

System 701

Chapter 701: First Night Rights

Beyond information gathering ability, strong information processing ability is also required.

Given current conditions, tools for recording are extremely limited.

At most, he can provide intelligence gatherers with a feather pen and a leather booklet.

But to avoid incrimination during capture, such leather booklets are seldom used.

At most, they're used for paper slips in intelligence transmission.

Therefore, intelligence gatherers need to have outstanding memory.

Able to accurately remember observed information, character traits, map terrain, and other details!

Then, at an appropriate time and secure location, transmit the intelligence.

The information collected from taverns is often scattered and complex.

Many patrons drink to the point of dizziness, sometimes not knowing themselves which of their words are true or false.

Intelligence gatherers need excellent skills in analysis and integration.

To sift and distinguish valuable intelligence information from the rest.

Similarly.

Intelligence gatherers also require strong survival and adaptability skills and other auxiliary abilities.

Only with these can they more easily approach targets and gather intelligence!

They need to be adept at disguising themselves as various identities, like merchants, beggars, etc...

Individuals with such abilities are valued no less than a fully armed army!

However.

Finding or cultivating an intelligence gatherer like this is extremely difficult.

Lynn immediately thought of a suitable candidate.

Succubus — Yar Bed.

With her [Charm] talent and [Transformation Disguise][Charm Mark] skills.

Heading to Hunter's tavern, she's indeed the most suitable candidate.

Lynn even feels that a succubus-like race was born for intelligence gathering!

Lynn's mind briefly recollects.

Since the last time Yar Bed disguised herself as a maid to approach him and failed, it's been a long time since he has seen her.

Could it be that this woman has disguised herself as someone else and quietly left his territory?

For example, mingling with the townsmen led by Avery on an outing to construct the outpost fortress.

Or.

Disguising herself in the caravan entering the territory and then leaving from the rear?

But soon.

Lynn dismisses these thoughts from his mind.

He must remember, he signed a contract with Yaya.

Unless Yaya has a way to solve the violation of the Demon Contract and avoid the eternal searing of Eternal Fire.

Apart from personnel, he also needs to train pigeons and arrange swift horses for intelligence transmission.

As for horses, the Badan Pure-blood Warhorse is the best he has seen so far.

Regarding pigeons...

Lynn's mind shifts, opening the [Special Building Library], quickly searching with his gaze.

A few minutes later.

His gaze lands on a design paper and the accompanying textual introduction.

[Pigeon Nest]: Trained pigeons may mutate, greatly enhancing navigation, flight, adaptability, homing, and learning abilities.

Exchange requirement: 1000 Energy Stones

Indeed.

Within the [Special Building Library], there are buildings related to pigeon breeding and training.

The 1000 Energy Stones required for exchanging the design paper doesn't concern him much.

Due to persistent [Fishing], he has accumulated over 6500 Energy Stones.

Entirely enough for exchanging the [Pigeon Nest] and some other special structures.

The key is wanting to construct the [Pigeon Nest].

It also requires a piece of Magic Ore!

Closing the panel, he can only postpone the idea of constructing the [Pigeon Nest].

Seeing that it's still afternoon, Lynn steps towards the direction of the pasture outside the town.

He needs to practice [Breeding] skills again.

Different livestock have different feeding times.

Like cows, needing feeding two or three times a day.

From six or seven in the morning, two or three in the afternoon, to eight or nine at night.

Similarly, the Forest Pig in the [Mutated Wild Boar Farm] needs feeding nearly five or six times daily!

Lynn estimates roughly.

Every time the Forest Pig is well-fed and watered, in about three hours, it will start howling hunger again.

Remember, this is just under enclosed pig-pen rearing conditions.

If there's a suitable trainer starting various command training in the training field.

Wouldn't that mean incessant feeding?

Training Forest Pigs to establish a Wild Boar Knight squad is far more complicated than he imagined.

Arriving at the Wild Boar Farm.

Under the wide-eyed pig gaze, Lynn picks up barrels of pig feed and pours them into the feeding mouth.

The thick pig feed flows from the feeding mouth, finally gathering in the trough.

Designed this way.

Out of concern that as Forest Pigs grow larger, their temperament becomes aggressive, leading to injury incidents!

In just over half a month of breeding, Lynn already sees the wild boar's growing sharp tusks at the mouth.

He estimates roughly that up to now, they're at least ten centimeters long!

If such tusks pierce into a ranch worker's body.

Mortally or cripplingly wounded!

[Breeding experience +1]

[Breeding experience +1]

[Breeding experience +1]

...

Bit by bit, experience is accumulating.

After ten minutes, feeding thirty Forest Pigs is completed.

Lynn strides to the open space behind the farm, breathing heavily.

Perhaps due to the small magic array enhancing the farm.

Chapter 702: First Night Rights (Part 3)

The growth of these Forest Pigs is extremely fast, but the stench within the breeding farm is even more pungent!

The special body odor secreted by the Forest Pigs, the foul smell of their manure, the smell of the feed, and the fermented bedding...

have all blended together.

It's even stronger than the smell of domestic pigs.

In this life filled with the [Breeding] skill experience, Lynn has already endured seven or eight days!

As Lynn engages in more labor, he increasingly feels.

No matter which kind of labor is undertaken within the territory, there is no mention of relaxation!

The high-temperature furnace of the Blacksmith Workshop bakes, sweat pouring like water.

The armor plate cutting hands in the textile workshop, heavy manual operation.

Tilling the land with face towards yellow earth and back towards the sky.

The labor of mining, burdening and risking...

But no matter what kind of job the townsmen of the territory are engaged in.

Always, there is not a single complaint or giving up.

And never has anyone approached him or Kuisi, requesting or demanding a change of work post.

Because compared to the outside world where food is scarce, with meals taken in the wind and rain, life is precarious.

Life here is indeed too safe and too comfortable.

While taking deep breaths, Lynn's gaze also sweeps to the distance.

There.

Under Jode's leadership of the busy apprentices, the Wild Boar Training Grounds have already been established.

A taming area for initial taming of wild boars and knight integration.

For knights to ride on the back of wild boars, trust needs to be established first.

Let the boar group gradually accept being ridden and following commands!

Knights and boars who complete initial integration can begin training in basic skills.

Training in basic movements like the boars' charge, turning, jumping.

As well as the knight's balance control and wielding on the boar's back.

While training the boars, knights riding them can also undergo corresponding training.

There is also a tactical training area to simulate actual combat scenarios, tactical coordination, and team cooperation training.

Setting multiple target points in the field to train Wild Boar Knights on how to move quickly to specified locations, to attack or defend.

As well as a fitness training area specifically for enhancing the boars' and knights' physical abilities.

Of course.

Additions include a medical area, rest area, and more.

Lynn feels.

If the cultivation of the warhorse is not ideal.

Wild Boar Knights trained in the [Mutated Wild Boar Farm] will become the main cavalry force within the territory.

After gazing afar for several minutes.

Lynn takes a deep breath, passes through the breeding farm, and goes to the neighboring pasture.

Preparing to continue feeding other poultry and livestock to gain more experience!

These Forest Pigs won't experience hunger for a while.

Subsequent care such as manure cleaning is naturally entrusted to other pasture workers.

He is, after all, the Lord!

Coming to the breeding farm was merely for the accumulation of skill experience.

Naturally, he won't do things like those grueling tasks.

Until dusk falls.

Only then does Lynn tread heavily back towards the town from the pasture.

Returning to the Lord's Square, arriving beside a long bench, he plops down directly.

Every day busy with various labor within the territory.

He truly feels a powerful sense of fulfillment!

But in return, there is exceptional bodily fatigue.

Even though he has allocated many points, his physical fitness already exceeds that of ordinary people.

Sitting on the bench, resting briefly.

Lynn gazes towards the outside of the town.

It is already evening.

The townsmen who went out to labor have returned to the town.

After adopting a staggered dining system, the dining hall no longer experiences congestion.

The previous batch has just finished dining, walking out of the dining hall.

The next batch of returning townsmen just happens to enter in.

The only busy ones now are the chefs and their aides in the dining hall.

They are busy almost all day, cooking breakfast, lunch, and then dinner.

The most tedious naturally is the large pile of dining tools after the townsmen finish their meals.

However.

As long as enough labor is arranged, these are but minor issues.

A large expanse of Red Brick Houses has already been built.

Apart from a small number of townsmen lingering and strolling in the Lord's Square, chatting around the campfire.

The majority have returned to their respective Red Brick Houses.

Especially the six thousand peasants just taken in!

Only now.

Do they realize what it feels like to have a house of their own that can shelter from wind and rain!

Lynn's gaze circles around several times and ultimately lands on the clothes of the townsmen.

Aside from townsmen who have been on the territory since last year, with long robes and trousers made from linen.

Many other townsmen are still merely dressed in extremely simple worn-out clothes.

The few clothes barely covering private parts... can indeed be described as ragged cloth.

Lynn feels that with a bit of large movement or a gust of wind.

They would feel chilly!

It's essential to make a batch of clothes for these townsmen.

Just as Lynn is pondering, he shifts his gaze.

He happens to see a silhouette walking from nearby.

Lynn looks at Red, "Go summon Yimini and Rachel."

Red's eyes follow Lynn's gaze without any hesitation.

"Yes, my lord."

He strides towards the front to stop Yimini and Rachel.

After finding out the reason.

Yimini and Rachel follow behind Red, arriving in front of Lynn.

Chapter 703: First Night Rights (Part 4)

The two bent their waists and called in unison: "Master."

Lynn responded, "Have you two finished dinner?"

Hearing this inquiry from Master Lynn, Yimini and Rachel exchanged a glance.

Then.

Yimini replied, "Master, we just finished dinner."

Rachel stood silently beside her, agreeing with a nod.

Lynn said, "That's good, no need to be nervous."

"I have a task for your textile workshop to undertake."

At these words, Yimini and Rachel's expressions changed from confusion to seriousness.

"Master, just instruct us!"

Lynn said, "If I'm not mistaken, the textile workshop currently has about one thousand seven hundred people, correct?"

Yimini replied, "Yes, Master, including Rachel and myself, there are exactly one thousand seven hundred people."

Lynn continued, "I need you to select a team of five hundred from them to begin making linen robes and pants for the townsmen."

"Just like last year, the robes and pants should be made in three sizes."

"Large for men, medium for women, and small for children."

"I need to see fifteen thousand sets of robes, pants, and slippers before autumn arrives!"

Grayson, Hunter, and some other traveling merchants delivered over sixty thousand yards of linen cloth, along with more than thirty thousand yards seized from the Three Great Estates.

They are now stored in the castle warehouse.

Plus several thousand pounds of linen.

He roughly estimated it.

The territory currently has at least one hundred twenty thousand yards of linen cloth.

Each set of linen robes and pants requires seven yards of linen cloth.

It's entirely enough to make fifteen thousand sets of linen garments.

The remaining fabric can also be used to make slippers!

Hearing this, Yimini's expression relaxed slightly.

She responded, "No problem, Master!"

For the women with production experience, making robes, pants, and slippers.

Compared to assembling composite armor, it is naturally much easier.

Lynn reminded, "Foreman Yimini, I need this done without affecting the current composite armor and the soon-to-begin heavy padded armor stitching and production."

"In the past few days, I have expanded the troops by another thousand."

"This means there are another thousand sets of composite armor that the entire textile workshop needs to assemble."

Yimini's words were firm, "Of course, Master."

"The textile workshop guarantees to complete the task!"

Lynn nodded with satisfaction, "Very well, you may go rest."

With Lynn's permission, Yimini and Rachel bent their waists once more and withdrew.

Assembling and producing composite and heavy padded armor is crucial.

It pertains to arming soldiers and enhancing the military strength of the territory.

Making robes and pants is a matter of community welfare.

Only by providing the townsmen with better living conditions will their loyalty rise faster and higher.

Then, the townsmen can fully invest in the territory's development and construction.

Thus achieving the effect of reciprocating the territory.

Of course.

Expanding the army and recruiting will become easier in the future.

It's like a cycle.

If any part is not done well, it would be difficult to issue orders and instructions within the territory.

Especially in this chaotic world.

Everyone desires to survive, even if only clinging to life.

If we don't provide them with quality living conditions.

Let them feel happiness living on this territory, grow families, and have their descendants.

They will naturally fight tooth and nail for this territory, for their families!

Of course.

This is one reason why Lynn is willing to provide nutritious food for pregnant women and children.

He wants all the peasants or war prisoners who come to the territory to settle down and live here!

Let them see this as their last refuge!

Sitting on the bench, after observing for a while.

Lynn finally rose from the bench and headed back towards the castle.

Walking across the red brick road, passing through the castle gate guarded by four guards in composite armor.

Lynn returned to the reception hall on the second floor.

Before reaching the dining table, he saw plates of food laid out on it.

Kuisi was instructing the maids, and upon seeing him enter, she immediately stopped her words and hurriedly came to greet him.

"Master, dinner is prepared, you may dine."

"Additionally, I've arranged for the maids to prepare hot water, for you to have a bath."

Lynn nodded, "Good."

Sitting at the head of the dining table, with Kuisi serving him, Lynn began to enjoy his dinner.

Meanwhile, listening to Kuisi narrate the events in the territory today.

"Master, everything in the territory is running smoothly today."

"No fights, and no production accidents..."

"Oh, those townsmen who recently moved into the red brick houses asked me to convey their gratitude and respect to you."

Lynn responded with a nod as he ate a piece of chicken.

A thought crossed Lynn's mind, and he asked Kuisi: "Did you handle the fight incident you reported to me last time?"

Upon hearing this, Kuisi quickly explained: "Since you said to leave it to Scholar Ailin, I handed the offending townsmen over to her."

"I forgot to tell you that Scholar Ailin sent them to the mines for six months of excavation work as punishment."

"Scholar Ailin referred to your previous way of handling things, so..."

Lynn nodded, "Alright."

Even as the Lord, Lynn could not absolutely prevent fights among the townsmen.

Chapter 704: First Night Rights (Part 5)

Everyone has different ideas and different experiences.

As the Lord, he can only draft and announce a set of Territorial Law, establishing a Territory Court to ensure the rights and interests of the townsmen.

By persisting in labor, one can earn military merits.

By making contributions, one can receive rewards.

Likewise, violating territorial laws and regulations will result in punishment.

It's that simple and clear.

After Kuisi reported the few things happening in the territory.

Lynn, Kuisi, and Red sat at the dining table, enjoying today's dinner.

Half an hour later.

Having finished dinner, Lynn sat on the lord's throne.

While waiting for the maids to prepare hot water, he was also contemplating the future development of the territory.

The development of the territory consists of four main sectors: economy, politics, military, and social culture.

In terms of the economy.

Agriculture has already unfolded, using a Wheel Plow for excavation, followed by Planting with strip-sowing methods.

A hundred thousand acres of arable land have been planted with over two million catties of barley seeds.

In the remaining arable land, vegetables, cotton, potatoes, linen, and other crops were planted.

What needs to be done now is having Gavin and Wilbur lead two thousand farmers in tillage and field management.

He also thought about.

Implementing a household responsibility system for all the land, but he abandoned this idea within two seconds.

The household responsibility system has its unique advantages.

For example, it stimulates the enthusiasm of the townsmen.

With the land in their hands, they would naturally be more motivated to farm it than helping the lord in Planting.

After all, they have autonomy and control over the production outcomes.

For example, it can lower management costs,

Compared to the current large-scale production model, the household responsibility system doesn't require the lord to engage in production management.

The lord only needs to collect a certain amount of tax, thus significantly reducing management costs, both in manpower and resources.

Additionally, it can promote the economic development of the territory.

The surplus products of the townsmen can be invested in market exchanges, promoting the economic development of the territory.

Even so.

The household responsibility model still has its significant drawbacks.

Firstly.

The townspeople's ability and technical capacity for Planting are limited.

Many townspeople are still stuck in the previous methods of broadcasting seeds.

Handing over the land to them for Planting would be a waste of cultivated resources!

It must be managed uniformly by farmers who are proficient with plowing, strip-sowing, and know how to water and fertilize.

Only in this way, can the yield of crops in the arable land truly be increased.

In the comparison between the current large-scale production model and the household responsibility model,

The large-scale production model is clearly more advantageous.

Secondly.

In craftsmanship, the territory has Blacksmith Workshops, weaving workshops, Glass Workshop, Woodworker Workshop, Stonemason Workshop, Bow and Arrow Workshop, and so on!

The Blacksmith Workshops can forge and produce farming tools and Weapon Armor.

The weaving workshops can knit Padded Armor and everyday fabric and leather goods for the townspeople.

The Glass Workshop can produce a large number of ceramic and Glazed Glass products, not only guaranteeing the necessary utensils for townspeople's lives but also improving their living standards.

The Woodworker Workshop can produce a large amount of furniture...

Adding other workshops to the mix.

It can be said.

The handmade products in the territory, to a large extent, have achieved self-sufficiency.

In commercial Trade.

The market area built within the territory remains desolate.

Since the current model is still large-scale production and the number of townsmen with their own land is very few, it is still temporarily unable to develop the territory's economy.

The territory's demand for raw materials can only rely on traveling merchant from outside the territory for transportation and replenishment.

In terms of military.

Compared to the initial dozen Guards, now, both in terms of soldiers' number or quality,

There is a qualitative leap!

Among the three thousand soldiers, nearly two thousand have been fully equipped with Armor and Weapon!

The remaining thousand, having only recently been expanded,

Need to wait for the Blacksmith and weaving workshops to complete the forging and production of Armor and Weapon.

They are all undergoing physical training and doctrine training under the leadership of Rose and Wesley.

In addition to the city wall built at the mountain pass, the Inner City, the watchtower outside the territory, and the Outpost Fortress under construction.

Along with the large defensive equipment like the Wolf Fang Club, Semen Knife Car, Catapult, and Crossbow Cannons constantly being produced by the Woodworker Workshop,

In simple terms.

After Rose completes the training of newly recruited soldiers, turning them into qualified soldiers, and fully equipping them.

Under the premise that no terrifying Extraordinary Power exists.

The enemy army that comes to attack needs to have more than six or seven times his soldiers' numbers and carry large siege equipment.

Otherwise, don't even think about stepping a foot past the city wall!

This is not Lynn fantasizing.

It is the military strength he now possesses in the territory that gives him confidence!

In terms of military strategy, Lynn need not worry.

With the [War Sand Table], as long as he has enough Energy Stones, he can completely simulate battles at various locations.

Of course.

Lynn also understands.

War simulation is after all just a simulation.

After all.

Each war has a lot of unknowns and uncontrollables.

The incompleteness of intelligence, the dynamic changes of the battlefield, and the complexity of human factors...

However.

He can still conduct numerous simulations to minimize uncertainties.

Chapter 705: First Night Rights (Part 6)

At last, the social and cultural development of the territory was addressed.

Social culture encompasses both religion and education.

Lynn did not need any religious presence in his territory.

If he had to establish a spiritual belief for these townsmen,

it could only be him—Lynn!

Among these, the most necessary development was education within the territory.

Providing the townsmen with opportunities for education and cultivating talent.

At the same time, encouraging the development of cultural arts, collecting and preserving books, artworks, and more.

Enhancing the cultural atmosphere and soft power within the territory!

Lynn felt that he had always been striving toward these four major areas.

However,

some aspects require a long time to accumulate and settle before they can gradually be realized.

As Lynn pondered.

The sound of footsteps echoed from afar.

Lynn returned to his senses and looked up.

He saw Erin, wearing a gray scholar's robe, walking toward him.

Erin slightly bowed her head, passed through the reception hall, and finally stood at the base of the lord's throne steps.

Erin bent slightly, speaking respectfully, "Lord, my apologies for disturbing you so late."

Lynn responded, asking, "Is there a problem that you need my help with?"

Standing below, Erin quickly explained, "Master, you misunderstand."

"The territorial regulations and systems you requested have been preliminarily drafted."

"I came to report and present them to you."

As she spoke.

Erin took out a scroll of parchment with both hands and placed it before herself.

Without needing Lynn to speak, Red, who was waiting nearby, stepped forward to take it.

Passing it to Lynn, seated on the lord's throne.

Unrolling the parchment in hand, the neatly arranged ink-written text entered his view.

Lynn's gaze moved, beginning to review it.

Standing below, Erin started explaining to Lynn.

"Lord, because I did not know if you had other requirements for the territorial law of this territory,"

"I could only broadly reference the territorial laws from other territories."

"In them, I modified many regulations that I found unreasonable."

"For instance, rights of first night, discriminatory regulations against peasants, and restrictions on the transfer and disposal of land."

"Especially the 'law of servitude after one year and one day of breathing the manor's air'!"

"Originally meant for the statute of limitations on movables, it was used by lords as a means to enslave the Free People!"

"This is extremely unreasonable!"

"Of course, Master Lynn, I am speaking of the regulations implemented in other territories."

"Your territory is different from theirs!"

The Lynn Master before her was, of course, different from other lords.

Because Master Lynn was already implementing a territorial development model she hadn't heard of or seen before.

A military merit-based promotion system, and a garrison system that hadn't yet begun to be implemented!

Just within the military merit-based promotion system...

All townsmen had the opportunity for identity enhancement.

All townsmen could earn military achievements through labor and exchange them for privatized land belonging to the townsmen!

Leaving other things aside.

Just these two points already made the development model on Master Lynn's territory surpass this era!

The territorial law she was now drafting,

was merely to produce a document with textual efficacy and legal provisions for Master Lynn's territory.

Seeing Master Lynn uninterested, Erin continued explaining.

"Master Lynn, the initial draft of territorial law includes sections related to the constitution, criminal law, civil law, and procedural law, among others."

"For example, in the constitutional part, it includes basic principles about the political rights structure and operation within the territory."

"The criminal law section clarifies the definitions and methods of punishment for various crimes within the territorial scope."

"Theft, robbery, murder, and others all have different forms of punishment to maintain safety and order within the territory."

Looking at the text on the parchment and listening to Erin's articulate exposition, Lynn couldn't help but nod.

"The civil and procedural sections concern property disputes, contract disputes, marriage, family, and other civil legal relations..."

"..."

Erin's explanation continued.

Even though she now stood empty-handed,

she could rely on her familiarity with territorial law in her mind to recite all the clauses on the parchment Lynn held.

Although not verbatim, she was accurate enough!

Evidently, Erin had unique insights into legal regulations.

Until an hour later.

Erin finally summarized, "Master Lynn, the preliminary draft of the territorial law clauses is generally as described."

"If there's anything unclear on the parchment, I can further explain it to you."

Lynn spoke, "It's already very clear."

"However, the contents are many; I need to carefully review them."

Erin's performance and behavior indeed surprised Lynn somewhat.

An hour of continuous speech without notes wasn't merely simple recitation.

It was her own experiential discourse.

Upon hearing this, Erin quickly bowed and responded, "Of course, Master Lynn."

"This is only the initial draft, so there may be many unsystematic places that require your correction and modification."

Lynn paused in thought, "Well, Scholar Erin, thank you for your painstaking efforts in drafting the territorial law recently."

"It's getting late, go back and rest."

"If there's any problem, I'll summon you anytime."

Listening to Master Lynn's considerate words, warmth flowed through Erin's heart.

She bowed her head in acknowledgment, "Yes, Master Lynn."

Erin didn't say any more.

She withdrew a few steps, turned, and proceeded towards the steps out of the reception hall.

Lynn continued examining the parchment in his hand.

Erin's modification and drafting based on existing territorial law weren't difficult.

What was difficult was how to make this territorial law applicable on his land.

Not only that,

whether constitutional, criminal, or civil law, all required enforcement personnel familiar with legal clauses and executive standards!

Only then could it be ensured to be executed accurately and justly.

However, his territory currently lacked skilled personnel with these abilities.

Not to mention personnel with related abilities, even those who could read and write were scarce!

Education!

Education must be emphasized and developed vigorously.

Otherwise,

even if the territory had the most complete and applicable territorial law, it could not be effectively implemented!

Chapter 706: Ten Magic Ore Stones

The night grew deeper.

A squad of cavalry continued forward in the path illuminated by the torchlight.

The horses galloped at great speed, the torches held by dozens of soldiers forming an angle of one hundred and forty degrees due to the blowing wind.

The sound of the roaring flames kept echoing.

The thundering hooves resonated and reverberated in the wilderness.

In front of them loomed the outline of a massive black city wall.

There, lay Bordeaux City!

Although it was already curfew time with the city closed.

But this squad of cavalry passed through the city gate, entering in single file.

Galloping on the muddy roads of the outer district, crossing the cobblestone roads of the inner district.

Finally.

The cavalry entered Marquis Ducas's Castle.

Mark Ducas dismounted from his tall horse at the front.

He turned to look at the dozen others who were also dismounting.

Mark spoke in a somewhat weary voice: "Gentlemen, it's late, you may go and rest."

Godfrey bowed slightly and replied in unison with those behind him, "Yes, Your Excellency Marquis."

Mark nodded slightly and was the first to leave.

Godfrey glanced at the crowd and signaled that they could disperse.

He started walking towards the residential area of the castle.

At the rear, Danke noticed and hurriedly caught up.

He couldn't help but ask: "Sir, are you..."

Godfrey didn't think much, casually replied: "I'm going to check on the Marquis... the master!"

"I thought I'd die out there, never expected to return, I'm going to see the master."

"This journey was exhausting, you can rest too, no need to accompany me."

Danke didn't hesitate, "Sir, I'm still young, not that easy to tire!"

Godfrey's mouth opened slightly, eventually giving up on persuading.

Later.

Godfrey led Danke, passing through corridors, and rooms.

Finally, they stood before a door guarded by soldiers.

Though they encountered several patrol squads on the way.

Once the soldiers saw it was Godfrey and Danke, they merely nodded in acknowledgment before moving aside.

As the Knight Commander of the Ducas Clan and Knight Danke, they had the privilege to walk through the Marquis's Castle.

Godfrey reached out his right hand, knocked on the door, his deep voice sounding.

Knock knock~

With a respectful tone, he called, "Master Donovan."

There was no response from behind the door.

Godfrey furrowed his brows and knocked once more.

Knock knock~

Just as he was about to speak again, a response came from within the room.

"Enter."

A trace of relaxation swept through Godfrey's heart, he turned to look at Danke.

Without needing any words, Danke lowered his head slightly in acknowledgment.

Danke naturally understood, Godfrey intended for him to remain outside.

Retracting his gaze, Godfrey gently pushed open the door and walked into Donovan Ducas's bedroom.

Upon entering.

The strange yet familiar scent of incense and herbs immediately invaded his senses.

Accompanied by a slight hint of rotting flesh!

Godfrey couldn't help but furrow his brow, crossing the carpet towards the distant large bed.

As he walked, his gaze scanned the surroundings.

The wafting incense smoke gently swirled within the room, weightless as though frozen in time.

The windows were sealed shut, only the vent left open, the air was oppressive.

The room was dim, with only two soon-to-be-exhausted oil lamps emitting a faint glow.

Upon reaching four or five meters from the bed, Godfrey halted.

Turning his gaze, Godfrey looked at the form lying side-turned on the bed.

He confirmed, the room's rotting scent emanated from Donovan Ducas before him!

Godfrey spoke with utmost respect: "Master Donovan... Godfrey has returned."

The Donovan on the bed heard his voice and slowly turned.

The face full of wrinkles and fatigue faced Godfrey.

Donovan spoke: "Lawrence, did you bring Lawrence back?"

Feeling Donovan's piercing gaze, Godfrey's body bent, "Master, Lord Lawrence has returned."

"Currently, leading the Sword and Shield Clan's troops and many vassal soldiers, stationed at Windmill Ridge Canyon."

Donovan's voice sighed slightly, "It's good he's back, good he's back!"

Godfrey kept his head lowered, not daring to meet Donovan's eyes directly.

Once Donovan's voice subsided, Godfrey finally spoke: "But, Master..."

"Over three thousand soldiers of the Sword and Shield Corps remain at the Duke of Red Dragon's Duchy."

Donovan's previously melancholic face suddenly grew tense, his entire demeanor became sharp.

Godfrey felt a rush of fear, promptly kneeling on the carpet.

"I apologize, Master, it's my inability as Godfrey that I could not bring them back."

"Godfrey accepts any punishment from you, without complaint!"

Looking at the kneeling Godfrey, Donovan's gaze stayed piercing.

The room that was already cold turned dead silent.

After several seconds.

Donovan lightly sighed, "Stand up, you're just a Knight Commander merely following orders, it's not your fault!"

"You managed to bring Lawrence back, that's no shame to me, Donovan Ducas."

Godfrey slowly stood, ears bent low.

Donovan continued: "Godfrey, with over three thousand Sword and Shield Corps dead, has Mark shown any indication?"

Upon hearing this, Godfrey's expression became hesitant.

Donovan furrowed his brow, his voice stern: "Speak."

Chapter 707: Ten Magic Ore Stones (Part 2)

Godfrey was startled and quickly spoke, "Master, Marquis... didn't show much indication..."

Donovan, who had been lying in bed for over a decade, suddenly sat up with his bloated body.

His pair of cloudy and feeble eyes were filled with rage at this moment.

But in the next second.

A sense of powerlessness emerged within Donovan's body.

Donovan collapsed powerlessly onto the mattress.

Just like his feeble body, his words became weak and listless.

"Forget it... forget it..."

"Now Mark Ducas is the Marquis and holds all authority over the Sword and Shield Corps."

"It's just... the efforts accumulated over generations by the Ducas family may be lost overnight..."

As he spoke the last words.

Donovan's voice had already turned into a murmur.

He didn't care at all whether Godfrey, who was not far away, heard him or not.

Donovan's gaze once again turned to Godfrey and he spoke.

"Is there anything else? If not, then withdraw; I'm a bit tired."

Godfrey stood there, a whirlwind of thoughts swirled in his mind.

Finally, he could not help but ask, "Master, there's something Godfrey wishes to consult you about."

Donovan, gasping for air, responded, "Speak."

Godfrey went straight to the point, "Have you ever bestowed the Southern Border Land by the Aladia River, adjacent to the Elfini Empire, upon a lord named Lynn?"

Donovan seemed to recall, repeating Godfrey's words.

"Southern Border Land..."

"By the Aladia River..."

"Adjacent to the Elfini Empire..."

"Lynn... Lynn..."

After pondering for a few seconds.

Lawrence shook his head, "Godfrey, I seem not to remember."

Upon hearing this, Godfrey promptly replied, "Alright, then Godfrey will not disturb your rest any further."

Lawrence responded, "Withdraw."

Godfrey respectfully bowed and retreated out of the room.

He could vaguely still hear Donovan repeating that name.

"Lynn... Lynn..."

But there was no follow-up.

He opened the door and closed it with both hands.

After instructing the soldiers to take good care of Donovan,

He, together with Danke, began to retrace their path back.

Seeing Godfrey silent, seemingly deep in thought,

Danke, who followed behind, naturally did not speak to disturb him.

At this moment, Godfrey indeed was contemplating his conversation with Donovan.

Donovan doesn't remember ever bestowing the land to Lynn?

Godfrey felt.

There were likely only two possibilities in this matter.

First, Donovan, being advanced in age and severely injured, bedridden for many years, indeed forgot about the bestowment.

Second, Donovan was not willing to disclose it to him.

Adding to that, the déjà vu he felt when first meeting Lynn...

Godfrey speculated in his heart.

Lynn's true identity most likely had a significant connection to Donovan.

Could Lynn be Donovan's blood descendant?

Is he protecting Lynn?

As soon as this thought emerged, Godfrey's eyes lit up instantly.

But soon.

A doubt arose in his mind again.

If it truly was to protect Lynn, why bestow Lynn to the Southern Border Land?

Infested with bandits, remote and desolated, even isolated from the world!

But at the turn of thought.

The last time he went to Lynn's territory, he clearly saw that Lynn had everything!

Though now his strength was weak.

Yet Lynn possessed farmland, labor, and fine salt...

He also had walls that kept dangers out of his territory!

Given sufficient time, he would surely develop into a powerful Great Lord!

A daring idea surfaced in Godfrey's mind.

Donovan first sensed the changes in the Kaldi Empire and anticipated a crisis for the Ducas Clan.

Intentionally sending Lynn to the Southern Border Land to develop.

Thus, safeguarding the last bloodline of the Ducas family?

Besides that.

Godfrey couldn't think of any other reason why the late-in-life child of Donovan would be bestowed upon the borderlands.

Godfrey and Danke gradually went further and further away.

They didn't realize that a tall and slender figure stood on the third-floor outdoor balcony behind them.

A pair of sharp eyes piercing through the Black Night, squarely stared at their departing silhouettes.

After a moment.

A guard emerged from the doorway behind and, after taking a few steps forward, stood still behind the slender figure.

The guard lowered his head and reported, "Marquis, just now Knight Commander Godfrey had been in the Master's bedroom."

Mark Ducas muttered, "What did they talk about?"

The guard continued, "Initially, it was about bringing Lord Lawrence back alive."

"Then, it was about the three thousand Sword and Shield Corps soldiers remaining in the Duchy of the Red Dragon."

"He also inquired about your attitude, Marquis."

"Knight Commander Godfrey said you didn't show much reaction."

Mark acknowledged without interrupting the guard's narration.

"Lastly, it's about... a lord named Lynn."

Mark's eyebrow instantly rose, "A lord named Lynn?"

"Are you sure you didn't mishear?"

Sensing the change in Mark's tone, the guard quickly bent forward.

He confidently said, "Yes, Marquis, I'm sure I didn't mishear, it's a lord named Lynn!"

"His territory is in the Southern Border, by the Aladia River, adjacent to the Elfini Empire!"

Seeing the firm expression of the guard, Mark's brow furrowed even more deeply.

He naturally remembered this name!

Chapter 708: Ten Magic Ore Stones

Donovan Ducas and a textile worker's illegitimate child in Bordeaux City!

Upon coming of age, he arrived at the Marquis's Castle.

Afterwards, Donovan casually granted him a barren territory and sent him away.

To ensure it didn't affect his hereditary succession of the Marquis title in the Ducas Clan.

To protect the Ducas Clan's reputation from being tainted.

He arranged for a follower to escort Lynn to the Southern Border, then kill him with a stab!

What he didn't expect was that after a year, he heard the name 'Lynn' again.

Godfrey, along with over three thousand soldiers of the Sword and Shield Corps led by Lawrence, set off from Bordeaux City.

They marched all the way to Morgan Town at the southernmost edge to suppress bandits.

The name 'Lynn' reappeared due to Godfrey's return.

That is to say.

In the past few months, Godfrey saw Lynn in Morgan Town.

And it's been over a year since the follower attempted to assassinate Lynn...

Mark Ducas narrowed his eyes.

Lynn is still alive!

This information is truly surprising!

If this information is true.

Then his brother, whom he arranged to be assassinated, is rapidly developing his territory in the Southern Border Land.

Moreover, he caught Godfrey's attention and curiosity.

Otherwise, the first thing he did upon returning to the Marquis's Castle wouldn't be to seek verification from Donovan!

Mark continued to ask, "Did Donovan say anything?"

The guard didn't hesitate, "The master said he doesn't remember this matter at all..."

Mark raised his eyebrows, somewhat surprised.

His father Donovan is elderly and seriously injured.

But he clearly knows that Donovan has never been a forgetful person.

Even now.

Donovan still clearly remembers Lawrence spying on a maid bathing in his youth.

Someone with such a memory couldn't possibly forget such an important event as granting a son a lordship?

However.

Mark also understood in his heart.

Even knowing now that Donovan's illegitimate son Lynn is alive and developing his territory's power.

He disdains to dispatch the family army to suppress him.

The Ducas family has held the Marquis title in the Karedi Empire for nearly two hundred years.

Just the soldiers of the Sword and Shield Clan alone number fifty thousand!

Not to mention the countless vassals in the marquise.

If all were gathered, the armed soldiers would be at least over a hundred thousand!

Lynn, just an illegitimate child.

Even if granted a territory as a lord, what splash can he make?

Now, with the Ducas family.

The most urgent task is to gain more benefits in the impending battle for imperial authority!

Promotions, expanding connections, consolidating political status, more land, more exclusive resource rights, and enhancing family honor and reputation!

Furthermore.

Supporting Mitchell's side to victory and ascending the throne as Emperor, and marrying his daughter to ally with the Emperor of the Empire.

Only by doing so.

Can the Ducas Clan inch closer to the greatest power!

At the thought of this.

Mark Ducas's eyes were full of longing.

...

Three days passed in a flash.

After feeding the forest pigs in the breeding area, Lynn quickly stepped out.

The sharp and pungent stench almost made him faint.

Indeed.

To reap a harvest, one must pay an equal price!

He wants to have a powerful Wild Boar Knight troop, requiring not only magic ore but also a large amount of manpower and resources.

Fortunately.

The forest pigs eating dozens of pounds of food a day are growing at a visible rate.

Lynn estimates that in at most a year, they can grow to three thousand pounds!

A mature forest pig needs to grow in the Mutated Wild Boar Farm for a year.

Additionally, it requires extensive training from trainers.

To become a boar capable of charging in battle as a mounted knight!

Although a year's cycle is extremely long.

Compared to purchasing a limited number of warhorses from outside the territory, it is simpler.

Mature forest pigs are not expensive, and their numbers far exceed those of warhorses.

Lynn feels that even the charge power of boars in the future may surpass that of warhorses!

While breathing fresh air, Lynn strode to the adjacent pasture.

Continuing to grind his Breeding Skills experience.

All the way until the afternoon.

Covered in a light sweat, Lynn still did not rest.

Now, of the Nine Great Skills, only Breeding has not been upgraded to Level 3.

Though he doesn't need to exert himself in such a hurry; even if he acquires skill experience slowly.

There would be no problem.

However, each time he upgrades a skill to Level 3, he unlocks a new feature interface.

He also gains a Talent Duplication Book!

This is what he currently needs most.

Even though there are still seven Talent Duplication Books stored in his backpack, unused.

After Lynn poured the specially prepared feed into the stable's trough where a Badan Pure-blood Horse was kept.

This warhorse snorted and began devouring it eagerly.

The current pasture seems somewhat busy, but with Guy leading a team of workers tending to the entire ranch.

The Badan Pure-blood Horses have not lost any weight but have become more spirited, with glossy coats.

Chapter 709: Ten Magic Ores (4)

Of course, one major reason is because of Guy's order — they must be fed with premium feed.

Grains like barley and oats, protein-based feeds like peas, soybean meal, fish meal, meat bone meal, other feeds like wheat bran and mineral-based feeds like salt...

Especially in terms of processing difficulty, fish meal and meat bone meal are far above ordinary food!

Fish meal is a high-protein feed ingredient made from various fish after oil removal, dehydration, and pulverization.

Meat bone meal is similar.

It's processed from poultry and livestock bones, meat scraps, entrails, and other meat through multiple steps.

You could even say.

The fine feed these warhorses eat daily is entirely comparable to the townsmen's daily food consumption.

Looking at the warhorses in front of him, Lynn's heart was full of affection.

Their quantity directly relates to a lord's military strength.

Unfortunately.

Until now, he still hasn't found a breeding trainer who can cultivate warhorses.

Moreover, with no wars, aside from being used for riding by a few,

all the warhorses are turned over to Guy's ranch for grazing and breeding.

If they were to be managed and bred by those soldiers,

perhaps no need to wait for a war for cavalry to ride out on a campaign.

These warhorses would be starved to just skin and bones.

Professional matters should be handled by professional people.

Lynn has always agreed with this principle.

If a war were to truly break out, the existence of the Outpost Fortress and watchtower was established to prepare for engaging with the enemy within the territory.

The soldiers can completely march to the ranch, mount their warhorses, and proceed to fight.

As Lynn was observing the warhorses, footsteps approached from afar.

Lynn turned to look, a guard was striding towards him.

Under the gaze of Lynn and Red, the guard stopped four or five meters in front of him.

The guard bent over and opened his mouth, "Master, a merchant named Zod Brown has arrived in the territory."

"Because the goods he brought are somewhat unusual, Mr. George said you need to personally conduct the transaction..."

Listening to the guard's words, Lynn's eyebrows instantly raised.

He spoke to the guard, "I understand, tell George I'll come right away."

The guard, hearing this, bowed and retreated.

He placed the wooden bucket used for feed on the ground, then walked to the nearby trough to wash it.

He stepped toward outside the ranch.

Zod Brown!

How long has it been?

Lynn almost couldn't remember.

Fortunately, this guy finally came to his territory again.

At this moment, he had many questions he wanted to ask Zod.

As he walked out of the ranch, Lynn quickened his pace, heading back in the direction of the town.

About ten minutes later.

Before even entering Lord's Square, Lynn could see from afar the coaches parked in the square.

And in front of the coaches, standing there, a tall and slender figure in a brocade robe.

Even before getting closer, Lynn could clearly know that the figure was Zod Brown.

But what puzzled Lynn was, whether it was a misconception or not, he felt compared to the last two meetings, Zod seemed even thinner.

Striding forward, Lynn moved towards him.

As Lynn came near, George, who had been standing with Zod, turned his gaze to Lynn.

He quickly stepped forward to welcome him.

Upon reaching Lynn's side, George bent slightly, respectfully explaining: "Master, Mr. Zod has arrived, bringing goods with him..."

Lynn nodded, "Mm, I understand, let me handle it."

Listening to Master Lynn's calm words, George felt a sense of inexplicable security.

That feeling was like as long as Lynn was there, everything wasn't a problem.

George ceased speaking, walked slowly a few steps, following behind Lynn.

Zod naturally also saw Lynn; he smiled gently and stepped forward two paces to show respect.

Looking at Zod's deeply sunken cheeks, Lynn was somewhat surprised.

Compared to the first time meeting him, when he was elegant and gracious, the current Zod seemed like a different person.

As a merchant who understands reading people, Zod didn't need Lynn to ask.

He spoke first: "Master Lynn doesn't need to be surprised, I've encountered some incidents leading to this state."

Lynn curiously repeated Zod's words: "Incidents?"

"Mr. Zod, if you don't mind, shall we discuss this in the tavern?"

Perhaps because Zod had been standing for a long time, or perhaps because his body was too frail.

Lynn clearly saw Zod's body tremble noticeably.

That feeling was like a normal man, being repeatedly drained by a group of strong women for days and nights.

Zod smiled, "That couldn't be better, Master Lynn."

Lynn extended his right hand, gesturing courteously, as the two walked side by side toward the tavern.

As they walked, Zod explained, "It seems Master Lynn is curious about why I've changed so abruptly?"

Lynn didn't mask anything, "Of course, Mr. Zod."

"You now, and the you in my memory, completely look like two different people."

The former Zod, although tall and thin, was full of Essence Qi.

Zod smiled helplessly, saying: "Indeed, I've changed a lot."

"But the reason is, I almost died in the Forest of Oblivion!"

Lynn raised an eyebrow, "Forest of Oblivion?"

He clearly remembered, there were rumors about the primordial forest in the southern depths of the Portlands Empire — the Forest of Oblivion.

Chapter 710: Ten Magic Ores (5)

Presence of elves!

Zod's expression turned serious, he said: "Yes, Master Lynn, the Forest of Oblivion in the Portlands Empire."

"I almost died under the arrows of a team of elves!"

While speaking, Zod halted his steps.

He slowly loosened the leather belt at his waist, then slowly untied the several robes on his body.

A freshly healed, hideous wound on Zod's chest instantly caught Lynn's eye.

The scar was bright red, clearly just barely healed recently.

Compared to the injuries on Zod's body, Lynn was more curious about the 'elves' he mentioned!

Lynn spoke up: "Are elves really present in the forests of the Portlands Empire?"

Zod nodded calmly, "Of course, Master Lynn."

"A few years ago, I spent a huge fortune and captured a young adult elf!"

"Then I sold it to a noble, earning the first significant wealth that changed my life!"

Lynn nodded slightly.

He had heard Grayson tell about this before.

As Zod finished dressing, he tightened his belt.

Lynn and Zod continued heading towards the tavern.

They stepped over the threshold of the tavern.

After Zod plopped down into a leather-cushioned wooden chair, he let out a relieved breath.

It seemed that standing and walking had consumed a lot of his energy.

Red brought over a bottle of gin, pouring two glasses for Lynn and Zod.

Zod unceremoniously grabbed one of the glasses, downing it in one go.

After the gurgle of swallowing, Zod put down the glass, speaking with a hint of apology: "Sorry, Master Lynn, I was really thirsty."

Lynn responded indifferently: "No need to be polite, Mr. Zod."

Lynn glanced at Red, who intuitively poured Zod another glass.

Zod grabbed the glass again, drinking it all in one go.

After two glasses, a comfortable warmth spread throughout Zod's body.

Upon his somewhat pallid face, a flush of red began to appear.

Zod couldn't help but praise: "Master Lynn, this drink is truly wonderful!"

Lynn raised his glass toward Zod, "If Mr. Zod likes it, I can offer you some to take along."

Zod also picked up his glass, clinking it softly with Lynn's.

"That would be extremely generous of you, Master Lynn."

This time, Zod didn't gulp it down but sipped gently.

After setting down the glass, Zod continued: "Master Lynn, you know I'm a slave trader."

"Unlike ordinary slave traders, I prefer capturing and selling peculiar races."

"Their prices far exceed those of ordinary slaves."

"A young and beautiful elf's price is at least equivalent to over a thousand slaves!"

"It is highly sought after by the noble lords!"

Lynn acknowledged with a slight nod.

Indeed, he was one of the lord nobility Zod referred to.

However.

He was different from others.

Others sought to fulfill physical or spiritual desires.

He needed the abilities of succubi and dwarves.

Zod continued: "Not long ago, I was commissioned handsomely by a great lord to capture a young elf for him."

"Thus, I went back to the Portlands Empire."

Lynn's brow instantly raised.

However, he didn't speak, quietly listening to Zod's account.

At this point, Zod's tone became slightly more excited.

"Master Lynn, this time I not only found the Forest of Oblivion."

"But also deep in the forest, a tribe of elves residing on towering giant trees!"

"Moreover, I found a magic ore vein being guarded and mined by the elf tribe!"

Lynn's eyes widened with some surprise: "Magic ore vein?"

Zod didn't hold back, explaining: "Yes, a magic ore vein, it is an incredibly peculiar and mysterious ore!"

"Different from ordinary gold, silver, copper, or iron mines."

"It's a magic ore!"

"Can be used for charging magic arrays, crafting weapons and empowering equipment, even producing some magical items!"

"Compared to elves, succubi, and dwarves, magic ore veins are the most precious existence!"

"If it could be occupied and mined..."

"The money that could be made... I can't even begin to estimate!"

"It would be an astronomical figure!"

Zod Brown's eyes were filled with a shimmering hue.

As if he had already occupied the magic ore vein and was mining it.

But soon.

Zod snapped back to reality.

His expression turned somber, his words laced with a hint of regret.

"At that time, blinded by greed, I made a wrong decision."

"With my few guards, I infiltrated the elf tribe, attempting to investigate the magic ore vein."

"Unfortunately, the infiltration plan failed."

"I underestimated the strength of the elf tribe!"

"They not only have elf hunters and elf warriors but also druids!"

"As soon as we entered, we were discovered!"

"Amidst the encircling hunt of numerous elves, I got shot and fell into a waterfall, narrowly surviving."

"Master Lynn, that arrow was only three centimeters from my heart!"

"Had it been slightly more accurate, I'd be a corpse now."

"And unable to come to your territory, to have this conversation with you now."