

System 451

Chapter 451: Resisters—No Mercy

"But no matter, I killed Justin and that adulterer's child at the same time!"

Aiden reminded Ackman, who was still standing there, "Ackman, you can go and rest now."

"Rest for a night and start properly investigating tomorrow to find out who has been frequently entering Justin's room!"

"Daring to commit such a disgraceful act under my nose, if I find out, I'll certainly feed them alive to the Greyhound."

After Aiden finished speaking, Ackman bowed and exited the room.

At the door, he closed it behind him.

Ackman turned and walked stiffly towards the stairs.

Standing outside, Gasper originally wanted to speak.

Seeing Ackman's despondent expression, Gasper gave up.

He said nothing, following behind Ackman, slowly descending the stairs.

Upon reaching the first-floor hall of the estate, Ackman crossed the hall to exit the estate.

He took a few steps, soon stopping in place.

In Ackman's view, on the open ground tens of meters away, a wooden post stood.

On the post, a naked body was tied and hung by ropes.

Even without approaching, Ackman could tell with a glance.

It was Justin!

Though the night wind stirred Justin's hair, she made no movement.

She was already devoid of life.

Looking at Justin's tragic face and the scars on her body, gory and raw.

The words Justin spoke to him that night resurfaced, echoing in his ears.

"I want to live."

"I want to live with your child!"

"Although the time with you was short, every moment felt so happy!"

"..."

Ackman's legs suddenly gave way, falling back.

A moment later.

A strong figure blocked behind him, firmly supporting him.

Low and soft words entered Ackman's ears.

"Stand firm; if others see, even if it's not you, you'll struggle to defend yourself!"

Ackman was shocked, quickly forcing himself to stand straight.

He glanced at the Gasper behind him, saying nothing.

Standing a moment, Ackman stepped inside the estate.

With Gasper, he headed towards the kitchen, smiling as he went, "Master said this deal was a success; he permits the chefs to cook some delicacies!"

"You're lucky; you've been here not long and already received the master's favor."

Gasper, of course, knew Ackman was blabbering, trying to divert attention.

He didn't mind, responding, "Thanks to the Chief Attendant's promotion..."

They walked through corridor after corridor, soon arriving at the kitchen.

Entering the kitchen, they closed the wooden door.

Ackman sat unceremoniously on a square table, his face pale, breathing heavily.

Gasper said nothing, his body leaning against the doorframe, waiting.

Only now did.

Ackman realize his back was soaked in sweat.

Even his cheeks were dripping with big beads of sweat.

He raised the hem of his robe and wiped the sweat off his face.

Ackman glanced at Gasper opposite him, speaking in a deep voice, "So, you knew all along?"

"Talking to yourself at the room's door wasn't a coincidence but a deliberate hint for me?"

Gasper did not speak, just looked calmly at Ackman.

Ackman frowned, continued, "Who exactly are you?"

Gasper asked in confusion, "Chief Attendant, haven't I introduced myself before?"

"I'm Gasper Balawang, a Free Person from Balawang Village."

Ackman picked up a kitchen knife beside him, chopping it forcefully onto the wooden chopping board nearby.

Thud!

A chopping sound rang out.

Ackman asked Gasper again, "What I'm asking is, what's your current identity!"

Gasper looked directly at Ackman, his words calm, "Gasper, sent by Master Lynn to infiltrate Morrison Manor... a spy!"

Hearing this.

Ackman's eyes instantly narrowed!

A spy!

Gaspar is a spy?

The Gaspar appointed as the Chief Attendant's assistant was an infiltrating spy in the Manor?

Ackman finally understood.

Why Gaspar displayed such unique insights among the followers.

Finally understood why Gaspar invited him to spend at the brothel.

It was all just to catch his attention!

If so, then it all makes sense!

Because Gaspar is a spy, he could speak of such a merchant called Mr. Boer, allowing them entry behind the walls.

Because he's a spy, he could trade with the estate's merchant caretaker.

Everything fits!

Suppressing the complex emotions in his heart, Ackman stared at Gaspar.

"Aren't you afraid I'll reveal your identity to Master Aiden?"

"What awaits you... is endless torture!"

Gaspar nodded, saying, "I'm certainly afraid."

"But I fear more that Lord Lynn's territory would be breached and occupied by you, my wife and daughter imprisoned, toyed with by you, eventually dying without a trace!"

"Rather than that, I would prefer to use my life to protect them."

Ackman's face froze.

Was Gaspar in front of him mad?

Not to mention if he had a wife and children.

Even if he did, they were behind the walls.

With Aiden's current strength, breaking the heavily guarded walls is impossible!

Gaspar seemed to read Ackman's thoughts, he continued speaking, "Perhaps you find my words somewhat insane."

"But for that territory, for Master Lynn, for my wife and children, I'm willing to pay any price!"

Gaspar's words were clear and precise; he knew exactly what he was saying.

His words shifted, "Moreover, with the intellect of the Chief Attendant, I wonder if you'd truly do something so unwise?"

"Doesn't the Chief Attendant wish to become... a Lord?"

Listening to Gasper's words, Ackman was more convinced of his identity.

When Lord Lynn spoke those words to him, Gasper was not present.

Seeing Ackman still silent, Gasper continued.

"Or is it that the Chief Attendant can continue to swallow his pride before the man who killed his child?"

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Seeing that Ackman didn't speak, Gasper continued to add: "Or are you saying that Justin is merely the plaything of the Chief Attendant?"

"The child in your arms is nothing but an unexpected gain, and the Chief Attendant doesn't care at all?"

Upon hearing this.

Ackman's brow furrowed tightly, he raised the kitchen knife in his hand, and pointed the tip at Gasper.

"Shut up! You're not worthy to mention them!"

Gasper was unfazed and stared directly at Ackman, "This is the difference between us!"

"I can willingly sacrifice my life for my family, for the territory, for the Lord."

"And you, only hide trembling in the dark corner, trying not to be discovered by your enemies!"

Ackman's right hand holding the kitchen knife began to tremble slowly.

Gasper extended his right index finger and slightly pushed down the kitchen knife in Ackman's hand.

He continued, "Chief Attendant, your time is running out."

"If I were you, I'd be entering Master Aiden's room right now..."

The words were finished.

Gasper opened the wooden door with both hands and made a gesture of invitation.

"But, there's still a chance now!"

Looking at Gasper's calm expression, an inexplicable anger arose in Ackman's heart.

Gasper was clearly just an ordinary follower, whom he picked up and promoted to be the Chief Attendant's assistant.

In his view, Gasper was no different from those peasants.

But now, Gasper's identity has suddenly changed.

He's become a spy for Lynn infiltrating Morrison Manor.

And he's brazenly warning and threatening him here!

Ackman suddenly tightened his grip on the kitchen knife, the joints in his fingers creaking.

Gaspar remained fearless and said, "Of course, you can kill me now."

"But even if you kill me, you can't change this fact!"

Upon hearing this, Ackman became hesitant.

He seemed to suddenly realize something and questioned.

"What do you mean by saying time is running out?"

Gaspar smiled calmly, looked directly at Ackman, "It means... time is running out."

"Time is running out for this territory!"

"Time is running out for Aiden."

"Your time... is also running out."

Ackman instantly understood, he said, "Will Lord Lynn's heavily armored soldiers invade Master Aiden's manor?"

Gaspar didn't speak, just stared at him.

Ackman said incredulously, "How can it be possible?"

"Even if Lynn has heavily armored soldiers and cavalry, and long weapons."

"But in Master Aiden's manor, there are nearly a thousand followers..."

Gaspar merely stared at Ackman, shook his head, and spoke plainly: "Chief Attendant, time is running out."

Upon hearing this repeated statement, Ackman's body stiffened.

He knew that Gaspar wasn't deceiving him.

Ackman spoke, "I understand..."

After a deep look at Gaspar, Ackman put down the kitchen knife and walked out of the kitchen with stiff steps.

His steps were slow, seemingly in thought.

Gaspar followed behind without speaking.

Walking through the corridor, they reached the reception hall.

Ackman gazed through the window gap at the upright log under the night sky.

He vaguely saw the body bound and suspended on it...

Ackman's heart suddenly settled.

He took strides and walked up the staircase.

Each step was quick and steady.

In just a few strides, Ackman reached the third floor of the estate.

Turning at the corridor platform, Ackman stood at the doorway of Aiden's room.

He glanced at the two attendants guarding the door and said, "I'll take over the door duties tonight, you can rest!"

The two attendants were glad but soon hesitated, "But Chief Attendant, tonight it's our..."

Ackman didn't speak, just slightly turned his head, gave them a cold glance.

The two attendants immediately retracted their necks and quickly said, "Yes, Chief Attendant."

Words finished.

The two attendants stepped away from the doorway.

As they passed by Gasper, they lowered their heads as a sign of respect.

Confirming that the two attendants had gone downstairs, Ackman withdrew his gaze and looked at the wooden door.

He took a deep breath, reached out his right hand, and knocked on the door.

Knock, knock~

The sound of the door being knocked came slowly.

Ackman tentatively inquired, "Master, Ackman has something to report."

There was no sound from the room.

Ackman frowned slightly and knocked a few more times.

Knock, knock~

Just as he was about to speak again, Aiden's tired and displeased voice came from behind the wooden door.

"It's so late, talk about it tomorrow!"

Ackman immediately said, "Master, it's about the affairs of the Lord behind the city wall!"

"I have urgent matters to report to you!"

The room fell silent.

After a while.

The sound of bare feet stepping lightly on the wooden floor was heard.

The steps are light and even.

Ackman knew that it must be one of the twins sent by Aiden to open the door for him.

After the sound of the lock being removed, the closed wooden door was opened.

A maid wearing only a thin silk drape stood in front of Ackman.

The silk was opened and draped over her shoulders.

The half-round snow-white and those long, slender legs directly entered his sight.

Ackman greedily looked for a few moments before lowering his head.

Aiden's voice came from the room.

"Come in."

Ackman hesitated not a bit, followed the maid into the room.

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Arriving at the designated area, Ackman looked up at the wooden bed.

Aiden's bloated body was lying on the wooden bed.

The twin maids lay beside him, entwined around his thighs.

Aiden's voice rang out again, "What's the urgent matter? Speak!"

Ackman glanced around and explained, "Master, the lord of the city walls has dispatched troops marching towards your territory."

No sooner had he finished speaking, than Aiden, lying in bed, suddenly sat up.

The speed of his action, the agility of his form.

Even Ackman, who had been by Aiden's side all along, was seeing such quickness for the first time.

Aiden stared wide-eyed at Ackman, shouting, "What did you say?"

"They dispatched troops towards my territory?"

"Is the information accurate?"

Ackman's words remained firm: "It's accurate!"

"If nothing goes wrong, at most one or two hours, they will reach your estate!"

"One or two hours?"

Aiden's eyes widened, and he rudely scolded Ackman, "Then what are you still dawdling here for? Quickly gather the followers for defense!"

Ackman's face was full of distress, "Master, you might need to personally gather those followers... You are the lord of this manor..."

Aiden glared ferociously at Ackman, scolding, "Useless!"

In the meantime.

Aiden sat up on the large bed and, with the assistance of the twin maids, began to put on his clothes.

He dressed while scolding Ackman, "If it weren't for your little bit of ability, I would have already dismissed your Chief Attendant position!"

Ackman lowered his head, not daring to retort.

A few minutes later.

Aiden finished dressing and stepped towards the door of the room.

"Did you scout how many soldiers are on the way?"

Ackman replied with some difficulty, "Master, I really don't know..."

Aiden snorted coldly without speaking.

However.

At this moment.

Following behind Aiden, a chill flashed in Ackman's eyes.

His right hand moved, reaching under his robe.

When his right hand emerged, a dagger emitting a faint cold gleam appeared.

Ackman did not hesitate, stepping closer to Aiden.

The dagger in his right hand, without any pause, stabbed fiercely at Aiden's back.

Crack~

The sharp dagger tip barely penetrated a centimeter before being stopped by something solid.

No matter how much strength Ackman exerted, he couldn't penetrate further.

Ackman's eyes contracted immediately.

However, before Ackman could react and strike again.

Aiden, having turned around, bent his right leg and kicked hard into Ackman's abdomen.

Under this tremendous force, Ackman's eyes bulged, nearly popping out, and his whole body rolled backward into the room.

He only stopped when he crashed into the stone wall behind him.

Ackman was horrified inside, wanting to speak, but a surge inside forced a mouthful of blood out.

Aiden felt the pain behind him slightly, seeming to be no major issue.

He snorted coldly and walked towards Ackman.

"Did you really think I, Aiden Morrison, became the Manor Lord just because Old Bob was killed, and I inherited the position?"

"I may be fat, but I'm not useless!"

"Know that I'm someone who can break a wild boar's jaw with my bare hands..."

Watching Aiden coming closer, Ackman grew even more nervous inside.

He wanted to move his body, to distance himself from Aiden, but found the pain in his body intense.

Under Aiden's kick, his ribs were broken!

Aiden stood beside Ackman, continuing, "Did you really think I didn't know about you and that slut Justin?"

Ackman's eyes contracted.

Aiden had known for a long time?

Aiden's right foot lifted and was placed on Ackman's chest.

The massive weight rendered Ackman breathless.

He wanted to lift Aiden's right leg but found he couldn't muster any strength.

Aiden continued speaking, "If not for the convenience of using you, I wouldn't mind."

"But you shouldn't have betrayed me!"

"It was I who recruited you as the followers of the manor, promoted you to Chief Attendant! It was I who gave you food, identity, and status!"

"Even the Greyhound I raise wouldn't betray me, yet you chose to stab me in the back!"

At this moment, Ackman's face flushed red, breathing heavily, wanting to speak, but no words would come.

Aiden seemed to relish watching Ackman's expression, grinning, "Since you chose betrayal, you must be ready to bear the consequences!"

The next second.

Aiden's right leg exerted sudden force, dropping the full weight of his body onto his right foot.

Nearly four hundred pounds of weight pressed onto Ackman's chest.

Crack~

A clear sound of bone breaking echoed in the room.

Ackman's struggle slowed in motion until eventually, his right hand fell to the ground.

His eyes wide open, staring directly at the twin maids coiled on the wooden bed...

Confirming Ackman had ceased breathing, Aiden snorted coldly, "Waste."

He tightened his robe around him, stepping towards the outside of the room.

"Guards, guards!"

Footsteps echoed from below as people ran upstairs.

In just a few seconds.

Three followers appeared before Aiden, bowing and speaking respectfully, "Master."

Aiden's gaze scanned the three before settling on one of the men.

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"What is your name?"

The man's face froze, hesitantly saying, "Master... my name is Bruno Kent."

Aiden said indifferently, "Bruno, from now on, you are the Chief Attendant of this territory."

Bruno's eyes widened, and he quickly responded, "Yes, Master."

The two followers beside him looked at Bruno with eyes full of envy.

Aiden continued, "Bruno, gather all followers at the manor entrance!"

"I want to see that every one of them has a handy weapon."

"Remember, everyone!"

Bruno's face turned solemn, "Yes, Master!"

Without any hesitation, Bruno dashed down the stairs.

Aiden's gaze turned to the two followers before him.

"You two, clean up the room and take Ackman's corpse to feed the Greyhound!"

Upon hearing this.

The two followers finally understood why Master Aiden suddenly appointed Bruno as Chief Attendant!

The previous Chief Attendant had already died in Aiden's room.

Without hesitation, the two strode toward the room.

Entering the room, they saw Ackman's corpse lying on the ground, and their expressions changed.

Ackman held a dagger, which was bloodless.

No blood flowed onto the floor where he lay!

All they saw was a sunken indentation on Ackman's chest.

Even if they hadn't witnessed the event in the room.

They could still imagine the scene!

The two followers exchanged a glance, lifted Ackman's arms and legs, and walked out of the room.

Even amidst the terrified screams of the twin maids curled up on the bed, they didn't spare a glance.

Outside the room.

Aiden was already striding down from the third floor to the reception hall.

Even before reaching the entrance to the hall, he saw bodies quickly gathering.

Although it was deep night and their attire was disheveled.

But faced with the enemy's attack, such things couldn't be considered?

Stepping out of the manor gate, Aiden scanned the followers occasionally coming together from afar.

Bruno, who was organizing personnel, saw Aiden and quickly ran to him.

His face was full of excitement, and he spoke respectfully, "Master."

Aiden glanced at him casually and asked, "How is the gathering of personnel progressing?"

Bruno quickly explained, "Master, your orders have reached the ears of seven hundred and eighty followers."

"They are now gathering, and it will take at most three minutes to complete."

Aiden acknowledged with a sound, his gaze still fixed on the gathering followers.

They all lived in dormitories housing dozen-odd people, so instant gathering was unrealistic.

To assemble in such a short time was already rather good.

A few minutes later.

All followers were fully assembled.

Aiden stood at the entrance, calling out to the wide-eyed followers watching him, "A battle is about to strike!"

Upon hearing Aiden's words, the followers, who were still half-asleep, immediately shook off their drowsiness.

They widened their eyes, full of disbelief, as they looked at Aiden.

They had only been recruited to this territory in recent days, with some arriving less than three days ago!

They didn't even know who Aiden Manor Lord was!

And now, upon meeting him, they were told a battle was imminent?

They hadn't received any training at all, so going to the battlefield was like being sent to their deaths!

Aiden ignored their looks and continued, "You are my followers, Aiden Morrison."

"I have provided you with food, shelter, and even pay!"

"Naturally, as the Manor Lord, I need you to relieve my difficulties!"

The followers remained silent.

Seeing the crowd's depressed mood, he shouted, "As long as we protect the manor this time, everyone will receive a reward of One Gold Pound!"

"And for every enemy slain, a reward of one shilling!"

Upon hearing this, the attendants' suppressed emotions immediately turned enthusiastic.

Their faces were full of excitement.

One Gold Pound!

It's enough for their families' expenses for several months!

Spring is soon coming, and this money can be used to buy some fabric for the family's clothing exchange.

And with the remaining money, they could buy grains and meat.

As if, when work was hard to find, the family's children hadn't eaten meat for a long time.

Seeing that the followers remained silent, Aiden shouted, "Isn't there anyone who wants this money?"

The followers glanced at each other, and the next second, Bruno spoke up first, "I want it, I want it!"

Watching Bruno's fist waving, the followers also turned excited.

The chaotic cries kept rising from among the crowd.

"I want it! I want it!"

"Gold Pound! Gold Pound!"

"I want to eat meat, I want to eat meat!"

"..."

Aiden nodded satisfactorily, shouting, "Now, everyone grip your swords and head to the territory's edge to repel the incoming enemy!"

"Kill one enemy and earn one shilling!"

"I, Aiden Morrison, will have the Gold Pounds ready, waiting here for your triumphant return!"

Unified voices responded.

"Yes!"

Aiden turned his gaze to Bruno, "Chief Attendant, I need you to lead and direct them in battle!"

Bruno's back bristled with sweat, and he solemnly said, "Yes, Master."

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Aiden nodded, "Go ahead!"

Bruno bowed slightly, turned around, and looked at the followers in front of him.

He drew the longsword from his hand and shouted to the crowd, "Everyone, follow me to stop the enemy!"

"Yes, yes!"

Under Bruno's leadership, more than seven hundred followers marched grandly toward the edge of the territory.

Watching the team gradually recede, Aiden retracted his gaze and looked at the few followers beside him.

"Quickly pack up, take all the valuables!"

"I will stay for a while at Viscount Chambers's Castle."

A few of the followers exchanged glances, unsure of how to respond.

Aiden's expression changed, and he shouted, "What, are you deaf?"

"Or do you want to stay here?"

The followers instantly understood the meaning behind Aiden's words.

They quickly responded with two acknowledgments and hurried into the mansion.

Aiden's gaze once again looked into the distance, where Bruno's army of followers was about to disappear at the horizon.

If, as Ackman had said, there were numerous fully armed soldiers behind the walls!

Then these newly recruited followers would be completely unable to stop the soldiers' advance.

Let alone defend his manor!

Therefore, as long as he could incite these followers to intercept, no matter how many Gold Pounds he promised, Aiden didn't care.

As long as it allowed him to leave here and get to Viscount Chambers's Castle to save his life.

In time, then head to Marquis Ducas's Castle in Bordeaux.

He did not believe that Marquis Ducas would tolerate vassals engaging in mutual slaughter!

This is a challenge to Marquis Ducas's dignity!

A few minutes later.

A few followers, carrying a bundle on their backs and leading twin maids, came downstairs.

They placed all the money and valuables onto the carriage.

The followers helped Aiden and the maids onto the carriage.

Watching the followers mount their horses, Aiden wasted no time in urging, "Set off!"

The followers responded, "Yes, sir."

Under the escort of the followers, the carriage drove along the road at the back of the mansion.

With an arm around each of the twin maids, Aiden glanced back at the mansion behind.

His eyes were filled with a cold light.

Wait and see, it won't be long before I take back everything that belongs to me!

...

The night sky above.

A long army was galloping on the road.

Upon nearing the edge of Morrison Territory.

From afar, Lynn saw a cavalry unit galloping towards them.

Red, beside Lynn, spurred his warhorse a step forward, arriving at Lynn's front side.

Until the cavalry approached, Lynn finally saw the face of the oncoming rider clearly.

It was Gasper!

Gasper did not dismount but instead turned and followed beside Lynn.

His voice was filled with explanation: "Sir."

"Ackman failed!"

"He didn't incite the followers to rebel against Aiden but instead tried to stab Aiden in the back on his own."

"The backstabbing failed, and he was counter-killed by Aiden."

Lynn was unsurprised at all.

Ackman might have had some of his own little schemes, but ultimately he was just an ordinary person without any [Talent] or [Skills].

Gasper continued, "However, sir, I think we must speed up."

"Otherwise, it's very likely Aiden will successfully escape the manor..."

Lynn was just about to respond to Gasper when cries rang out from the front.

Gasper instantly thought of something, his expression turned serious, and he warned, "Sir, it's Aiden's followers!"

"There are about seven hundred of them in total!"

Lynn acknowledged, "I understand!"

Then, Lynn's gaze shifted to Wesley, "Wesley, estimate the distance, prepare for a volley!"

Wesley, who had been following behind, quickly replied, "Yes, master!"

Wesley drove his horse to the front, looking at the distant swaying figures, and frowned slightly.

He began calculating the distance and feeling the wind direction and speed...

Until a few minutes later.

Wesley returned to Lynn's side and said, "Master, the test is complete!"

Lynn said, "Two rounds of volleys, Arrow coverage, you command it."

Wesley again responded, "Yes, master!"

"Archers, step out, split into two teams."

At Wesley's words, the archers orderly stepped out from the back and stood at the front of the formation.

Two hundred archers were divided into four rows, with fifty in each row.

He held the bow in his left hand and an arrow in his right, setting it on the bow, waiting for Wesley's next command.

Wesley directly said, "First team, prepare to shoot."

"Bow at forty degrees!"

"Draw bow!"

Bzzz~

With the drawing of the bowstrings, the sound of full tension filled the air.

Beside Lynn, Rosered and the other soldiers watched this orderly and disciplined scene.

Their eyes were filled with admiration.

Even though they themselves had now become soldiers, seeing these orderly, well-trained archers.

They couldn't help but feel a sense of awe in their hearts.

To think just a few months ago, they were nothing more than ordinary people worried about their daily meals.

Wesley commanded, "Release the arrows!"

Whoosh whoosh whoosh~

Upon hearing Wesley's order, the archers of the first team immediately released their arrows between their fingers.

The arrows pierced through the air, aimed at the distant darkness for a comprehensive shoot.

Wesley wasted no time, continuing to shout, "Second team, move forward, prepare to shoot!"

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...

At this moment.

A few hundred meters away.

Groups of followers were striding forward, heading towards the edge of Morrison Territory.

Even though it was night, under the glow of the torches, their facial expressions were still visible.

Nervous, expectant, even fearful and terrified.

But as Aiden's followers, to earn more money, they had no other choice!

Just then.

Bruno, who was walking at the forefront, suddenly stopped and frowned, listening intently.

Not only him, the followers nearby seemed to hear noises too, and they halted in their tracks.

"Did you hear any sounds?"

"Sounds, what sounds? So late, what sounds could there be?"

"It's probably the sound of my stomach growling, huh?"

"..."

Bruno suddenly thought of something, looked up into the sky, and shouted loudly, "No, it's a rain of arrows, it's a rain of arrows!"

"Take cover, everyone find shelter nearby, take cover immediately!"

However.

As soon as Bruno's words fell, the sharp and piercing sounds of arrows cutting through the air emerged in their ears.

Whoosh, whoosh, whoosh~

An arrow shot down under the cover of night, directly piercing the chest of a follower.

The pained follower, with a puzzled expression, slightly lowered his head.

A sharp arrow had already embedded into his body, staining with flesh and blood, the arrowhead penetrating through, revealing itself on his back.

Without giving the follower any time to react, he fell backward powerlessly.

Life extinguished instantly.

Not only him.

As the arrows continuously rained down.

One follower after another was hit and killed instantly.

The cries and screams of horror continued from some followers who weren't fatally hit.

"My leg, oh, my leg..."

"Someone save me, I've been shot..."

"..."

Bruno, hiding behind a pile of corpses, was panting heavily at this moment.

"Take cover! Hurry up and take cover!"

Bruno never dreamed that the enemy Master Aiden spoke of so casually.

Would actually wield bows and arrows!

And with prismatic arrowheads!

Moreover, they could accurately determine their location in this darkness.

And directly start a coordinated rain of arrows, covering them with a rain of arrows!

Facing such enemies, holding only knives and swords of a couple pounds, how could they possibly defend?

This was nothing short of delivering themselves to doom!

The rain of arrows came quickly and left quickly.

One minute later.

Bruno lifted his head to take a look, confirming there were no more arrows.

He quickly stood up and shouted loudly to the surroundings, "Is anyone else alive?"

"Survivors, get up quickly!"

"The rain of arrows has ended, the enemy will attack shortly!"

"If you don't want to die, hurry up and gather together, form a defense line!"

"..."

With Bruno's constant shouting, one follower after another stood up behind the corpses.

Their faces were full of tension and panic.

But as free people, how could they have witnessed such a bloody scene?

Followers chatting leisurely with each other a few minutes ago had now turned into corpses.

Their eyes wide open, blood continually flowed from the places hit by arrows.

The viscous blood pooled on the ground, forming a puddle of blood!

Bruno naturally saw all this, his face full of gloom.

In the cultivated and planted fields, there wasn't any shelter to be found!

In such an area, without any shield for cover, the arrival of the rain of arrows was practically a deadly blow!

Surviving in this environment was purely due to the insufficient firepower of the enemy's arrows and sheer luck!

But at this moment, he couldn't care about those anymore.

Bruno quickly counted the followers with fighting strength.

After counting, Bruno's brows were tightly furrowed.

In this rain of arrows, nearly a hundred people had died!

The remaining twenty to thirty were more or less injured.

Just as Bruno was about to speak, a series of booming sounds rang out ahead of them.

Bruno quickly turned around, looking into the darkness in the distance.

As time ticked by, the roar grew ever closer.

When Bruno saw the galloping cavalry in the darkness ahead, his pupils constricted instantly.

Bruno said in disbelief, "Heavy cavalry? It's actually heavy cavalry?"

On tall steeds were figures clad in standard plate armor, gripping long spears, with spear tips parallel to the cavalry warhorses!

This was not only heavy cavalry!

But heavy cavalry that was charging!

With only a weapon barely one meter long, they had no other protection.

Facing the charging heavy cavalry, not to mention those long spears.

Just the iron hooves of the warhorses were enough to trample them into the mud!

Despite Bruno's warnings, it was still futile.

How could two legs possibly match four hooves?

Especially the four hooves of warhorses!

One follower after another was pierced by the spears held by the cavalry, blood splattering as they withdrew.

Just one charge from the heavy cavalry was enough for five or six hundred followers to instantly collapse, with the majority killed or injured!

In the face of true armed forces, these followers who had just been recruited couldn't possibly withstand the power of the heavy cavalry's charge!

The heavy cavalry broke through the followers' formation, killing most of them, their pace didn't stop.

But continued galloping towards the estate extended from the territory.

Arriving in front of the three-story estate, Lynn, who was riding on Mo Ying, said in a deep voice, "Search!"

Dozens of soldiers strode into the estate.

Chapter 457: Your Lives Belong to Me

Moments later.

A few soldiers carrying a maid quickly walked out of the residence and reported to Lynn, "Master, we didn't find Aiden, but the maid said that Aiden has already escaped with his followers."

Lynn's gaze shifted, looking at the frail maid.

Before he could inquire, the maid spoke with a trembling voice, "Master Aiden... Aiden... left with his followers and maid half an hour ago."

"He said he was going to the Viscount's Castle of Chambers!"

Clearly.

Facing the threat of death, Aiden had decisively abandoned his territory and manor temporarily!

Lynn's gaze turned to Rose, "Lead a small team and intercept him before he reaches Wind Hill!"

Rose's face tightened with determination and, without hesitation, replied, "Yes, master!"

Rose summoned a team of fifty, mounted their warhorses, and galloped towards Wind Hill.

Not long after.

The cavalry led by Rose disappeared into the night.

Lynn looked at Earl by his side, "Gather all the people in this territory here with the soldiers."

Earl responded with a nod and, taking dozens of people, headed into the manor behind the residence.

Lynn dismounted from Mo Ying and entered the three-story high residence.

Scanning the surroundings, he found that compared to the castle he currently resided in, the decorations within the residence were richer and more complex.

Murals, statues, and various embroidered draperies...

Even specimens of various beast heads.

All of which required a wealth of time or a deep-rooted family legacy to possess such a multitude of decorations.

Lynn wasn't particularly interested in exploring what valuable items might be hidden within the residence.

Sitting on a chair, he proceeded to wait.

An hour later.

The sky had gradually begun to brighten.

Earl, who had gathered everyone in the territory, came before Lynn.

He reported, "Master, the gathering is complete."

Lynn stood up and walked outside the residence.

The open space ahead was filled with figures standing close together.

Their clothing was simple, barely covering their essential parts.

They were thin and emaciated, seemingly having exhausted the last of their body fat to survive this winter.

They hung their heads, under the watchful eyes of the soldiers, not daring to show any disrespect.

They were the peasants and servants from Aiden's territory!

Standing beside Lynn, Earl explained, "Master, there are a total of eighteen hundred peasants and servants combined."

"According to the peasants, some people took advantage of the night to flee the manor. It might be challenging to find them back..."

"There's at least hundreds of thousands of pounds of grain stored in the warehouse—barley, wheat, peas, vegetables, and meat, among others."

"There's also a lot of wine in the cellar."

"And plenty of linen cloth and wool..."

Listening to Earl's explanation, Lynn nodded.

Eighteen hundred people fell short of the several thousand he had initially anticipated.

But with these eighteen hundred, he could at least temporarily fill the labor gap in his territory!

However, the goods Aiden had stored satisfied him.

At this moment.

Wesley, who had been clearing the battlefield, brought a group of captives to the right side of the gathering.

Wesley approached Lynn and explained, "Master, the battle situation has been tallied."

"In this battle, ten of our soldiers died, twenty-five were injured, five hundred and fifty enemies were slain, and two hundred and twenty were captured!"

Lynn acknowledged.

Despite the protection of standard plate armor, and against a crowd of followers with not much combat power.

Wanting to win against seven hundred weapon-wielding enemies without any losses.

Was indeed somewhat unrealistic!

Ten deaths and twenty-some injuries were within Lynn's acceptable range!

Scanning around, Lynn instructed Earl and Wesley, "Transport all the labor forces, stored grain, livestock, ironware, and so forth from the territory, back to our place!"

Wesley and Earl simultaneously responded, "Yes."

With those words, the two retreated and coordinated the soldiers to arrange for the transport of all these peasants and captives back to the territory.

Watching the teams of carts and cavalry heading in the direction they came from, Lynn mounted his horse and rode on Mo Ying.

Until the team gradually faded into the distance, Lynn once more looked far away.

He did not see the cavalry led by Rose, who had pursued, returning yet.

Retracting his gaze.

Lynn rode Mo Ying, following behind the team.

...

Meanwhile, on the other side.

Amidst a dense forest.

A caravan was traveling swiftly.

Sitting in the carriage, Aiden no longer felt like he did before, playing with the maid in the carriage.

He sat solemnly, occasionally looking back at the road behind him.

Aiden naturally didn't expect that group of followers to defeat the intruders!

As long as they could delay time, allowing his carriage to safely reach Wind Hill, to the Viscount's Castle.

Then there was still a chance!

At worst, he could share half of the output from the three mines with Viscount Qianbosen.

No, half is too much.

At most, a third!

Viscount Qianbosen would surely be willing to send troops to suppress the enemy!

By then, relying on the walls, occupying the fertile land behind, he could start developing.

As long as given enough time, he could even build a Steel Corps!

By then, what would a Viscount Qianbosen, what would a Marquis Ducas be?

He could trample all his enemies beneath his feet!

Ruthlessly crush them!

Just as Aiden was lost in his fantasies of the future.

A persistent sound of horses galloping surged into his ears.

Aiden abruptly turned his head, looking intently at what lay behind.

There, dozens of cavalymen, clad in plate armor, were rushing towards him.

Their speed far outstripped that of his carriage!

Aiden realized that it wouldn't be long before they were caught and stopped.

Seeing those black-clad heavy cavalry like devils, a furnace raged in Aiden's heart.

"Useless!"

"Truly useless!"

"Seven hundred couldn't block the attack, and let them chase us down?"

The twin maids beside felt Aiden's fury, their faces filled with terror.

They crouched fearfully by the carriage door.

Ed, with a twisted expression, shouted, "What?"

"Are you afraid of me now?"

"It was I who bought you from the slavers."

"If not for me, you would have long been sent to a brothel, to be toyed with by countless men!"

"I freed you!"

"Your lives are mine!"

"Even when fleeing, I brought you along, and now you're afraid of me?"

"Come here, I want you to come here!"

The twin maids remained terrified, not daring to draw near.

Aiden's expression changed, "Not coming, huh?"

"Then get lost!"

With those words, Aiden moved, kicking the maid on the right in the stomach.

With that force, the maid and the carriage door behind her were sent flying out.

As the carriage sped on, the maid's body tumbled over the path strewn with rocks.

Ultimately crashing into a large rock, lifeless.

Aiden paused not for a moment, looking again to the left.

Without giving the maid a chance to speak, he kicked again.

The remaining maid likewise flew out of the carriage, rolling a few times on the ground before striking a roadside tree trunk...

Aiden showed a sinister smile, "Your lives were given by me, I dictate your living, and I dictate your death!"

The followers alongside the carriage furrowed their brows.

Feared Aiden might kill them too if he went mad.

Da da~

Da da~

Hearing the approaching gallops behind, Aiden turned his gaze back.

Only to see dozens of heavy cavalymen now within five or six meters behind him!

In Aiden's eyes, despair filled his gaze...

Chapter 458: All Corpses

As carriages continuously rolled in behind the castle walls, a group of cavalry rushed in swiftly from the distant rear.

Lynn, who had already entered and was standing atop the castle walls, raised an eyebrow.

He watched as the group of cavalry galloped toward them.

Standing behind him, Red reminded, "Lord, it's Instructor Ross!"

Lynn acknowledged with a nod.

A few minutes later.

Ross, leading the light cavalry, entered through the castle gates, pulling the reins sharply to halt his warhorse.

He agilely leaped off the horse and strode toward Lynn, who was descending from the wall.

He approached Lynn.

Ross bent down and handed over a blood-stained bag, deftly opening it with a flick of his fingers.

A head full of fat appeared before the eyes of Lynn and the others.

Despite the fresh blood on the head, Lynn and Red recognized it at a glance.

It was Aiden Morrison, who had previously taunted him.

Ross, slightly breathless, said, "Master, mission accomplished!"

Lynn nodded with satisfaction, "Very well done."

Ross dared not take any credit, "Master, it was my duty."

Lynn acknowledged and said no more, turning instead to the peasants and captives brought back.

With Ross intercepting Aiden before he could reach Viscount Chambers' Wind Hill, it was indeed for the best.

By killing Aiden, there was plenty of time to handle this batch of goods and labor force.

They could be employed in the upcoming spring planting and sowing.

If the interception had failed, Lynn would have been powerless.

He would have had to continually develop the territory's armed forces, build fortifications, gather intelligence, and await the enemy's arrival.

As for the consequences of invading Morrison Territory and killing Aiden...

Lynn had certainly considered it.

Initially, he intended to have Ackman, the Chief Attendant, start a rebellion!

Under the guise of suppression and protection, he would suppress the rebellious followers and seize everything on Aiden's territory.

But Ackman failed.

He did not bring the unexpected joy.

Lynn didn't mind.

At least, in the end, the plunder was successful!

In the impending struggle for imperial authority or the upcoming war for grain shortage.

His territory was bound to be swept up in it sooner or later!

Standing at the front of the two thousand slaves and captives, Lynn took a deep breath and called out.

"I am the Lord of the territory behind the castle walls, Lynn."

"There is no need to panic, and no need to fear."

"Aiden Morrison — I have executed him!"

"Morrison Manor will no longer exist!"

The Ross behind Lynn immediately understood, raising Aiden's head high in the air.

The crowd looked at the strange yet familiar head and face, exclaiming in astonishment.

Surprise, curiosity, panic, and disbelief.

They could not imagine that the Morrison Manor Lord, who had controlled and exploited them for so long, had been obliterated.

As the Manor Lord, Aiden was decapitated by this Lord!

Lynn's voice continued.

"I led soldiers to attack Morrison Manor to liberate you!"

Listening to Lynn's words, they were filled with confusion.

Liberation?

What is liberation?

"Here, you will no longer suffer oppression, and you will have fixed working hours every day."

A look of astonishment appeared on their faces.

"Here, you will no longer fear hunger; you will have three meals a day, each with meat."

They became curious, widening their eyes to look at Lynn.

"Here, your children will receive education, and your illnesses will be treated by doctors."

Hearing this.

Hope appeared on their faces.

With fixed working hours, meals with meat, their children getting an education, and doctors treating their illnesses?

Could such living conditions really be enjoyed by them, these peasants?

Lynn naturally noticed the change in their expressions and continued, "Of course, you can have it all!"

"Moreover, all you need to do is work diligently in the positions suited for you!"

Some peasants, full of curiosity and excitement, asked, "Lord, is it really that simple?"

Lynn nodded, "It is that simple!"

Hearing the definite words of their Lord.

The joy on their faces grew even more.

Directing Ross and Earl to send these people to the town, Lynn turned to Wesley.

"Compile all the people, goods, and livestock brought back from the expedition."

Wesley quickly bowed his head, "Yes, Master."

After dismissing Wesley, he followed the procession to the town ahead.

Until the long line of the convoy gradually left the castle walls and entered the forest.

The area beneath the castle walls slowly quieted down.

Lynn, with Red, headed toward where Avery Dean was organizing construction workers to build Weng City.

Avery, who had been watching the crowd, naturally saw Lynn approaching.

Without hesitation, he stepped forward to meet him. Standing beside Lynn, he spoke with respect, "Lord."

Lynn acknowledged, "Hmm, how is the progress of Weng City?"

Avery hurriedly responded, "Lord, Weng City is currently at the stage of having its foundation dug. Because it is set in the forest, there are stones in the soil..."

"The progress is somewhat slow indeed."

Chapter 459: All Corpses

Lynn nodded, he had already known about this issue when he was constructing the city walls earlier.

"Do you need me to increase the workforce for you?"

Avery raised his eyebrows, speaking with some delight: "If there is more labor force, of course, it would be better, Master."

"As long as we still need to mine stones and transport them, a large amount of labor is needed."

"The more labor, the faster the construction of Weng City will be."

Lynn said, "After this batch of laborers settles down, I will allocate six hundred people to you."

Although the batch of labor force he just brought back totals over two thousand people.

Yet Lynn didn't mind dispatching four hundred people to the construction of Weng City to speed up its progress.

As time continued to pass, Lynn also felt the tense pressure from the outside world.

Only by completing the defenses can he continue to develop this territory.

In the impending chaos, wait for an opportunity to act!

Avery naturally didn't know Lynn's thoughts, he happily said, "Thank you, Master Lynn."

Lynn responded briefly without further words.

He glanced around, observing the construction workers laboring diligently and orderly.

With Avery, a stonemason with castle-building experience and strong execution skills present, he needn't worry too much.

Letting Avery continue to work, Lynn rode Mo Ying, galloping towards the direction of the town.

After a slow trot for over ten minutes.

Lynn returned to the Lord's Square in front of the town.

Before dismounting, Kuisi walked up from afar.

After dismounting, Kuisi came to Lynn's side.

She quickly surveyed Lynn and then Red beside him, then said, "Master, are you alright?"

Lynn nodded, "I'm fine."

Red also nodded in agreement.

Only then did Kuisi feel relieved, exhaling a warm breath uncontrollably.

Lynn said, "Arrange the cooks to prepare lunch for them."

Kuisi revealed a smile, "Master, I've already spoken with the cooks, they will make more food!"

Lynn responded with a sound, looking into the distance.

There, Wesley was leading about a hundred soldiers, tallying the various goods brought back by transport.

As more managers were appointed in the town.

Lynn found that many things could be executed just by giving orders, waiting for others to carry them out and deliver the final results.

This is the real work a lord should do!

However, with the [Heavenly Artifacts] system around.

Lynn felt that he couldn't stop until he maxed out all skill levels.

After a brief observation.

Lynn walked towards the direction of the castle.

Despite his physical strength now being far superior to ordinary people, prolonged lack of rest still brought fatigue.

Walking into the castle, arriving at the reception hall on the second floor.

Returning to the room and taking off his armor, Lynn sat on the armchair, quietly contemplating the future development direction.

Currently, the town's urgent task is naturally to build Weng City and produce a large amount of siege machinery!

Then, expand the army!

Right now, the armed forces on the territory are just about eleven hundred soldiers.

Expanding directly to two thousand does seem somewhat unrealistic.

Adding the two thousand newcomers, the town's total population has already reached nine thousand!

It seems numerous, but when distributed to various positions, the available workforce for dispatch isn't much.

Yet, two thousand entirely detached soldiers, for territorial development, would directly reduce two thousand quality workforce, slowing down growth!

One can only expand the army step by step.

Expanding to fifteen hundred doesn't seem significant.

Next, is assigning these laborers to various positions, increasing the continuous labor force of each position.

Expand production scale, increase production efficiency.

Finally, it's spring farming and planting!

Impacting the entire territory's autumn harvest, determining whether more grain can be gathered to handle the upcoming food crisis!

As Lynn was pondering.

A sound of footsteps came from the staircase.

Lynn turned to look, seeing Wesley stepping towards him.

Wesley stopped a few meters away, he slightly bowed his body, and started speaking: "Master, all the population, grain, and goods have been fully accounted for."

Lynn responded with a sound, saying nothing, waiting for Wesley to continue.

He explained: "Master, the total number of people brought back is precisely two thousand!"

"Barley among grains is estimated at four hundred thousand jin, wheat two hundred thousand jin, and oats eighty thousand jin."

"Peas among beans are one hundred thousand jin, lentils twenty thousand jin."

"Turnips types, rutabagas ten thousand jin, carrots ten thousand jin"

"Various meats, etc., add up to at least five thousand jin!"

"All these foods have been transported to the warehouse."

Lynn nodded slightly.

The various foods stored in Morrison Manor are really ample!

Wesley's voice continued, "Sixty head of cattle, forty-two adult oxen, six milk cows, fifty-four draft horses, thirty-eight pigs, forty sheep, sixty chickens, and also greyhounds... twenty!"

"All these poultry and livestock have been transported to Guy's ranch, handed over to him."

"Nearly a thousand iron tools, and weapons used by those followers, have also been sent to the Blacksmith Workshop, left for them to melt and reforge."

Lynn responded with a sound.

Wesley continued to say; "In addition, there are thousands of yards of linen cloth, several thousand jin of linen and wool..."

Chapter 460: All Corpses

Wesley thought of something and continued speaking, "By the way, Master!"

"After Rose killed Aiden and the seven followers, he found a large amount of money on the carriage."

"Five hundred and twenty Gold Pounds, over a hundred shillings, and thousands of pence."

"These funds have also been handed over to Steward Kuisi."

After finishing,

Wesley's words paused for a few seconds, after a brief recollection and confirmation that nothing was omitted, he then concluded.

"Master, that's about it."

Lynn nodded and said, "You've done well, go and rest now."

Wesley bowed, made a gesture of respect, and retreated, leaving the reception hall.

Recalling all the items Wesley had mentioned, Lynn felt a surge of emotion.

Indeed.

Feeding war with war is indeed an excellent strategy.

Through war, swiftly plundering local wealth to replenish one's resources.

Moreover, frequent wars allow soldiers and commanders to gain more combat experience, enhancing their combat abilities.

However, it is only suitable for chaotic times!

In times of chaos, all lords strive to acquire more resources and occupy more lands.

Even if other lords are overthrown and their territories seized, no one will come to attack.

A multitude of heroes arise!

For him, this is a chaotic era, as well as a golden era!

Rising in chaos is a golden era!

After lunch, Lynn, accompanied by Red, left the castle.

They arrived at the Lord's Square in front of the town.

The two thousand peasants and captives who had had lunch were carelessly lying and sitting on the limestone pavement resting.

Upon seeing Lynn's arrival, the guards began to move, making everyone stand up.

Lynn didn't mind this.

Standing in front of the crowd, Lynn glanced at those skinny faces.

Perhaps due to being well-fed, there was a bright glint in their eyes.

Their gazes towards Lynn were filled with trust and respect.

They were originally the lowest peasants.

Simply a part of a manor lord's property, with no rights whatsoever.

Let alone having full meals, it was a great kindness from the manor lord just to ensure they weren't starved.

But the present Lord not only let them eat to their fill but even provided stewed meat soup!

Naturally, they were grateful to the Lord standing before them.

After scanning them, Lynn said, "From now on, you will become the townsmen of this town!"

"I will assign you to various positions within the territory."

"As long as you work diligently at your posts, you can have such full meals every time!"

"Not only that."

"Every two of you will get a Red Brick House of your own, for your future living."

The townsmen widened their eyes, looking behind.

While they were resting earlier, they already saw teams of people moving back and forth among the Red Brick Houses.

They were still sighing, wishing they owned a Red Brick House.

Unexpectedly, in just a moment, the Lord truly promised them the Red Brick Houses they desired!

Instantly.

Their gaze towards Lynn changed once more.

Compared to Master Lynn, their former master Aiden Morrison was simply a bloodsucking and exploitative beast!

Looking at these newly arrived townsmen, whose eyes were full of admiration.

Lynn began to assign posts to these two thousand people.

First of all.

The most important is the Weng City that Avery is building.

Lynn directly instructed a team of ten guards to lead four hundred townsmen towards the direction of the city walls.

Even if these townsmen don't know how to build, they can still transport materials and use brute strength.

Moreover, as they continue to engage in construction and accumulate construction experience, it won't take long for them to grasp basic construction skills.

That's enough.

Secondly.

Are the Blacksmith Workshop of Ehrelo and the Textile Workshop of Yimini.

He directly dispatched four hundred male townsmen to the Blacksmith Workshop under the guidance of the guards.

The minimum requirement for blacksmith apprentices is at least strength and a healthy body.

As for those with weaker bodies and the female townsmen, Lynn assigned them to the Textile Workshop.

Compared to wielding axes and hammering, the weaving work at the Textile Workshop is naturally more suitable for them.

Then, Lynn allocated fifty each to Beo's Glass Workshop,

and Lex's Brewing Workshop, as well as the Fisheries Workshop and Miscellaneous Workshops.

Even though these workshops only serve as a supplement to the territory's development.

More manpower is still required.

Further, there is Colin's Woodworker Workshop, for which Lynn also allocated a hundred townsmen.

Producing large siege machinery requires ample labor.

Looking at the remaining four hundred townsmen, Lynn assigned them once again.

Two hundred people to the Open-pit Iron Mine forty li away, for iron ore excavation.

With the expansion of the Blacksmith Workshop and the increasing number of blacksmith apprentices, the daily consumption of iron ore will naturally increase.

The efficiency of iron ore production must be accelerated.

Two hundred people to the Open-pit Salt Mine, a hundred for salt mining, and a hundred joining the Salt Factory.

After spring, more traders will arrive on his territory to exchange goods.

The production of fine salt must be increased!

Otherwise, if Alan brings dozens more warhorses again.