

System 631

Chapter 631: Is Mark Crazy? Part 4

When all the memories were completely fused, Lynn called Jose over.

He had him stand by, observing and learning.

Lynn began the production of the [Zhuge Crossbow].

The first thing to make is the crossbow's arm.

Using the toughness and elasticity of mulberry wood makes it perfectly suitable for crafting crossbow arms.

And with an abundance of mulberry trees in the forest outside the town, they can be felled.

However, there is no need to worry about a shortage of raw materials due to large-scale crossbow production later.

The length of the crossbow arm is generally between sixty centimeters and one meter.

To enhance the power of the crossbow, Lynn ultimately decided to craft a crossbow arm that is one meter long.

Eight centimeters in width and five centimeters in thickness.

Once the dimensions of the crossbow arm were determined, Lynn picked up the iron saw and started to process the crossbow arm.

Woo woo woo~

Under the continuous pulling of the short saw in Lynn's hand, a series of light whimpers continuously resounded.

Behind Lynn.

Jose stood in place, his face full of puzzlement as he looked at Master Lynn.

He is a veteran with decades of experience in producing bows and arrows.

He could vaguely guess that Master Lynn was now processing the bow body.

However, Jose felt something was amiss!

So he furrowed his brows, staying put to continue his observation.

Not only Jose.

Some idle apprentices also curiously gathered beside Jose.

They originally intended to ask Foreman Jose what was being done.

But when they clearly saw that the person handling the production was their Master Lynn, they hurriedly closed their mouths.

Jose naturally noticed the arrival of the apprentices.

But he did not drive them away to continue their labors.

Under the watchful eyes of Heise and all the apprentices, Lynn finally finished processing the crossbow arm in his hand.

As he picked up the sandpaper and leather on the desk for polishing.

Jose, who had been waiting beside him, couldn't help but step forward.

With curiosity in his voice, Jose asked, "Master, are you making a bow?"

"As long as it's not too complicated a longbow, I can make it at your command."

Lynn glanced back at Jose and said, "Crossbow, Zhuge Crossbow."

Hearing Lynn's calm words, Jose's brow instantly furrowed.

Crossbow?

Zhuge Crossbow?

What is this thing?

Not to mention making it.

He's never even heard this name before.

How to make it?

An embarrassed look appeared on Jose's face as he stepped back a few paces and joined the apprentices in observation and learning.

Once the crossbow arm was polished, Lynn fixed it on the workbench for the next step: grooving.

He needed to cut a shallow groove on the surface of the crossbow arm along the length, matching the diameter of the arrow shaft as an arrow track.

This allows the launched arrow to shoot along a fixed trajectory, ensuring shooting accuracy!

This is one of the processing methods to improve the accuracy of the crossbow's shooting.

As Lynn used the curved saber to groove the crossbow arm, Jose's brow furrowed even deeper.

Currently, he could not imagine at all what shape the crossbow that their Master Lynn wanted to make would take.

Time slowly passed.

In the bow and arrow workshop, a hundred apprentices have already stopped from their assembly line-like posts.

They stood from afar, surrounding Lynn's workstation.

Ensuring they could see clearly, while not causing air stagnation or stuffiness.

It was naturally Lynn who called them to halt their bow and arrow production.

For longbow production, with Jose in the bow and arrow workshop, guidance for these apprentices could be given at any time.

But for the current crossbow production, Lynn would only demonstrate once.

Neither Jose nor the apprentices could learn much; it depended on their respective understanding ability and talent.

Of course.

Later, Lynn will also draft detailed blueprints for producing the [Zhuge Crossbow].

For the subsequent large-scale production of crossbows in the bow and arrow workshop!

After more than two hours.

Lynn finally cut a circular shallow groove on the crossbow arm on the workbench.

The grooving process is not considered complex.

However, it tests the power in one's arm and hand greatly.

Even for Lynn, after two hours, tiny beads of sweat appeared on his forehead.

Lynn didn't care, extended his arm to wipe it clean, and continued with the next step of production.

The production of crossbows is much easier for a bow and arrow workshop that's already engaged in longbow production.

Lynn directly walked to the middle of the bow and arrow workshop and picked a longbow body from a pile of pre-bent and shaped bow bodies.

He only needed to reprocess it according to the length of the crossbow arm, trim it to an appropriate length, then he could directly use it as a crossbow bow.

Lynn picked up the leather strips and metal hoops from the desk and began tightly securing the crossbow and crossbow arm.

Ensuring that the crossbow would not loosen or shift during firing.

This is the advantage of having a bow and arrow workshop.

With the most basic bow and arrow workshop, now just making the [Zhuge Crossbow], he could almost directly pick and use various basic materials from the workshop.

If from the very beginning, he started by making the [Zhuge Crossbow].

He would not only need to find materials for the crossbow, but also various small parts for making the crossbow!

Until nightfall.

With several apprentices holding torches for lighting, Lynn finally completed the fixing of the crossbow arm and crossbow on the workbench.

Lynn looked towards the crowd, dismissed the apprentices, allowing them to finish work and eat.

He also stepped out of the workshop.

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Just a few steps out, Jose followed with his strides.

He spoke with a hint of hesitation: "Master Lynn, is there anything you need me to do?"

Lynn turned his head, looking at Jose, who was deliberately shorter than him.

He spoke: "I need you to carefully observe my production demonstration."

"Afterwards, I need you to lead and teach the apprentices to begin large-scale production of the [Zhuge Crossbow]!"

Jose raised his eyebrows, continuing to speak: "Large-scale production..."

"But Master Lynn, there are only a hundred apprentices in the Bow and Arrow Workshop."

"Moreover, it's the crossbow I've never heard of..."

"I'm worried the Bow and Arrow Workshop might disappoint you."

Lynn nodded and said: "As for labor, I will find a solution."

"Don't worry about how to produce the crossbow either."

"From selecting the wood to the final production, I will draw the process completely and in detail on the blueprint."

"You only need to follow the blueprint, using it as a model to produce them!"

Hearing Lynn's words, Jose's face slightly eased, and he responded: "Yes, Master Lynn, I will follow all your instructions!"

After dismissing Jose, Lynn walked along the red brick road of the Handicraft Workshop District.

The other workshops had already closed for lunch break,

leaving only the Blacksmith Workshop and Textile Workshop continuing their rush work.

As he passed by the Blacksmith Workshop, Ehrelo's gaze turned and caught sight of Lynn.

Ehrelo respectfully bent from a distance, performing a courtesy.

Lynn saw, despite the tired look on the faces of Ehrelo and the Blacksmith Apprentices,

they had no complaints about working overtime.

There was a clear longing in their eyes for military honors, and a desire for land!

Lynn glanced once more at the faraway Textile Workshop.

Similarly, the Textile Workshop was still working hard, rushing to meet their deadline.

Lynn nodded in satisfaction and walked out of the Handicraft Workshop District.

He walked through the small town and arrived at the Lord's Square, where he once again sat on the familiar lord's bench.

His gaze was distant.

Groups of townsmen walked along the limestone road of the small town, entering the Lord's Square.

They headed straight to the canteen, ready to enjoy their dinner.

...

At this time, on the other side.

As the night was falling.

A team of nearly a hundred horse-mounted soldiers entered Morgan under the cover of darkness.

The townsmen walking on the bluestone slabs heard the genuine sound of hooves hitting the ground behind them.

Frightened in their hearts, they quickly jogged to the edge of the road to make way.

Waiting for this team of cavalry to pass through.

On the horses, the soldiers wore standard plate armor composed of multiple metal plates, connected by hinges, belts, etc.

On the chest armor, there was a prominent crest featuring a crossed greatsword and round shield.

On the flag spears held by several soldiers, a blue flag with a golden greatsword and round shield was fluttering in the wind.

It was the family emblem of Marquis Duca!

The townsmen all shrank their necks and withdrew their gazes.

Nearly a hundred cavalymen passed through the small town, finally stopping in front of a three-story building.

At the shout of a middle-aged man, the nearly hundred cavalymen lined up, guarding the surroundings.

Listening to the sounds of hooves at the door, along with the shouted orders given by the line-up.

Godfrey stepped out from the brothel.

Just in time to meet the middle-aged man coming down from the brothel entrance after completing the lineup.

Upon seeing Godfrey, the middle-aged man stopped instantly.

He scanned Godfrey with his eyes, speaking coldly.

"Godfrey, where is Lawrence?"

Godfrey frowned and questioned: "Doyle, how dare you address Lord Lawrence's name in such a manner?"

The expression on the middle-aged man, Doyle, remained indifferent.

"Doyle is here under the orders of the Marquis, to escort Lord Lawrence back home!"

Hearing this, Godfrey's gaze moved over Doyle's body towards the distance.

The fully armed cavalry were waiting.

Godfrey understood, with such a display, even if Lawrence was unwilling,

Doyle would forcibly escort Lawrence back to Bordeaux Castle.

Compared to these.

What intrigued Godfrey more was.

Why did Mark Ducas dispatch nearly a hundred heavy cavalry, even sending Doyle to Morgan Town?

Was it simply to demonstrate the military strength of the Ducas Marquis?

To showcase the Ducas Clan's prestige?

Or because of the long journey, fearing Lawrence might encounter danger on the way back?

Even if Morgan is remote, it is still the territory of Marquis Duca,

Even if there were rampant bandits before.

No bandit, however bold, would dare to target the lord of the entire territory, a member of the Ducas Clan!

Otherwise, it would be no different from seeking death.

In the next second,

a bold thought surfaced in Godfrey's mind.

The situation in the Karedi Empire is bound to undergo significant changes in the short term!

So significant that even the Marquisate of Dukas will be affected!

The only possibility is that the battle for imperial authority is about to begin!

Aside from this,

Godfrey could think of no other possibility.

Was it because Lawrence, leading the army, was ravaging the Duchy of the Red Dragon, committing arson and looting without restraint?

Quickly.

Godfrey dismissed this thought.

If this event were the trigger, the moment they returned to Morgan Town,

they should have already heard that the imperial power struggle had begun.

However, he did not hear much information about the imperial power struggle.

In other words.

The Duke of Red Dragon's patience was strong, strong enough to tolerate someone burning and plundering in his domain, killing nearly ten thousand people.

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He can still endure it!

Since that is the case.

What kind of situation would cause the Duke of Red Dragon to lash out in rage and humiliation?

And then recklessly start a war?

Godfrey frowned; he felt his mind wasn't sharp enough.

He couldn't fathom the coming twists and turns in the Karedi Empire!

However.

Godfrey thought for a moment, then felt relieved.

He was deep in Morgan Town, far too distant from Bordeaux City.

He couldn't gather much useful intelligence at all.

Besides, though he was the knight commander and advisor beside Lawrence.

He was ultimately just an executor of plans!

Godfrey acknowledged, then spoke to Doyle, "Understood, I'll inform Lord Lawrence right away."

Doyle quickly responded, "Thank you, Knight Commander Godfrey."

Godfrey nodded, turned, and walked towards the brothel's hall.

As he reached the stairs leading up, Danke stepped alongside him.

Danke inquired, "Sir, are we preparing to return?"

Godfrey glanced at Danke and said, "Yes, prepare for departure, and gather the team."

Danke promptly replied, "Yes, Sir."

Wasting no words, Godfrey moved, climbing the stairs.

He ascended to the second floor, then stepped forward to the third.

Walking through several corridors, Godfrey stopped at a room guarded by two soldiers.

Even though the double wooden doors were tightly closed.

He could still clearly hear the sounds of clapping coming through the door cracks.

Godfrey took a small breath and raised his right hand, knocking rhythmically on the door several times.

Thud~ thud thud~

Godfrey reminded, "Master, it is I, Godfrey."

His voice fell.

The clapping sounds behind the door continued, rising and falling.

Godfrey frowned slightly and knocked on the door again.

His voice grew a bit louder, as he continued, "Lord Lawrence."

The next moment.

Lawrence's somewhat impatient voice came from behind the door.

"Come in!"

Hearing this, Godfrey extended both hands to slowly push open the double wooden doors before him.

Instantly.

A rich mixture of odd smells greeted Godfrey's face.

Godfrey instinctively held his breath.

He walked several meters into the room, arriving before a fallen silk curtain.

Godfrey lowered his head and reported, "Master, the Marquis has dispatched family soldiers to escort you back to the castle."

Inside the room.

Godfrey's entry did not cause the strange sounds to stop.

Just as Godfrey's words fell.

Lawrence's displeased voice echoed from behind the curtain.

"Mark Ducas is rather meddlesome, isn't he?"

"I haven't even competed with him for the marquis title."

"And now he dares to interfere with my actions?"

Godfrey said nothing, still standing behind the curtain.

Lawrence scolded, "Tell those who came to get lost."

"Let them tell Mark Ducas that I'll return after I've had my fun!"

Godfrey reminded, "Master, the person who came is Doyle, along with nearly a hundred heavy knights."

Upon hearing Godfrey's words.

The clapping sounds in the room abruptly stopped.

Lawrence, lying on the large bed, turned back to look towards Godfrey behind the curtain and asked.

"Doyle Gack?"

Godfrey responded, "Yes, Master, it is indeed the Defense Commander of the Marquis's Castle, Doyle Gack."

A few seconds later.

Lawrence's brows immediately furrowed as he asked, "Is Mark crazy?"

"Allowing the defense commander to leave Bordeaux City?"

"Does he not fear that during Doyle's absence, enemies might attack Bordeaux City?"

Godfrey explained, "Master, I surmise the Marquis wants to ensure your return."

"After all, Doyle follows only the Marquis's orders."

"If I inform him of what you just said, I believe Doyle would unhesitatingly rush into your room with the family soldiers."

Lawrence's expression immediately darkened.

It seemed thoughts churned in his mind.

As Lawrence pondered, a scolding voice suddenly erupted from his mouth.

"Get lost!"

"Looking at you makes me sick!"

Four or five women lying on the large bed were instantly startled awake.

Terror-stricken, they bolted towards the room's door.

Seeing those women, with body weights even exceeding his own.

Godfrey couldn't help but frown.

What had Lawrence been through to develop a desire for such women?

Of course.

This was merely his thought; he naturally wouldn't question Lawrence in the room about it.

But reflecting further.

Compared to most noble lords, Lawrence's preferences seemed quite normal.

At least, the targets of his indulgences were regular women.

Unlike those other lord nobles, especially the Great Lord!

Widely known as one of the Three Great Dukes, Duke Cangyu!

Who is known for having particular tastes.

As Godfrey awaited.

Lawrence was already dressed and emerged from behind the curtain, passing by him.

Seeing Godfrey not following, Lawrence threw a cold glance at him.

Lawrence coldly said, "What are you standing there for?"

"Gather the team, return to Bordeaux City!"

Godfrey promptly responded, "Yes, Master!"

With that, Godfrey took his stride, following Lawrence down to the brothel's first floor.

Upon reaching the brothel's entrance.

Lawrence's gaze scanned the surroundings.

The sight of soldiers wearing the Sword and Shield Corps' armor instantly came into his view.

Especially the family crest of a greatsword and round shield on their chest armor!

An unexplainable boldness surged from Lawrence's heart.

Turning again.

Lawrence's gaze settled on the robust figure waiting — Defense Commander Doyle Gack of Bordeaux.

But he merely glanced, then chose to ignore him.

Lawrence took a deep breath and commanded, "Return to Bordeaux!"

He mounted his horse, resting his feet on the stirrups, and with a swift lash of the whip in his right hand, struck the horse's flank.

With a painful neigh, the horse reared its front hooves high.

Upon landing, the horse galloped forward along the road.

Seeing this, Godfrey and the others.

Also spurred their mounts, chasing after Lawrence.

The grand scale and imposing momentum caught the townsfolk's attention.

Soldiers of the Ducas Clan's Sword and Shield Corps galloped out of the town.

Sprinting along the road to Kakasong City.

Trailing not far behind Lawrence, Godfrey suddenly thought of something.

He glanced back once.

In that direction lay the domain of Lord Lynn!

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The next day, early morning.

After having breakfast, Lynn arrived at the bow and arrow workshop early.

Foreman Jose, along with a group of apprentices from the bow and arrow workshop, had long been waiting expectantly.

Under the reverent gazes of the crowd, Lynn came to the workbench he used yesterday to continue crafting the [Zhuge Crossbow].

Next, he would craft the crossbow's arrow quiver!

The material for the quiver also had requirements.

The texture needs to be hard and the grain should be fine.

The purpose is to ensure the quiver's solid stability.

According to the memory in his mind, Lynn ultimately decided to set the length of the arrow quiver to thirty centimeters.

Mainly to tightly accommodate ten arrows.

Lynn picked up the iron tools from the table, cutting the wood into suitable pieces to craft the frame for the quiver.

[Production Experience +1]

[Production Experience +1]

[Production Experience +1]

...

The size of the frame should be able to accommodate the required number of arrows.

A Zhuge Crossbow quiver usually holds ten arrows.

He spent some time chiseling mortises, combining tenon and mortise structures, and then used iron nails and hoops to reinforce the quiver.

The top of the quiver needs to have an opening to install a movable lid for arrow loading.

Similarly, the lid is connected to the quiver's body through hinges and a tenon and mortise structure, ensuring it can open and close freely.

This guarantees that the crossbow remains closed during firing to prevent arrows from flying out and falling.

Under the watchful eyes of many apprentices, Lynn methodically carried out the production.

Once the quiver was completed, ensuring no issues were present.

Then Lynn began installing the crafted quiver on top of the crossbow arm.

Aligning the quiver's arrow opening with the slot carved on the crossbow arm yesterday.

Ensuring arrows can smoothly fall into the arrow path.

Time flowed quickly as Lynn stayed busy.

Despite this, he did not pause.

Setting aside the semi-finished crossbow.

Lynn continued onto the next step of production, the core of the crossbow, the crossbow mechanism!

The trigger and linkage are components of the mechanism.

The trigger controls the firing of arrows, while the linkage connects the trigger to the crossbow string, enabling string pulling and firing functions!

Based on the [Zhuge Crossbow] crafting principles in his mind.

The shapes and sizes of the trigger and linkage should be designed and crafted according to the overall structure and mechanical principles of the crossbow!

With this in mind.

Lynn stepped forward to the forging area of the bow and arrow workshop.

Since the construction of the bow and arrow workshop, there has been a metal forging area within.

The purpose was to craft various crossbows and arrowheads.

Now it's perfectly suitable for forging the components needed for the [Zhuge Crossbow] mechanism.

Lynn used iron tongs to extract a glowing red and orange hot iron piece from the furnace, placing it on the anvil.

He picked up the iron hammer beside him with his right hand and began forging directly.

Ding~

Ding~

Ding~

With each strike, sparks flew, producing a clear metallic collision sound.

[Forging Experience +1]

[Forging Experience +1]

[Forging Experience +1]

...

Jose and a group of apprentices watched the sturdy expression on Master Lynn's face.

Their hearts were filled with complexity and sentiment.

Even though they've heard long ago that Master Lynn enjoys doing things himself.

Planting crops, building houses, cooking meals, and so on.

However, this was their first time seeing it so closely.

Their Master Lynn not only processed and crafted personally but also forged iron himself.

More importantly,

The crafting and forging techniques and proficiency of their Master Lynn far exceeded theirs!

Jose was also filled with sentiments.

With his ability and skills in crafting bows and arrows, even if he went to some great lord's workshops.

Most people would treat him with respect.

Because he possesses technology, he can craft longbows and arrows!

Longbows and arrows can increase the lord's military strength!

However.

When first becoming a slave and arriving at Master Lynn's territory, he was initially treated well.

He was immediately appointed as the foreman of the bow and arrow workshop.

Leading and instructing a hundred apprentices to start crafting bows and arrows.

But because he was used to laziness, he liked to slack off during work...

Jose never expected that Master Lynn would quickly discover him.

And issued a stern warning—Fail the task, and beheading follows!

At first, Jose thought Master Lynn was just intimidating him.

Because across the small town, those capable of crafting longbows and arrows were merely one or two people.

But now.

Jose realized that as long as Master Lynn desired.

His role as the bow and arrow workshop foreman could be replaced at any time!

As long as Master Lynn was willing to spend some time, he could lead and instruct the apprentices in the workshop himself.

Even more.

Master Lynn's abilities were far above his!

To craft something like the [Zhuge Crossbow], which he had never heard of.

Could archery fire continuously?

While Jose's heart brimmed with emotions.

Lynn continued to forge, one strike after another.

Fortunately, the iron components needed for the crossbow mechanism were not many.

After spending two to three hours hammering, forging, and quenching.

The necessary iron components were finally crafted.

Lynn proceeded to refine the parts further.

The trigger is hook-shaped, with one end connecting to the linkage and the other for finger operation.

The dimensions of the trigger are eight centimeters long, three centimeters wide, and less than two centimeters thick.

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Use sand and stone to carefully polish and polish the burrs and flash on the surface of the trigger, making the surface as smooth as possible.

After the polishing was complete, Lynn picked up the iron drill and drilled a hole in the trigger, connecting it to the linkage.

The size and position of the hole must precisely match the linkage.

The production of the linkage, like the trigger, also needs to be made of iron.

Ensure that it has sufficient strength and toughness to prevent breaking or deforming during the transmission of power.

This is also why Lynn chose to forge and then quench it.

The shape of the linkage is rod-like, thin in the middle, thick at both ends.

One end connects to the trigger, the other end connects to the hook device of the bowstring.

The length of the linkage is generally around twenty centimeters.

Fine processing completed.

Lynn continued with the next step of assembling and adjusting.

Assemble the manufactured trigger and linkage, connecting them together through methods such as mortise and tenon or bolts.

Ensure the connection is firm, not loosening during use!

Meanwhile, ensure the movement between the trigger and the linkage is flexible.

No sticking phenomenon occurs!

Subsequently, Lynn began the twisting process of the bowstring.

Adjust the length of the bowstring according to the size of the crossbow arm and bow, ensuring moderate tension after installation.

Both ensuring the firing power of the arrow, and not putting excessive pressure on the crossbow arm and bow.

When the installation and adjustment of the bowstring was completed.

Lynn began to install the trigger and linkage crossbow machine that were installed and adjusted onto the crossbow arm.

Time continues to pass.

An hour later, a complete [Zhuge Crossbow] was finished and appeared in Lynn's hands.

Only the final step remains—test shooting adjustment.

Lynn directly took ten triangular armor-piercing arrows and cut them to twenty centimeters according to the dimensions of the arrow quiver.

Then tightly fitted them into the arrow quiver, closed the hinge.

Under the attention of everyone, Lynn lifted the [Zhuge Crossbow] with his right hand and walked towards the testing area behind the bow and arrow workshop.

Lynn slightly felt the crossbow in his hand.

The [Zhuge Crossbow] he made was somewhat different from the traditional ones which weighed at least forty to fifty pounds.

The weight was only about twenty pounds, extremely lightweight.

The aim was for infantry and cavalry to carry it easily, allowing a single person to use it effortlessly.

Arriving at the testing area.

Lynn spread his feet shoulder-width apart and leaned slightly forward, the stance was largely similar to using a longbow.

With his left hand holding the front end of the crossbow arm, he steadied the crossbow in front of his chest, keeping the crossbow arm level with the ground.

This stance provided stable support, which was more conducive to aiming and firing!

Utilizing the sight on the crossbow arm, he quickly aimed at the target set in the testing area.

The effective range of the [Zhuge Crossbow] wasn't far, so Lynn merely steadied himself fifty meters away from the target.

Lynn inhaled slightly, and at the moment of exhalation, his right index finger simultaneously pulled the trigger.

Bang~

With a crisp sound, the mechanism was triggered, and the bowstring instantly released.

Accompanied by a sharp whistling sound, the twenty-centimeter triangular armor-piercing arrow shot out violently.

Whoosh!

In the blink of an eye.

The triangular armor-piercing arrow sliced through the air and embedded itself in the target with a 'thud'.

In the rear, Jose and the others, witnessing this scene, frowned slightly.

Is this all the [Zhuge Crossbow] made by Master Lynn can do?

Whether in speed or power, it was far from comparable to the standard longbows they had made.

The next second.

Bang bang bang~

Lynn's right index finger quickly and rhythmically pulled the trigger continuously.

Amidst the series of crisp tension-releasing sounds, one triangular armor-piercing arrow after another shot out rapidly.

In a series of 'whoosh whoosh whoosh', they consecutively hit the target set fifty meters away.

In the blink of an eye.

The target, originally pierced by just one arrow, was now covered with cross arrows!

Upon seeing this scene.

Jose and the others standing behind Lynn had their eyes widen instantly, faces full of disbelief.

In at most ten seconds, ten arrows were shot!

Fast?

Not particularly fast.

An experienced and strong archer could similarly shoot one arrow every one or two seconds.

And accurately hit distant targets.

However, there was a difference.

Their Master Lynn was just standing there.

With his left hand holding the crossbow arm, the right hand casually pulling the trigger.

Then, the triangular armor-piercing arrows in the arrow quiver fired out, accurately hitting the target.

The [Zhuge Crossbow] didn't require the shooter to possess significant physical prowess, nor did it require highly skilled archery techniques.

Merely aiming at the target using the crossbow's sight and pulling the trigger was enough!

Needless to say, even the apprentices in the bow and arrow workshop felt that, despite having no previous experience using a crossbow, they could manage it easily!

This ability was far beyond what a longbow could compare!

Up until now.

Jose finally understood why Master Lynn was so persistent in coming to the bow and arrow workshop to create what he called the 'Zhuge Crossbow'.

To release it by himself, allowing them to observe.

Even if the production of bows and arrows in the workshop temporarily halts, it didn't matter.

Because.

As long as Master Lynn's [Zhuge Crossbow] could be produced on a large scale.

It could enable all soldiers to possess the infantry's ability for close-range attack and kill.

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And it's a continuous kill!

All the triangular armor-piercing arrows from the crossbow quiver were shot out.

Lynn's gaze swept across the crossbow in his hand.

At the moment he pulled the trigger, he was also feeling the feedback from the crossbow.

For example.

The sound of friction between the arrows and the quiver, the launching track.

The 'click' of mechanical parts interacting.

Whether the trigger pull is smooth, whether the lever transmission power is normal, whether the release of the crossbow string is timely and accurate...

Fortunately, after ten consecutive arrows shot out, he didn't sense any anomalies.

Holding the crossbow in his hand, Lynn stepped towards Jose behind him.

Seeing Lynn approach, Jose quickly bent over and respectfully said, "Master."

Lynn responded and handed over the [Zhuge Crossbow].

Jose quickly took it with both hands.

Lynn said, "Place this [Zhuge Crossbow] in the workshop as a sample for future production references."

"The production process steps and component dimension design drawings, I'll have someone deliver them to you tomorrow."

"You start trying to make it with them."

"The labor shortage, I'll arrange to supplement it for you as soon as possible."

Listening to Lynn's explanation, Jose was relieved and replied, "Yes, Master."

Instructed Jose a few words and let them continue to busy themselves.

Lynn stepped out of the bow and arrow workshop.

The [Zhuge Crossbow] manufacturing drawing, he had already been sketching it out last night.

After tonight's refinement, he could produce a complete drawing tomorrow.

However.

Lynn also understood.

Even with his hands-on production, demonstration over these two days.

And having the production drawings.

To have the bow and arrow workshop produce the [Zhuge Crossbow] on a large scale is still not easy.

The mechanical structure of the crossbow is complex, requiring metal materials to produce components, and demands very high technical skills from craftsmen.

Production requires a large amount of manpower and resources.

Even for him, who has integrated production memories and is extremely skilled.

He spent two days continuously to finish making one [Zhuge Crossbow]!

Although aware it's not easy.

He must find a way to invest more manpower and resources into the bow and arrow workshop.

Because.

The [Zhuge Crossbow] can greatly enhance his army's long-range attack capability.

Before engaging in close combat, through the firepower coverage of the crossbow, reduce the enemy's active forces.

Thereby, reducing the battle damage among his army soldiers!

Even if unable to mass-produce crossbows in a short time, or arm the soldiers with them.

He will still proceed!

Suppressing the thoughts in his mind, Lynn stepped out of the bow and arrow workshop.

Walking in the Handicraft Workshop District, inspecting the various workshops.

The forging in the blacksmith workshop and weaving in the textile workshop continue to be fervently ongoing.

Especially in the blacksmith workshop.

Lynn saw Clive standing among a group of blacksmith apprentices, watching the blacksmiths forging.

The forging area was beside the high-temperature burning anthracite furnace.

Scorching, baking.

Clive's scholar robe was visibly soaked with sweat.

Yet he still chose not to retreat.

Instead, he observed the forging process of the blacksmith apprentices.

Clearly.

He is extremely concerned about forging the heavy armor of the Iron Butcher and horse armor.

After a few glances, Lynn left satisfied.

Everyone is striving to exert their abilities, everyone is doing their utmost for the development of this territory.

This territory of his will naturally develop and grow rapidly.

After inspecting the area, ensuring everything was normal.

Lynn stepped towards the Aladia River dock.

He was preparing to resume [Fishing] to gather more Energy Stones!

Arriving at the dock.

Lynn sat on the stable wooden chair set up by the guard.

In the surprised gazes of Red and several others, he pulled out the Magic Deer Sinew Fishing Rod made by Flint.

Skillfully attached bait and cast it into the river.

Lynn began quietly waiting.

Looking at the wide river surface of the Aladia River and the flow that's not too fast.

He thought in his mind.

How to utilize the Aladia River to create more value.

The river fish resource has already been harvested for fish meat through fishing, refining fish glue, and so on.

Water transport has also been facilitated by creating a small ship, the Noel Ship, and a dinghy, utilizing water power for transportation.

Drinking water and farmland irrigation are indispensable parts of this territory.

As well as some industrial production fields of workshops using the Aladia River.

And the most crucial point.

The Aladia River forms a natural defensive barrier for his territory's town!

In the front, there is a city wall and Weng City, relying on the mountain gap for defense.

In the rear, there is the Aladia River, nearly a kilometer wide and unfathomably deep, as a barrier.

It can be said.

Unless the Elfini Empire opts to spend massive manpower and resources, crossing mountainous terrains, clearing forests, reaching the opposite side of the Aladia River.

Then build a shipyard, produce large longship warships.

And dispatch a large number of armed soldiers to cross the river and assault the shore.

Otherwise.

This territory of his can indeed be described as impregnable!

But Lynn also understood.

Before building defenses by the Aladia River, there remains a possibility of becoming a weak point for enemy entry into the territory.

Chapter 637: Request Him to Dispatch Troops Immediately

Not only the enemies.

The flood disaster could also invade his territory from the Aladia River.

He had to know.

His territory was originally an alluvial plain formed by river water carrying river stones.

If a prolonged heavy rain occurs in the upper region of the Aladia River,

it's very likely that a flood disaster would occur, submerging his territory!

The barley, potatoes, and various crops planted on the soil surface,

could very likely be washed away by the flood!

Even if not washed away, the crops flooded for a long time would cause the air in the soil to be squeezed out,

the roots wouldn't be able to breathe properly, leading to oxygen deprivation, and eventually the plants would die!

The loss caused by this is not something the territory can bear.

Despite having the [Disaster Warning] feature, that only serves as a reminder.

He needed more labor force in the territory to carry out flood prevention and defense constructions!

Lynn even felt.

Simply relying on the few hundred slaves Grayson transported each time could no longer meet the labor needs of his territory.

Especially for large-scale constructions within the territory.

For example, he previously wanted to lay wooden tracks in the territory and now wants to build flood prevention defenses, among other things.

More labor force must be obtained quickly!

Thoughts rotated in Lynn's mind.

He thought of Morgan Town and the Manor Lords there.

The last time he captured Morrison Manor, he gained eighteen hundred peasant servants and two hundred captives!

Although he lost dozens of soldiers, the gains were clearly significant.

While Lynn pondered.

The sound of quick steps drew nearer.

Lynn turned his head to look, it was Gasper, the spy captain of Morgan Town.

With prior experience, Gasper no longer needed Lynn's reminder.

He stopped a few meters away from Lynn, beginning to calm his somewhat rapid breathing.

A minute later.

Gasper spoke respectfully, "Master, I have intelligence to report."

Lynn said, "Speak."

Gasper didn't hesitate and directly said, "Master, Lawrence Ducas left Morgan Town at dusk yesterday."

"He was escorted away by a team of cavalry wearing standard plate armor."

Lynn asked in confusion, "Escorted away?"

Gasper explained, "Yes, Master."

"That team of cavalry came from Kakasong City."

Lynn asked, "Any other information?"

Gaspar recalled in his mind.

Soon, he continued, "Oh right, Master, there's something else."

"Yesterday, the guards at Frank Manor and the guards at Will Manor had a dispute."

"It even escalated into a brawl, with one guard from Will Manor having his left hand chopped off..."

"In the end, it was Joao Frank who brought a group of soldiers to Morgan Town that dispersed both parties."

"Master, that's all the intelligence we have at the moment."

Lynn nodded, signaling to dismiss Gaspar.

His mind began to contemplate once more.

Since Lawrence has left Morgan Town, it is bound to enter a period of reshuffling soon.

He felt it wouldn't be long before he received a letter from Janet.

A letter requesting him to send troops to attack!

...

At the other end.

In the wide room of Barnaby Manor,

Barnaby lay on the bed, panting heavily.

Barnaby couldn't help but curse silently, 'Damn it! Can't I just rest for a moment?'

He had just opened his mouth to speak when there was a knock on the wooden door outside the room.

Knock-knock~

Barnaby's eyes shifted towards the door.

No need to inquire, his guard's reminder came from outside.

"Master, the Lord of Theodore Manor has arrived at the manor, waiting for you in the reception hall."

Listening to the guard's voice, Barnaby frowned slightly, seemingly thinking of something.

Barnaby called out to the guard outside the room, "Tell Theodore I'll be right there."

The guard outside replied, "Yes, Master."

Listening to the fading footsteps of the guard.

With the reluctant and sultry sounds of three young women from Kusete, Barnaby stood up.

"What are you mumbling about?"

"I have important matters to attend to, quickly help me dress!"

"Once I've handled the matters, see how I deal with you obediently!"

With the help of the three women dressing him,

Barnaby walked towards the room's door, speaking boastfully, "None of you are allowed to go anywhere, stay here and wait for me!"

As the three women watched, Barnaby exited the room.

Holding onto the wooden handrail by the stairs, he arrived at the reception hall on the first floor.

Barnaby's gaze turned forward.

There.

The plump and rounded Theodore was already waiting.

Facing the stairs up and down, Theodore naturally saw Barnaby.

He quickly approached Barnaby.

Theodore spoke with some excitement and urgency, "Barnaby Manor Lord, good news!"

Seeing Theodore's unusual expression, Barnaby raised an eyebrow.

"What good news? It even requires you to deliver it personally?"

Theodore affirmed, "Such great news, naturally I had to deliver it to you myself."

"Lawrence has left Morgan Town."

"According to the information I received, he was personally escorted back by the Defense Commander of Marquis Mark Ducas!"

Barnaby was a bit surprised, "Mark Ducas?"

"If I remember correctly, Mark and Lawrence aren't biological brothers, are they?"

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"Even though Morgan Town is far from Bordeaux City, and the Ducas Clan's control is relatively weak, it shouldn't be such a huge effort, right?"

Theodore shook his head, "As for the reasons, I haven't received any information and I'm still not aware at the moment."

"But as soon as Lawrence leaves, we can take action! Barnaby Manor Lord!"

Barnaby looked directly at Theodore and tentatively said, "You mean, to join forces and obliterate the Frank Manor?"

Theodore responded, "Of course!"

Barnaby frowned slightly, "But Theodore, we've talked about this before."

"With the armed forces of our two manors, we simply cannot conquer the castle of the Frank Manor!"

Theodore grinned, "Of course I know that."

"But... what if we add Lord Will to the equation?"

Barnaby was a bit surprised, "You mean, Will Arnold is willing to stand on the same side as me?"

"Hasn't he always felt that the distribution method I proposed is unfair?"

Theodore explained, "Before, Lord Will indeed thought so."

"However, after yesterday's brawl incident, Will's stance changed."

"Will told me he's willing to join forces with us and send troops to overthrow the Frank Manor!"

"Moreover, he can accept the method of dividing the Frank Manor into three parts!"

Upon hearing this, Barnaby's face showed disdain.

He coldly said, "He doubts when he wants to doubt? Joins when he wants to join?"

"Does Will think he's something important or worthy?"

Theodore laughed indifferently, "Barnaby Manor, this kind of thing isn't worth getting upset over, right?"

"At worst, after we join forces to eliminate the Frank Manor, we can turn around and destroy Arnold Manor, can't we?"

"Can a small Arnold Manor withstand the attacks from our two great manors?"

Listening to Theodore's words, the displeasure on Barnaby's face vanished instantly.

Barnaby praised, "Indeed, Theodore, your strategic depth is greater!"

Theodore grinned and laughed.

"However, before attacking the Frank Manor, we need to ascertain the patrol soldiers guarding its territory!"

Barnaby nodded approvingly.

...

As night fell.

A line of over a dozen cavalymen raced quickly down the gravel path between the fields.

The cavalymen passed through the fields and arrived in front of a castle gate that was two stories high.

Without stopping, they entered directly in a single file.

Riding their horses towards a staircase, Joao Frank dismounted immediately.

Taking long strides, he quickly ran up the stairs.

Arriving at the platform on the second floor, Joao was just about to ask the guard where Janet was.

Out of the corner of his eye, he noticed a voluptuous figure standing at the edge of the open-air courtyard on the left.

Joao strode towards Janet.

Standing by Janet's side, Joao hastily began to explain.

"Janet, Lawrence left Morgan Town yesterday evening!"

Janet turned to look at Joao briefly.

Her face showed no surprise, her voice calm.

"Uncle Joao, I already knew."

"Not only did Lawrence leave."

"The ever-wavering Will Arnold finally chose to join Barnaby's side!"

Joao frowned, "Joined Barnaby's side? Is he brainless?"

"Joining us, if we overthrow the Barnaby and Will manors, he could gain half."

"Joining the opposition, even if they can overthrow the Frank Manor, he would only get a third!"

"This direct profit, doesn't he know how to calculate?"

Janet shook her head and said, "Perhaps he's worried that after joining forces with me to overthrow the two big manors."

"The next target Frank Manor wants to eliminate is his Will Arnold."

Joao fell silent.

Janet turned her body to face Joao and said, "Uncle Joao, I need you to do something for me."

Looking at that bit of whiteness before him, Joao resolutely said.

"Janet, now you are the Manor Lord of the Frank Manor."

"Since I chose to continue as Guard Captain, you can give me orders freely!"

Janet nodded and said, "Uncle Joao, I need you to set off now, head to Lynn's territory."

"Request him to deploy troops immediately to aid the Frank Manor!"

Without any hesitation, Joao bent down and shouted, "Yes, Manor Lord."

As soon as the words fell.

Joao took two steps back, threw his cloak behind him, spun around, and stepped towards the first floor of the castle.

His steps were determined and strong!

Half a minute later.

The recently returned cavalry team left the manor castle once more.

Kicking up a cloud of dust in the twilight, they galloped towards the distance.

Janet's gaze watched Joao lead the cavalymen away.

Not until they disappeared into the distant night did she gradually withdraw her gaze and walk towards the hall of the manor castle behind her.

The war between Frank Manor and Barnaby and Theodore Manor was destined to erupt after Jonah's death!

Because Barnaby and Theodore Manor had been struggling with development under the suppression of Frank Manor.

Additionally, with her being a woman.

A woman becoming the Manor Lord of the Frank Manor.

Both in terms of authority and gender, she couldn't exert any pressure on Barnaby and Theodore.

Yet she had no regrets about smothering Jonah with a pillow!

Because, in her perspective, her grandfather Jonah had the power to balance Morgan Town Manor.

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However, she lacked the decisive, ruthless methods.

She never even considered controlling the entire Morgan Town herself!

Therefore.

She had no choice but to eliminate Jonas!

Along the way, she would also get rid of her uncles to prevent any future troubles.

As for when the Three Great Estates would choose to attack Frank Manor,

she did not know.

But as long as Joao could deliver her message to Lynn behind the city walls,

and lead armed soldiers to aid them,

they could easily wipe out the Three Great Estates!

Once they took this step, with Frank Manor controlling the entire Morgan Town, everything would become clear!

She had naturally considered it as well.

What consequences inviting Lynn for military aid might bring!

If Lynn's ambition was large enough, he could completely engage in a bloody struggle among the four estates in Morgan Town.

Once the soldiers were nearly depleted, he could strike into Morgan Town like a sharp blade.

At that time, he could not only annihilate the Three Great Estates,

but also take out Frank Manor along the way!

Despite being able to foresee such consequences,

she had no other choice.

If Will Arnold chose to join her line, she could borrow the armed forces of two estates for defense or even a counterattack.

The only way to rescue the manor now was—Lynn!

As Janet pondered in her mind, she returned to her room.

She opened the walnut wardrobe before her.

A brand new set of black leather armor and a slender longsword caught her eye.

Taking them out, Janet directly removed the gown she was wearing and began putting on the leather armor.

...

Night fell.

It covered the world like a giant curtain.

After having dinner, and resting for a while, Lynn sat at the walnut desk in his study.

Holding a quill, he continued to draft yesterday's Zhuge Crossbow design blueprint.

As the animal fat candle on the desk burned shorter and shorter, time quickly passed by.

The night grew deeper.

A few hours later.

Lynn put down the quill, stood up from the wooden chair, and stretched.

Perhaps due to a long period without stretching, the sound of his joints loosening crackled like frying beans.

Comfortably twisting his neck, Lynn looked at the completed blueprints on the desk, and nodded in satisfaction.

With these dozens of detailed blueprints,

they were enough for Jose and the workshop apprentices to create crossbows by copying these exactly.

With a thought, Lynn put the blueprints into his satchel.

He then stepped out of the study.

At the entrance of the study, Red stood with two guards, keeping watch.

Upon seeing Lynn, they quickly bent down in a bow.

Lynn was just about to tell Red to go rest when hurried footsteps echoed from the staircase in the distance.

Both Lynn and Red turned to look.

It was nearly midnight, who could have come looking for him?

Under Lynn's gaze,

a guard responsible for the castle gate passed through the reception hall and came up to Lynn.

The guard bowed, promptly reporting, "Sir, a cavalryman named Joao Frank is outside the castle, requesting to see you."

Lynn raised an eyebrow.

Joao Frank coming to his territory so late?

In the next instant, Lynn thought of Gasper, who had returned today to report the news.

It was clearly related to Lawrence leaving Morgan Town.

What surprised him was that Janet hadn't sent a letter,

but had instead dispatched Joao Frank?

Lynn said, "Have him come up here."

Upon hearing this, the guard acknowledged and promptly withdrew.

Lynn walked to the main seat armchair by the dining table.

After a few minutes,

under the guidance of the guard, the imposing figure of Joao Frank, standing two meters tall, ascended the staircase and entered the reception hall.

The chain armor he wore clanged with metallic sounds as he moved,

evoking a fierce visual impact.

Looking at Joao Frank, Lynn's mind stirred, and a text panel appeared in his sight.

[Name]: Joao Frank

[Age]: 36 years old

[Abilities]: Hunting Level 3, Planting Level 2, Construction Level 2

[Seven Skills of the Knight]: Hunting Level 3, Horse Riding Level 3, Swordsmanship Level 3

[Attributes]: Attack D-, Defense E+, Speed E-, Constitution D-, Energy E

[Talent]: Guard—damage received reduced by 10%

[Skill]: Precise Block—increases block chance and effect

...

Looking at the text introduction before him, Lynn's eyebrows slightly lifted.

Not only was Joao's body large and robust,

but he also possessed both [Talent] and [Skill]!

Though the text seemed simple, the two could be synergized.

An image of a 'defensive warrior' vividly emerged in Lynn's mind.

After two seconds of hesitation, Lynn's mind stirred again.

[Would you like to use a Talent Duplication Book to learn Joao Frank's Guard talent?]

Lynn silently thought, "Yes!"

[Would you like to use a Skill Duplication Book to copy Joao Frank's Precise Block skill?]

Lynn, without a shred of hesitation, continued to think silently.

"Yes!"

With the addition of [Guard] talent and [Precise Block] skill on the [Heavenly Artifacts] panel,

Lynn felt slightly satisfied.

Regardless of the previously copied [Life Burning] or the current [Guard],

they were both melee 防护 [talents] of the same type.

Topped with the [Precise Block] skill,

he could completely rely on these for self-protection if he needed to charge into a fight!

Joao looked directly at Lynn and said, "Sir Lynn, I am Joao Frank."

Lynn nodded and replied, "Sir Joao, visiting my territory by night, is there something urgent?"

Joao spoke, "I have come under the command of Lady Janet to ask you to send troops and aid Lord Frank."

His expression was cold, and there was even a hint of...command in his tone?

Lynn looked at him in surprise.

"Sir Joao Frank, are you here to command me to send troops?"

Instantly,

an aura of leadership emanated from Lynn.

Joao frowned and hastily said, "Sir Lynn, you've misunderstood."

"I am merely following the orders of Lady Janet..."

Lynn raised his right hand, and Joao's words came to an abrupt halt, his face full of confusion.

Lynn leaned back in his seat, looking at Joao Frank with an amused gaze.

"Sir Joao, are you misunderstanding something?"

Joao asked in a deep voice, "Sir Lynn, what do you mean by this?"

Lynn coldly replied, "Janet is your master, and you act on her instructions—fine."

"But why do you think I would heed her instructions?"

"Hmm?"

Chapter 640: Facing the Enemy

Looking ahead, the young Lord reclined against the back of the armchair.

Joao's heart sank slightly. He suppressed his tone and asked, "Lord Lynn, what do you mean by this?"

"Are you going to violate the agreement we made with Lady Janet?"

Lynn raised an eyebrow, looking at Joao Frank in surprise.

"Lord Joao, I wonder if there is some misunderstanding here?"

Joao snorted, "As long as you, Lord Lynn, dispatch troops to Frank Manor promptly, there naturally won't be any misunderstanding."

Lynn immediately spoke, "No, Lord Joao."

"What I mean is, is there anything that has made you misunderstand?"

Upon hearing this, Joao's brows furrowed instantly.

Lynn rose from the armchair, his gaze slightly lifted to meet Joao's.

"It was your manor lord, Lady Janet, who sent letters through the Boer Merchant, and only then did I reluctantly agree to Janet and you to come to my domain."

"It was Janet who requested with promised rewards, asking for my military aid."

"Now it's you at Frank Manor facing life and death crisis, not me."

"What Janet agreed with me was not a contract; she was begging me!"

"Did I make myself clear?"

Listening to Lynn's words, Joao clenched his back molars.

His eyes widened, gazing directly at Lynn ahead.

Though Lynn seemed extremely young, even as Joao glared at him.

Lynn remained composed, exuding a mighty aura other lords didn't have.

Joao took a deep breath and continued, "Lord Lynn... please forgive my rudeness, I have offended you, and I apologize."

With these words.

Joao bent his body and performed a courtesy.

He continued speaking, "However, the reason I'm like this is because the situation is urgent."

"Lawrence has already left Morgan Town."

"Lord Will Arnold has joined Banaby and Theodore's alliance."

"They are likely to launch a surprise attack on Frank Manor tonight!"

"What you want, Lady Janet has already promised you."

"As long as the Three Great Estates are destroyed, what you desire is within easy reach."

"Please dispatch troops as soon as possible!"

Seeing Joao bend his waist again, Lynn's face was full of tranquility.

As the son of the most powerful Frank Manor among the estates in Morgan Town.

Holding the command of five hundred cavalry and a thousand light infantry.

Tall, sturdy, in his prime.

Joao Frank naturally had pride within him.

Coupled with his own prowess, as long as he didn't face enemy siege.

Among ordinary people, he was like a crane standing among chickens!

Despite this, what difference does it make?

In terms of attributes power, could Joao surpass him after attribute points allocation?

In terms of talent skills, how could Joao compare to him?

In terms of armed soldiers under his command, what did Joao have to compare with him?

He aimed to strike at Joao Frank's pride.

If Joao refused to submit, he could even kill him on the spot.

Keep in mind.

This was his castle, his domain!

He was the master of this land!

Seeing Lynn remain silent, Joao still maintained the bowing posture.

However, the expression on his face became increasingly awkward.

Lynn, indifferent and composed, slowly sat on the armchair, looking at Joao, speaking calmly, "I understand, Lord Joao."

"You may leave now!"

Joao straightened his body, looked at Lynn with confusion, and asked, "Lord Lynn, Joao has already apologized to you."

"Are you still unwilling to dispatch troops?"

Lynn's complexion changed, and with a shout.

"Joao Frank!"

This loud voice echoed like thunder from Lynn's mouth, resonating throughout the reception hall.

With this sound, even Joao felt a shock in his heart.

Red and several guards behind Lynn drew half of their longswords at Joao.

Under the candlelight's glow, a cold gleam flickered.

Lynn continued, "I said you could leave now!"

Feeling the murderous aura emanating from Lynn, Joao's face changed dramatically, hurriedly saying, "Yes, Lord Lynn."

"Joao will leave immediately."

Lynn said nothing, watching as the guards led Joao away.

Until the reception hall fell silent again.

Lynn called out, "Red."

Red stepped forward and came to Lynn's side.

He respectfully responded, "Master."

Lynn continued, "Notify Lord Rose to gather the soldiers before dawn and await orders."

Red didn't hesitate, summoned two guards, and had them go immediately to the city walls.

After arranging everything, Red returned to Lynn's side.

He asked with some confusion, "Master, in just one night, won't Frank Manor..."

Lynn glanced at Red, naturally understanding the meaning of his question.

"For Frank Manor, which has been deeply rooted in Morgan Town for countless years."

"Facing the assault from the Three Great Estates, relying on Manor Castle defenses, yet unable to hold for a night."

"Then it only proves that Frank Manor deserves to be destroyed."

He naturally wouldn't care about the survival of Frank Manor.

If allied with the Three Great Estates to launch a fierce attack on Frank Manor while Joao was absent.

It would surely significantly deplete Frank Manor's armed forces.

Waiting for dawn, he could lead troops to aid, conveniently avoiding the Three Great Estates' active forces.