

System 711

Chapter 711: Ten Magic Ores (6)

"Luckily, my guard captain risked his life to save me..."

Lynn mused for a moment.

So, this was the origin of the scar on Zod's chest.

But soon.

Lynn thought of something.

He looked at Zod with interest and inquired.

"And then? Mr. Zod, once you recovered, didn't you organize a team and enter the Forest of Oblivion again?"

Since Zod knew the value of magic ore and the existence of a magic ore vein in the Forest of Oblivion.

As a businessman, how could he easily give up?

One must know that a competent businessman in this world, as long as there is enough profit.

They might even sell their wives and children!

Zod showed no shame, nodding.

"Facing such a temptation, I naturally wouldn't let it go easily."

"I found a medium-sized mercenary corps."

"Fifteen hundred strong, and I took them into the Forest of Oblivion with me."

"All for the sake of that magic ore vein, which can definitely be mined, regardless of its size."

"But... Master Lynn..."

"The elves in the forest are like gods, and the entire mercenary corps was annihilated!"

"Only I managed to escape with a dozen guards."

Lynn remained silent.

Zod sighed, "Master Lynn, it wasn't until then that I understood."

"The strength of the elf tribe living on the giant trees is far more powerful than I imagined!"

"Their numbers are at least in the tens of thousands!"

"To wrest that magic ore vein from the elf tribe."

"You would need an army far exceeding the numbers of the elf tribe, fully armed and entering the Forgotten Forest."

Lynn nodded, still not responding to Zod's words.

At present, he indeed needed a lot of magic ore.

Because all the constructions in the Special Building Library require energy stones for exchange.

To build, magic ore is also necessary.

However.

He had never considered, with the current military power of his territory,

to sail longships, cross the ocean, reach the Portlands Empire, enter the Forest of Oblivion, and wage war with the elf tribe!

That would be sheer folly!

Even without magic ore, his territory could still develop.

It's just that the development pace would be slightly slower.

Lynn well knew that territory development requires steady progress.

No one can achieve everything at once.

Like the six thousand peasants he brought back not long ago.

If he hadn't also seized a large amount of grain from the Three Great Estates.

This explosive population growth of six thousand would have exhausted his grain reserves, plunging the territory into a food crisis.

Zod picked up the glazed cup from the table again, taking a sip of gin.

He remarked, "Master Lynn, do you know what the most painful thing is?"

"It's knowing there's a mountain of gold, but it's unattainable."

Lynn smiled, "Mr. Zod, I always believe that what you can hold in your hands is what's real."

"Otherwise, you're just creating trouble for yourself!"

Listening to Lynn, Zod was slightly taken aback, then understood.

"Thank you, Master Lynn, for your advice. I was being too stubborn!"

Lynn smiled in return.

Despite Zod's words, there was still a flicker of greed in his eyes.

Lynn could understand.

Anyone would have greed, not just Zod; he was the same.

If he had the military strength to simultaneously topple all the lord nobility of the Karedi Empire.

He would march his army today rather than wait until tomorrow!

Lynn believed, once Zod found greater support,

he would undoubtedly lead a powerful army to attack the elf tribe in the Forest of Oblivion.

Zod finished recounting his strange experiences during this time.

He changed the topic.

"By the way, Master Lynn."

"Beside the forty thousand pounds of leather on the carriage, I also brought you something peculiar."

Lynn, intrigued, looked at Zod and asked.

"I wonder what kind of goods could Mr. Zod call peculiar?"

Zod smiled slightly.

His gaze turned to the Guard Captain, Snape Dorian, waiting at the door.

Without a word, Snape, holding a wooden box in his left hand, walked forward.

Although Zod was being coy, Lynn already had an inkling.

Snape placed the wooden box on the table, and with a practiced motion, unlocked it.

As Snape moved his right hand, the box lid flipped open.

The items inside the wooden box came into Lynn's view.

Magic ore!

With a glance, he saw there were ten pieces of magic ore!

After opening the box, Snape returned to stand behind Zod.

Zod's face was full of smiles, "I think Master Lynn will like such peculiar goods, right?"

He had personally brought Master Lynn a Dwarf and a Succubus!

Never mind the Succubus.

The Dwarf alone, when forging or producing armor and weapons with magic empowerment.

Must use the magic ore before him!

In other words.

Master Lynn standing before him was the perfect customer for selling magic ore!

Lynn, without hiding, said, "I don't think anyone knows better than you, Mr. Zod, whether I like it or not."

"Name your price directly, Mr. Zod."

Zod calmly said, "One piece of magic ore for one hundred gold pounds!"

Without hesitation, Lynn extended his right hand to Zod.

"Deal, Mr. Zod."

Hearing Lynn's straightforward response and seeing his extended right hand, Zod was slightly taken aback.

He understood well that Lynn needed these ten pieces of magic ore.

But he hadn't expected Lynn to agree so quickly, catching him off guard.

After shaking hands with Zod, Lynn looked directly at him and asked, "Ten pieces of magic ore, one thousand gold pounds."

"Along with forty thousand pounds of leather... the current market price is..."

Zod picked up, "The market price is five pence!"

Lynn glanced at the Market and Prices document.

Indeed, it was five pence per pound.

"So, in total, it's one thousand eight hundred and thirty-four gold pounds."

"Mr. Zod, would you prefer to be paid in gold pounds or in goods from my territory?"

The price of magic ore was very high!

Exceptionally high!

But lacking magic ore, he had no choice but to spend a hefty sum to purchase them!

He needed the magic ore to expand the Mutated Wild Boar Farm.

He needed magic ore to build the Pigeon Nest and the Wolf's Den!

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This was only for the construction of special buildings in the territory.

If there were more magic ores,

he could have Flint forge a batch of empowered heavy armor and horse armor for the soldiers and warhorses,

creating a truly elite armored cavalry!

The pity was,

until now, apart from the single magic ore a little girl found,

and the magic ores sent by Zod before him,

he had never seen or heard of any.

Listening to Lynn's words, Zod, without any hesitation, said, "Master Lynn, I still need fine salt!"

"Fill my carriage with fifty thousand pounds of fine salt, and exchange the rest for gold pounds."

In order to transport forty thousand pounds of leather, he brought ten carriages.

He couldn't possibly return with empty carriages after selling the goods to Lynn.

By exchanging for low-cost fine salt at Master Lynn's place, transporting it to high-demand areas,

he could make another big profit!

Lynn nodded, "Of course."

"After the exchange, you can receive seven hundred and ninety-three gold pounds and fifty thousand pounds of fine salt."

"How does Mr. Zod feel about that?"

After a brief consideration, Zod smiled and said, "Let's go with what Master Lynn said."

With a little calculation, he would know.

Master Lynn exchanged his goods at a rate of five pence per pound of fine salt.

Even rounding off for better calculation,

compared to the extremely low price of fine salt, everything else was insignificant.

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

George instantly understood, bowed slightly, and stepped back to leave.

Master Lynn was engaged in trade negotiations with the merchant, and as the butler merchant, he naturally had to listen in.

Thus he could understand the contents and process of the trade,

and then, when Master Lynn needed him, accurately take corresponding actions to complete subsequent transactions.

With the transaction confirmed, Lynn moved his hand, picked up the glazed bottle from the table, and poured a glass of gin for Zod.

After clinking glasses lightly, they both drank the liquid.

Putting down the glass, Lynn said, "Mr. Zod, if you come across more magic ores in the future, you can deliver them all to my territory."

"As long as you bring them, I can purchase them all!"

"Of course, if there are special races, like succubi and dwarves..."

"As long as they have unique abilities, I can purchase them fully!"

With a hint of redness on his cheeks, Zod raised his eyebrows.

"Master Lynn, that would be wonderful!"

"Though entering the Forest of Oblivion this time cost me dearly."

"I spent a massive amount of gold pounds to hire that medium-sized mercenary corps."

"But unexpectedly, the entire group was wiped out by the elf tribe!"

"Luckily, I still brought back ten pieces of magic ore, or I would be at a total loss."

Lynn nodded slightly, continuing to pour gin for Zod.

Zod continued his tale: "To be honest, Master Lynn, you're not the first lord to whom I sold magic ores."

"Before reaching your territory, I inquired with at least five other lords who were interested in magic ores."

"But they were unwilling to spend gold pounds on their interest."

"Master Lynn, I also know the price of magic ores is somewhat steep."

"But there's no other way, to amass a lot of gold pounds and hire more mercenary corps, I had to sell at a high price."

"Fortunately, you, Master Lynn, were generous and never once haggled with me."

"I will always remember this kindness, Zod will forever remember it."

"Rest assured, Master Lynn, as long as I conquer the elf tribe and seize that magic ore vein,"

"you will always be my primary partner in the magic ore trade."

"Just as you exchanged fine salt for me at a low price, I will also exchange magic ores for you at a low price."

"This is my promise to you, Master Lynn!"

Lynn smiled and raised his glass, saying, "Then, thank you in advance, Mr. Zod."

Zod also picked up his glass, and the two clinked glasses again.

With a crisp sound,

Lynn and Zod both drank all the gin in their glasses.

Time moved swiftly forward.

Two hours later, George returned to the tavern and approached Lynn.

He bowed slightly and reported, "Master, Mr. George's leather on the carriage has been completely unloaded."

"And the fifty thousand pounds of fine salt have been loaded onto his carriage."

"Additionally, three hundred pounds of gin have also been loaded onto the carriage."

Zod, satisfied with his drink, naturally heard George's words.

Supporting himself on the table with his right hand, looking a bit dazed, he slowly stood up.

Zod hiccupped, his voice slightly muddled, saying, "It seems... the transaction is completed now..."

"Master Lynn, I'll... take my leave now..."

Lynn also stood up, looking at Zod and asked, "Mr. Zod, you seem to have drunk a bit too much."

"If you don't mind, you could rest a while at my commercial guild before leaving."

Zod waved his hand, responding, "No... no, Master Lynn."

"I must leave, there's still a gold mountain waiting for me to dig!"

As he spoke, Zed was already walking away from the table, heading out of the tavern.

Suddenly, he stumbled and was about to fall.

The Guard Captain Snape, seeing this, quickly stretched out his hands to support him.

Under the watchful eyes of Lynn, Red, and George, he walked out of the tavern towards the carriage convoy in Lord's Square.

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Lynn and the other two followed behind.

Until they arrived at Lord's Square.

Watching Zed being loaded into the empty space in the carriage with goods,

amidst the neighing sounds from the draft horses driven by the coachman.

The carriage turned around and headed out of the town.

Lynn withdrew his gaze, stepped forward, and headed towards the ranch outside the town.

He was, of course, extremely envious of the magic ore vein Zed found.

If he could explore a magic ore vein within his territory,

even if it's just a small magic ore vein,

he could completely solve the issue of the magic ore needed for the special buildings to be exchanged.

Otherwise.

Even if Zod is willing to transport magic ore from the Portlands Empire to his territory,

he wouldn't be able to come up with enough Gold Pounds for the purchase.

One magic ore, One Hundred Gold Pounds!

It doesn't seem like much.

But when exchanged for other goods, you can feel its expensive nature!

Twelve thousand pounds of barley, five pounds for one penny.

Forty-eight thousand pounds of wheat, two pounds for one penny.

If according to one townsman, consuming three pounds of urgent food every day,

The price of one magic ore is enough to meet a townsman's food consumption for a hundred years!

Thus calculated, one can directly sense the expensive nature of magic ore.

Of course.

Magic ore, which is no longer a commodity for ordinary folks.

Naturally cannot be compared to barley or wheat, basic living materials like these.

Since the two are not on the same level.

As for the first cooperation in the magic ore transaction mentioned by Zod...

Lynn never took it to heart.

Merchants, driven by profit, no trade without deceit!

Believing a merchant's promise is as unreliable as believing Gold Pounds will fall from the sky.

As Zod said, he is not the first Lord that Zod sought to sell magic ore.

He was only approached by Zod when the need to sell magic ore arose and no Lord was willing to take the offer.

Only when significant profit can be gained, does a merchant take such action.

However.

Lynn thought over.

Though these magic ores are extremely pricey.

For him, the value the magic ore holds far surpasses the price Zod offered.

Because he has the Master Enchanter Dwarf - Flint Fire Furnace.

And has access to the [Special Building Library] for exchanging special building blueprints!

Using the inexhaustible fine salt in a short period, and the Gold Pounds collected from the Three Great Estates and the Gold Pounds from selling glazed glass products.

To trade for the magic ore he could hardly obtain now!

Thinking of this.

Lynn even felt that in his transaction with Zed, he was profiting heavily.

Looking at the ten magic ores in his [backpack], Lynn felt a sense of satisfaction.

With a thought, he opened the [Special Building Library] and started checking.

He confirmed again the blueprint text descriptions for [Wolf's Den] and [Pigeon Nest].

And having six thousand five hundred Energy Stones.

Without any hesitation, he started the exchange directly.

[Would you like to consume 1000 Energy Stones to exchange [Wolf's Den] blueprint?]

Lynn silently said, "Yes."

[Would you like to consume 1000 Energy Stones to exchange [Pigeon Nest] blueprint?]

Lynn silently said again, "Yes!"

Having exchanged the two necessary blueprints, Lynn continued to scan through the [Special Building Library].

There were many various blueprints among them.

But given the current conditions of his territory, the vast majority could not be used for now.

Once the exchange was complete, Lynn had already arrived at the breeding farm.

Smelling the peculiar odor emanating from the breeding farm, he couldn't help but frown.

But to continue grinding the experience of the [Breeding] skills, he resolutely entered.

He picked up pig feed prepared by the ranch workers, pouring bucket after bucket into the pig feed troughs.

[Breeding experience +1]

[Breeding experience +1]

[Breeding experience +1]

...

Bit by bit, the experience once again started increasing.

Having finished feeding the forest pigs at the breeding farm, Lynn went to Guy's pasture, continuing to feed domestic pigs, hens, and horses.

Until dusk.

After grinding a day's worth of skill experience, he left the pasture and headed back towards the town.

Walking on the lime road.

Lynn's gaze extended far, admiring the distant golden but not dazzling glow of the sunset.

Like the glow of shattered gold, which enveloped the distant town, the farmland planted with crops, and the townsmen walking around.

Invoking a sense of comforting leisure and stability.

Lynn recalled.

His territory up until now.

The greatest danger faced was the attack on the city walls by the Iron Blood Brotherhood Bandit Corps.

Apart from that, this land was in rapid daily development.

Reclaiming and planting, mining, producing armor and weapons, breeding domestic animals and poultry...

No significant conflicts, no unexpected incidents.

For the townsfolk in the territory, this is the best life!

Returning to Lord's Square, Lynn casually sat on a long bench.

Perhaps the townsfolk knew their Lord was accustomed to sitting on long benches, admiring the sunset.

The long benches in Lord's Square were wiped exceptionally clean.

Lynn's gaze turned to a guard, instructing: "Go summon Flint from Blacksmith Workshop."

"Just say I have urgent matters that need his help."

The guard lowered his head in acknowledgment, briskly heading towards the distant handcraft workshop.

Chapter 714: Kill You All_3

Now with ten pieces of Magic Ore and construction plans, it is naturally necessary to arrange for Flint to proceed with construction.

As Lynn was contemplating.

In the distance.

Only a little over one meter tall, Flint, under the guidance of the guards, strides forward.

Arriving before Lynn, Flint wrinkled his large nose and opened his mouth to inquire.

"Lord, why have you called upon me?"

Lynn did not conceal his intention; with a movement of his hand, he handed over the prepared Magic Ore and special construction plans from his [Backpack].

As he looked at the Magic Ore shimmering in Lynn's hand, Flint's eyes sparked.

He asked somewhat surprised, "Didn't you say there was only one piece of Magic Ore?"

"How did you suddenly get... ten pieces?"

Flint reached out to take them, his eyes fixed on the plans in his hand, seemingly sensing the magic power of the Magic Ore.

A few seconds later.

Flint continued saying, "And they are all intermediate quality Magic Ore with around fifty percent purity."

"These are excellent materials!"

"Lord, how did you acquire them?"

Lynn spoke, "In the afternoon, I spent a fortune purchasing them from a traveling merchant."

Flint nodded, "That's splendid."

"With these Magic Ore, I can certainly help you craft a set of Magic Armor and Weapon, Lord!"

"It's been a long time since I made Magic Armor and Weapons, feels like my skills might have fallen behind!"

Lynn spoke, "There's no need to rush the Magic Armor and Weapon."

"Master Flint, I need you to expand the empowered breeding farm for the Forest Pigs."

"At least one cycle, breeding one hundred and fifty Forest Pigs."

Flint's eyebrows raised, "Using Magic Ore to expand breeding scale...there's no problem."

"With the empowerment through the Small Magic Array in the farm, those Forest Pigs will surely possess formidable combat power."

"However, as with previous construction, one Magic Ore can only expand the breeding capacity by thirty Forest Pigs at most."

"For one hundred and fifty, that means we need four more pieces!"

Lynn nodded, "Then use four pieces."

The cycle for empowered breeding of Forest Pigs is about one year.

With each breeding, at least one hundred and fifty Forest Pigs are necessary.

Otherwise, a group of sixty to seventy Wild Boar Knights cannot form a combat scale.

Lynn continued, "Aside from expanding the empowered breeding farm, I also need you to lead a batch of construction workers to build a [Wolf's Den] and [Pigeon Nest]."

"I need to breed messenger pigeons and wild wolves!"

Flint didn't speak, but moved his hand to flip through the construction plans Lynn had just handed him.

There was nothing peculiar about the construction.

Using ordinary red bricks and lime mortar, they could be erected.

What surprised Flint was the depiction of strange magic arrays on the plans.

Even for him, they were unheard of.

However.

After previous experiences, Flint no longer wished to inquire into the thoughts of the lord before him.

As the lord said, everyone has their own secrets.

After flipping through the plans, Flint responded, "There's no problem, Lord."

"This [Pigeon Nest] and [Wolf's Den], I can undertake their construction."

"Similar to the Forest Pig breeding farm, to construct these two buildings also requires consuming one Magic Ore."

"The breeding scale of [Wolf's Den] is fifty wolves, any more and the magic array's effects would diminish."

"The breeding scale of [Pigeon Nest] is much larger, at least two hundred pigeons!"

Lynn didn't ponder, "Excellent."

With fifty wild wolves, if all can be trained successfully, along with the outfitting of specialized soldiers for them...

The wolves' exceptional sensory ability can definitely be utilized for scouting and patrolling.

If thereafter the breeding scale of wild wolves can be expanded, even forming a raid team is possible.

Utilizing the wolves' night vision and agility, launching nighttime assaults on enemy camps.

Or perhaps, deploying trained wolf squads to harass enemy logistic lines or marching troops.

Certainly.

Using the wolves' speed advantage and flexibility, training them into communication messengers is also possible!

As for the messenger pigeons, they are even more crucial.

Once trained and applied, they can completely reduce or avoid the spies infiltrating various towns, ceaselessly traveling back and forth.

Avoid tailing or encountering danger, they further accelerate the transmission of intelligence!

Upon hearing Lynn's affirming response, Flint nodded.

But soon, he realized something.

"Lord, excluding the four pieces of Magic Ore for expansion and the two for [Wolf's Den] and [Pigeon Nest] breeding grounds."

"There are still four pieces of Magic Ore remaining!"

Lynn nodded, "I'm aware."

Flint revealed a smile, "Lord... four pieces of Magic Ore is sufficient for me to craft you a set of Enchanted Armor!"

"Are you interested?"

Lynn curiously looked at Flint, countering, "Such as?"

Flint eagerly explained, "Because they're just Magic Ore, not infused with any elemental properties, even I cannot craft Elemental Armor."

"But I can help empower the armor, crafting a set of defense-enhancing armor!"

"Possessing strong physical and magical defense abilities."

"Once crafted successfully, the surface of the armor will be imbued with a faint magic shield."

"It can, to a certain extent, weaken all types of attacks."

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"For example, slashing with swords, shooting with arrows, and even some magical attacks!"

Lynn raised an eyebrow.

Armor that can weaken various attacks?

Isn't that a bit too powerful?

Flint, as if reading his mind, began to explain, "But, Lord, such defensive ability is limited."

"Ordinary sword slashing and arrow shooting are fine; they can weaken power at least a dozen times."

"But if it's a powerful magic attack, it might consume the armor's magic power in one blow!"

Lynn nodded slightly, not too surprised.

If only four pieces of magic ore could create armor that weakens all kinds of attack power.

That would be too exaggerated.

Nevertheless.

Lynn also deeply felt the importance and terrifying nature of magic ore!

If someone possesses a magic ore vein and conducts large-scale mining.

And applies it to the weapons and armor of a large army of soldiers.

A truly invincible army will emerge!

They will deliver a devastating blow to the empire's forces in this world!

Lynn's mind immediately drifted to Zod.

If he chose to cooperate with other forces.

Or if the information about a magic ore vein in the Portlands Empire's Forest of Oblivion reaches the ears of the Imperial Royal Family or the Great Lord.

Then they will not hesitate to send out troops.

No one can resist the temptation of a magic ore vein.

Because once controlled, it means controlling the entire Garonia Continent!

But soon.

Lynn put his wild thoughts behind him.

What the future holds is too far away for him right now.

Instead of worrying needlessly, it's better to focus on developing his current territory.

Lynn responded, "Alright then, I'll trouble Master Flint."

"Empowering armor can wait a little longer; I need you to lead the construction workers to build the 'Pigeon Nest' and 'Wolf's Den' now."

Flint responded, "No problem, Lord."

"Tomorrow, I'll instruct the apprentices at the Blacksmith Workshop, and I'll start the construction immediately."

At this point, Flint's eyes showed a hint of anticipation.

"However, Lord..."

Seeing Flint's expression, Lynn realized instantly.

He gave Flint a glance and said, "I'll have the guards send two barrels of gin to your room in a while!"

Flint instantly showed a delighted smile, "Thank you very much, Lord."

"Rest assured, with me here, it won't take more than two months."

"No, a month and a half at most, I'll have everything settled for you!"

Lynn waved his hand.

Flint instantly understood and retreated with a grinning look.

Two barrels of gin combined are only four hundred pounds.

For him, that's nothing.

On the contrary, using four hundred pounds of gin to speed up Flint's construction on special buildings is naturally a worthwhile trade.

As for the ten pieces of magic ore just obtained, which will soon be consumed...

He has thought it through carefully.

Special buildings need to be immediately constructed.

Even if now the trainers for warhorses, forest pigs, wild wolves, and pigeons are not yet in place.

He also needs corresponding buildings to empower and breed them.

As for consuming four pieces of magic ore for forging a set of defense reinforced armor...

For him, it's a necessity!

Though he has Red and a team of guards for close protection.

And walls and Weng City to block enemies and danger outside the territory.

Adding to the power he possesses now...

There's no danger on this piece of land.

However, he can't always stay within the territory.

Whether leading soldiers to fight outside or guarding the walls against outside enemies.

Until there's a wise and brave Commander-in-Chief who can lead the army.

Many times, he needs to direct commands personally.

And on the battlefield, where the situation changes unpredictably, with plenty of stray arrows and witches lurking in the dark.

At this time.

The function of armor that can weaken various types of attacks stands out prominently.

He is the core of this territory.

To make this land progress faster and further.

He needs armor that can save his life in times of mortal danger!

As for the magic ore he might need later, Lynn can only take one step at a time.

Watching Flint's figure retreat into the distance, finally disappearing around the corner of the Red Brick House.

Lynn withdrew his gaze.

Looking at the gradually dimming sky, Lynn paced back towards the castle.

Walking on the red brick road, Lynn felt like he hadn't done much.

A day passed in the blink of an eye.

Returning to the castle.

Kuisi had already prepared dinner and was waiting for his return.

...

Under the night.

Frank Manor.

In the manor lord's bedroom.

Janet stood on the carpet, and with the help of two maids, her clothes were gently removed one piece after another.

In a short moment.

That fair and voluptuous body emerged.

The rounded whiteness at her front, the slender waist that could be embraced, and the long legs beneath the high arch.

Her body was meticulously groomed.

Aside from the long hair, there was hardly any hair on the body.

The two maids only took a glance and hurriedly lowered their heads.

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Despite being women.

As the manor lord, Janet's presence is far beyond their ability to confront directly.

With the assistance of two maids, Janet stepped forward onto the three-step wooden ladder before the bathtub.

Then she slowly moved her right leg forward and stepped in.

The infinite allure between her legs was fleeting, as it was immediately covered by the warm water, shrouded in a layer of gentle steam.

Janet leaned back slightly after stepping into the bathtub, eventually lying within.

Only her exquisite, fair face remained exposed above the hot water.

Even with the concealment of hot water and steam, two smooth white orbs floating in the water could still be seen.

Feeling the warmth and comfort brought by the hot water and smelling the faint fragrance of petals in the steam.

Janet comfortably closed her eyes, savoring the moment.

No matter how hard she tried.

She could not erase the image of the young lord clad in black armor and cloak from her mind.

Janet opened her eyes and gazed straight at the ceiling.

This young lord was none other than Lynn!

If she had not witnessed the military strength of Lynn's territory.

Janet was very certain.

The Frank Manor was the overlord of Morgan Town!

Faced with the siege by several major estates.

With five hundred chain armor cavalry and fifteen hundred soldiers at Frank Manor's disposal.

They could dominate Morgan Town!

Until she saw the heavy cavalry, heavy infantry, archers, and light infantry brought by Lynn...

Janet finally realized that Lynn's military strength far surpassed that of Frank Manor!

Even if Lynn wished to, during the joint attack by the soldiers of the three great estates on Frank Manor.

He could easily play a game of mantis stalking the cicada, unaware of the oriole behind!

And effortlessly obliterate Frank Manor.

Though Janet didn't understand why Lynn hadn't done so.

It still left her feeling a sense of crisis!

The military strength of Frank Manor had to be enhanced quickly!

This time.

Lynn only demanded all assets from the three major estates, excluding arable land, and half of Morgan Town's annual taxes.

Next time.

He might very well take all of Morgan Town!

Including her Frank Manor!

To enhance Frank Manor's military strength requires expanding the number of soldiers, purchasing a large number of weapons, horses, and food.

Recruiting mercenaries is relatively easy.

As long as sufficient wages are provided to the free people who come to enlist.

They are willing to lay down their farm tools, pick up weapons, and join the training.

Even if there aren't many free people enlisting in Morgan Town, she could send Joao to Kakasong City for recruitment.

What troubles her is obtaining the weapons and armor, and horses needed to arm the soldiers!

Until Joao reported back to her once again, she learned.

The soldiers led by Lynn had already swept the battlefield once!

A vast amount of weapons and horses had been taken by him!

To obtain more weapons.

Depending on the manor and blacksmiths in Morgan Town for forging production was certainly too late.

In the short term, she cannot find a large amount of high-quality iron, nor can she rely on a few blacksmiths to forge and produce a large number of weapons and armor.

The only option is to spend heavily on purchasing.

Trade with weapon merchants in Kakasong City, or purchase from markets and fairs.

Soon.

Images of ships transporting iron ore from Lynn's territory, carts carrying fine salt, and mine carts hauling coal appeared in Janet's mind.

Her eyes burst with intense greed and desire.

If she could conquer Lynn's territory...

Knock knock~

In the midst of Janet's fantasies.

Several rhythmic knocks sounded outside the bedroom.

Janet instantly came back to her senses, gazing at the door.

In the next moment.

A powerful voice from a middle-aged man rang out from outside.

"Janet, I have important matters to report."

Janet frowned slightly, hesitated for two seconds, then spoke.

"Come in."

As the words fell.

The concealed double wooden doors were pushed open from the outside.

Joao walked into the bedroom.

When he saw Janet soaked in the bathtub again, and the faintly visible snow-white smoothness.

Joao bowed slightly, apologetically saying, "Sorry, Janet, I didn't know you were bathing."

"I'll come back later."

Janet spoke, "No need."

Her gaze shifted towards the two maids, "You two can go out and wait."

The maids dared not speak a word, bowed slightly, and quickly left the room.

Along the way.

They also closed the door behind Janet and Joao.

Looking at Joao, who had his head lowered, Janet extended her delicate white right hand, picked up a piece of linen cloth, and placed it in the hot water.

As a simple barrier to vision.

After finishing all this.

Janet looked at Joao and asked, "Uncle Joao, you said there are important matters to report?"

Joao still did not lift his head, he began to explain.

"Yes, Janet."

"Following your instructions, I arranged personnel in Morgan Town and set up recruitment points to enlist soldiers."

"Furthermore, I went personally to Kakasong City and found several weapon merchants."

"They have many weapons and armor willing to sell to us."

"But..."

Janet frowned and picked up Joao's words.

"But what?"

Joao continued, "However, these weapon merchants are arbitrarily raising prices, citing impending warfare."

Chapter 717: I'll Kill You All (6)

"The current price of a set of chain armor has reached twice or even three times as much as before!"

Upon hearing this, Janet's tone turned a bit colder.

"Even knowing it's our Frank Manor that's making the purchase, is this still the price?"

Joao nodded, "Yes, Janet."

"I even brought up Jonas, yet they showed no courtesy whatsoever."

"They even said... said..."

Janet asked in a deep voice, "Said what?"

"They even said, 'What does their friendship and relationship with Jonas have to do with you, Janet?'"

After finishing, Joao fell silent, awaiting Janet's outburst.

And then he waited for more than ten seconds.

Joao still didn't hear Janet's angry roar, so he raised his head in surprise.

He saw that Janet was still leaning against the bathtub, her face cold as ice.

Although Janet appeared calm.

Her smooth, white chest was rising and falling quickly, causing the water surface to tremble rapidly.

It was evident that her heart was not at peace.

Sss...

Janet's rosy, thin lips parted, inhaling a breath of fragrant air, making a slight sound.

Upon exhaling, Janet said in a deep voice, "As for the price, it's not a big deal, as long as they're willing to sell the weapons and armor that's enough."

"As for their insolence... there will be plenty of chances to repay them slowly in the future."

Hearing Janet's words, Joao couldn't help but feel a bit of admiration.

Perhaps others would have already dispatched soldiers to Kakasong City.

But Janet, who was not even twenty years old, managed to keep her anger under control.

Joao nodded, "I will find them as soon as possible and finalize the transactions."

"As you instructed before, to assemble a fully armed cavalry squad of a thousand men!"

Janet nodded.

Having finished reporting, Joao was about to step out of Janet's bedroom.

He suddenly thought of something and reported again to Janet.

"Janet, I forgot to report one more thing to you."

Janet said nothing, waiting for Joao to speak.

Joao didn't waste words and directly started, "When I was in Kakasong City, I met the Gilbert Manor Lord from the neighboring Tuck Town."

"He told me that yesterday a messenger from Marquis Duca went to his manor residence."

"And conveyed Marquis Duca's summoning order."

Janet frowned, "Marquis Duca's summoning order?"

Joao nodded, "Yes, Janet."

"The messenger informed the Gilbert Manor Lord to assemble his soldiers, fully armed and ready for his dispatch at any time!"

"I think it won't be long before the messenger arrives at Frank Manor with the same summoning order."

Janet sneered, "Even though we are vassals of the Ducas Clan, this land has always belonged to our Frank Manor for generations!"

"To protect our fief, we chose to bow our heads to the Ducas Clan."

"And every year, we pay a large amount of taxes."

"When we were under attack by a large bandit corps, the Ducas Clan turned a blind eye."

"When the bandit corps were eradicated, they sent a unit to Morgan Town just to put on an act?"

"Putting on an act would be one thing, but then they wanted Morgan Town's manor lords to feed and entertain them?"

"Especially that Lawrence, he's simply a beast!"

"Frequents brothels and plays with women, yet wants Frank Manor to foot the bill?"

"Uncle Joao, inform the guards, if a messenger from the Ducas Clan arrives at the manor, tell him to get lost."

"Just say, Frank Manor suffered heavy losses from a joint attack by the three great estates of Morgan Town, and cannot respond to the Ducas Clan's summoning order!"

Janet's voice grew louder as she spoke.

Compared to the exorbitant prices demanded by the weapons merchants in Kakasong City from Frank Manor.

The impending summon from the Ducas Clan made her even angrier.

So much so that the hot water her body was soaking in.

Was sloshing back and forth, splashing out of the bathtub.

After Janet had vented all her pent-up anger.

Joao finally responded, "I understand, Janet."

"I gathered some intelligence, some time ago, Mark Ducas received instructions from Mitchell."

"And has already deployed most of the Ducas Clan's Sword and Shield Corps soldiers to the Windmill Ridge Canyon for stationing."

"Though unsure if it's true, there are rumors outside that Marquis Duca lost Mitchell's trust, leading to this situation..."

Janet did not continue Joao's words, but rather reminded him.

"Uncle Joao, this isn't much of our concern."

"The Karedi Empire is vast, and so is the Marquisate of Dukas."

"Even if an imperial power struggle unfolds, the flames of war are unlikely to reach us here in the Southern Border Land."

"Moreover, Morgan Town is simply too destitute!"

"Even if in the end, Mitchell supported by the Ducas Clan, fails and the Second Prince Caesar ascends as the Emperor of the Empire."

"His supporters would plunder and occupy the marquissate, breaking it into pieces."

"They still wouldn't care to glance at a place like Morgan Town, remote and barren as it is."

"At most, they would only demand the annual tax from the manor lords of this region."

Joao nodded in agreement.

He understood that Janet spoke with reason.

This is also why Frank Manor has taken root and proliferated in Morgan Town for generations.

Joao bent slightly, saying, "I understand, then I will not disturb you further."

Janet responded with a sound.

Receiving the summarized response, Joao did not linger any longer and turned to leave the bedroom.

Pushing the door open, he walked away allowing the two maids at the entrance to close the door.

Confirming that Joao had indeed left, Janet, sitting in the bathtub, suddenly had a change in expression.

With both hands, she slapped hard at the hot water in the bathtub.

Splashes~ Splashes~

Each swing of hers sent a stream of hot water spraying out from the bathtub, landing on the carpeted floor.

Janet's mouth, meanwhile, vented and shouted unrestrainedly.

"Just wait for me!"

"Just wait for me!"

"Once Frank Manor's strength increases, once I occupy that territory, once I fully develop!"

"I'll kill you all!"

"I'll kill you all!"

As Janet's venting became more intense, she even stood in the bathtub.

Not caring about her soaked white-red body exposed to the air.

Chapter 718: [Daily Sign-In] Unlocked

The next morning.

After having breakfast, Lynn left the castle early.

Watching the townsmen heading out of town for work.

He too joined the team, continuing on to the ranch and breeding farm.

As it was only six or seven in the morning, a slight cool breeze brushed against Lynn's cheeks.

Aside from a little coolness, it was mostly light and comfortable.

After walking for over ten minutes, Lynn didn't feel any physical restlessness.

Under the watchful eyes of several ranch workers, Lynn picked up a bucket of pig feed and poured it directly into the feeding slot.

The Forest Pigs, already hungry and grunting, were lying on the iron fence waiting.

Seeing the feed, they quickly put their hooves down, walked to the trough, and started devouring it.

[Breeding Experience +1]

Lynn didn't stop and continued to pick up the wooden bucket beside him.

Feeding the next Forest Pig in the iron fence.

Bucket after bucket of pig feed was poured into the trough.

The Forest Pigs, which were grunting and restless, all busied themselves with devouring the food.

The pig feed for the Forest Pigs is a mix of peas, root plants, about-to-spoil food, and distillery dregs.

In this way.

It ensures that food is not wasted in the territory.

And it deals with the large amount of distillery dregs left after brewing.

Moreover, it ensures that these Forest Pigs have an endless supply of feed and receive ample and balanced nutrition.

Whether they are wild Forest Pigs or domestic pigs, due to their digestive system and physiological characteristics.

It means they can adapt to a diverse range of food sources.

Simply put, they are omnivores.

Unlike warhorses that need concentrated feed and frequent grazing.

As long as the Forest Pigs have enough food, they will grow steadily.

However.

Lynn also understood that this was just about gaining weight.

To have cavalry ride on their backs, charge, and fight, would take time.

After feeding around, Lynn put down the wooden bucket in his hand.

Leaving the smelly breeding farm, he sat on a wooden bench some distance away.

He took deep breaths of fresh air.

Even though ranch workers cleaned the manure and washed the pigsty.

The strong odor of the Forest Pigs was still overwhelming...

[Your breeding level has increased to Level 3, unlocking: Daily Sign-in]

[Reward obtained: Talent Duplication Book ×1]

Seeing the panel pop up suddenly in front of him, Lynn raised an eyebrow.

After grinding for so many days.

Finally leveled up?

The unlocked feature is... Daily Sign-in?

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

Indeed.

In the upper right corner of the interface, a 'calendar icon' appeared.

Opening it, a series of sequential date numbers entered his eyes.

Lynn glanced around and understood.

Ordinary daily sign-ins can earn two hundred Energy Stones.

Signing in on the last day of the week can earn five hundred Energy Stones.

Signing in on the last day of the month can earn a piece of Magic Ore.

The function is simple and easy to understand.

Lynn's mind wandered slightly.

Signing in for one day only nets two hundred, and even a full week is just seventeen hundred Energy Stones.

Signing in to get Energy Stones isn't much.

However, what surprised Lynn was that signing in for a month could earn a piece of Magic Ore!

Energy Stones, he could obtain through milestone achievement rewards, [Fishing], and [Tasks].

To get Energy Stones.

But Magic Ore, which he hasn't found yet, he could only buy at a high price from Zod.

Besides, Zod hasn't attacked the Elf Tribe in the Forest of Oblivion yet, nor captured that Magic Ore Vein...

That is to say, no one knows when he can purchase from him.

Now, with the breeding skill reaching Level 3, unlocking the daily sign-in feature.

It gave him hope for a steady supply of Magic Ore.

As long as he signed in daily, he could obtain Energy Stones and Magic Ore.

The next moment.

A strange thought emerged in his mind.

As long as he lived, he would eventually become invincible!

Looking at the glint of light prompted on the calendar panel.

Lynn silently chanted, "Sign in."

As soon as he thought it, a notification panel appeared before his eyes.

[Sign-in successful, reward obtained: 200 Energy Stones]

Looking at the prompt in front of him, Lynn nodded in satisfaction.

Closing the daily sign-in interface, he opened the milestone interface.

He collected all the achievement rewards he had completed.

Now, he has seven thousand Energy Stones.

Seven thousand Energy Stones are enough to enhance his attributes seven times.

Or, exchange for necessary items from different shops.

With a thought, Lynn opened the [Special Building Library], his eyes scanning over the textual descriptions of various building blueprints.

He once again saw [Elephant Training Institute], [Eagle Taming Tower], and even [Dragon Cavalry].

Now, he has plenty of Energy Stones and soon will have Magic Ore.

But he lacked the corresponding avian and beast tamers.

For now, he could only set it aside.

What caught Lynn's eye was, aside from training creatures on the ground and in the sky.

Chapter 719: [Daily Sign-In] Unlocked

Even creatures that swim in the water can be trained for breeding!

[Seahorse Knight]: The bred seahorses will mutate, becoming large in size, powerful in ability, and able to understand most human commands.

[Giant Whale Constellation]: Breeding and training turn whales into mounts, used for battling, exploring, or sending messages across the ocean.

Lynn could only gaze at these special buildings.

They were truly too distant for him.

However.

This also filled Lynn's heart with anticipation.

What kind of feeling would it be to speedily swim underwater riding a seahorse?

Or perhaps, riding a giant whale?

Imagining it briefly in his mind, Lynn found that without personal experience, it was impossible to imagine.

He could only temporarily suppress the thoughts in his mind.

After resting, Lynn stepped towards the neighboring breeding farm.

There.

Flint, along with Jon and others, were expanding the Mutated Wild Boar Farm.

All the workers digging the foundation saw Lynn and bowed in respect.

Flint, supervising the work, naturally noticed something.

He quickly approached Lynn and called out, "Lord, you can rest assured."

"Whether it's constructing buildings, producing magic arrays, or forging enchantments, as long as I'm here, there's nothing to worry about!"

Lynn nodded, "Of course, Flint is the youngest genius of the Fireplace Race!"

Listening to Lynn's praise, Flint felt quite gratified.

He patted his chest confidently and said firmly, "That's certain, Lord."

"So if you have any matters to attend to, feel free to go, leave everything here to me!"

Lynn acknowledged with a sound, "Alright."

He dismissed Flint to continue instructing the workers on the farm expansion.

After observing the construction site for a while, Lynn joined the construction team.

[Construction Experience +1]

[Construction Experience +1]

[Construction Experience +1]

...

Bit by bit, the experience started increasing again.

Lynn willed the [Heavenly Artifacts] panel open and glanced at it.

[Construction: Level 3 (3/1000)] (+)

The Nine Great Skills on [Heavenly Artifacts] had all reached Level 3.

Indeed.

This did not mean that the days of grinding skill experience were over.

Perhaps because he was used to the sensation of laboring.

Lynn felt no resistance in his heart.

Instead, he felt solid satisfaction from the steady progress.

It wasn't just these townsmen.

Even Flint, who was supervising, raised his thick black eyebrows.

However, he did not interfere or stop.

Allowing Lynn to work alongside the workers in the wall building labor.

Time flew by quickly.

In the blink of an eye, it was afternoon.

Lynn put down the plastering knife and walked out of the building site.

After instructing Flint to speed up the expansion, he left the farm and headed back to the town.

It wasn't crucial to quickly build the breeding buildings for [Pigeon Nest] and [Wolf's Den].

As the pigeons and wild wolves for breeding were not yet in place.

But the Forest Pigs were different.

Last year, Alan had sent him a hundred and fifty Forest Pigs.

A larger breeding farm was needed to empower and breed them all.

That's also why.

He only used up four pieces of magic ore for expanding the breeding farm.

The number of Forest Pigs was limited!

Walking on the limestone road, traversing a field.

Lynn returned to the Lord's Square in front of the town.

It was still early, apart from a few dozen townsmen busy in the town or returning with materials and tools.

Few townsmen were idle in the town.

After contemplating for a few seconds, Lynn was about to head to the Riverfront Pier to continue [Fishing], to acquire skills and more energy stones.

A slender figure with flowing brown hair walked over from a distance.

Her body was slender and her skin was fair.

Her cheeks, facial features, and curvaceous body, though not as striking as Carly Audrey, were still decently refined.

This young woman was Erin, who was responsible for drafting the Territorial Law for Lynn.

Perhaps sensing Lynn's direct gaze.

Erin slightly lowered her head and walked up to Lynn, stepping in her leather shoes.

She bent slightly, respectfully addressing, "Lord."

Lynn responded, "Is there something you need, Scholar Erin?"

Besides a few summons, this was Erin's first time actively seeking him.

Erin stood straight, explaining calmly and with dignity.

"Lord, I have copied the first version of the Territorial Law and posted it on the territory notice board."

"However, to fully implement it, it may take some time."

"Because I discovered that the townsmen in your territory, Lord, most of them were once peasants or slaves."

"Their mindset is still that the Lord's words are everything, they don't understand the meaning of the Territorial Law."

Lynn nodded and said, "Lady Aileen, you might be overthinking."

Erin was a bit puzzled, momentarily not understanding the young Lord's words.

Lynn explained, "Once the Territorial Law is drafted, as long as I confirm and implement it, that is enough."

"As for whether the townsmen can remember the rules, that's not important."

Chapter 720: [Daily Sign-In] Unlocked

"Because as long as they keep working diligently and living steadily, the Territorial Law will never affect them."

"The reason for having Scholar Erin draft the Territorial Law is for those who intend to break the rules and disrupt the land's stability."

Listening to Lynn's calm voice, Erin fell silent.

She felt that the Lord's words made sense!

As the Lord mentioned, if no one violates the rules and everyone works diligently,

then, even this territory would not need the existence of Territorial Law.

Just like before she arrived at the Lord's territory and before she drafted this Territorial Law,

the Lord's territory was still developing rapidly and orderly!

Thinking of this,

Erin nodded heavily, looking at Lynn with admiration, and said, "I understand, Lord."

Lynn acknowledged with a sound and continued, "It's good you understand the rationale."

"By the way, since you just came over, it saves me the time to find you."

"Scholar Erin, I need to build a Territory Court and plan to appoint you as the acting judge; are you willing?"

Seeing Lynn's direct gaze and listening to his inquiry, Erin's face showed some surprise.

She initially thought the Lord only wanted her to draft a set of territorial laws and regulations.

She didn't expect to also be appointed as a territorial judge?

Without much thought, Erin replied, "Of course, Master Lynn!"

"As long as you trust me, I will certainly do my utmost!"

Lynn nodded and said, "Very well, Lady Erin."

"You can tell me what assistance you need."

When he learned that Erin Mills was a scholar studying law, he had already considered it.

Appointing her as the judge of the Territory Court.

However,

because the Territorial Law had not been completed, it had to be postponed.

Now it's different.

With a suitable candidate and the territorial regulatory documents,

he naturally had to put the construction of the Territory Court on the agenda.

Erin thought for a few seconds and explained.

"Master Lynn, to have a Territory Court, first we need a venue."

"It can be within your castle, for your convenience in listening and making final judgments."

"Or, we could construct a courthouse building in the town."

Lynn nodded in response.

Seeing that Lynn did not interrupt her, Erin continued.

"Next, there are the personnel needed in the court."

"Hmm... besides me as a judge, we also need a clerk, jurors, and a defense attorney..."

"The clerk is responsible for recording the trial process, case details, witness testimonies, and the final verdict, etc."

"Jurors can be selected from the townspeople of the territory to assist the judge in hearing cases."

"A defense attorney can be invited, one with relevant experience, to defend or present viewpoints for the case parties."

Lynn nodded again.

Erin's words continued.

"Then, there are the materials and facilities."

"I may need the Woodworker Workshop to assist with making some seats and gavels needed in the court."

"Also needed are paper, ink, quills, etc., for recording tools."

"There are also the means to temporarily detain the accused criminals or those awaiting sentencing execution."

"And the law enforcement officers to ensure the judgment is effectively executed!"

After speaking all the assistance needed from her mind, confirming there were no omissions,

Erin concluded, "Master Lynn, these are roughly what's needed."

"There may be some issues in the future that I might still need your help with."

Lynn nodded and said, "No problem."

"I will quickly arrange for a new building to be constructed for the Territory Court, to handle cases on the territory."

"It will have more solemnity and authority, and can even deter the townsmen who wish to violate the Territorial Law."

"For the lack of personnel, you may select someone from within the territory, as long as they can do the job."

"For the lack of items, you can go to Steward Kuisi and have her provide them for you."

"As for law enforcement officers..."

At this point,

Lynn turned his gaze to Red behind him.

"Captain Red, select twenty guards from your Guard Team and assign them to Scholar Erin's Territory Court."

"From now on, they will be at her command."

"However, if there is any idleness or disobedience, I will hold you accountable!"

Red's face became serious and he said solemnly, "Yes, Master."

With the arrangements completed, Lynn turned his gaze back to Erin, "Then, I will issue a lord's decree."

"Even though the Territory Court has not yet started construction, from this moment, you are the acting judge!"

"To handle judicial judgment and maintain order and administrative management on my behalf on the territory."

Listening to Lynn's resounding words, Erin was immediately inspired.

She responded firmly, "Yes, Master Lynn."

Lynn nodded and let Erin depart to prepare for the Territory Court's affairs.

He walked toward the wharf by the Aladia River.

As he walked, Lynn was still pondering in his mind.

Drafting a Territorial Law is to regulate the future behavior of the townsmen on the territory.

Building a Territory Court is naturally to severely punish the townsmen who violate the territorial regulations.

Appointing Erin as the acting judge indeed involves decentralizing power, impacting his control over the entire territory.