting a few times, the money earned will allow you to marry your little wife."

Upon hearing the words 'little wife,' Mike's face instantly flushed with bashful redness.

Mike, full of embarrassment, said, "Second uncle, what are you talking about?"

Ryan couldn't help but grin and said, "What's so unspeakable about that?"

"Come on, tell Second Uncle—how far have you two gotten?"

"Holding hands?"

"Hugging?"

"Kissing?"

"Haha, well, I said there's no softies in our family!"

Listening to Ryan's teasing words, Mike's face blushed like a monkey's bottom, "Second uncle, what nonsense are you talking about!"

The guards surveying the surroundings couldn't help but burst into teasing laughter.

Sitting on the soft seat of the carriage, Boer opened his eyes at some point, listening to the conversation between Ryan and Mike.

The dialogue between the uncle and nephew added some life to the otherwise tedious journey of transporting goods.

Ryan was about to say more when his smiling face instantly turned solemn.

His face shifted, looking ahead.

Seeing Ryan's expression suddenly change, Mike asked curiously, "Second uncle, what's wrong?"

Ryan said nothing, instead extending his right index finger suspended in the air, which instantly made Mike close his mouth.

Mike's brow furrowed slightly as he looked at the surrounding guards.

Like Ryan, their faces were full of seriousness and indifference.

Boer looked at Ryan's back, just about to ask, when Ryan's voice suddenly rang out.

"Pull the reins and stop!"

"Switch rides! Quickly switch Master Boer to a different mount! Hurry!"

As Ryan's voice rang out.

All the guards with solemn expressions instantly moved.

The coachmen driving the carriage disregarded the agonizing cries of the draft horses and pulled the carriage to a stop.

With the help of two guards, Boer alighted from the carriage and mounted a warhorse.

Ryan, controlling his steed, moved beside Boer.

His face was full of solemnity as he stared at Boer, "Master, we must abandon the cargo and ride swiftly to Master Lynn's territory!"

Boer instantly understood the reason and had no doubts, "Alright."

As Boer's voice fell, Ryan abruptly raised the whip in his hand and swung it up.

"Ryan, what are you doing?"

In Boer's wide-eyed questioning, the whip struck the warhorse beneath Boer.

Woo~

The warhorse instantly felt the pain, galloping forward with its four hoofs.

Ryan immediately looked at Mike ahead, and said, "Mike, hurry and follow to protect Master Boer."

At this moment, Mike had already heard the thundering sound of galloping horses from afar.

He naturally understood why Ryan had to do so.

Mike's face was full of hesitation, "But, second uncle..."

Ryan's eyes suddenly glared, and he shouted, "When I brought you out, how did you promise me?"

"The first escort hasn't even been completed, and you want to defy my orders?"

Mike's eyes instantly turned blurry, and his voice became choked.

"I...didn't! I...didn't!"

"But second uncle..."

Ryan stared directly at Mike, "Execute the order!"

Mike could no longer suppress his emotions, exclaiming tearfully, "Yes!"

Ryan, without any courtesy, again raised the whip in his hand, and struck the horse beneath him.

Whoa~

The horse felt the pain, its forelegs leaping high before landing, chasing after Boer ahead.

Mike's hands clutched the reins tightly, not daring to relax even a little.

As the horse galloped quickly, tear drops in his eyes were immediately blown away, falling onto his leather armor shoulders.

Mike's gaze shifted.

He looked to the distance on the right.

A dense cavalry was galloping fast.

The thunder-like pounding of hooves brought up dust like a sandstorm across the sky...

And the target of these cavalry was precisely them!

Such a massive cavalry force, Ryan could clearly see some small stones on the ground were gently vibrating.

Perhaps because of the overwhelming momentum, the horse beneath him was frightened, moving uncontrollably.

Ryan's gaze looked at the thirty guards still stationed near the carriage.

He grinned, "Ladies and gentlemen, Ryan Isaac originally wanted to take you to fortune, but unexpectedly, it's only come to this!"

"You all have wives and children. If you want to live, run in the opposite direction while you can, maybe there's a chance."

A guard close to Ryan asked, "Captain, what about you?"

Ryan grinned and said, "I am the guard captain, I must be responsible for Master Boer's goods..."

All the guards' bodies trembled fiercely.

Seeing dozens of guards remain motionless, Ryan reminded them, "Everyone, if you don't move now, there won't be another opportunity!"

Listening to Ryan's words, the guard who asked earlier was full of hesitation.

"Captain, my life was saved by you. Even if I die, I want to die ahead of you."

"I'm not leaving either. Without Captain, my wife and daughter would have been sold to a brothel long ago!"

"If you all aren't leaving, then I'm not leaving either."

"..."

Resounding voices of conviction rose amidst the thunderous sound of hooves.

Ryan looked at the resolute faces behind him.

His body couldn't stop trembling.

"Since that's the case, then follow me to face the enemy!"

"To kill one is no loss, to kill two is a blood profit!"

Snkt~ Snkt~ Snkt~

The sound of swords being drawn resounded beside the carriage convoy.

The guards' accompanying roars also rose.

"To kill one is no loss, to kill two is a blood profit!"

"To kill one is no loss, to kill two is a blood profit!"

"..."

Ryan raised his scimitar, taking a deep breath.

The next second, he roared loudly.

"Charge with me!"

Ryan fiercely squeezed the horse's sides, prompting the warhorse beneath him to gallop towards the empty wasteland ahead.

Behind him were all the guard team members.

But how could thirty cavalry guards ever stand against the entire Iron Blood Brotherhood Bandit Corps?

They were instantly engulfed by the cavalry flood, with no trace left to see.

The carriage convoy parked on the road at this moment, surrounded by a group of cavalry.

When a sturdy figure came from the rear, the surrounding cavalymen pulled their reins to make way.

Anthony's gaze swept across the twelve fully loaded carriages, his brow furrowed, pondering something unknown.

A cavalryman dismounted after inspection, his face full of joy as he said, "Leader, it's food, all food."

"At least fifty or sixty thousand pounds!"

Anthony didn't speak.

A reminder came from behind him.

"Lord Anthony, there are two mounted riders escaping into the distance."

"If I'm correct, it should be Boer Hansen as mentioned by that gentleman."

Chapter 324: Last Chance

Clip-clop, clip-clop.

On the road through the mountains and forests.

Two figures on horseback were swiftly traversing the mountain path.

Their speed was so fast and their sound so urgent that it frightened some winter birds into scattering.

At this moment, Boer's face was full of seriousness and panic.

With the scale of the cavalry just now, there must be at least a few hundred of them!

In the area of Morgan Town, having such a large number of cavalry, Boer could easily guess without thinking.

It must be the Iron Blood Brotherhood Bandit Corps, which has been expanding frantically recently!

He glanced back, thankful there were no sounds of cavalry chasing from behind.

Boer did not relax at all; they were not out of danger until they reached Master Lynn's territory...

Fortunately, the sky was getting darker.

With obstructed visibility, it would not be easy for those cavalry to chase and capture them.

While Boer was contemplating, Mike picked up the pace of his horse, coming up beside Boer.

Tear stains were evident on Mike's face.

He asked hesitantly with trembling words, "Master Boer... my second uncle and the others..."

Boer turned to look at Mike and said, "The thirty of them are all wearing leather armor and carrying weapons; they surely escaped in the opposite direction from us."

"You needn't worry too much."

Hearing Master Boer's words, Mike's panicked heart found a slight sense of calm.

Boer's voice continued, "Follow me to Master Lynn's territory."

"Master Lynn will definitely take us in temporarily, considering our business dealings."

"Once we reach that wall, we'll be safe..."

Mike nodded in agreement, "Yes, Master Boer."

Retracting his gaze from Mike, Boer looked once again at the road ahead.

The trees in the forest were tall, blocking the increasingly dim sky.

This setting was much like Boer's heart at that moment.

Boer naturally understood.

Ryan stayed behind to draw the bandit corps, making himself a target.

Buying a bit of time for his and Mike's escape.

If the bandit corps only aimed for cargo, Ryan and the others not resisting might survive.

But if it's to kill...

Ryan and the others were just thirty guards.

The sound of the two horses' hooves continued to echo in the forest.

Due to the forest's quiet, the hints of hoofbeats could faintly be heard responding from within.

Boer looked again at Mike and said, "After passing through this forest, in about four hours' journey, we'll reach Master Lynn's wall!"

Hopeful light emerged in Mike's eyes as he nodded heavily.

As Boer and Mike's horses continued their gallop,

over half an hour later, the environment ahead gradually brightened.

Finally, they were about to break through the forest!

They must reach Master Lynn's wall.

Only then would they escape the bandits' pursuit and survive.

As for the loss of sixty thousand pounds of grain...

It no longer mattered in the face of life.

Gold pounds could be earned again.

Without life, everything ends.

However.

The glimmer of hope that had just appeared in Boer's eyes vanished in an instant.

His expression turned grave.

Not only Boer but also Mike's face turned fearful.

Seeing the glow of torches ahead, Mike quickly looked at Boer and asked, "Master Boer, what should we do now?"

Boer did not speak, his eyes rapidly changing.

Only now.

Boer finally understood.

The bandits' target was not just to loot the merchant goods.

Their target was him!

Ryan and those thirty guards...

Boer tugged the reins, and the horse's speed slowly decreased.

He gave a glance behind.

In the same dark forest behind, there were also torchlights flickering.

At a glance, there were at least a hundred torches.

The bandits pursuing from behind had caught up!

Retracting his gaze, Boer looked at Mike, "You're called Mike, right? First time with the carriage convoy?"

Mike didn't understand what was meant, somewhat at a loss as he replied, "Yes, sir."

Boer explained, "Very well, Mike!"

"As my guard, I am giving you your first task."

"Dismount and sneak into the forest, head fifty miles south to the wall."

"There lies Master Lynn's territory wall!"

"I need you to tell Master Lynn that Boer was captured by the Iron Blood Brotherhood bandits..."

Stopping here.

Boer ceased his speech, not daring to utter more.

As a man with a family, Boer of course wanted to live.

But...

How could Boer dare to ask Master Lynn to rescue him?

The last rescue outside the wall had already filled Boer's heart with gratitude.

This time, the scale of the bandits was unknown; nobody knew how many cavalry they had.

If Master Lynn was to rashly send out troops, it would only harm him!

Master Lynn had already shown him so much favor...

Seeing Mike's silence, Boer asked pointedly, "Did you remember?"

Mike resolutely stated, "Head south through the forest, fifty miles to the wall, tell Master Lynn that Master Boer has been captured by the Iron Blood Brotherhood Bandit Corps!"

Boer nodded, "Go."

Mike dismounted, just about to slip into the forest, when something flashed in his mind.

He stared wide-eyed in disbelief at Boer, "Master Boer, you are..."

Boer's brows furrowed, commanding, "Go! That's an order!"

Hearing those two words again, Mike's heart suddenly trembled.

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Without daring to hesitate any further, he quickly ran into the bushes of the mountain forest on the right.

As the bushes shook and then settled into calm, Boer felt a slight relief in his heart.

The murmured words came from his mouth, "Consider it as sparing you a life."

Rumble ~ Rumble ~

A continuous thunderous sound of hoofbeats echoed from behind Boer.

Boer came to his senses, pulled the reins, and looked back.

Under the light of the burning torches, Boer clearly saw a knight wearing full plate armor, with a helmet, riding a warhorse at the front.

This is a knight!

Boer, who often traveled between various villages, Morgan Town, and Kakasong City, naturally knew that this knight was Anthony!

Perhaps it was to let Mike escape, or maybe he had already prepared for the worst.

Compared to the initial panic upon seeing the bandits, Boer was now calm.

He sat astride the horse, his eyes fixed on the approaching Anthony.

As they drew closer.

Anthony also saw Boer. He pulled the ancient reins in his hand, and the warhorse beneath him gradually slowed down.

Without needing to give any commands, several bandits dismounted directly and forcefully dragged Boer down despite his struggles.

Held by two bandits, Boer, with his arms being bound, stared directly at Anthony, shouting, "What do you want?"

"I'm a traveling merchant registered with the Merchant Guild!"

"Whenever I enter the city for trade, I pay the market tax to Marquis Duca; my safety is under his protection."

Despite Boer making his final struggle with the Merchant Guild and Marquis Duca as his last threat...

Anthony merely glanced at him indifferently and then withdrew his gaze.

Fan Ke, riding a horse, came to Anthony's side. He glanced at Boer and then at the horse beside Boer.

"Looks like a little mouse decided to flee for its own life, regardless of its master's safety..."

Always following Fan Ke, Tyrone spoke, "I'll go find him right away!"

Listening to Tyrone's words, Boer felt a tightness in his heart.

Mike had just escaped, and if these bandits were willing to spend manpower and resources searching for him,

then Mike wouldn't be able to escape...

As soon as he finished speaking, Fan Ke stopped him, saying, "No need."

Confusion appeared on Tyrone's face.

Fan Ke explained, "The entire traveling merchant convoy has been captured, so no one can relay the information!"

"Without anyone to relay the information, how would the lord behind the walls know what has happened here?"

"Without knowing what happened, how could they possibly lead people out for rescue?"

"Without the lord coming out for rescue, how could we possibly ambush him?"

Tyrone nodded in realization.

In the next second.

Fan Ke's gaze shifted, looking at Boer, who was tied up tightly with ropes, "Isn't that right, Master Boer Hansen?"

Upon hearing this.

Boer finally understood.

The target of the Iron Blood Brotherhood Bandit Corps was not his goods, nor him.

The real target behind all these actions was Master Lynn behind the walls.

Boer quickly contemplated.

Then what is the purpose of these bandits?

Was it for revenge for last time when Master Lynn saved him?

No.

Such trivial conflict wouldn't be enough of a driving force.

In the next second.

Boer thought of something.

Master Lynn's mineral veins on his territory!

Salt mine, iron mine, coal mine!

The Iron Blood Brotherhood Bandit Corps now has many members, yet lacks any armed forces and armor.

If they could completely defeat Master Lynn's armed forces and seize the walls and the territory behind them...

Then given time, the Iron Blood Brotherhood Bandit Corps would rise to power!

But.

How did the Iron Blood Brotherhood Bandit Corps know that Master Lynn's territory had mineral veins?

No one could answer him.

...

On the other side.

A slightly lean figure was constantly moving through the bushes in the forest.

Though he wore leather armor, which blocked most of the sharp thorns and branches,

his exposed hands, as well as his neck and face, had several noticeable scratch marks stained with blood.

The sound of the hoofbeats from behind filled Mike with fear.

Under such mental pressure, he felt no pain from the scratches.

He knew that they were ruthless bandits who plundered villages and towns!

The Iron Blood Brotherhood Bandit Corps!

All he could do now was run, as far away as possible.

Then make his way to the city walls fifty miles away to relay the information to Master Lynn.

Pant pant~ Pant pant~

After long hours of passage through the forest, the exhaustion had Mike breathing heavily uncontrollably.

Despite the onset of nightfall and increasingly colder temperatures in the forest,

Mike felt no sense of cold.

Instead, his back was covered in tiny beads of sweat, sticking his inner clothing to the leather armor...

Mike paid no attention to these matters.

Until an hour later.

Mike finally reached the edge of the forest.

He hid behind a large tree, his eyes constantly scanning around.

After confirming there were no torchlights, horse silhouettes, or any unusual sounds,

only then did he start running southward.

Perhaps due to excessive exhaustion, after running a few hundred meters, Mike's leg faltered, causing him to fall directly onto the ground.

Chapter 326: Last Chance

Mike clenched his teeth, crawling to stand up and continued running into the darkness ahead...

...

The darkness enveloped the entire sky and earth.

In the small town under the night sky, apart from the Guard Team patrolling with torches, no other figures could be seen.

On such a cold night, a family naturally surrounds the fireplace in the Red Brick House, finding it more comfortable and cozy.

Inside one of the Red Brick Houses.

Mara, sitting in front of the fireplace, was knitting a linen scarf with wooden needles made from thin twigs, illuminated by the burning anthracite in the fireplace.

In the entire Red Brick House, apart from the slight crackling sound of burning anthracite, there was only the faint sound of snoring coming from the room...

After knitting for half an hour, Mara lifted the linen scarf and carefully inspected it.

After confirming there were no dropped stitches, she picked up the scarf and walked towards Sienna in the room.

Mara stepped lightly, afraid of waking Sienna from her dreams.

Arriving at Sienna's bedside, Mara couldn't help but smile slightly as she listened to the gentle snores.

She had never seen Sienna sleep so peacefully before coming to this territory.

It was only here that Mara understood what truly stable living meant.

Even now, Mara felt somewhat fortunate that the slaver named Grayson sold her and Sienna to Master Lynn.

Just as Master Lynn had promised when they arrived.

Since coming to this land, she and Sienna no longer felt the pangs of hunger.

Master Lynn even provided eggs for children like Sienna.

Such a life used to exist only in her imagination.

Bending over, Mara placed the linen scarf she had knitted beside Sienna.

She also covered Sienna with the linen cloth blanket.

But soon, Mara noticed Sienna's smooth, relaxed brows gradually furrowing.

Her once peaceful sleeping posture began to become restless.

The head on the straw pillow started to move from side to side, as if she were having a nightmare.

Hmm~ ooh~

Pained murmurs occasionally escaped Sienna's lips.

Her hands clutched the linen cloth blanket tightly, so much so that it began to twist and deform under her grip.

Seeing this, Mara instantly became tense.

She softly called out, "Sienna, don't be afraid, Aunt is right here with you."

Just as Mara's voice fell.

Ugh!

Sienna suddenly opened her eyes wide, sitting bolt upright with a sharp, urgent intake of breath.

Sienna's eyes appeared completely devoid of pupils, entirely covered by a layer of darkness!

Mara fearfully took a few steps back until her back hit the Red Brick wall, where she finally stopped.

"Sienna... are you okay? Don't scare Aunt!"

Sienna seemed to hear Mara's voice; her stiff neck turned to look at her.

Mara's figure was reflected in the darkness of Sienna's eyes.

A few seconds later.

Sienna's eyelids began to blink, and after a few blinks, the darkness in her eyes vanished, returning to their normal pupil color.

A somewhat ethereal and strange voice came from Sienna's mouth.

"Aunt?"

Seeing Sienna's expression and eyes returned to normal, Mara cautiously asked, "Sienna?"

Sienna responded, "It's me, Aunt."

"Aunt, I heard lots of voices..."

Upon hearing this.

Mara immediately understood.

She stepped to Sienna's side, asking, "Just like last time?"

Sienna hesitated for a few seconds, then said, "I need to see Master Lynn!"

Mara nodded, picked up the scarf beside her, and wrapped it around Sienna's neck.

"Let's go, I'll take you to see Master Lynn!"

This time, Mara did not ask what Sienna had heard.

Uncovering the cloth draped over Sienna, Mara helped her by the arm.

Sienna rose and headed for the wooden door of the Red Brick House.

Stepping out of the Red Brick House.

The sound of 'caw caw' gradually faded away.

As they walked, Mara's eyes continuously searched.

After walking a few dozen meters, the silhouette of the Guard Team appeared ahead, and Mara immediately quickened her pace.

Looking at the Guard Captain in front, Mara said directly without any fuss, "Guard sir, we have urgent business with Master Lynn!"

The Guard Captain in the front glanced at Mara, then at the somewhat frail Sienna beside her.

He pondered for a few seconds and then turned to look at the nine Guards behind him, "Continue your patrol."

With that said, he turned back to Mara and Sienna, "Follow me!"

Under the leadership of the Guard Captain, Mara and Sienna passed through the Red Brick residential area and headed towards the castle district not far away.

...

The wide reception hall was lit by the glow of oil lamps.

A giant fireplace burned constantly, providing warmth to the entire castle.

Red walked with steady steps through the hall, arriving at a double door guarded by two Guards.

Seeing Red, the two Guards quickly bowed to show respect.

After giving them a glance, Red went to the door and knocked gently.

A questioning voice emerged from Red's mouth.

"Master, are you resting?"

A few seconds after Red's words fell, Lynn's voice came from within the room.

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"What's the matter?"

Red hastily explained, "Master, Mara has brought Sienna here, saying that Sienna wants to see you."

Lynn's voice sounded again.

"Bring them up."

Red quickly responded, "Yes."

Putting on a wool silk robe, Lynn stepped out of the room.

He felt the temperature outside the hall, and due to the large space, there was at least a thirty-degree difference.

Very soon.

Red brought Mara and Sienna up the stairs and into the hall.

Once they came before Lynn, Mara immediately pulled Sienna to make a bow, and Mara explained, "Master, Sienna said she heard many voices and must see you."

Lynn nodded slightly, his gaze shifting to Sienna.

Perhaps because of the cold weather outside, Sienna's small body was trembling slightly.

Lynn spoke, "Tell me, what did you hear this time?"

In the midst of speaking.

Lynn started walking towards the fireplace not far away.

Sienna, unaware, followed beside Lynn.

Finally standing within the range of the fireplace's warmth.

Sienna began to explain.

"Master, I heard the Raven say that a large army is dividing into two forces, stationed about forty to fifty miles from your domain."

"One force has eight hundred people, the other a thousand."

"They have a unified title, the Iron Blood Brotherhood!"

Upon hearing Sienna's words, Lynn's brow immediately furrowed.

Not only Lynn, but Red and Mara also showed a serious expression on their faces.

Iron Blood Brotherhood?

An army of eighteen hundred?

If their target is Master Lynn's domain and they wish to launch a siege...

Even with the protection of walls, a significant price would be paid.

Lynn nodded and continued to ask, "Is there anything else?"

Sienna recalled for a few seconds and said, "Sorry, Master, that's all I heard."

Lynn acknowledged, "The information you provided is very helpful, now, go back and rest."

Lynn turned his gaze to Kuisi, who had arrived without notice, and instructed, "Take them to the warehouse and get two chickens, and take them back."

Kuisi quickly replied, "Yes, Master."

Hearing Lynn's reward, Mara explained, "Master, we don't need any reward; living in your domain is already a blessing."

Lynn stared at Mara and said, "Don't you see she's getting thinner?"

Listening to Lynn's words, Mara's face stiffened.

She turned to look at Sienna, indeed much thinner compared to before.

Mara asked in confusion, "How could this happen?"

Master Lynn provided them with good food.

Barley pork porridge, maybe barley chicken porridge, bread, vegetables, everything was available.

As a child, Sienna even occasionally had eggs to supplement nutrition.

Yet instead of filling with vitality, she became even thinner.

Lynn said, "Take the chicken back to nourish her body."

Lynn speculated it might have something to do with Sienna's ability...

Mara dared not refuse further, "Yes, Master."

Led by Kuisi, Mara and Sienna retreated.

But.

Every time Sienna left, she would turn her head to look at Lynn while walking...

The understanding Red saw Lynn standing by the fireplace, starting to think.

He tactfully brought over an armchair.

Lynn glanced at Red and sat down in the chair without ceremony, quickly pondering in his mind.

Through constant development and expansion, the Iron Blood Brotherhood Bandit Corps now had fifteen hundred people!

Although, among these fifteen hundred, at least a thousand were just vagrant peasants who couldn't find food...

The adage 'many ants can kill an elephant,' Lynn understood.

But what Lynn didn't understand was.

Why did the Iron Blood Brotherhood Bandit Corps split into two groups?

Did the Iron Blood Brotherhood Bandit Corps separate from the Storm Mercenary Corps?

A troubling thought emerged in Lynn's mind.

Or...

Were these eighteen hundred people split into two groups to deal with him?

A thousand as vanguard, the other eight hundred as flankers?

The next second.

Lynn dismissed this thought.

To deal with him, to encircle him.

The precondition was that he could leave his domain with his soldiers!

Now the Iron Blood Brotherhood had already laid out their formation...

That is to say, they had found the bait that would make him leave his domain?

Lynn's mind pondered again.

What could make him leave the domain?

Besides people, it would be goods.

It basically came down to two things.

Lynn wanted to see what kind of bait the Iron Blood Brotherhood Bandit Corps would throw at him!

Lynn did not return to his room to rest but continued to sit in the armchair waiting.

Today was December 30th.

Lynn looked at the Weather Forecast again.

The temperature had dropped to two degrees, and tomorrow's temperature would drop to minus two in sleet!

If the Iron Blood Brotherhood had any designs on his domain, then today was the last opportunity.

Thinking about it, Lynn looked at Red and said in a deep voice, "Deploy all the guards, fully armed, immediately to the walls!"

"Notify Wesley to lead the two hundred trained archers to fill their quivers and head to the walls."

"All guard soldiers are to warm up with fires under the walls awaiting orders!"

Since today was the Iron Blood Brotherhood Bandit Corps' last chance.

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Then, Lynn firmly seized their last chance by the throat!

Red quickly responded, "Yes, Sir!"

Immediately, Red turned and took a few steps back, found several guards, and began to convey Lynn's orders.

A moment later.

Several guards briskly walked down the hall, headed to the stables, and mounted their horses.

With urgency, they headed out of the castle.

Neither the workshop foreman nor the soldier instructors responsible for training had moved into the castle yet.

To issue orders, they had to go to the red brick residential area in the town.

While waiting.

Lynn opened the [Heavenly Artifacts] panel and began checking each function on the interface.

Red returned silently, standing behind Lynn without a word.

Whatever Master Lynn said, he would do just that.

However, he slightly adjusted his stance, moving into the range of warmth from the fireplace.

Lynn opened the [Milestone] and collected the rewards for several completed achievements.

The number of Energy Stones had once again reached one thousand.

Without any hesitation, Lynn allocated them to Constitution.

As his mind moved, a text panel appeared before his eyes.

"Do you wish to consume 1000 Energy Stones to upgrade Constitution D to D+?"

Without the slightest hesitation, Lynn replied, "Yes!"

Instantly.

A warm sensation, like that of a furnace, appeared in Lynn's abdomen, quickly enhancing and strengthening his body.

The benefits of improving [Constitution] allowed Lynn to feel noticeably less fatigued after labor.

Even after chopping wood for several hours straight, Lynn felt refreshed, with plenty of physical strength to spare.

Compared to when he first used the Flint Axe for chopping, it was like having an entirely different body!

Lynn opened the [Resource Management] panel again.

Despite the current total population of the territory reaching 6600 people, with daily consumption ongoing.

Under the continuous transport by merchants like Grayson, Boer, and Alan, the food supply maintained a stable stockpile.

Lynn looked towards the bottom of the panel.

The output of the two newly established Salt Factories had finally increased, with a daily production reaching three thousand pounds.

As long as there was no large-scale exchange for valuable items, such as spices, warhorses, or silk...

The three thousand pounds of production was more than sufficient to exchange for the merchandise transported by the merchants.

Lynn then looked at the stockpile of armor and weapons.

Five hundred suits of full-body Standard Plate Armor, nearly a thousand five-meter-long Winged Spears, over three hundred Combat Long Spears, along with some Curved Sabers and Round Shields.

The stock of Longbows was also over five hundred, with six to seven thousand Triangular Armor-Piercing Arrows.

All of this was entirely sufficient to support the current two hundred archers' consumption and usage.

Lynn nodded in satisfaction.

These armors and weapons were painstakingly crafted bit by bit by Ehrelo's Blacksmith Workshop.

Lynn opened [Task] again, where the task to eliminate the Iron Blood Brotherhood had been hanging there all along.

He couldn't help but smile; this task had existed for at least several months now...

Closing the [Task] panel, Lynn checked the [Special Building Library], [Crop Variety Improvement], [Special Seed Store], [Animal Breeding System], and so on.

Without sufficient Energy Stones, he couldn't exchange for any items.

Only the [Prosperity Value and Miracle] panel remained!

Lynn discovered that the town's Prosperity Value had already exceeded five hundred.

[Current Prosperity Value]: 510

[Lord Statue]: Enhances the lord's authority, keeps townsmen in awe, reduces conflicts within the territory (available for collection).

Without any hesitation, Lynn collected it directly.

Looking at the attribute description of the [Lord Statue], Lynn contemplated that once the construction of the territory's railcars was completed, he could also start drafting Territorial Law and establish a Territory Court...

As Lynn was examining each function panel, the guards on horseback found Wesley and conveyed Lynn's orders.

Over half an hour later.

Apart from the guards defending the castle, the remaining guards had gathered.

The two hundred archers trained by Wesley were also assembled.

The guards held Round Shields in their left hands and Combat Long Spears in their right.

The archers carried bows on one shoulder and quivers on the other...

In Wesley's formation, over three hundred people marched with orderly steps, holding torches, running into the darkness outside the town.

Despite the abrupt drop in temperature and the cold night wind slicing across their cheeks like a blade.

They showed no sign of retreat.

Because they knew.

If they didn't hold that wall, it would be their families who faced death!

...

Time swiftly passed by.

As Lynn carefully studied the [Resident Information Column], searching for hidden talents within.

The sound of a galloping horse echoed from outside the castle.

The castle gates were opened by the guards, allowing the cavalry to enter unhindered.

A short while later.

The sound of running footsteps emanated from the ground floor of the castle, quickly reaching the second floor.

Lynn's gaze shifted over.

As expected, the information delivered by the guard was designed to lure him away from the territory!

A brawny guard strode towards Lynn, stopping five meters in front of him.

The guard bent over, slightly panting, "Sir, urgent report!"

Lynn glanced at him, "Report."

The guard explained, "Sir, a young man claiming to be a guard from Boer's caravan came to the wall, saying Boer's caravan was attacked and Boer was captured by bandits."

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Listening to the words of the guard, Lynn's face was full of calm.

Just as he had expected.

Unable to breach the walls of Copper Wall Iron Shield, they could only target people or goods outside the territory.

But was it only Boer?

Seeing Lynn remain silent, the guard stood on the spot, waiting silently.

Half a minute later.

Lynn spoke to the guard, "I understand, you may leave."

The guard was momentarily surprised but quickly regained his composure, bending his waist hurriedly, "Yes, Master."

Watching the guard retreat gradually, Lynn's brow furrowed slightly.

Over time, through continuous trading with Boer, Boer proved to be a good partner.

When he most needed the winter barley seeds, Boer united local merchants to transport over a million pounds of barley seeds.

Afterwards, various goods were also transported.

But solely based on this, dispatching soldiers for rescue...

Lynn stood up and walked towards his master bedroom.

Half an hour later.

Lynn, wearing scale armor with chain liner and wielding a one-handed sword at his waist, walked out of the master bedroom.

Observing the all-black but subtly golden gleamed armor in the lamp light, Red raised an eyebrow.

He had heard from Kuisi about Master Lynn's extraordinarily handsome armor.

This was his first time seeing it.

From under the visor covering his face, Lynn's voice sounded, "To the walls!"

Upon hearing Lynn's voice, Red hurriedly bent his waist, "Yes, Master."

In the sounds of metallic boots stomping on the red brick ground, Red followed closely behind Lynn, descending to the first floor of the castle.

When two guards brought the warhorse, Lynn swiftly set his left foot in the stirrup and mounted directly.

His movements were agile and fluid.

After multiple enhancements to his constitution, the weight of the thirty-pound scale armor with chain liner seemed light as a feather to Lynn!

Lynn's legs squeezed the steed Mo Ying, which galloped towards the outside of the castle with a neigh.

Following Lynn, Red and six guards followed suit.

The distance from the town to the mountain pass wall was twenty miles.

Lynn reached the forest.

Before even arriving under the wall, Lynn could see from afar teams of soldiers sitting around bonfires.

Eight hundred soldiers, divided into ten bonfires, were warming themselves by the fire.

As night deepened, the temperature reached zero degrees, and in the forest, it dropped to minus two degrees.

In such weather, if they didn't warm themselves by the fire, soldiers and guards would freeze before the enemy attacked!

As Lynn arrived in front of the wall, guards stepped forward to hold Mo Ying's reins for Lynn.

Lynn dismounted directly.

Lynn's gaze swept over the front, able to see each soldier's face clearly illuminated by the bonfires.

Perhaps due to the extreme cold, the soldiers' faces appeared slightly pale, with their bodies trembling slightly.

Within their eyes, Lynn could see a bottomless anxiety.

Despite having trained under Rose for some time.

They had never participated in a real war, never experienced the baptism of iron and blood...

Lynn walked to the forefront of all the soldiers, moved his hand, and opened the visor of his helmet.

Originally curious about Lynn's identity, the soldiers recognized his face and their eyes filled with surprise.

Some soldiers were the first to stand up, their bodies straight, gazing at Lynn ahead.

The actions of these soldiers naturally triggered a chain reaction.

One group after another stood upright.

Suppressing their trembling bodies, they looked at Lynn with determination.

Within half a minute.

All eight hundred soldiers stood up.

They said nothing, made no movements, only stared wide-eyed at their Lord.

Waiting for their Lord to give them orders.

As the soldiers' instructor

Lynn equally stared at these soldiers, inhaling a cold breath, he spoke in a deep voice, "Are you cold?"

The soldiers were momentarily confused, unsure how to respond.

"Answer me!"

With Lynn's command, a powerful response echoed under the wall.

"Not cold! Not cold! Not cold!"

The united shout resonated throughout the forest.

Lynn nodded in satisfaction, saying, "Perhaps you don't know why I've summoned you here in the dead of night."

"Now, let me tell you!"

"The Iron Blood Brotherhood Bandit Corps has long coveted this territory, aiming to breach the walls, snatch my land, and seize your livelihood!"

Upon hearing this.

The soldiers' expressions grew increasingly solemn.

"The development of this territory is witnessed by you, built brick by brick with your own hands."

"Would you willingly hand it over?"

Echoed shouts sounded once more.

"Unwilling! Unwilling! Unwilling!"

Lynn's words continued.

"Behind this wall lies your cultivated land, your houses, and your family."

"Should bandits break in, they'd ruin your cultivated lands, steal your homes, humiliate and kill your wives and daughters..."

"Can you bear such consequences?"

"Can't! Can't! Can't!"

Lynn's deep voice resonated in the soldiers' ears.

"Then, from now on, gear up and defend the wall to the death!"

"Yes! Yes! Yes!"

The organized chant reverberated throughout the forest.

Lynn nodded in satisfaction.

Turning his gaze, Lynn looked towards Rose not far ahead.

Rose quickly understood and jogged over, "Master!"

Lynn asked, "Where is the guard who brought the message?"

Upon hearing this, Rose hesitated slightly before replying, "Master, over there..."

Lynn followed Rose's gaze.

He saw a disheveled young man standing at the door of the red brick house, looking incredulous.

His hair matted, blood flowing from the cuts on his cheek mixed with dirt, forming dark mud-scabs.

The leather armor he wore was covered in scratches.

A broken tree branch was even lodged in the gap of his leather armor.

No need for Lynn to have guards bring him over.

The young man, filled with urgency, ran down from the red brick house.

As he neared the lime road, his foot slipped, and he fell to the ground.

Seeing the remaining distance less than a dozen meters, the young man struggled to rise, dragging his dislocated right ankle towards Lynn.

Stopped by Red when he entered within five to six meters.

Mike, unable to care about anything else, questioned urgently, "Hold the wall?"

"Master Lynn... Are you not going to aid Master Boer?"

Chapter 330: War Has Come!

Red and Rose couldn't help frowning.

They heard disrespect in Mike's words.

Lynn didn't say anything, he just looked at the bedraggled Mike.

Mike's tone changed, becoming somewhat angry.

"Master Lynn, you have so many soldiers, why can't you go rescue Master Boer?"

"He has been captured by bandits! If we don't rescue him, there really won't be any hope left."

"Although Master Boer reassured me that Ryan and the others retreated in the opposite direction, I'm not stupid!"

"They're staying put, guarding the carriage, and surely... surely the bandits have killed them!"

"Master Lynn, you..."

Lynn interrupted him, "I can't go!"

Mike's eyes instantly widened, his face full of confusion, "Can't go? Master Lynn... why can't you go?"

"You have well-trained armored soldiers and so many warhorses; as long as you're willing to send them, Master Boer is sure to be rescued!"

Lynn nodded, "I know, but I still can't go."

Listening to Lynn's calm words, Mike's chest began to heave rapidly.

He stared at Lynn, his heavy breathing audible from his open mouth.

"Master Lynn, aren't you and Master Boer partners?"

"In Master Boer's time of crisis, you're choosing to evade, to hide behind these walls?"

"It's a shame that Master Boer trusted you so much, yet you're choosing to betray him?"

Hearing this.

Red and Rose couldn't help but step forward to try to stop Mike's indiscriminate words, but Lynn stopped them with a raised right hand.

Lynn remained calm, "I betrayed him?"

Mike naturally saw the two burly men in front of Lynn, and he responded nervously: "Isn't that the case?"

"Master Boer tirelessly transported large amounts of grain from Morgan Town to Kakasong City, then brought it to your frontier land."

"As a Lord, you only know how to hide in your mansion, indulging in pleasures, how would you understand the hardships?"

"As a Lord, you only know how to hide under the protection of guards, how would you know that Master Boer faced difficulties from peers and was pursued by bandits on his journey?"

After saying this.

Mike breathed heavily, his anger slightly subsiding.

Lynn stared at Mike, "Finished speaking?"

"Since you're idle, let me explain to you."

"Firstly, I admire your courage in daring to confront a Lord with guards so boldly."

"Just with what you've said, I could behead you at any time."

Mike's face stiffened, he then remembered, standing before him was Lord Lynn, the lord of this land, the lord of these soldiers!

Lynn continued, "But that's all there is to it... just a useless hothead with a big mouth!"

Mike's eyes instantly widened.

"You abandoned your own master, traveled mountains and rivers to my territory, and with your speech about moral obligations, demanded rescue, as if not assisting would betray Boer's trust..."

"Whether or not I go for the rescue, how is it any of your business?"

"Since you're so righteous, why didn't you stay by Boer's side to protect him?"

"Instead, you abandoned him to seek so-called rescue?"

"Boer's life is worth saving, but aren't the lives of these soldiers under me worth the same?"

"They also have wives and children, they also have their own hopes, and they too... want to live!"

"Just because of your words, must I risk the lives of those who've never experienced war to storm into the battlefield and court death?"

Mike's face turned shocked, and his gaze shifted to the distance.

He saw soldiers nearby, also staring at him wide-eyed.

In those pairs of eyes, there were different colors.

Resentment, confusion, unwillingness, determination...

Only then did Mike remember, these soldiers were living people like himself.

Mike lowered his head in shame.

Looking at Mike's reaction, Lynn shifted his tone and asked, "Repeat exactly what Boer said to you."

Hearing this.

Mike raised his head, recalling slightly.

"He said... I want you to tell Master Lynn that Boer was captured by the bandits of the Iron Blood Brotherhood..."

Lynn responded, questioning, "Do you know why Boer only asked you to tell me he was captured by the bandits of the Iron Blood Brotherhood?"

"But didn't mention a single word about rescue?"

Mike thought for a few seconds, indeed it was as Lynn said, and he curiously looked at Lynn.

Lynn said, "Because he's afraid, and not worthy to ask me for rescue!"

"I gave him fine salt to trade, which allowed him to earn more profits, letting him change clothes, change carriages."

"I gave him more Gold Pounds, to hire guards like you."

"I made him no longer just an ordinary local crop merchant; with the wealth he accumulated, he formed the local Merchant Guild and became its president."

"Without me, the current Boer would still be troubled over how to handle a few thousand pounds of barley."

"Because of me, Boer has all of this!"

"Do you think Boer is qualified to ask me for help?"

Hearing this, Mike finally understood.

Master Lynn and Master Boer were partners.

However, Master Boer was merely a partner chosen by Master Lynn.

As long as Master Lynn wished, he could discard Master Boer at any time!

Mike hung his head low, not daring to say anything more.