

System 661

Chapter 661: Usurpation (Part 4)

Even though he didn't know what it meant.

But—what a domineering name!

Lynn replied, "Since it's left to the blacksmith apprentice for forging, you should be idle."

"There is an important task before you that needs to be done."

Clive hurriedly responded.

"Lord, please instruct!"

Lynn continued, "Do you see the weeds being cleared from the wasteland ahead?"

"I need to build at least three thousand red brick houses on this land!"

"The style of the red brick houses should be like those behind me, two bedrooms and one living room, with an area of thirty square meters!"

Listening to Lynn's words, Clive's face tightened.

To construct three thousand red brick houses on a wasteland of weeds, each house requiring two bedrooms and one living room with thirty square meters.

It is indeed a major project!

Clive slightly recalled in his mind, finally stating bluntly.

"Lord, such a large number of red brick houses will take a considerable amount of time to build."

"If I fully dedicate myself to the construction of this residential area, it will surely affect the 'Iron Butcher' forging and production you mentioned."

Lynn nodded and said, "I am aware of that."

"I've called you over just to have you make a simple division of this residential area."

Upon hearing this, Clive felt a slight relief.

Lynn continued, "I need you to lead a team of peasants and use lime to determine the exact location of each red brick house on the cleaned wasteland."

"There should be public facilities like wells for townsmen's drinking water, public baths, toilets."

"There should be red brick roads left between houses for carts to pass and main roads in the residential area."

Clive nodded, "No problem, Lord."

These facilities were familiar as he had seen many in already constructed residential areas.

After instructing Clive on what the residential area required.

Lynn let him go to the wasteland site for exploration.

Public baths and toilets are relatively easy to construct.

But the most challenging is the well.

It requires not only digging but also detecting a water source.

Looking ahead, at the silhouettes busily bending over.

Lynn also understood.

Building at least three thousand red brick houses and putting them into use for peasants' lives wasn't easy.

Too many in number, too large in scale!

Even without considering the roads between red brick houses and public facilities.

The area covered by three thousand red brick houses alone reached ninety thousand square meters!

Nearly one hundred forty acres!

He had also considered building these red brick houses as two-story structures.

But thinking of wooden framed houses, prone to collapse, he ultimately abandoned the idea.

Despite the major project of expanding the red brick house residential area.

He could only arrange for these peasants to undertake the construction.

To improve their loyalty, naturally, he needs to provide a safe and stable living environment.

The fortunate side is.

The previous red brick kiln never stopped producing red bricks.

Until now.

A large quantity of red bricks has been piled up, ready for constructing red brick houses.

With previous division of labor, it almost doesn't require him much management.

Under the supervision of guards and soldiers, the peasants keep swinging their farming tools tirelessly.

Looking at the cleared wasteland.

The peasants responsible for digging foundations raised their iron hoes and cross pickaxes, and began digging.

Lynn rolled up his sleeves and stepped into the wasteland ahead.

In the astonished gazes of the peasants, he took a cross pickaxe from one of them.

Raised it high, reaching its highest controllable point.

Using the strength of his body and waist,.

With both hands, the cross pickaxe drew an arc mid-air, heavily striking the soil.

Crack~

The sound of digging into stone and breaking fragments echoed.

As Lynn exerted his right arm, pushing forward with his left hand.

A large chunk of soil was flipped out by the flat shovel of the cross pickaxe.

Seeing this spectacle, the peasants' faces remained full of astonishment.

Their lord wielding a cross pickaxe, his posture and actions in digging soil were even more standard and skillful than theirs!

Lynn ignored the gazes of the peasants, raised the cross pickaxe again, and continued digging.

As he kept digging, a bit by bit construction experience rapidly increased.

[Construction Experience +1]

[Construction Experience +1]

[Construction Experience +1]

...

Perhaps due to a previous light rain.

The wasteland's topsoil remained relatively loose.

Indeed making digging foundations slightly easier.

Seeing Lynn's determined swings with the cross pickaxe, the peasants were filled with vigor.

The lord himself was laboring for their red brick houses.

How could they afford to slack off during digging?

Under Lynn's leadership.

The peasants similarly swung their iron hoes and cross pickaxes.

Following the foundation marks drawn by Clive with lime powder, they started digging.

From initially uncleaned weed wasteland.

Everyone joined together in clearing the weed wasteland.

Upon clearing a vast area, thousands of peasants were divided into two groups.

Women continued clearing, men dug foundations.

Once a large area of foundational digging was complete, the men's group was further divided.

Eight hundred peasants continued digging foundations.

The remaining peasants started leveling the foundation surfaces and laying gravel...

Even though many peasants hadn't yet reached that stage of division.

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They were immersed in the previous step's construction procedures and steps.

If the previous step hadn't started, then they'd go back another step.

Simply put.

The labor of these six thousand peasants was never idle or wasted from beginning to end.

Perhaps it was because of their previous experiences in the Three Great Estates.

They cherished their current lives more dearly.

As long as they worked hard, they could live a better life!

Time, in wholehearted labor, swiftly passed by.

Lynn stood straight, glanced at the sky.

In the distant horizon, the sun was setting in the west.

It was already evening time!

Lynn directly ordered everyone to stop work and return to the town to enjoy their dinner.

A burst of enthusiastic shouts suddenly erupted from the mouths of the peasants.

The sound was so loud, it was deafening.

Their eyes were fixed on the back of the young Lord from afar.

Their faces were full of gratitude.

If it had been before, they would have thought.

Their Lord was just drawing a pie for them.

But.

After a day of working together, the midday lunch, and resting.

And now, as the sky barely darkened, Lynn told them they could finish work.

They realized clearly that everything Master Lynn promised was true.

Walking out of the wasteland, kicking off the mud from their leather shoes, Lynn headed through the residential area.

He headed towards Lord's Square at the front of the town.

A few minutes later.

Lynn arrived at Lord's Square.

Because of his order, the six thousand peasants finished work earlier than the townsmen at various posts.

He just wanted to stagger the finishing times to alleviate the dining hall's pressure at mealtime.

Otherwise.

If all the townsmen finished work at the same time and returned to the town for meals.

Even with soldiers and guards maintaining order.

The dining hall would still be packed tightly!

It could even lead to conflicts and unnecessary disputes.

With a move, Lynn sat on a bench to rest.

A day of continuous digging made his body a bit tired, even for him.

The sun gradually set in the west.

Under the golden sunlight, numerous teams gathered on the distant limestone road.

These were townsmen returning from labor, preparing to return to the town.

Lynn looked towards the dining hall, where peasants, having finished their dinner, were walking out.

He had dismissed the peasants early, so by the time they finished eating, they had avoided the returning townsmen perfectly!

Lynn was somewhat satisfied in his heart.

Soon.

Another issue also appeared in his mind.

The Red Brick Houses were not yet completed.

These over six thousand peasants had no shelter from the wind and rain for their rest.

The only solution was to keep bonfires burning all night at Lord's Square.

To provide them with warmth through the night.

On the ground, a layer of straw would be spread to serve as a resting place.

Furthermore.

This situation would last until the entire Red Brick House residential area expansion was completed!

A month, or even two months!

Unlike before.

Each time, replacing and receiving three to five hundred slaves only required the construction of a little over a hundred Red Brick Houses, which was sufficient.

Each construction was carried out in batches.

This time, six thousand two hundred peasants came to the territory!

At least three thousand Red Brick Houses!

Lynn's eyes glanced at Red beside him.

After instructing about the peasants' rest issues, he had him arrange for guards to watch over and monitor these peasants 24/7.

These slaves had been in his territory for just a day.

The loyalty of most of the peasants was on the rise.

However, there was also a minority of peasants whose loyalty remained low.

These peasants had more or less some whip marks, new and old, on their bodies.

Evidently.

The past abuse from the Manor Lord still lingered in their memories.

They had no trust in the Manor Lord.

Lynn didn't care.

As long as these low-loyalty peasants were willing to work hard for food and shelter.

Willing to follow his directions to the assigned positions.

As long as they did nothing to endanger the territory's development or the townsmen's personal safety.

It didn't matter if they didn't offer their loyalty.

He believed such peasants were the minority.

Moreover.

With the territory's offerings.

He didn't believe these peasants wouldn't find the beauty in life!

They just needed more time to adapt and accept.

As the sky gradually darkened.

Lynn stepped towards the castle.

Returning to the castle.

Kuisi had already prepared dinner and was waiting.

"Master, dinner is ready, you can dine now."

Lynn nodded and walked to the dining table.

As Red pulled the main seat out from the table, he sat down without hesitation.

With Kuisi attending to him, he ate his dinner while listening to her report on the territory's development.

...

Night fell.

Enveloping the entire Karedi Empire within.

A vast city spanning three hills was surrounded by towering thick walls.

The walls snaked around like a mighty dragon!

This was!

The heart of the Karedi Empire—Royal City, Triumph City!

It proudly stood on the east bank of the Seine River, overlooking the entire Seine River and Iron Anchor Bay!

Even under the night sky, its grand scale and thriving prosperity could still be felt.

And.

It showcased an unparalleled regal aura.

Six massive gates were set on the city walls!

The six gates guarded the city's main thoroughfares.

On the city walls, battlements stood tall, with iron gates suspended, always vigilant against external threats.

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In the city, streets crisscrossed, extending like blood vessels to every corner of the city.

On Steel Street, the clanging of the blacksmith's hammer could be heard, as fine weapons and luxurious ornaments were born here.

The aroma of bread filled the air on Flour Street, enticing the hungry stomachs of passersby.

On Silk Street, the chirping of orioles and the dance of swallows, the luxurious brothels and shops displayed an extravagant and intoxicating lifestyle.

There were palatial residences in the Upper District, gardens blooming with myriad flowers, where nobles in elegant attire laughed and conversed at banquets.

There was also the crowded chaos of the Civilian District.

Ships from various places came and went like shuttles, laden with rare treasures, fragrant spices, fine wines, silk, and furs!

Though it was nighttime, the sound of bargaining in the market did not diminish at all.

This was Triumph City!

The center of power, the symbol of prosperity!

In a castle built from white rock and fortified with steel fortifications.

In the domed reception hall.

In the center of the hall.

On the dining table, pure gold candlesticks were placed.

The candlelight swayed gently in the breeze.

Illuminating the white tablecloth, covered with delicacies.

The roast lamb was golden and crispy on the outside, emitting a tempting aroma.

The rich foie gras was served on an intricately carved silver platter, surrounded by a circle of exquisite fruit arrangements.

The goblets were filled with deep red wine, its rich fruity aroma wafting through the air.

The musicians sat neatly in a row in the corner, playing melodies, adding an elegant atmosphere to this banquet.

From the main seat.

A middle-aged man, dressed in a luxurious robe, with gold silk embroidered edges glistening in the candlelight, and sparkling jewels inlaid at the collar, sat stably.

The warm candlelight shone on the faces of eight or nine people sitting at the dining table.

Their expressions were varied, seemingly contemplative, worried, expectant, arrogant, cunning, excited...

But none dared to speak before the middle-aged man took the lead.

They merely sat silently in their seats.

At this moment.

The middle-aged man raised his glass, his gaze sweeping over the eight or nine people.

He revealed a sunny smile, his voice clear as he said, "Mitchell thanks you all for coming."

"With your presence, I feel greatly encouraged and reassured!"

The eight or nine people quickly raised their goblets, gesturing from afar.

"Your Highness, you are too kind!"

"Indeed, Your Highness! I have always been here, and the Griffin Clan has always been here!"

"As long as you give the order, Your Highness, the entire Rivers Clan soldiers will follow your command!"

"Your Highness, you are the true heir of the Kaldi Empire!"

"..."

Mitchell Carolin solemnly nodded and downed his goblet of wine in one go as a gesture of thanks.

The noble lords didn't hesitate, and also downed their wine in one go.

Under Mitchell's gesture, they sat upright on the soft leather chairs.

Mitchell set down his goblet, speaking with gratitude, "I know that you all have always supported me."

"Just as you supported my father, Charlemagne VI, before me."

"For this, I extend my heartfelt thanks."

"Thanks to those who consistently support the Royal Family and tirelessly strive for the Empire's prosperity and stability."

The eight or nine people did not dare to speak.

Mitchell raised a goblet filled by a maid, stepping down from the main seat.

He walked slowly behind each noble lord.

Finally, he stopped beside a tall, lean man with short hair.

The eyes of everyone at the table turned, focusing on the short-haired man.

In those gazes, there was fear, admiration, and also flattery...

"Like Duke Heiyao, one of the Three Great Dukes of the Empire!"

"During the turmoil at the Empire's borders faced with the cavalry of the Elfini Empire, he unhesitatingly led the family's cavalry to the front line!"

"Fighting bloodily, quashing unrest, protecting the peace of the Empire's citizens, and guarding the integrity of the land!"

Duke Heiyao stood up.

The lean figure contrasted sharply with the sturdy frame of Mitchell!

Duke Heiyao had no words, merely raised his goblet and lightly clinked it with Mitchell's.

The sound was crisp and pleasant.

Duke Heiyao drank his goblet of wine in one go and sat back down.

To the eyes of the crowd, he directly chose to ignore them.

That feeling, as if among those present, apart from Mitchell, he had no fear!

Mitchell didn't mind at all.

He laughed breezily, "The Grand Duke is still as my little nephew remembers, reticent, decisive!"

He continued to walk, reaching the side of a plump middle-aged man.

The gazes of the crowd turned, looking over as well.

"Like the Great Merchant from the entire Garonia Continent, known as Li Nu Xiangying—Clint Dickinson."

Looking at Mitchell standing in front of him, Clint Dickinson grinned, revealing an odd, mousetooth-like smile.

Mitchell continued, "Thanks to the Dickinson Clan's generous financial support and aid in trade development, the entire Empire has become more prosperous!"

The two lightly clinked their goblets.

Mitchell raised his goblet, taking a small sip.

To moisten his somewhat dry throat.

He continued to walk, still speaking as he went.

"Also, the youngest Marquis in the history of the Kaldi Empire—Marquis Mark Duca!"

The eyes of the crowd turned to the young man seated in the middle right of the table.

In those eyes, there was amusement, mockery, and mostly disdain.

Mark Duca naturally gathered all those strange looks into his eyes.

However.

His expression unchanged, he slowly stood from his seat.

He raised his goblet on the table, waiting for Mitchell Carolin, His Highness, to come to him.

Mitchell smiled slightly, continuing to speak.

"Though he is very young, youth is capital!"

"Since assuming his title a short time ago, he has already made a mark in the military."

"If given more time, Marquis Mark will surely become the backbone of our Empire."

Mark Duca slightly raised his chin, both hands holding the goblet, lightly clinking it with Mitchell's.

Then.

He downed the goblet of wine in one go.

Mitchell nodded in satisfaction, also taking a small sip.

After patting Mark on the shoulder, he continued to walk.

"And like..."

Until ten minutes later.

Mitchell had introduced everyone seated at the table.

He returned to the main seat.

Mitchell's gaze swept over those present, whose expressions were still varied.

His tone shifted: "However, it is regrettable that..."

"As we work together for the development of the Kaldi Empire, sacrificing lives and shedding blood."

"There are those with ulterior motives, thinking only of their own interests, seeking to usurp the throne!!!"

Chapter 664: Purging the Imperial Court

Mitchell's right hand clenched into a fist, slamming heavily onto the table in front of him.

Bang!

A low and boundless voice filled with anger emanated from his mouth.

"I, Mitchell Carolin, am the eldest son of the Carolingian Royal Family of the Karedi Empire!"

"The future Emperor of the Karedi Empire!"

Mitchell opened his mouth, taking a deep breath of air.

Trying to ease the rage in his heart.

A few seconds later.

Mitchell spoke: "Some people, taking advantage of my father Charlemagne VI's critical illness, have applied various means to support my younger brother, Caesar."

"The motives of these people are simple."

"To use their military power and economic strength to push Caesar onto the throne."

"They wish to become the puppet masters of the Emperor of the Empire."

"They want to legitimately control the entire Karedi Empire."

"Their wolf's ambitions are hard to bear."

"At that time, the nation will be a nation no more, and the people will be in turmoil!"

Those seated around the dining table, lord nobility, and merchants, their expressions darkened.

Mitchell's tone shifted, continuing his speech.

"Therefore, as the eldest son of the royal family, as the future Emperor of the Empire."

"I, Mitchell, have gathered you all to unify all available forces and eliminate treachery!"

The brows of those present raised, looking toward Mitchell.

...

An hour later.

The banquet concluded.

On the balcony on the third floor.

Mitchell's long hair and the robe on his body swayed continuously under the night breeze.

His vibrant gaze steadfastly focused below.

There.

One figure after another boarded the luxurious carriages in the castle courtyard.

Driven by coachmen, escorted by guards, they traveled over the cobblestone driveway, departing the castle.

Finally, vanishing into the night.

A series of unhurried footsteps sounded behind him, approaching from far to near.

Stopping three or four meters behind him.

A respectful and inquisitive voice sounded.

"Your Highness."

Upon hearing this voice, Mitchell turned around to look.

The young man stood slightly bent.

Wearing an evening dress, and on the chest was an emblem where a greatsword and shield intersected.

Mitchell pondered for a moment, "Marquis Mark, do you know why I kept you back alone?"

Mark Ducas straightened slightly, shaking his head in confusion.

"Your Highness, Mark does not know..."

Mitchell wasn't surprised, he questioned.

"Those grotesque expressions at the banquet, I suppose you saw them?"

Mark furrowed his brow, hesitated to speak.

Ultimately, choosing silence.

Bear in mind that just minutes ago, everyone at the dining table, including him, had sworn allegiance to Mitchell Carolin!

But now, Mitchell spoke such words?

Mitchell continued: "Mark, speak freely."

"It's just us two here."

Upon hearing this, Mark hesitated for a few seconds, then nodded: "Your Highness, as you said, I did see them."

Mitchell responded: "Indeed, because of your youth, they chose to underestimate and disdain you."

"Simply because you inherited the Marquisate; simply because you haven't established accomplishments; simply because you are too young!"

Mark fell silent again.

Mitchell continued: "Marquis Mark!"

"I can tell you clearly, if you don't do something, you will never change their attitude towards you!"

"Just as in the past, how did being dubbed as the 'Spear of the Empire' help me?"

"As the emperor's eldest son, it is only natural for me to inherit the throne."

"But, they dare to support Caesar as the Emperor of the Karedi Empire!"

"How can my ability be compared to Caesar who indulges in idle luxury and women?"

"But, Emperor Charlemagne VI turns a blind eye!"

At this point.

Mitchell's tone grew intense and fervent.

"Then let's fight!"

"Even if it means spreading the flames of war across the entire empire, let there be a conclusive outcome!"

"To prove, who is the true Emperor of the Empire, who is truly destined by fate!"

Listening to Mitchell's passionate words.

Mark bowed his body, respectfully inquiring.

"Your Highness, what do you require of me?"

Mitchell stared directly at Mark, his voice resounding firmly.

"Marquis Mark, I need you to rally the Ducas Clan and all forces from your territory, and set up camp at Windmill Ridge Canyon."

"Await my next instruction."

Mark's face showed resolve, immediately replying: "Yes, Your Highness!"

Upon hearing Mark's affirmative response, Mitchell's face lit up with a smile, full of relief.

"Indeed, the Ducas Clan is forever the greatsword and shield of the Carolingian Royal Family."

"Both offensive and defensive!"

"Once successful, I, Mitchell, will not forget the support of the Ducas Clan."

"Retreat and take rest."

Mark bowed, bid farewell, and retreated.

Walking along the corridor illuminated by oil lamps, his mind quickly contemplated.

Windmill Ridge Canyon is not near Triumph City.

Rather, it's on the road from the Duchy of the Red Dragon leading to Triumph City!

Although Windmill Ridge Canyon isn't the only path.

But to launch forces from the Duchy of the Red Dragon towards Triumph City for battle.

Choosing to pass through Windmill Ridge Canyon is the most time-efficient way!

Mitchell wants him to gather all the forces in the entire Marquisate and camp at Windmill Ridge Canyon...

Chapter 665: Purging the Emperor's Inner Circle (Part 2)

That is to say.

Mitchell wants the Ducas Clan to directly resist the Red Dragon Cavalry Corps of the Duke of Red Dragon?

The Sword and Shield Army soldiers of the Ducas Clan have always been known as infantry.

Advance for attack, retreat for defense!

However, even though they occupy Windmill Ridge Canyon and have certain terrain advantages, cavalry cannot charge on a large scale.

The Red Dragon Riders, as heavy cavalry, are far beyond what they can resist!

Sending him to station in Windmill Ridge Canyon is akin to sending him to his death.

Even if it isn't a death sentence.

The Ducas Clan will face a sudden reduction in military strength and severe damage.

Moreover, they may possibly face irrevocable ruin!

Ultimately, they face reckoning from the new Emperor of the Empire.

If it were someone else, called upon by Mitchell to stay behind alone and hear such earnest words.

They would undoubtedly lead their soldiers without hesitation, to immediately head to Windmill Ridge Canyon for a desperate defense.

But he is not anyone else, he is Mark Ducas!

Thinking of this.

Mark couldn't help but let out a cold snort in his heart.

What a Mitchell Carolin.

What a Spear of the Empire.

They actually want to make the Ducas Clan the first victim of the Imperial Authority struggle!

While Mark was pondering in his mind.

He had already walked out of the castle and into the courtyard.

Just prepared to sit on the four-horse carriage of the Ducas Clan.

A young and slender figure, led by several maids, walked by about ten meters ahead of him.

Dressed in an intricate satin long dress with a sweeping skirt adorned with sparkling gems and delicate lace.

Wearing a pearl crown, her hair cascading over her shoulders like a waterfall.

She walked gracefully, her posture enchanting.

The young woman seemed to have sensed Mark's gaze.

She slightly raised her head, straightened her slender neck, and looked over.

Mark could clearly see the delicate face of the young woman with a smile appearing.

The young woman walked past the ten meters of corridor in just a few seconds.

Passed in the blink of an eye.

He had already seen the young woman at the coming-of-age ceremony before.

It was Mitchell's only daughter.

Yuna Carolin!

Mark gave up the action of getting on the carriage and instead took a few steps forward.

Arrived at the corner of the corridor.

His gaze turned, looking over.

At the end of the corridor, Yuna Carolin's back got further away!

Until Yuna's silhouette disappeared, only then did Mark withdraw his gaze.

Walked back to the carriage and stepped up.

He urged the guards and horsemen, saying: "Return to Bordeaux City!"

In the response from the guards and horsemen.

After the horses neighed from their mouths, they stepped forward, pulling the carriage towards the castle's exit.

On the open-air balcony above.

Mitchell took in the scene in the courtyard completely.

His eyes carried a playful glint.

"Desire is a good thing."

"It can drive a person to persist unwaveringly forward!"

"Even if the road is rugged and hard to traverse, even if falling breaks one's bones..."

...

For three consecutive days, Lynn spent his time on excavating the foundation in the red brick house residential area.

While digging the foundation, working hard on the experience for [Construction] skills.

However, compared to chopping for [Collection] skills, digging is more arduous.

Despite having a large amount of iron ore in the territory which can be used to make various iron tools.

Iron Hoe, Iron Shovel, Cross Pickaxe, and so on.

But except for some loose soil on the surface, below is solid clumps of soil and stone.

Almost every stroke of the pickaxe, definitely sparks fly.

Luckily.

Brought back more than six thousand laborers.

Otherwise, constructing three thousand red brick houses would be indefinitely far off.

After digging all morning, Lynn rested on a long bench after lunch.

A few meters in front of him.

Gaspar was standing, reporting intelligence about Morgan Town.

"Master, yesterday Janet has already announced, that Frank Manor will be the owner of Morgan Town."

"New laws will be implemented in Morgan Town."

"Commercial trade, agricultural production, and public security management will all be managed by Frank Manor!"

Lynn nodded, waiting for Gaspar to continue.

"Furthermore, Janet candidly stated..."

"No free people from Morgan Town and nearby are allowed to leave, nor enter into any labor contracts with other lords!"

"Otherwise, they will face severe punishment from Frank Manor!"

As the spy team leader lurking in Morgan Town.

Gaspar naturally knows that merchant Boer is helping Master Lynn purchase and transport various goods.

Recently, he has also started helping Master Lynn recruit free people in Morgan Town.

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

Gaspar seriously reflected for a few seconds, "Master, that's all for now."

Lynn said, "Well done, go take a rest."

Gaspar bowed and withdrew.

Watching Gaspar gradually fade away, Lynn's expression remained calm.

With the Three Great Estates extinguished, only Frank Manor remains.

With Janet holding Morgan Town in her hands, it is reasonable.

He naturally wouldn't have any surprises.

Even including Janet enforcing new laws in Morgan Town.

Clearly.

He waved his hand, taking all the slaves from the Three Great Estates.

This made Janet aware of the impending crisis.

Even if she controls the farmland of the Three Great Estates, without enough labor.

She still cannot conduct productive labor activities.

Chapter 666: Purging the King's Side (3)

Only by firmly controlling the thousands of people in Morgan Town can we cope with the summer harvest and planting in July and August!

Leaning back on the bench, resting for a short while.

He stood up and walked towards the vast open field in the distance again.

After three days of clearing, at least fifteen hundred acres of open land had already emerged.

Considering thirty square per house, taking into account ventilation, lighting, the streets between houses, and various public facilities.

The fifteen hundred acres of land is fully enough to build three thousand red brick houses.

Furthermore, according to the traces of lime powder spread by Clive.

One after another, the foundations of red brick houses have already been excavated, and teams of peasants have begun using lime mortar to level the ground.

In the fastest progressing areas, teams of peasants are already holding plastering knives and starting to build walls.

Lynn strode in and directly joined the work.

With the left hand pulling bricks and the right hand holding a knife.

Skillfully stacking one red brick after another.

[Construction Experience +1]

[Construction Experience +1]

[Construction Experience +1]

...

In Lynn's continuous busy work.

His [Construction] skill experience was rapidly increasing.

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

[Construction: Level 2 (388/500)] (+)

The distance to reaching Level 3 was not far.

Closing the panel, Lynn devoted himself entirely to constructing the walls.

In the blink of an eye, it reached evening.

Once Lynn announced that everyone could stop work.

He walked out from the red brick house construction site.

Walking on the lime road, mingling with the crowd of peasants.

Lynn's gaze swept over the figures beside him.

Compared to when they came, now their faces carried a noticeable smile.

That feeling of being fed and not needing to worry about their lives being threatened.

He glanced at the peasants' panel.

Their Loyalty Value had already risen to over fifty percent!

Lynn felt slightly satisfied.

As long as he provided them with enough food, as long as he let them be full of hope and imagination for the future life.

They would offer their loyalty without hesitation!

Because, they were merely the most bottom-tiered peasants.

This was already the greatest dream they could imagine.

While Lynn was observing, everyone had already returned to the Lord's Square.

Lynn stepped out from the crowd, watching as they entered the cafeteria.

Beginning to enjoy their dinner, starting to enjoy their leisure life after work.

Lynn sat once again on the bench, observing the lives of these peasants and townsmen.

At this moment.

A sound of footsteps approached from a distance.

Lynn turned his head to look, it was Jose from the Bow and Arrow Workshop!

Coming before Lynn, Jose bowed slightly, his words full of respect, "Master."

Lynn responded, "Is there anything, Foreman Jose?"

Jose quickly replied, "Master, according to the design drawing you provided, I have already made the first [Zhuge Crossbow]."

"Do you need me to bring it over for you to test it out?"

Lynn's eyebrows raised, looking at Jose in surprise.

It's only been five or six days since he personally demonstrated for Jose and the apprentices in the Bow and Arrow Workshop.

Jose was already able to produce a [Zhuge Crossbow] based on the drawings he sketched.

Without even consulting him for anything.

Indeed.

Jose has a special talent in the production of crossbows.

Assigning him to lead the Bow and Arrow Workshop was quite a good decision.

Lynn nodded, "No need, Foreman Jose."

"The subsequent production and testing of the [Zhuge Crossbow] will be your responsibility."

"However, there's something I need to tell you in advance."

"These crossbows are meant for war!"

"Either for defending the city walls, or for external battles!"

"If due to production negligence or unqualified manufacturing, it causes a missed opportunity in battle..."

Jose quickly responded, "If there's any unqualified production, the entire Bow and Arrow Workshop staff are at your disposal, Master!"

Lynn responded, "That would be the best!"

"Foreman Jose, report on the future production plan."

Jose's tone relaxed, explaining, "Master, currently I'm the only one in the Bow and Arrow Workshop who can produce crossbows."

"If we want the workshop to start large-scale production, it may take some more time."

"I need to train and educate the apprentices, and also..."

Lynn looked at Jose and took over his words.

"Moreover, the Bow and Arrow Workshop's labor force is limited, making large-scale production difficult!"

Upon hearing this, Jose's eyes widened.

He said with some surprise, "That's right, Master, just as you said."

"Currently, there are only a hundred people in the Bow and Arrow Workshop."

"These hundred people not only have to produce longbows and forge arrowheads; if they also have to make crossbows, there's too little labor force."

Lynn nodded, "I understand."

"After this batch of red brick houses is completed, I will dispatch some labor to your workshop, for you to teach and manage."

Jose felt relieved in his heart, "Thank you, Master Lynn."

After dismissing Jose.

Lynn's mind pondered the future development plan for the Bow and Arrow Workshop.

[Zhuge Crossbows] definitely need to be produced on a large scale.

This is beyond doubt.

Especially after the last military assistance outside.

He deeply felt the importance of long-range attack weapons!

If, during the last expedition, the Bow and Arrow Workshop had already produced a large number of crossbows.

There certainly wouldn't have been fifteen soldiers wounded!

Chapter 667: Purging the King's Side (4)

As long as remote firepower is sufficient, it is entirely possible to conclude the battle quickly before the heavy cavalry or infantry engage in close combat with the enemy.

But to produce [Zhuge Crossbows] on a large scale, the size of the Bow and Arrow Workshop must be expanded.

A single Bow and Arrow Workshop is certainly insufficient.

It can be expanded to the size of four workshops.

Forming a production line in the workshop.

Those responsible for raw materials will handle the raw materials specifically.

Those responsible for wood processing will handle the wood processing specifically.

Similarly, those making crossbow arms and crossbows will specifically make crossbow arms and crossbows.

All processes will be distinguished and assigned to each apprentice.

Apart from expanding the Bow and Arrow Workshop, sufficient labor must be dispatched to it.

Fortunately.

This time around, we brought back six thousand peasants.

Once they complete the construction of the red brick houses, we can assign their roles and dispatch them to different industries.

Lynn is also pondering in his mind which industries in the territory require additional labor.

Firstly, the most labor-intensive industry is naturally the farmland.

The over 100,000 acres of farmland are vast!

And they are planted with various different crops.

Relying on Gavin and Wilbur, who lead hundreds of farmers in tending them.

They almost have to be involved day and night on the farmland.

More farmers must be invested!

His rough plan is to invest another five hundred farmers to work alongside the existing five hundred to tend the crops in the farmland.

A thousand farmers, even if tasked with digging canals for irrigation, mean the labor force is barely sufficient.

Secondly, Colin's Woodworker Workshop and shipyard.

Large fortification instruments in the Woodworker Workshop are still ongoing.

But because the shipyard needs to produce more small ships, using water power to speed up the transport of iron ore from upstream.

They had to draw half the personnel from the Woodworker Workshop and transfer them to the shipyard.

Once the red brick houses are complete, more labor can be supplemented for the Woodworker Workshop and shipyard.

To accelerate the production schedule of fortification instruments and ships.

Finally, expansion of the army!

Lynn's original idea was to expand the armed soldiers in the territory to three thousand in one go!

Three thousand well-trained, fully armed soldiers.

Relying on the city walls and Weng City, as well as various large fortification instruments on the city walls.

Lynn feels.

If the enemy wants to break through the city walls and enter the territory, they would need at least several times the number of his regular armed soldiers!

Otherwise.

The enemy can forget about stepping past the city walls!

After forming an initial plan in his mind on how to use this group of peasants, Lynn got up from the bench and returned in the direction of the castle.

As it gradually darkened, the daytime passed in an instant.

In the castle.

After dinner, Lynn sat on a wooden chair on the second-floor balcony.

His gaze was cast towards the distant sunset, the golden rays sprinkling over the entire town and the town's farmland.

As if covering everything in a bright layer of gold.

Nearby, in Lord's Square, children were crouched on the ground, playing and chasing each other.

A little farther, small groups walked along the lime road, passed by carriages, strolling, chatting.

In the distance, at the dock, boatmen were furling the sails on the Noel Ships...

Standing beside him, Kuisi picked up the Golden Gin Bottle on the tea table.

After pouring Lynn a cup of gin, she gently handed it over.

Lynn glanced at it, reached out to take it, and took a sip.

The warm and comfortable sensation instantly spread throughout his body.

So, Lynn drank it in one gulp, allowing the warmth to spread faster and more intensely.

Putting down the wine glass, Lynn thought of something and spoke to Kuisi.

"How many women on the territory are currently pregnant?"

Hearing this, Kuisi's eyes turned slightly as she wanted to speak.

But she worried about inaccuracies.

Her hand moved, pulling out a small leather-covered booklet, and began flipping through it.

After flipping through for a moment.

Kuisi raised an eyebrow and explained, "Master, there are currently a total of two hundred and twenty who have registered with me."

"Fifteen of them are nearing childbirth, including Lex's wife..."

Lynn nodded.

Over two hundred women is not too many.

Even if these more than two hundred women refrain from working temporarily, the territory's current and future farmland won't be too affected.

Lex's wife nearing her delivery date didn't come as a surprise to him.

Lynn's gaze shifted and landed on Kuisi's hands.

Kuisi immediately sensed Lynn's gaze and quickly put the small booklet away.

However.

Kuisi found Lynn's gaze wasn't moving away.

She immediately showed a bitter expression, unwillingly handing the booklet from behind her over.

After a year of interaction, Kuisi had long understood Lynn's character.

Even if he didn't speak, she knew what Lynn was thinking.

Lynn satisfactorily extended his right hand to receive it, opened the booklet, and began to scan through it.

Within the booklet, there were pieces of paper trimmed and cut.

On the paper, there were various scribbles of words or symbols.

Lynn even saw some simple sketches of animals...

Although somewhat chaotic, he could still discern what was written.

Recorded above are the daily events occurring in the territory.

Chapter 668: Purging the King's Side (5)

Some tasks for Kuisi to carry out and the content to report to him...

As Lynn flipped through the pages, Kuisi's face was filled with embarrassment.

She stuttered a bit in her explanation: "Master, there's really nothing much to see inside... just some records of the daily development progress of the territory."

After flipping through it for a while, Lynn handed the leather booklet back to Kuisi.

Kuisi quickly extended her hand to take it and put it away.

Lynn looked directly at Kuisi and praised, "You did very well."

The scale of the small town is becoming grander, and the industries are increasing.

Kuisi has the[Well-organized]talent, but there are so many things that require her to follow up on.

It's simply impossible to remember all the things!

Now, although Kuisi is the steward of the entire territory, she has always just been an ordinary free person.

Without receiving any education, naturally, she doesn't know how to read, write, and record.

Thus, there are all kinds of strange patterns and symbols on the booklet.

This also indicates.

Kuisi is putting in self-driven effort to better manage the affairs of the entire territory.

Hearing Lynn's praise, Kuisi hesitated slightly.

The next second.

An inexplicable warmth surfaced in Kuisi's heart.

Her effort was finally recognized by Lynn.

Holding back the stirring in her eyes, Kuisi joyfully said, "Master, this is part of my duty!"

Lynn nodded, picked up the glazed cup on the coffee table next to him, and drank it all in one gulp.

He looked at Kuisi again, "Prepare hot water, I need a bath and a massage!"

Kuisi bent slightly and answered, "Yes, Master."

After speaking.

Kuisi withdrew respectfully.

On the balcony.

Only Lynn remained seated on the chair and Red standing not far beside him.

Lynn's gaze turned to the distance where the night had already fallen.

...

Time goes on day by day.

Under Lynn's persistent construction with a group of peasants.

Red brick houses rose from the ground one after another.

Although it will take more time to move all the peasants into them.

Hundreds of red brick houses have been built.

Once corresponding wooden beds, doors, and windows are made.

Some peasants can move in after registering.

As Lynn was constructing the red brick houses.

Earlyly approached Lynn with a middle-aged man.

Red glanced at the two, and Earlyly was the first to speak, "Guard Captain Red, I have something important to report to Master Lynn."

"Please inform him."

Red nodded, "Wait a moment."

With that, Red walked towards Lynn who was laying the beams of a red brick house.

After Red reported, Lynn looked at Earlyly and the other man not far away.

"Let them come over."

Red acknowledged and brought Earlyly and the other man over to Lynn.

Earlyly was just about to introduce.

Lynn's eyes turned to the middle-aged man beside him.

"Captain Carlo Barrett, I suppose... you haven't returned for a long time?"

"I thought the spies I sent out had forgotten about their lord and their families!"

Earlyly, with his mouth slightly open, quickly chose to close it and stood quietly to the side.

Feeling Lynn's gaze and his elusive tone.

Carlo's body stiffened, and he spoke with a tone full of seriousness.

"Lord, neither Carlo nor the spies sent out have ever betrayed!"

"If there is betrayal, you may dispose of our families at will, Lord!"

Earlyly next to him felt a chill in his heart upon hearing this.

But soon, he understood.

Because whether it was him, Lynn, or the spies sent out.

They all knew their families were on this piece of land.

If betrayal occurs, their families would surely be implicated.

But they also knew, as long as they gathered intelligence for the Lord and sent it back to the territory.

Their lord would never mistreat their families!

Lynn acknowledged, "Very well, Captain Carlo."

"Now, tell me what intelligence have you brought back on this return to the territory?"

Seeing Lynn no longer inquiring about why he hadn't returned for so long.

Carlo felt slightly relieved and quickly began to report.

"Master, a few days ago, Mitchell Carolin hosted a banquet for several noble lords of the Empire."

"Among them was the great merchant whom my spy infiltrated, Raccoon Slave Fragrance Shadow Clint Dickinson!"

Lynn remained silent, listening to Carlo's report.

Red and Early also remained silent.

Carlo continued, "It wasn't just Clint Dickinson; there was also Duke Heiyao, Marquis Duca, Marquis Fisher, among the Three Great Dukes..."

He listed the identities and names of nine people, but one name was notably absent.

Lynn couldn't help but ask, "No Duke Cangyu?"

Carlo didn't hesitate at all and firmly replied, "Yes, Master."

"My spy was a coachman helping Clint Dickinson drive his carriage."

"Aside from the event where Clint Dickinson entered the castle for the banquet, he was followed the entire time."

"In the courtyard where the carriage was parked, there was also no sign of Duke Cangyu's carriage and guards!"

Lynn nodded, asking, "Besides that, is there any other intelligence?"

Carlo continued, "My spy noticed that at the end of the banquet, all the noble lords left the castle by carriage."

"Only the Ducas Clan's carriage remained parked in the courtyard."

Chapter 669: Purging the King's Side (6)

Lynn continued listening.

"After leaving, my spy took Clint Dickinson out of the castle and returned to his residence."

"As for what happened in Mitchell's castle afterward, I am not aware for the time being."

At this point, Carlo's tone shifted.

"But just yesterday, Marquis Duca gathered all the soldiers of the Sword and Shield Corps."

"Not only the Sword and Shield Corps, but also the many vassals conferred by the Ducas Clan have also started taking action."

"According to the intelligence and information I have obtained, they were all summoned by Marquis Duca and are marching toward Bordeaux City!"

Hearing this.

Lynn frowned slightly, pondering in his mind.

At a time when the situation in the Karedi Empire is tense.

Mitchell invited a group of lord nobility and great merchants.

It is obvious that he is rallying support from the forces around him.

However.

At the end of the banquet, Mark Ducas was left alone.

A few days later, Mark Ducas started military actions...

Not to mention him.

Even anyone would associate the intelligence obtained with Mitchell having a close relationship.

Similarly, before anyone else began military operations.

Only the Ducas Clan started moving.

Thus, the Ducas Clan will certainly become the target of public criticism!

Of course.

None of this has anything to do with him.

Whether it's Bordeaux City or Triumph City.

It's really too far from his territory!

Even if an imperial authority war breaks out in full force, the flames of war might not spread to his territory.

That is precisely what he most desires.

Take advantage of the imperial authority war to develop the territory recklessly, expand the army, and forge a steel torrent!

Then, with a body of steel, smash all enemies with one punch!

After listening to Carlo's report, Lynn nodded and said, "Captain Carlo, I know being part of the intelligence personnel is not easy."

"You have to hide your identity while ensuring safety and gathering intelligence."

"Even the sight of a passerby would make you nervous, living in constant fear and unease every day."

"But what I need to tell you is, if you can timely bring back the intelligence information you've gathered to the territory,"

"it can not only save your family but also save this land from disaster!"

Carlo stood up straight, with a solemn face, and answered in a deep voice.

"Yes, Lord, I understand!"

Lynn nodded, "Dismissed, go see your family, it's been a long time since you've seen them."

"Before heading back to Triumph City, find Kuisi and take out twenty gold pounds."

"Ten gold pounds are as a reward for you, another ten gold pounds are for intelligence gathering expenses."

"Tell Kuisi, just say it's my order."

Upon hearing this, Carlo's body slightly trembled.

Filled with gratitude in his words, he said, "Yes, Lord."

After sending off Earl and Carlo.

Lynn continued to devote himself to the wall construction of the Red Brick House.

While laying bricks, his mind was also pondering if there was a better way to transmit intelligence.

He could dispatch many spies to various places to gather intelligence.

For example, the distant Triumph City, Bordeaux City, and the nearer Kakasong City, Morgan Town.

However, no matter where, they are restricted by distance.

Even the spy Gasper lurking in Morgan Town, after gathering intelligence, has to rush several hours at a fast gallop to return to the territory.

On the way back, there will also be various difficulties.

Such as the complex terrain obstruction through the mountains and forests.

Such as harsh weather interference of winter snow and ice.

They are also prone to enemy interception, differences in the physical condition of horses and the abilities of people.

Relying on horses for intelligence transmission is too limiting.

He must find a way to establish a comprehensive intelligence center.

In this way.

To receive intelligence information from the entire Karedi Empire, even all parts of the Garonia Continent!

First to consider is the location of the intelligence center.

The best position is naturally in the Karedi Imperial City—Triumph City.

However, Triumph City is too far from his territory.

The intelligence collected and then diverted back to his territory is too troublesome.

Secondly, a location near a transportation hub.

Lynn instantly thought of a place.

Located at Seine Riverside in Kakasong City, the Riverside Rest Tavern at Fisherman's Wharf!

Fisherman's Wharf gathers merchants, sailors, crew, etc., from different regions here.

And the tavern is a place for travelers to relax or meet and communicate.

In the process of drinking and chatting, these people will inadvertently reveal all kinds of intelligence information.

Political situation in each region, military dynamics, business trends, navigation information, etc.

They can be a source of information for the intelligence center.

Moreover.

For intelligence personnel, being close to the wharf facilitates them to embark quickly, or return from various places.

Convenient for the intelligence network to contact and convey information.

The mixed and varied personnel of the docks and taverns.

Just as well can serve as a cover for their identities.

Of course.

Lynn also understands.

Establishing an intelligence center is not so easy.

Finding locations is possible anywhere.

But establishing the related personnel system is extremely difficult.

Different identities of personnel need to be recruited as intelligence collectors.

For example, merchants, the clergy of the Church, traveling poets, etc.

Merchants can collect a lot of economic and business intelligence during trade activities, and even some widely connected merchants have interactions with lords or great lords.

They can grasp more intelligence information.

The clergy of the Church can obtain religious and social intelligence from the churches in various cities!

And traveling poets can gather intelligence information through performances in the castles of the nobility.

These personnel can be recruited as long as there are enough gold pounds.

But similarly, their loyalty is extremely limited!

Often just give them more gold pounds, or facing life threats.

They would choose betrayal without hesitation.

Secondly, to form a special forces team!

Train specialized spies and scouts within the territory!

Through training, make them possess excellent observation ability, adaptability, disguise skills, etc.

Let them be responsible for infiltrating enemy encampments to gather the needed core intelligence!

However.

The downside is the training cycle is too long, and special training personnel are needed to conduct special training for soldiers.

Also is the means of intelligence conveying after collecting intelligence.

The first thing Lynn thought of was pigeons!

Establish a pigeon breeding and training base in the territory.

Raise a large number of pigeons, used for short-distance rapid communication.

Meanwhile.

Equipped with professional messengers adept at horse riding, have them ride fast horses responsible for long-distance, important intelligence transmission.

Both near and far, the two complement each other.

However, to establish a pigeon base, there is also significant resistance!

No pigeons.

No professional trained pigeon handlers.

Establishing an intelligence center is very difficult!

Especially.

When there is a complete lack of related production on the territory itself, it is even more challenging!

Despite this.

He must put establishing an intelligence center on the agenda.

He needs the intelligence center as his ears and eyes.

To know what is happening and will happen outside the territory!

The first thing he has to do is wait for Hunter, the Riverside Rest Tavern owner, who has come to the territory.

Have a discussion with him.

Chapter 670: [Hero Training] Unlocked

Lynn continued building the red brick houses.

It wasn't until evening that he put down his tools and left the construction site.

The construction of three thousand red brick houses still required some time.

However.

A portion of the peasants could already be arranged to move into the completed red brick houses.

Lynn estimated roughly in his mind.

There was at most half a month left.

This red brick residential area would be completed.

Passing through the existing residential area, Lynn arrived at Lord's Square.

He observed the daily lives of the townspeople for a while and was about to return to the castle.

In the distance.

A line of carriages was driving along the limestone road, slowly making its way toward Lord's Square.

Perhaps because they were fully loaded.

The townspeople who had finished their work gave way to the carriage convoy.

The carriages continued moving slowly but steadily.

Lynn was not in a hurry.

He sat quietly on a wooden bench, waiting for the carriages to arrive.

After a few minutes.

The carriage convoy emerged from the crowd.

With the driver pulling the reins, the horses neighed and stopped at an open space in Lord's Square.

At the front.

Boer dismounted from his horse.

He strode toward Lynn with large steps.

Reaching Lynn, Boer, dressed in fine clothes, performed a standard merchant's courtesy.

He smiled slightly, respectfully greeting, "Master Lynn."

Lynn smiled, "Indeed, Mr. Boer, you are my most loyal business partner!"

Since the winter snow melted.

Boer had come to his territory no less than five times!

Of course.

He also understood that Boer aimed to earn significant profits from the fine salt trade.

But every time Boer came, he brought a large quantity of grain.

He needed grain, and Boer needed fine salt.

They each got what they needed, leading to cooperation and trade.

Boer also smiled, "Master Lynn, you overpraise me; I'm just an ordinary merchant."

"Whatever you need, I will strive to procure it."

Lynn pondered for a moment.

Boer continued, "Master Lynn, this time, I have also brought you a large amount of grain."

"Forty thousand pounds of barley, ten thousand pounds of wheat, and six thousand pounds of meat, and four thousand pounds of vegetables."

"However, Master Lynn, the prices of these grains and meat... have become somewhat expensive."

"The market price of barley has risen to two pounds per penny, and wheat is even one pound for two pence!"

"Meat and vegetables have also doubled in price!"

Lynn, upon hearing this, opened the [Market and Prices] panel in his mind.

Indeed.

Just as Boer said.

Not only Morgan Town and Kasong City, but the prices of grain and meat have also risen.

The nearby Wind Hill, distant Bordeaux City, even Triumph City!

The entire Karedi Empire's prices are showing an ↑ upward trend!

Clearly.

Because of the power struggle between Mitchell and Caesar, gradually escalating into a royal war.

Many have sensed something is amiss.

They began stockpiling large amounts of grain.

Once the war breaks out, and the flames of war spread, many areas are bound to be unable to plant crops.

Then, the entire Karedi Empire will face a food shortage.

Causing demand to outstrip supply!

Lynn nodded and said, "Mr. Boer, price is not an issue."

"I still say the same thing."

"As long as you can buy large quantities of grain from the market and transport it to my territory."

"No matter how high the market price, I can exchange it for the corresponding fine salt for you!"

Despite previously raiding the Three Great Estates and seizing a total of three million pounds of grain, meat, and vegetables.

It seemed a massive amount.

However.

These grains are needed to feed fifteen thousand people in the territory, along with a large number of poultry and livestock!

Therefore.

Before the barley planted in this territory is harvested.

He still needed to continuously purchase a large amount of grain from outside the territory.

To ensure the daily food consumption of the townspeople.

Boer bowed slightly, respectfully saying, "Thank you, Master Lynn."

"Oh, Master Lynn, there's something I need to report to you."

Lynn looked at Boer, waiting for his narration.

Boer said, "Perhaps you already know, Lady Janet has taken control of all of Morgan Town."

"Without her permission, no Free People are allowed to go to other territories."

"In other words, the Free People in Morgan Town can only be employed at Frank Manor."

"I can no longer hire or lead Free People to your territory."

Lynn pondered for a moment, opened his mouth and said, "I am already aware of this issue."

Boer nodded, hesitating a bit, "Master Lynn, I do not know your relationship with Lady Janet."

"But I dare say, Lady Janet's actions are targeted against you."

"Free People without a contract have the right to work in their preferred lord's territory under the appropriate labor contract."

"Not only that, Master Lynn."

"Janet is recruiting soldiers extensively."

"Anyone willing to join Frank Manor as a soldier can receive a daily salary of three pence!"

"As far as I know, she has already recruited over a hundred people..."

Lynn nodded heavily.

"Thank you for the reminder, Mr. Boer, I will take precautions."

Hearing Lynn's genuine words, Boer felt somewhat surprised.

He had assumed that saying such words would inevitably incur Master Lynn's wrath and reprimand.