

System 721

Chapter 721: [Daily Sign-In] Unlocked

But he had no choice but to do this.

Even though he now possesses skills that make his physical ability and qualities far exceed ordinary people.

However, one's energy is ultimately limited.

He cannot devote all his energy to the development of the territory.

Especially the trivial matters between townsmen.

Once or twice is fine, but if it's like this every day.

Then he wouldn't need to do anything else every day.

Moreover, Lynn understands.

This delegation of power is not the first time, nor will it be the last.

Just like before.

Establishing a foreman in each workshop.

The foreman manages all the workers in the workshop.

What he needs to do is to issue instructions to the foreman: what is needed, when it should be done, and what to do if it can't be completed.

That's enough.

Further delegation of power will continue.

In terms of military, if garrisons outside the territory are established later.

Then he naturally needs to hand over the management of these external garrisons to corresponding managers.

They will cultivate and plant on the land within the garrison.

They will organize soldiers in the garrison, conduct military training, and devise defense strategies against external threats.

Even in terms of soldier recruitment and management, the authority is unified under the managers.

Ensuring the formation of a combat-effective army.

Moreover, economically.

Once more townsmen have privatized land.

When they have excess agricultural products, they can enter the market district to sell and exchange.

At that time, the market regulatory authority also needs to be delegated to managers with relevant abilities.

Additionally, in the future, he has considered giving some craftsmen and industries certain operational autonomy.

Allowing them to set up shops and private workshops in the market district, engaging in production and trade activities.

Thus promoting economic development within the territory!

For the current territory, delegating certain powers brings only benefits, not drawbacks for him.

Because only in this way can his workload be reduced.

Furthermore, matters like court trials naturally require professionals with expertise to be responsible for handling.

The most crucial aspect.

Only in this way can management efficiency be greatly improved!

As Lynn pondered, he had already arrived at the fishing spot not far from the dock.

Perhaps due to frequent visits, forming a habit.

Or perhaps because of the abundant fish population in the Aladia River.

Lynn feels that each time he goes fishing, the haul seems to increase.

The guards found bait.

Lynn expertly attached it to the hook and cast it out.

With a splash, the bait fell into the river.

It sank continuously until stopped by the buoyancy of the cork float.

Lynn sat on a wooden chair, entering a quiet wait.

The flowing river made rhythmic and crisp sounds.

Water weeds by the riverbank swayed back and forth, left and right under the river's push...

On the river's surface, occasionally leaves or dried branches floated past.

Plus the breeze carrying faint scents of grass, soil, and a hint of fishy smell gently brushed Lynn's black hair and his embroidered robe.

This sensation made Lynn feel inexplicably comfortable.

In contrast to daily arrangements and management of townsmen for various labors.

This is what a lord should be doing!

Fishing, enjoying the breeze, riding a horse, observing scenery...

Soon.

He snapped back from such fantasies.

Though his territory was rapidly developing.

With farmland, labor, and armed soldiers.

Yet threats loomed both inside and outside the territory.

Beginning to enjoy life was still too early.

Territorial development remains a heavy task.

Under Lynn's gaze, the cork floating on the river surface suddenly submerged.

A significant force appeared in his hands.

Without hesitation, Lynn gripped the fishing rod tightly and lifted it up.

The sense of weight became increasingly pronounced and intense.

Lynn's eyebrows raised, "Big fish!"

Not only him.

Red and several guards who were waiting all widened their eyes, watching the fluctuating water.

And if their Master Lynn hadn't said anything.

They would have leaped into the water without hesitation to forcibly retrieve the river fish on the line.

Lynn stood up straight, left hand bracing the fishing rod's base, right hand gripping about fifty to sixty centimeters above the left hand.

Using his left hand as a base point, his right hand began to exert force.

Lynn could clearly feel the strong vibration in his hands.

Based on his fishing experience, the hooked river fish was at least a dozen pounds!

If he hadn't enhanced his physical fitness through skills.

A ten-pound river fish would have made him feel exerted.

But now.

Lynn leisurely circled the fish a few times, then lifted the big fish from the water onto the grassy wasteland by the riverbank.

Looking at the black carp that had left the water, furiously bending and jumping, Lynn couldn't help but smile.

This Black Carp weighed at least fifteen to sixteen pounds!

With Flint's crafted fishing rod and the line made from magic deer tendon.

If it were ordinary linen or cotton thread, the line would have snapped long ago!

Chapter 722: [Daily Sign-In] Unlocked

Red and the guards hurried over, their mouths full of surprised praise.

"Lord, isn't this carp too big?"

"Yes, yes, if you use it for soup, it would certainly be a great tonic!"

"Hey, it's quite strong, it can still jump..."

"Be careful, don't kill it, if it's dead it won't be fresh anymore!"

"..."

Watching the guards working together to finally subdue the Black Carp, Lynn couldn't help but shake his head.

A text panel appeared in Lynn's vision.

[Tip]: Obtained ordinary fish: Carp×1, Reward obtained: Skill Book: Planting Mastery

Looking at the prompt before him, Lynn's eyebrows raised.

Without hesitation, he learned it immediately.

Whether it's agricultural skills or combat skills, he fears none.

After all, having more skills doesn't burden someone.

He had a guard carry the Black Carp back to the castle ahead of time to give it to the kitchen chef for cooking.

Lynn cast his bait again and continued fishing.

All the way until dusk, before nightfall.

Lynn then put away his fishing rod and headed to town with Red and several guards.

The guards were carrying six river fishes weighing three to four pounds each!

Plus the Black Carp weighing fifteen to sixteen pounds that had been sent back earlier.

In an afternoon, he caught seven river fishes!

Acquiring a skill book while also obtaining sixty energy stones.

Lynn felt it was quite a good harvest!

Passing through the town, walking past rows of red brick houses, they arrived at the Lord's Square.

After a little while, Lynn watched as teams of townsmen returned one after another, heading to the cafeteria to prepare for their dinner.

He withdrew his gaze and walked towards the not-too-distant castle.

With several guards calling out respectfully, Lynn nodded and returned to the castle.

By now, the sky was growing darker.

Six or seven young maids were lighting tall oil lamps one by one.

Lamps filled with animal oil and resin began to burn, gradually emitting a warm yellow glow.

Peculiar-smelling gases were swirling above.

As the maids lit one lamp after another, the originally dim reception hall brightened up.

Once the maids finished lighting the lamps and saw Lynn.

They quickly bowed and greeted politely, then retreated.

Lynn responded, walked forward, and comfortably sat on the lord's throne padded with thick leather and linen cloth.

Then.

Kuisi emerged from a curved hallway.

She walked towards Lynn, arriving at the steps below the lord's throne.

"My lord, dinner is being prepared and will be a bit delayed."

"Do you need hot water prepared for a bath after dinner?"

Lynn glanced at Kuisi and responded, "Yes, prepare it."

The weather was getting better.

Daytime temperatures had already reached twenty-five or six degrees!

Moreover, he had been working all day, feeding pigs, building walls...

Fishing was slightly relaxing, but it also required a lot of physical effort.

Don't mention bathing every three days, even not bathing for a day would lead to a sour and pungent odor.

Even in early spring, he would go to the banks of the Aladia River and endure the cold to bathe.

Not to mention.

Now that life conditions have improved, with plenty of fuel and manpower.

One can't skimp on such things.

Furthermore, Lynn didn't want to suffer from various illnesses due to bathing issues.

Kuisi nodded and took her leave.

Watching Kuisi leave, Lynn still sat on the lord's throne, his gaze sweeping over the maids coming and going.

But he noticed.

Among these maids, none was Yaya in transformation disguise.

This half succubus-half human woman might have forgotten about her pact with him.

Completely blending into the ordinary people's daily tasks, perhaps?

He was still considering.

Training Yaya into an excellent spy.

In his mind, Yaya was the most suitable candidate!

She might even serve unexpected purposes.

Then.

Footsteps sounded from afar.

Lynn looked up to see a middle-aged man walking briskly through the reception hall towards him.

It was the foreman of the Stonemason Workshop, Avery.

Lynn stared straight at Avery and asked, "Foreman Avery, is there something you need my help with?"

Returning from the Weng City walls at the mountain forest pass to town would take quite some time, even on horseback.

Clearly, Avery had encountered a problem.

Avery bent over slightly and explained, "Lord, you misunderstand."

"The stonemason workshop construction is proceeding smoothly."

"The red brick houses leading to the forest have already been completed earlier."

"At most another three to five days, the outpost fortress near the woods will be in its final stages."

Lynn nodded without speaking.

It's worth noting.

Currently, Avery leads the stonemason workshop, which has eighteen hundred people!

Along with draft horse carts and pulley gear, to reduce construction difficulty.

With sufficient raw materials available.

The speed of paving roads and building fortresses is certainly significantly improved.

Avery continued, "I returned to town to inquire from you.

"Should we build some defenses near the outpost fortress?"

"For example, simple walls, trenches, chevaux-de-frise, and bristling stakes?"

Chapter 723: [Daily Sign-In] Unlocked

"With these defensive fortifications in place, they can prevent the enemy from launching a direct attack and to some extent, protect the soldiers within the outpost fortress."

Lynn nodded, looking directly at Avery, "Yes."

"Foreman Avery, just build according to your construction experience."

"Compared to the rocky wasteland on the left side outside the territory, the location of the outpost fortress near the forest is more important."

"We must ensure all defenses are in place!"

The fastest and most convenient route from Morgan Town to his territory is through the forest.

If an enemy army wanted to move from Morgan Town to his territory, the path through the forest would certainly be their first choice.

Hence, preparations are required in advance.

Lynn thought of something and asked, "Is the beacon tower in the fortress built?"

Avery didn't hesitate and explained, "Lord, it is already built!"

Lynn nodded, "Very good."

The primary reason for having Avery lead a large workforce to the forest's edge to build the outpost fortress is the alert function of the outpost fortress.

Also, he did not intend to station too many soldiers in the outpost fortress.

Forty heavy infantry, twenty archers.

Five soldiers were dispatched into the forest to set up camp.

They would utilize the complex environment of the forest to conceal themselves.

Before the enemy could enter the forest, they would detect the approaching enemy army.

Further equipped with one or two cavalry for intelligence transmission.

Thus.

Even when facing an enemy attack, they could detect, prepare for, and defend against the threat early, ready for war!

After instructing Avery, Lynn had him withdraw.

With the seasoned Avery and eighteen hundred workers.

Building some defensive structures would not take much time.

Lynn gave Avery a week to wrap up the forest outpost fortress and construct the surrounding fortifications.

Afterward, they needed to continue paving the road from the walls to the left-side outpost fortress red brick road.

And build another warning outpost fortress.

Later, Avery would still need to lead a workforce to build an outer Weng City.

Outpost fortress, outer Weng City, city walls, inner Weng City!

Four layers of protection!

As long as there were enough soldiers and large siege machines.

It could be described as impregnable.

After Avery's departure, Kuisi, who had been waiting sensibly, approached Lynn.

She reminded, "Master, dinner is ready."

Lynn got up from the lord's throne and responded, "Then let's start dining."

Kuisi responded quickly, turned around, and called for the maids to serve platters of food.

As the platters of food were laid on the table.

The most noticeable was the steamed Black Carp.

The black and pale yellow hues, the fish skin smooth and glistening with oil.

The layer of spices on the Black Carp, contrasting with its brown color, further enhanced its visual appeal.

Plus the rich aroma wafting through the air...

Even before eating, Lynn could already imagine the fresh and tender texture of the Black Carp.

Under Kuisi's service, a piece of Black Carp was placed on Lynn's plate.

Lynn did not hesitate, picking up a fork and started eating.

Just as he imagined.

The Black Carp's flesh was fresh and silky, delicate yet firm, savory with a hint of fragrance...

Lynn couldn't help but praise, "Who cooked this fish?"

"It tastes great!"

Hearing Lynn's praise, a smile appeared on Kuisi's face, and she replied.

"Master, I cooked the fish..."

Lynn nodded approvingly, "Your skills have improved."

"Stop working and sit down to eat with me."

"Such a big fish, it would be a waste not to finish it."

Kuisi and Red exchanged glances, said no more, and sat down beside Lynn.

A few minutes later.

Lynn finished dinner and went to the private room to soak in the bathtub comfortably.

After a skilled massage by Kuisi, he finally felt all the fatigue disappear from his body.

Wearing a thin silk robe, Lynn sat on the balcony's wooden chair, enjoying the evening breeze.

He observed the figures chatting and strolling in Lord's Square below.

Even though it was night.

The townsmen, lacking nighttime entertainment, did not choose to stay in the Red Brick House.

After observing for a while, Lynn rose from the wooden chair, returned to the bedroom, and comfortably fell asleep.

...

Under the night sky.

On the other side.

A dozen or so carriages, under the illumination of guards on horseback carrying torches, were traveling on the gravel road.

The friction sound of the rolling wheels, the hooves and neighing of the horses, and the wind blowing against the torches...

All combined into a symphony for the convoy.

At the forefront of the convoy, Boer looked back at the carriage team.

Both the guards and the drivers showed signs of fatigue on their faces.

After trading for fine salt from Master Lynn's territory, he took the carriage convoy to Kakasong City without rest.

The goal was to offload the fine salt at once.

Due to the recent surge in prices, there's no guarantee on what might happen after prices climb.

Only by holding real money is one truly secure.

Moreover.

He also needed a lot of funds to purchase more grain for Master Lynn!

As a result.

This carriage convoy has nearly gone a week without proper rest.

Of course.

At night, it was necessary to set up camp for short rests.

Otherwise, even if the people could endure.

The draft horses pulling several tons of grain could not!

This evening, no camp was set up because they were about to return to Morgan Town.

They could rest well upon reaching Morgan Town.

After all, in the wilderness, who knows what dangers might lurk!

All his previous experiences were fresh in his mind!

The Iron Blood Brotherhood Bandit Corps was one thing.

But what struck him the most was the mysterious shadow that entered his body!

This world proved far more dangerous than he imagined.

Boer took a deep breath and shouted to the others, "Everyone! Keep it up!"

"In another hour or two at most, we'll be back in Morgan Town."

"Once we reach Morgan Town, we can have a good rest."

"Then, I'll settle the wages for the last shipment with you all!"

Upon hearing Boer's words.

The faces that were filled with exhaustion suddenly shone with light.

Seeing the increased speed of the carriages and the growing chatter.

Boer smiled.

Truly.

Money is the best motivation!

Chapter 724: This Is Robbery

Under the illumination of the torchlight, during the carriage journey.

A group of dozens in the carriage finally saw the outline of Morgan Town from afar.

Even though it was nighttime, the silhouette of the town's outer fencing and the burning flame towers could still be seen through the twilight.

Boer felt a slight relief in his heart.

Despite the weariness of the journey, thankfully they encountered no accidents or dangers.

Just need to return to the merchant guild's hall in the town and have a good rest for the night.

Early tomorrow morning, they can transport this grain to Master Lynn's estate for exchange transactions.

After a brief walk with the horses, Boer led the carriages to the fencing outside the town.

Upon seeing the fence blocking the town's entrance, Boer couldn't help but frown.

Morgan Town, situated in a remote area.

As long as it wasn't facing brigand attacks, Morgan Town, protected by several manors, would never use fences to block roads.

Before Boer could dismount, a shout echoed near the bonfire within the fenced area.

"Who goes there?"

As the voice faded, a figure wielding a Scimitar and wearing a felt hat approached.

Seeing this, Boer hurriedly dismounted with a cheerful expression and said.

"Dear soldier lord, I am the president of Morgan Town's Merchant Guild, Boer Hansen."

"Just returned from buying some goods in Kakasong City, could you kindly let us pass?"

Watching the middle-aged man examine him with a frown, Boer's smile did not wane.

In his speech.

Boer stepped forward and pulled out a handful of pence from his pocket, handing them over.

Even if the middle-aged man did not disclose their identity or why it was needed to use the fence, Boer could still guess.

Besides Frank Manor, there naturally would be no one else.

The middle-aged man took it without hesitation.

With a glance, there were at least thirty pence, and he couldn't help but smile.

"Ah, it's Mr. Boer. Please come in quickly."

"We had little choice but to follow Joao's directives."

"He said that to better protect the townsmen and assets of Morgan Town, the town must be blocked off every night."

The middle-aged man's gaze shifted, and he shouted to several men sitting around the bonfire not far away.

"You lot, still dawdling here? Come quickly and help Mr. Boer lift the fence!"

Only then did the three or four men stride forward.

Boer smiled and said, "So that's how it is."

"Indeed, Joao is more concerned about the safety of the town's residents!"

The middle-aged man stood in place, watching the others begin to hustle.

Without a trace, his right hand pocketed the pence.

The pence Boer gave could at least equate to his ten-day to half-month wages.

Naturally, it couldn't be seen by those lazy fellows.

With several people lifting the fence aside, Boer gratefully said, "Thanks to all of you, I'll be heading back now."

The middle-aged man nodded in response.

Upon receiving the instruction, Boer stopped speaking further, mounted his horse, and led the carriage convoy toward the Merchant Guild.

As the convoy crossed the fence and traveled on the cobblestone road of the town.

At the forefront, the polite smile on Boer's face slowly faded away.

His brow unconsciously furrowed.

Upon Joao's instruction, the exits of Morgan Town were fenced off at night.

Claiming to be for the protection of the townsmen's lives and property of Morgan Town.

To put it bluntly.

It's merely out of fear that the townsmen might escape Morgan Town under the cover of darkness?

Such things never happened when Morgan Town had five manor lords.

Boer was well aware.

Currently, it only appears to restrict the townsmen's outings.

As things develop, Morgan Town, exclusively controlled by Frank Manor, will soon be seen by them as prey!

Any unlawful action Frank Manor wants to take against Morgan Town's townsmen will be irresistible to them.

High tax levies, resource monopoly, arbitrary justice, freedom restrictions, even personal encroachment...

This is the terror of monopoly.

A disturbing thought surfaced in Boer's mind.

At present, there aren't many merchants in Morgan Town.

Plus, local goods are mostly traded by agricultural products.

He, dealing in grain and fine salt exchange with Lynn.

He can be said to be the biggest merchant in Morgan Town!

If Frank Manor seeks high taxation, the biggest victim would be him!

But soon.

Boer's face wore a bitter and helpless expression.

Even knowing he's likely to face high taxation from Frank Manor.

He is powerless to change it.

His family is in Morgan Town, his business is in Morgan Town.

Even his survival relies on the territory of Master Lynn, which lies within Morgan Town.

He's just a mere merchant.

Can only take one step at a time...

As Boer pondered in his mind, the carriage convoy returned to the walled warehouse behind the Merchant Guild.

When the heavy door closed and got secured with a latch and a wooden beam.

The tension in Boer's heart slightly relaxed.

At least in this Merchant Guild building, he was considered safe.

Boer gazed at the guards and coachmen, calling out, "Feed the horses, let them down for a rest."

"After that, come find me to receive your salary, tonight have a good rest again."

"Tomorrow morning we depart!"

Upon receiving Boer's confirmation, everyone's faces lit up with joy once more.

"Alright, Master Boer."

Chapter 725: This Is Robbery

The people began to busy themselves.

Checking the carriage body for cracks or deformations, the wheels for breakage or looseness, the suspension and towing apparatus for wear and tear.

Cleaning the grime and dust off the horses, inspecting their bodies and hooves, and feeding and watering them.

Until all tasks were completed, Boer settled their wages.

The Merchant Guild finally quieted down.

Lying on the large bed upstairs, Boer stared at the dim ceiling, still feeling worried.

But eventually, he couldn't resist the fatigue and sleepiness.

Gradually, he drifted off to sleep.

The next morning.

Boer and the group of guards got up early.

After casually eating breakfast, they began preparing for the departure in the warehouse courtyard.

Upon seeing Boer step into the courtyard, those who received their pay last night looked at him with admiration.

One shout after another erupted from their mouths.

"Good morning, Master."

"Master Boer."

"Master..."

Boer nodded one by one in response.

Approaching Guard Captain Yale Vasquez, he inquired, "Are you ready?"

Yale hurriedly nodded in response, "Ready, Master Boer."

"Ten carriages, each fully loaded with five thousand pounds of barley."

"And during transportation, our daily necessities of food, water, and horse feed."

Boer walked towards the horse he rode.

Mounting it, he looked back.

The guards and drivers knowingly mounted their respective horses and carriages.

After two warehouse staff opened the warehouse doors, Boer shouted to everyone, "Departure!"

Boer spurred his horse, which neighed loudly, and stepped towards the warehouse exit.

The others quickly urged their horses and carriages to follow.

Perhaps because it was still early.

At six or seven in Morgan Town, there were not many people around.

Only scattered townsmen hurried by.

Or town residents opening wooden doors and dumping overnight waste onto the streets...

Each time he saw such a sight, Boer couldn't help but frown.

Compared to Master Lynn's town, Morgan Town's living conditions were truly poor.

Sewage flowed everywhere, and stench filled the air.

Having visited Master Lynn's territory so many times.

Apart from the fertilizer in the fields, he never smelled the stench of excrement!

The town's streets were well-organized, and each building was neatly arranged.

If one day.

One could live in Master Lynn's territory and own a red brick house for their own family, that would be wonderful.

While Boer was lost in thought.

The voice of Guard Captain Yale rang beside him.

"Master Boer."

Boer snapped back to reality and glanced at Yale.

He found Yale staring solemnly ahead.

Boer looked over in confusion.

At the exit leading out of town towards Master Lynn's territory, a group of chain armor soldiers was guarding.

At the exit.

In front of them, dozens of townsmen trying to leave were blocked by the soldiers.

Boer frowned.

Just as he had suspected.

As long as Frank Manor wanted, they could tightly control the entire Morgan Town.

Voices of dissatisfaction erupted ahead.

"What are you doing? I'm a Free Person employed by Frank Manor, let me out, I need to work in the fields."

"Me too..."

"..."

Boer said nothing, quietly observing.

He noticed that only the Free People employed by Frank Manor were allowed out by the soldiers.

The rest were blocked from going out!

It's evident.

Frank Manor treats the entire town as their cage to confine Free People!

Yale beside Boer asked, "Master Boer, what should we do?"

Boer leapt off his horse and walked towards the dozen soldiers of Frank Manor.

His previously stern face quickly shifted into a sincere smile.

"Gentlemen, what's the situation here? Has another Bandit Corps appeared outside Morgan Town?"

"Let me introduce myself, I'm Boer Hansen, the head of the town's Merchant Guild."

Upon hearing Boer's words, a short-haired man in chain armor slowly turned around.

He eyed Boer up and down, speaking in a deep voice.

"Boer Hansen... I've heard of your name."

"Previously, you traded with Lady Janet and purchased a significant amount of barley!"

The smile on Boer's face grew more pronounced, "That's great."

"Sir, I've always been a local traveling merchant in Morgan Town, and now I'm preparing to go out for trade."

"Could you and the gentlemen let us through?"

While speaking.

Boer stepped forward, coming alongside the short-haired man.

In one swift motion, he discreetly slipped a touch of gold into the man's hand.

Feeling the smoothness and the pattern outline in his hand, the short-haired man showed a surprised expression.

He raised his arm, displaying the Gold Pounds Boer had just placed in his hand to everyone around.

"Merchants are so generous! Just one Gold Pound at a time!"

"Gentlemen, how long must we work to earn one Gold Pound of wages?"

With those words.

The soldiers who originally showed indifference towards Boer.

Now looked envious, turning to resentment.

Sensing the atmosphere, rapidly turning chilly.

Chapter 726: This Is Robbery

Boer felt a growing tension within his heart.

He sensed something was amiss.

If it were just ordinary surveillance.

As long as he offered some money, the guards or soldiers watching the road would surely let them pass immediately.

After all, guarding the entrance is merely part of their routine work.

They would never bother to make life difficult for merchants with legal and compliant status.

Instead, they'd prefer to look the other way and pocket the benefits.

However, the scene before him...

Boer looked directly at the middle-aged man, full of inquiries, and asked, "Sir, what do you mean by this?"

"I am from Morgan Town and a registered merchant with the Merchant Guild."

"Furthermore, I have lawfully paid the passage tax according to Morgan Town's regulations."

"On what grounds do you refuse to allow my smooth passage?"

Listening to Boer's calm and clear words, the guards behind him stepped forward, their faces serious.

They wore weapons on their bodies.

Yet, without Boer's directive or the Guard Captain's orders,

they did not make any reckless moves.

For should any error occur, they would face direct confrontation with swords.

Seeing Boer's guards surround him, the short-haired man showed no anxiety. Instead, he grinned.

"Mr. Boer, no need to be tense."

"I, Vergil, am just following orders."

"Lord Joao has declared that from today, any merchant wishing to pass through Morgan Town must repay the passage tax, trade tax, and property tax!"

Hearing Vergil announce the three taxes nearly word by word,

Boer's eyes widened instantly.

He couldn't believe it and exclaimed, "Trade tax and property tax?"

"Are you joking?"

"My goods have returned from Kakasong City, entering Morgan Town's warehouse."

"The Frank Manor's charge for passage tax can be accepted."

"But I'm not selling in Morgan Town, so why should they charge a trade tax?"

"As for the property tax... this is utterly unreasonable!"

Boer's voice was firm and resolute, with words of conviction.

Many townsmen who wished to pass and were stopped heard him clearly.

They couldn't help but agree.

"Yeah, this is too outrageous, isn't it?"

"Morgan Town has never had such a rule!"

"Does Frank Manor see us as pigs in a pen?"

"Let us out!"

"..."

Feeling the atmosphere growing increasingly intense, with names of townsmen congregating,

Boer discreetly shifted, positioning the townsmen in front of him.

However,

the next second,

sching~

sching~

The continuous sound of unsheathing swords and knives echoed through the crowd.

The sounds were clear, instantly silencing the townsmen who had been yelling.

They stared at the soldiers' silver-white blades, daring not to utter another word.

Boer's brows furrowed deeper.

It is undeniable that Morgan Town is exclusively controlled by Frank Manor now.

His intention in saying those words was merely to stir up the townsmen's emotions to pressure the soldiers.

But he did not expect.

For these soldiers to draw their weapons among them.

At this moment, the sound of galloping hooves emerged from outside the town, coming closer.

Sand and dust rolled as riders approached, with the frontmost tall and burly figure sharply tugging the reins.

Amidst the urgent neighing of warhorses, the horse's fore-hooves rose high.

As they lowered again, the galloping horse finally stopped.

Seeing the figure, Boer's heart grew heavy.

It was Joao Frank from Frank Manor!

Joao remained mounted on his horse, scanning the townsmen and Boer's carriage convoy with his gaze.

The gaze ultimately settled on the short-haired man.

In a deep voice, he asked, "Vergil, what's happening?"

Upon hearing Joao call his name, Vergil promptly sheathed his longsword, stepped forward, and approached.

Vergil replied respectfully, "Lord Joao, these townsmen wanted to cause a stir to leave Morgan Town, but I stopped them."

"Also, there's Boer's convoy of carts wanting to leave the town to conduct business."

"But after I informed him of the need to pay passage tax, trade tax, and property tax, he fiercely refused."

Joao's icy gaze swept from Vergil to the townsmen, landing directly on Boer.

He nudged his horse's belly, and the pain prompted the horse to step toward the still-closed barrier.

Vergil saw this and hurriedly summoned several soldiers to lift the barrier for Joao.

Even though the barrier's gate was now open,

when Joao arrived, none of the previously yelling townsmen dared to cross.

They didn't even utter a sound.

They quickly made way, avoiding any direct confrontation with Joao.

Only the sound of panting horses and hooves striking the cobblestones remained.

They were merely ordinary Free People of Morgan Town.

But it didn't affect their understanding of why Frank Manor was the only one left in Morgan Town.

What frightened them the most was the rumor.

It is said that Joao Frank, with his formidable strength, led a team of manor soldiers to hold back the soldiers of the Three Great Estates trying to invade Frank Manor Castle at the gates.

Chapter 727: This Is Robbery

The slain soldiers were piled into small mounds!

The horse under Joao's saddle walked to Boer's side.

He looked down at Boer with curiosity in his voice, asking, "Mr. Boer... are you unwilling to pay the three major taxes?"

Upon hearing this, Boer showed a smile and explained, "Your Excellency Joao, it's a misunderstanding."

"It's not that I am unwilling to pay the three major taxes; I just want to understand them clearly."

"As you know, doing business in these times isn't easy."

"Say no more, just transporting goods back and forth takes days..."

Joao interrupted Boer's words directly, saying in a low voice, "That has nothing to do with me."

Boer's words came to a halt.

Feeling the cold aura emanating from Joao, he wanted to say something more.

But Boer found himself unsure of how to begin.

Joao's deep voice rang out again, "Mr. Boer, let me put it this way."

"From now on, any merchant coming to Morgan Town, whether passing through or trading, must pay the three major taxes."

"Transit tax, 10% of the value of the goods!"

"Transaction tax commission, 5% of the value of the goods!"

"Property tax, a one-time payment of 10% of the merchant's property valuation!"

Hearing Joao's precise figures for the taxes, Boer's eyelids twitched.

Such high taxes are nearly three to four times those of Kakasong City!

Even Kakasong City has never levied a property tax!

This is not taxation.

This is robbery!

Although Boer's chest heaved quickly, his breath became rapid.

But he did not react at all.

Boer knew well that to lash out in anger would be courting death!

Seeing Boer's flushed face yet no response, Joao was somewhat surprised.

He asked, "Mr. Boer, do you have any objections to the tax rate?"

Boer took a deep breath, quickly exhaled, and then raised his head, smiling, "Your Excellency Joao, Boer has no objections."

"As a merchant, the most important thing is harmony to generate wealth."

"As Your Excellency Joao says, so will Boer do!"

Seeing Boer's expression, Joao smiled satisfactorily, "That's for the best then!"

"If everyone were as understanding as Mr. Boer."

"Our Frank Manor would find it easier to manage this town."

Boer smiled and had no rebuttal.

Joao's gaze shifted to Vergil, "Calculate how much tax Mr. Boer needs to pay this time."

"Once he's paid, let him pass immediately, don't hinder Mr. Boer's transactions."

Vergil responded loudly, "Yes, Your Excellency Joao!"

Amidst the sound of hooves, under the gaze of Boer and the guards.

Joao and his team of soldiers spurred their horses into the town.

They moved so fast that the townspeople dropped their belongings in fright, falling to the ground with cries.

But they dared not curse and could only admit defeat honestly.

Half an hour later.

Boer, having finished paying the three major taxes, led his convoy of carts out of Morgan Town.

Traveling on the gravel road outside the town, heading towards Lynn Territory in the distance.

After traveling a mile or two, the Guard Captain Yale sped up his horse to Boer's side.

Yale looked back to ensure no outsiders could hear, and then asked worriedly.

"Master Boer, what should we do now?"

"Frank Manor is clearly plundering and pillaging the merchants in Morgan!"

Boer's face was full of gloom with no words.

He thought about it yesterday.

Frank Manor might do something even more severe.

He didn't expect it to start today.

The three major taxes just paid...

His cart had fifty thousand pounds of barley!

Converted at a market rate of two pounds per pence, that's one hundred and four gold pounds.

This time's transit tax cost a little over ten gold pounds.

Plus the 5% transaction tax, that's five gold pounds.

That too can be considered.

The most critical aspect is the requirement to pay a 10% property tax on total assets!

Based on his ownership of the three-story building of Morgan Town's Merchant Guild.

The property tax amounted to two hundred gold pounds!

Simply put.

From the time he left with his cart convoy from the Merchant Guild to the town's exit in less than an hour.

He spent two hundred and fifteen gold pounds!

Although, the property tax is a one-time annual payment.

But every entry and exit from Morgan Town requires paying such exorbitant taxes.

Who can bear it?

He naturally knew, as Guard Captain Yale said.

This is plundering, also looting.

Moreover, Frank Manor is extracting value from Morgan Town!

Boer exhaled a warm breath and consoled, "Captain Yale, do you have any way to deal with this?"

The previously enraged Yale, upon hearing this, showed an embarrassed look.

He scratched his head somewhat at a loss, saying, "Master Boer, I'm just a rough person."

"Handling weapons, I'm fine with that."

"You ask me to think of a way... I truly don't know what to do."

Boer nodded and continued to ask, "Then if I ask you to lead people to intercept and kill Joao, do you have confidence?"

Yale's eyes widened instantly, unsure how to respond.

But seeing Boer's direct and expectant gaze, Yale awkwardly said, "Master Boer, we might not be a match for Joao Frank..."

Chapter 728: This Is a Robbery _5

"His power is too strong..."

Boer did not get angry, but instead said, "In this case, there's no other way."

"Since there's no way to resist, we'll just have to silently endure."

Yale fell silent.

He knew that Master Boer's emotions seemed calm.

But the pressure he faced was far greater than theirs.

Taxes need to be paid, salaries need to be issued, and there are many workers waiting for him in the Merchant Guild warehouse to feed...

All the pressure would fall on Boer.

Suddenly, Yale thought of something.

He turned back and looked at the carriage team behind him, still traveling steadily.

Yale asked Boer, "Master Boer."

"Since Master Lynn's territory has a strong armed force."

"Why not ask him for help?"

"Just like annihilating the Three Great Estates, obliterate the Frank Manor together?"

"In this way, Master Lynn can control all of Morgan Town."

"He can both own a large piece of land and gain plenty of labor force..."

Saying this, Yale's tone was full of anticipation.

"The most crucial thing is, by doing so, with the relationship between you and Master Lynn, you wouldn't need to pay any taxes!"

Boer turned his head to look at him, responding indifferently.

"Guard Captain Yale, your task is to protect the goods and personnel in the carriage team from enemy harm."

"As for other matters... it's not for you to worry about."

Upon hearing this, Yale was shocked.

He realized that what he had just said had already gone beyond the identity of a Guard Captain.

Yale responded apologetically, "Sorry, Master Boer, I spoke too much."

Boer acknowledged with no blame, instructing, "Inform the team to increase the travel speed."

"Try to reach Master Lynn's territory as quickly as possible."

Yale quickly answered, "Yes."

With those words, he pulled the reins in his hand and quickly ran towards the carriage team behind.

"Increase speed, increase speed!"

As the coachmen waved their reins, the draft horses began to quicken their pace.

The speed of the carriage team gradually increased.

...

In the archery training ground outside the town.

After several hours of gaining [Hunting] experience, Lynn sat on the long bench in the corner.

His gaze was fixed ahead.

There.

Children over ten years old were beginning to learn archery, longsword, shield, and iron spear under Tate's guidance.

Having been deprived of food and nutrients since childhood, their bodies were relatively thin and weak.

However.

They managed to lift these iron weapons and have simple swings.

As for the potential danger of swinging weapons...

Lynn couldn't care less.

This world is no peaceful era!

If they want to survive, or to live better, they must make themselves stronger.

Learn swordsmanship, learn archery, or even learn riding skills, and so on.

No matter which they learn, it will be useful in the future, just like the children of noble lords.

As for injuries during learning, they can be taken to the hospital for treatment.

If treatment is not possible, then they wait for death, and finally are buried in the cemetery behind the hospital.

Lynn believes they are provided with a good living environment.

He has already given enough for them.

As Lynn watched these children, scholar Tate approached him.

Tate bowed slightly, speaking respectfully, "Lord."

Awakening Lynn looked at Tate, asking, "Scholar Tate, is there anything you need?"

Tate's face showed some difficulty, "Lord, to be honest."

"I am just a scholar."

"Teaching children literacy and writing is no problem."

"But the archery, swordsmanship, and physical training..."

Upon hearing this.

Lynn already understood.

He nodded to Tate and said, "Scholar Tate, I've thought about this before."

"I will do my best to find suitable candidates to teach these children other martial or survival skills."

Apart from teaching writing and literacy.

Of course, they also need to be taught the [Seven Skills of the Knight] to achieve comprehensive development!

The most suitable candidates are trained [knights].

However, there are only limited [knights] in his territory.

Only Wesley is present.

He doesn't expect these children to become extraordinary.

He only needs them to be able to follow his orders, ensuring their safety in the process.

And manage various industries in the future.

That's enough.

Upon receiving Lynn's affirmation, Tate's face relaxed slightly, relieved, saying, "That would be great, Lord."

Lynn acknowledged, then asked, "How many children are in the school now?"

Tate raised his brows, recalling for a few seconds before explaining, "Lord, nearly seven hundred!"

"Among them, over four hundred boys over ten years old and over one hundred below ten."

"The rest are girls."

Lynn nodded.

He didn't care much about boys and girls.

As long as they have enough ability, whether men or women, they can manage the territory for him.

Then.

Lynn further inquired with Tate about the current progress of teaching in the school.

After several months of teaching.

Chapter 729: This Is Robbery

Many children with strong learning abilities have already mastered simple writing and reading.

These children's understanding of written symbols naturally cannot be like Lynn's when he was young.

Even at the age of four or five, they already began learning.

And everything around them is presented in words, appearing before their eyes.

Even if they don't know, they will absorb it through exposure.

However, even if their learning ability is slower.

By the time they reach adulthood, they will certainly be able to read and write.

Until then.

His domain will have a large population with a basic knowledge of texts.

He can assign them to various needed positions.

For example, teachers to educate the townsmen.

For example, doctors or pharmacists to record medicinal properties, patient symptoms, and treatment methods.

For example, clerks needed for court documentation.

For example, chroniclers responsible for recording major events in the domain...

As the domain continues to develop and technology advances.

The demand for people with basic knowledge and abilities will increasingly grow.

To vigorously develop education in a world where it is extremely scarce or even nonexistent.

This is originally an extremely difficult task that requires a long time.

It can only be done gradually!

After a brief conversation, Tate was sent away.

Lynn's gaze shifted, looking not far away.

There.

Alone in the corner, Sienna stood.

Her unwavering gaze collided with his.

Before his conversation with Tate, he already felt an unusual sensation in his heart.

It turns out that Sienna was staring at him.

Lynn remained seated, about to call Sienna over.

However.

Before he could open his mouth, Sienna was already making small steps toward him.

Lynn raised an eyebrow, watching Sienna gradually approach.

He glanced up and down at Sienna.

Compared to the first time he saw Sienna, her condition now is clearly much better.

The pale face now has a flush of redness from healthy blood.

Her body and arms have become much stronger.

Although she's no match for many boys, she at least possesses the build a normal child should have.

Arriving before Lynn, Sienna was the first to speak: "Master Lynn."

Along with her words, Sienna bowed slightly to Lynn.

Lynn smiled slightly, asking: "Did your aunt teach you this?"

Sienna's lips curled slightly, revealing a smile that didn't look like a smile.

She explained: "My Aunt Mara taught me."

"She said, when you see Master Lynn, you must show respect."

Lynn nodded in approval: "Very good."

Just as he was about to speak, Lynn's eyes suddenly brightened, a curious thought emerging in his mind.

Lynn asked Sienna: "Sienna, Master Lynn wants to ask you something."

"You previously told me you could understand the meaning of the chirping of birds and beasts flying by, right?"

Sienna nodded somewhat woodenly.

Lynn became interested, continued to ask: "Then can you communicate with them?"

"For example, through a conversation, let a cuckoo fly dozens of miles away to deliver a message?"

With those words.

Lynn looked at Sienna full of anticipation.

As a witch, Sienna possesses the ability to [Hearing All Things].

Understanding the language of birds and beasts is quite ordinary.

If Sienna could also guide the birds and beasts.

It would be entirely possible to employ her as a trainer.

To train the breeding forest pigs, and later pigeons and wild wolves!

Or even.

Skip the training process, let Sienna gather enough wild birds and beasts and command them directly.

Sienna seemed to be comprehending the meaning of his words.

After a few seconds.

She shook her head, "Sorry, Master Lynn, I can't do that."

"Their voices suddenly enter my ears..."

Listening to Sienna's explanation, Lynn nodded understandingly.

Though Sienna is a witch, she is still too young now.

She is basically unable to control the abilities she possesses.

Her ability to hear the voices of birds and beasts is also an uncontrolled coincidence.

However, Lynn thought of something.

He could completely replicate Sienna's [Talent] and [Skills].

To obtain the skill of [Hearing All Things], to train various wild birds and beasts.

But soon.

Lynn discarded that thought.

From Sienna's attribute panel, he could feel the strength of the witch's abilities!

[Talent]: Dark Energy Absorption — Actively absorb dark energy from places filled with negative emotions, death breaths, and shadowy environments around

[Skills]: Merging into Shadow — Easily hide in darkness, becoming a part of it

Hearing All Things — Can hear the voices of all things

Shadow Mist — Create a thick mist like a dark abyss

...

If such abilities could be utilized, they would be enough to change the outcome of a war!

But Lynn's worry is.

After replicating Sienna's [Talent][Skills] and becoming a wizard, the consequences that would follow.

According to his memories.

Wizards often face or have to pay a physical and mental price.

After casting powerful magic, excessive consumption of their own magic power leads to magic power depletion, thereby harming the body and shortening lifespan.

As well as the huge psychological pressure after becoming a wizard.

Even excessive addiction to and reliance on dark magic power, leading to mental corruption, ultimately losing all sanity!

This would negate any gains for him.

Warhorse, forest pigs, wild wolves, even pigeons.

He can search for suitable trainers gradually, before conducting training.

But once he becomes a wizard, he will face consequences he can't control.

Rather than this.

He would rather give up possessing the extraordinary abilities of a witch.

While Lynn was weighing the pros and cons, the sound of hurried footsteps approached from afar.

Lynn and Sienna both looked up, as a guard came towards him.

The guard stood before Lynn, reporting: "Master, the Boer Merchant has arrived at your domain, currently waiting at the Lord's Square."

"He said he has important matters to discuss with you face-to-face."

Lynn asked: "Did he mention what about?"

The guard recalled for two seconds, shaking his head: "He didn't say anything."

Lynn acknowledged, retracting his gaze.

He reached out to stroke Sienna's head, then stood up from the wooden chair, stepping out of the training field.

Red and several guards followed behind him.

Beside the long bench.

Only Sienna remained standing in the distance, watching Lynn and the others gradually move away.

Chapter 730: I've Decided to Start a War

Leaving the archery training ground, Lynn walked with Red on the lime road back to the town.

In the fields on either side, farmers who were weeding glanced at Lynn, giving him a respectful gaze.

They couldn't help but bow slightly.

Lynn nodded slightly in response.

A few minutes later.

Lynn arrived at Lord's Square.

Looking out over the square.

He saw ten carriages and dozens of horses stopped there.

In front of the carriages, George and Boer were standing.

They had smiles on their faces, seemingly having a pleasant conversation.

Lynn walked briskly toward the two.

George, always alert, immediately spotted Lynn and stepped forward to greet him.

Standing before Lynn, George bowed slightly, "Master, Mr. Boer has arrived."

Lynn nodded slightly.

Boer also stepped forward a few paces and respectfully addressed Lynn, "Master Lynn, I apologize for troubling you to personally host me."

Lynn smiled and said, "Mr. Boer, you're too kind. We're partners, after all."

"If there's anything you need my help with, please feel free to let me know."

Boer hesitated for a moment and finally sighed before explaining.

"Master Lynn, the main issue is that this matter is beyond my abilities."

"Otherwise, no matter the cost, I wouldn't trouble you, Master Lynn."

Lynn nodded, waiting for Boer to continue.

"As you saw, Master Lynn, these carriages are loaded with all the grain purchased from Kakasong City, a total of fifty thousand pounds."

"You know, Master Lynn, that even with swift horses, it takes at least two days to get from your territory to Kakasong City."

"For slow-traveling carriages like ours, it takes at least four or five days."

"And that's traveling day and night!"

"So, right after exchanging the fine salt with you, I transported it to Kakasong City for sale."

"I had early contacts with a grain merchant and bought fifty thousand pounds of barley, then immediately returned to Morgan Town for a brief rest."

"I was preparing to transport this barley to your territory."

"However, on this departure from Morgan Town, I encountered a problem, Master Lynn."

At this point.

Boer's tone slightly shifted.

"I was robbed by Frank Manor."

"They imposed three major taxes on me: passage tax, trade tax, and even property tax!"

"The taxes I paid this time amounted to as high as two hundred and fifteen Gold Pounds!"

Lynn was somewhat surprised, "That much?"

Boer nodded, "Yes, Master Lynn."

"Frank Manor doesn't know exactly how much property I have right now."

"Otherwise, the taxes levied would have been even more!"

In the past year, he had transacted many times with Master Lynn before him.

The profits earned were also substantial.

But that didn't mean he wasn't pained by the Gold Pounds taken as taxes.

Those were earned by traveling day and night, even risking his life.

Boer continued, "Frank Manor not only started taxing merchants, but the rate is two to three times higher than elsewhere."

"Most outrageously, they forcibly levy taxes by virtue of having armed forces!"

"Even the Free People in the town who haven't signed labor contracts with them are strictly prohibited from leaving Morgan Town!"

Hearing this.

Lynn frowned slightly.

But he wasn't too surprised.

Now in Morgan Town, with the balance among several Manor Lords gone, Frank Manor dominated.

Of course, Frank Manor could do whatever it pleased.

The Free People in the town, despite having plenty of complaints and anger.

But as ordinary people, what can they do?

Even if they wanted to resist, they'd be immediately suppressed by the soldiers of Frank Manor.

Lynn looked directly at Boer and asked, "Mr. Boer, what do you want me to do?"

Feeling Lynn's gaze, Boer's heart was full of conflict.

"Master Lynn, you've misunderstood."

"The reason I wanted to discuss this face-to-face with you is to give you a heads-up."

"Frank Manor is vigorously extorting money, indifferent to the merchants' survival."

"Surely, they plan to do something unusual."

In the end.

Boer didn't tell Lynn the words Yale had told him.

Requesting Master Lynn to deploy troops to overthrow Frank Manor, thereby solving his issues of transporting goods and being taxed heavily?

How could it be that simple?

War is not as easy as a few words!

Once war breaks out between two Lords, it is destined to bring death.

Confrontation with weapons, even rivers of blood!

If Master Lynn could achieve victory in this war, then so be it.

This would eliminate Frank Manor, taking control of all the land and labor of Morgan Town.

And controlling the trading routes and taxing authority of Morgan Town.

But if he failed?

What consequences would his suggestion bring to Master Lynn?

Boer dared not imagine.

Lynn nodded, "Thank you for the warning, Mr. Boer. I will arrange for precautions."

Receiving a response from Master Lynn, Boer bowed in acknowledgement.

Fifty thousand pounds of barley, at the current market price of two pounds per penny, amounts to only twenty-five thousand pence.

According to Boer's needs for fine salt, it could only be exchanged for five thousand pounds.

That only fills one of his carriages.

However.

Boer took out nine hundred and thirty-eight Gold Pounds to purchase forty-five thousand pounds of Lynn's fine salt.