

System 561

Chapter 561: Kill Them All (Part 2)

Crushed stone and soil splattered, the dust scattered and spread.

Until the leading cavalry, from afar, saw a tall Manor Castle.

The speed of this group of cavalry gradually slowed down.

The sound of galloping hooves gradually became sparse.

Until finally, only the occasional whinnying of horses was heard under the night sky.

A middle-aged man riding a tall horse stared straight ahead.

His eyes were full of excitement and anticipation.

With excitement in his voice, he exclaimed.

"This day...this day has finally arrived!"

"As long as we capture Frank Manor and occupy it, I, Lopez, will be the Manor Lord! The biggest Manor Lord in Morgan Town!"

Apparently hearing Lopez's voice.

From behind, Uss drove his horse to his side.

Uss inquired, "Leader, shall we stop here?"

"This is the edge of Frank Manor territory. If Joao Frank's guards see us, might they..."

Although their Iron Thorns Mercenary Corps had never directly clashed with the armed forces of Frank Manor until now.

But Joao's two-meter-tall burly figure, clad in armor and wielding a greatsword.

His fierce reputation spread throughout Morgan Town, even reaching Kakasong City.

Lopez grinned, indifferent, "Did you forget?"

"We were invited here by Miss Janet."

"Since Miss Janet asked us to hide outside the Manor's range, she must have her own way..."

After recalling briefly, Uss nodded.

Lopez continued, "Tell the brothers to keep their spirits up and stay as sharp as possible!"

"Whether we can change our status and alter our destiny depends on today!"

Feeling the solemnity in Lopez's words, Uss responded without hesitation.

"Yes, Leader Lopez!"

Immediately.

Uss pulled the reins in his hands, rode his horse, and stepped towards the cavalry team at the rear, delivering Lopez's instructions.

...

Inside the Frank Manor Castle.

Tap, tap, tap ~

The sound of hard leather heels hitting the wooden floor echoed in the corridor.

A graceful figure swayed her hips as she walked through it.

After crossing the corridor and exiting the castle, the graceful figure arrived at the open-air courtyard outside the castle.

Janet paced to the edge of the courtyard, gently leaning her waist against the railing.

Her gaze looking far away, pierced through the black night.

She could faintly see a cavalry riding swiftly away from the Manor Castle.

Although she encountered no obstacles, Janet dared not relax her vigilance.

For her, and the entire Frank Clan, it marked a key change!

As for killing her uncle and seizing power?

If successful, she would become the new Manor Lord of Frank Manor.

She had countless ways to rewrite history!

If she failed, she would become a laughingstock among the townsmen of Morgan Town.

After confirming no abnormalities.

Janet withdrew her gaze, stepped forward, and walked into the Manor Castle.

Turning the corner of the corridor, Janet passed a tightly closed double wooden door.

Muted moans came from the gap in the door, entering her ears.

Upon hearing the sound, Janet's lips curled upward.

Minutes later.

Janet approached Jonas's double wooden door.

Two guards who had been stationed at the door sensibly pushed the door open.

Janet stepped inside.

After the guards closed the door, Janet walked towards Jonas lying on a large bed.

Janet said nothing, she just stood at the edge, looking straight at Jonas.

Her expression was calm, her eyes moved, seemingly contemplating something.

Lying on the bed, Jonas seemed to have felt Janet's presence.

His originally closed eyes gently opened.

A smile appeared instantly on Janet's calm face.

Her body moved, sitting down on the edge of the bed, her hips wrapped tightly in a silk gown.

Janet spoke softly, "Grandfather, you're awake?"

"It's not long into the night. If you're tired, you can sleep a while longer."

Jonas's mouth opened slightly, wanting to speak.

Yet he found he couldn't make a sound.

Janet leaned down, putting her face close to Jonas, quietly listening.

Despite this, Janet still didn't hear any words.

Only intermittent 'uh-uh' sounds.

Janet sat straight, speaking to Jonas, "Grandfather, just rest well."

"About the Manor's matters, Joao, Krueger, and Philis, the three uncles are here."

"There won't be any issues!"

Saying that, Janet extended both hands to cover Jonas's body with the quilt.

As she was about to stand, Jonas's dry, vein-filled waxy-yellow right hand gripped her wrist.

Feeling the strength from her wrist, Janet was somewhat surprised.

Janet's left hand covered Jonas's hand, asking somewhat puzzled, "Grandfather, do you have something to say?"

"If you do, you can tell me now."

Jonas's eyes looked straight at Janet, his somewhat cracked lips opened and closed several times again.

Chapter 562: Kill Them All (Part 3)

Looking at Jonas's expression, a hint of nervousness appeared in Janet's heart.

Janet used her left hand to pry Jonas's right hand from her wrist, but found she couldn't muster the strength to loosen it at all.

With difficulty, Jonas managed to speak in broken phrases.

"Jan...Janet...it's you..."

Just a few words from Jonas dropped like a thunderbolt into Janet's ear.

A strong sense of fear appeared in Janet's heart.

Her breathing grew rapid, and without caring whether it would harm Jonas on the bed, she forcibly shook off Jonas's right hand from her wrist!

Just as Janet was about to vociferously deny it, she remembered the guard standing at the door.

Janet widened her eyes, staring directly at Jonas, "Grandfather, what are you saying?"

"What is 'me'?"

"I don't know what you're talking about."

Jonas's difficult words echoed again.

"It was you...who killed my son, who killed Eduardo...Simoni..."

"You bitch...what exactly are you trying to do?"

Perhaps because of rage, Jonas, who lay motionless on the bed, was suddenly trembling under the covers.

Janet's pupils constricted in shock, and she quickly stepped back a few feet.

Suddenly.

Jonas turned over violently, shifting from lying on his back to his stomach.

That withered, yellow hand reached out towards Janet, as if attempting to grab her.

"It really was you!"

"You whore...they were your uncles!"

"Your veins flowed with my blood!"

Hearing Jonas's words, Janet finally realized she had been tricked.

Her face, which had been filled with fear and panic, slowly turned calm.

Soon, her exquisite face became full of cold malice.

The entire aura of her being transformed drastically.

As if her reverse scale had been touched.

Janet stared directly at Jonas lying on the bed, smiled with a grin, and asked.

"Uncles?"

"Dear Grandfather, now you inform me they are my uncles?"

"But when I was ten, you didn't say that!"

"I still remember clearly, you telling me they were uncles who would never harm me!"

"But do you know how they treated me?"

"Regardless if it was Eduardo, Krueger, or Philis, even Uncle Joao..."

Jonas's body, once trembling, suddenly grew rigid.

His eyes remained wide open, looking at Janet.

But clearly, the anger in his eyes had waned considerably.

Janet's voice, neither angry nor pleased, continued to echo.

"So, I have always been enduring!"

"..."

"Because at that time, I had no room for resistance, my power was too weak!"

"The weak are only slaughtered!"

"This eternal truth, ironically, I learned from my uncles."

"Ha ha, how laughable it is!"

"Of course, I know, all of this is because my father died."

"Without the protection of my biological father, my status among your offspring was no better than those maids."

Janet began pacing around the room.

"Therefore, I kept silently enduring."

"From ten, to fifteen when I came of age, until now at twenty years old..."

"I have been continuously enduring!"

"But today, I finally have the opportunity to change all this."

With these words.

Janet took steps towards Jonas on the bed.

"I not only want to kill all my uncles!"

"I also want to kill you, my dear Grandfather!"

Jonas widened his eyes, opened his mouth, just about to raise a frantic cry.

A brand new silk, fine wool pillow, was pressed onto his face.

Jonas's open arms tried to move the pillow in front of him.

But no matter how hard he tried, he couldn't shift it in the slightest.

His speech turned to a series of muffled 'mmph' sounds.

Feeling Jonas's struggle, Janet climbed onto the bed, sitting on Jonas's abdomen.

She gripped the edges of the pillow with all her strength, pressing it onto Jonas's face.

Perhaps due to the difficulty in breathing.

Jonas's withered, emaciated arms flailed wildly.

His right hand gripped the bed frame, while his left pushed against Janet's abdomen, trying to leverage to push Janet away.

But now, his power was still too weak.

Even facing a young woman like Janet, he couldn't retreat an inch.

Maybe feeling the crisis to his life, Jonas's body erupted with final strength.

His arms and legs flailed and twisted madly.

But on Janet's face, there was neither nervousness nor fear, instead, a faint smile of excitement appeared.

As if to ensure Jonas could hear her words clearly, she leaned directly onto Jonas's body.

With her body weight, pressing down Jonas at the same time.

Janet began, "Shh! Shh! Shh!"

"Be careful, be careful, Grandfather Jonas!"

"Just bear with it, bear with it, soon...it'll be over soon..."

The pillow she was holding pressed down with ever more force.

As if in response to Janet's words.

Jonas's flailing arms and legs gradually weakened in power.

From constant flailing attacks, to struggling to raise them.

Until finally, they hung limp and vertical on the bed...

Janet naturally took all this in, still not releasing the pillow in her hands.

A few more minutes passed.

Janet then asked towards the pillow in front of her.

Chapter 563: Kill Them All (Part 4)

"Grandfather, are you asleep?"

Jonas, who was straddled at the waist by Janet with her legs spread open, did not respond at all.

Janet raised her eyebrows and slowly moved the pillow in front of Jonas.

Looking at Jonas's bulging, protruding eyes, Janet felt no fear.

Her expression was calm, with even a hint of appreciation.

The spacious master bedroom fell into silence once again.

The wall lamps, made of animal fat candles, emitted a warm yellow glow.

On the table, the burning rosemary scent wrapped the entire room, spreading a reassuring fragrance.

Janet gently placed Jonas flat on the large bed and covered him with bedding.

In the process, her left hand gently slid across Jonas's eyes.

Jonas's wide-open, protruding eyeballs were closed.

Janet smiled slightly, "Grandfather, continue to rest. Janet won't disturb you anymore."

She walked out of the room.

Janet instructed the guard to watch carefully.

Janet paced, swaying her hips, heading towards the Manor Castle's hall.

Tap, tap, tap~

The familiar yet strange sound of leather heels clacking on the wooden floor resounded again.

As she passed Krueger's room, the previously audible sounds of restrained feminine moans had vanished.

Janet didn't pause, passing through the corridor and arriving at the reception hall.

In the hall, apart from the burning oil lamps, there were no other figures.

Yet, Janet clearly heard it.

Outside the Manor Castle, there was a thunderous rumble fast approaching.

Janet walked out of the reception hall and arrived at the open-air courtyard on the second floor.

Her gaze pierced the darkness ahead, looking far into the distance.

There, a massive cavalry was charging forward.

The dust it raised turned into a gray mist, spreading upwards with the night breeze.

As the massive cavalry drew ever closer,

The sound of pounding hooves grew increasingly distinct, even deafening.

The inhabitants, who were already asleep in the Manor Castle, were awakened by the hoofbeats.

Room by room, oil lamps were lit.

The people inside seemed to have seen the scene outside the window.

One after another, cries of alarm spread throughout the Manor Castle.

Watching the cavalry get closer, Janet grew more excited.

Her face couldn't suppress a smile.

At that moment.

Rapid footsteps sounded from behind Janet.

Accompanied by Krueger's angry shouts.

"What's going on?"

"Why is there so much cavalry entering the Frank territory?"

"Are they mad? Frank is the Manor Lord appointed by Marquis Duca!"

"Where's Joao? Where has Joao gone?"

"What's he up to?"

Janet turned to look back.

Krueger, half-dressed in his robe, was striding forward.

Behind Krueger came Philis.

Upon seeing Janet standing by the courtyard railing, Krueger spoke up, "Janet?"

In the face of the unknown cavalry's attack, Janet remained unperturbed, composed.

In the next second.

Krueger suddenly realized something.

His eyes widened, staring at Janet and questioning, "It was you?"

"I see now, it was you all along!"

Philis, who had caught up, furrowed his brow at Krueger's unfounded accusations.

His gaze shifted between Krueger and Janet in confusion.

Janet said nothing, merely watching Krueger.

Seeing Janet's lack of denial, Krueger stepped forward gradually.

"It was you who arranged for Eduardo's ambush, and also you who arranged the assassin to kill Simoni."

"It was you who arranged for these cavalry to invade the territory."

"You are a traitor to the Frank Clan!"

Hearing this, Philis, who was standing there, finally understood.

He looked at Janet in disbelief.

Janet revealed a faint smile, neither admitting nor denying.

"Uncle Krueger... calling you uncle for the last time."

"I'm sorry, but it's already too late now to know!"

As Janet's words fell, the massive cavalry had reached the base of the castle.

The castle gates were firmly closed, not even requiring the cavalry's assault.

Crash!

Bam!

With the rapid loosening of iron chains, the heavy castle gate crashed to the ground.

Amidst cheers, the cavalry charged in without hesitation.

In mere moments.

The sound of clashing swords and slaughter echoed within the castle.

However, the ordinary guards and servants of the castle were no match for these blood-thirsty mercenaries.

Amidst the clatter of hooves.

Several riders leaped up the stairs, reaching the second-floor courtyard.

Witnessing this scene, Krueger and Philis retreated repeatedly.

Boger leapt down from his horse, appearing before Janet.

Screech!

With a metallic scrape, Boger drew his longsword from his waist.

The well-maintained, gleaming blade pointed directly at Krueger.

At this moment.

A voice full of glee rang out from below the stairs.

"Mr. Krueger, long time no see."

"Who would have thought our reunion would be under such circumstances!"

Upon hearing the voice.

Krueger's eyes widened as he quickly turned his gaze to the stairs not far away.

Under his watchful eyes, a middle-aged man with a longsword in hand rode a tall horse, striding up.

Chapter 564: Kill Them All (Part 5)

Drop by drop, the fresh blood fell from his longsword.

On the steps, it formed lines of droplets in intervals.

Watching the middle-aged man, Krueger's breath became rapid.

Krueger looked at Janet, his mouth full of questioning, "You actually colluded with outsiders?"

"Don't you know how many of our caravans the Iron Thorns Mercenary Corps has raided? How much cargo they have robbed?"

Janet still didn't speak.

Lopez grinned, addressed Janet with a question, "Miss Janet, please give the order."

Krueger and Philis both looked at Janet simultaneously.

Janet remained expressionless, "Kill them all!"

"Leave no one alive!"

Shock was evident on Krueger and Philis's faces, their mouths releasing words of disbelief, "Janet, you..."

Lopez shouted abruptly, directly interrupting their words.

"Brothers, did you hear?"

"Miss Janet has instructed, leave no one alive from the Frank Clan!"

The cavalry waiting below heard Lopez's shouts.

They responded with strange roars from their mouths.

"Leave none alive! Leave none alive!"

"Kill!"

"Hahaha, kill! That woman is mine!"

"..."

Krueger said nothing, turned around, and ran into the castle.

Philis hesitated for less than half a second, then fled as well.

They understood that Janet was already determined to kill them!

Riding on his horse, Lopez grinned, showing his yellow teeth.

He questioned Janet, "Miss Janet, I assume you won't break the agreement, will you?"

Janet's words were resolute, "Of course! Leader Lopez."

"But, after the task is done!"

Lopez said contently, "Miss Janet, you wait, I'll be right back."

With those words.

Lopez abruptly squeezed the horse's belly, and after a neigh from his horse, he chased in the direction Krueger and Philis escaped to.

A few other mercenaries rushed their horses to follow.

Seeing them off, Janet's eyes turned to Boger.

Before she could ask, Boger spoke first, "Miss, Lord Joao is waiting."

"Waiting for the Iron Thorns Mercenary Corps to clean out the Manor, he'll conduct a second sweep immediately!"

Janet nodded in satisfaction, continued to stand in the open courtyard waiting.

Though at this moment, the Frank Manor Castle was full of chaos.

Terrorized screams, painful wails begging for mercy, the sound of heavy objects falling...

The noises rose and fell, converging into a chaotic symphony.

But in Janet's ears, everything was so delightful.

Until ten minutes later.

The sound of galloping hooves entered Janet's ears.

Janet turned her head to see, behind Lopez riding a tall horse.

Eight bodies of different builds were bound with hemp ropes and dragged along.

At the front were the escapees, Krueger and Philis.

Behind them were Jonas's six underage sons...

Lopez leaped down from his horse, striding towards Janet with great joy in his words.

"As expected of Miss Janet, still here waiting for me."

Janet nodded, "Of course, the matter isn't over yet!"

Coming beside Janet, Lopez didn't bother with courtesies, stretching his right hand around Janet's slender waist.

Lopez inquired, "Miss Janet, I'll leave these guys to you."

"You can handle them however you want!"

During the words.

Lopez's right hand, which encircled Janet's waist, slowly moved downward.

Finally resting on the curved roundness.

Feeling the softness, Lopez raised his eyebrows, just preparing to tighten his grip with the left hand.

Janet stepped forward, grabbing the longsword from Lopez's left hand, striding towards Krueger.

The emptiness in his hand left Lopez slightly disappointed.

But thinking of Janet's promise, Lopez couldn't help but lick his lips.

Watching Janet holding the longsword, stepping towards him.

Krueger, his hands bound behind, his face full of fear.

He hurriedly spoke, "Janet, what... what are you going to do? I am your Uncle Krueger!"

Janet still showed no change in expression.

As she approached, she gripped the longsword more firmly.

Even her fingers, at critical points, turned blue-white!

Krueger's breathing became increasingly nervous, even audible were his gasps one after the other.

Whoosh~

Krueger hurriedly pleaded, "Janet, spare me? I beg of you!"

"I was indeed wrong before, but I never broke that bottom line."

"I don't want anything, just let me go?"

"Don't you want to become the Manor Lord? It's all yours, it's all yours!"

"I beg you..."

Janet held the longsword firmly with both hands, slowly lifting it.

Krueger swallowed, just about to continue begging for mercy.

A cold gleam flashed across his eyes.

Crack~

Due to Janet's insufficient strength, even though the longsword was very sharp, she still couldn't sever Krueger's neck.

The longsword got stuck in Krueger's neck.

Blood poured forth in gushes from Krueger's neck as he lay sprawled on the ground.

As Krueger's body gradually ceased twitching, his vitality faded.

It was only then.

As if everything was over, Janet released the longsword in her hand.

Chapter 565: Kill Them All (Part 6)

With a clatter.

The sound of metal hitting the ground echoed through the courtyard.

Janet took steps back, moving several meters away.

Lopez, who had been waiting beside her all along, asked with a smile, "Miss Janet, how should we deal with these people?"

Without lifting her head, Janet replied, "Kill them all, leave none alive!"

Lopez responded with full approval, "Alright, Miss Janet."

Turning his gaze, Lopez looked at several mercenaries and urged them, "Didn't you hear Miss Janet's words?"

"Kill the people, kill them all!"

Amidst the screams, the sound of heavy objects falling and rolling echoed.

After confirming no personnel were missed, Lopez returned to Janet's side once more.

This time, he did not place his hand on Janet's waist.

Instead, he placed it directly below the high bulge of her waist.

Full of expectation, Lopez asked, "Miss Janet?"

"I think now we can fulfill the agreement between us, right?"

However.

Just as Lopez finished speaking.

From the distant darkness came the sound of horses galloping.

Lopez couldn't bother to respond to Janet's words and quickly turned his head to look.

He could clearly hear the approaching cavalry, at least on their level!

Janet spoke, "Leader Lopez, things are far from over."

"Whether Lopez wants to get me or this estate, you need to deal with Joao Frank's guards and soldiers..."

Lopez's eyebrows immediately furrowed.

The development of things seemed to be somewhat beyond his expectations?

...

In the shipyard.

The ribs of the ship had cooled and formed, and were already connected.

Lynn led Colin and the carpenter apprentices to start assembling the ship's planks.

The method he used for assembling the planks was the "staggered joint" technique.

That is, arranging the planks in overlapping order, with one plank's edge resting above or below another.

The size of the small Noel ship was not very large.

With the assistance of several carpenter apprentices, the dozens of planks were laid out within half a day.

Next to be made and installed was the Noel Ship's propulsion and control system!

Lynn adopted a dual system of sails and oars for propulsion.

Straight spruce was chosen for the mast, cut to the appropriate height, and processed into the desired shape.

The sails could be made using the linen cloth stored in the textile workshop warehouse.

This way, they could ensure rapid navigation by utilizing wind power when there is wind.

And ensure they could continue navigation using the oars when there is no wind.

As Lynn led the carpenter apprentices to make the mast.

Gaspar, who had been away for a few days, returned to the shipyard!

Seeing Gaspar, who was obviously breathless from long horseback riding.

Lynn spoke, "Don't rush, catch your breath evenly first."

Upon hearing this, Gasper nodded in understanding and began to adjust his breathing pace.

After a few minutes.

Gasper exhaled a breath of heat, and with a stable tone, spoke to Lynn.

"Master."

Lynn nodded, "The events probably relate to Frank Manor, right?"

A hint of surprise appeared on Gasper's face.

Even though he hadn't begun his report, Master Lynn already knew?

Or perhaps, besides their group stealthily stationed in Morgan Town.

There were other spy teams?

Who had already reported the intelligence before him?

An indescribable sense of pressure appeared in Gasper's heart.

Next time, he needed to be faster and more accurate in collecting intelligence and reporting to Master Lynn!

Pushing his thoughts aside, Gasper responded, "Yes, Master, as you said, the intelligence concerns Frank Manor."

Lynn said nothing, waiting for Gasper to continue the narrative.

"Last night, the Iron Thorns Bandit Corps attacked Frank Manor!"

"The spy who infiltrated my group and luckily survived informed me it was orchestrated by Jonas's eldest granddaughter Janet Frank."

"She colluded with the Iron Thorns to massacre Frank Manor."

"From Jonas Frank above, through Jonas's blood descendants, to the peripheral blood members associated with Jonas..."

"Without exception, all were slaughtered!"

Upon hearing this, Lynn's eyebrows slightly furrowed.

Janet Frank?

A woman with such a ruthless and brutal side?

Indeed rare!

Seeing Lynn did not ask him anything, Gasper continued to speak.

"Fortunately, Jonas's second son, Joao Frank, who was on patrol, sensed the change in the manor and returned with his guards."

"He carried out a full sweep of the Iron Thorns Mercenary Corps invading the Manor Castle."

"Ultimately, the leader of the Iron Thorns Mercenary Corps, Lopez, fled with dozens of men, ending the invasion battle with heavy losses for the mercenary corps."

Gaspar continued the narrative, "Through this battle, the Frank Clan's direct bloodline was left only with Janet Jonas and Joao Jonas."

"Janet will become the new master of Frank Manor..."

Lynn responded affirmatively and asked Gaspar.

"How many guards did the Frank Clan have in clearing the Iron Thorns Mercenary Corps?"

This time, Gaspar did not hesitate and said, "There were five hundred chain armor cavalry and a thousand leather armor or unarmored guards!"

Lynn nodded.

Frank Manor, though a major manor lord in Morgan Town.

Chapter 566: Kill Them All (Part 7)

But he was merely a large Manor Lord.

The fully armed soldiers he possessed naturally couldn't compare to the Lord who owned one or multiple towns.

Five hundred chain armor cavalry, plus a thousand guards, was still a formidable fighting force in Morgan Town!

No wonder Frank Manor could become the largest Manor.

Only with powerful armed forces can one have absolute authority.

Gaspar shifted the topic, "Sir, as for the other manors, the specific number of armed soldiers still needs further investigation... to know."

Lynn responded, "Is there anything else to report?"

Gaspar thought for a few seconds, "Nothing for now, Sir."

After letting Gaspar withdraw, Lynn contemplated the words Gaspar had just spoken.

Clearly.

The power struggle within Frank Manor, the ultimate winner was Janet Frank.

Even though outsiders saw Janet as colluding with external forces, betraying Frank Manor.

But to Lynn, taking some extreme measures to survive seemed acceptable.

On the contrary.

He felt some admiration for Janet.

Not because of Janet's actions.

Lynn cared little about how Janet became the new Manor Lord of Frank Manor.

He admired how Janet's actions caused changes in Frank Manor, and the subsequent effects.

A Manor Lord change is far more complicated than imagined.

Previously with other Manor Lords in Morgan Town, some interest agreements and subsequent strategies were established.

If there's a discord in interests or a conflict arises.

The originally stable situation in Morgan Town would tilt!

What waits is cautious probing among Manor Lords, potentially escalating to war!

No one would give up their interests, nor does anyone think their interests are too much.

No one would mind taking advantage of Frank Manor's weakening or instability to snatch a share of Frank Manor's wealth!

This benefits him far more than it harms!

If war occurs, the biggest victims would be the Free People of Morgan Town!

He could seize the opportunity to recruit more Free People from Morgan Town, increasing the territory's population, and expanding labor.

This is precisely what he desires!

Lynn thought about the armed forces of Frank Manor.

Five hundred chain armor cavalry, a thousand leather armor or unarmored guards.

Not much.

It even paled in comparison to the armed soldiers his territory currently possessed.

Including cavalry, infantry, archers, and guards, totaling two thousand!

Alan had just transported a hundred warhorses, enabling Rose to train three hundred heavy cavalry!

Three hundred heavy cavalry donned in standard plate armor, wielding five-meter long winged spears, charging at full speed.

Not to mention cavalry wearing chain armor.

Even heavy cavalry in plate armor, bolstered by the speed of Badan Warhorses, would find it hard to resist!

The only regret for Lynn was that, until now, the Blacksmith Workshop and Textile Workshop couldn't forge and produce vests.

If vests could be crafted, three hundred fully armed heavy cavalry charging — invincible!

Even though there were only three hundred, in a border town like Morgan Town, it was enough to dominate.

It's not only the vests.

The standard plate armor made using sand box casting technology also requires iterative upgrades.

Given enough Blacksmith Apprentices skilled in forging, the armor they produced...

Whether in sturdiness, protection, or comfort, it far surpassed standard plate armor!

Chapter 567: Creator's Plow of Myth

Pressing down the thoughts in his mind, Lynn continued to work on the production of the Noel Ship.

[Production Experience +1]

[Production Experience +1]

[Production Experience +1]

...

During Lynn's continuous labor, the experience of the [Production] skill was rapidly increasing.

Until nightfall.

A text panel appeared in front of his eyes.

[Your production has risen to Level 3, unlocked: Honor and Honor Store]

[Reward obtained: Talent Duplication Book ×1]

Looking at the text panel before him, Lynn was somewhat puzzled.

Honor?

With a thought, he opened the [Heavenly Artifacts] panel.

[Honor and Honor Store]: Honor points are obtained through completing tasks, expanding territory, slaying enemies, winning battles, and can be exchanged for special items.

Taking a quick glance at the introduction, Lynn opened the [Honor Store].

Instantly.

A row and column of items entered into Lynn's view.

[Rare Profound Iron Dark Light Greatsword]: Forged with mysterious profound iron, the patterns on the blade resemble flowing dark light, extremely sharp and capable of slicing iron like mud.

Exchange required: 3000 Honor Points

[Legendary Star Guardian Armor]: Forged by merging fragments of fallen stars with mysterious ore. The complete set of armor emits gentle starlight, not only majestic in appearance but also capable of absorbing and reflecting magic damage.

Exchange required: 30000 Honor Points

[Mythical Creator's Plow]: Possesses the power to create the world, with a gentle wave it can plow vast lands, automatically arranging the soil to be the most suitable for planting, and can disperse evil forces around, protecting farmland from harm.

Exchange required: 300000 Honor Points

...

Looking at the exchange items in the [Honor] store, Lynn's eyes widened involuntarily.

All the items in there are above the [Rare] level!

Moreover, many contain magical [Legendary][Mythical] level items.

After scanning around.

Upon seeing the 0 Honor Points currently possessed by Lynn, he directly chose to close the panel.

The items in the [Honor Store] naturally attracted him greatly.

But how much honor points a war victory, territory expansion can earn, all needs his attempts before he can know.

However.

No matter what.

Having the function of [Honor and Honor Store] at least showed him the hope of owning Legendary or even Mythical level items.

An expectant look appeared in Lynn's heart involuntarily.

Pressing down the thoughts in his heart, Lynn continued to throw himself into the production of the Noel Ship.

Time swiftly passed by.

Under Lynn's leadership with Colin and the carpenter apprentice's collaboration, the Noel Ship progressed from initially laying the keel, to constructing the ribcage, laying the hull planks, to manufacturing and installing the mast and linen cloth sails.

A Noah's Ark, ten meters long, five meters wide, four meters tall, appeared before Lynn and Colin and the others.

Nearly a month's time passed in an instant.

Yet the production process of this Noel Ship was still incomplete.

Further refinement of details and the final testing were still needed.

The gaps between the hull planks need to be filled and compacted with a mixture of animal hair and pitch.

Then applying fish oil over the ship to form a waterproof layer on the surface!

Days later, the surface's waterproof layer cooled and solidified.

Ready for the final launch sailing test!

With a splash, the long ship was slowly pushed into the Aladia River, causing the water to splash.

Perhaps because the hull was too steep.

It gave people a sense of imminent immersion into the river.

Colin and a group of carpenter apprentices stood on the platform of the shipyard, watching this scene with their eyes wide open.

But after more than ten seconds, the inclined hull began to float upwards slightly.

Eventually, it floated upright on the river surface.

Wow~

Witnessing this scene.

The carpenter apprentices who participated in the more than a month-long production of the Noel Ship couldn't help but let out bursts of surprised exclamations.

Although.

The entire production of the Noel Ship was led and produced by their Master Lynn.

They too utilized all their skills and power.

Seeing the Noel Ship successfully launched and floating on the river surface.

Naturally, they couldn't contain their delight and excitement.

Watching the Noel Ship gliding slowly and smoothly on the river surface propelled by the currents.

Under the gaze of the carpenter apprentices, Lynn took a few steps forward, reaching the edge of the shipyard, directly leapt and landed steadily on the deck.

Red, the close Guard, followed suit.

Lynn took steps, walking on the deck, his eyes scanning over the entire ship.

The plank joints, nail fixation points, mortise and tenon structure connections...

Although before launching, he had made the carpenter apprentices carefully check everything.

But now, the shaking from the launch could easily loosen the previously unchecked and loosened places even more.

He certainly wouldn't want the Noel Ship he spent a month building to fall apart unexpectedly while transporting tens of thousands of pounds of Iron Ore.

After confirming there were no anomalies, Lynn stepped down the wooden steps into the cabin.

His gaze swept over every corner inside the cabin.

With animal fur and plant fibers as fillers for the gaps, plus fish oil resin as the surface waterproof layer.

It certainly effectively prevents river water infiltration and seepage into the cabin.

Lynn slightly twitched his nose, the cabin was permeated with the peculiar mixed fragrance of fish oil and resin.

After a round of inspection, Lynn stepped out of the cabin onto the deck, then leapt down onto the platform of the shipyard.

Chapter 568: Creator's Plow of Myth _2

Lynn looked at Colin and said, "Arrange ten people to conduct an initial navigation test for the Noel Ship."

"From the shipyard to the upstream open-pit iron mine terminal, maximize the loading of iron ore."

"See how the navigation performance of the Noel Ship is, and how its loading capacity fares."

"By the way, instruct the personnel responsible for the sampan transportation on how to navigate the Noel Ship."

Upon hearing this, Colin replied with a hint of joy in his voice, "Yes, Master, I'll arrange it right away!"

After receiving Lynn's instructions, Colin turned around and began to arrange the personnel.

Shortly after.

Colin personally led ten carpenter apprentices involved in the Noel Ship production onto the deck.

Amidst the calls and under the watchful eyes of the carpenter apprentices, as the apprentices slid the oars in the cabin...

The Noel Ship slid out of the shipyard.

Upon exiting the still water area of the shipyard, and coming into the Aladia River channel, Colin's shout resounded on the Noel Ship.

"Hoist the sails!"

With Colin's words falling, the carpenter apprentices unfurled the linen cloth sails tied to the mast.

Boom~

When the sails were tightly bound, a gust of river wind blew over them.

The previously slack sails instantly became taut and full, emitting a deafening sound.

With the wind's power, the Noel Ship no longer required the apprentices to row, swiftly moving upstream on the Aladia River.

The carpenter apprentices, witnessing this, were full of surprise and amazement.

"It's moving, the Noel Ship is moving!"

"I told you the performance of the Noel Ship had no issues."

"Of course it doesn't. The Noel Ship was crafted by Master Lynn himself; how could there be any problems?"

"Master Lynn truly is amazing!"

"..."

Lynn naturally heard their words of praise.

He didn't mind at all.

Watching the Noel Ship gradually sail away, Lynn finally withdrew his gaze.

However, he did not leave.

Instead, he went to a nearby fishing spot, preparing to [Fish].

He needed to wait for the Noel Ship to load the iron ore, return to the shipyard terminal, and then inquire Colin about the navigation conditions.

Rather than standing idly at the shipyard, it was more practical to go fishing and collect some energy stones.

But as the baited fishing line was cast into the Aladia River, Lynn felt an inexplicable sentiment.

The nine great skills require him to grind, which is understandable.

Even [Fishing] demands his daily grind.

But on second thought, Lynn found it quite normal.

If he doesn't grind the nine great skills, he wouldn't be able to unlock the various functional interfaces in [Heavenly Artifacts], and he wouldn't be able to exchange for different items.

If he doesn't grind [Fishing], he couldn't acquire more energy stones.

The carpenter apprentices waiting at the shipyard didn't idle away because of this.

They returned to the ship production site and started tidying up the somewhat messy tools and recycling the production scraps.

Sawdust can be used for cleaning and decontamination, making sachets, or filling materials, even as soil conditioner and compost.

Small cut wood planks can be used for burning, making signs, or even kept for future carpentry teaching aids.

After Lynn [Fishing] collected dozens of energy stones.

From afar on the Aladia River, the Noel Ship was being propelled by the water current, sailing back towards the shipyard terminal.

It wasn't until over half an hour later.

With the tugging of thick linen ropes, the Noel Ship docked at the terminal.

Colin disembarked from the Noel Ship and directed the dock workers to unload the blocks of iron ore from the deck.

Colin walked briskly towards Lynn, who was fishing not far away.

Upon reaching Lynn, Colin's face lit up with evident joy.

He spoke, "Master, the navigation test is complete, and there were no problems."

"As per your instructions, ten crates of iron ore were loaded on the deck, and the Noel Ship still navigated smoothly and steadily."

"Master, even with eleven people on the ship, I feel the Noel Ship can load even more!"

"It can easily carry twenty crates of iron ore!"

The weight of one crate of iron ore is two thousand pounds.

Twenty crates amount to forty thousand pounds.

Lynn nodded, "Good, let the actual tests be the standard."

"Since the produced Noel Ship has no issues."

"These one hundred fifty carpenter apprentices will remain here for now and continue production."

"I will draft the complete construction blueprint of the Noel Ship for your reference."

"Currently, we have a limited number of people with management ability, so you will act as the shipyard foreman temporarily. If the apprentices have questions, you can just guide them."

"Once we have suitable personnel, I will replace you."

"The current task for the shipyard is to build four more Noel Ships!"

Colin bowed slightly and responded, "Yes, Master."

Lynn acknowledged with a nod, dismissing Colin to conduct a detailed job assignment for the carpenter apprentices.

Turning his gaze around, he looked toward the terminal.

The unloading workers were using a pulley system to offload crate after crate of iron ore from the Noel Ship.

With the existence of the Noel Ship, the efficiency of transporting iron ore from the open-pit iron mine terminal will significantly improve.

Previously, there were twenty sampans responsible for transporting iron ore, each able to carry only two thousand pounds.

Moreover, each sampan required two sailors to row and steer, which meant a total of forty crew members were needed.

The Noel Ship's transport load capacity at least reached forty thousand pounds, if not more.

Chapter 569: Creator's Plow of Myth _3

The required number of crew members is merely ten.

The transportation capability of a small boat versus a Noel Ship is clear at a glance!

The first small longship Noel Ship has already been completed.

With these one hundred and fifty carpenter apprentices joining the shipyard to continue building the Noel Ship, Lynn has three objectives.

First, it is to further hone the shipbuilding skills of the carpenter apprentices through practice.

Second, the constructed Noel Ship can utilize the Aladia River's hydraulic power to enhance transportation efficiency.

Third, it serves as preparation for future construction of medium to large longships and even warships.

The territory of the Karedi Empire is vast.

The Garonia Continent can be described as extensive.

Beyond the Garonia Continent lies the endless sea, islands...

The naval military power will inevitably become the key to controlling the entire Garonia Continent!

Preparations must be made for the future.

Gazing at the cork floating on the water, Lynn's mind began to ponder the next step in development.

Firstly.

The construction of ships at the shipyard has already begun.

In the carpenter workshop, large siege weapons are also being made.

Although there's a shortage of labor, the next batch of slaves Grayson brings to his territory can fill this gap.

The shipyard and carpenter workshop are more for contingencies.

As long as there is no crisis or enemy attack, even if the construction progress is slow, it doesn't matter.

Secondly.

Is the armed forces in the territory.

The number of soldiers has expanded to two thousand.

Two hundred guards and eighteen hundred soldiers.

Lynn glanced at the [Resource Management] panel with a thought.

[Processing Resources]:

Weapons:

Winged Spear: 1000 pieces

Iron Sword: 340 pieces

Iron Spear: 300 pieces

Longbow: 500 units

...

Armor:

Standard Plate Armor: 800 sets

Composite Armor: 580 sets

Scale Armor with Chain Liner: 2 sets

Round Shield: 100 pieces

...

With a quick glance, he clearly understood.

The weapons and armor produced by the Blacksmith Workshop and textile workshops cannot equip all the soldiers.

Only five hundred and eighty sets of Composite Armor!

Apart from the two hundred territorial guards led by Red wearing Composite Armor.

Only three hundred and eighty soldiers under Rose's command are equipped with Composite Armor.

Additionally, there are eight hundred sets of Standard Plate Armor cast previously.

This means at least six or seven hundred soldiers remain unequipped with armor!

Some cannot even be equipped with the standard Winged Spear.

More protective and durable armor and weapons need to be crafted!

The most critical step is.

The vests for warhorses must be prioritized.

Currently, Rose's cavalry, in full Standard Plate Armor with five-meter Winged Spears, can at best be called heavy cavalry.

Only by armoring the warhorses can they be truly called armored cavalry!

Only then can the lives of the cavalry and horses be protected, allowing them to survive the battlefield.

Both cavalry and warhorses.

Are indeed crucial for Lynn at present.

Cavalry require continuous day and night training until they are qualified to be true cavalry.

Warhorses cannot be bred in his current territory, requiring purchasing from outside through Alan.

The price is high, aside from that.

The transportation time is long, and the quantity is equally limited!

The Blacksmith Workshop and tailoring workshops must speed up their production.

Without armor, without suitable weapons.

Even if he selects strong townsmen as soldiers for Rose to train.

On entering the battlefield, they become live targets against armor-clad enemies with spears!

Next.

Is the watchtower being built outside the city walls by Avery and the two outpost fortresses.

With Avery, the seasoned builder, overseeing it, there's less to worry about.

Finally.

The aspect Lynn is currently most concerned about in territory development.

The waterfall at the end of the territory!

Only by finding sulfur and producing gunpowder, creating explosives.

Can he solve that waterfall problem.

Lynn had considered building some cutoff-style sluices below the waterfall.

Using a method of raising water levels to gradually transport longships from below the waterfall to upstream.

But this idea was quickly dismissed by Lynn!

The Aladia River is nearly a thousand meters wide, and its depths are unfathomable.

Not to mention.

Countless years of river impact have shaped the downstream!

With current manpower, resources, and technology, cutting off the Aladia River to build such sluices.

Is nothing short of dreaming!

With current capabilities, the best option is demolition.

Even exploding it poses challenges.

He hasn't found the raw material for gunpowder—sulfur.

Only volcanic areas, or hot spring and geothermal regions, naturally produce sulfur.

According to Lynn's memory of the Karedi Empire and the map Grayson gave him.

He indeed hasn't seen any volcanoes.

As for hot spring geothermal areas, the Empire map doesn't mark them either.

Besides volcanic regions and hot spring geothermal areas, certain minerals also allow sulfur extraction.

For example, pyrite.

Pyrite is a common sulfur-containing mineral.

Sulfur from pyrite can only be extracted using roasting technology!

Chapter 570: Creator's Plow of Myth _4

First, see the pyrite ore crushed into small pieces, then placed in a specially designed furnace for roasting.

During the roasting process, the sulfur in the pyrite will volatilize out in the form of sulfur dioxide gas...

To collect the sulfur dioxide, the gas must be passed through a series of condensation equipment to convert it into liquid sulfur.

Afterward, through step-by-step purification, sulfur can be obtained!

With current technology, it seems feasible.

Whether it's constructing the roasting furnace or the condensation equipment, both present significant challenges.

Most critically, the sulfur obtained from roasting and refining is limited.

The amount of sulfur required for creating blasting waterfalls is enormous, necessitating long-term refining, which requires a large quantity of pyrite.

The open-pit iron mine being excavated on the territory, and several mines he explored, none of them are pyrites.

The final method.

Is to spend a significant amount to have merchants coming to the territory purchase outside the territory!

These are the few methods he can currently think of to acquire sulfur.

But each method presents considerable difficulties.

It can only be taken one step at a time.

Looking at the gradually darkening sky, Lynn put away his fishing rod, handed it to a guard, and returned to the town with the group led by Red.

When passing by the dock.

Lynn noticed the group of dockworkers unloading iron ore were gathered around the Noel Ship, watching steadily.

Evidently, it was the first time they had seen such a ship.

The Noel Ship is not much different from the long ships merchants use to traverse seas.

But the difference is.

The Noel Ship, due to the weight of the hull, is only suitable for transporting goods on windless inland rivers.

The dockworkers, originally murmuring, immediately went silent when they saw Lynn.

They bowed their heads, bent their waists, and respectfully addressed the Lord: "Lord Master."

Lynn spoke: "If you're interested, you can go on board to take a look, just be careful."

Hearing Master Lynn's words, the dockworkers' faces were full of gratitude.

"Thank you, Lord Master."

Lynn nodded in acknowledgment.

Watching the dockworkers jump onto the deck of the Noel Ship with expressions of amazement on their faces.

He couldn't help but smile.

To these dockworkers, this is the property of their Lord Master.

Moreover, it was personally constructed by Master Lynn with the carpenter apprentice.

Different identities, different positions.

As mere dockworkers, they naturally dared not easily overstep and go onto the Noel Ship.

To him.

It was merely a small ship made from logs.

Even though it took a long time to build, it was still just a long ship!

A ship used to carry goods and transport people.

A casual word from him could satisfy the curiosity of these dockworkers.

At the same time, it could keep them grateful and loyal to him as the lord.

Two birds with one stone!

After glancing a few times, Lynn led Red and some others back to the Lord's Square before the town.

On the Lord's Square, Lynn took a brief survey and was about to return to the castle.

A guard came out of the returning townsmen and approached Lynn.

He bowed, reporting: "Master, the Boer merchant with a convoy of carts is about to arrive in town."

Lynn turned his gaze, looking toward the distant crowd.

As the guard said, indeed.

A convoy of carts mingled with the crowd, gradually approaching the Lord's Square.

Lynn responded: "I understand."

The guard said no more and stepped back.

While waiting for Boer's arrival, Lynn simply took a seat on a nearby bench.

While also watching the slowly descending sunset on the horizon in the distance.

Spring weather is not particularly clear and bright.

Unlike the vivid colors and varied shadows of the summer sunset.

Different from the distant, harvest-reflecting sunset of autumn.

Even more distinct from the cold, magnificent, long afterglow of the winter sunset.

Yet, the spring sunset is gentle and refreshing!

Even the air is filled with the scent of soil and fresh grass...

While Lynn was enjoying this rare moment of leisure, the convoy of carts drove into the Lord's Square.

At the front of the convoy, Boer, dressed in a spring silk brocade, dismounted from his horse.

Seeing Lynn sitting on the bench, he smiled and walked over briskly.

Standing two or three meters in front of Lynn, Boer gave a merchant's salute.

He spoke respectfully: "Master Lynn."

Lynn did not rise but looked at Boer unreservedly.

Apart from silk brocade on Boer, his neck and fingers were adorned with more agate and jade jewelry.

Lynn could not help but praise: "It seems Mr. Boer traded the fine salt for a good price, huh?"

Boer, without any pretense, laughed and said: "Boer owes today to the light of Master Lynn."

"Boer has always remembered that it's thanks to Master Lynn that there is Boer today."

"That fine salt, because of its vast quantity, was all sold to a salt merchant, indeed fetching a high price, eight pence!"

In front of him, Master Lynn, in order to purchase a large quantity of grain.

Offered him a price of five pence per pound of fine salt.

Janet at Frank Manor sold him one million pounds of barley at a price of two pounds per penny.

One million pounds of barley is five hundred thousand pence!

In exchange for fine salt with Master Lynn, that's one hundred thousand pounds of fine salt!