

System 591

Chapter 591: You Can Marry Me _6

But thinking about the current number of large livestock in the territory, and the towering trees ahead, each over tens of meters tall and more than half a meter in diameter.

Lynn decided to give up.

Under the current conditions of the territory, logging can only be done manually!

Rested a little.

Lynn tightened his grip on the two-handed axe, ready to continue chopping.

A guard strode quickly, running towards him.

Perhaps because the logging site was a bit hectic, the guard kept turning his body, maneuvering to dodge.

Upon reaching Lynn's back, the guard finally stood firm and began to report.

"Master Lynn, Kali Merchant has arrived at your territory and is waiting at the Lord's Square."

"Mr. George says... they need your help."

Kari Brown!

Ever since she returned from Triumph City and brought back tens of thousands of pounds of food for him.

It's been almost five months!

Lynn set down the two-handed axe in his hands, "I'll go over there right now."

The guard bent down slightly and followed behind Lynn and Red.

As they walked, Lynn asked, "Did they say what goods were delivered?"

The guard did not hesitate and responded, "Sorry, Master, I did not hear the conversation between Mr. George and Kali Merchant."

Lynn acknowledged without any concern.

The guard's duty is to maintain order and ensure stability in the territory.

Being able to achieve that is already quite commendable.

Walking through a timber and branch-strewn logging area, Lynn stepped onto the lime road heading towards the town.

About ten minutes later.

Lynn arrived at the edge of the Lord's Square.

He turned his gaze, scanning the area.

As expected, a team of horse-drawn carriages, pulled by four horses, were parked on the Lord's Square.

Without hesitation, Lynn stepped forward.

After walking several dozen meters, a tall silhouette entered his view.

With a lithe posture, wearing a soft leather armor tightly fit against the body.

Smooth lines outlining a full chest, slender waist, and prominent hips.

Displaying power while accentuating the high curvature behind her, and that waist in clear view that could be held by a hand...

Her impressive figure is revealed without a doubt.

This familiar silhouette, this body that sparks imagination, even without seeing the face, Lynn can tell.

It's Kari!

Kari, standing in front of George, seemed to have heard a set of footsteps behind her.

Her body turned, a cascade of long hair slightly swung, as she looked over.

Upon seeing Lynn gradually walking towards her from a distance, Kari's neatly trimmed eyebrows slightly arched.

She took small steps and went to meet him.

Kari's gaze swept over Lynn, and she said, "Master Lynn, it's been months, have you thought about me?"

Lynn similarly glanced at the embracing arms in front of him, highlighting that round whiteness and an infinite abyss.

He responded, "Of course, Miss Kari!"

This time, Lynn did not start with the topic of goods.

Kari felt a sense of satisfaction in her heart.

She naturally saw Lynn's gaze sweeping in front of her.

Kari playfully asked, "Master Lynn, do you like the leather armor I'm wearing?"

"I've noticed you've been sneaking glances several times!"

George, who had been waiting aside, along with Red, both had slightly peculiar expressions.

Lynn naturally understood Kari's somewhat quirky personality, he did not hide anything.

"This outfit is indeed more attractive than the last time we met."

"Because it covers less, it better accentuates Lady Kari's figure."

Listening to Lynn's calm yet non-flattering words, Kari's eyelashes slightly trembled.

Countless have praised her good figure!

Others' praises were all in an attempt to win her affection or seduce her, then indulge in her body greedily.

But the Lynn in front of her...

Kari could clearly feel, it was a genuine admiration from the heart.

Just like looking at a beautiful piece of glazed glass, or an antique!

This was a feeling she had never experienced before.

Kari even felt that if it were in a room with no outsiders.

If Lynn asked her to remove the leather armor, to be admired, she wouldn't feel afraid or timid.

All of a sudden.

Kari's gaze towards Lynn carried a unique brilliance.

Seeing Lynn's gaze still scanning over her, Kari laughed and said, "Master Lynn, if you like it, you could marry me!"

"From the Brown Clan, marrying off a girl is not expensive."

"It only costs... ten thousand Gold Pounds!"

Lynn heard this and raised an eyebrow.

Ten thousand Gold Pounds?

If fine salt is priced at six pence per pound, that's four hundred thousand pounds worth!

Is this marrying off a girl?

This is clearly selling!

Kari seemed to have guessed Lynn's inner thoughts; she explained, "Master Lynn, do you find it bizarre?"

Lynn nodded in response.

Kari raised her eyebrows and said, "It is indeed bizarre! To everyone, it's not a bride price, but a sale!"

"However, this is one of the family rules of the Brown Clan."

"Not just the Brown Clan, but all Imperial Royal Families or Great Lords, highly regard the inheritance of bloodlines."

"Therefore, to ensure an orderly inheritance of bloodlines, a rule like this was specially set."

"If you want to form a family and marry outside the family, you must pay ten thousand Gold Pounds."

"Otherwise, obediently accept the family-arranged marriage."

"Regardless of gender, they share the same fate."

Lynn thought of something and asked, "Grayson said if he became the patriarch of the Brown Clan, the first thing he'd do is abolish family rules..."

"Does it relate to this rule?"

Kari nodded, "The Brown Clan has many family rules, that's just one."

"But all family rules, without exception, are meant to uphold the family's interests and maintain control over family members."

"Even if interests surpass family members!"

Lynn acknowledged without further questioning.

The Brown Clan, being one of the great merchants on the Garonia Continent.

Essentially, it's no different from the Emperor of the Empire holding sway over all royal descendants.

Descendants are merely tools and chips to uphold their rule.

Seeing Lynn fall silent, Kari did not continue the topic.

She worried that if asked further and refused by Lynn.

It would be too awkward!

Understandably.

Even for a Great Lord, producing ten thousand Gold Pounds at once is extremely challenging!

Let alone Lynn, a border lord just starting to develop.

Even if his territory has salt mines, it's still the case.

Kari shifted the topic, introducing instead.

"Master Lynn, this time apart from transporting fifty thousand pounds of grain for you."

"I also brought a batch of dye for you!"

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In this world, most dyes are extracted from various plants.

For instance, in inexpensive dyes, there's indigo from indigo plants, madder red from madder, yellow from woodruff, and so on.

Of course.

There are also dyes that are so expensive that ordinary people can hardly afford them.

Carmine extracted from cochineal, ultramarine from lapis lazuli, and purple-red from lac insects, among others.

These dyes are mainly used by the nobility, Church, and other wealthy classes to produce luxurious clothing and decorations.

As a weaver's child, Lynn was well aware of these things.

Lynn nodded, "Miss Kari, name your price!"

These dyes, in the current territory, indeed have little use.

But they can be exchanged and stored now while the territory has a surplus of fine salt.

Once the batch of planted cotton matures, they can be dyed to produce a collection of colorful cotton garments.

Listening to Lynn's affirmative voice, Kari reminded, "Master, I don't know if you're aware, barley prices are getting more and more expensive."

"It's already three pounds for one penny, and it's steadily rising."

"I feel it won't take long before it's two pounds for one penny!"

Lynn nodded, "No problem, let's stick with three pounds for one penny."

Kari responded, "Different colors of dyes have different prices, but the difference isn't too large."

"In total, for five thousand pounds of dye, I can offer you an average price of eight pence per pound, Master Lynn."

After listening to Kari's explanation, Lynn quickly converted the figures in his mind.

Fifty thousand pounds of barley, five thousand pounds of dye...

A few seconds later.

Lynn spoke, "Adding up barley and dye, I can exchange it for nine thousand five hundred pounds of fine salt for you."

"What do you think?"

Upon hearing this, Kari furrowed her attractive eyebrows and quickly stretched out her slender fingers to start calculating.

With previous experience, Lynn naturally didn't interrupt her.

However, no matter how Lynn looked at it, he couldn't help but find it amusing.

What kind of merchant calculates prices using their fingers?

After a few minutes.

Lowering her head, Kari finally looked up at Lynn with a smile.

"Of course, Master Lynn!"

After calculating, Kari naturally understood.

The Master Lynn before her was still offering her an exchange rate of six pence per pound of fine salt.

He even rounded up for her.

Lynn nodded, turned his gaze to George waiting not far away.

George, sensing Lynn's intention, bent and went off to arrange for personnel to prepare for unloading.

Kari glanced over and began organizing the unloading crew.

She turned her gaze back to Lynn and asked, "Master Lynn, since we're waiting here anyway."

"Would I be fortunate enough to be invited to your castle for a glass of gin?"

"Since I last tasted it, I've been unable to forget..."

Watching Kari's wide-eyed gaze fixed on him, Lynn gave a tranquil smile.

"Of course, Miss Kari."

"Whenever Miss Kari wants to drink gin, you're welcome on this land anytime."

Hearing Lynn's words and looking at his chiseled face, Kari couldn't help but blink her eyes.

A person who says such words far surpasses those men inviting her to bed in terms of charm, doesn't he?

Kari, in a rare display of meekness, complied, "Alright, Master Lynn."

Without further ado, the two walked towards the distant castle.

At Lord's Square.

Under George's direction, dozens of townsmen were orderly transporting barley and dye from the carriage.

At the castle.

Lynn sat at the head of the dining table, Kari seated at the adjacent spot.

With Kuisi's hands cradling a glazed wine bottle, she poured gin for both Lynn and Kari.

She placed the bottle at the center of the table, waiting behind the two.

Seeing the translucent glass cup with its embossed patterns, filled with liquid akin to gold, Kari's eyes brimmed with anticipation.

She picked up the glazed cup, holding it near her face, her eyes filled with joy.

Especially when the light from the reception hall refracted through, the cup filled with gin emitted a series of bright and gentle rays.

Lynn glanced at Kari, picked up the glass from the table, and said, "Cheers, Miss Kari."

Kari instantly snapped out of her reverie.

She raised her glass, clinking lightly with Lynn's.

The clink of glazed glass against glazed glass was crisp and clear.

Both Lynn and Kari downed the gin in one go.

Immediately.

Kari felt a familiar and stronger warmth searing from the depths of her throat, flowing down into her stomach.

Her eyes widened in curiosity as she looked at Lynn, inquiring.

"Master Lynn, the taste of this gin..."

Lynn set down his glass and explained, "Yes, the brewer's distillation techniques are becoming increasingly refined and skilled, and the gin's alcohol content has increased considerably."

"Hence, its flavor is becoming more rich and full-bodied, and the stimulation is increasingly intense."

Listening to Lynn's explanation, Kari nodded in realization.

She intended to have the maid pour her more gin.

Standing behind, Kuisi considerably stepped forward, lifting the bottle to continue pouring more for Lynn and Kari.

After merely three glasses.

Kari's once fair and youthful face clearly showed a flush.

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It became flushed with a rosy tint.

As if slightly tipsy.

Lady Kari was unconcerned with her demeanor. After gently burping, she leaned back against the wooden chair behind her.

She spoke to Lynn with a satisfied expression: "Master Lynn, the taste of this gin is truly wonderful!"

"Compared to this gin, the drinks in Triumph City's Carol Castle are just like swill!"

"Yet they always boast about their so-called royal tribute wines."

"I sincerely hope they never get to taste such a long-lasting gin in their lives!"

Lynn didn't respond, instead, he picked up the glazed glass and took another sip.

Perhaps it was due to his enhanced physical condition.

After drinking several glasses of gin, he felt not even the slightest hint of intoxication. Instead, his whole body felt warmly comfortable, like a furnace.

Shifting the topic, Lynn inquired of Kari: "Miss Kari, after completing this shipment, where do you plan to go?"

Still leaning against the chair back, Kari was gazing at the ceiling of the parlor hall.

Looking at the empty ceiling, she replied: "I don't know where to go, really."

"Perhaps I'll go wherever there are goods to be found?"

"But don't worry, Master Lynn."

"Wherever I go, I'll be purchasing goods for you and delivering them to your territory."

Lynn nodded slightly, saying nothing more.

The Kari before him was unlike the already renowned Audrey on the continent, unlike Grayson and Alan driven by powerful convictions and goals, or even Zod who relished in rare trades...

Each was different.

She had neither a personal life plan nor an ambition to strive for.

Like a lone sailing ship adrift on a vast ocean.

With this thought, Lynn suggested.

"If Miss Kari isn't bound by trading obligations to others, we could form a cooperative relationship."

Kari straightened up, looking curiously at Lynn.

"A cooperative relationship?"

"Master Lynn, aren't we already in a cooperative relationship?"

Lynn nodded, "Yes and no."

"Currently, you merely transport goods to my territory, and since I am in need of everything, I just accept everything you bring."

Kari pondered for a few seconds; it did seem to be the case.

Lynn continued, "But a cooperative relationship would mean that whatever I need, you would go and purchase."

"I'll offer you a price above the market rate."

"It doesn't matter what price or method you use."

"As long as you purchase and deliver what I need, the profit margin is yours."

Kari furrowed her brows slightly, asking with some confusion.

"Sir, what's the difference between these two methods?"

Lynn shook his head, "On the surface, not much difference, and it might even constrain your free trading due to my needs."

"However, if one day I become a Great Lord, or even the Emperor of the Empire."

"Then you would be the business partner of a Great Lord, or the Emperor of the Empire!"

Although Lynn's voice was calm.

It stirred a great tumult in Kari's heart.

Let's not even speak of becoming the Emperor of the Empire.

Even becoming a Great Lord, there are only three in the Karedi Empire.

Duke of Red Dragon, Duke Cangyu, and Duke Heiyao.

Even Marquis Ducas and others are nowhere near that rank.

The key point is, such Great Lords are always limited in number.

Becoming a Duke requires either hereditary succession or having made great contributions to the Empire to possibly be granted such a title!

For example, through military conquest expanding territories.

Or quelling unrest within the Empire, maintaining the Emperor's dominion.

Yet Master Lynn here calmly boasted such grand ambitions?

This is...

Crazier than ever!

But Kari did not sarcastically laugh or speak disrespectfully to Lynn.

Instead.

She felt that Lynn was merely sharing his inner thoughts and future plans with her in the most calm manner.

That feeling was like he would certainly achieve it one day!

Looking at Lynn's handsome and serene face, Kari's gaze couldn't help but flicker.

This was Master Lynn's ambition... no, his goal, wasn't it?

The likes of Grayson and his clan are merely within the family.

Whereas Master Lynn's aim is to become a Great Lord or — the Emperor of the Karedi Empire!

Upon hearing Lynn's words, she instantly sobered from her slight intoxication.

If one day Master Lynn truly becomes a Great Lord or the Emperor of the Empire.

She would have a vast territory, or even the Empire, as the market for her goods!

And even... by leveraging Master Lynn's power, she could resist the inhumane family rules of the Brown Clan!

With this thought.

Kari sat up straight, looking earnestly at Lynn.

She spoke with a firm voice, "Master Lynn, I am willing to become your business partner!"

"Following your orders, I will travel beyond the territory to purchase any items you need!"

Lynn nodded in satisfaction, "Very good, Lady Kari."

Kari remained earnest, looking at Lynn as she continued, "But Master Lynn, I have one condition... or rather a request."

Lynn considered and spoke, "Please go ahead."

Kari held nothing back, "If Master Lynn truly becomes a Great Lord, or the Emperor of the Empire."

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"One day, if I ever need Master Lynn's help, please do your utmost to assist me!"

Lynn said nothing.

Kari naturally understood the meaning of Master Lynn's silence.

"If someday, someone from the Brown Clan comes to capture me, please intervene, Master Lynn."

"I don't want to become a tool for the Brown Clan used for exchange or marriage!"

"Otherwise, I'd rather die!"

As she spoke these words, Kari's hands were tightly clenched.

The joints of her fists turned pale and blue.

Lynn responded, "Miss Kari, I can promise you that."

"In my capacity, I will protect you to the best of my ability!"

Upon hearing this, Kari's eyes, full of gratitude, extended her right hand.

"Thank you, Master Lynn."

Even if both sides agreed to cooperate, they would be mere partners.

Let alone partners, many blood brothers cannot give their all.

Even though Lynn didn't make an absolute promise, his assurance within his ability was enough.

Looking at Kari's slender and fair palm in front of him, Lynn slightly raised his brow.

Without much hesitation, he reached out his right hand and gently shook hers.

A cool and soft sensation appeared in Lynn's hand.

And in Kari's perception.

Lynn's right hand was surprisingly broad and strong, hot and warm, like a campfire.

Kari even felt the rough calluses on Lynn's palm!

They were not like the hands of a pampered lord at all.

More like the hands of a free person who labors daily!

But thinking that all this in front of her was built by Lynn, brick by brick, bit by bit.

Her heart was filled with relief, more so admiration for Lynn.

Perhaps it is for this reason that Lynn has the chance to become a Great Lord or Emperor of the Empire?

Lynn held Kari's right hand for no more than two seconds before slowly releasing it.

He picked up the gin Kuisi had poured on the table, addressing Kari, "Shall we toast to a pleasant cooperation?"

Kari also raised her glass and clinked it with Lynn's.

"To a pleasant cooperation, Master Lynn."

With a crisp sound, both of them drained their glasses of gin completely.

Amidst the conversation between Lynn and Kari, George, responsible for unloading and loading cargo, arrived at the castle.

Passing through the reception hall, he stood not far from Lynn.

He said, "Master, all the fine salt has been loaded onto Lady Kari's carriage."

Lynn nodded, his gaze falling on Kari.

Before Lynn could speak, Kari stood up first and said, "Master Lynn, let's leave it at this for now?"

Lynn also stood up, "Certainly, Miss Kari."

The two walked side by side out of the castle, through a row of red brick houses, arriving at Lord's Square.

Under Lynn's watchful gaze, Kari swiftly mounted her horse.

After saying goodbye, she led the carriage team toward the distant mountain pass.

No one noticed that at this moment, Lynn's gaze held a hint of a different light.

Of course, his ambition would not just be to stay confined in one corner!

This Southern Border territory was just his point of origin for development.

Relying on this remote but exceedingly safe land, he would plant crops, build an army, and develop technology...

What he had, the "Heavenly Artifacts," was a lever.

With it, he planned to lever the entire Karedi Empire, and even the entire Garonia Continent!

Regaining his focus.

Lynn glanced up at the sky, realizing it was still early.

He stepped forward, continuing to the logging workshop.

Preparing to sweat and grind "Collection" skill experience.

...

Meanwhile, on the other side.

A carriage, escorted by six or seven soldiers clad in leather armor, drove down a cobblestone road.

Under the guidance of two horses, the wooden wheels rolled over the stones, producing a continual clattering sound.

But this didn't affect the speed of the carriage at all.

Until several minutes later.

Ahead, a three-story manor residence came into view of everyone.

The soldiers began to slow down the horses they rode on, and the coachman also reduced the frequency of his whip.

The speed of the carriage team gradually decreased.

Finally, the carriage team halted in front of the three-story manor residence.

As the coachman opened the door and laid down a wooden staircase, Will stepped down with his right leg from the carriage.

His gaze turned towards the entrance of the manor, where two figures were already waiting.

Will, with a steady expression, walked forward.

As the lord of the manor, Banaby wore a smile, speaking to Will, "I thought Lord Will would not come over."

Standing at the side, the plump Theodore also wore a smile.

Will returned the smile, "Receiving an invitation from Lord Banaby is an honor for Will."

Hearing Will's flattery, Banaby felt a wave of comfort in his heart.

He quickly turned to Theodore, saying, "See, Theodore, was I right?"

"No reasonable person would want to be involved with Janet!"

"A woman, wanting to partake in the management of Morgan Town? And putting on an air of being the lord of Morgan Town?"

"What does she amount to? Does she really think the Three Great Estates don't exist?"

"Don't you agree, Theodore?"

Theodore slightly grinned, revealing a cunning smile as a response.

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Will also had no objection.

Seeing the three of them in the midst of the guards, they were all watching them.

It was only then that Banaby realized and spoke apologetically, "My apologies, gentlemen, I got a bit too excited."

"How can we let the two of you stand at the door talking? Please, let's go inside and speak."

"I've brought something entertaining for the two Lords of the Manor!"

With Banaby's left-handed invitation, Theodore and Will stepped into the manor estate.

The soldiers they brought were left at the door.

Passing through the estate's gate, Theodore and Will just arrived at the reception hall.

A few young women dressed in pieces of half-transparent cloth approached from the side.

Without giving Theodore and Will any chance to react, two young women opened their arms and wrapped them around their arms.

A soft and warm sensation emerged on their arms.

Theodore glanced at the two women beside him, with their refined facial features and wheat-colored skin, their bodies curvaceous.

Especially their long legs and the scenery faintly visible under their thin cloth, making it hard for him to look away.

He was starting to feel a sensation of excitement.

Will also gave the two women a glance, but his expression remained much calmer.

Banaby, likewise holding two young women by the waist, explained, "Aren't they lovely?"

"They are female slaves I intentionally bought from Kakasong City! From the Kusset people of the Golden Desert!"

"The slave trader said a pair of long legs from the Kusset people could squeeze a man to death."

"I've already prepared rooms for you; after our discussion, you should try them out."

"I want to see if they're as impressive as the slave trader claimed!"

As soon as he finished speaking.

Banaby's hands, which were wrapped around the female slaves' waists, moved downward, resting on their plump, round shapes.

Without any pity, he squeezed firmly.

Instantly, strange sounds emerged from the women's throats.

Banaby grinned with satisfaction.

Theodore too no longer felt constrained, letting the two female slaves release his arms, and he wrapped his own around their waists.

Led by Banaby, Theodore and Will arrived at a conference room on the second floor.

Sitting in the main seat, Banaby pulled one of the female slaves onto his lap.

Banaby's right hand rested on the slave's legs, looking at Theodore and Will in the side seats.

He spoke in a slightly low voice, "I presume you've guessed the reason I've invited you to the manor, correct?"

Theodore, who was exploring the woman in his arms with his right hand, nodded and said, "Of course."

Will echoed with a nod.

Banaby pondered for a moment, "Hmm, that's best. I won't need to hide anything."

"Before Jonas Frank died, I considered myself no match for him, even offending him and being punished."

"Of course, the three thousand acres of undeveloped, unplanted wasteland meant little to me."

"Behind my manor, there's still a large expanse of weedy wasteland, waiting for me to assign manpower for planting."

"But with limited workforce, the range of cultivated land is limited, even with annual expansions, there's still a vast area."

Theodore and Will continued to nod.

Because their manors had no difference from Banaby's.

Equally vast weedy wastelands, waiting to be developed and planted.

This was the advantage of the frontier.

Vast lands with few people!

If one could arrange manpower to develop grassy wastelands, those lands could then become part of the manor lord's domain.

Banaby's conversation suddenly shifted.

"But wasteland is wasteland, and even the three thousand acres given away before still belong to me, Banaby!"

"If Jonas were here, it would be another matter."

"But now, Jonas is dead, why shouldn't I take back those three thousand acres?"

Saying this, Banaby decided to be frank.

"My dear Lords of the Manor, I'll be direct."

"I wish to join forces with you, to wipe out the Frank Manor in one fell swoop!"

The words came out.

Theodore and Will both raised their eyebrows.

The two exchanged a glance.

Their movements and expressions were naturally observed by Banaby.

Frowning slightly, he asked, "What? Do you think I'm spouting nonsense? Or dreaming unrealistically?"

Seeing the atmosphere grow tense, Theodore began to explain.

"Banaby, you misunderstand."

"Even if we want to destroy Frank Manor, we need an effective plan to do so."

"Have you forgotten, all of Jonas's sons are dead, except for Joao Jonas, who controls the realm's guards?"

"His forces include a unit of chain armor cavalry and a large number of guards!"

Will added, "The most critical point is that Lawrence Ducas is still in Morgan Town."

Banaby seemed to have expected these objections and spoke, "The chain armor cavalry and the guards, they aren't a real concern."

"Can our Three Great Estates' military forces not compare to a single Frank Manor?"

"Don't talk to me about being weaker or any such nonsense."

"I've long known you have your own cavalry forces in your manors!"

"And not only you, I've also been preparing..."

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Theodore's face showed a hint of a bitter smile.

Banaby continued, "Previously, the conditions were simply immature. Jonas's cunning and his network ability were indeed not something we could shake."

"But now, Jonas is dead, and the Frank Manor is controlled by a woman."

"What do we have to fear?"

"A woman like Janet, aren't they always our playthings?"

The smile on Theodore's face had disappeared at some unknown time.

His eyelids were slightly narrowed, as if he was pondering something.

It wasn't just Theodore; Will was the same.

After a while.

Theodore came back from his musing.

He looked directly at Banaby and asked, "What should we do about Lawrence?"

"He is after all, the brother of Marquis Mark Duca!"

Banaby was indifferent as he spoke, "Just a noble scion who knows nothing but playing with middle-aged women, what's to be afraid of?"

"This little Morgan Town is not a place where such a big shot can stay for long."

Banaby's gaze swept over the two of them, his words becoming somewhat faint.

"Moreover, haven't you thought that Lawrence led the Sword and Shield Corps here..."

"And returned with less than thirty ragtag soldiers?"

Theodore and Will's brows instantly furrowed, staring at Banaby.

Theodore inquired, "Banaby, what do you mean by that sentence?"

Will was also waiting for Banaby's answer.

Banaby coldly snorted, "Gentlemen, think carefully."

"The struggle for Imperial Authority is still ongoing, the battle for the throne hasn't officially ignited."

"Where in the entire Karedi Empire has there been any warfare recently?"

Theodore fell silent.

A few seconds later.

Will seemed to think of something, he spoke with a frown.

"The Duchy of the Red Dragon!"

Theodore's eyes widened instantly.

Banaby looked at Will approvingly, "You guessed it! It is the Duchy of the Red Dragon!"

Theodore no longer cared for the young woman sitting on his lap.

He said to Banaby, "You mean Lawrence brought the Sword and Shield Clan to Morgan Town, claiming it was to suppress bandits."

"In reality, he was just passing through the Southern Border, crossing the mountains, entering the Duchy of the Red Dragon."

"The recent tumult of conflict between the two Grand Dukes, is that the doing of Lawrence's Sword and Shield Corps?"

"Is this... possible?"

Banaby did not refute Theodore's words, but rather questioned back.

"Theodore Manor Lord, is there any other reason you think could explain this?"

"Or do you think that the systematically trained troops of the Sword and Shield Corps from the Ducas Clan would be defeated by a Bandit Corps like the Iron Blood Brotherhood that disappeared for over half a year?"

Theodore quickly spoke up, "Naturally, that's impossible!"

As the response fell, Theodore also fell silent.

If that's the case.

Only the reason given by Banaby seems most plausible.

This might even be the sole answer.

In Theodore's mind, he conceived more terrifying consequences.

That is to say.

It was Marquis Duca who dispatched Lawrence to lead the Sword and Shield Corps, disguised as the Feiyu Army of Duke Cangyu, entering the Duchy of the Red Dragon.

And in the Duchy of the Red Dragon, they committed acts of killing and plundering!

Kindling conflict between the Duke of the Red Dragon and Duke Cangyu?

Does Marquis Duca want to incite war?

Thinking of this, Theodore quickly looked at Banaby and Will.

Theodore found that the two were much calmer than he was.

Banaby spoke up, "Theodore Manor Lord, what Marquis Duca is doing has little to do with us minor manor lords."

"When the battle for the throne starts, all we need to do is respond to Marquis Duca's summons, and that will be sufficient."

"I invited you here to consider how to deal with the Frank Manor Lord..."

Theodore nodded.

Banaby continued, "Once Lawrence is bored, he will naturally choose to leave; it's just a matter of time."

"Moreover, Marquis Duca has always disliked vassals engaging in internal strife for profit."

"Hence, we must wait for Lawrence to leave before taking action."

"So, gentlemen, tell me, how shall we respond to Janet!"

Seeing that neither Theodore nor Will spoke.

Banaby said, "Perhaps compared to contemplating a scheme, you two are more concerned about how to distribute the benefits after annihilating Frank Manor."

Hearing this, Theodore immediately took interest and turned to look at Banaby.

Will did too.

Banaby continued, "In my view, the method of distributing profits could be quite simple."

"All the money, farmland, slaves, etc., divided into three, one share for each of us, the Three Great Estates."

"What do you two think?"

Theodore nodded and said, "I have no objections."

Will was just about to nod, but quickly shook his head.

"Barnaby Manor Lord, I have a question."

"No matter what scheme we employ, it will ultimately lead to a battle between two armies."

"With battle, surely there will be deaths and sacrifices."

"Given that each manor will lose a different number of soldiers or guards, how should this be divided?"

"Surely, I can't lose two hundred soldiers and only receive one of the three shares."

"While the Theodore Manor Lord only loses ten soldiers and also receives one of the three shares?"

After speaking, Will turned to explain to Theodore, "Theodore Manor Lord, I was just making an example."

"In reality, it could even be the opposite scenario."

Chapter 597: Legs That Could Crush a Man to Death _6

"I just want to express that such a division of interests is not reasonable!"

Banaby in the main seat and Theodore across from him fell silent.

Even though Will's words were harsh to hear.

But they knew that Will was right!

It wasn't until ten minutes later.

With Banaby seeing them off, Theodore and Will walked out of the manor residence, reaching the front gate.

Watching as Will climbed into his carriage.

With several soldiers escorting it, the carriage drove away from the residence.

At the manor residence entrance.

Only Banaby and Theodore remained standing.

Banaby's gaze was still on the carriage as it left, and he said calmly, "Theodore, what do you think?"

"Will he stand on our side?"

Theodore shook his head, "I don't know, he's even more shrewd than we imagined."

"As he said, the distribution of interests is more complicated than the three of us working together to destroy Frank Manor."

"If misallocated, it's possible that while we destroy Frank Manor, a new war will immediately erupt, lasting until the bitter end!"

What is the purpose of eradicating the Frank Clan?

To be free from the control and direction of Frank Manor?

Is it disdain for a woman ordering us around?

None of those!

The most fundamental reason is interest.

Banaby replied, "Then let's think it over carefully. Dividing it into thirds is always the simplest and most straightforward way to distribute it, in my opinion."

Theodore neither refuted nor agreed.

Banaby glanced behind him, where six young women from the Golden Desert were lined up.

He said, "Since Moore isn't interested in these women, you can take them back."

"Take three women back with you."

Theodore's eyes lit up at Banaby's words.

He responded, "Thank you, Manor Lord Banaby."

"To be honest, I've never tried women from the Exotic Realm before!"

Banaby laughed, "Then be careful, they say they're quite fierce!"

Theodore showed an expectant smile.

Even before taking the three Kusset women back to his territory.

The image of a ménage à trois had already formed in his mind.

...

For five consecutive days.

Lynn had been working in the logging workshop.

During his breaks, he thought for a moment and opened the [Heavenly Artifacts] panel.

[Collection: Level 2 (431/500)] (+)

Looking at the experience about to level up, Lynn felt a sense of satisfaction.

In just a day or two, he could grind the [Collection] skill to Level 3, unlocking a new function panel and gaining an additional [Talent Duplication Book].

During this time, he'd been observing the attribute panel of people arriving in the territory.

Needless to mention [Talent], even those with [Skills] were extremely rare.

So much so.

That even now, he had four [Talent Duplication Books] but nowhere to use them.

Fortunately.

The current territory hadn't encountered any danger.

With his current abilities and the protection of Red and the territorial guards.

It was enough to deal with most dangers.

Suppressing the miscellaneous thoughts in his heart, Lynn gripped the Two-Handed Axe in his hand and continued chopping.

Thud~

Thud~

Thud~

...

With each thud of the axe on the trunk creating a dull sound.

His [Collection] skill experience was rapidly increasing.

[Collection Experience +1]

[Collection Experience +1]

[Collection Experience +1]

...

Lynn also considered improving his [Collection] skill experience by removing weeds.

But cutting down trees would yield more logs, used in the workshops for the production of sleepers and track wood.

As Lynn continued to chop, the sky gradually darkened again.

After telling all woodcutters they could leave work.

Lynn was the first to walk out of the logging site, towards the forest's edge.

However.

This time, Lynn didn't return to Lord's Square to observe the returning townsmen.

Instead, he went with Red towards the hospital.

Ten minutes later.

Lynn walked directly into the hospital.

Upon seeing Lynn, Old John immediately stepped forward to greet him.

Coming up beside him, Old John spoke respectfully, "Milord."

Lynn responded, "Did you make the tincture?"

Old John, feeling somewhat embarrassed, shook his head quickly, "Milord, I mostly grind herbs to treat minor injuries and illnesses for the townsmen, or perhaps just gather and plant some herbs."

"I don't have such skill, do I?"

Old John explained, "The tincture was made by scholar Dorothy."

"She's in the pharmacology room now."

Lynn acknowledged.

With Old John leading, Lynn arrived at a wooden door.

After knocking, Old John opened the door directly.

Immediately.

A strong scent of alcohol wafted into Lynn's nose.

Dorothy Perez, who was busy with her work, looked up at Lynn, her eyes brightening.

She quickly put down her tools, wiped her hands, and walked towards Lynn.

Bowing slightly, she respectfully greeted, "Lord!"

Lynn looked at Dorothy, "Old John said you made the tincture?"

Dorothy raised her brows, showing a smile.

"Yes, Lord, I made the tincture!"

"However, it's all thanks to the fact that your territory has such high-purity alcohol... ethanol!"

The word alcohol naturally came from Old John.

After Lex distilled high-purity ethanol.

A significant portion of the alcohol was used to disinfect and sterilize the wounded townsmen from land clearing and planting.

Dorothy continued, "And after learning the distillation method from foreman Lex in the brewing workshop's distillation room, I started attempting to make tinctures."

"I mixed herbs with alcohol for distillation, during which the alcohol and volatile components in the herbs evaporate into steam."

"Then, through a cooling device, the steam condenses into liquid, resulting in an herbal distillate!"

"Finally, further processing and medicinal blending are done to make herbal tinctures!"

Lynn listened quietly without interrupting Dorothy.

"Using rosemary for distillation to make tinctures can relieve headaches and mental fatigue."

"Chamomile can treat insomnia; witch hazel can stop bleeding, reduce inflammation, and treat skin conditions..."

"The main advantage of tinctures is—ease of storage and use!"

Chapter 598: Inviting the Wolf Into the House

Dorothy took a small glazed bottle from the apothecary room and handed it over to Lynn.

Lynn reached out to take it and looked at it for a few moments.

The tincture was about palm-sized, and the liquid inside could be seen through the glazed bottle.

Such a size was perfect for carrying around.

With a thought, a text panel appeared in his view.

[Chamomile Tincture]: It has calming, soothing, and anti-inflammatory effects and can be used for symptoms such as insomnia.

Looking at the text in front of him, Lynn couldn't help but nod.

A bold idea floated into his mind.

If Dorothy produced tinctures suitable for military campaigns, such as those for bleeding and inflammation control,

he could fully incorporate them into every soldier's equipment kit.

Creating a batch of elite soldiers capable of charging into battle and self-healing!

Of course.

This was just a thought he had for now.

It's not easy to achieve.

Firstly, tincture production requires time, and with only Dorothy working on it, the progress is slow.

Secondly.

To train a force of elite soldiers who can heal themselves, they also need to learn medical knowledge and treatment skills.

Returning the chamomile tincture to Dorothy, Lynn praised, "Very good."

"As a reward, I will have the clerk record a hundred military merits for you!"

Receiving the tincture, Dorothy's eyebrows raised instantly.

A hundred military merits?

That meant she could get an acre of land belonging to her!

Not only Dorothy.

Old John and several hospital interns standing nearby also showed expressions of surprise.

Lynn continued, "However, Scholar Dorothy, I need you to produce more tinctures."

"Calming and soothing, bleeding and inflammation control, promoting digestion, stopping vomiting and diarrhea, etc."

"By producing one more tincture, you might save another life in the future!"

Listening to Lynn's calm and serious words, Dorothy nodded with determination.

"Lord, I understand, and I will give it my all."

Lynn glanced around and continued speaking to Old John and Dorothy.

"Is there anything lacking in the hospital that requires my assistance?"

Old John slightly lowered his head and replied, "Lord, not many townsmen are coming to the hospital for treatment now; we can still manage."

"If a large number of patients appear, the hospital's doctors might be a bit overwhelmed."

Lynn nodded, waiting for Old John to continue.

"In other aspects..."

"Lord, the hospital still needs a batch of linen bed sheets and covers, as well as some linen gauze."

Seeing Old John stop speaking, Lynn said, "You can find Kuisi for the supplies you need; she will resolve these for you."

"As for personnel... I'll think of a way to help you solve this."

The personnel mentioned by Old John were not just townsmen with hands.

But those who knew how to treat as doctors!

In the original scarcity, finding doctors willing to serve only the Noble Lord's wealthy was no easy task.

Old John lowered his head slightly and suddenly thought of something, continuing speaking.

"Lord, the herb seeds you sent have all been planted and are sprouting and growing!"

Lynn's interest was piqued, and his eyebrows slightly raised.

Noticing this scene, Old John proposed, "Lord, please follow me, and I will show you."

Lynn followed Old John's steps through the hospital to the back.

In the cultivated and excavated fields behind, rows upon rows of green were neatly arrayed.

Each strip of green was a different herb.

Lynn stepped closer to the one-meter tall boundary fence.

Clearly, these herbs had been carefully tended by Old John.

Between the tender leaves of the herbs, there were glistening drops of water...

The patches of herbs swayed slightly under the breeze, exuding a rich vitality.

Standing next to Lynn, Old John spoke, "Lord, it's fortunate you brought a large batch of herb seeds."

"Otherwise, I would have to lead the hospital's interns in search throughout the wilderness."

Indeed, there are quite a few wild herbs in the overgrown areas.

But, only a few.

Herbs growing in each place, at most no more than three to five plants, cannot form a scale.

To obtain a large scale of the same type of herb, naturally planting is necessary.

Moreover, after this planting, future harvesting can leave seeds.

The future hospital will only have more and more herbs.

After chatting with Old John for a bit, Lynn walked away from the hospital.

With Old John and Dorothy there, he didn't need to worry too much about hospital matters.

The main thing is, the current hospital's treatment level is limited.

At most, it only deals with external applications of herb powders for skin and flesh wounds and tincture intake treatments.

If there are any severe internal injuries, they can basically choose to give up.

However.

Everything can progress slowly.

From the initial external application of herbal powders to the current tincture intake.

Perhaps it won't take long before developing surgical operations and mineral medicines.

Leaving the hospital, Lynn walked on the lime road between the fields.

The sky dimmed again, and the day quietly slipped away.

Lynn sat on a bench in the Lord's Square, looking straight ahead.

As usual, the townsmen who had dinner surrounded the large central bonfire in the square.

While warming themselves, during this leisure time, they could chat and exchange trivial matters from work or home.

Chapter 599: Inviting the Wolf Into the House (Part 2)

Not only can it alleviate the working pressures of the townsmen, but it also provides a place for entertainment, which is scarce for them.

Especially for those children just a few years old.

The Lord's Square has become their paradise for play and amusement.

Small, tender bodies let out shouts as they weave through the crowd, running back and forth...

The townspeople are all affected by the joy.

Even though those children are not their sons or daughters.

Yet, their faces are all adorned with indulgent smiles.

Seeing such a scene, a sigh escapes Lynn's heart.

No oppression, no fear...

This is what a small town should look like.

At this moment.

Footsteps, approaching from afar, reach Lynn's ears.

Lynn turns to look.

He sees a middle-aged woman, holding a little girl by the hand, come before him.

The middle-aged woman is one of the workers at the lumber workshop.

The little girl Lynn remembers too; she is now being educated by scholars at school.

Just as Lynn is about to speak, the middle-aged woman quickly bends down, pressing the little girl's head down with her hand.

She speaks: "Lord, my daughter found a peculiar stone while playing by the riverside..."

"It even emits a faint glow at night."

"I thought, this stone must be something valuable, so I thought I should give it to you..."

Listening to the middle-aged woman's words, Lynn looks curiously at the little girl.

He sees a look of reluctance on the little girl's face.

Perhaps due to nervousness, she hides behind the middle-aged woman's leg.

Peeking at Lynn from the gap between the legs.

The middle-aged woman, somewhat anxious, urges, "Wuli, quickly take out the stone and give it to the Lord."

"What did I tell you on the way here?"

"Master Lynn is the benefactor of our family, and we must know how to repay kindness."

Hearing the middle-aged woman's words, although unwilling in her heart,

the little girl still pouts, taking out her right hand which had been tucked in her linen robe pocket.

After a few steps, she stood before Lynn, extending her right hand.

Lynn looks down.

In Wuli's small, fair palm lies a crystalline stone.

It is geometrically shaped, resembling a rhombohedral crystal, clear and translucent, refracting peculiar light under the distant bonfire's glow.

With a thought, a text panel appears before Lynn's eyes.

[Magic Ore]: Contains special magic power, can be used to produce equipment, synthesize magic potion, construct buildings, etc.

Lynn's eyebrow immediately raises.

Magic Ore!

The magic ore he longed for was appearing before him in such a way.

However.

Lynn did not immediately take the magic ore from Wuli's hand.

Instead, he looked at Wuli, softly saying, "Little Wuli, are you willing to give this stone to me?"

"You should know, this stone looks so pretty and it glows too!"

Hearing Lynn's words, Wuli's fingers, which were open, immediately clenched tightly around the magic ore in her palm.

Even though her fingers were too short to hold it completely tight.

Seeing the little girl's actions, Lynn couldn't help but chuckle.

"Does little Wuli like anything?"

"I can exchange it with something you like."

Wuli blinked her long eyelashes, repeating Lynn's words.

"Something I like..."

"I like the Lord! Mother also likes the Lord."

"Can you give me the Lord?"

The middle-aged woman standing behind Wuli blushed, full of embarrassment.

Lynn couldn't help but chuckle again.

The Wuli in front of him was merely five years old.

Being able to say such words was certainly due to having heard them often at home and memorized them.

Without minding, Lynn spoke to her kindly.

"How about this, little Wuli, I'll exchange one acre of land with you, how does that sound?"

Wuli was puzzled, murmuring, "Land?"

Lynn nodded, "If little Wuli doesn't know what land is, you can ask your mother."

Wuli turned around to look at her mother, seeing her mother's face full of joy.

Without even asking, she turned back, facing Lynn.

She heavily nodded, saying, "Yes, I want one acre of land."

Lynn said nothing, extending his right hand in front of Wuli.

Without hesitation, Wuli placed the stone in Lynn's palm.

Lynn nodded in satisfaction and looked at the middle-aged woman, "Tatiana Bradley, tomorrow morning the scribe will come to discuss the land details with you."

Hearing Lynn's confirmation, the middle-aged woman's face was full of joy.

She quickly bent her waist, full of gratitude, saying, "Thank you, Lord."

"You are a generous and honorable lord!"

Lynn nodded slightly, indicating for the middle-aged woman to take the little girl away.

Not until the two left did Lynn retract his gaze.

He looked at his palm, the magic ore still refracting peculiar light.

Like a stream of light swirling within.

If he wished, he could unhesitatingly take from the little girl's hand, that magic ore which they knew nothing of.

There would be no need for plunder.

With just his command, no one would refuse.

Because he is the lord of this land!

Chapter 600: Inviting the Wolf Into the House (Part 3)

Even if it's a little girl by the banks of the Aladia River, as long as it's within his territory, it's his property.

Not to mention this piece of magic ore, even the little girl is his property!

However, he is still willing to reward the little girl with an acre of land.

Using land that is already abundant and temporarily undeveloped for planting, to reward townsmen who contribute.

This is very reasonable!

It can both enhance the loyalty of the townsmen and expand the scope of farmland planting within the territory.

Even if the land belongs to the townsmen, the crops grown belong to the townsmen.

But the crops are within the territory, used to improve the living standards of Wuli's family, or to be sold in the market area.

Promoting the economic development of the whole town.

Previously, to ensure that everyone in the territory could have food and obtain their loyalty.

He had to implement a communal living policy for the territory.

But now.

The large-scale production in the territory has already taken shape, and all that is needed is continuous improvement and expansion.

The current military merit promotion system will greatly enhance the labor enthusiasm of the townsmen in the territory.

As long as you contribute to the territory, you can be directly rewarded with an acre of land!

Recollecting his thoughts, Lynn fiddled with the magic ore in his hand, pondering how to use it in his mind.

After a brief contemplation.

Lynn's mind moved, and he opened the [Special Building Library] to check.

[Mutated Wild Boar Farm]: The boars bred will mutate, becoming large, powerful, and able to understand most human commands.

Exchange required: 1000 energy stones

[Wolf's Den]: The wild wolves bred will mutate, becoming robust, with incredible perception and speed like lightning, useful for reconnaissance and more.

Exchange required: 1000 energy stones

[Elephant Training Institute]: Known as the king of field battles, with strong offensive and defensive capabilities...

[Eagle Taming Tower]: With the mobility of flight, it strikes fear into the hearts of enemies...

[Dragon Cavalry]: Exceptional flying advantage, terrifying breath ability, and strategic deterrence...

...

His gaze scanned over the rows of introductions in the [Specialty Building Library].

Like the [Mutated Wild Boar Farm] and [Wolf's Den], they only require a thousand energy stones to exchange.

The even rarer [Griffin Cavalry] and [Dragon Cavalry] require thousands to tens of thousands of energy stones for exchange!

Energy stones are just one aspect.

To construct buildings, various exotic ores are also needed!

Especially the [Dragon Nest], with construction materials including Refined Gold Ore, Secret Silver Ore, Dragon Crystal Ore, Emerald Ore, and so on...

The materials are counted as well.

Because constructing any building will require raw materials.

The most crucial thing is to have a Flying Dragon Cub to breed in the [Dragon Nest]!

However.

These things are still distant from him.

The energy stones and magic ore he currently possesses are only enough to exchange for the most basic [Mutated Wild Boar Farm] or [Wolf's Den].

His mind moved, and a text panel appeared before Lynn's eyes.

[Do you want to consume 1000 energy stones to exchange for the Mutated Wild Boar Farm blueprint?]

Lynn hesitated not at all, silently thinking in his heart.

"Yes!"

[Exchange successful.]

Looking at the Mutated Wild Boar Farm blueprint in front of him, with rows of required construction materials.

Wood, stone, sod, metals, and more.

Including the magic ore he currently owns, it all meets the construction needs.

Lynn breathed a sigh of relief.

Currently, the ranch already has one hundred and fifty forest pigs.

Forest pigs were already a type of wild boar.

He could fully enclose a portion of the boars into the built [Mutated Wild Boar Farm] for breeding.

Once the breeding mutation is successful, the mutated wild boars that can understand commands can serve as mounts for the cavalry.

In his mind, he envisioned the scene of hundreds or thousands clad in armor, wielding long spears, charging on mutated wild boars!

Thinking of this, Lynn couldn't help but feel a vague anticipation in his heart.

He temporarily suppressed the thoughts within his heart.

Lynn rose from the bench, striding back toward the castle.

Returning to the castle.

After dinner, Lynn sat in the armchair, continuously fiddling with the magic ore in his hand.

A thought emerged in his mind.

Little Wuli found a piece of magic ore by the banks of the Aladia River.

Where did this piece of magic ore come from?

Before he became the lord of this territory, it was a wasteland of weeds.

Many people didn't even want to come here for development and planting.

He could understand.

This wasteland was clearly formed by the sediment carried by the Aladia River, blocked by the waterfall below the territory.

Causing the water flow to slow suddenly, reducing the river's transporting ability, and gradually depositing the carried sediment and gravel.

Eventually forming this territory.

This process is extremely long and may have taken many years.

During this long time, this piece of magic ore was brought here.

After continual erosion by river water, it emerged from the sediment.

Just happened to be picked up by Little Wuli.

This means.

Upstream of the Aladia River, at an unknown distance from his town.

There is a great possibility that there exists a source of magic ore!

Of course.

This is just a speculative inference of his.

If time permits, he can continue to take the guards into the primordial forest, and conduct more in-depth exploration.