

System 401

Chapter 401: Gold Pounds, Grain, and Women Part 6

However.

No matter how many times Lynn checked around, he couldn't see what pose Jode was preparing to sculpt for the statue.

He wasn't really concerned; as long as the complete statue was carved and the attributes of the [Lord Statue] could be attached, it would be enough.

After observing for a short while.

Lynn reached the edge of the open square.

Gavin and Wilbur were already organizing and arranging their two hundred farmers for work.

One wheelbarrow after another, loaded with weeds, continuously headed toward the farmland, piled by the lime road.

One farmer after another spread the piled weed stacks evenly onto the cultivated land as much as possible.

To insulate and moisturize the dormant wheat seedlings.

Over fifty thousand mu of cultivated land, as vast as a plain!

Two hundred farmers were evidently not enough...

Lynn couldn't help but frown, needing to allocate more labor into the farmland for the covering work.

It's important to know this fifty thousand mu of farmland was nearly the product of thousands working together for over a month!

With these two hundred people's work efficiency, even if each worked eight hours a day, covering twenty square meters per hour, it was only one hundred sixty square meters per day.

Solely relying on the power of two hundred people, it's an endless task!

Lynn's gaze shifted and looked at Kuisi in the distance, directly having a guard call him over.

Approaching Lynn, Kuisi called with a tone of inquiry, "Lord?"

Lynn responded plainly, "Starting now, excluding the soldiers in the wall barracks and the blacksmith workshop and textile workshop!"

"Divert half of the townsmen from the mining and other craft workshops."

"I need them immediately engaged in the current weed covering!"

Listening to Lynn's stern voice, Kuisi promptly replied, "Lord, I'll go right away."

Immediately.

Kuisi paced swiftly towards the craft workshops.

Upon encountering a group of patrolling soldiers, Kuisi conveyed the orders Lynn had just issued.

In orderly responses, the guards went to various workshops.

Even a few guards rode horses toward workshops outside the town.

Red Brick Workshop, Papermaking Workshop, the three major coal mines, etc.

Military camp soldiers were responsible for guarding the city wall, no matter how significant the production issue within the territory, not a soldier could be dispatched from the wall!

The blacksmith workshop and textile workshop were similarly so.

Only by forging and producing more armor can this territory have enough power to fully establish itself in the Karedi Empire!

If the grain runs out, more merchants could be sought for buying.

If the production efficiency of the Salt Factory decreases, then minimize the number of times for exchanging other goods...

But if we don't take precautions against the planted wheat seedlings.

Then next year, there is a great possibility—of no harvest at all!

As more and more slaves arrived at the territory, and no water power for large-scale transport.

Just relying on carts, transporting one by one, the pressure on food will grow.

Until finally, even if Lynn has large quantities of fine salt for merchant exchange.

Ensuring the territory's safety, merchants still cannot achieve timely delivery.

Because cart transport capacity is limited, plus the time needed for round trips!

Self-sufficiency within the territory must be realized to completely alleviate food pressure.

Until several hours later.

As dusk fell.

Nearly four thousand townsmen stood before Lynn.

Expressions of confusion and curiosity were on their faces.

They couldn't clearly recall when was the last time they gathered in such numbers.

Lynn stood atop a half-meter high long table, his gaze sweeping quickly across the faces of each townsman.

"I know, now perhaps you are confused, perhaps curious, or perhaps some of you know the purpose of my summon."

"Now I will tell you once more, in seven days, the territory will enter its coldest day!"

"Heavy snowfall, lasting at least one day."

"When the snow falls, everything on the ground will be covered, we can hide indoors and warm ourselves by the fire."

"However...the wheat seedlings in the farmland will be completely frozen dead!"

"Your hard work over nearly one or two months, turning into nothing!"

"In next summer, this farmland sown with a million jin of barley will yield no harvest!"

Hearing this.

Finally, all the townsmen understood.

Their curiosity and confusion turned into a solemn look.

Most of them were farmers engaged in cultivation, they naturally understood the consequence of frozen wheat seedlings.

No harvest, an entire family craves, is dead bodies littering everywhere with the starving dead filling the wilderness!

Lynn's words continued, "Starting tomorrow morning, everyone joins in the insulating and moisturizing work!"

"I need you quickly to cover all fifty-five thousand mu of farmland planted with wheat seedlings, with wild grass and weeds!"

"This is not only for the survival of the wheat seedlings but to prevent everyone from starving in the territory!"

"Do you understand?"

As Lynn's words fell, orderly voices echoed from all the townspeople's mouths.

"Understood! Understood! Understood!"

Lynn nodded in satisfaction, "You may now disperse for dining."

"Rest well tonight, and tomorrow morning join in the battle to protect the wheat seedlings!"

The orderly voices echoed in response once more.

"Yes! Yes! Yes!"

As the voices faded, the townspeople moved towards the cafeteria.

Amid Lynn's words, the sky had already turned dark.

Lynn stepped down from the long table, surveying these townsmen.

Although they had learned from their Lord's mouth about the imminent threat to the farmland.

But rarely back in the town, there still held a trace of joy on their faces.

Especially the miners dwelling in the iron mines.

Due to the distance, it's tough for them to return to the town even once.

Until night fully set in.

Lynn returned to the castle, preparing to enjoy dinner.

An uneventful night.

The following morning, Lynn had breakfast and went to the open square.

The four thousand townsmen from yesterday gathered again in the open square.

Lynn directly divided them into groups.

Four thousand people, divided into eight groups, each with five hundred!

And splitting from the five hundred, eighty were responsible for transporting grass, twenty for each group's water supply.

The remaining four hundred fully committed to the weed covering work.

With everyone assigned their tasks.

Following Lynn's command, four thousand townsmen grandly went to the farmland outside the town.

Even the term densely packed seemed apt.

Watching each townsman busy in the farmland, Lynn's heart slightly eased.

No more merchants would come to his territory now.

The majority of labor can be invested in the farmland.

Even if the production efficiency in other industries is slightly slower, it's of no consequence.

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Rolling up his sleeves, Lynn stepped into the farmland, joining in.

Gathering heaps of weeds, he picked them up and spread them evenly across the furrows that had sprouted wheat seedlings.

While laying the weeds, Lynn checked the condition of the wheat seedlings on the furrows.

Despite the recent cold weather, the wheat seedlings had turned a bit yellowish.

However, the wheat seedlings were merely in a state of growth stagnation.

Once spring arrives and the temperature rises, these wheat seedlings will burst forth with new vitality, thriving robustly in adequate fertility!

[Planting Experience +1]

[Planting Experience +1]

[Planting Experience +1]

...

Covering the wheat seedlings with weeds doesn't require much skill.

It's something anyone can do.

Therefore, four thousand townsmen collaborated in division of labor, achieving high efficiency.

It was only by afternoon that Lynn stopped his actions.

He stepped out of the farmland and onto the lime road, scanning his surroundings.

In nearly a day's time, at least seven thousand acres of farmland were covered with weeds!

Lynn quickly calculated in his mind.

With six days left until snowfall, at this rate of work, they could cover the remaining less than fifty thousand acres of farmland completely.

Lynn nodded in satisfaction.

Indeed, many hands make light work!

Time swiftly passed.

Suddenly, it was evening.

With Lynn's command to finish work and eat, all townsmen working in the farmland let out a synchronized cheer.

"Thank you, Master Lynn."

They cautiously walked among the furrow troughs, careful not to cause a misstep or fall that could crush the wheat seedlings.

Lynn strode with the crowd, headed toward the town.

As all townsmen returned to the town and entered the cafeteria, Lynn also headed toward the castle.

However.

Before Lynn reached the castle gate.

The sound of fast galloping hooves arose behind him.

The sound grew clearer as it approached.

Lynn turned his head to look.

The build was not tall but evidently quite robust.

The soldier's standard plate armor bulged round.

The soldier dismounted swiftly, stepped forward, and stood about five or six meters from Lynn.

He bent his waist, his voice ringing from the metal mask: "Master, there are two riders outside the gate seeking an audience with you."

Recognizing the familiar voice, Lynn instantly knew this soldier was Earl, whom he had promoted to be Rose's assistant!

Lynn frowned slightly, inquiring, "Two riders? Who are they?"

Earl replied, "Master, they claim to be a knight accompanied by his knight's follower..."

Lynn pondered in his mind.

Earl dared not inquire, standing honestly awaiting instructions.

After a few minutes, Lynn spoke, "Bring them to the castle then."

Earl didn't hesitate, responding, "Yes, Master."

Immediately.

He approached the horse, agilely mounted the warhorse.

Pulling the reins, he directed the horse.

With a press to the horse's belly, the warhorse galloped toward the dim wasteland outside the town.

Townsmen returning to the town made way for him.

Watching Earl's receding figure, Lynn's frown deepened.

Indeed.

This marked the second time outsiders came to his territory.

Lynn had anticipated that with so many merchants frequently visiting his territory for trade exchanges.

Eventually, some observant individuals would discover the existence of his territory.

This was inevitable.

To buy and trade for food, horses, livestock, and slaves, he couldn't avoid meeting with people outside the territory.

If they were trailing him...

It could only be Boer, who came recently.

Returning to the castle.

Kuisi was already preparing dinner with maids.

Before Kuisi could speak, Lynn said first, "Prepare a few more dishes; guests are coming!"

Kuisi blinked, responded without inquiring, "Yes, Master."

With that said.

Kuisi turned to the maid beside her, whispering a few words, the maid bowed and retreated.

Lynn sat in the armchair by the fireplace, slowly waiting.

Time surged by.

Until nearly an hour later.

Outside the castle, the sound of slowing hoofbeats echoed.

Soon.

The sound of footsteps climbing the stairs reached Lynn's ears.

Lynn turned his head to look.

Behind Earl, a middle-aged man and a young man appeared in the second-floor hall with a look of astonishment on their faces.

Standing before Lynn, Earl reported, "Master, I've brought them."

Lynn responded, standing from the armchair, addressing the two, "Shall we discuss over dinner?"

The more Goofrey looked at the young lord before him, the stronger his surprise grew.

Having said merely one sentence, Goofrey felt a sense of restrained and steady temperament, unflustered in dealings.

The key was, was the lord before him truly so young?

Goofrey pondered whether it was possible...

Was the territory's development achieved under this young lord's leadership to this extent?

The walls, barracks, farmland, water truck, town...

And the castle beneath his feet now!

If so, Goofrey couldn't fathom how it was accomplished.

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Suppressing the doubts in his heart, Godfrey bowed and performed a knightly salute, saying, "Thank you for your generosity, Lord!"

Lynn nodded and stepped toward the nearby dining table.

Godfrey and Danke followed closely behind.

Arriving at the head seat by the table, Lynn sat down directly, his words calm, "Knight Godfrey, feel free to sit."

Godfrey nodded slightly, "Yes, Lord."

Walking to the wooden chair beside Lynn, Godfrey just about to sit down, his expression suddenly froze.

His eyes widened in disbelief, staring at the young lord seated at the head.

Godfrey's mouth twitched, but he forced down the inquiries he was about to blurt out, sitting upright on the wooden chair.

He clearly remembered that since entering this territory, he hadn't told anyone his name.

But.

The lord before him, how did he know he was called Godfrey?

A bewildering thought surfaced in his mind.

Could it be... while he was monitoring this territory, the lord before him was also observing him?

Or perhaps observing every move in Morgan Town?

If this was true, Godfrey acknowledged he had underestimated the lord beside him.

Served and attended to by the maid, Lynn and Godfrey sat at the dining table for their meal.

Regarding the safety of the food, Godfrey had no worries.

Because the food he was eating was taken by the maid from the same platter serving the lord.

Furthermore, if the lord beside him wanted to kill him, there was no need to wait until now.

After entering the city walls, they had no chance of escaping.

A dozen minutes later.

Finishing their meal.

Wiping clean the grease from the corners of their mouths, and after the maid tidied up the tableware, Lynn's gaze fell on Godfrey.

Lynn spoke, "Knight Godfrey, let's hear it then, what's your intention for coming to this territory?"

Godfrey nodded slightly and explained straightforwardly, "Lord, since you know my identity, I won't beat around the bush."

"Godfrey Love, knight accompanying Commander Lawrence Ducas."

"Coming to your lordship's territory because I was commissioned by Lord Lawrence to investigate the whereabouts of the Iron Blood Brotherhood Bandit Corps and to carry out a bandit suppression mission."

"Coincidentally, during my patrol, I saw your lordship's city walls... so..."

Lynn stared directly at Godfrey, saying, "Knight Godfrey, there's no need to search any further."

Godfrey raised his eyebrows, asking with some awareness of the answer, "Lord... you mean..."

Lynn continued, "The Iron Blood Brotherhood Bandit Corps and Storm Mercenary Corps, totaling over fifteen hundred men, thirteen hundred have already been buried in the wasteland outside the city walls."

Godfrey's heart sank.

As he guessed, it was this lord who had annihilated the bandit corps.

This led to the manor lord in Morgan Town being unaware of the bandit corps' intelligence.

Godfrey was about to speak.

Lynn continued, "Knight Godfrey, let's hear your true purpose for coming here."

Godfrey looked taken aback, explained, "Lord, investigating the bandits' whereabouts is indeed the purpose of our visit."

Lynn nodded, "No problem, since Knight Godfrey already knows the bandit information, I won't keep the two of you."

"Earl, escort Knight Godfrey and the others out."

Earl nodded hurriedly, "Yes, sir."

Godfrey hesitated for a few seconds, finally asked, "May I know your lordship's name is..."

Lynn stared directly at Godfrey, "Lynn Blake."

Godfrey repeated the name several times in his mind, then continued to ask, "Sorry, Lord, I know pursuing you persistently might be rude."

"But I still want to know, how did you become the lord of this territory?"

Lynn responded, "Certainly."

With a glance, Lynn looked at Kuisi, who instantly understood and withdrew. A moment later.

Kuisi returned to Lynn's side and handed over a document.

Lynn took it with his right hand, catching it between two fingers, his words indifferent, "Do I need to read out the information within to Knight Godfrey?"

Godfrey and Danke's eyes immediately focused on Lynn's fingers.

On that document, stained with animal grease, was an emblem of crossed greatsword and shield, precisely atop the circular grease stain.

That was the family crest of the Ducas Clan.

Godfrey quickly bowed his head, his words filled with apology, "Lord, there's no need, please forgive me."

"As a knight of the Ducas Clan, I am just safeguarding the interests of the Marquis Ducas."

"If there's any offense, please forgive..."

Lynn said, "Of course."

Godfrey stood up, bowed slightly, "Thank you, Lord Lynn, for your hospitality. We won't disturb you any longer."

Lynn nodded.

Following behind Earl, Godfrey and Danke left the reception hall.

Lynn remained seated, watching them depart, his brows furrowed tightly.

Lawrence Ducas's accompanying knight, along with just an escort, came to his territory.

But he understood that investigating the bandit corps' clues wouldn't be so simple.

Was it to probe the strength within his territory?

That's the greatest possibility!

But on such a black night, what intelligence could they gather with just two people?

Or could there be other purposes?

Chapter 404: The Ducas Clan Is Falling Apart _3

When the knight arrived with the Early report, many thoughts flashed through his mind.

He considered keeping them outside the castle walls or even shooting them dead at the foot of the wall.

It seemed possible to kill them and silence them from spreading any information about the territory.

But Lynn was not sure if anyone else knew besides Godfrey and Danke.

Blindly shooting might backfire and hasten the arrival of Lawrence's army.

Therefore.

He could only invite the two into the territory, to some extent, showing goodwill to Godfrey.

He took out all the evidence he currently had to prove that his claim to the territory was legitimate.

That he was indeed the true Lord of this land!

Thus, it was to buy more time for the development of this land.

As for letting Godfrey leave, whatever consequences might follow, Lynn could not control.

...

Under the night sky.

Along the winding lime road between fields, several figures on horseback galloped steadily.

The sounds of hooves echoed non-stop.

Passing through fields, over hills and forests.

Under Rose's watchful eyes, two riders left the castle walls, heading into the distant darkness.

Danke held a torch in one hand and reins in the other, driving his horse beside Godfrey.

He glanced at Godfrey and saw that Godfrey's eyes were unfocused, as if pondering something.

The words in Danke's mouth were about to come out, but he decided to remain silent.

Until several minutes later.

Danke looked at Godfrey again and found that Godfrey's expression had returned to normal.

Just as he was about to speak, Godfrey spoke first: "Danke, did you feel anything unusual about that Lord?"

Danke raised an eyebrow, "Unusual?"

He pondered for a moment, then attempted to say, "Sir, are you referring to his calm demeanor? Or his unflustered manner?"

Godfrey shook his head, "No, I mean his appearance."

Danke recalled for a few seconds, then said, "Sorry, sir, I didn't observe closely."

Godfrey sighed and said, "From his face, I saw a hazy outline of another face..."

Danke looked curiously at Godfrey, "Another face?"

Godfrey sighed, "Yes, from his face, I saw the young face of Marquis Donovan..."

"In his youth, Marquis Donovan was idolized by almost everyone in Bordeaux City!"

"He was brave, resourceful... and the object of admiration for countless young women."

"But from this Lord's face, I seemed to see Marquis Donovan in his youth..."

Danke still looked puzzled, but in the next second, he seemed to realize something.

He suddenly looked at Godfrey and couldn't help but say, "Sir, do you mean..."

Even though Danke didn't finish his sentence, Godfrey still understood the implication.

Godfrey nodded, "Such a close resemblance, aside from being a descendant of Lord Donovan, I can't think of any other possibility."

Even though this is a borderland, it is still within the territory of Marquis Ducas.

Plus, the sealed document Lynn presented...

As a knight enfeoffed by the Ducas Clan, he was naturally very familiar with the Ducas family's crest.

That was a genuine sealed document!

There couldn't be any falsification.

Following this line of reasoning...

Mark Ducas inherited the title of Marquis only a few months ago, so it couldn't have been him who enfeoffed Lynn as the Lord of this territory.

Before Marquis Donovan abdicated, he must have granted this territory to Lynn Blake.

A young man whose name was unheard of, yet could receive the personal enfeoffment of Marquis Donovan.

The only possibility is that Lynn is Marquis Donovan's unrecognized son!

Lynn's surname is Blake, indicating clearly that Lynn had not received recognition from the Ducas family, unworthy of receiving the Ducas family surname.

Whether he was sent away or dispatched to the frontier to develop the land...

Everything made sense!

Godfrey suddenly thought of something, his eyebrows shot up.

According to Ducas family customs, only family descendants over fifteen years old would receive enfeoffment, allowing them to develop on their own.

Or they remain within the family, pledging allegiance to Marquis Ducas.

Combining this with the facial resemblance seen earlier, Godfrey felt Lynn was just a teenager!

In other words.

In a very short time, Lynn cultivated a large area of wasteland in this remote border area, constructing a large-scale town and castle walls!

Even organized an armed force to annihilate a Bandit Corps of fifteen hundred men?

Thinking of this, Godfrey's heart was greatly shaken.

If his speculation was true, then Lynn Blake's ability...

Godfrey couldn't think of any words to describe it!

If other Donovan Marquis descendants were compared to Lynn, what kind of useless people would they be?

This was Godfrey's first feeling from the depths of his heart!

Although Danke didn't possess Godfrey's strong logical abilities, hearing Godfrey's last statement.

He couldn't help but open his mouth wide.

The Lord just met was a descendant of Marquis Donovan?

This...

Godfrey's heart was full of complexity, he glanced at Danke, "Let's go, we need to return and report to Lord Lawrence."

"Today is the final deadline!"

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Danke responded, "Yes, my lord."

Godfrey turned back to glance at the rear.

In the darkness behind, a faint silhouette of a city wall could be seen standing between towering mountains.

Severing the lands behind the walls from the outside world!

Retracting his gaze.

Godfrey sped up the speed of the warhorse beneath him, swiftly heading towards the direction of Morgan Town.

Danke followed closely behind.

Returning to Morgan Town.

Handing the reins of his warhorse to the guarding soldiers.

Godfrey led Danke, heading to the third floor of the building.

Though Godfrey and Danke arrived at the second floor, the originally faint moaning sounds became more pronounced.

Accompanied by Lawrence's stream of vulgar language...

Godfrey couldn't help but furrow his brows.

Taking a deep breath, Godfrey climbed to the third floor and stood before a double door.

He wanted to speak but ultimately chose to refrain.

Went to the corner of the corridor to wait quietly, Danke stood beside Godfrey, remaining silent.

Listening to the rising and falling shouts, Godfrey's heart was filled with complexity.

Having grown up in the Ducas family since childhood, he had witnessed Donovan's glory during his youth.

Despite being merely a Marquis, despite the armed forces on his lands being weaker than the Three Great Dukes.

Relying on Donovan's bravery and powerful commanding ability.

Even when facing the Three Great Dukes, Donovan showed no fear.

But as Donovan aged, the momentum of the Ducas Clan gradually declined...

As long as Donovan is still alive, all the vassals on the land feared his residual power.

One day, once Donovan falls, and the remaining influence dissipates.

What kind of predicament will the entire Marquisate of Dukas face?

The Lords will rise one after another, annexing surrounding Lords, and the flames of war will spread to every part of the Marquisate!

Even though Mark Ducas inherited the title and became the new Marquis of Ducas.

But how could a young pup with nothing but ambition be a match for a group of old foxes?

As for Lawrence in the room...

He is just a well-built Bichon Frise dominated by his lower half.

The Ducas Clan... is about to rot!

Until an hour later.

The third floor finally quieted down, and Godfrey stepped toward the double wooden door.

Danke hesitated for a few seconds but decided to follow along.

Reaching the door, Godfrey called towards the tightly closed wooden door, "Master."

His voice fell, and Lawrence's slightly panting voice sounded, "Come in."

Without any hesitation, Godfrey pushed open the wooden door.

Instantly.

A mix of sour sweat and a strange body odor wafted into Godfrey's nose.

He couldn't help but wrinkle his brow as he stepped into the room.

Standing before a curtain, Godfrey bent slightly and said, "Master... I have come to report."

A voice of confusion echoed from Lawrence, "Report? I have arranged for you to do something?"

Lawrence suddenly seemed to recall something, "Ah, yes! I had you investigate the whereabouts of the Bandit Corps!"

"So, after seven days, has Godfrey the knight found any clues?"

Godfrey was about to explain when a teasing voice emerged from behind the curtain.

"What? Just finished and want to continue?"

"Who was just saying they would break and need a rest?"

Godfrey slightly raised his head, in the candlelight of the room, he vaguely saw the scene behind the curtain.

On a large bed, at least five or six fair and plump bodies lay sprawled beside Lawrence.

Moreover, he could see the rolls of fat on those bodies...

And atop the fat bellies were several clearly sagging, round flesh mounds!

At this sight, Godfrey immediately lowered his head.

Godfrey just felt a wave of discomfort in his body.

Nausea, revulsion, even the hairs on the back of his neck were standing.

After Lawrence's teasing stopped, Godfrey began to explain.

"Master, I took several squads of soldiers out to investigate for several days, even visited the most suspicious Morrison Manor, yet still found no relevant clues."

"They... seem to have vanished into thin air!"

Behind Godfrey, Danke glanced at Godfrey with shock.

Godfrey was lying!

He was lying to Lawrence Ducas, the commander!

Godfrey was concealing Lynn Blake's existence!

Lawrence's nonchalant voice echoed from behind the curtain, "If that's the case, let them be, mere rabble wouldn't stir up any trouble."

Godfrey bent slightly, responding, "Yes, Master."

Taking another look at Lawrence, Godfrey led Danke out of the room.

However, the door had not yet closed.

The sound of flesh colliding and clapping abruptly erupted.

Godfrey hurriedly shut the double wooden door.

Instructing the guards to watch over Lawrence, Godfrey led Danke to the second floor.

Da-da-da~

The sound of leather boots echoing on wooden stairs continued.

Godfrey suddenly turned to Dank and said, "Why? Do you feel I am no longer worthy of being the teacher you serve?"

Godfrey did not stop his steps, instead he walked to the brazier burning charcoal, and sat on a chair.

Danke followed behind, stood beside Godfrey, kept silent.

Godfrey glanced at Danke and continued to ask, "Do you think I betrayed the Ducas family, betrayed Lord Lawrence?"

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Danke's gaze was full of questioning as he spoke, "Isn't it so?"

"We clearly know that the bandits were completely annihilated by Lord Lynn."

"Why did you choose to hide this, Master?"

"Such actions...violate the knightly code!"

Godfrey also looked straight at Danke.

The next moment.

A gratified smile appeared on Godfrey's face, "Very good, you still remember the knightly code."

"Sit down."

Danke was slightly stunned.

Faced with his questioning and accusations, Godfrey could still smile?

And even ask him to sit down?

Danke was somewhat confused and cautious as he sat opposite Godfrey.

Godfrey smiled calmly, "Rest assured, you are my student, and no matter what happens, I won't harm you!"

The doubt in Danke's eyes did not diminish in the slightest.

Godfrey spoke, "Danke, you grew up in Bordeaux City, as the eldest son of a merchant."

"Because your father wanted to elevate his status and position in Bordeaux City, he sent you to be by my side."

Danke said nothing, just nodded in response.

Godfrey continued, "In other words, you have always lived in a happy and complete family since childhood, enjoying the wholehearted love of your parents."

"You are the eldest son, destined to become the heir of the family, thus the love your parents give you exceeds that for all your siblings."

"As long as it's within the family's ability and capacity, your parents will place everything in your hands."

"The girl you fancy from another family, they will do their utmost to arrange for you, anything you like, they will do their utmost to purchase it for you..."

Danke nodded again.

Godfrey's words suddenly took a turn, "If a war suddenly broke out, destroying your family and killing your loved ones, leaving you the sole survivor!"

"The source of this war—the Lord whom the knightly code demands your loyalty!"

"What decision would you make then?"

Danke spoke resolutely, "I would naturally continue..."

But halfway through, Danke paused.

In his mind, he thought of his family and then the knightly code he believed in.

Danke became hesitant.

His words were fragmented, "Master...I don't know..."

Godfrey looked directly at Danke.

"Danke, you are about to become a knight indeed."

"However, I hope you become a knight with the ability to discern right from wrong, you must make your own judgments!"

"Rather than acting solely according to various rules and codes!"

"That version of you would be no different from a puppet controlled by others."

Godfrey changed his tone.

"Danke, if you still regard me as your mentor, then from now on, you just need to follow my steps forward."

Sensing the change in tone in Godfrey's words, Danke looked up at Godfrey.

In Godfrey's familiar eyes, Danke found unwavering determination and the same expectation for him.

That gaze instantly dispelled Danke's hesitation and confusion.

He declared firmly, "Yes, Master!"

With Danke's words, the second floor fell into silence.

Except for the occasional noise coming from the third floor.

Only the cold wind outside the window made the whistling sound of 'woo woo'.

...

Four days passed in a blink.

The work of covering weeds in the fields continued.

With the tireless efforts of four thousand townsmen, fifty-five thousand acres of fields were nearing completion.

At this rate, the fields can be completely covered before the snowfall, protecting the wheat seedlings as much as possible.

The townsmen also understood.

Master Lynn's prediction of snowfall was not a baseless claim!

Every day the temperature kept dropping.

Previously, it would only drop below zero at night or when it rained.

But now, as it got closer to the seven days Master Lynn mentioned.

The daytime temperature had already dropped to minus two or three degrees!

As Lynn was surveying the townsmen at work, a horse galloped down the limestone road in the distance.

Da da~ da da~

The sound grew closer.

Lynn turned to look, Jeremy jumped off the horse, took a few steps forward, and stood before him.

Jeremy bent his waist and spoke respectfully, "Master."

Lynn responded, "Jeremy, what intelligence did you bring back from Morgan Town this time?"

Jeremy revealed a smile and quickly said, "Master, it's indeed good news!"

"Lord Lawrence has led his army away from Morgan Town!"

"They didn't return the same way to Bordeaux City, but marched towards Wind Hill."

Upon hearing Jeremy's words, Lynn's eyebrows slightly rose.

Left?

After discovering his territory, they showed no indication and directly left with the army?

Was it due to the goodwill he expressed?

But the next second.

Lynn immediately dismissed this thought.

Being Lawrence, the second son of Donovan Ducas, he possessed his own pride!

Why would he care about the goodwill or hostility expressed by a Minor Lord?

If Lawrence wished, with one command, he and his Sword and Shield Corps could level the territory of a Minor Lord.

The only possibility is—Godfrey did not inform Lawrence of this land!

Lynn frowned.

Godfrey claimed to be Lawrence's accompanying knight, then why would he hide such information from his master?

Did he suspect his illegitimate identity?

Chapter 407: The Ducas Clan Is Falling Apart _6

Upon thinking about this, Lynn roughly understood everything.

Apart from this reason, he couldn't think of any other cause.

As for why Lawrence led the army in the direction of Wind Hill...

Lynn did not care.

As long as Lawrence led his army away from Morgan Town.

That meant his territorial crisis was temporarily resolved!

This was what concerned Lynn the most.

He would have more time to continue developing his territory!

After sending Jeremy away, Lynn walked towards the town, his steps becoming lighter.

Upon learning that Lawrence had brought three thousand soldiers of the Sword and Shield Corps to Morgan Town.

The pressure on Lynn instantly reached its peak.

If Lawrence knew of his existence and reported his identity to Mark Ducas.

Three thousand regular troops would attack the territory.

Then, his nearly year-long efforts in developing the territory would turn into nothing, and he would even face life-threatening danger.

If such a day truly came, even if there was an opportunity to escape, he would still choose to stay and fight.

He would rather live and die with this land!

Because even if he escaped.

It would be hard to find another piece of land suitable for planting, or within such a close range, an open-pit salt mine, an iron mine, and a coal mine.

Backed by the Aladia River, it boasted inexhaustible water and river fish resources.

With a towering mountain range ahead, once a city wall was built, countless dangers could be kept outside the town!

Paired with the merchants he got to know and the slaves acquired through purchase and exchange, this loyalty cultivated over this period of time.

It can be said.

In less than a year, Lynn turned the barren land beneath his feet into a prosperous small town.

He possessed the right timing, geographical advantage, and human resources!

Additionally, with the impending imperial power struggle...

He could not leave this place!

This was where his roots lay!

...

Returning to the town, Lynn approached the granite boulder being sculpted.

After a few days of sculpting, the ten-meter-tall boulder finally revealed a general outline.

On a rectangular pedestal a few meters high, a tall, imposing figure rode a massive horse.

Since it was just a preliminary outline, both the human and horse figures appeared bloated and indistinct.

He had previously instructed Jode to freely decide the statue's action and posture.

Mounted on a galloping horse, it was quite impressive.

After gazing for a while.

Lynn stepped towards the textile workshop.

Last night, Kuisi reported to him.

The textile workshop had already assembled several sets of padded armor and combined them with the modified chest armor.

Arriving at the textile workshop, female workers were already engrossed in stitching armor plates, although their hands seemed slightly inexperienced to Lynn.

But he did not mind.

Under Rachel's guidance, learning to stitch armor plates is, indeed, a strong testament to their learning ability.

After a quick glance around, Yimini and Rachel approached Lynn with measured steps.

Both bowed slightly, respectfully addressing, "Master."

Lynn responded, looking at both, "Is the composite armor completed?"

Yimini replied, "Yes, Master. Under Rachel's expert guidance, two sets of composite armor have been completed!"

"Master, please follow me."

Led by Yimini and Rachel, Lynn walked through the textile workshop into the finished goods storage area, under the observant eyes of the female workers.

Stepping through the door, two sets of armor hung on wooden racks came into Lynn's view.

The helmets and chest armor were still cast using sand boxes.

An integrated chest plate and helmet better protect the vital parts of the wearers!

The shoulder, abdominal, and skirt armors were interwoven with armor plates and hemp ropes, and cut pieces of leather served as the armor's lining.

Ensuring the wearer's skin isn't directly exposed to the armor plates.

While protecting soldiers from being scraped by the plates, it also provided cushioning!

After a few glances, Lynn turned to Red and said, "Red, go and try it on."

"Afterward, all territory guards will wear composite armor!"

The greatest advantage of composite armor was its light weight, coupled with excellent protection.

This was why he wanted to modify the standard plate armor.

Without hesitation, Red stepped into the wooden rack and began the fitting with Yimini and Rachel's help.

Piece by piece, the armor plates were fitted onto Red's body.

After half an hour.

The entire set of composite armor was successfully worn.

Looking at Red, Lynn couldn't help but raise an eyebrow.

Red's physique was robust, and after donning the composite armor, in the blink of an eye, his entire body seemed impenetrable like a wall.

His entire frame expanded by a full circle!

Wearing the black-gray helmet, the unified chest armor in front, coupled with the padded armor woven from hemp ropes and black armor plates.

The overall dark appearance was punctuated with brown leather and beige hemp ropes.

The fierce metallic appearance was thus softened with touches of warmth.

Ideal for use by the guards within the territory.

Lynn addressed Red, "Walk around and see if there's any discomfort."

Red nodded slightly, stepping forward and walking around the storage area.

Clink~ clink~

Each step came with the soft clinking of armor plates.

The composite armor, essentially layered plates, inevitably produced collision sounds.

After several rounds, Red spoke, "Master, there's no discomfort whatsoever."

"At this weight, I should be able to run or jump!"

Hearing Red's words, Yimini and Rachel were momentarily surprised.

Wearing a set of composite armor, Red was still able to run and jump?

However.

When recalling the thirty-pound weight of the composite armor, compared to Red's robust build, it indeed wasn't much.

With satisfaction, Lynn nodded, turning to Yimini and Rachel, "Make the future composite armor to these specifications."

"With the current manpower in the textile workshop, how many sets of composite armor can be made each day?"

Yimini remained silent, stepping back slightly and looking at Rachel, signaling her to explain to Lynn.

Noticing Yimini's gesture, gratitude emerged in Rachel's heart.

Rachel quickly explained, "Master, with the current three hundred people in the textile workshop, given the stitching required, the combining with chest plates, and making leather liners, we can't produce too many composite armor sets each day."

"Currently, at most, only five or six sets can be made."

Lynn nodded and asked Rachel, "If I want the textile workshop to produce twenty sets of composite armor each day."

"What assistance do you require from me?"

Chapter 408: Killing Till Darkness Falls

Rachel glanced at Yimini beside her, noticing Yimini looking at her and gesturing for her to explain.

Rachel pondered for a few seconds and then spoke, "Master, the first issue to address is the labor shortage!"

"Currently, the textile workshop only has three hundred people. To expand production and create twenty sets of composite armor, labor needs to at least double, reaching more than six hundred people!"

"Once the labor force is reached, they still need time for training."

"Secondly, one textile workshop is somewhat insufficient. It is necessary to expand the size of the textile workshop to ensure that the six hundred people have enough working space. At least two additional textile workshops need to be constructed."

Rachel paused for a few seconds before summarily stating, "Master, that's about it."

The speech is clear, with a concise explanation of the needs.

Rachel would indeed be considered a competent manager.

Lynn nodded, "I understand. I will first help you resolve the workshop scale issue. As for the additional three hundred laborers required... it will have to be postponed."

The construction of workshops, given the Red Brick Factory's daily output of red bricks, fired lime, and workers with construction experience, is not considered difficult.

However.

To expand the workshop scale, it is also necessary to wait until Jode completes the carving of the Lord Statue.

As for finding three hundred additional laborers...

This is something Lynn cannot readily obtain at the moment.

Currently, in a territory with over seven thousand people, everyone is assigned to necessary roles.

If three hundred people are reassigned from other roles, the production efficiency of those roles will decrease.

Lynn could only postpone it.

Upon receiving Master Lynn's affirmative response, joy appeared on the faces of Yimini and Rachel.

Especially Rachel.

Just as Yimini had previously communicated to her, Master Lynn is a wise lord who can adopt suggestions from the townspeople!

After Lynn finished his discussion with the two, Red queried, "Master, this armor..."

Lynn looked at Red, "Wear it. From now on, all guards of the territory will wear armor during daily patrols."

"Apart from rest periods, it must be worn at all times!"

The presence of the Guard represents the lord's authority; they serve either as the lord's shield or as the lord's sharp blade.

Armor can intimidate those townsmen harboring distant thoughts.

The guards might not always be utilized but must certainly be present.

Red quickly nodded, "Yes, Master!"

He then sent Yimini and Rachel off, allowing them to continue their tasks at hand.

Lynn walked out of the textile workshop, commencing a survey of its surrounding area.

Initially, he constructed the textile workshop to process the linen and coarse wool delivered by merchants.

With no linen grown in the territory, Coatsworth sheep yet to yield wool, and no leather tanning from slaughtered livestock in the pasture just yet...

The tasks needed by the textile workshop were not extensive, and a single workshop was more than sufficient.

However, with the new addition of armor plate stitching tasks, the situation has changed.

In a manner of speaking.

The current textile workshop has taken over subsequent phases from the Blacksmith Workshop, stitching armor plates, integrating them with chest armor, and crafting leather linings.

In their hands, a complete set of composite armor is produced.

To increase the daily output of composite armor, one workshop is no longer adequate.

Fortunately.

The artisanal district has ample open space. Whenever construction workers are available, additional two or three workshops can easily be built behind the current textile workshop!

Having determined the locations for the future workshop expansions, Lynn departed from the textile workshop.

Red followed closely behind.

Walking down the street of the workshop district, townsmen who caught sight of Lynn, along with Red in his armor, appeared visibly surprised.

Their gazes, initially filled with admiration, grew infused with a sense of awe.

After touring the town, Lynn stepped outside the town, joining a group working to cover the wheat seedlings with straw.

[Planting Experience +1]

[Planting Experience +1]

[Planting Experience +1]

...

As Lynn continued his repetitive labor.

Bit by bit, his experience accumulated.

The once bright sky gradually darkened.

A day's time almost slipped by in a moment.

...

On the other side.

Beneath a slightly dim sky, five or six cavalrymen galloped swiftly along the stony road between plots of farmland.

Before the sky turned completely dark, the cavalry halted at the entrance of a triplet-story mansion.

Ha~

Ackman dismounted from his horse, placing his nearly frozen hands in front of his mouth, breath puffing warmth into his palms.

While rubbing his hands together, he grumbled, "This damn weather, it's unbelievably cold!"

A follower approached beside him, grabbing the horse's reins.

Ackman looked at this guard and asked, "Where is the Master?"

The follower, who had just grasped the reins, hesitated and said, "The Master has bought two young maids again. He should be in the room on the third floor now..."

Ackman's brow slightly furrowed at the follower's words.

He'd only been gone for a few days, and Master Aiden had bought two young maids again?

Ackman distinctly remembered that the last pair of purchased maids weren't here for more than a few months.

Already tired of them?

Ackman did not respond to the follower but proceeded to enter the mansion.

After taking a few steps, he noticed Justin bending over, seemingly searching for something on the ground.

Chapter 409: Killing Until the Sky Turns Dark - Part 2

Justin was completely unaware, as she leaned forward, her round, snow-white chest fully displayed in Ackman's eyes.

Ackman raised an eyebrow, couldn't help but take a few more glances, as a nameless evil fire ignited within him.

After Justin turned away, that snow-white sight disappeared.

Only then did Ackman smack his lips and walk towards the nearby staircase.

Arriving at the familiar double wooden doors on the third floor.

Ackman stopped, and listened carefully.

To Ackman's surprise, this time he didn't hear any obscene words.

Ackman gently knocked on the wooden door a few times, "Master."

There was no sound coming from the room.

Ackman looked at the two followers guarding the door and asked, "Has the master gone out?"

Upon hearing this, one of the guards hurriedly explained, "Chief Attendant, the master hasn't gone out... perhaps he is resting?"

Ackman frowned and knocked on the wooden door a few more times.

"Master, it's Ackman, I've returned."

As soon as he finished speaking, the sound of bare feet stepping on the wooden floor resounded.

Amidst the sound of the door latch being opened, a wooden door was opened.

A young and delicate woman's face appeared through the crack in the door.

Ackman's eyes shifted slightly, a glimpse of round snow-white entered his sight.

Just one glance, Ackman immediately lowered his head.

This was his first time seeing this young woman.

He naturally understood that this was the young maid mentioned by the followers!

Ackman wanted to speak but found that a snow-white leg intruded into his vision.

His heart couldn't help but speed up a few beats.

The young maid softly said, "The master is resting."

Ackman responded, "Then I will return later."

He just intended to leave when Aiden's voice sounded from behind the door.

"Ackman? Come in."

Hearing Aiden's voice, the young maid gently opened the door, allowing Ackman to enter the room.

When the door opened, the young maid's full figure was revealed in Ackman's eyes.

A lithe, snow-white frame without any excess flesh.

Even with a distinct vest line visible on her belly!

A body that makes one eager with anticipation!

Ackman dared not look further, entering the room without shifting his gaze, and stood still.

He slightly raised his head to glance at Aiden's bed.

On Aiden's bed, there was yet another young maid!

At this time, the young maid was halfway on top of Aiden's body.

Her right hand's slender fingers were slowly tapping on Aiden's chest, like an elf, descending downward...

What amazed Ackman was that the maid on the bed looked exactly like the maid who opened the door for him.

Twin maids?

While envy swirled in Ackman's mind, Aiden's somewhat weak voice sounded.

"Ackman, you went to Wind Hill?"

Ackman instantly snapped back, hurriedly bowing, "Yes, Master."

"I went to Wind Hill, to the Viscount's castle, and met your friend, Viscount Chambers."

"And I personally delivered the letter you entrusted to him."

Aiden's musing voice sounded: "Hmm, well done."

"Did Viscount Chambers have a reply, or did he say anything for you to convey to me?"

Ackman didn't hesitate, speaking, "Master, Viscount Chambers said he will come to assist you when needed!"

A response tinged with satisfaction came from Aiden's mouth, "Hmm, very good."

"Go rest, ask Lady Justine if you want to drink or eat anything."

"Just say it's my gift to you!"

Ackman didn't respond immediately but changed the topic.

"Master, on my way back near Morgan Town, I encountered Lawrence leading his army!"

Aiden, who was lying on the bed, wanted to sit up.

Perhaps due to being too obese, or perhaps being drained of energy by the twin maids.

He wobbled but couldn't sit up.

Not until the two maids came to his side was Aiden supported into a sitting position.

Aiden looked directly at Ackman and said, "Lawrence left Morgan Town with his army?"

Ackman's words were firm, "Yes, Master, they left."

"Heading towards Wind Hill."

Aiden repeated Ackman's words, "Wind Hill... Wind Hill..."

But.

Aiden pondered for a moment, still couldn't understand why Lawrence would march towards Wind Hill with his army.

Soon after, he gave up thinking.

Aiden's tone relaxed, with a trace of relief, "Gone is good, gone is good indeed!"

The arrival of Lawrence's army had always been a thorn in his side.

Afraid that Lawrence would unexpectedly order the Sword and Shield Corps to invade his territory.

Fortunately, it all was over.

With Lawrence's army gone, and no trace of the Iron Blood Brotherhood Bandit Corps.

Now, he had no obstacles.

Could finally calmly think about taking over the territory behind the walls!

Seeing that Aiden said no more, Ackman lingered no further and exited the room.

After thoughtfully closing the door for Aiden, Ackman headed towards the room on the second floor.

Upon reaching the familiar room, Ackman glanced around and stealthily entered the room.

When the door was closed for a few minutes, the sound of bodies colliding surged from the room.

Chapter 410: A Slaughter That Darkens the Sky and Earth (Part 3)

Accompanying this was a hoarse sound forcibly suppressed from the throat.

Pain, seemingly entwined with joy!

...

At the break of dawn.

Lynn awoke early.

At this moment, he stood before the glazed window of the reception hall, his gaze penetrating the floor-to-ceiling glass, looking outside.

Snow!

Heavy snow fell in swirling flurries, enveloping the entire territory as if caught in a white vortex.

Under the sky, snowflakes as large as goose feathers fell one after another.

On the Red Brick House, the workshop, the road, even the cultivated farmland...

All were covered in a blanket of white!

Even Lynn's heart was filled with a little joy.

As a Southerner, he had almost never seen snow!

Coming to the Karedi Empire fulfilled his childhood wish.

At this time.

Kuisi's voice rang out from the back, "Master, breakfast is ready."

Lynn acknowledged and walked to the dining table behind him.

On the dining table, there were plates of food: egg custard, pea and pork soup, wheat bread, oatmeal, and a large dish of roast lamb.

Lynn showed no restraint, picked up a fork, and began eating.

As Lynn ate, Kuisi, sitting beside him, spoke with a tone of relief.

"It's fortunate that you knew the weather, Master, because all the farmland was covered yesterday."

"Otherwise, the overnight goose feather snow would have frozen the young wheat to death."

Lynn swallowed the food in his mouth and asked, "Are the townsmen clearing the snow?"

Kuisi nodded, "Yes, Master."

"All the townsmen who helped with the covering are still staying in the town, they haven't returned to their work positions yet."

"After having breakfast in the canteen, they will go to the farmland to clear the snow!"

Lynn nodded knowingly, "You two should also have breakfast together."

Kuisi and Red exchanged a glance, then without any unnecessary words, sat on Lynn's left and right and began eating.

After finishing breakfast.

At Kuisi's insistence, Lynn donned a thick wool hooded cloak and walked out of the castle.

Walking on the cleared road.

The constant 'rustle' of falling goose feather snow continually sounded around.

Goose feather snowflakes repeatedly fell on Lynn's cloak...

Seeing the pristine snow beside the Red Brick Road, Lynn raised an eyebrow and crouched down beside it.

With his hands crossed and placed on the snow, a chilly sensation immediately attacked Lynn's palms.

Gathering the snowflakes in his hands and exerting a little force, a snowball the size of a bun appeared in Lynn's hands.

Then, with a flick of his hand, Lynn hurled the snowball at Red, who was following behind.

Red was stunned by Lynn's actions, temporarily at a loss for words.

Lynn glanced at Red, feeling leisure and comfort in his heart.

So this is what snow feels like!

Dusting the snow from his hands, Lynn continued his stride towards the town.

The snow on the Red Brick Road in the town's streets was also cleaned thoroughly.

Red appeared to sense Lynn's confusion, and he spoke first, "Master, the townsmen got up early and together managed to clear the snow cleanly."

Lynn nodded, "Very well done."

Even though it was still snowing, without clearing, it would only accumulate higher and higher.

It could even impede normal passage.

Without his orders, the townsmen voluntarily cleaned the snow, evidently viewing the town as their means of survival.

They would subconsciously protect this town.

Only by instilling a sense of belonging, by making them aware this is their home, will they toil with all their might.

When faced with a life-and-death crisis, only then will they resist without fear of death.

Despite the heavy snow, the townsmen responsible for various labors in the town never halted their work.

The chefs and assistants in charge of Cooking in the canteen had already begun preparing lunch.

On the open-space square at the town's front, Jode continued teaching apprentices to carve the Lord Statue.

As the carving progressed, the statue of the Lord became increasingly clear.

Lynn could already discern his facial features on the statue.

Underneath, he rode the top-tier Warhorse—Mo Ying.

Galloping forth, donned in a set of Armor, with his Cloak fluttering in the wind behind him!

Even though it hadn't been sculpted to meticulous detail yet, one could still feel its majestic air.

After a few glances, Lynn arrived at the edge of the square.

Looking far into the distance.

Across a white plain, four thousand townsmen wielded various brooms, cleaning snow within the furrows of the farmland.

The overlaying weeds could only be expected to separate the snow, serving to preserve warmth and moisture.

However, if the snow atop the weeds wasn't cleared, it would only accumulate higher, getting heavier with weight.

With a slight increase in temperature, the snow would fuse and turn into snowmelt; if another round of cooling followed.

Then all the wheat sprouts would be frozen to death.

Clearing snow is extremely necessary as a remedial labor for planting winter crops.

After watching for a while, Lynn joined the snow-clearing team.

[Planting Experience +1]

[Planting Experience +1]

[Planting Experience +1]

...

Until the afternoon.

Only then did Lynn emerge from the farmland.

With a thought, he opened the [Weather Forecast] panel.

Snowfall reached its peak today.

Starting from dusk, the snow would gradually lessen, followed by the thawing period.