

System 341

Chapter 341: Slaughter Part 6

Lynn asked, "Witch?"

Fan Ke nodded and said, "Just like your thoughts, Lord, I also think it's a witch... but I've never seen a real witch's abilities, so it's just my guess."

Lynn continued to ask, "Besides the Iron Blood Brotherhood Bandit Corps and your Storm Mercenary Corps, are there any other armed forces?"

Fan Ke said, "As far as I know, it's only us!"

Lynn pressed further, "Are you sure?"

Fan Ke heard this, and a slight surprise appeared on his face.

He quickly contemplated, and a few seconds later, he spoke with full conviction, "Lord, I'm sure!"

Lynn's gaze shifted and turned to Rose, "Take them out to the city wall and behead them all."

Upon hearing the first half of the sentence, Fan Ke's face showed a hint of delight.

But after hearing the second half, Fan Ke's expression suddenly changed.

He exclaimed in disbelief, "Lord, I've told you everything you wanted to know, do you still want to kill us?"

Lynn said nothing, staring straight at Rose as she dragged Fan Ke toward the city gate.

Fan Ke continued to shout unwillingly, "I am a descendant of the Gibson Clan of Kakasong City, you can't kill me!"

"Damn you, you have no credibility!"

It wasn't just Fan Ke; the remaining dozens of Storm Mercenary Corps members were all taken out by the soldiers.

Lynn withdrew his gaze and walked towards Mo Ying not far away.

These people, nicely put, are a mercenary corps, but not nicely put, they are just a group of bandits.

There isn't much difference between the two.

As for keeping them as slaves...

Lynn had thought about it but quickly gave up.

These mercenaries, accustomed to licking blood off the blade, are far more dangerous than newly turned bandits.

In the midst of hysterical screams, the sound of heavy objects falling rang outside the city wall.

Moments later.

Tranquility returned inside and outside the city walls once again.

Lynn's mind quickly contemplated Fan Ke's words.

A woman who seems mysterious like a witch...

He instantly thought of the exceptional witch that Grayson and Alan had mentioned before.

Because apart from Sienna, the only recent information was about that exceptional witch.

What is the relationship between the two?

Moreover, the witch knows his territory has three mineral veins.

And she gathered the Iron Blood Brotherhood and the Storm Mercenaries to attack his territory's walls.

As a witch, would she be interested in mineral veins?

Does she want to seize his mineral veins to arm soldiers?

Would a witch value such ordinary resources?

Soon, Lynn thought of something Fan Ke had said.

The mysterious woman wanted Fan Ke to legitimately become the new lord of this territory?

Is the mysterious woman a person of Marquis Duca?

Or perhaps, is the Imperial Royal Family of the Karedi Empire behind the mysterious woman?

No one could provide him with answers.

The only thing Lynn could do now was to continue developing and strengthening his territory.

Grow more food, purchase more slaves, forge more armor and weapons, recruit more soldiers.

Only by making his armed forces stronger can he face potential future crises!

While Lynn was contemplating, Wesley, responsible for organizing and cleaning up the battlefield, approached him with a longbow.

Wesley bowed slightly and respectfully said, "Master, the battlefield has been cleaned up."

"I had them do a count; about thirteen hundred enemies were killed, and all deceased bandits were buried in the wasteland two miles outside the city walls. Two hundred and twenty prisoners surrendered after being disarmed."

"Iron tools and weapons collected amount to approximately two thousand pounds in weight."

"There are one hundred and eighty injured horses, one hundred fifty lightly injured, thirty severely injured, and one hundred twenty dead horses..."

"Some horses were startled and ran away, so they can't be found immediately..."

Wesley mentally reviewed for a few seconds to ensure nothing was left out, and then confidently said, "Master, that's roughly the situation."

Lynn nodded and said, "Keep any usable iron products, and send the unusable ones to the Blacksmith Workshop for Ehrelo to reforge."

"As for the prisoners, have them all sent to dig coal!"

"For the horses, send the treatable lightly injured ones to Guy's ranch, and take Old John with them to help with treatment."

"As for the severely injured and dead horses, have them all sent to the kitchen for the cooks to disassemble and cure as reserve meat."

Wesley responded, "Yes, Master, I'll arrange it immediately!"

Watching Wesley depart, Lynn walked towards the distant Mo Ying.

Mounting his horse, Lynn nudged Mo Ying's horse and rode back towards the town.

Red followed closely behind with a few guards.

This defensive war has ended.

This city defense battle made Lynn aware of the shortcomings.

Firstly, the area in front of the city walls is too open, allowing cavalry to directly approach and reach the base of the walls.

It's necessary to dig trenches to trap horses and set up layers of obstacles in front of the walls.

The best option is to construct a Weng City behind the walls!

Once past the city walls, one must go through Weng City.

The entry of caravans or refugees can be inspected within Weng City.

If enemies try to take advantage of the open gates, Weng City can be used for a second line of defense.

Deplete the enemy's attacking forces at Weng City.

Constructing a Weng City requires substantial manpower and resources.

With the weather gradually turning cold, this plan can only be delayed.

Secondly, the defensive methods are too simplistic.

Apart from arrows and rolling wood and stones, there are no other defensive mechanisms or tools.

More defensive mechanisms are needed, such as wolf fang clubs, semen knife cars, drop gates, and barricades to push back cloud ladders, etc.

If conditions allow, even poisonous gas and wildfire can be made...

All these mechanisms require the Woodworker Workshop for production.

Without prior production experience, it's not easy for carpenters to create these large defense mechanisms, so it must be done gradually.

Then, there's the lack of experience in city defense!

Despite having Rose and Wesley commanding the soldiers and archers on the walls, respectively.

But because it's the first time defending the city walls, there's a clear lack of experience.

Bandits climbed a cloud ladder and reached the walls, resulting in the deaths of dozens of soldiers.

If these defending soldiers had experience, they could rely on the height of the walls and the steepness of the fortifications to defeat the attacking bandits with zero casualties!

Rose and Wesley can incorporate city defense training into daily routines to enhance the soldiers' defense capabilities.

Finally, expand the army!

This territory needs more soldiers!

Suppressing the development plans in his mind temporarily, Lynn focused and opened the [Task] panel.

[Task: Eliminate the Iron Blood Brotherhood! (Completed)]

[Annihilate the Iron Blood Brotherhood Bandit Corps and the Storm Mercenary Corps, receive reward: 5000 Energy Stones]

Looking at the text prompt in front of him, a joy emerged in Lynn's heart.

Five thousand Energy Stones!

Perhaps this is due to the annihilation of the Iron Blood Brotherhood Bandit Corps and the Storm Mercenary Corps.

The richness of the task reward somewhat exceeded his expectations.

Without any hesitation, Lynn focused his mind and began to allocate points!

"Do you want to consume 1000 Energy Stones to enhance Constitution D+ to C-?"

Lynn silently said, "Yes."

"Do you want to consume 1000 Energy Stones to enhance Constitution C- to C?"

Lynn continued silently, "Yes."

Enhancing Constitution to C, thoughts spun in his mind.

The next second.

Lynn already came to a decision in his heart.

A real man naturally engages in close combat with real weapons!

"Do you want to consume 1000 Energy Stones to enhance Defense F+ to E-?"

"Yes!"

...

"Do you want to consume 1000 Energy Stones to enhance Defense F+ to E+?"

"Yes!"

As Lynn's thoughts fell, the five thousand Energy Stones were consumed completely.

Instantly.

A familiar warmth emerged in Lynn's abdomen, beginning to improve and enhance his physique...

When the warmth inside dissipated, Lynn could clearly feel that there was still a current of heat flowing slowly within him.

But he didn't know what this power was called...

However, what Lynn knew was.

In the sword that pierced through Anthony's Plate Armor Neck Guard.

He felt a peculiar power surge from within him, covering the One-Handed Sword.

His ability seems to have already surpassed that of ordinary people?

Lynn looked at his right hand and murmured.

"An Extraordinary?"

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As Lynn pondered in his mind, a series of crackling sounds reached his ears.

He looked up to see crystal-clear ice chunks the size of pebbles falling from the sky.

They continuously hit his helmet, making a crackling sound.

Accompanied by this were droplets of rain among them.

Indeed.

As shown on the [Weather Forecast] panel, it was sleet weather.

Lynn quickened his horse's pace.

After a dozen minutes, Lynn returned to the small town.

Despite the slight sleet, the townspeople were still busy on the streets.

At the dock, workers were hoisting baskets of iron ore from boats onto the dock.

On the Acadia River, boats carrying tree bark headed downstream to the papermaking workshops.

Carriages transported grains and meats from the cellars or warehouses to the kitchen to prepare today's lunch.

On the red brick pavement, some townspeople watched the lord, dressed in black armor and draped in a black cloak, with eyes full of admiration.

They all stopped walking and bowed.

Lynn nodded slightly and drove Mo Ying through the middle.

He returned to the castle.

Lynn climbed the steps and headed to the hall on the second floor.

Instantly, the smell of burning anthracite and pleasant warmth enveloped Lynn entirely.

Kuisi, seemingly waiting all along, immediately approached.

Her eyes, full of concern, scanned Lynn.

After a moment, Kuisi asked worriedly, "Master, are you alright?"

Kuisi naturally knew that last night, Master Lynn had dispatched all the guards and soldiers of the entire territory to the city wall.

She didn't know exactly what happened.

But on Master Lynn's armor, Kuisi saw the bloodstains!

Lynn glanced at Kuisi and replied, "I'm fine."

Speaking.

Lynn walked toward his master bedroom.

Kuisi quickly followed, reaching out to take the helmet Lynn had just removed.

Cold, heavy, and still damp with rain.

"Master, I've prepared hot water for you. Would you like to soak and rest first?"

"You've been on the city wall all night..."

Lynn nodded and said, "Sure."

Despite his good constitution now, wearing armor and with the temperature outside dropping below freezing,

a hot bath was truly ideal.

Kuisi's face showed a hint of joy upon receiving Lynn's agreement.

She held Lynn's helmet and entered the private room adjacent to the master bedroom.

With Kuisi's assistance, Lynn removed his scale armor with chain liner.

Kuisi placed the armor pieces on the table, cautiously observing Lynn.

Awaiting Master Lynn's command for her to begin the massage.

However.

Lynn was already comfortably lying in the hot water, with a linen cloth soaked in hot water covering his eyes, quietly enjoying the comfort of soaking.

But he didn't immediately ask her to massage him.

As Kuisi hesitated whether to take the initiative, Lynn's voice emerged.

"If you're not going back to rest, help me with a massage; my body feels a bit tired."

Kuisi's lips turned upward, and she promptly replied, "Yes, Master."

She stepped behind Lynn and began massaging his shoulder muscles.

Kuisi was somewhat surprised to find that even after not massaging Master Lynn for just a while,

his shoulders had become more robust, and his muscles more prominently toned.

Kuisi even felt that she couldn't grip them fully with one hand.

Lynn's face was still covered with the linen cloth, and words came from his mouth.

"The weather is getting colder. In the coming days, let the townspeople finish work early."

In temperatures of one or two degrees below zero, even if the townspeople forced themselves to endure it and work outside, their efficiency would be very low.

Moreover, it could easily lead to frostbite and illness.

Rather than that, it's better to let them go back to rest earlier.

Kuisi's hands didn't stop moving, and she responded, "Alright, Master."

"By the way, Master, there's one thing I forgot to report to you."

"As you said, the weather is getting colder. Yesterday, three elderly townsmen passed away."

"I had Old John examine them, and he said they didn't die from illness but simply couldn't withstand the winter cold."

"Their bodies were buried in the cemetery behind the hospital..."

Lynn responded, "Hmm."

Life, death, sickness, and aging, no one can avoid them; it's merely a matter of time.

Until an hour later.

Lynn finished soaking, put on a thick silk and coarse wool robe made by the weaving workshops, and walked out of the private room.

By the fireplace, Lynn sat directly on the armchair, basking in the comfortable warmth from the anthracite.

Being able to warm up by the fire in winter was truly a great blessing.

Red, who had been standing by, was alongside Lynn.

Despite having no rest all night and partaking in a large-scale battle,

neither Lynn nor Red felt any drowsiness.

Lynn, due to his improved physical condition, wasn't affected by a sleepless night.

As for Red, even more so.

As an old hunter, he had experience of going several days and nights without rest just to hunt down prey.

While Lynn enjoyed the warmth of the fire, Kuisi, along with several maids, brought trays of food into the hall.

Putting the food on the dining table, Kuisi came before Lynn and reminded him, "Master, breakfast is ready."

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Lynn responded and strode towards the dining table.

Let Red and Kuisi sit down and enjoy breakfast together.

Lynn held a fork in his right hand, placed a square piece of golden pork into his mouth.

After chewing a few times and swallowing it, he said, "Kuisi, have the kitchen in the canteen arrange a banquet tonight."

"Let the townsmen who have been busy for a year celebrate well, after all, tomorrow is New Year's."

Kuisi nodded in understanding, "Okay, Master, I'll arrange it right away."

Lynn continued, "Have the cooks in the castle also prepare a sumptuous dinner."

"I need to host a banquet for the foreman captains in the town."

Kuisi nodded again, "Yes, Master."

After giving instructions, Lynn continued to enjoy his breakfast.

Ten minutes later.

Once Lynn finished his meal and his stomach was thoroughly filled, he felt his whole body become warmer and more comfortable.

At that moment.

A sound of footsteps climbing the stairs was heard.

Red, who had also finished breakfast, immediately looked over.

Only to see a guard walking briskly, stopped a few meters in front of Lynn, bowed, and spoke with great respect.

"Master, the soldiers saw Mr. Boer in the wasteland outside the city walls and brought him back."

Lynn was somewhat surprised, he said, "Boer is still alive?"

The guard had no hesitation, "Still alive, Master."

"He is now waiting for a summon downstairs."

Lynn responded, "Bring him up then."

The guard said, "Yes."

The guard bowed and exited.

A few minutes later.

Two guards brought a man whose body was damp, hair disheveled, and face stained with dirt marks, into the hall.

Despite the anthracite in the fireplace providing warmth in the hall.

The man's body was still trembling uncontrollably.

In those eyes, there was a profound fear and trepidation!

Following behind the man was Mike, whom Lynn had seen before.

With a thought, Lynn looked at the trembling man's information panel.

It was indeed Boer Hansen.

Lynn spoke, "Mr. Boer, I didn't expect we'd meet again."

Boer's face was filled with bitterness, he spoke somewhat fearfully, "Master Lynn, I didn't expect to be alive either."

Lynn spoke, "People can be trained again, goods can be purchased again, but if you lose your life, you truly lose everything."

Boer and Mike instantly thought of Ryan and thirty guards.

Boer took a deep breath and explained, "Master Lynn, your territory has been targeted by a mysterious force!"

"Although I don't know exactly what force, I know there is a witch in that force!"

"Because I saw with my own eyes, a completely black woman's silhouette condensing and stepping out from the darkness."

"And under my gaze, entered into my body!"

Lynn's brows furrowed, "Entered into your body?"

These words hadn't been mentioned by Fan Ke.

Not only Lynn, but Red and Mike's eyes also widened slightly.

Boer nodded and continued, "Yes, Master Lynn, forced into my body, and my spirit waned as if I hadn't rested for days, falling asleep."

"Afterwards, I know nothing about what happened."

"Before being found by soldiers from your territory, my memory stopped at being tied to a tree in the forest..."

Lynn nodded, looked at Kuisi beside him, "Find Mr. Boer a set of clean clothes."

Kuisi bowed without any words and exited.

A moment later.

Kuisi returned, carrying a thick robe made of coarse wool.

Taking the coarse wool robe, Boer gratefully looked at Lynn, "Thank you, Master Lynn, then I'll return to Morgan Town..."

Lynn responded, "Prepare two horses for Mr. Boer."

In Boer's grateful bow, he left the hall with Mike.

Regarding Lynn not going out to rescue him, Boer never mentioned a word.

Mike, following at his side, dared not say anything either.

For after the battle to guard the city, Mike knew that Master Boer's life is life, just as the soldiers' lives are also lives.

Everyone was alive, no one wanted to die.

A moment later.

Two figures riding horses left the castle, passed through the town, and galloped toward the distant forest.

Standing on the balcony watching for a few moments, Lynn withdrew his gaze and walked down the castle, heading towards the workshop district.

The rain mixed with snow had already lessened, leaving only rain occasionally dripping, not affecting the daytime labor.

Lynn's mind was pondering the words Boer had just said.

A witch who can forcibly enter and occupy someone's body...

Such an ability, if left without any restriction, to enter anyone's body anytime... indeed quite terrifying!

With his thoughts turning, Lynn thought he could inquire of Old John.

Being a former priest of the Church, he might know some information.

Without hesitation, Lynn stepped forward, heading towards the hospital.

A few minutes later.

Lynn entered the hospital.

In the bright and clean hospital hall, there were more than a dozen people being treated for minor injuries.

These people were the soldiers responsible for guarding the city.

Upon seeing Lynn, they quickly stood up and reverently called, "Master Lynn."

Lynn nodded slightly.

Turning his gaze, he looked towards Old John who was treating soldiers in the treatment room.

Despite having apprentices, those who had not fully mastered herbal treatment could only assist Old John.

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All healing requires Old John to personally take action.

Although Old John seems busy, Lynn saw the sense of fulfillment in his busy demeanor.

Lynn didn't call Old John, but instead walked to the herb grinding area, using the stone grinder in his hand to help crush the herbs.

[Medical Experience +1]

[Medical Experience +1]

[Medical Experience +1]

...

Bit by bit, the experience was increasing.

At this moment.

Old John's somewhat urging voice rang out: "Shepherd's purse powder!"

"I need shepherd's purse powder to stop the bleeding for the patient!"

Lynn's hand moved, and he handed the freshly ground shepherd's purse powder to Old John.

Old John didn't even take a glance; he simply gave it a gentle sniff at his nose before pouring the shepherd's purse powder from the stone grinder onto the soldier's bleeding wound.

Shepherd's purse, when ground into powder, sprinkled on the wound, can effectively absorb moisture from the blood, thickening it to achieve a hemostatic effect.

Time was swiftly passing by.

Until all the dozen or so soldiers were treated, Old John finally plopped down on a nearby wooden chair.

Thinking about how smoothly the treatment went this time, Old John looked behind him full of praise, "Very good, and in such a short time, you managed to remember the properties of herbs!"

"This is much stronger than I was back in the day... Master Lynn?"

When Old John saw the man behind him was Lynn, he immediately rose from the chair.

Only then did Old John understand.

Turns out, Lynn has been assisting him all along, grinding various herbs.

Lynn replied, saying, "Old John, I need to ask you something."

Hearing Lynn's words, Old John hurriedly said, "Master, just go ahead and instruct."

Lynn directly conveyed Boer's words once more.

After listening, Old John immediately furrowed his brows, "The shadowy woman coming out from the dark... entering another's body... and taking over the body, losing consciousness..."

Old John pondered for a few seconds, then looked at Lynn, saying, "Master, I have never seen such abilities."

"However, this is somewhat similar to what I've seen recorded in some ancient texts — soul invasion!"

Lynn repeated Old John's words, "Soul invasion?"

Old John nodded to explain, "Yes, Master."

"A witch can, through powerful spiritual power, separate the soul from the body and forcefully invade another's body, crossing the limits of space!"

"Once the invasion is successful, the witch can control the person's physical actions, speech, and thoughts."

"Some can even access the person's memories..."

Lynn couldn't help but frown.

Old John's voice continued, "However, the more powerful the ability, the greater the limitations generally!"

"Whether it's distance or the limitations of the casting medium, it might require the target's hair, intimate clothing, or even a rune array drawn with magic ore..."

"Furthermore, repeated forceful casting will cause the caster to fall into extreme weakness, or even magic backlash..."

"Of course, these are just things I've read in ancient texts, specifically how... Master Lynn, I can't say for sure."

Lynn spoke up, "Is there any way, any way to stop a witch's soul invasion?"

Old John shook his head and said, "Sorry, Master Lynn, I don't know either. If there were ancient texts, I could look them up, but here..."

Lynn responded, "I understand, you carry on then!"

After finishing speaking.

Lynn walked outside the hospital.

If the witch performs soul invasion, having limitations isn't so bad, but if not...

Such an ability is indeed absurdly powerful!

Walking along the red brick road in the town.

The chefs and assistants in the cafeteria were already busy.

Apparently, they had received Kuisi's notice and began preparing for tonight's dinner party.

Lynn could clearly see the joyful expression on their faces.

Walking past several red brick houses, Lynn arrived at the handicraft area, at the door of the blacksmith workshop.

Perhaps because the iron smelting blast furnace had just been activated, the entire blacksmith workshop was enveloped in a comfortable warmth.

Completely driving away the cold air that had entered the blacksmith workshop.

Overseeing things, Ehrelo immediately saw Lynn and took big steps towards him.

Ehrelo immediately reported the progress of the blacksmith workshop: "Master, as per your requirements, four hundred sets of chest armor and helmets have been completed."

Before Lynn could speak, Ehrelo directly knelt on one knee on the ground.

His words were filled with determination, "Please punish me, Master!"

Lynn looked directly at Ehrelo, asking, "Punish for what?"

Ehrelo quickly explained, "Master, earlier I promised to complete the production of nine hundred sets of full standard plate armor by the end of December."

"But until the last day, I've only completed five hundred sets of full plate armor, along with four hundred sets of helmets and chest armor."

"I have disobeyed your orders, Master Lynn, and failed your trust."

Despite Flint's arrival, which took away one blacksmith workshop for Flint.

But this is not an excuse for not completing the production task.

Not having achieved it means not having achieved it.

Lynn said solemnly, "You do know you've failed my trust."

Ehrel's heart became tense, "Master, subject to your disposal, Ehrel has no complaints."

Ehrel's actions and words naturally fell into the eyes of all the apprentices.

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Their faces were filled with hesitation, wanting to speak but holding back.

Looking at the expressions of these apprentices, Lynn spoke: "What? Are you pleading for your foreman?"

Upon hearing Lynn's words, the apprentices immediately lowered their heads, not daring to meet their Lord's gaze.

Kneeling on the ground, Ehrel waited silently without looking back.

At this moment,

A slightly immature male voice sounded.

"Lord, please spare Lord Ehrel. I am willing to accept the punishment for him!"

Lynn followed the voice and saw a fifteen or sixteen-year-old male with well-developed muscles, his eyes full of plea as he looked at him.

As the young man's voice sounded, one after another, voices of request echoed in agreement.

"Master, please spare Lord Ehrelo. It's because of our limited abilities that we have burdened him."

"Master, Lord Ehrelo has been working hard; he only rests for three or four hours a day."

"We beg you, Lord..."

"..."

In the words of the apprentices, one after another, they knelt down.

Within a few short minutes, all the apprentices of the blacksmith workshop had knelt down.

Listening to these voices, Ehrelo's body trembled slightly on the ground.

Looking at these apprentices, Lynn raised an eyebrow, somewhat surprised in his heart.

In just a few months,

Ehrelo had actually united the cohesion among the blacksmith apprentices.

A blacksmith foreman had become the backbone of hundreds of blacksmith apprentices.

If it were other lords, perhaps they would feel uneasy or vigilant about this.

But Lynn felt no worry at all.

It's worth noting that the loyalty of these blacksmith apprentices was all as high as 90%↑!

Because these blacksmith apprentices knew it was Master Lynn, as their lord, who provided them with food, housing, and a daily salary.

Master Lynn was indeed their Lord.

Lynn scanned them again and spoke: "Is everyone willing to accept punishment along with Ehrelo?"

Uniform voices of affirmation rose from the blacksmith apprentices, "Yes, Master."

Lynn nodded and said, "Very well, from now on, I cancel the daily wages for your three blacksmith workshops."

"Restore them when you've produced results that satisfy me!"

Hearing Lynn's punishment, a hint of surprise and joy appeared on the apprentices' faces.

It's not about the severity of Master Lynn's punishment.

But because, isn't this punishment directed at them?

In an instant.

Apprentice after apprentice lifted their heads, eyes full of gratitude and admiration as they looked at their lord.

The distinctions were clear, rewards and penalties distinct!

Such a Lord they were encountering for the first time.

Seeing the loyalty of the blacksmith apprentices rise to 95%↑, Lynn nodded in satisfaction.

Such loyalty, perhaps they wouldn't hesitate to take the iron hammer into battle!

Lynn looked at Ehrelo, "Stand up."

Ehrelo promptly stood up from the red brick ground.

Seeing Ehrelo's mouth that seemed to be holding back laughter, Lynn said, "If you want to laugh, then laugh, your face looks like a daisy!"

Ehrelo seemingly thought of something and couldn't hold back his laughter anymore, "Hehe, I knew Master Lynn was the best."

Lynn rolled his eyes at him, "Once you're done laughing, get back to work and make up for the four hundred sets of parts still unfinished."

Ehrelo didn't hesitate, quickly responded, "Yes, Master."

Lynn continued, "By the way, the first banquet is being held at the castle tonight, bring your family to attend it."

Ehrelo eagerly responded, "Alright, Master, Steward Kuisi has already come to inform me..."

Lynn nodded, dismissed Ehrelo, and strode out of the blacksmith workshop.

Then, Lynn went to the textile workshop.

In the textile workshop, rough woolen cloaks and warm rough woolen bedding were being hastily made.

After inspecting the entire Handicraft Workshop District, Lynn walked toward the timber processing site outside the small town.

At this moment, the sky was gray, but fortunately, the occasional raindrops had stopped.

The ground was slightly slick but did not affect the felling and processing progress.

Lynn surveyed around; under the continuous felling by nearly a thousand people, the edge of the forest had been pushed back at least dozens of meters!

Moreover, the felling hadn't stopped.

In the wood workshop, six hundred townsmen were continuously processing logs into sleepers and rail wood dimensions as Lynn had instructed.

Sleepers were two meters long, twenty centimeters wide, and twenty centimeters thick!

Such sleepers could bear the weight of loaded ore carts and ensure that sleepers and rail wood wouldn't deform.

As Lynn surveyed the timber processing site.

Garcia, whom Lynn appointed as the woodcutter foreman, came to Lynn.

Garcia's face brimmed with a simple smile, "Master, according to your requirements, we've felled over two thousand trees!"

"Once done today, we'll reach three thousand trees."

With the arrival of the 600 Trans Empire slaves sent by Grayson last time, and the felling becoming increasingly skilled.

The speed of daily felling had become faster.

The speed of felling had already exceeded Lynn's expectations.

Lynn's thoughts shifted, and he said to Garcia: "Keep felling!"

"At least six thousand trees need to be felled!"

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Now that the logging speed has increased, Lynn can change the construction method of the wooden track mine cart!

From the initially envisioned single track, it is transformed into a double track that can rotate back and forth for transportation.

While the mine carts filled with coal are transported to the town, the empty mine carts travel back to the coal mining site.

This way, the efficiency of coal transportation can be maximized.

Listening to Lynn's instructions, Garcia did not hesitate, "Yes, Master, I will relay your orders right away!"

Lynn nodded, watching Garcia stride away.

Shortly after,

Lynn began to inspect the Wood Workshop again.

The efficiency of the Wood Workshop was also slowly improving.

Despite having simple mechanical devices for auxiliary processing, using pulley blocks and levers for handling and transportation,

and a division of labor method where each person is responsible for one processing step for cooperative processing,

the processing tools were too rudimentary and could only use the Iron Saw and Iron Planer, resulting in noticeably low efficiency.

However,

with the cooperative processing of six hundred townsmen, they still managed to produce six hundred railway sleepers each day.

A single track requires ten thousand sleepers, while a double track requires at least twenty thousand!

As construction inevitably involves some wastage.

Calculating this way, producing the wooden double track required for twenty miles would take more than a month!

This doesn't even account for the time needed for construction afterward.

Estimating briefly, Lynn couldn't help but furrow his brows.

The required time was too long, and the manpower and resources needed were too great.

But Lynn could only grit his teeth and press on.

To smelt more iron blocks, the scale of the iron-smelting furnace must be expanded, which would require consuming more anthracite.

If the transportation problem isn't resolved and the consumption of anthracite can't keep up, everything would just be unrealistic imagination.

The double-track mine cart must be constructed!

The only solution now is for Grayson or other merchants to transport more slaves to his territory.

Utilizing a large labor force to make up for the deficiency in labor efficiency.

After inspecting the workshop, Lynn strode away.

Upon returning to the open square in front of the town,

the rich smell of roasted meat wafted into Lynn's nostrils.

Lynn's gaze searched and finally settled on the bonfire burning fiercely outside the canteen.

Numerous large pigs, fully stretched open with iron rods, were being roasted under the bonfire, continuously releasing bubbles.

The surface of the marinated pig skin turned golden with oil flowing down in streams.

The rich aroma emanated from these ten roasted pigs.

Despite having many matters to arrange personnel for,

Lynn knew that some things couldn't be rushed, regardless of urgency.

They could only be implemented step-by-step according to the plan.

Thinking of this, Lynn stepped into the kitchen.

He took the Bone-Cutting Knife from a chef and began chopping the pork bones on the cutting board.

Perhaps it's the [One-Handed Weapon Mastery], or because he added points to [Power] and [Constitution].

With each swing, Lynn could effortlessly chop through them.

The cuts were neat and smooth, with no gaps whatsoever.

After all, in a certain sense, a Bone-Cutting Knife is also a one-handed weapon!

[Cooking Experience +1]

[Cooking Experience +1]

[Cooking Experience +1]

...

As time slowly passed,

while Lynn was continuously gaining [Cooking] skill experience, the sky gradually darkened.

Apprentices from the brewing workshop carried barrels of beer into the canteen.

The chefs began placing the completed dinner onto the tables in the canteen.

Golden roasted whole pigs, pan-fried river fish, bread made of mixed barley and wheat, soup stewed with peas and pork, butter-fried peas...

Plates of food filled every table of ten or so people.

Some townsmen, who were working closer to their positions, were the first to return to the town.

Arriving at the canteen, seeing the dazzling array of food before them, their eyes were full of light.

Although they were informed of tonight's feast by Steward Kuisi and some guards,

seeing the food again, they couldn't suppress their delight on their faces.

Especially the six hundred townsmen recently transported by Grayson from the Trans Empire.

They never dreamed they would get to enjoy such food after being sold as slaves.

They were free people, yet their daily wages were only just enough to keep their families fed.

At most, saving a few pence would allow them to purchase some necessary items.

A feast this abundant was something they had never partaken in, even as free people.

More and more townsmen returned to the town from all parts of the territory.

From the open-pit coal mines dozens of miles away, and the open-pit iron mines forty miles away.

Because of the different distances, Lynn instructed Kuisi to let them finish work early and return to town.

It can be said,

that except for the soldiers stationed at the encampments, all the townsmen had returned to the town.

Until nightfall fully descended and all the townsmen who should return had gathered in the canteen.

Despite the tables being filled with food, no one dared to start eating early.

Chapter 347: Soul Invasion

Their gazes searched briefly and finally settled on the tall, somewhat robust young man at the forefront.

This young man was the lord of this land, their Lord.

Under the direct gaze of everyone, Lynn stepped forward.

Sweeping his eyes around, he said in a deep voice, "Everyone, I am the lord of this land, Lynn..."

Hearing this familiar prelude and familiar voice, the townspeople couldn't help but feel a sense of inexplicable emotion.

They knew that ninety-nine percent of them had been sold to Master Lynn's domain by slave traders.

The first time they officially heard Master Lynn's words was with this familiar introduction.

Lynn continued, "I actually don't have much to say."

"Many of you, before coming to this land, might have been vagrants, free people, or slaves..."

"But as the residents of this land, your status is the same."

"You eat the same food, live in the same houses, and enjoy the same treatment."

"The only difference is..."

The townspeople widened their eyes, filled with curiosity.

"The only difference is your different job positions."

Lynn looked at the group of townspeople dressed in black, covered with mine dust on the outskirts.

"Some are mining iron, salt, and coal..."

Redirecting his gaze, Lynn looked at the townspeople with wood chips and leaves still on their clothes.

"Some are cutting trees in the forest, processing lumber..."

"And some jobs may be more unpleasant, like the manure workers responsible for composting and transporting."

"Despite the different positions, you all share the same identity as townspeople of this place."

The townspeople's expressions grew complex.

They hadn't expected Master Lynn to say such words.

Compared to other lords, they were used merely as beasts of burden for labor.

They weren't considered even as valuable as livestock.

After all, it took three slaves to equate to the price of a team of draft horses!

Lynn shifted the topic, "Some of you might already know what happened last night."

Before the townspeople could start whispering, Lynn continued, "That's right, at least fifteen hundred bandits attacked the walls last night!"

A wave of incredulous commotion arose in the dining hall.

"But because we built the walls in advance, selected and trained the army ahead of time, and because we produced armor and weapons such as bows and arrows beforehand..."

"This time, we successfully stopped the bandits outside the walls."

Applause erupted, waves of excitement and delight echoed.

Lynn scanned the crowd, and the applause quickly died down.

"But this doesn't mean this land is absolutely safe."

"Twenty soldiers have left us forever in the battle to defend the town."

"But this land will never forget them!"

"Their families will be given preferential treatment, and their names will be carved on the stone monument to be erected in the future!"

"They are the true guardians of this land!"

Listening to Lynn's powerful words, the townspeople's expressions were full of emotion.

"Starting tomorrow, I need you all to work more diligently in your positions."

"Mining coal, smelting iron, making armor, tending to crops, producing paper, teaching students..."

"Only by doing this can you protect this land and your homeland!"

Thousands of townspeople's faces turned determined and excited.

Although there was no heating in the dining hall, the number of people gathered, combined with the power contained in Master Lynn's words,

made them feel engulfed in a wave of heat throughout their bodies.

Lynn glanced at them, nodded, and said, "Now, everyone can start eating."

After finishing his words,

he left the dining hall under the watchful eyes of the townspeople.

Not until Lynn's silhouette disappeared into the darkness outside did they withdraw their gazes.

Their feast began.

...

Lynn walked past the red brick houses, across the red brick pathways.

Accompanied by Red and a few guards, he quickly returned to the castle.

Climbing the stairs, he reached the hall on the second floor of the castle.

Suddenly, a comfortable warmth embraced Lynn's face.

In the hall,

everyone present sat upright, and upon seeing Lynn, they stood up, saluting him with their eyes.

Kuisi stepped forward and began explaining to Lynn.

"Master, except for Instructor Ross stationed at the wall, all the foremen of the workshops are present."

"And Master Flint, he said he doesn't like attending such banquets..."

Lynn acknowledged with a sound, took a step, and came to the 30-meter-long dining table.

With Kuisi pulling out the armchair of the main seat, under the gaze of more than a dozen people, he sat down unceremoniously.

Lynn glanced at them, "Sit down, all of you."

With Lynn's permission, the foremen and captains of the workshops finally took their seats.

Looking at the various foods laid out on the table, Lynn spoke, "Let's eat first."

Lynn didn't have the habit of saying a few words before meals.

The speech in the dining hall earlier was just seizing the opportunity when everyone in the town was gathered.

A dozen maids standing by began pouring drinks into their glazed cups.

As the territory steward and personal maid, Kuisi naturally served Lynn.

When the drinks poured into the transparent glazed cup, Lynn's eyebrows raised slightly.

Perhaps it was the color of the glazed cup, or perhaps the candlelight on the dining table...

The drink showed a golden color resembling shards of gold at the bottom of the transparent cup.

A strong aroma of alcohol seeped into Lynn's senses.

With a thought, a string of information appeared before Lynn.

[Distilled Spirits]: Non-toxic, distilled from beer brewed by Brewer Lex using barley, with a high alcohol content, rich aroma, and strong taste, suitable for drinking or medicinal use.

After skimming over the information, Lynn's gaze landed on Lex, "Lex, is the golden liquor in the cup brewed by the brewing workshop you lead?"

As Lynn spoke, some workshop foremen unfamiliar with the drink looked at their cups.

The existence of the glazed cup had been apparent to them half an hour ago.

But it was the first time they saw this golden liquor.

With a smile, Lex explained, "Yes, Master, it's distilled spirits obtained by repeatedly distilling beer."

"Its potency is at least ten times that of beer!"

Listening to Lex's explanation, a hint of surprise appeared on Ehrelo Colin's and others' faces.

As Kaldy people, almost every adult drank, but due to limited income, they could only drink occasionally.

They had never tasted liquor with potency ten times that of beer.

As Lynn raised his glass, the workshop foremen followed suit, gently sipping the drink in their cups.

Instantly,

a fiery sensation spread through their mouths and, upon swallowing, a warmth surged straight to their stomachs.

Even the chill within their bodies was instantly dispelled.

In the cold winter, sipping such potent liquor, their eyes shone with brightness.

Chapter 348: The Bed Is Big and Soft

Lynn took a sip of the distilled spirits from the glazed cup and looked at Lex again, "Has the distilled spirits been named?"

Lex quickly responded, "Master, it hasn't been named yet."

"Since you are the master, and it was brewed according to your instructions, we're waiting for your decision..."

The few people dining were also curiously looking at Lynn.

After pondering for a few seconds, Lynn said, "Then let's call it Lex's Golden Bar."

Listening to Lynn's words, a look of astonishment appeared in everyone's eyes.

Master Lynn actually used Lex's name for this distilled spirits?

Given the potency of this never-tasted distilled spirits.

If it were delivered and spread out, it would surely attract the love of many, even noble lords.

Lex's name would surely spread throughout Kakasong City, maybe even the entire Karedi Empire!

More exaggerated, even the whole Garonia Continent.

In that case, it would be indeed significant.

Lex was naturally aware of its significance, his heart began to race quickly.

Lex promptly stood up, bowed deeply, and said, "Thank you, my dear Master Lynn."

He still remembered, back then Master Lynn's territory didn't even have a brewing workshop.

Now, it could already produce highly alcoholic distilled spirits!

Lynn retracted his gaze, skewered a piece of fish, chewed, and continued his meal.

Time was passing slowly.

With the attendants serving, everyone finished dining.

Lynn, still seated at the main seat, swept his gaze around at everyone present.

Finally, his gaze fell on Ehrelo.

"Ehrelo, if I need the Blacksmith Workshop to produce at least forty sets of standard plate armor daily, what do I need to do for you?"

As they heard Master Lynn discussing business, everyone sat up straight.

Ehrelo pondered for a few moments, then replied solemnly, "Master, there are currently only three Blacksmith Workshops and only six hundred apprentices to produce standard plate armor."

"Currently, only thirty sets of standard plate armor can be produced daily..."

"To produce forty sets daily, a few more ironworks furnaces, blacksmith workshops, and additional labor need to be added."

Lynn responded, "How many more people, ironworks furnaces, and blacksmith workshops do you need?"

Ehrello furrowed his brow, after a few seconds, he said, "Three...no, two blacksmith workshops, two ironworks furnaces, and four hundred blacksmith apprentices."

"They don't know how to forge standard plate armor, it doesn't matter, I can teach them!"

Lynn nodded, "I understand, I will do my best to fulfill your needs!"

Expanding the Blacksmith Workshops and increasing the production of standard plate armor is crucial to the safety of the entire territory.

With more heavily armored soldiers, the survival rate of soldiers can be increased, as well as their combat strength.

If there are tens of thousands of heavy cavalry, not only would they be intimidating in battle, but just standing in formation would cause countless forces to tremble!

It could even achieve victory without fighting!

Lynn turned his gaze towards Colin, "What is the main work of the Woodworker Workshop now?"

Colin's face showed determination, and he said steadily, "Master, I am currently leading more than three hundred workers in the Papermaking Workshop to produce paper."

"After division of roles and training, the Papermaking Workshop has entered the production process. Although the efficiency is somewhat slow, with the continuous division of their roles, it will soon be able to produce on a large scale."

Colin's words continued, "The carpenter apprentices, under your arrangements, are processing railway sleepers in the Wood Workshop."

Lynn responded in kind and further asked, "Once the Papermaking Workshop is adequately trained, you should select outstanding workers from similar roles as team leaders."

"Let team leaders manage the workers, the foreman will manage the team leaders, and they are responsible for their position's work!"

The hierarchical management model is clearly defined, allowing for detailed responsibilities, and enabling workers to hone skills in their positions!

Colin responded, "Yes, Master."

Lynn continued speaking, "Once appointed, quickly extract yourself; there are even more matters requiring your attention."

Colin looked at Lynn puzzled, not just Colin, but even Ehrelo Beola, and Yimini all looked over.

Lynn said, "Last night...or early this morning, the Iron Blood Brotherhood attacked the city walls!"

Some were surprised, some curious, those informed showed no change in expression.

"The ten-meter-high city walls, seemingly impregnable, standing like a natural barrier between the forests, but after this battle, I've noticed the walls' flaws."

Colin furrowed his brow, "Flaws?"

Lynn responded.

"The city walls are too simple! They lack defensive equipment and secondary fortification behind the walls!"

"The quality of the gate beneath the walls is good. Even amidst the bandits' constant destruction, there is only minor damage."

"That's because they were merely bandits and lacked qualified siege equipment, using only cross pickaxes and such..."

"What about a formal army? With battering rams, siege towers, or catapults?"

Colin and the others fell silent.

Lynn continued speaking, "Therefore, I plan to construct a Weng City behind the walls and design more effective large-scale defense mechanisms or siege equipment."

Chapter 349: The Bed Is Big and Soft

"All these will require your Woodworker Workshop to undertake the production later."

"Since the design needs to be more detailed, I'll come to you separately later."

Colin responded, "Yes, Master."

After instructing Colin, Lynn's gaze turned to Wesley, "Instructor Wesley."

Wesley's body instantly stood up straight, standing perfectly still, "I am here, Master!"

Lynn looked at Wesley and said, "Sit down."

"In this city defense battle, you were responsible for leading and commanding the archers. Since Rose isn't here, why don't you share your feelings on the matter?"

Wesley sat down in the high-backed wooden chair, without any hesitation, he spoke directly: "My feelings are quite similar to what you said, Master."

"The defense tactics were single-minded, the soldiers lacked experience in city defense, and their physical condition was poor, unable to sustain long-term combat."

The words were simple and clear, as if he had conducted a comprehensive review of the battle beforehand.

Lynn stared directly at Wesley, continuing to ask, "Is there anything else?"

Wesley continued, "There is a lack of information and effective intelligence. The major factor in defeating the invading enemy this time relied heavily on the city walls."

"If it were in the open wilderness outside the walls, the soldiers' casualties wouldn't have been just a few dozen!"

Lynn acknowledged, "Then how should we resolve this?"

Wesley spoke firmly, "As for city defense, I think the Master's ideas are very effective."

"The Weng City can organize a second defense after the enemy breaks through the first gate."

"Defense equipment is essential too."

"The lack of information can be addressed by sending scouts to the nearest towns to gather various intelligence and take preventive measures!"

"In some mountainous paths, we can station some hidden sentries, patrols, watchtowers, beacon towers, and even outpost fortresses!"

"The beacon towers can serve as a warning; even if the enemy is dozens or hundreds of miles away, they can be clearly seen from the city walls."

"Outpost fortresses... if the enemy wants to advance deep, they must first deal with the outpost fortresses."

"The Master can organize more armed forces to fortify the walls or summon reinforcements..."

Lynn looked at Wesley appreciatively, "These are indeed effective defense methods."

"However, given the current weather and the pace of territorial development, these plans can only be postponed for now."

"When the time comes to build watchtowers or outpost fortresses, we will need you, Wesley, to conduct an on-site survey and select locations."

Wesley nodded quickly, a hint of joy in his words, "Yes, Master."

As a household attendant with combat knowledge and experience, Wesley naturally hoped to be valued by the lord he was loyal to!

Although Lynn did not implement it immediately, considering the current situation, with extremely low temperatures, limited workforce, and difficulties in material transportation...

Postponing the plans was reasonable.

The key was that his master had accepted his suggestions and explicitly stated that he would need him for the survey and location selection later!

This was a great sign of trust in him!

Lynn turned, looking at the couple Beola of the Pottery Workshop.

"The glazed glass you produced, I have already taken out a portion as samples to give to Grayson, for him to take these samples to the markets of territories outside."

"If these are sought after by the external lord nobility, perhaps more merchants will come to the territory to exchange for glazed glass."

Beo and Layla's eyebrows rose, and their faces revealed a look of surprise.

Lynn continued, "At that time, everyone in your workshop will become busy, and the glazed glass you produce will help generate revenue for the territory!"

"Later, I will think of ways to increase the workforce for your workshop."

Beo and Layla responded quickly, "Thank you, Master Lynn."

Lynn nodded, then looked at the group of squad leaders, instructed them for a while, and then said,

"By the way, the castle construction is now complete."

"Starting tomorrow, you can bring your families and move into the castle area."

The castle area, covering more than 3,000 square meters, with three layers, can comfortably house a population of at least two or three hundred people!

Moreover, only by having them bring their families to live in the castle can Lynn arrange personnel better to take care of them.

Listening to Lynn's words, the people on both sides of the dining table showed a bit of surprise.

Like Red, they never imagined that one day they would live in a castle...

The Ehrelo group stood one after another, bowing to Lynn, with respectful words ringing out.

"Thank you, Master."

Lynn nodded, dismissing them, the maids cleaned up, and the wide hall once again fell into silence.

Unlike the darkness and cold outside the castle, anthracite burning strongly in the castle fireplaces, and oil lamps along the wall edges emitted bright light, illuminating the entire hall.

Lynn sat in an armchair, enjoying the comforting warmth.

This was both a banquet and a pre-planned layout for the future development of the territory.

He was telling these workshop foremen and the officers responsible for guarding the territory what the territory would do next, allowing them to have an advanced plan in mind!

The night gradually deepened.

The temperature outside the castle dropped further, reaching negative four or five degrees directly.

After giving some instructions, Lynn returned to the master bedroom, lay down on the spacious bed, and gradually fell asleep.

...

Under the night sky.

A caravan of carriages sped along the muddy road between fields.

Chapter 350: The Bed Is Big and Soft

The cold night wind rustled the long robes of the followers,

despite their wearing thick woolen clothes, the unshielded horseback ride quickly stripped them of warmth.

Their bodies shook uncontrollably.

In the carriage behind them, Aiden was well protected by the door and furnishings and had two graceful maids clinging tightly to his side.

Covered by a fine, exquisite lamb wool blanket...

The man, wrapped in layers of fat, even had the leisure to play with the maids beside him.

His right arm draped over a maid's shoulder, while his descending right hand continuously stroked and kneaded.

Aiden was in a good mood!

Due to the breach of contract by the Storm Mercenary Corps, who took money but did not complete their task, he extorted the Mercenary Guild of Kakasong City.

Of course.

Aiden knew well that the guild's sudden respect was because he was a vassal to Marquis Ducas.

Otherwise, he couldn't possibly pocket all the gold pounds and even receive 20% in breach compensation!

The most crucial thing was.

Aiden heard from merchants traveling between Bordeaux City and Kakasong City.

Bandits near Morgan Town were rampant, a fact known now to Marquis Ducas.

Intending to send elite cavalry for bandit suppression near Morgan Town!

For Aiden, this was extraordinarily good news!

If the bandit corps looting his villages could be wiped out.

Then he could continue recruiting from Morgan Town or other towns, hiring more Free People.

And continue cultivating his fields.

Compared to selling agricultural product profits, he only needed to provide one penny a day to hire large numbers of Free People farmers.

Merely one penny does not require providing food, lodging, or accommodations for them, allowing them to work at least ten hours.

This almost free labor was Aiden's favorite.

Especially since this kind of labor was everywhere!

Thinking of this, Aiden's mood became even brighter, almost ready to jump at the opportunity.

But seeing the brightened three-story mansion ahead, Aiden abandoned his intention to gallop on horseback.

A few minutes later.

The cavalry arrived at the manor's gates.

With the help of the two maids, Aiden descended the carriage and entered the manor.

Following behind was Ackerman, watching Aiden's persistent hand kneading rhythmically on a maid's ample form.

Ackerman's mouth slightly lifted, asking, "Master, shall I keep vigil for you tonight!"

His words barely finished before Aiden quickly refused, "No need, you've been working hard after days of traveling, rest early tonight."

Ackerman halted his steps, bowing, "Yes, master!"

Aiden's humming voice echoed.

Witnessing Aiden ascend the stairs and disappear at the corner, only then did Ackerman retract his gaze.

He turned to the dozen followers behind, "Assign guards according to the leader's arrangement. Despite winter, master's safety must not be neglected!"

"As for the others, you may rest first."

Hearing Ackerman's instructions, the followers swiftly bowed in response, "Yes, Chief Attendant Ackerman!"

Ackerman nodded, "I will inspect the perimeter myself, no need to follow."

None of the aides dared to protest.

Ackerman advanced into the manor's first floor.

Although it was late, torches and oil lamps still cast bright light throughout the hallway.

Ackerman's gaze continually scanned the surroundings.

Confirming no abnormalities, he ascended the stairs to the second floor, still scanning around.

The second floor of the manor housed Aiden's family and maids.

After a thorough inspection, Ackerman carefully stepped to a double door entrance.

He slightly tilted his head, the door supposed to be shut, still had an accessible crack as he guessed.

Ackerman's eyebrow lifted abruptly, swiftly scanning his surroundings.

Ensuring no one witnessed him, he gently opened the door to minimize friction sound.

Entering the dark room past the door, he slowly closed and locked it...

Turning his body, Ackerman's gaze searched swiftly.

Within seconds, his eyes landed upon a figure curled under the wool blanket on the large bed.

The blanket's thickness notably accentuated the figure's plumpness below.

Ackerman unconsciously swallowed, stepping towards.

Disrobing, Ackerman slid under the coarse woolen covers.

As Ackerman's right hand moved, a warmth filled his grasp.

Lying behind the plump woman, Ackerman whispered softly, "Madam, we have the whole night this time..."

As he spoke, Ackerman's right hand began to roam.

A seductive and predictable woman's voice trembled slightly.

"Mm... alright..."

Compared to the cold and desolate outside the mansion.

The interior, whether on the second or third floor, was filled with warmth and debauchery.

...

Three days passed by swiftly.

Under Kuisi's scouting, after consuming a nutritious breakfast, Lynn stepped out of the castle.