

System 441

Chapter 441: I Want to Survive (Part 4)

The twins' bodies were unsure if they were uncomfortable or comfortable as they slowly stretched and moved...

Ackman took one glance and immediately lowered his head.

Half an hour later.

Aiden finally finished his meal.

As the twins wiped his mouth clean, Aiden burped contentedly, asking, "Ackman, how many followers did you recruit today?"

Ackman explained without hesitation, "Lord, fifteen people..."

Aiden's previously calm face immediately turned gloomy, "Ackman, my words have always been strict and orderly."

"You still have a few days; if you can't recruit a thousand followers, there's no need for you to be the Chief Attendant!"

Ackman quickly responded, "Lord, I always remember your instructions."

Aiden's tone slightly improved, "Good to remember."

After speaking.

Aiden stood up, embracing the twin maids on either side, under everyone's gaze.

He stepped toward the staircase not far away.

Until Aiden's figure ascended the staircase and disappeared, Ackman felt a slight relief in the pressure on his mind.

Retracting his gaze, Ackman looked at Justin, who was cleaning the tableware with the maids.

Justin's face was full of seriousness and composure at this moment.

Where was the eager and indulged expression when he was with her in the room?

Justin glanced back at him, speaking casually and indifferently, "Ackman, Chief Attendant, if you are quite idle, you can inspect the residence!"

"Many followers have been newly recruited; be cautious not to recruit some undesirable ones here."

"If anything unexpected happens, the Lord certainly won't spare you, the Chief Attendant!"

Ackman naturally dared not overstep, "Yes, madam."

He stepped back a few steps and began to inspect the residence.

Until late at night.

After inspecting the third floor of the residence, Ackman came to the second floor.

Looking at the double door still slightly ajar, Ackman hesitated for a moment.

Thinking of Justin's composure not long ago, her words were graceful and confident.

A surge of illicit fire exploded within Ackman's body.

He was going to see how Justin, alone, would maintain her composure!

He walked into the room, closing the door.

A moment later.

The sound of clapping bodies resounded behind the wooden door.

Not restrained in the slightest, like a complete release of emotions.

An hour later, silence enveloped the room.

In the dimly lit room.

Ackman tightly embraced Justin from behind.

His left hand, placed on her body, roamed and kneaded freely.

A ghostly voice emerged from Justin, facing away from him.

"Ackman... what should we do after this?"

Ackman, who was playfully engaged before, immediately stopped his hands.

He inquired, "What do you mean by that?"

Justin's voice turned somewhat cold, continuing, "So? Have you forgotten?"

Ackman remained silent, quietly listening.

He naturally understood why Justin would ask this.

Justin said, "This matter can't be hidden."

"A month has passed without bleeding; at most two more months, my body will undergo significant changes... I'll become pregnant!"

Ackman wanted to say something but was interrupted by Justin.

"Don't think this has nothing to do with you."

"I haven't shared a bed with the Lord for five years now!"

"There's a problem with the Lord's body, no matter how good the stamina, with endless energy, he can't father a blood heir with a woman."

"To preserve his dignity as a Lord, we can only say there's an issue with my body."

"A month without bleeding is the best proof, I'm pregnant, indicating there's no problem with my body."

"But likewise, the child can only be someone else's..."

At this point.

Justin paused, then continued.

"If the Lord knows his legitimate wife is pregnant but the child isn't his..."

"What do you think the Lord will do?"

"The Lord bought so many young maids to nurture a blood heir for the Morrison family!"

As Justin continued to reveal the truth, Ackman felt a growing immense pressure in his heart.

If the Lord knows, even beheading is considered light.

What awaits him is the endless torment!

Seeing Ackman still silent, Justin continued speaking, as if passing a death sentence on him.

"You'll die, then be chopped into pieces by Aiden to feed his Greyhound."

A fine layer of sweat appeared on Ackman's hands.

"I'll die too, because I've betrayed Aiden Morrison."

"And also, the child in my belly with you will die!"

At this point.

Ackman's brow furrowed tightly, his voice low.

"Then what do you want me to do?"

Justin gently shook her head, "I don't know... I don't know what you should do."

"But... I want to live, I want to live with your child!"

"Though the time with you is short, every time I feel very happy!"

Ackman's body hairs instantly stood upright, the complexity in his heart was overwhelming.

After a moment of silence.

Ackman tightly hugged Justin, softly speaking, "Rest assured, I'll make sure you and the child... survive!"

Justin's somewhat panicked voice turned calm.

"Alright."

Only then.

Ackman came to understand; Justin's composure and seriousness in front of others were all an act.

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At this moment, she was full of confusion and fear.

Just as Ackman's left hand slowly moved from Justin to below her belly, preparing to comfort her once more.

The sound of footsteps slowly passed from outside the door.

The sound was faint, but it clearly entered Ackman's ears like a startled bird.

Ackman hurriedly sat up, turned his head towards the wooden door.

At the same time.

A voice that Ackman was extremely familiar with sounded outside the door.

"Isn't the Chief Attendant on patrol? Why hasn't he been seen for so long? The master is searching for him..."

"Could he have gone outside the estate?"

It was precisely Gasper's voice, his assistant.

As the voice faded, the solitary footsteps gradually drifted away.

Ackman's heart slightly relaxed.

Luckily, it was only Gasper, meaning others hadn't noticed his affair with Justin.

Without any hesitation, Ackman began to put on his clothes.

A few minutes later, with Justin's caring inquiry, Ackman leaned against the wooden door, listening to the movements outside.

After confirming there was nothing unusual, he opened a crack in the door and peeked out.

Then, quickly slipped out.

He directly headed towards the stairs to the first floor.

As soon as he arrived on the first floor, Ackman encountered Gasper, who was entering through the estate's main door.

Looking at Gasper's hurried appearance, Ackman pretended to ask, "What happened? Why are you in such a rush?"

Seeing Ackman in front, Gasper hurried to catch up.

Standing before Ackman, he began to explain, "Chief Attendant, finally found you. Master Aiden is waiting for you in his room."

Ackman nodded slightly, asking as he walked towards the stairs, "Did he mention what it's about?"

Gasper shook his head, "The master didn't make it clear..."

Ackman's heart slightly relaxed, responding, "Then accompany me up."

As long as it wasn't about Justin, he felt no pressure to do anything else, nor did he need to be afraid.

Gasper raised his eyebrows, "Alright, Chief Attendant."

Under Ackman's lead, Gasper reached the third floor.

But he could only wait outside Aiden's room.

Ackman knocked on the wooden door, inquiring, "Master, you were looking for me?"

As the words fell, there was no response from inside the room.

Just as he was about to knock again, the sound of bare feet stepping on a wooden floor sounded from behind the wooden door.

Ackman instantly understood and slowly lowered his raised right hand.

A few seconds later.

Amidst the sound of door locks opening, one side of the double doors opened.

The maid's young face and figure appeared in Ackman's view.

Ackman took a greedy glance before hurriedly lowering his head and entering the room.

Coming to the familiar standing area, Ackman kept his head down while asking, "Master, you were looking for me?"

Aiden's deep voice responded, "Hmm."

"Cease the recruitment of attendants for now. I need you to do something..."

Without any hesitation, Ackman hurriedly responded, "Master, please command!"

Aiden continued speaking, "I need you to play the role of a merchant, transport a batch of goods, head towards that wall, and enter the territory."

Upon hearing this.

Ackman's eyebrows suddenly raised, surprised to say, "Master, you mean me?"

"But... I have no experience in trading, doing so would surely expose me immediately!"

"If it delays your plans, that would be..."

Ackman's speech was abruptly interrupted by Aiden.

"You think I'm negotiating with you?"

A chill instantly formed on Ackman's forehead.

He quickly bent down, full of apologies, "Master, Ackman doesn't dare."

Aiden's voice continued, "You don't need to do anything, just transport the goods there and establish contact and relationship with that territory's lord."

Ackman dared not question, responding, "Yes, Master."

Aiden said, "Go down and rest, set off at dawn tomorrow!"

Ackman backed out of Aiden's room, closing the opened wooden door as he left.

Glancing at Gasper guarding the doorway, he proceeded towards the stairs.

Gasper followed closely behind.

Soon.

Ackman and Gasper arrived at the first floor's reception hall.

Now it was evening, and the maids had long retired to rest.

The reception hall was empty.

Looking at Ackman's furrowed brows ahead, Gasper quietly asked, "Chief Attendant, did something happen?"

Ackman was about to get angry, but recalled Gasper was serving him during the day and casually gave a report at Justin's door earlier.

He finally suppressed his anger.

Ackman glanced around before speaking, "Master Aiden wants me to play a merchant, enter the walls, and establish relationships with the lord while trading!"

Gasper hesitated for a few seconds before saying, "Doesn't that mean the master values you?"

Upon hearing this, Ackman angrily laughed, "Value?"

"How is it valuing?"

"I'm merely a guard attendant, where do I have the eloquent speaking skills of a merchant?"

"If I had this ability, I'd have gone into commerce long ago!"

"Entering a territory, isn't he sending me to my death?"

Gasper agreed with a nod, "It seems that way..."

Ackman rolled his eyes, "What seems like, and what doesn't?"

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"Exactly!"

Gaspar's face was full of helplessness, "Since that's the case, there's no other way, then I wish the Chief Attendant success in completing the task and returning triumphantly!"

"Then I will take my leave, Chief Attendant."

Ackman glanced at him and was just about to let Gaspar leave.

Suddenly he thought of something, and said, "You're quite the talker..."

Gaspar's eyes widened, and he didn't have time to speak.

Ackman continued, "Then you shall play the merchant, and I will lead a few followers to become the guards of your caravan!"

Gaspar hurriedly replied, "Chief Attendant, wouldn't this go against the Master's orders?"

"He instructed you..."

Ackman dismissed it nonchalantly, "Orders, what orders?"

"As long as the task is completed, does it matter who the merchant is?"

Gaspar hesitated, "Alright then..."

...

A night passed.

With the help of over a dozen followers.

Three carts loaded with barley were fully packed.

With a shout from Ackman, "Set off."

Under the guard of six mounted followers, the caravan headed out of the estate.

On the third floor of a room.

Master Aiden's corpulent body stood behind a round window, watching the caravan leave.

Beside him, two twins wrapped their arms around his, letting the softness against their chests continually deform and distort.

...

On the gravel path between the farmlands.

The three carts moved steadily under the direction of the driver.

Fortunately, the snow and ice on the ground had long melted.

Two draft horse carts carrying about two thousand pounds of grain felt no strain.

Instead, they moved with ease.

As they traveled, the followers constantly watched their surroundings vigilantly.

They had already left the Morrison Manor Lord's domain.

They were in the wilderness.

Even though they knew the Iron Blood Brotherhood Bandit Corps had been annihilated.

In the current world, it was easy for another bandit group to emerge.

After all, raiding a caravan or a village was much simpler and quicker than toiling away at farming.

Ackman surveyed their surroundings and, seeing nothing amiss, turned to look at Gasper on his right.

He inquired, "Gasper, you haven't been Master Aiden's follower for long, have you?"

Also mounted, Gasper nodded quickly, "Indeed, Chief Attendant, it's been less than a month!"

Ackman acknowledged, continuing, "From Morgan Town?"

Gasper explained, "From Balawang Village in Morgan Town..."

"However, Balawang Village was almost completely wiped out by the attack of the Iron Blood Brotherhood Bandits."

"Only a few of us villagers working away from home escaped their wrath..."

Ackman nodded, ceasing his inquiries.

His tone shifted, "In a few hours, we should arrive at the town walls."

"Gasper, from now on, you're the merchant of this crop caravan, and we're your guards, following your lead."

"Once inside the walls, you'll negotiate with the Lord of the domain."

Gasper nodded solemnly, "Yes, Chief Attendant."

Ackman glanced at the four followers behind him, speaking in a deep voice, "You need not do anything but stay silent and surround the cart."

"Now, call Gasper 'Master'."

The followers exchanged glances, then called out, "Master Gasper!"

Hearing the uneven shouts, Ackman nodded in satisfaction.

"Very good."

A day quickly passed.

Until dusk.

Ackman and his group saw in the distance the towering town walls.

An indescribable tension appeared in each of their hearts.

Beside them stood large chevaux de frise made with iron nails and logs!

Ackman roughly estimated they were about two meters high!

Such height that even warhorses could not leap over.

Was it fear of enemy attacks that prompted the Lord to craft such chevaux de frise?

After briefly taking in the sight, Ackman and his group continued advancing their cart and horses toward the wall without pause.

As they approached, they could see figures clad in armor, gripping long spears atop the wall.

Ackman knew, just as Jeremy, whom he had killed, had said.

Those were fully armed soldiers!

Like the soldiers of the Dukas Sword and Shield Corps brought by Lawrence!

One quick glance revealed at least a dozen fully armed soldiers, and Ackman couldn't imagine how many more lay behind the wall.

Approaching the wall.

Before Ackman could remind Gasper, Gasper preemptively shouted to the wall, "Gentlemen, I'm a local merchant under Mr. Boer, here to conduct a transaction."

Gasper's voice echoed through the forest.

But there was no response from the wall.

Just as Ackman hesitated to have Gasper say something else, a low thud of an iron gate opening reached their ears.

Ackman quickly turned to look.

Over a dozen soldiers riding warhorses, clad in standard plate armor and wielding long spears, galloped out from behind the gate.

The rapid hoofbeats made the horses they rode neigh with fear.

The heavy, metallic presence, along with a sense of impending violence, instantly struck Ackman and his group's hearts.

As the heavy cavalry reached them and began an inspection, Gasper continued, "Gentlemen, I am a friend of Mr. Boer... Mr. Boer has sent me to transport grain for exchange."

Ackman glanced at Gasper, though he didn't know who this Boer was.

But evidently, the name Boer had persuaded these soldiers to open the gate.

A burly figure, mounted on a warhorse, slowly approached from behind.

The dozen cavalrymen surrounding them reined in their horses to make way for the burly man.

Rose glanced at Gasper, then at Ackman, speaking, "Submit to inspection, leave your weapons, and if you pass, you may enter!"

Listening to Rose's words, Ackman frowned deeply.

What a domineering rule!

Submitting to inspection he could accept.

But leaving their weapons?

If anything happened inside, they'd have no means of defense or resistance without their weapons.

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Gasper spoke up, "Of course, my lord."

Rose didn't say a word, but looked at the cavalry beside him. Upon receiving a signal, the cavalry dismounted and began to inspect the goods on the carriage.

Several other soldiers collected the weapons from the hands of these followers.

A few minutes later.

The soldiers reported, "The goods are fine."

"All weapons have been collected."

Rose acknowledged, and turned his gaze to Gasper and Ackman, "Follow me!"

With permission granted, they proceeded as Rose drove the horse under him forward.

Under the escort of the heavy cavalry, the group proceeded slowly towards the gate beneath the city walls.

Not yet close, Ackman, with careful observation, noticed that the corners of the city walls were entirely crimson!

Even the soil had been stained a dark red-black.

Ackman naturally understood that it had been soaked with blood, and over time, it turned such a color!

What horrified Ackman was that it wasn't just one patch, but the entire corner of the city wall was dark red.

A scale like this would require the blood of at least hundreds dead to achieve such a staggering scope!

In an instant.

Ackman recalled the words spoken by the late Jeremy.

The Iron Blood Brotherhood Bandit Corps was annihilated by the lord behind the city wall.

Jeremy wasn't lying!

With eyes wide open, Ackman watched as the group rode through the city wall and arrived behind the gate.

The smooth and neat limestone road extended all the way to the dim end of the forest.

Constructed on both sides of the limestone road were rows of red brick and gray-tiled houses.

Though the slopes were different, they were arranged neatly, and there was no sign of disorder.

Escorted by the cavalry led by Rose, they continuously advanced deeper.

Just as they were about to exit the forest.

Ackman and several followers' eyes widened, their faces filled with astonishment.

In their sight.

A long column of heavily armored soldiers, like a steel beast, was undergoing physical training involving running.

Their orderly footsteps created a continuous, undulating sound of metal clashing against the ground with each step.

Swish~ Swish~ Swish~

Accompanied by the sound of the full-body standard armor they wore clashing and rubbing against each other.

The soldiers wore full-face helmets, making their faces invisible.

Precisely because of this, the long and orderly line of soldiers made them feel afraid!

These were real soldiers, true killing machines!

Compared to them, they were but a rabble.

Engaging in close-quarter combat with soldiers in full plate armor was akin to striking a stone with an egg!

Ackman watched this long line of heavily armored soldiers dash past them, his expression heavy.

He roughly estimated there were at least over two hundred!

He didn't know how many other heavily armored soldiers there were that he couldn't see.

But he knew that with these two hundred heavily armored soldiers mounted on warhorses—wherever they went, they would be unstoppable!

Even if Aiden recruited a thousand followers, what of it?

One charge, and they would be slaughtered to the last!

Aiden was still laboring to recruit temporary followers.

While the lord of these lands had already formed his own fully armed soldiers!

When this long line of soldiers brushed past them.

They finally exited the forest.

Their view ahead suddenly became clear.

Ackman's gaze went beyond a vast expanse of cultivated farmland, landing on a distant and large-scale bustling town.

His heart couldn't help but be shocked once more!

As the carriage convoy continued to draw closer, Ackman found the town's scale to be at least twice that of Morgan Town.

Waterwheels, massive, exotic buildings, ten-meter-tall chimneys...

And was that a vast, expansive castle?

Looking at the real yet dreamlike scene before him.

Ackman couldn't believe his eyes.

Behind that city wall, there was such a prosperous town?

Ackman felt that it wasn't just him; anyone who came here wouldn't believe it either!

As they continued to approach, his mouth gradually fell open.

In front of their carriage convoy, there were large crowds!

They were dressed uniformly in coarse woolen robes or linen robes and pants.

Their expressions were natural, and relaxed conversations continuously flowed from their mouths.

Ackman listened carefully and discovered they were discussing the tasks they were preparing to undertake after dinner!

These were free people under the lord of this territory?

Thousands of free people?

This...

Following the crowd, under Rose's leadership, Ackman and the others soon arrived at a spacious square.

As they approached, Ackman and several followers' gazes simultaneously fixed in one direction.

At the opposite side of the square, a statue stood on a stone platform, staring straight at them.

Wearing armor, a cloak billowing, riding a warhorse...

Though they all knew it was but a stone sculpture.

Yet they still felt immense pressure!

Ackman withdrew his gaze, took a deep breath to calm his tense heart.

Under Rose's leadership, Ackman and Gasper arrived before a commercial hall.

Seated in the reception hall, George was already waiting.

Seeing Ackman and Gasper, George showed a polite smile, "I am the steward of this territory, the merchant, George."

Ackman was about to speak when he suddenly remembered that his current identity was merely that of a Guard Captain.

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His gaze turned to Gasper, who showed no sign of trembling, "I am Gasper, a friend of Mr. Boer."

"I came here under Mr. Boer's instructions, transporting grain, and taking the opportunity to meet the Lord..."

"If there's a chance, we can reach a long-term trade agreement!"

George glanced at Gasper and said calmly, "Mr. Gasper, whether a long-term trade can be reached is not just determined by words."

"As long as you can steadily transport goods to the territory and conduct trade, our Master will naturally take notice."

Gasper nodded, "I was too presumptuous, Mr. George."

He shifted his words and continued, "Since it's my first time coming to the Lord's territory, I only transported six thousand pounds of barley."

"As for the price..."

George moved his body, leaning against the back of the chair behind him.

"You can name your price, as long as it's within Master Lynn's acceptable range!"

Ackman, standing behind Gasper, listened to their conversation with a burst of impatience in his heart.

Clearly, things that could be explained in a few sentences were complicatedly stretched out in their mouths.

However.

Ackman still caught a clue.

The Lord of this land, just as Jeremy said, is called—Lynn!

What Jeremy said indeed had some truth to it.

After continuous haggling, in the end, it was agreed upon.

What shocked Ackman was that the currency in this land turned out to be fine salt!

There is a salt mine in this territory, and moreover, a method to produce fine salt.

Until now.

Ackman finally understood.

Why Aiden is so persistent in wanting to seize this territory.

Salt mine, fine salt!

A single salt mine is enough to change the fate of a family!

From impoverishment to wealth, even gaining political power!

Aiden wants to seize this territory and then change the Morrison Clan that is about to decline.

So that's it!

The next second.

Ackman suddenly thought of something.

Aiden asked him to deliver the letter to Wind Hill Castle!

Out of loyalty to Aiden, he did not open the letter to inspect it.

But now, thinking carefully, it is obviously related to the salt mine in this land.

While Ackman was pondering in his mind, George's voice entered his ears.

"Mr. Gasper, the sky is already late, after transporting the goods and loading them onto the carriage, it will be late at night."

"If you don't mind, you can stay overnight at the Merchant Guild hall."

"Here, there are rooms specially set up for visiting merchants..."

Gasper shook his head, just about to speak, when Ackman's reminding voice sounded.

"Lord, the horses have been hungry for days..."

Gasper glanced at Ackman and raised an eyebrow, "Is that so?"

He shifted his gaze towards George, apologetically saying, "Mr. George, in that case, might I trouble you for the night?"

George didn't mind, "Mr. Gasper, you're too kind."

Under George's arrangement.

Whether it was Gasper or Ackman, or the guards and grooms, all stayed in the Merchant Guild hall.

In the spacious room, Ackman's gaze passed through the glazed window, looking at the distant darkness.

He seemed to be contemplating something.

Gaspar, sitting on a chair, watched Ackman's back and inquired, "Chief Attendant, are you planning to gather intelligence on this territory?"

"Staying here overnight is not a good thing."

Hearing Gaspar's words, Ackman turned around, crossed his arms in front of him, and stared directly at Gaspar.

"Who is the Mr. Boer you speak of? How did you know that mentioning his name could get us inside the city walls?"

Gaspar's brow furrowed slightly, "Chief Attendant, what do you mean by this? Are you doubting me?"

Ackman continued to stare at him, "No, I'm just curious."

"You say you come from a small village, a Free Person working outside, escaping a bandit attack."

"But the ability you've shown so far is not something a common Free Person can explain."

"Come on, tell me who you really are."

Facing Ackman's direct gaze, Gaspar remained unchanged.

"Morgan Town, Balawang Village Free Person, Gaspar Balawang."

Hearing Gaspar's firm words, Ackman's suspicion slightly diminished.

"Tell me about Mr. Boer you mentioned!"

Gaspar hesitated for a few seconds before speaking, "Chief Attendant, don't you know of Boer Hansen, a local agricultural merchant, whose value has multiplied several times in just a few months and established a Merchant Guild?"

Ackman remained silent.

Gaspar continued, "It's fair to say that Boer is the biggest merchant in all of Morgan Town."

"Since that's the case, the Lord who needs to trade should naturally know him, right?"

"Of course, I was just trying, and it turned out to be successful..."

Ackman frowned slightly.

Gaspar's explanation seemed a bit far-fetched.

But he couldn't find any angle to question it.

After pondering briefly.

Ackman said sternly, "You stay in the room tonight, preparing for any contingencies."

"I'll take advantage of the night and go out to gather some intelligence!"

Gaspar nodded, "Yes, Chief Attendant."

Ackman did not call any other attendants, went to the door, listened slightly, confirmed nothing unusual.

Reached out to open the room door, quickly walked out.

While listening to the surrounding movements, Ackman scanned the area around him.

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After confirming he didn't see any soldiers, Ackman left the merchant guild hall.

Walking with measured steps, he moved through the shadows of the small town.

The night was already deep.

On the flat and clean red brick road, there wasn't a single figure in sight.

Except for the squads of armored soldiers passing by from time to time!

These patrols were holding torches and wearing armor he had never seen before...

Compared to the lazy and amateur guards in the Aiden Mansion, these were real patrolling soldiers!

Hiding in the shadows, Ackman watched the patrol soldiers disappear into the distance.

He stepped forward, slowly making his way to the large castle ahead.

However.

Barely walking a few dozen meters, a squad of torch-holding figures appeared in his path.

Their steps were orderly, and their destination was clear.

Exactly the shadowy corner where he was hiding.

Discovered?

Ackman's body tensed, and he quickly turned back the way he came.

But on the road he came from, there was another squad of armored soldiers approaching him.

A few minutes later.

Flickering torchlight shone on his face.

Staring at the soldiers in armor before him, and a tall, burly man.

Ackman awkwardly explained, "I'm the guard captain of the merchant Gasper, I got lost accidentally..."

"This place is just too big..."

Red ignored his words and said, "The lord wants to see you!"

Hearing the low voice of the burly man, Ackman's brow immediately furrowed.

The owner of this territory wants to see him?

Shouldn't he be meeting Gasper, the merchant?

The next second.

Ackman realized something.

From the moment they entered the territory, the lord had been observing them.

But had never shown himself!

And directly instructed these soldiers to come looking for him.

Indicating that the lord of this territory already knew their identities, and their every move was under his watch.

This explained why the soldiers were only looking for him, not for Gasper!

Before Ackman could respond, the burly man began walking toward the castle ahead.

Behind him, the soldiers held torches, staring directly at him.

Since they already knew everything about him, Ackman felt no need to ask questions.

Following the burly man, he walked away.

Walking over the red brick road, entering the castle walls, through the winding and dim corridors.

Climbing the stairs, he quickly reached the second floor of the castle.

Gazing at the spacious and bright reception hall before him, Ackman's eyes held a peculiar light.

Such scale was far beyond what the reception hall in the Aiden Mansion could compare with.

After walking a dozen meters more.

The burly man stopped in front, bowing toward the high-back chair ahead as he spoke, "Lord, the person is brought."

Ackman didn't speak, instead staring straight ahead.

There was a side profile of a man who felt both familiar and extremely unfamiliar to him.

When the man turned around, Ackman's eyes slightly contracted.

It was indeed him!

Before the city walls were even constructed, as an attendant, he had followed Ackman into the woods.

The young man before him had presented a sealing document bearing the Ducas Clan's emblem!

An air of disbelief rose in Ackman's heart.

It was only less than half a year ago, appearing so young.

He had transformed the forest beyond recognition!

Even the dozen guards with iron spears had become today's soldiers clad in armor and weapons!

Lynn, still seated in the armchair, turned to glance at Ackman, speaking in a calm voice.

"Aiden Morrison Manor's Chief Attendant, Ackman?"

Hearing such precise words, Ackman bent slightly, responding, "Lord, I am Ackman."

The feeling he now had.

Wasn't just that the lord had started monitoring them after they entered the territory.

But rather, it began from the time at Morrison Manor, already under surveillance!

In Morrison Manor, there was a spy planted by this lord.

Beyond that, Ackman couldn't think of any possibilities.

Lynn acknowledged, "Very well, then I won't waste words with you."

"I want to support you in becoming the new Manor Lord of Morrison Manor!"

Ackman, pondering over what this could mean, was momentarily wide-eyed upon hearing this statement.

He incredulously said, "Lord... What did you say?"

"Supporting me to become the new Manor Lord?"

Ackman had imagined various dialogues for this unanticipated summons.

Questioning why he infiltrated the territory.

Torture, extorting all sorts of intelligence on Aiden.

...

But he had never thought that the lord before him would say such words.

Ackman did not respond immediately, but instead asked in confusion, "Lord... I don't understand what you mean..."

Lynn, unbothered, repeated, "I want to support you in becoming the new Manor Lord of Morrison Manor."

"Everything controlled by Aiden Morrison will be yours."

"You will be their master, free to do as you please!"

At this point, Ackman dared not say another word.

Once again, he felt the terrifying presence of the young lord before him.

In those simple words, he detected the lord's control over Aiden Mansion.

Furthermore, he sensed the lord was subtly hinting at him!

Chapter 447: Resistance Will Be Met with Death

It feels like this Lord already knows about the matter between him and Justin...

Ackman remained silent, and Lynn also fell into silence.

Lynn knows that Ackman needs time to think.

Even though Ackman is a Chief Attendant, he is ultimately just an ordinary person.

To overthrow a Manor Lord appointed by Marquis Duca as an ordinary person would undoubtedly require immense determination.

It wasn't until a few minutes later.

Ackman, with his head down, seemed to have made up his mind.

He suddenly raised his head, looked at Lynn, and asked, "Lord, what do you need me to do?"

If not for the sake of survival, who would willingly be called upon and ordered?

If not compelled by circumstances, who would willingly become someone else's minion?

If given the chance, who wouldn't aspire to be above others?

And now, Ackman seems to feel that the opportunity is right in front of him.

As long as he seizes this opportunity, he can become the Manor Lord!

He can have everything he desires!

The twin maids he dreams about daily, the power to wield at will, the endless wealth and gourmet meals and fine wines...

Seeing the bright and flickering light in Ackman's eyes.

It is a longing for power and status.

Lynn smiled slightly and said, "I need you to organize those newly recruited followers for a revolution!"

"A revolution with the aim of overthrowing Aiden Manor Lord!"

Though the Lord spoke calmly, it filled him with a strange thrill.

Though it was a rebellion aimed at higher status, in the words of the Lord, it became a revolution!

Feeling Ackman's rapidly fluctuating chest, and increasingly urgent breathing, Lynn's words continued.

"Followers' rebellion will never gain recognition from Marquis Duca or nearby Lords."

"Even if using force can pull Aiden down from the position of Manor Lord, it will still attract attacks and encroachment from nearby Manor Lords..."

Ackman quickly asked, "Lord, what should we do then?"

Lynn looked directly at Ackman, "With you leading them in defiance, and me leading soldiers to suppress it!"

"From now on, the Morrison Territory will become my territory, and other Manor Lords naturally dare not casually invade."

Moreover, I can bestow the entire territory upon you, making you a subsidiary Lord of that land!"

Ackman said nothing, his eyes constantly moving, seemingly pondering something.

After a while.

Ackman raised his head again, looking straight at Lynn, and asked, "What benefit does this bring to you, Lord?"

Lynn said plainly, "Eliminate an enemy!"

Ackman's eyebrows slightly raised.

Despite the Lord in front saying so calmly.

But Ackman knows that this Lord has always remembered that scene.

Always considering Aiden as his enemy.

Indeed.

Lynn always keeping a vigilant heart against Aiden is correct.

Aiden constantly wants to invade this territory!

Ackman nodded seriously, "Everything will proceed according to your plan!"

Then.

Lynn and Ackman conversed briefly again.

Only then did Red lead Ackman out of the castle.

Under the torch-bearing Guards, Ackman walked on the red brick ground, passing through house after house of Red Brick.

Ultimately, under Red's watchful gaze, he entered the merchant's guild hall.

Climbing up to the second floor, Ackman pushed open Gasper's room door.

Gasper, who had been sitting in the chair, immediately stood up, looking at him with wide eyes.

However, Gasper did not speak, waiting for Ackman's words.

Ackman, closing the wooden door, glanced at Gasper and said, "I met the Lord of this territory..."

"To be precise, I was brought to meet him."

Gasper still did not speak, continuing to wait for the next words.

Ackman strode over to the glazed window, his gaze through the window looking downstairs.

The downstairs Guards were already marching away in orderly steps.

Ackman pondered for a moment, then suddenly turned around, looking at Gasper.

"Gasper, do you want to become a Chief Attendant?"

Gasper's face slightly puzzled, "Chief Attendant?"

Ackman nodded seriously, "The next words I will say may shock you."

"But I hope you can stay calm, I have always regarded you as my assistant and confidant."

Gasper hesitated for a few seconds, then nodded.

Ackman continued, "This Lord wants me to lead a revolution!"

"To revolutionize Aiden Morrison!"

Gaspar couldn't help but widen his eyes.

Ackman ignored Gaspar's expression, "Then this Lord will suppress Aiden Morrison's territory, occupying Aiden's territory and making it his own."

"After that, he will appoint me as the subsidiary Manor Lord of that territory..."

"In other words, under his support, I, Ackman, will become a Manor Lord!"

Gaspar frowned slightly, "Chief Attendant, it sounds tempting, but don't you think it's too simple?"

"This Lord is asking you to lead a revolutionary resistance, and you must bear the risk within it?"

"It's fine if the revolution succeeds, but what if it fails?"

"The ones who will die... are us!"

Ackman fell silent, "I need to think about it further."

When the conversation stopped, the room fell into silence.

...

The next morning.

After all the fine salt was loaded onto the carriage.

Ackman led Gasper and the carriage team towards the direction away from the town.

Chapter 448: Resistance Will Be Met with Death

Compared to yesterday evening's overcast sky, where the outlines of the small town couldn't be clearly seen.

Now, Ackman observes closely from a near distance, only to realize the scale of this small town!

Entirely built from uniform red bricks, all of the same size.

A group of townspeople are emerging from the red brick residential areas, merging into a dining hall.

To start enjoying their breakfast.

The sheer number of people and the scale, Ackman feels dazzled and finds it impossible to count!

At least in the thousands.

After leaving the town, Ackman notices carts loaded with coal being driven in from afar.

No oxen or horses needed for traction, only the workers on the carts continuously cranking handles to drive them along the tracks.

Such ingeniously crafted carts, Ackman sees for the first time!

And alongside them lies a vast expanse of cultivated fields, planted with crops!

Long and orderly rows extend into the distance...

Ackman can't even see the end of these fields!

As he learns more about this territory, Ackman's heart grows increasingly fearful of Lynn.

With fully armed soldiers as sharp blades, possessing walls as solid shields, protecting this land.

With abundant labor force and strange planting techniques, cultivating crops to fuel the territory's advance.

Is such a territory something a mere small Manor Lord like Aiden Morrison can provoke?

As Ackman ponders continuously, he traverses the fields into the woods.

Finally, under the watchful eyes of soldiers on the walls, he departs from the walls, heading into the distance.

Inside the castle.

Lynn watches the squad on the holographic map leave his territory and vanish into the darkness outside the walls.

With a thought, he closes the holographic map.

Lynn turns his gaze to Red beside him, speaking in a low voice, "Gather all the guards, head to the walls!"

With those words.

Lynn strides toward his room.

Watching Lynn's departing figure, Red's expression turns resolute, without hesitation, "Yes, Master!"

Red calls a few guards, instructing them to convey Master Lynn's command.

Horse after horse gallops out of the castle, heading toward various parts of the territory.

After a dozen or so minutes.

Draped in black scale armor with a chain lining, helmeted Lynn emerges from the room.

With each step, a metallic clink resounds on the ground.

Simultaneously, the black cloak on his back flutters behind him...

As Master Lynn passes by Red, Red follows closely without hesitation.

Arriving on the first floor of the castle.

Lynn mounts his horse, straddling Mo Ying.

With a nudge to the horse's side, Mo Ying instantly understands, letting out a neigh before galloping out of the castle.

Red leads the guards, urging their mounts to follow.

Da da da~

Da da da~

The sound of galloping hooves reverberates on the wide red brick roads of the small town.

Drawing the gazes of townsmen walking by on either side, watching that familiar yet unfamiliar silhouette.

They can't help but bend slightly, saluting.

They naturally know, at the forefront riding is their Lord — Lynn.

Though sometimes they don't see their Lord, they see the Lord's statue in Lord's Square every day!

As the cavalry passes, more and more townspeople watch Lynn riding away from the town.

In their eyes lay worry, joy, and anticipation...

They are just ordinary townspeople of the small town, without great ability.

After Master Lynn leaves the town, all they can do is continue working diligently in their respective positions.

The journey from the town to the walls, twenty miles long, takes only a little over ten minutes for a top-tier warhorse like Mo Ying.

Looking ahead, under Rose's command, the guards and soldiers are lining up.

Lynn pulls the reins, slowing Mo Ying down.

The thunderous sound of horse hooves naturally captures the attention of all present guards and soldiers.

They widen their eyes, looking upon their Lord.

Upon reaching the lined-up soldiers, Mo Ying halts, and Lynn leaps off the horse.

Rose, stepping briskly, comes to Lynn's front, immediately reporting, "Master, as per your instructions, the total of eight hundred soldiers have gathered."

"Two hundred heavy cavalry, three hundred heavy infantry, two hundred archers."

"The remaining one hundred light infantry, one hundred guards, and one hundred archers are stationed on the walls."

Lynn acknowledges, striding toward the crowd in front.

Rose and Red follow closely behind.

Under the watchful eyes of everyone, Lynn gazes directly at them, scanning over their faces one by one.

Seeing eight hundred soldiers clad in standard plate armor, helmeted.

At a glance, a menacing sense of black and gray metal kills the visceral feel.

On their faces, there is tension, anxiety, pressure...

But what Lynn sees most on their faces is excitement and anticipation!

They crave a war.

Perhaps due to the mission-driven identity of a soldier, or maybe like Earl, they wish to prove themselves through war.

Chapter 449: Resisters—No Mercy

All the soldiers are eager to achieve glory!

Lynn took a deep breath and shouted, "Everyone, do you know why I've gathered you?"

"Conquest! Conquest! Conquest!"

Three unified shouts rang out.

The roars echoed continuously throughout the forest.

After the three shouts subsided, Lynn continued, "Yes! Conquest! Overseas conquest!"

"I will lead you away from the territory to the battlefield at nightfall!"

"Your goal is... to annihilate all the followers who resist at Morrison Manor!"

"Resisters—show no mercy!"

"Do you understand?"

Following Lynn's words, the soldiers' synchronized shouts resounded again.

"Understood! Understood! Understood!"

The shouts continued to echo through the forest.

Lynn nodded, withdrawing his gaze from them and walked towards the Red Brick House not far away.

Behind Lynn, Rosered and Wesley followed.

Arriving at a command room specially arranged by Rose, Lynn stepped inside and sat down on a chair.

Looking at the three who followed him in, Lynn asked, "Do you have anything to say?"

Rose glanced at Wesley and Red, without any words.

Wesley hesitated for a few seconds before speaking up, "Master, isn't this operation a bit too hasty?"

"Of course, I'm not questioning your orders, Master."

"It's just my habit to want to consider every mission more comprehensively!"

"Only in this way can more soldiers return to the territory."

Lynn acknowledged, then looked at Rose, asking, "Do you have nothing to say?"

Rose's expression was solemn, and he said, "The direction indicated by the Master is the battlefield where Rose's enthusiasm surges forth!"

With just a simple inquiry, the difference in character between Rose and Wesley became evident.

Wesley is more rational, thinks more, and considers more comprehensively.

Rose is more suited for leading by example and charging into battle!

Lynn acknowledged again, "There might be more suitable methods for this foreign plundering campaign."

"But, time is running out."

"Firstly, it's nearing the end of February, and the spring of the Karedi Empire is approaching."

"This territory requires a large amount of labor to enter a new cycle of reclamation and toil."

"To continuously enhance the territory's comprehensive strength, food is the foundation of everything!"

"Without a large amount of labor, it's impossible to plant and produce a large amount of food."

Rose and Wesley nodded in agreement.

Lynn continued, "Secondly, the workshops in the territory, the excavation of the three major mines, also require a large amount of labor."

"Only by investing more labor can we greatly improve the output of the three major mines and increase the production of armor and weapons in the workshops."

"Do you want the soldiers you've painstakingly trained to fight bare-handed on the battlefield with the enemy?"

Rose and Wesley were silent.

Lynn said, "Then, from the intelligence gathered by the spies, it is known that Aiden Morrison has a backup plan!"

"Although it's not clear now what relationship Aiden has with Viscount Chambers of Wind Hill."

"But the longer the delay, the more passive it becomes for us."

"If the two join forces, no one knows how much armed force will come to besiege us!"

"Rather than waiting passively, it's better to take the initiative and catch them off guard."

"Finally, the carriage caravan that just left... they are Aiden's spies entering the territory!"

Upon hearing this,

Wesley's brow furrowed, and he quickly asked, "Master, wouldn't that expose information about the territory?"

Lynn nodded, "Indeed, it will expose some."

"However, conversely, this might bring me a surprise."

Rose and Wesley exchanged glances.

Time slowly passed by.

Until evening.

Once all the soldiers finished dinner and gathered again.

Lynn stood on the city wall, scanning the soldiers in various formations below.

At the forefront was the unit of heavy cavalry and heavy infantry led by Rose.

Behind them was the archer unit led by Wesley!

As Lynn looked at the soldiers, they too raised their heads, looking at Lynn on the city wall.

Lynn glanced outside the city wall, at the slowly darkening sky, and shouted, "Move out!"

The orderly and powerful response echoed back.

"Yes!"

Led by Rose, the soldiers marched forth, gripping their weapons, heading beyond the city wall.

If you don't count the previous rescue of Boer and the chase of the Iron Blood Brotherhood Bandit Corps.

This is considered the first real overseas campaign!

Watching the soldiers continuously pass through the city gate under the wall, Lynn descended the wall, coming to the side of the soldier holding Mo Ying.

Taking the reins offered by the soldier, Lynn leaped onto Mo Ying, urging it forward to join the thousand-man unit.

Red said nothing, closely following behind Lynn.

When all the soldiers left the territory, the heavy gate slowly closed.

Eight hundred fully armed soldiers, taking advantage of the night, marched into the distant darkness.

...

At the entrance to the three-story manor of Morrison Manor.

Ackman leaped from his horse.

He turned his head to the followers at the gate and asked, "Where is the master?"

Chapter 450: Resisters—No Mercy

Before the followers could respond, another follower swiftly ran over from the mansion.

The follower quickly spoke to Ackman, "Chief Attendant, the master has urgent business with you, he's in the room on the third floor."

Ackman looked puzzled at the follower before him and asked, "Did he say what the matter was?"

The follower shook his head, "Chief Attendant, the master didn't say..."

Ackman replied, "I understand, I'll go now."

Not wasting any words, he glanced at Gasper and started walking towards the staircase inside the mansion.

Gasper understood and followed behind him.

As they walked, Ackman's gaze surveyed the first floor, not finding that voluptuous figure.

Feeling a bit disappointed, Ackman shook his head and stepped onto the stairs.

He climbed up to the third floor in one breath and arrived at the door of Aiden's room.

He took a slight breath and reached out to knock on the door in front of him.

"Master, I've returned."

As soon as Ackman's voice fell, Aiden's deep voice responded.

"Come in."

Ackman reached out and pushed the door, finding it wasn't locked, and gently pushed it open.

He stepped inside.

Once he reached the usual standing area, Ackman bowed his head respectfully and greeted, "Master."

Lying on the bed, Aiden was assisted by twins to slowly sit up.

Aiden stared directly at Ackman and said, "After entering the city walls, did the trade succeed?"

Without any hesitation, Ackman quickly replied, "It succeeded, Master. We exchanged grain for a batch of fine salt!"

A gleam involuntarily flashed in Aiden's eyes, "Fine salt!"

"Indeed, it's fine salt!"

"Besides the fine salt, what else did you discover?"

Ackman continued, "We saw fully armed soldiers."

The joy in Aiden's eyes instantly dissipated, and he squinted his eyes, nearly questioning, "How many did you see?"

Ackman hesitated for a few seconds and explained, "Master, just the soldiers wearing plate armor, helmets, holding long spears, there were at least two to three hundred."

"Even at dusk, they were still engaged in weight-bearing fitness training."

"As for what couldn't be seen, I don't know..."

Aiden did not speak, his eyes shifting, seemingly in thought.

After a brief moment.

Aiden continued to ask, "Anything else, besides these?"

Ackman didn't hesitate at all and replied, "In addition, there are large tracts of cultivated farmland, numerous houses built with red brick, waterwheels, ships, mine carts... even a castle over ten meters high!"

"The key is, the ships were transporting iron ore, and the track mine carts were carrying coal!"

At this point.

Ackman's voice grew somewhat excited.

"Master, on that territory, not only are there salt mines, but also coal mines and iron mines, as well as a large population!"

"As long as we can occupy that territory, relying on the city walls, it could even be developed into a small nation!"

Seeing Ackman's excited expression, Aiden seemed to be influenced by it as well.

"There are also coal mines and iron mines?"

"This..."

Having salt mines alone was already a surprise to him.

Yet the investigation revealed coal mines and iron mines as well?

Salt mines implied endless gold pounds.

Coal mines meant rapidly developing fuel sources.

Iron mines meant capital to compete with countless powers!

And there's also a large population?

It means that wild land possesses all the necessary conditions for ascendancy!

A strong sense of ownership arose within Aiden.

I must seize that territory!

That land is mine!

Mine!

No one else is worthy of owning it besides me!

Aiden didn't realize that, perhaps due to his excitement, his whole body was trembling involuntarily.

With the twins gently patting his back, Aiden's breathing gradually became calmer.

He looked at Ackman again and continued to ask, "Is there more?"

Ackman thought for a moment and then replied, "Master, due to limited time, we could only find out this much for now."

"If there's another chance to go beyond the city walls, certainly we can discover more."

As for his conversation with Lynn, he instinctively concealed it.

If he were to inform Aiden of that part.

No matter if he agreed or not with Lynn, in Aiden's eyes, it would be seen as betrayal!

Aiden looked at Ackman with satisfaction, a hint of color returned to his previously pale face.

"Well done, Ackman, I didn't expect you to have such ability!"

Ackman smiled slightly, without answering.

He naturally knew that the reason for entering the city walls was due to Gasper's articulate efforts.

Aiden continued, "Go find Justin..."

"No, Justin's body is still exposed, unable to prepare food and wine for you..."

Upon hearing this, Ackman's eyes widened instantly.

He repeated Aiden's words, "Exposed?"

Aiden said calmly, "Yes, that slut Justin dared to have an affair with another man in the mansion behind my back!"

"That alone is bad enough."

"That shameless woman even got pregnant with someone else's child!"

"If I hadn't seen her morning sickness during dinner, I wouldn't have known about this situation..."

Ackman kept his head lowered, not daring to utter a word.

Aiden continued, "Although I couldn't find out who really put a green hat on me."