

## **System 651**

### Chapter 651: Your Lives Will Belong to Me (Part 6)

The fallen soldiers, naturally, are someone else's father, someone else's child, or someone else's husband.

But because of an instruction from their Manor Lord.

They had no choice but to rush to the battlefield.

Watching these scenes, Lynn's expression remained unmoved.

This is the harshness of war!

It's either you die, or I perish!

There is no right or wrong, only a thirst for profit!

Pulling the reins in his hand, Lynn urged Mo Ying forward towards the entrance of Frank Manor Castle.

At the entrance of the castle.

The bodies had already piled up in layers.

Either soldiers of the Three Great Estates or soldiers of Frank Manor.

And atop a heap of corpses.

Joao, soaked in blood and with foreign objects hanging from his chain armor, was kneeling.

He held the hilt of his greatsword in his left hand like a cane, supporting himself in the pile of corpses to maintain his balance.

Obviously.

To prevent the soldiers of the Three Great Estates from storming into the castle, Joao Frank had fought with all his might.

But he was not dead.

Lynn could clearly see Joao's body heaving faintly with breath.

After glancing a few times, Lynn urged Mo Ying to enter the castle.

Arriving at an upward staircase at the rear, he pulled the reins, letting Mo Ying stride up.

Red and Wesley, leading a squad of soldiers, closely followed.

As Lynn reached the wall of the Manor Castle.

A figure in tight leather armor, outlining her voluptuous figure, walked toward him.

From a top-down angle.

It fully revealed the snowy expanse in front of the woman's chest.

Looking at Lynn, wearing impressive armor, helmeted, and cloaked.

Janet sheathed the slender longsword in her hand.

Her tone carried a hint of anger, "Sir Lynn, is this the military aid you promised me?"

Lynn stared straight at Janet and retorted, "Miss Janet, is there a problem?"

"It was my soldiers who destroyed the advance of the soldiers of the Three Great Estates on your Frank Manor!"

"It was my arrival that ended this battle and preserved your Frank Manor!"

Janet furrowed her brows, wanting to speak.

Lynn, however, continued speaking.

"Or is Miss Janet suggesting that Frank Manor has the strength to repel the combined forces of the Three Great Estates?"

Janet's lips parted slightly, hesitant to speak.

She understood well that Lynn's words made undeniable sense.

But.

From the timing of the archers' volleys to the heavy cavalry and infantry charges.

It was clear that Lynn had long brought his soldiers near Frank Manor Castle!

He was waiting for the soldiers of the Three Great Estates to breach the gates, waiting for both sides to deplete each other!

Janet hesitated for a brief moment, but eventually spoke, "Sir Lynn, you misunderstand."

"Frank Manor is very grateful for your assistance."

"If not for Sir Lynn's arrival, Frank Manor would have certainly been obliterated."

Lynn responded, "Miss Janet, there's no need to be polite."

"This was our prior agreement, was it not?"

Janet was inwardly furious but dared not express it.

At this moment.

A sound of chaotic footsteps arose from the stairs in the distance.

Lynn and Janet turned to look.

Short in stature but exceptionally robust, Earl approached from below.

Behind him, followed a squad of soldiers clad in standard plate armor.

Earl did not spare Janet a glance, but bowed respectfully to Lynn, saying, "The Three Manor Lords have all been captured!"

Lynn and Janet turned their gaze to Earl's rear.

There.

Three figures, escorted by soldiers, were brought up to the wall.

The soldiers shouted, "Kneel down!"

Seeing the three stand upright, unwilling to kneel.

The soldiers raised their iron spears and struck the back of their knees.

In an instant.

The three knelt on the ground.

Banaby widened his eyes, staring directly at Lynn.

He exclaimed, "Who are you? How dare you attack our squad?"

"We are the Manor Lords of Morgan Town, appointed by Marquis Duca!"

"Aren't you afraid of Marquis Duca's wrath?"

Lynn looked at the middle-aged man with surprise.

Facing a life-threatening situation, yet speaking with such righteousness.

It's either incredible bravery or sheer stupidity!

Lynn naturally leaned towards the latter.

Before Lynn could speak, the round-bodied man next to him smiled.

He introduced himself, saying, "Sir, I am Theodore, the current Manor Lord of Foster Manor."

"My father, grandfather, and even great-grandfather... were close friends of Marquis Duca."

"Your intrusion into Morgan Town is a provocation to Marquis Duca!"

"If he finds out, he'll undoubtedly send the Sword and Shield Corps soldiers to suppress you."

"But if you withdraw now and let us leave, we can pretend nothing happened?"

"What do you think?"

Lynn smiled indifferently, looking at Theodore, and retorted, "Nothing happened?"

"Is there such a good deal?"

Seeing Lynn speak with a smile, Theodore's heart slightly eased.

As long as there's communication, there's still a chance.

Theodore continued, "Of course."

"Moreover, as long as you're willing to leave, no matter the cost Frank Manor paid for you to bring your army here."

"We, the Three Great Manors, promise to pay double!"

Lynn nodded.

He turned his gaze, looking down at Will, "Do you have anything to say?"

The somewhat lost Will glanced at Lynn, as if realizing something.

"Was it you who wiped out the Iron Blood Brotherhood Bandit Corps and conquered Morrison Manor, seizing everything within?"

Lynn replied calmly without any concealment, "It was me."

Will nodded knowingly, murmuring, "It makes sense, only with such armed forces."

"Otherwise, how could one easily wipe out bandits and conquer Morrison Manor!"

Listening to the exchange between Will and Lynn, Theodore's face, once calm, suddenly froze.

He looked at Lynn with a startling expression, asking, "Was it you?"

Banaby's face was also full of disbelief.

Morrison Manor was actually conquered and plundered by the young man before them!

Lynn directly ignored their gazes, looking towards Janet on the other side.

"Miss Janet, since the battle is over, I suppose I should go take the reward we agreed upon?"

Banaby hurriedly asked, "Reward? What reward?"

"Janet, what do you intend to do? We are all Manor Lords of Morgan Town."

"You can collude with the Iron Thorns Mercenary Corps from Kakasong City to cleanse your blood relatives in Frank Manor, we wouldn't care."

"Because that's your manor's internal affair!"

"But now you are colluding with outsiders, allowing external forces to invade Morgan Town!"

"What exactly are you planning..."

Janet coldly interrupted Banaby's words.

"Outsider? Who told you that Sir Lynn is an outsider?"

"Sir Lynn's territory is on the plains between the mountains and the Aladia River!"

"Even though it's a barren land of weeds, it's still within the range of Marquis Duca's territory!"

"In other words, Sir Lynn is a lord appointed by Marquis Duca!"

Banaby's face, along with the other two, again showed astonishment.

They knew there was barren land beyond a mountain barrier.

But they had never heard of it.

When did Marquis Duca bestow that land to someone else!

With a snort, Janet looked at Lynn.

"Sir Lynn, just as you wish, you may go to take the reward we agreed upon!"

Lynn nodded, pulled the reins of Mo Ying, and walked towards the distant stairs.

Theodore thought of something and quickly asked, "Reward? What reward?"

Janet snorted, "Naturally, everything in the residences of the three Manor Lords!"

"I've already promised Sir Lynn that if he aids Frank Manor in overturning the Three Great Estates."

"Except for the land, everything in your manor abodes will belong to Master Lynn!"

The faces of the three changed dramatically.

Janet's words shifted.

"And your lives will belong to me!"

Chapter 652: Spoils of War

Janet, clad in tight leather armor, her voluptuous figure was perfectly accentuated.

What was more.

Due to her previous confrontation, the leather armor on her body had slightly sagged.

The round, snow-white contour in front seemed to want to break free and burst forth.

But at this moment.

Barnaby, Theodore, and Will had no more jesting thoughts.

Feeling the icy aura emanating from Janet, their faces were full of terror.

Barnaby, kneeling on the ground, looked up at Janet, his mouth full of questions.

"Janet, what do you intend to do? We are all estate lords enfeoffed by Marquis Ducas!"

"You have no right to decide our life or death!"

"Hurry and release us!"

Janet's lips curled into a cold smile.

She looked at Barnaby with disdain and contempt.

"Release you?"

"Release you to gather more soldiers, bring more cavalry, and attack Frank Manor?"

"Barnaby Manor Lord, I think you are well aware, the moment your Three Great Estates decided to unite against Frank Manor."

"Here in Morgan Town, we have already become mortal enemies!"

"It's either your death or the fall of Frank Manor!"

"And now, you want me to release you?"

"Heh... a brain is a good thing, but you don't have one."

Upon hearing this, Barnaby's eyes were full of anger.

He flared up, intending to stand up.

A few Frank Manor soldiers stepped forward, placing their longswords at Barnaby's neck.

Only then did Barnaby cease his actions.

Seeing this, Theodore quickly put on a smile and began to explain.

"Lady Janet, this whole alliance was led by Barnaby!"

"All the guilt lies with Barnaby!"

Barnaby glared at Theodore, exclaiming, "You..."

However, before the words could escape his mouth.

Theodore interrupted him.

"Will and I were merely unable to withstand Barnaby's threats, thus had to agree to him..."

Theodore glanced at Will, who was kneeling beside him, and asked.

"Will, don't you think I'm right?"

Will, who had kept his head down, naturally heard Barnaby's and Theodore's words.

He looked up at Janet, then looked at Theodore.

"Where did the determination to destroy Frank Manor go?"

"Where has the confidence to divide all of Morgan Town gone?"

"Now that the plan to destroy has failed, the army defeated, you realize you're wrong?"

"Two Manor Lords! Defeat is defeat!"

"I, Will Arnold, am willing to accept the consequences of my wager!"

Barnaby's and Theodore's faces turned grave.

If not for that mysterious lord bringing his army.

The combined strength of their Three Great Estates would surely have destroyed Frank Manor!

Thus dividing all of Morgan Town!

But they never knew.

Or perhaps, forgot the reason why the Iron Blood Brotherhood and Morrison Manor were annihilated.

Theodore raised his head again, flashing a smile.

Unwilling to give up, he said, "Niece Janet, I was always a good friend of your grandfather Jonas."

"In fact, when you were little, I even held you..."

"Can you spare Theodore's life for the sake of this past affection?"

"Don't worry, as soon as you release me, I will leave Morgan Town immediately, never to return!"

Janet said nothing.

Even the defeated Barnaby thought he saw a turn of events.

"Janet, I, Barnaby, also swear, I will never return."

"All of Morgan Town will belong to you, to your Frank Manor!"

Only Will did not beg for mercy.

Because he knew full well Janet Frank's nature!

Janet's gaze swept over Barnaby and Theodore.

Her words were resolute: "Jonas may not have had the ambition to unify Morgan Town."

"But he taught me once—to eliminate the roots completely!"

The smiles on Barnaby's and Theodore's faces froze.

Will's lips broke into a smile.

Screech~

Screech~

A sharp and piercing disturbance suddenly sounded from the stairs not far away.

Janet and the kneeling three Manor Lords couldn't help but turn their heads to look.

A few seconds later.

A tall and burly figure emerged from below the stairs, stepping up step by step.

He was clad in chain armor, a top iron helmet on his head.

But his whole body was covered and soaked in nearly dried blood, making it impossible to discern the patterns and designs on the chain armor.

In his right hand, he held a two-handed greatsword.

The sword blade and hilt were similarly marked with the traces of blood.

The sharp and piercing noise came from the sword tip.

The sword tip scraped across the stone steps, sparking flares one after another.

Seeing this towering figure, Barnaby, Theodore, and Will's expressions changed.

The visual impact was so powerful it stirred fear in their hearts.

They naturally knew.

This blood-drenched towering figure was Joao Frank!

Under several gazes, Joao came to stand beside Janet.

A pair of cold eyes, looking through the linear openings of the chain armor mask, stared directly at the three kneeling men.

A deep and indifferent voice emerged from the iron helmet.

"Janet, how should we deal with them?"

Hearing Joao's inquiry, Barnaby and Theodore quickly looked at Janet.

They knew their lives were entirely in Janet's hands.

Chapter 653: Spoils of War

Janet's words were cold, "Kill them all!"

After speaking, she stepped toward the edge of the wall.

Her hands rested on the wall, her gaze fixated on the distant horizon.

Over there.

A regiment of soldiers was marching neatly, heading away from the direction of Frank Manor Castle.

At the front of the troop.

The figure clad in black armor, with a cloak, riding on a warhorse.

Janet couldn't help but frown.

Mounted standard plate armor heavy cavalry.

Standard plate armor heavy infantry, capable of both offense and defense.

Archers shrouded in a rain of arrows.

And a large group of light infantry with strong mobility and defense capabilities!

With just one glance.

This nearly fully-armed soldier count was at least over a thousand!

The key was.

The numbers were merely the soldiers Lynn led out for military aid.

How many fully-armed soldiers still remained atop his walls, within his territory?

Even having once entered Lynn Territory, she had no clue.

What does this mean?

Lynn could completely utilize this opportunity of invited military aid to obliterate all four manors of Morgan Town!

With so many archers, hardly any hefty price needs to be paid!

But Lynn did not do so.

That was what she could not comprehend the most!

Had she been Lynn, possessing such formidable armed forces.

She would ruthlessly wipe out everything that defied her command in Morgan Town!

Military strength is everything!

Watching Lynn leading the soldiers' troop gradually fading away.

Janet's heart slowly calmed down.

Before witnessing Lynn's military prowess.

Seeing the three types of minerals in Lynn Territory, the town's prosperity, the number of townsmen...

She naturally felt greed.

Wanting to seize Lynn Territory for herself.

But now, a question arose in Janet's mind.

With the power of Frank Manor, or rather, thinking about future development speed.

Is there truly a chance to bypass the mountain pass fortress and invade Lynn Territory?

However, thinking again.

As long as Frank Manor stands, and she lives, opportunities always remain!

Buzz.

Crack.

Thud~

A heavy thud echoed into Janet's ears.

She turned her head and looked.

She saw Joao swing his greatsword down.

Banaby's head rolled off his shoulders.

It rolled a few times along the wall passage and finally came to a halt.

His eyes wide open, full of disbelief.

His body, losing the support of strength, fell flat on the ground.

A gush of bright red blood flowed repeatedly from the severed neck.

Beside him, Theodore suddenly let out a string of horrified screams.

"Ah! Ah! Ah..."

"Don't, don't kill me!"

He quickly jerked his legs, trying to distance himself from Banaby and Joao.

But he was firmly pinned down by several soldiers, unable to move an inch.

He watched Joao step two paces forward, coming towards him.

Instantly.

A foul stench emanated from beneath Theodore's robes.

With a swing of Joao's greatsword.

Theodore's fat-laden head rolled down...

The terrified screams atop the wall instantaneously ceased and quieted.

With another swing of Joao's greatsword, Will's head similarly rolled away.

He then stepped towards Janet.

"Janet, it's all over."

Janet glanced at Joao, words full of gratitude, saying: "Lucky to have Uncle Joao here."

"Otherwise, Frank Manor wouldn't have endured until Lynn's military aid arrived..."

Without claiming any credit, Joao calmly responded: "Janet, this is also my home."

After speaking.

His gaze shifted, looking into the distance.

There a mass of black-gray figures gradually disappeared from sight.

Joao inquired, "Janet, how to deal with that Lord in the future..."

At the castle gate.

He had already witnessed the mighty military force Lynn possessed.

Frank Manor had five hundred chain armor cavalry.

But to defend the castle, they were not dispatched for a charge.

Compared to charging, fighting relying on the castle walls had more advantages.

Yet.

Compared to Lynn's standard plate armor and lance heavy cavalry.

The chain armor heavy cavalry of Frank Manor was too weak!

He felt that at most after one charge, their cavalry would be cut down!

Janet's heart was also heavy.

She pondered briefly and spoke: "This battle surely weakened Frank's power greatly."

"More time is needed for development and expansion."

"Peace for now, wait for the opportunity."

...

Lynn rode Mo Ying at the forefront.

Red and Earl followed closely behind.

Behind them was a regiment of over a thousand soldiers.

The place they were heading to was the nearest Theodore Manor to Frank Manor!

Amidst the cries urging the warhorse on.

Wesley rode past the soldiers, reached Lynn's side.

He commenced explaining: "Master, preliminary statistics are completed."

"The bodies of slain enemies were all left at Frank Manor, unable to tally their numbers."

"This battle netted 350 captives!"

"350 ordinary horses, over 850 iron weapons!"

Lynn raised his eyebrow slightly.

When Janet arranged people to clear the battlefield, she found most spoils had been taken away by him.

Chapter 654: Spoils of War (3)

The soldiers of the Three Great Estates who had died, they had to clean up and bury their bodies.

What feelings could there be?

Wesley continued to report: "Master, in this battle, there were fifteen soldiers who died, and forty lightly wounded."

Lynn's heart sank slightly, and he spoke to Wesley: "Bring back all their bodies for burial."

"Remember their names, and after returning to the territory, engrave their names onto the stone platform, so that everyone will remember them."

"Also, provide compensation to their families."

Wesley responded solemnly: "Yes, Master!"

Perhaps the surrounding soldiers heard the conversation between Lynn and Wesley.

Their expressions and the atmosphere became somewhat heavy.

Just a few hours ago.

They were still chatting with each other, fighting side by side as teammates.

But now, the other party had become a corpse.

But Lynn understood.

In a war, it is inevitable that someone will die.

This is an unavoidable existence.

The only thing he can do.

Is to choose the right timing for combat, and the correct combat methods.

To reduce the casualties of soldiers as much as possible.

And, to treat the families of all the fallen heroes well!

Time was swiftly moving forward.

During the marching of the soldiers.

Soon, they arrived at a plot of cultivated land.

The breeze gently swept by.

The barley plants swayed like a green ocean.

A team of peasants or free people stood in the fields, tending to their labor.

When they saw a group of strange armed soldiers arrive, their faces were filled with fear.

Lynn glanced at Wesley and Earl.

The two understood, each leading a team of cavalry and light infantry, charging forward.

The armed soldiers brought out by the Three Great Manor Lords had already been wiped out.

But in their manor residences, there would always be guards maintaining the operation of the manor.

Let Wesley and Earl take people to clear them out and stabilize the peasants in the manor.

That would be completely sufficient.

Driving Mo Ying, heading towards a distant building.

Lynn's gaze was also surveying the crops in the fields on both sides.

Grain crops like barley and wheat, legumes like peas, vegetables like carrots, and economic crops like linen.

Everything was present.

Lynn gazed into the distance, the fields were equally vast here.

At first glance, it was no less than several thousand acres!

However.

The broadcasting planting method in the fields made Lynn frown slightly.

The seeds were distributed unevenly, the grown plants were crowded in some places, sparse in others.

The crowded parts squeezed each other, fighting for sunlight, water, and nutrients.

The sparse parts left land idle...

All would seriously affect the crop yield.

However.

He thought again.

Even so, by July and August during the summer harvest.

Janet, occupying this land, could still harvest a large amount of grain.

Because, the area of cultivated fields of the Three Great Estates was just too vast!

The main reason was, Morgan Town was located in the Southern Border Land.

There were plenty of weed-filled wastelands for these manor lords to cultivate.

Morgan Town was remote, economically underdeveloped, naturally not comparable to some other small towns.

But the Lord of Morgan Town never lacked fields!

He, too, was the same.

Until ten minutes later.

Lynn rode Mo Ying to the entrance of a three-story high manor residence.

The two three or four-meter-high wooden doors had already been broken open.

He could clearly see.

Soldiers in standard plate armor quickly running and moving around inside the residence.

Suppressing the guards inside the residence, and slaughtering the resistors.

However.

He did not enter.

Instead, he came to a stone bench not far from the manor, sat down, and waited quietly.

Said to be taking the agreed compensation from Janet.

In reality, it was just loot collection.

Without armed soldiers serving as a protective barrier for the manor residence.

Relying on just dozens of guards inside, they couldn't stop Earl and Wesley's forceful entry.

A few hours later.

After some busy work, Wesley came to Lynn's presence.

He bowed slightly and reported.

"Master, Theodore Castle has a lot of possessions."

"The stored grain, livestock, iron products... countless, difficult to tally in a short time."

"However, the number of peasants and free people, we managed to count."

"There are a total of two thousand people!"

Listening to this final figure, Lynn nodded satisfactorily.

What he needed most right now was labor force and grain!

Of course, also time!

The two thousand labor force would at least require Grayson to drive the longship to Portlands Empire two or three times to transport so many slaves.

Now.

He simply came to Morgan Town for military aid to Frank Manor.

Crushed the military forces of the Three Great Estates.

Gaining so much labor force!

The most crucial is.

These two thousand laborers are only one of the Three Great Estates!

Simply put.

There are at least four thousand more laborers waiting for his collection!

Of course.

There are also other properties in their manor!

All will belong to him!

Lynn couldn't help but sigh again at the vast quantity and rapid speed of labor force acquisition through external wars.

Of course.

He also understood.

Not every war will be like this one.

Only need a dozen people's costs to obtain a large amount of loot!

Chapter 655: Spoils of War (4)

Lynn stood up and nodded, "Arrange a hundred cavalry and two hundred light infantry to escort them back to the territory in advance."

They still had to go to two other manors.

It was naturally inconvenient to transport a large amount of goods.

And to have the slaves follow them.

As for whether there would be any escape or resistance during the escort,

Lynn was never worried.

With a hundred cavalry in standard plate armor and two hundred fully armed light infantry,

facing two thousand unarmed peasants,

to suppress them would be too simple!

Wesley responded, "Yes, Master, I will arrange it right away."

Lynn nodded and watched Wesley retreat and go afar to start arranging their respective assigned squad leaders.

After a while.

Teams of peasants were gathered in front of the manor estate.

Their figures were stooped, cheeks deeply sunken, and cheekbones protruding.

A layer of dry skin clung tightly to their bony frames.

Obviously.

The Manor Lord, to exploit their labor, hadn't let them have a full meal for a long time.

Looking at the squads of cavalry and infantry in standard plate armor,

there was not much fear in their eyes, more numbness and confusion.

Since these soldiers did not kill them,

it meant they still had some use.

Nothing more than,

going from this manor to another and continuing to be peasants.

On Wesley's command, the soldiers began to drive these peasants.

The peasants either carried bags of items on their backs,

or pushed carts of wooden beds,

or led carts filled with horses and cattle...

Over two thousand people formed a long line, moving along the road ahead.

Watching the procession leave,

Lynn mounted his horse again, urged Mo Ying underneath him, and headed towards the next manor.

With Wesley and Earl in charge, he could have returned to the territory in advance.

But thinking of the rare chance to leave the territory,

he could take the opportunity to explore the map outside his territory in advance.

Indeed.

If he found a mine nearby that could be exploited,

he could plan for it in advance.

Until night fell.

Sweeping clean the last Will Manor.

Lynn, along with Red and others, headed back to the territory.

Although some accidents occurred while annexing Will Manor,

dozens of guards refused to submit,

preferred death as resistance.

Then he could only fulfill their wishes!

Under the pressure of the heavy infantry assault, dozens of guards barely stirred a ripple.

Eventually, they fell in pools of blood.

In the face of absolute power, they were just putting up a last stand!

As he had previously speculated,

the number of peasants acquired from the three manors nearly reached six thousand!

What does this mean?

It means,

the labor force on his territory would surge!

One must know, there are only nine thousand three hundred people on his territory now.

He just needs to wait for the six thousand to settle in his territory,

develop a sense of belonging,

and gradually increase loyalty.

Then he can expand the army again!

He can expand the army again without needing to be as cautious as before,

only recruiting one or two hundred soldiers each time to ensure the territory's production.

He can recruit a thousand soldiers with good physical fitness in one go!

If weapons and armor are equipped accordingly,

the territory's military strength will be significantly enhanced!

Thinking of this,

Lynn's heart was filled with anticipation.

The battle for imperial authority was imminent.

He needed a stronger armed force!

To face the impending chaos, to protect his own safety, and his piece of territory.

Under the night sky,

the soldiers held torches in their hands, some riding horses, some walking on the edges,

illuminating the gravel path under the peasants' feet.

Lacking food to satiate their hunger, and their bodies extremely thin and weak,

the peasants' pace was not fast.

Until late at night,

Lynn and others passed through a woodland,

arriving at the outpost fortress Avery was constructing with the stonemason workshop.

Although the outpost fortress had just excavated the building foundations,

he could clearly feel the role of this outpost fortress.

It could be said.

Any team wanting to pass through this road in the forest must pass by the outpost fortress gate.

It could serve as a guard alert,

and could also have archers arranged within it as a defensive fortification to resist enemies!

Satisfied with a few glances, Lynn withdrew his gaze.

And continued towards the city wall dozens of miles away.

Though far from the city wall,

Lynn could still see the faint glowing flames burning on top of the city wall.

Lynn's heart slightly relaxed.

Until entering the iron gate, which opened with a heavy creaking sound.

Lynn and his group entered the Weng City.

The iron gate closed with a heavy 'bang'.

Only then did Lynn feel a strong and comforting sense of security!

Even though he led a fully armed force outside the territory,

there was always the possibility of encountering all kinds of unknown dangers!

Or, a larger force of heavy cavalry.

Or, a rain of arrows covering the sky and ground.

And so on.

Only behind the city walls would he have a chance to fend them off.

Lynn exhaled hot breath.

Looking at Wesley and Rose, who stayed to guard the territory,

he instructed, "Temporarily keep these peasants and captives around the Weng City."

"Keep a watchful eye on them, and if anyone stirs trouble, execute them immediately!"

Chapter 656: Spoils of War (5)

This Weng City was originally built to enhance the defense capability of the city walls.

The hollow area inside amounts to no more than six or seven hundred square meters.

Naturally, it's impossible to imprison all the peasant prisoners of war inside.

However, as long as Rose arranges for the soldiers to guard them, it will be sufficient.

Population resources have always been extremely important resources.

If someone tries to incite or stir up trouble,

he will not hesitate to execute them!

What he needs more is a group of townsmen who can work hard and follow orders!

They can have food, houses, and even freedom.

But only within the limits he allows!

Lynn continued, "Before dawn tomorrow, bring them to the Lord's Square."

Wesley and Rose quickly lowered their heads and responded, "Yes, Master."

Lynn nudged his horse's belly, and Mo Ying continued moving forward.

He left the Weng City with Red and several guards holding torches.

On the way back to the town,

Lynn was continuously pondering how to utilize the labor force of these peasants.

The first thing to do,

naturally, is to have Petra, the scribe, register the identities and names of the six thousand laborers.

Then, it will facilitate future management.

After the registration is complete, and after they have had a full meal,

they can be driven to the back of the town.

To dig foundations, build red brick houses, and expand the residential area.

The current residential area does not have ready-made houses to accommodate a population of six thousand.

To have red brick houses, they will have to do it themselves!

Whether it's red brick, gray tile, or lime river sand, all are available.

If it's not enough, they will be divided into tasks.

To collect stones and burn lime.

To the banks of the Aladia River, to find and dig river sand!

According to his earlier idea, one family or two people will live in one red brick house.

For a population of six thousand, at least three thousand red brick houses are needed.

The quantity is too massive!

Once they have completed the construction of the red brick houses,

he can further organize and train these six thousand townsmen.

Whether it's the farmland short on labor,

or expanding the scale of the handicraft workshops,

or even expanding the military!

Only with more labor can he have more choices for development.

As Lynn was pondering in his mind,

he had already returned to the town, to the castle gate.

Lynn saw Kuisi pacing back and forth at the gate at a glance.

Kuisi naturally also saw Lynn and Red.

She approached with a look of joy on her face and said delightedly, "Master, you are finally back!"

"I saved you dinner, I'll go have the maid heat it up now."

Lynn responded, "Alright."

Upon receiving Lynn's response, Kuisi's eyebrows lifted, and she quickly ran into the castle.

Watching Kuisi's back, Lynn and Red couldn't help but exchange glances.

Red, like Lynn, had a face full of incomprehension.

Entering the castle,

dismounting and handing the reins to a guard,

Lynn walked up the steps.

Through the reception hall, he sat straight down at the head of the dining table.

Leaning back, the comfortable leather support feeling, instantly came.

Wearing armor, riding a warhorse, gripping weapons, is not to show off!

It's for defending the homeland, expanding territory, and pursuing more benefits.

Heavy, limited mobility, uncomfortable heat, fatigue accumulation.

Combined with the jarring sensation brought by long rides on horseback...

No one would want to keep a set of tens of pounds of armor on at all times.

After a while,

Kuisi brought three maids, carrying heated food, to the dining table.

While arranging, Kuisi asked, "Master, do you want to prepare hot water?"

Lynn nodded, "Prepare it, I can have a soak."

Kuisi immediately replied, "Yes, Master."

After her response, Kuisi looked at the maid and instructed a few words.

The maid immediately retreated.

At the dining table,

only Lynn, Red, and Kuisi remained.

Kuisi placed a large cut of fried pork chop on Lynn's plate, then said, "Master, everything in the domain is proceeding normally today."

Lynn used his dining knife to put the meat from his plate into his mouth and began chewing.

In an instant,

a blend of fatty meat aroma and seasoning flavor spread in his mouth.

Crispy on the outside, tender inside, juicy and with distinct textures.

Perhaps because he hadn't eaten all day, he was already hungry.

That's why he felt the reheated fried pork chop was still so delicious.

After chewing for a while, he swallowed the fried pork chop in his mouth.

Lynn picked up the beer on the table and took a swig.

The comfort from eating the food swept over him instantly.

After ten minutes,

Lynn and Red finished their dinner, reclining on their wooden chairs.

Lynn looked at Kuisi and said, "Tomorrow morning, Rose will lead a large group of peasants to the Lord's Square."

"Inform Petra to go for population registration early in the morning."

Kuisi nodded understandingly.

Lynn continued, "Tell the canteen chef to prepare food for six thousand people tomorrow!"

Kuisi was surprised in her heart and couldn't help exclaiming, "Master, this many?"

Last time, when Master Lynn left the territory, he only brought back about a thousand and five hundred slaves.

This time, it's several times more!

Lynn nodded, "Yes."

"Also confiscated money, food, poultry, livestock, iron goods, and various sundries."

"Wesley will assist you in doing the inventory."

Chapter 657: Spoils of War (6)

"All valuable items and funds will be under your control."

"Every transaction, both income and expenditure, needs to be clearly documented and archived."

It wasn't that Lynn cared about the money.

Rather, it was because a territory must have someone managing its finances to ensure financial security.

Listening to Master Lynn's instructions, Kuisi responded seriously, "Yes, Master."

At this time.

A maid approached Kuisi and whispered a few words.

After nodding, Kuisi said to Lynn, "Master, the hot water is ready; you can soak now."

Lynn responded with a sound.

He rose from the main seat at the dining table, walking away with heavy steps.

Compared to the soldiers, who wore more than fifty pounds of standard plate armor.

The scale armor with chain liner on him weighed only over thirty pounds.

Even after wearing it for a day, he still felt an intense sense of fatigue.

Walking into the private room.

With Kuisi's help, Lynn removed his armor piece by piece.

Until finally.

Kuisi, with her head lowered and not daring to look directly, watched as he stepped into the bathtub.

As soon as Lynn lay down, the warm yet not scalding comfort instantly enveloped him.

Relieving the muscle fatigue throughout his body.

After a short while.

Lynn opened his eyes from resting and spoke to Kuisi, who was waiting nearby.

"Give me a massage, would you?"

Kuisi heard this and responded, walking over to Lynn's side.

She dipped her hands slightly in the wooden bucket, warming them up.

Only then did Kuisi extend her slender, fair hands, placing them on Lynn's shoulders.

Instantly, a sense of strong and tense muscle appeared in Kuisi's palms.

Her heart began to beat faster involuntarily.

Kuisi's eyes glanced over Lynn's head, observing his well-defined muscular physique.

She couldn't help but internally exclaim, 'Master Lynn has such a great body!'

However.

Kuisi only took a quick glance before quickly averting her gaze.

The strange thought that had just risen was immediately dismissed.

Master Lynn is the lord of this territory, someone far beyond her reach.

Unless, Master Lynn initiates...

...

The next morning.

After enjoying a nutritious breakfast of prepared chicken and eggs.

Lynn, accompanied by Red, left the castle.

Acknowledged by the gazes of the town's residents, they passed through one red brick house after another.

Lynn arrived at the Lord's Square.

His gaze turned, surveying the surroundings.

At this moment, the Lord's Square was filled with numerous figures.

It could even be described as densely packed!

At the front, a group of peasants held clay bowls filled with porridge in their left hands, and several pieces of barley bread in their right.

Even though it was simple food.

Every bite they took, and every chew and swallow, their faces were filled with satisfaction and joy.

One must know, these were only the lowest peasants.

Their status was even lower than the livestock used by manor lords to transport goods or plow fields!

Some peasants had never had a full meal in their entire life.

However, upon coming here.

They ate barley meat porridge and even fresh, clean barley bread!

Even though last night, Lynn had informed Kuisi to notify the kitchen to prepare food for six thousand people.

But the kitchen's chefs and assistants were ultimately limited.

And the size of the kitchen was only so large.

It wasn't possible to accommodate all the peasants and townsmen at once for a meal.

But, Lynn wasn't worried.

Facing problems as they arise, it's never too late to solve them.

The kitchen needs to be expanded.

More chefs and assistants with [Cooking] skills need to be assigned to cook for the townsmen.

The townsmen returning to the town kitchen for meals must be organized in batches.

Only then can the congested and chaotic dining situation be completely resolved.

Watching these peasant captives waiting for their meals.

Lynn didn't rush.

He took a seat on a nearby long bench, quietly waiting.

Shortly after.

Wesley approached Lynn with large strides.

He bent slightly, his words filled with respect, "Master, all the population and items have been tallied."

Lynn looked at Wesley, waiting for his report.

Wesley continued.

"Peasants, maids, Free People, and captives, the total number adds up to six thousand two hundred people!"

"Among them, there are over four thousand men and about two thousand women."

Lynn nodded.

The more men there were, the stronger the labor force in the territory!

Especially for some heavy physical work!

"In terms of grains, barley is estimated at one million two hundred thousand pounds, wheat at five hundred thousand pounds, and oats at one hundred eighty thousand pounds."

"For beans, peas are at five hundred thousand pounds, and lentils at two hundred thousand pounds."

"In the category of vegetables, turnips are at thirty thousand pounds, cabbages at eight thousand pounds, and carrots at thirty thousand pounds."

"All types of meat combined, at least amount to thirty thousand pounds!"

Hearing this, Lynn's eyebrows instantly raised.

Leaving aside other meats and vegetables.

Just the stored grains alone in the three estates, one million two hundred thousand pounds of barley, and over five hundred thousand pounds of wheat.

That alone would feed his territory's five thousand five hundred people for a month or two!

Wesley's report continued.

"Apart from these, there's a large number of poultry and livestock!"

"Twenty adult dairy cows, over forty calves, and three hundred mature oxen."

"A total of six hundred sixty draft horses, two hundred forty pigs, one hundred ten sheep, and three hundred sixty chickens!"

"All the poultry and livestock were transported to Guy's ranch last night."

"The three hundred fifty horses brought back from the battlefield were also handed over to Guy."

"There are also over twenty thousand yards of linen cloth, over thirty thousand pounds of linen and wool..."

Hearing this, Lynn nodded with satisfaction.

Even though three hundred fifty horses don't compare to the Badan Empire's warhorses, which could charge and accelerate even with soldiers in heavy armor.

These horses can still serve as mounts for the light cavalry.

The more dairy cows, the more milk is produced!

Not only can it be used to make some dairy products.

If there's enough, it can also provide nutrition for pregnant women and children.

Pigs can produce meat and leather.

Sheep produce wool and milk every year.

The draft horses can significantly improve the territory's already underdeveloped animal-powered transportation!

It can be said.

This military aid mission, with the poultry and livestock brought back, has significantly elevated the breeding level on the ranch!

Even speeding up the ranch by a whole year!

Such a scale.

Perhaps it would have taken Guy's led ranch, after a round of breeding, to achieve!

Perhaps Wesley noticed the change in his expression.

His voice became more exuberant.

"Over three thousand iron tools and farm equipment, with over nine hundred long swords and scimitars collected from the battlefield."

"And the horses brought back from the battlefield."

Lynn acknowledged this.

These iron goods, while not much to someone with an iron mine,

The near four thousand iron items.

If smelted in a furnace to remove impurities.

Would at least yield three to four thousand pounds of iron!

Which is not a small amount!

This could allow the Blacksmith Workshop to produce fifty sets of Iron Butcher Heavy Armor or vests.

Wesley continued without pausing in his report.

"Master, besides these ordinary items."

"A large amount of gold, silver, jewels, silk, and satin was also collected from the warehouses of the Three Great Estates!"

Chapter 658: Usurpation

Lynn's gaze turned to Wesley.

Without any hesitation, Wesley explained, "The Gold Pounds found in the Three Great Estates total five thousand two hundred!"

"Some necklaces and pendants adorned with gemstone pearls, rings."

"And some pure gold and silver headpieces, earrings, gold and silver ware..."

Lynn nodded slightly, not too surprised.

Five thousand two hundred Gold Pounds is not much to him.

According to the current market price of fine salt, a simple conversion.

It only amounts to fifteen thousand six hundred jin of fine salt.

At the current daily production of four thousand jin of fine salt.

In forty days, it would be sixteen thousand jin!

However.

Gold Pounds have their own use.

For example, using them to reward the townsmen.

Even if the market area in the territory is not yet operational, playing its role.

The value of the Gold Pounds and monetary rewards has far more visual impact than many other items!

Lynn spoke, "Transport usable iron products to the farm tools warehouse."

"Non-usable farm tools and various weapons, transport them all to the Blacksmith Workshop."

"Let Ehrelo smelt them all and reforge."

Wesley nodded.

Lynn continued, "Transport grain to the castle warehouse, and meat to the underground storage rooms, for separate safekeeping."

During winter when snow falls and freezes.

He had already arranged for some guards to collect a lot of ice blocks.

Placed in the underground storage rooms to cool down, making the fresh vegetables and meat last longer.

"Gold Pounds and jewelry, hand them over to Kuisi for registration and safekeeping, and that's it!"

Wesley responded, "Yes, Master."

Lynn responded, seeing Wesley's somewhat dark circles, he asked.

"Didn't rest last night?"

Wesley was about to answer but realized it was Lynn caring about him.

He hurriedly replied, "Yes, Master."

"Because the things brought back from the Three Great Estates were too numerous and miscellaneous."

"If not for the all-night inventory and statistics, I couldn't report to you this morning, Master."

Lynn approvingly said, "You did well, go and rest."

Wesley raised his brows, his words full of gratitude, "Thank you, Master."

Lynn responded, dismissing Wesley.

He sighed inwardly.

This outing's harvest can truly be described as abundant.

Six thousand peasants, various poultry, livestock, grains, vegetables, meat, and a large amount of gold and silver jewelry!

If relying on merchant transactions or planting and breeding, how much time would it take to have these?

Lynn couldn't even estimate!

Ancient commanders always preferred to sustain war through war, and indeed there is truth to that.

Turning his gaze, Lynn looked towards the Lord's Square ahead.

As he listened to Wesley's report.

The crowd of newly arrived peasants had already finished their breakfast.

They patted their bellies, burping.

The previous fatigue and listlessness had vanished completely.

This is the power of being well-fed!

Getting up from the bench, Lynn stepped toward the not-far stairway platform.

He was dressed in silky brocade, a One-Handed Sword hung at his waist.

His black hair gently swayed with his robe as he walked.

The aura emitting from him, even from afar, one could feel his exceptional presence.

With the towering armored soldiers trailing him.

The peasants' eyes naturally followed him, continuously moving.

When Lynn reached the center of the platform over a meter high, he stopped.

He turned his body, facing the six thousand peasants in the Lord's Square!

Taking a slight breath, Lynn spoke to the crowd in a deep voice.

"Ladies and gentlemen!"

"I am the Lord of this territory—Lynn!"

The numerous peasants who were whispering instantly closed their mouths.

Their gazes passed through the crowd ahead, landing on Lynn, quietly listening.

First of all.

This young lord, when conquering the great estates, hadn't ordered soldiers to whip or drive them.

Earlier, he provided them with a hearty meal.

They naturally understood that this young lord was different from their previous manor lords.

They were willing to listen to this lord's words.

Feeling the numerous gazes landing on him.

Lynn remained unfazed, his speech unchanged.

"Firstly, I want to say, the fact that you've come to my territory is the greatest fortune in your lifetime!"

The peasants' eyes widened, faces filled with doubt and confusion.

The soldiers and guards overseeing these peasants all nodded in agreement.

Because.

They used to be the peasants now standing in the Lord's Square.

Only, over time, they were chosen in the expansion to become soldiers, become guards.

Their identity changed.

Lynn continued, "Coming to this territory, you will have three meals a day, you will see the Red Brick Houses to live in, and you will have your own work positions."

The peasants' eyes widened again.

"As long as within the allowed scope of Territorial Law, you will have the freedom you desire most!"

"After working, finishing dinner, you can enjoy the sunset, enjoy the night, and admire the stars."

"Even pursue your loved ones and build a new family with that person."

The peasants' faces turned into expressions of disbelief.

"If your wives are pregnant, or have given birth to children, the territory will provide a fixed amount of nutritious food, supplementing all necessary nutrition."

Chapter 659: Usurpation (Part 2)

"During pregnancy and after childbirth, your wives do not need to work and can enjoy the same food!"

"Your children are exempt from any physical labor until they reach adulthood."

"They can even go to school for a systematic education."

"Learning to read and write, just like the noble children learning the Seven Skills of the Knight."

"If you fall ill, there is a dedicated hospital on the territory to provide you with treatment."

"Of course, treatment at the territory's hospital is free!"

Upon hearing this,

the faces of the townspeople began to flush red.

Their chests moved rapidly, and their breathing became rapid.

This Lord spoke neither too fast nor too slow, not even shouting particularly loudly,

so that everyone could hear.

Even though the words were not loud, they were clearly and precisely transmitted to every person's ears.

Because what the Lord said was exactly what they most wanted to hear and most urgently needed.

Food, shelter, offspring, education, healthcare...

Before coming to this land, they were merely peasants!

They couldn't even meet their most basic need for food.

How could they possibly dream of other living conditions?

But now, having come to this land,

this young Lord clearly informed them that they could have all of this!

How could they not be excited, not ecstatic?

Seeing the flushed, eager expressions of the peasants, Lynn smiled slightly.

He continued, "Not only that."

"After assigning you to your tasks and beginning your labor, you will all earn military merit!"

Military merit?

The peasants heard this unfamiliar term and instinctively glanced at each other.

Their eyes full of confusion.

"A hundred points of military merit can be exchanged for an acre of land!"

"An acre of private land belonging to you!"

Wow!

As soon as Lynn's words fell,

a collective gasp echoed throughout the Lord's Square and even the entire town.

They could no longer contain their shock and began to discuss it like a rumble.

"Land? Did I hear wrong?"

"Did the Lord really say that we can have our own land?"

"Is this true? Why do I feel like I'm in a dream?"

"That's right! I can testify, none of you heard wrong, the Lord really said it, we can obtain land!"

"And it will be our own private land!"

"Oh God, have you heard my prayers?"

"God? God wouldn't care if you live or die!"

"If there really were a God, how did your child starve to death?"

"If all this is true, just as the Lord said, coming to this land is the greatest fortune of our lives!"

" ... "

Lynn remained standing on the platform.

His gaze swept over the peasants.

Watching their joyful and excited expressions.

Listening to their incredulous words.

On his territory,

it's no longer just about providing three meals a day to the townspeople, satisfying their normal food needs.

It also includes healthcare, education, and living and entertainment!

In his speech, he didn't exaggerate at all.

He simply described objectively and accurately the treatments the townspeople already had on the territory.

Just doing this.

It already plunged these slaves into a beautiful expectation for their future lives.

Thinking about it again,

Lynn felt it was very normal.

Whether it's healthcare or education, or land,

they have always been the possessions of the Lord Nobility or the Church!

Free People and peasants do not have the right to own land!

Seeing the loyalty of these peasants rapidly increase, Lynn felt satisfied.

This is exactly the effect he wanted.

Informing the peasants of the benefits of this land, making them hopeful, to choose to settle down and stay.

To contribute to the development of this land!

Rather than thinking day after day about how to escape the oppression and exploitation of the Lord.

Or to stir up and resist the Lord!

After letting the atmosphere ferment among the peasants for a few minutes,

Lynn raised his right hand.

There was no need for him to ask Red to arrange for guards to quiet the peasants.

Upon seeing his gesture, the peasants immediately understood and all closed their mouths.

They understood that their Lord had more to announce.

Seeing the Lord offering such generous benefits, naturally, they had to reciprocate with respect.

Lynn nodded in satisfaction and continued, "Before assigning you to specific tasks, there is something you need to do yourselves."

The townspeople looked at Lynn with wide eyes, waiting for what would come next.

"The red brick houses in the town used for living cannot accommodate all of you."

"Therefore, I need to assign you tasks to construct more red brick houses behind the residential area."

"Construction of your own red brick houses!"

"Any problems?"

As his voice fell,

Lynn scanned the crowd, waiting for their response.

The next moment,

a unanimous response echoed in the Lord's Square.

"No problem!"

"No problem! No problem!"

"..."

Subsequently,

Lynn began assigning tasks to the 6,200 peasants.

The first batch of eight hundred people was responsible for transporting raw materials.

They would use draft horses and two-wheeled carts to transport red bricks, logs, lime, river sand, and other construction materials.

The red brick roads laid in the town were used exclusively for transporting raw materials, speeding up the speed and efficiency of transportation.

Chapter 660: Usurpation (Part 3)

The second batch of eight hundred were responsible for clearing the land that needed expansion.

Clearing weeds, rocks, tree roots, and other obstacles behind the red brick residential area.

Leveling the ground to facilitate construction.

The third batch of eight hundred were responsible for the foundational digging.

Lynn divided them into several small teams, using tools such as shovels, iron hoes, and cross pickaxes.

Excavating the foundations for the houses according to the design requirements.

Using hemp rope as a measuring tool to ensure accuracy in depth and dimensions.

The fourth batch of four hundred, some were responsible for transporting and laying basic materials like stone and sand.

Another part was responsible for mixing lime mortar to reinforce and level the ground foundation.

The fifth batch of one thousand five hundred were responsible for building the walls.

Lynn also divided them into several small teams.

They built the walls according to the red brick house requirements.

While building the walls, they had to ensure the verticality, flatness, and evenness of the mortar joints, etc.

They also had to leave openings for doors and windows.

The sixth batch of five hundred were responsible for making and installing the wooden structures of the houses.

These included beams, columns, rafters, and door and window frames, etc.

The seventh batch of four hundred were responsible for laying the roof's wooden boards and grey tiles, ensuring waterproofing and drainage.

The eighth batch of four hundred were responsible for the interior woodworking and decorative work.

They built and installed doors and windows, made furniture frames to enhance the house's usability.

The ninth batch of two hundred were in charge of handling various details within the houses.

They filled the gaps between walls and ground and installed some iron fittings.

The tenth batch of two hundred were responsible for quality supervision, ensuring the constructed red brick houses met the construction quality standards.

Lynn didn't want the constructed red brick houses to collapse and crush the workers.

Preventing disasters before they occur.

At this point.

Except for some young children and some peasants unable to do heavy construction work,

All six thousand peasants were given assignments.

With a command from Lynn,

The peasants dispersed under the leadership of soldiers and guards.

Some went to transport materials, others to the weed-covered wasteland behind the town...

No matter what task they were engaged in,

Lynn could see joy and anticipation on their faces.

Because all the peasants knew,

The red brick houses they were about to build were for their future residence.

They were building the home they would rely on for survival!

Lynn, along with Red and a few guards, also walked among the peasants.

He still needed to execute the next step in assignments.

Reaching the back of the town,

Lynn stood at the edge of the red brick road in the residential area, gazing into the distance.

The wasteland of weeds before him, once a dry winter grassland, had sprouted fresh weeds as the weather warmed.

Now, under the gentle breeze, it undulated like waves.

At first glance, it gave a sense of inexplicable comfort.

With a wave of his arm,

The waiting peasants beside him tightly grasped their sickles and iron hoes, rushing into the weed-covered wasteland.

Their eyes were focused, their expressions solemn.

To the peasants, this weed-covered wasteland was their battlefield.

A battlefield they needed to fiercely attack, giving their all to conquer!

The peasants skillfully and vigorously swung their tools, clearing and harvesting the weeds beneath their feet.

Lynn instructed the peasants to gather the weeds into bundles and stack them neatly.

These weeds, having already grown to thigh height,

could be collected and composted into high-quality fertilizer!

Weeds such as alfalfa and clover within them are rich in protein and nutrients,

making them potential feed for cattle, horses, and sheep.

More weeds could be dried and processed into hay for storage,

in preparation for heating or usage needed by livestock during winter.

The weeds also contained many wild herbs,

which could be selected and sent to Old John's hospital.

After processing, they could be made into tinctures or ground into medicinal powder for use in the territory.

Not only that,

but some of the flexible weeds could be used as weaving materials,

for crafting items like straw baskets, straw mats, straw shoes, etc.

Especially straw shoes and straw mats!

With summer approaching,

weaving workshop workers could start crafting woven grass household items.

Farming should be like this,

maximizing the value of all usable resources available around us.

While Lynn observed the peasants clearing the weed-covered wasteland,

a rush of footsteps sounded behind him,

coming from afar.

A few seconds later, a respectful voice rang out.

"Greetings, Lord."

Lynn slightly turned his head and saw Clive bowing behind him.

Lynn acknowledged, "Scholar Clive, how is the progress on the Iron Butcher Heavy Armor and Horse Armor?"

Clive straightened slightly and responded, "Lord, we are still forging the armor plates!"

"However, the first heavy armor sample is nearing completion."

"After that, we only need the weaving workshop to stitch it together with leather and linen thread to finish it!"

"As for the horse armor... Lord, that will require some more time."

After speaking,

Clive suddenly recalled something.

Didn't the Lord just refer to the heavy armor and horse armor he's making as 'Iron Butcher'?