

System 491

Chapter 491: Patricide and Regicide

"Master Boer, it's not easy to purchase barley and wheat right now!"

"You know, that heavy snow in winter caused Morgan Town... not just Morgan Town, but the entire Kakasong City, and even all the farmland in the Karedi Empire, to suffer severe damage."

"Whether they are Free People or those Manor Lords, they all fear a significant reduction in the summer harvest!"

"They are unwilling and dare not sell their grain any longer..."

"We also want to buy more grain, use the grain to barter for fine salt, and make money, and it's a doubling of profits, everyone wants that."

"But... Master Boer, we really can't get any!"

Listening to the explanation from the brown-haired man, the previously silent four people all nodded in agreement.

"Yes, Master Boer, I want to make money too."

"I'm even close to bringing out everything from my family's reserves..."

"..."

Listening to their words, Boer's brow furrowed even deeper.

This is something everyone understands.

Whether it's him or Master Lynn.

If for this reason, he has to tell Master Lynn that he can't help him obtain more grain.

Boer feels that Master Lynn would not hesitate to shut him out of the city walls.

No.

He didn't even need Master Lynn to reject him.

As a local traveling merchant dealing in farm products, unable to gather barley like last time, Boer felt ashamed to seek out Master Lynn.

Boer ignored the words of the few people and fell silent.

His mind was quickly cycling through thoughts.

Until a few minutes later.

Boer suddenly spoke to the few people: "Who is the largest Manor Lord in Morgan Town?"

Facing the question, the five merchants couldn't help but glance at each other.

"Jonas Frank?"

Naturally, it would be Jonas.

Having the most land and the most peasants and hired Free People.

Everyone knows of him.

Being from Morgan Town, Boer would obviously know too.

They were puzzled why Boer would ask such a simple question.

Boer nodded and continued, "Jonas is the largest Manor Lord in Morgan Town, so why aren't you seeking him to purchase large amounts of barley?"

"The harsh snowfall weather is just a once-in-a-decade event."

The few people hesitated immediately.

The brown-haired man, Holland Zion, spoke, "Master Boer... we don't dare..."

Jonas, being the most powerful Manor Lord in Morgan Town.

Having the most land and peasants, as well as numerous guards and soldiers.

But how could they, mere ordinary local traveling merchants, face such a major Manor Lord?

Especially.

A few years ago, after an outsider farm product merchant was hanged and exposed for deceit and trickery against Jonas.

No merchant dared to seek out Jonas for any business dealings.

Boer glanced around at them, seeing the same tense and fearful expressions on the other four.

Boer sighed, "I understand."

"Then continue to purchase grain elsewhere, as for Jonas... I will go to meet him..."

The few, including Holland, looked at Boer in surprise, wanting to speak up and stop him.

However, thinking of Master Lynn behind them, they could only comply.

They couldn't help but admire Boer's courage.

Naturally, they would admire Boer.

Not only because Boer founded the Merchant Guild at their feet, becoming the president of many local traveling merchants in Morgan Town.

But also because Boer was decisive and determined.

Facing several robber attacks, even when the Guard Team was wiped out,

Boer still transported goods to conduct trade in the frontier territories.

It was because Boer led the way that they now enjoyed a prosperous life!

Boer stood up and gazed at the faces of the five.

"Everyone, please always remember one point I have repeatedly instructed."

"No matter what happens, our traveling trade is solely for making money."

"It's never been instructed by anyone."

"Understand?"

Holland and the others responded with solemn expressions, "Understood!"

Boer nodded, "That's good, I hope you can remember these words."

The five merchants nodded in support.

Boer spoke, "Go and be busy then."

They were about to leave when Boer stopped Holland.

Only after the other four merchants descended the wooden stairs did Boer speak to Holland.

"Holland, I recall you have some connections with people in Jonas Manor?"

Holland nodded slightly, "Indeed, Master Boer, but it was during my childhood."

"Before the Zion Clan fell into decline, we were close friends."

"But with generations of decline, until it's just me now, I've only been to Frank Castle once..."

Boer nodded slightly, inquiring, "Do you currently know anyone in Frank Castle?"

"I need someone to introduce me to Jonas Manor Lord..."

Holland responded, "Miss Janet, she is the granddaughter of Jonas Manor Lord."

"If you want to see her, you can do it tonight!"

"With the death of Jonas's fourth son Eduardo, a mass will be held at the town's church..."

"If there's an opportunity, I can introduce Miss Janet to you..."

Boer looked at Holland approvingly, "Very well, I'll trouble you then."

Arranged a meeting with Holland to go to Frank Castle together.

Boer let Holland leave the Merchant Guild Hall.

Boer did not leave immediately, but sat in his chair, contemplating.

All the events experienced in this period, Boer has undoubtedly grown a lot.

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The only thing he needs to do now.

Is to find a way to purchase the large amount of grain or crop seeds needed by Master Lynn.

Then transport them to Master Lynn's territory for trade exchange.

If it were anyone else, Boer certainly wouldn't have any thoughts or considerations.

However, the person he needs to trade with is Master Lynn...

Boer clearly knows that Master Lynn doesn't want anyone to reveal anything about his existence or the progress of his territory's development.

Perhaps for self-preservation, or for other purposes.

Master Lynn's goals, none of this concerns him.

He needs to conceal Master Lynn's existence in his bargaining with others during trade!

Of course.

It's not just for Master Lynn, but also for himself.

...

Time is slowly passing by.

Until nightfall.

Boer, dressed in solemn attire, alights from the carriage with the assistance of the coachman.

Boer glances around.

The backs of people dressed in luxurious clothing are stepping forward toward a white church ahead.

Their expressions are solemn, trying their best to appear sad and commemorate.

Boer doesn't know many of these people.

But he knows that these people are wealthy and of high status in Morgan Town.

Some are even from Kakasong City.

Taking a deep breath, Boer steps toward the church entrance.

The guards on duty scan Boer up and down.

Confirming he is dressed in silk brocade, they let him enter without any questions.

Boer feels no joy, instead a strange sense of disgust.

If he were wearing a linen robe now, he would certainly be stopped immediately.

He might even be beaten!

Wealth and status determine everything!

The mass ceremony has yet to begin.

Boer steps forward, searching slightly.

Soon, he sees Holland waving to him from a few rows back.

Boer nods, steps over, and sits down in the empty seat beside Holland.

Before Boer can speak, Holland explains, "Lord Boer, I haven't seen Miss Janet."

"Perhaps today will be a fruitless endeavor..."

Boer nods, "No problem, let's wait and see."

Holland agrees.

Time continues to move slowly.

More and more people dressed in luxurious clothing—men and women, young and old—begin to converse.

The manor lords from Morgan Town, as well as many wealthy merchants, all enter Boer's line of sight.

This shows Jonas's influence in Morgan Town and Kakasong City.

Soon.

The priest begins to host the mass ceremony, leading everyone to recite verses, pray, and ask for God to receive the souls of the deceased...

However.

Until the mass ceremony ends, Boer and Holland do not see that figure.

As the crowd in the church slowly disperses.

Holland sighs, "Lord Boer, it seems luck is not on our side..."

Boer nods.

Just as Boer and Holland prepare to leave.

A hoarse voice reaches Boer and Holland's ears.

"You must be the little fellow from the Zion Clan?"

Boer and Holland turn around to see Jonas Frank being assisted by a middle-aged man!

Holland quickly lowers his body and speaks respectfully, "Yes, Lord Jonas."

Jonas scans up and down, saying, "Haven't been to the castle for a long time, have you?"

"If you have time, you can visit, Janet will most certainly be happy to see you!"

Holland bends over once more, "Okay, Lord Jonas."

Jonas casually responds and gives a glance to the middle-aged man beside him, who supports him out of the church.

Boer says nothing, waiting beside him.

Until Jonas leaves with the guards, Boer spoke, "Jonas seems quite concerned about you?"

Holland smiled broadly, "Of course."

"He's the one who completely ruined my family, seized the land, killed my parents, naturally he'll care about me."

Boer's brows instantly furrow.

Even though Holland said it lightly.

But he sensed endless hatred in Holland's eyes.

What Holland said is true!

Boer puzzled, "In that case, he knows you're the orphan, why..."

Holland took Boer's words, "To root out completely?"

"He won't."

"He thinks he did flawlessly."

"He wants me to prove that he did not kill the entire Zion Clan..."

Holland changes the topic, speaking to Boer, "Lord Boer."

"Once the Frank Clan finishes the mourning period, let's go to Frank Castle."

"Then, I'll introduce you to Miss Janet!"

Boer agreed with a nod, without words.

From Holland's tone, he feels a deep sense of helplessness.

Knowing the opponent is the one who annexed the family and murdered the parents, yet powerless for revenge.

...

Under the curtain of night.

Night winds blow through a grove of pine trees.

Having lost moisture and turned yellow after winter, the pine needles rain down like rain.

They fall on the sturdy bodies removing the armor beneath them.

In the swaying sound of trunks moved by the wind, the metal sound of armor clashes is directly covered.

Despite the weather being slightly cool, raising the hair on their bodies, it does not affect their movements.

With mutual assistance, pieces of armor with crossed Greatsword and shield family crests are taken off.

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Heaped together, using the prepared dry pine needles to cover them.

At the back of this group of soldiers, beside a burning campfire.

Godfrey sat on a log, watching the soldiers changing into their armor.

The flickering flames cast an ominous glow on his face.

And behind him was the tent of Commander Lawrence Ducas!

After a low shout, the sound of clothes rustling came from within the tent.

A few minutes later.

Lawrence emerged from the tent, looking satisfied.

Seeing the soldiers almost done changing their armor, Lawrence's face was full of pride.

"The Duke of Red Dragon would never dream that the forces of the Ducas Clan would cross the border through the southern woods at the far end to infiltrate his territory!"

Upon hearing Lawrence's words, Godfrey quickly rose and made room for him.

Lawrence didn't even glance at Godfrey, continuing to speak.

"As long as we can enter the Duke of Red Dragon's territory, our plan is half-successful!"

Godfrey poured a bowl of steaming wine for Lawrence and handed it to him.

Lawrence reached out, took it, and drank it all in one gulp.

As he swallowed, the warm wine chased away the chill in his body, filling him with warmth again.

Lawrence looked at Godfrey approvingly and curiously asked, "Godfrey, aren't you curious about what the plan is this time?"

Godfrey quickly lowered his head, "Master, with your plan in place, I only need to act according to your orders."

Lawrence nodded with satisfaction, "Godfrey, that's the spirit."

"Always remember, even though I was once your squire, now I am your master, and you are my trained hound!"

"Even if the master's words are wrong, as the hound, you must charge forward unhesitatingly!"

Godfrey's head bowed even lower.

Only then did Lawrence continue, "Entering the Duke of Red Dragon's territory is just the first step."

"Next, we will disguise ourselves as the Cangyu Army of Duke Cangyu and launch an attack!"

"Burn, kill, loot!"

Godfrey frowned slightly, unable to help but say, "Master, wouldn't this provoke war with the Duke of Red Dragon?"

The question arose.

Godfrey thought of an even more terrifying scenario!

Soldiers of the Sword and Shield Corps disguising as the Cangyu Army to attack would certainly ignite a war between the two already hostile Dukes.

If it were a small conflict, it might be bearable.

The Imperial Royal Family's power struggle is worsening, and the Imperial Authority war is only a matter of time.

If someone with ulterior motives seized upon the friction and tried to escalate the war...

It's quite possible that Lawrence's provocation in the Duke of Red Dragon's territory could become the spark for the war over Imperial Authority.

Leading to an all-out war in the Karedi Empire!

At that moment.

Godfrey seemed to realize something, his eyes widened slightly.

No, Lawrence knows what the consequence would be!

He received directives from Marquis Mark Duca... or even from someone behind the scenes.

He's here to instigate war!

A nameless sense of tension and fear arose in Godfrey's heart.

Not fear of war, but fear of the impact this war would bring...

Godfrey felt terrified.

The people suffering, widespread lamentation, even destruction of life!

Just as Godfrey anticipated.

Lawrence's mouth curled into a sneer, "Exactly, war!"

"My presence is to initiate the war between the two Dukes!"

"Only with the armament of soldiers from both Dukes can the war begin."

"Only then can the war for Imperial Authority commence!"

Lawrence's voice grew louder, his face more ferocious.

"Only then will the entire Karedi Empire plunge into disorderly chaos!"

"Only then will the Ducas Clan, forever beneath the Three Great Dukes, have a chance to surpass!"

"And only then will the power within the Empire be thoroughly reshuffled!"

Godfrey said nothing, standing by and listening.

After a loud outburst, Lawrence's pent-up frustrations seemed released.

His tone softened slightly.

Lawrence extended his right hand toward Godfrey, waiting for more wine.

"Godfrey, do you know why I gave up the succession battle for a title?"

Godfrey's words hovered on his lips but were not spoken.

Lawrence continued, "It's because... of Mark's ambition!"

"His physical stamina can't compare to mine!"

"I can satisfy five or six women in one night."

"While he, with just one woman, turns weak-kneed."

"His intelligence is inferior to mine. What he can conceive, I can as well; what he can't conceive, I can too!"

"His courage is inferior to mine. He doesn't even dare face the quartered bodies, a coward!"

"That splattered blood is the bloom of life at its most radiant!"

"But... in terms of ambition, I can never surpass him in this lifetime!"

"Were it not for a heartfelt conversation, I would never believe—someone could be so daring!"

"Mark Ducas... ha-ha, he wants to commit patricide and regicide!"

Godfrey's hand shook slightly with the wine jug, yet he said nothing and poured Lawrence more hot wine.

Lawrence picked it up and swallowed it in one gulp, emitting a satisfied smack.

"As long as this succeeds, the Ducas Clan will forever cease being merely Marquis Duca!"

"As long as this succeeds, the Ducas Clan will become the most dazzling existence on the Garonia Continent in recent centuries!"

"Therefore, Mark and I have named this plan—Scarlet Dawn!"

Godfrey's breathing grew heavy.

He lowered his head, standing beside Lawrence, unable to refrain from asking, "Master, have you considered the price of entering the Duke of Red Dragon's territory?"

Lawrence's mouth twisted, "Price?"

"Before agreeing to lead the Sword and Shield Corps soldiers to Morgan Town..."

"I've already prepared for death!"

Chapter 494: Deep Sea Behemoth

In the blink of an eye, three days passed.

As the townsmen cultivated and planted for most of the day, Lynn stepped out of the farmland.

A gentle breeze blew over the still-uncultivated wasteland, causing the dry, yellow grass with specks of green to sway up and down.

The scent of soil and grass wafted into Lynn's nose.

It brought a sense of unexplainable comfort, and the sweat beading on his body was dried by the wind.

The efficiency of the townsmen kept improving, and by the time nearly ten thousand acres were cultivated and planted, it was already mid-March.

But, apart from the daily consumption of food for half a month within the territory, the barley seeds soaked in saltwater were about to run out.

There were at most two or three days left, and if merchants did not deliver large quantities of food, the cultivation efforts of five thousand townsmen would have to come to a halt!

Although Lynn was reluctant, there was nothing to do but wait in silence.

Until the territory produced its first batch of barley, and until there were enough seeds for planting.

He could only rely on traveling merchants to continuously send food to make up for the shortage.

During these few days.

He not only had Gavin lead a small group of townsmen to plant cotton seeds.

But also planted all the ten thousand pounds of vegetable seeds delivered by Boer.

It was spring, and the daytime temperature had notably risen, reaching fifteen to sixteen degrees.

This weather and temperature were ideal for planting and growing various crops.

He let Gavin and Wilbur manage the townsmen who were cultivating and planting.

Lynn, accompanied by Red, walked back to the town.

From a distance, he saw Kuisi with dozens of townsmen, using windmills to sift barley seeds.

Lynn did not disturb them and, after a few glances, walked past the Lord's Square towards the riverside dock.

In these three days, he spent the mornings on the wasteland, cultivating and planting with the townsmen.

In the afternoons, he went to the riverside dock to fish.

Besides obtaining a book on Mastery of Throwing Weapons, he almost amassed two thousand energy stones.

After some deliberation, Lynn decided to keep these energy stones for now.

Unless a war breaks out, with his current strength and ability, on a territory full of guards, he could ensure his self-defense.

He could use these energy stones for exchange when needed!

Such as for the "Emperor Potato."

Amid Lynn's daily tedious workload and gaining experience, fishing by the riverside was his most relaxing and pleasant time.

He could calm his mind and think about how his territory should deal with the changing situations outside.

So far.

The enemies or crises he faced primarily included a few points.

First, the closest was the manor lords of Morgan Town, led by Jonas.

He had not yet directly interacted with Jonas.

He did not know Jonas's character and disposition.

However, Lynn understood that a person's desire and ambition are limitless.

Especially a lord who holds vast lands and a large armed force!

Maintaining so many guard soldiers could not just be to protect the territory, and certainly not just for display.

With a blade in hand, the urge to kill is easy, power is boundless, and expansion is inevitable!

This is an eternal truth.

Even though he currently shared no conflicts of interest with Jonas and other manor lords, it was only temporary.

As he continued to develop, and as the townsmen in his territory grew larger, making more armed soldiers.

Even just passing through Morgan Town could make the manor lords feel threatened, feeling their rights were infringed upon and their lives in jeopardy.

Therefore, no one would allow another power to grow rapidly and robustly on land they've controlled for years.

Unless one side chose to compromise and submit, a war between him and the manor lords of Morgan Town was bound to happen.

Secondly!

Viscount Chambers of Wind Hill.

Due to limited dispatched spies, he was temporarily unable to gather any intelligence from Wind Hill.

If Aiden revealed information about his territory to Viscount Chambers and Chambers learned about the three mines on his land,

there is a significant possibility that Viscount Chambers might lead his city forces to attack and seize.

Even possessing a small city and collecting taxes daily for wealth couldn't compare to having three open-pit mines!

He needed to have Rose expand the team of outbound spies.

Send them to more cities and become close with more lords to explore and collect more intelligence.

To take preventive measures before it happens!

Next.

Marquis Duca of Bordeaux City!

Lawrence led over three thousand soldiers from the Sword and Shield Corps to Morgan Town, indeed causing him to feel immense crisis.

If more than three thousand armed soldiers attacked the city walls with full force, even if he could temporarily fend them off, he would suffer heavy losses!

This would directly bankrupt his previously conceived development plan.

Even he himself might face a life-threatening situation.

Fortunately.

He had preemptively wiped out the Iron Blood Brotherhood Bandit Corps and the Storm Mercenary Corps.

This led Lawrence's army, arriving to suppress the bandits, to find nothing.

Although he did not understand why Lawrence's army headed towards Wind Hill.

It indicated.

Mark Ducas did not know that Lynn Blake, who was killed by his followers, was still alive and well.

Chapter 495: Deep Sea Behemoth (Part 2)

Moreover, in the territory granted by Donovan Ducas, development is proceeding at full speed!

For him, this is a good thing.

Before possessing absolute power, he must maintain a shadowy, transparent state and rapidly develop.

Once he has more armed soldiers and stronger power, he will emerge, delivering two powerful punches to his enemies.

Then!

The Imperial Battle.

His territory is located at the Southern Border Land of the Karedi Empire, just across the Aradia River lies the Elfini Empire!

Lynn is uncertain about the range of Kaldi Empire's Imperial Battle and its spread of war.

If his territory is affected by the war, then the entire Karedi Empire will plunge into deep waters!

His territory is at least four thousand miles from Triumph City, the center of the Karedi Empire!

As for choosing sides...

At this moment, he does not have the right.

Not only him, even the Manor Lord of Morgan Town, and the Lord of Kakasong City...

They are all merely vassals of Marquis Duca.

Once Marquis Duca makes his choice, they belong to that faction's supporters!

When the war arrives, they will wait for Marquis Duca's summoning letter, gather, and wage battle.

And then.

Summer Grain Crisis.

According to his reasoning and Boer's previous words.

Evidently.

The heavy snow in winter has damaged many manor lords' crops!

If summer harvest grains are halved, it will definitely cause unrest and even rebellion and change throughout the empire.

Finally.

The Shadow Witch who can perform soul invasion...

This is a bizarre crisis that makes Lynn uneasy!

To this day, he still cannot figure out why the witch gathered the bandit corps and mercenary corps to attack his territory.

Is it because of the innate Witch Sienna?

Or something else...

Just as Lynn was pondering.

A strong force suddenly came from the fishing rod in his hand.

He snapped out of his thoughts immediately.

Lynn stood up, gripping the tail of the fishing rod with his right hand, using his left hand as support several centimeters above.

Feeling the force from the fishing rod, he strolled along the embankment, reeling the fish.

Even though the river fish hadn't surfaced, Lynn guessed the fish biting the hook was at least over ten pounds!

Red paced behind Lynn.

Even his right hand was resting on the hilt of his longsword.

With just one word from Lynn, he would unhesitatingly jump into the water and battle the river fish.

Luckily, the rod crafted by Flint was sturdy, boosted by the tough Magic Deer Tendon.

A few minutes later.

A large river fish slowly floated to the surface.

Lynn raised an eyebrow, unable to help but praise, "Big fish!"

Red and several guards also had traces of delight on their faces.

After the river fish had lost its strength to resist, Lynn stepped back a few paces and placed the river fish onto the grass.

The nearly one-meter-long big fish struggled desperately.

Immediately.

A text panel appeared in his vision.

[Hint]: Obtained ordinary fish: Pike ×1, reward: Skill Book: Shield Mastery

Seeing the hint, Lynn raised his eyebrows.

As long as you catch a fish over ten pounds, you can earn some decent items.

[Shield Mastery]: Increase proficiency in using shields, becoming more adept with one-handed weapons, and enhancing combat effectiveness.

[Hint: Obtained Shield Mastery, do you wish to learn it?]

Lynn silently murmured, "Learn."

Instantly, a stream of memory quickly fused in his mind.

No matter the skill, he welcomed them all.

The more skills he has, the stronger he becomes.

Even if not used temporarily, they are necessary.

Once Red unhooked the Pike, Lynn baited with chicken innards again and continued fishing.

Until evening.

Lynn finally put away his fishing rod, taking advantage of the time to return to the town.

Returning to the town, the townsmen who went out to work also returned, ready to enjoy their dinners.

Winter has passed.

Even the nighttime temperatures aren't as cold as before, below freezing.

Lynn called over a guard, instructing him to lead several others to make and light a bonfire on Lord's Square.

It can provide warmth for the townsmen and offer a place for gatherings and conversations.

While improving the townsmen's quality of life, it can also promote marriage rates in the territory and increase the production of newborns!

After scanning around, Lynn paced back to the castle.

Preparing to enjoy the dinner Kuisi carefully crafted.

...

Under the night sky.

A carriage, escorted by six guards riding horses, traveled along the gravel road.

The speed wasn't fast, but the torches in the guards' hands flared, causing the flames to hum.

Inside the carriage.

Boer and Holland sat side by side, and even though there were no words, their faces remained relaxed and composed.

Half an hour later.

The direction of the carriage revealed a small two-story castle under the night blanket.

The brightness of oil lamps shone through the windows.

Looking at the structure ahead, Holland spoke, "Lord Boer, Jonas Manor Castle has arrived..."

Boer looked ahead, observing from afar.

Even though both were castles, the castle before them was evidently no match for the newly built three-story red brick castle of Master Lynn!

Chapter 496: Deep Sea Behemoth (Part 3)

Boer responded with a grunt.

A moment later.

The carriage arrived at the gate of the Manor Castle's walls.

It was immediately stopped by the guard at the gate.

Boer's heart tightened slightly, looking towards Holland.

Without needing Boer to remind him, Holland opened the carriage door and stepped down.

But only half a minute later, Holland returned to the carriage.

As the carriage door closed, the carriage proceeded to drive into the manor.

Hall looked at Boer and explained, "Due to Eduardo's attack, Master Jonas has tightened the security of the manor."

"Without a familiar person leading, outsiders are prohibited from entering..."

Boer nodded slightly.

Jonas has always been very cautious.

Even when leaving the Manor Castle to go to Morgan Town, he takes along a large number of escorts and guards.

Just in case something unexpected happens.

The higher one's status and the greater one's wealth, the more they fear death!

The carriage drove into the manor, traveling along the cobblestone path, and came to the empty space in front of the castle.

Boer and Holland stepped out of the carriage.

Boer glanced around.

In front of the open space, ten or so horse-drawn carriages were already parked aside, with coachmen standing by waiting.

Clearly, many have come to participate in Eldorado's mourning ceremony.

Entering the castle, Boer and Holland started the mourning ceremony in the first-floor hall.

After completing the ceremony.

Boer and Holland were led by the maids to the reception hall on the second floor.

On the carpeted floor, they stood in small groups, their faces calm and amicable, occasionally bursting into laughter.

Boer did not feel any impact on them from someone's passing.

With a drink in hand, Holland took a sip and explained.

"Rather than a mourning ceremony, it's more of a gathering for these people with status and wealth."

"They want to earn more profit, so they meet big figures of different industries on various occasions."

"Even if it's not immediately useful, someday it will be..."

Boer nodded.

This was indeed his first time attending such a gathering and he felt a bit out of place.

Boer spoke, "Are you sure Janet will come?"

Holland hesitated, "Lord Boer, I'm not sure."

"My friendship with Janet is limited to childhood; after growing up, we've almost had little contact."

Boer responded, "Then let's wait and see, if not, I'll think of something else!"

Holland lowered his head in apology.

The gathering in the reception hall continued.

Men and women of different statuses ascended the staircase to the second-floor reception hall.

They were dressed in luxury, exuded humility, behaved elegantly, and spoke eloquently.

Suddenly.

A maid stepped on a piece of fruit peel that fell at some point, causing her body to instantly fall and hit the ground hard.

Despite the maid's best efforts to protect the glasses on the tray.

But it was already too late.

Crash, crash~

After several crisp sounds of ceramic breaking.

The spilled drink slightly dampened a woman dressed in satin.

A scream sounded.

Confusion, surprise, anger, disbelief...

The face of the satin-dressed woman, originally poised and reserved, suddenly turned cold.

She stared at the maid lying on the ground in pain and sternly said, "Are you tired of living?"

"Daring to spill drink on my satin?"

The maid was terrified, ignoring the pain in her body, and hastily crawled up to kneel before the satin-dressed woman.

"Sorry, ma'am, I didn't mean it, please forgive my mistake."

As she spoke, the maid repeatedly bowed and kowtowed.

The sound and the scene immediately attracted the attention of everyone around.

Their eyes were filled with confusion, curiosity, mockery, and disdain...

The satin-dressed woman raised her slender eyebrows and said coldly, "Forgive?"

"You think you can get my forgiveness with just words and a few kowtows?"

"Do you deserve it?"

"Do you know the price of this satin? Over a hundred gold pounds!"

The maid's face turned pale, and for a moment she didn't know what to do.

"Miss Yasmin, she is nothing more than a maid."

"I think there's no need to make such a scene for a maid during my brother's mourning ceremony..."

Upon hearing this deep voice, both the maid and the satin-dressed woman looked over.

When the maid saw the middle-aged man, her fear and dread grew no less.

Instead, her whole body started trembling.

The eyebrows of the satin-dressed woman knitted as she stared at the middle-aged man, "Krueger, what do you mean?"

"It's the maid from your castle who spilled drink on my clothes!"

Krueger smiled slightly, "Miss Yasmin, you misunderstood, those who make mistakes must be punished!"

"Bring her along."

The two guards nearby promptly came to Krueger's side.

Krueger continued, "Take her away... we are short of fertilizer in the fields."

"Human fertilizer would be just right."

The maid's face changed as she knelt on the ground, quickly begging for mercy.

"Sir, please spare me, I really didn't do it on purpose."

"It was due to the fallen item... otherwise..."

Krueger said indifferently, "I don't want to hear anymore of her nonsense."

The two guards immediately comprehended and, with their calloused right hands, viciously slapped the maid's face.

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In an instant.

A scarlet handprint emerged and began to swell rapidly.

Accompanied by a crisp slapping sound, and the sound of spitting blood and teeth...

The maid's words vanished instantly.

The intense pain and dizziness caused her to collapse onto the ground.

The two guards showed no emotion, lifting the maid and leaving the reception hall under the gaze of the guests.

Krueger never glanced at the maid from beginning to end.

His expression was indifferent, without the slightest change in emotion.

To dispose of a maid was like slaughtering chickens and dogs.

Not only Krueger,

after Krueger sentenced the maid to death, those watching the spectacle resumed their conversations as if nothing had happened.

As if the scene just now was merely a minor performance in a mourning ceremony!

Krueger took a step forward to stand before the young woman Yasmin, brazenly wrapping his arm around her waist.

Krueger looked down at Yasmin from above.

Due to the difference in height, the roundness and whiteness in front of evening-gown-clad Yasmin were fully captured by Krueger's eyes.

Looking at Krueger's handsome face, his burly build, and inhaling the masculine scent emanating from him,

Yasmin spoke nervously and hesitantly, "Krueger, what are you doing?"

Krueger smiled once more, saying, "Didn't the maid make you angry just now?"

"As your host, naturally I must offer Miss Yasmin my apologies!"

As he spoke,

Krueger exerted a little force with his arm, pulling Yasmin against him.

In an instant, Yasmin was tightly pressed against Krueger's chest.

Feeling Krueger's firm body, Yasmin couldn't help but let out a warm breath.

She playfully said, "Krueger, just this won't extinguish the fire inside me!"

Krueger responded with a calm smile, "If you want to extinguish the fire, I do have something that could help?"

"However, it's in my room... I'm not sure if Yasmin is interested?"

Without any hesitation, Yasmin replied, "Of course!"

Upon receiving Yasmin's response, Krueger released her, extending his left hand gentlemanly in invitation...

At the edge, Boer and Holland watched as Krueger and Yasmin headed towards the depths of the castle.

Holland explained softly, "Lord Boer, that young woman is the eldest daughter of the owner of the silk shop in Kakasong City, Yasmin."

"With her unique supply channels and connections in Kakasong City, she controls the entire silk market in Kakasong City."

"Yasmin has been married twice, but her husbands both died mysteriously."

"People say she brings misfortune to her husbands!"

"Coming here this time, it's clear she's looking to find a suitable husband under the guise of mourning."

Boer nodded in understanding.

Holland continued speaking, "The middle-aged man opposite Yasmin is the sixth son of Jonas, Krug Frank."

"Although the sixth son, his ability is the strongest within the entire Frank Clan."

"After Jonas's death, he is highly likely to take over the entire Frank Clan."

"However, he has a hobby... enjoying the use of various tools to play with different women!"

With Holland's words, Boer instantly understood the implications of 'playing.'

Boer turned slightly to glance at Hall, knowing his understanding of the Jonas Clan was indeed profound.

At this moment.

A guard stepped through the crowd, arriving in front of Boer and Hall.

The guard spoke, "Gentlemen, Miss Janet wishes to see you."

Boer and Hall exchanged a glance.

Boer responded, "Alright."

The guard nodded, "Please follow me."

Following behind the guard, Boer and Holland left the reception hall.

Heading towards the corridor that Krueger and Yasmin had entered previously.

Within half a minute.

The sound of clapping and forcibly restrained growling emanated from a slightly ajar door.

Accompanied by what seemed to be the sound of a whip?

Without diverting his gaze, Boer simply walked beside Holland, following the guard.

After turning several corners, Boer and Hall arrived at a set of double wooden doors.

The guard knocked on the door, speaking, "Miss, I've brought them!"

"Enter."

A woman's voice came from behind the wooden door.

Without hesitation, the guard pushed the door open lightly and stepped back, "Gentlemen, please."

Boer and Holland stepped inside.

As they entered the room, its scene unfurled in front of Boer.

The wall lamps and corner oil lamps illuminated the entire room.

The spacious room was adorned with a soft wool carpet, and a sturdy walnut desk was piled with some brown leather-bound books.

The flickering yellow flame of a candle on the desk cast shadows on the face of a young woman... Janet.

Janet's gaze fixed on Holland as she spoke, "Holland, it's been a long time."

"If my grandfather hadn't told me you went to the Church, I would have thought you were no longer in Kakasong City."

Holland spoke calmly, "I've been here all along."

They reminisced briefly.

Janet's gaze shifted to Boer, "You must be Mr. Boer Hansen, right?"

Boer was slightly surprised, "Miss Janet knows me?"

Janet replied, "Mr. Boer, in such a short time, you've rapidly accumulated wealth and organized local crop trading, establishing a trading association."

"Janet naturally has heard of it..."

Boer nodded in response.

The matters well-known among the people of Morgan Town were not really secrets.

Janet continued speaking: "What intrigues me is how Mr. Boer managed to amass his wealth through the trading of large quantities of grain?"

Boer smiled slightly and began to explain: "If there's a buyer, naturally there's a seller."

"Whoever is willing to buy my grain, I naturally sell to them."

It was just a few simple words from Janet, but they made her perceive the uniqueness of the young woman before her.

Janet knowingly nodded and said: "Merchants have always been like this."

"Mr. Boer, I'll be frank with you."

"I know that you've followed the Holland connection to Frank's Manor Castle to acquire a large amount of grain."

"Let me be honest, in the warehouse of Frank Castle, there are large stocks of barley and wheat stored from previous years."

"As long as I am willing, I can even agree on behalf of my grandfather Jonas to sell most of the remaining barley to you."

Boer said nothing, waiting for Janet to continue.

Janet would naturally present her demands after showing the benefits.

Janet continued: "However, I need to increase the price!"

Boer looked straight at Janet and asked: "Miss Janet, how much do you intend to increase?"

Janet did not hesitate and said: "Two pounds a penny!"

Boer's eyes narrowed slightly, "Miss Janet, how much barley can you offer?"

Janet explained: "One million pounds!"

Boer's eyebrows raised, but the next moment, a bitter smile appeared on his face.

"Miss Janet, you overestimate me."

"I'm just an ordinary local merchant, who, by sheer luck, gathered some merchants together to form a guild, merely for mutual support."

"But a million pounds of barley, at two pounds a penny price..."

"A million pounds of barley costs at least two thousand Gold Pounds, Miss Janet, even if all the merchants in my guild pooled their resources, we couldn't afford it..."

Janet looked directly at Boer, her words calm.

"What about the person behind you?"

Boer was taken aback, looking puzzled at Janet, "Miss Janet, what do you mean?"

"Who is it behind me?"

Seeing Boer's expression that didn't seem to feign ignorance, Janet sighed slightly.

She said: "Mr. Boer, you can go back and discuss it with your merchant members."

"But you won't have much time to consider."

"By the end of this month at most, once you give me two thousand Gold Pounds, I will arrange to transfer one million pounds of barley from the warehouse to you!"

Boer bent slightly, his words filled with gratitude: "Thank you for receiving me, Miss Janet."

Holland also bent in indication.

Under the escort of the guards, Boer and Holland left Frank Manor Castle.

The two sat in the carriage, leaving the driver to urge the horses under the curtain of night.

Beside an open window.

Janet leaned against the wall, her gaze penetrating the black night to watch a carriage being escorted away from the castle by guards.

After a little while.

There was a knock on the door, and without Janet needing to speak, the door was gently pushed open, and Guard Boger entered the room.

After closing the door, Boger came to stand behind Janet.

He spoke respectfully: "Miss, the two have already left."

Janet did not turn around, her eyes fixed on the torch lights fast disappearing into the darkness.

"Boger, could it be that my perception was wrong?"

Boger hesitated for a few seconds before speaking: "Miss... my ability is limited, I don't know..."

Janet spoke to herself.

"The rise of the crop merchant Boer, the disappearance of the Iron Blood Brotherhood Bandit Corps, the fall of Morrison Manor..."

"Clearly, there is a strong connection."

"It's nothing more than a force rapidly emerging within the territory of Morgan Town or Kakasong City's jurisdiction."

"Some were chosen, some were annihilated..."

As for why Boer chose to deny it, Janet found it somewhat surprising.

She began to ponder.

Was it to protect that Lord, that territory?

Or did that territory hold something so enviable?

If it was because of the existence of something enviable, then Boer's attitude was reasonable.

As for what it was... Janet couldn't quite guess.

However, no matter what, she would find a way to sell the millions of pounds of barley stored in the warehouse!

She needed a large amount of Gold Pounds to purchase weapons, buy horses, recruit soldiers, and even spend heavily to hire mercenaries to fight for her.

She intended to seize everything that rightfully belonged to her from her uncle's hands.

...

On the gravel road under the night sky.

The carriage drove quickly, escorted by guards.

Through the carriage window, Boer could clearly see the distant wasteland dotted with pairs of yellow-green beast eyes, watching them from afar and following them.

They were packs of wild wolves out hunting!

With the guard team present, even a pack of wild wolves was not a concern for Boer.

He withdrew his gaze.

Holland's inquiry sounded in the carriage.

"Lord Boer, what decision should we make now?"

Boer did not answer the question, he countered: "What is Janet's position within the Frank Clan?"

Holland did not hesitate to explain: "Janet is the orphaned daughter of Buren, Jonas's deceased eldest son."

Chapter 499: Deep Sea Behemoth _6

"The Frank Clan was originally set to have the position of Manor Lord inherited by the eldest son Buren, but due to Buren's passing, the entire Frank Clan fell into chaos."

"Jonas has twelve sons... aside from a few underage sons, the other six sons are all eager, wanting to become the new Manor Lord of the Frank Clan."

"However, as far as I know, Jonas is not satisfied with any of his sons."

"On ordinary days, Jonas walks closest with Janet, and there are even rumors that Jonas lets Janet warm his bed..."

Boer raised an eyebrow, summarily addressing Hall's words.

"So, you mean that Janet, as the eldest granddaughter, wants to seize power and become the new Frank Manor Lord?"

Speaking of this.

Boer couldn't help but feel a touch of admiration for Janet.

Being a woman, involved in the Frank Clan's power struggle.

Just this courage is enough to surpass the majority of women.

Moreover, from the previous conversation, Boer could sense Janet's hunger for money.

She's an ambitious woman!

Also.

Boer feels that Janet seems to know something.

She can follow the words, deducing the presence of Master Lynn behind him!

However.

Even so.

Boer also understands that he is destined to engage in this deal with Janet.

Master Lynn needs a large amount of barley seeds to sow in the spring planting.

And he and the members of the commerce guild also need fine salt exchanged from Master Lynn's territory to gain substantial profit margin.

As for what happens afterward.

Boer can't bother worrying.

It's known that risks often coexist with opportunities.

There are less than ten days left until the end of the month, which Janet has agreed on.

Now Boer has to consider whether to inform Master Lynn about this matter...

The next second.

Boer throws this thought behind him.

Master Lynn wants only results; he just needs to see a large amount of barley, and that's enough!

Boer's gaze shifts, looking toward Holland.

"After you return, immediately gather all the commerce guild's merchants; I want to convene a full meeting!"

Holland responded, "Yes, Lord Boer."

The coachman driving ahead seems to have heard Boer's words, quickening the speed of the carriage a bit.

...

The next morning.

After breakfast, Lynn was just ready to join the planting cultivation.

A massive convoy is slowly approaching the direction of the town.

Lynn looks out.

At the front of the convoy are four-horse drawn carriages, with wheels reinforced by metal.

Each carriage is almost fully loaded, covered and concealed by sheets of linen oil cloth.

And at the rear of the carriage convoy is a queue of slaves bound and pulled by ropes and chains.

A queue followed by another queue, almost unseen is the end in the rear.

In the front and back of these queues, Rose and Earl lead nearly a hundred soldiers, escorting them.

It's clear Rose is worried about a riot occurring among the slaves entering the territory!

After a dozen minutes.

The carriage convoy arrives in front of Lynn.

A young, handsome man with a cheerful face steps down from the saddle of a warhorse.

His left hand rests on the hilt of the sword at his waist, stepping with clean leather boots, dressed in some grey-white leather armor, he comes before Lynn.

The handsome man's mouth curves up, giving a standard merchant's courtesy.

His speech is full of respect as he says, "Honorable Master Lynn, after enduring the winter season, we finally meet again."

Lynn glances at Grayson, "Indeed, Mr. Grayson."

"I thought you would never come to this remote frontier land again."

Grayson stood up, explaining, "That certainly won't be the case."

"Master Lynn, you are the most generous lord I have ever met, bar none!"

"Not making money would be a sign of mental issues."

Lynn glanced at Grayson, saying, "Let's hear it, what have you delivered for me this time?"

Grayson slightly steps aside, responding, "Master Lynn, of course, it's the slaves you most desire."

"Eight hundred slaves, all transported from the Portlands Empire."

Lynn nods with satisfaction.

With such a batch of slaves, he can immediately proceed to expand the army.

Expand the soldiers in the territory up to fifteen hundred men.

Grayson changes his tone, regretfully saying, "Master Lynn, originally there were twelve hundred slaves."

"But during the transport, my and Audrey's longship encountered a nautical disaster!"

Lynn looks at Grayson quizzically, "Nautical disaster?"

Grayson replies with lingering fear, "Yes, a giant squid!"

"Tentacles dozens of meters long, with just a casual flick, one of my longships was almost capsized!"

"But still many slaves fell into the sea and perished..."

Lynn falls silent.

Tentacles dozens of meters from a giant squid...

That can already be described as a deep-sea behemoth.

Grayson exhales warmly, relieved, "Everything has passed."

"Yes, four hundred slaves died, but I, Grayson, survived!"

"As long as I live, Master Lynn, you will never need to worry about slave issues!"

Lynn nods saying, "Mr. Grayson is indeed my most loyal partner!"

Grayson proudly replies, "That is for sure."

"Besides the eight hundred slaves, there's also a batch of leather and linen cloth."

"Seeing leftover space during the slaves' transportation, I conveniently brought them for you, Master."

Listening to this.

Lynn feels a slight joy, asking, "How much leather is there?"

Grayson recalls for a few seconds, then explains, "Four thousand pounds of leather, ten thousand yards of linen cloth."

Previously, during inspection, Yimini had reported back that the leather stock in the weaving workshops was low.

Unexpectedly, Grayson provided immediately upon his return from a winter's departure.

Lynn nods agreeably, "Very good, give me a quote, Mr. Grayson."

Grayson responded, "The slaves are likewise five shillings each, leather and linen cloth just at market price."

Upon hearing this, Lynn quickly calculates in his mind.

A dozen seconds later, he speaks to Grayson, "Would you like fine salt or glazed glass products?"

Listening to Lynn's words, a look of excited smile appears on Grayson's face.

He does not hesitate at all, replying, "Master Lynn, I want glazed glass products!"

"You haven't gone outside the territory recently, so you might not know."

"After transporting those glazed glass products from your territory, I obtained a mad rush from countless noble lords!"

"Do you know... a finely crafted glazed glass product was actually marked up to ten gold pounds by them!"

Those glazed glass products, he merely bought them for two gold pounds from Master Lynn.

An item's profit margin rate is shockingly high at four hundred percent!

With such terrifying profit margins, he naturally chooses glazed glass products.

Grayson doesn't care whether his massive sale of glazed glass products might lead to a price collapse in the whole glazed glass market.

He's all about earning quick cash!

Quickly pillaging the market, filling his pockets to the brim.

As for the future glazed glass prices, whether high, low, alive, or dead.

He doesn't give a damn.

Chapter 500: Such a Wicked Body

According to the previous agreement with Audrey, the price of a slave is five shillings.

Lynn glanced again at the market price of leather and linen cloth in Kakasong City.

Leather is four pence per pound, linen cloth is eight pence per yard.

Compared to the previous transactions, there are indeed some fluctuations, but not significant.

After quickly converting in his mind, Lynn spoke to Grayson.

"The price of slaves and goods combined, I can exchange it for three hundred pieces of glazed products."

Grayson's eyes suddenly lit up: "That's wonderful, Master Lynn."

Three hundred pieces of glazed products, not to mention that each piece can be sold at a high price of ten gold pounds.

Even if it's just seven or eight gold pounds, the profit after deducting costs can be described as terrifying!

The transaction was settled.

Lynn returned to the town with Grayson and his wagon convoy.

When arranging the unloading with George, Lynn and Grayson went to the castle.

Sat on the open-air balcony on the second floor.

Drinking gin while enjoying the slightly warm southern wind.

Draining the golden liquid from the glazed cup in one gulp, feeling the fiery flow within.

Grayson couldn't help smacking his lips.

He could clearly feel that the alcohol brewed at Master Lynn's distillery was getting stronger.

Even he, after drinking two cups, felt he could hardly handle it.

Placing the wine glass on the coffee table between him and Master Lynn, Grayson looked into the distance.

There, a large group of townsmen were engaged in cultivating and planting.

Grayson seemed to think of something and inquired: "Master Lynn, you should have planted winter barley last year, right?"

Taking a sip of gin, Lynn responded: "Yes, over fifty thousand acres."

Grayson raised an eyebrow, curious: "Over fifty thousand acres? That much?"

As soon as the words were out.

Grayson felt a bit regretful.

Before him, Master Lynn had such a vast territory.

Had bought such a large number of slaves from him.

Plus the invention and production of the heavy plow.

If the cultivated land was still little, it would indeed be wasted.

Despite this, Grayson still felt it was a bit exaggerated.

You know, an ordinary manor lord has about ten thousand acres of farmland.

Large manor lords have at most thirty or forty thousand acres, at the peak.

Now, Master Lynn has already planted winter barley on fifty thousand acres and is still having the townsmen cultivate...

Master Lynn wants to plant so much grain?

Could it be just as Audrey said before?

Master Lynn's ambition is the entire Karedi Empire?

With grain, naturally, there will be countless people, and with people, soldiers can be trained.

Plus, Master Lynn is rapidly producing and forging armor and weapons.

After training, soldiers wearing armor and wielding weapons would be a terrifying armed force!

Setting aside his unfounded thoughts, Grayson returned to the main topic.

He continued to ask: "Were your winter barley severely affected by snow and freezing?"

"A few days ago, when I arrived at Fisherman's Wharf in Kakasong City, I went to Riverfront Rest Tavern."

"I drank the gin you sold to Hunter."

Lynn said: "Yes, Mr. Hunter came to the territory and reached a beverage supply agreement with me."

"Thanks to you, Grayson..."

Grayson had a faint smile on his face, "Master Lynn, you speak highly, it's great to reach cooperation."

Grayson continued, "Then, I heard from some Free People in the tavern that not only them, but even many manor lords' winter barley suffered great losses!"

"The sprouted seedlings were directly frozen to death..."

Lynn did not conceal it and responded: "The survival rate of the seedlings on my territory is quite high."

"Before the snow arrived, I had the townsmen cover them with grass, providing protection, and the survival rate is at least above ninety percent?"

Listening to Lynn's words, Grayson's face paused.

"That high?"

Survival rate above ninety percent?

Elsewhere, even without adverse weather, other manor lords and Free People could not achieve such a high survival rate, right?

Grayson's mind thought of the strange planting method in Lynn's farmland...

Perhaps it's related to those raised earth ridges!

Grayson continued, "Having planted over fifty thousand acres of winter barley, plus the ongoing cultivation of spring barley..."

"Even if the grain yield on the market reduces during summer harvest, it should not affect you, Master Lynn."

"However, Master Lynn, if you have the channels, you can take advantage of many people not reacting yet and purchase grain on a large scale!"

"Whether for your own consumption or to wait for prices to rise and then sell!"

"Based on my two years of experience as a traveling merchant, after the summer harvest, there will be a shortage of grain!"

"Even..."

Lynn took over Grayson's words, "A food crisis."

Grayson looked at Lynn, affirming: "Yes, Master Lin, a food crisis."

Apparently, Master Lynn had already considered this.

Perhaps it's why Master Lynn continues to cultivate and plant even with fifty thousand acres of farmland.

Lynn nodded: "I have already considered this factor."

Grayson, somewhat admiringly, picked up his wine glass, clinked it with Lynn's, and again finished the gin in one gulp.

That comfortable and fiery feeling flowed in the body once again.

Grayson set down his wine glass and shifted the topic, "By the way, Master Lynn, Audrey has already arrived in the Karedi Empire."