

System 801

Chapter 801: Let Me Give You a Massage

After at most two or three cycles of breeding, the meat production within the territory can significantly increase.

As for iron blocks and the like...

With his three open-pit mines, he no longer needs to worry about a shortage of metals.

Therefore!

Now, he has enough confidence to deal with the merchants on equal terms.

Let's not talk about the price for now.

At least in terms of attitude in trade.

Lynn must ensure they maintain the respect and reverence due to a lord.

Otherwise.

He wouldn't hesitate to drive all those who come to his territory away!

Seeing that Master Lynn did not seem inclined to blame him.

Hunter exhaled a warm breath and smiled while speaking to Lynn.

"Master Lynn, this time, I am also delivering a batch of grain to you! A total of fifty thousand pounds of barley!"

Lynn nodded and responded.

"Alright, Mr. Hunter."

"I can have George exchange it all for the Lexus Gin you need."

Hunter lowered his head in response, "Besides the Lexus Gin, I also need to purchase some beer from you, Master Lynn."

As soon as the words were spoken.

Hunter's words suddenly took a turn, and he continued speaking.

"I almost forgot to tell you, Master Lynn, besides this batch of grain, I've also brought you a batch of pigeons!"

Lynn's eyebrows raised involuntarily, and he was somewhat surprised: "Pigeons?"

He clearly remembered.

The matter of the pigeons, he had only mentioned it to Boer.

How did Hunter know that he needed pigeons now?

Seemingly aware of Lynn's confusion, Hunter quickly explained.

"Master Lynn, there was a cross-regional merchant who brought this batch of pigeons to Fisherman's Wharf."

"Coincidentally, last time you mentioned to me about building an intelligence gathering center in my tavern."

"So I thought, since intelligence needs to be gathered, it naturally needs to be transmitted as well."

"I spent a large sum to purchase them."

Listening to Hunter's explanation, Lynn nodded.

It sounded somewhat coincidental but indeed reasonable.

Lynn spoke to Hunter inquiringly: "Mr. Hunter, how many pigeons are there in this batch?"

"As you said, I really need a batch of pigeons for communications."

Hunter smiled and said: "There are a total of ten Wulian Pigeons."

"They were bred and selected by Mr. Wu Lian from Claymont Kingdom, using the wild pigeons from the church for modification and breeding."

"These pigeons have been trained as Wulian Pigeons and can fly at least three hundred miles to relay messages."

"As for the purchase price... Master Lynn, it is indeed somewhat expensive."

"Each Wulian Pigeon's price is as high as ten Gold Pounds!"

As Hunter spoke, Lynn was led to the back of the carriage convoy.

After a glance from Hunter, the carriage began to untie the linen canvas tied to the carriage.

Even before it was fully untied, Lynn could already hear the cooing of birds.

The driver untied the linen canvas from the carriage, and a strong smell of bird droppings hit him in the face.

In Lynn's eyes appeared pigeons, pacing and hopping in iron cages.

The pigeons were medium-sized, not too big, but their wings were full.

Their overall feathers were white with a touch of azure.

But their eyes, a blend of black, yellow, and red, only the size of mung beans, exuded an inexplicable intelligence.

Lynn's mind stirred, and a text panel appeared before him.

[Wulian Pigeon]: Bred from wild pigeons, capable of middle to short distance flights of about four hundred miles, suitable for communication and intelligence transmission.

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

Although four hundred miles aren't too far, it's still an extremely effective tool for intelligence transmission.

If they were to be housed in the Pigeon Nest for empowered breeding, their flight range might increase significantly.

As for the ten Gold Pounds Hunter mentioned.

The price is indeed very high.

But right now, he doesn't care at all.

Withdrawing his gaze from the pigeons, Lynn looked at Hunter.

"Mr. Hunter, just as you said, at ten Gold Pounds per pigeon, I'll take them!"

Receiving Lynn's affirmative response, the smile on Hunter's face became even more pronounced.

He quickly said, "I am very grateful to you, Master Lynn."

You should know that he paid Gold Pounds to the cross-regional traveling merchant to purchase these pigeons in advance.

If Master Lynn wasn't prepared to take them, he'd have to bring them back to Fisherman's Wharf and dispose of them as quickly as possible.

If these pigeons were left in his hands.

One hundred Gold Pounds, even for him, is no small sum!

With these one hundred Gold Pounds, he could fully expand the tavern further.

Or purchase more alcohol for storage.

Lynn responded.

With the transaction confirmed, Lynn's gaze turned to George, not far away.

Before Hunter's carriage arrived at Lord's Square, George had already arrived in advance, waiting.

It was only because Lynn was present that he chose to wait quietly, acting as an assistant in the subsequent transaction handling.

Always keeping an eye on Lynn and Hunter, George immediately caught the hint.

He organized a group of townsmen and began preparing to unload the carriages.

Lynn turned again to Hunter, asking him.

"Mr. Hunter, you mentioned earlier that these pigeons were brought by a cross-regional merchant?"

Hunter, somewhat unsure of the meaning behind Lynn's words, nodded in response.

"Yes, Master Lynn."

"Besides these pigeons, he also brought a batch of poultry and livestock."

"However, those poultry and livestock were pre-ordered by Viscount Jon of Kakasong City and have all been delivered to his castle."

Lynn nodded in understanding and continued.

"Aside from the poultry and livestock, has that merchant sold any Forest Pigs?"

"Living Forest Pigs!"

Hunter raised his eyebrows, repeating Lynn's words.

"Forest Pigs? Master Lynn, you mean wild pigs?"

Lynn affirmed.

Hunter continued: "As for wild pigs, I haven't seen many."

"As you know, Master Lynn, if there's a lone wild pig, the nearby townsfolk would have hunted it for meat long ago."

"If it's a herd of wild pigs, ordinary people wouldn't dare confront them head-on and would be too busy avoiding them."

"Only a team of hunters would dare to form a group to hunt them, and even then it's mostly for slaughter..."

"Getting a living wild pig is indeed not easy."

Lynn nodded in response.

The scenes of wild pig attacks when there were only a few wooden houses in his territory seem to vividly remain in his memory.

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Hunter continued: "However, since Master Lynn has needs."

"Later, I will pay attention to the merchants at Fisherman's Wharf who transport and sell various livestock."

"If someone is selling, I will buy it for you immediately and transport it to your territory."

Lynn nodded: "Thank you for your hard work, Mr. Hunter."

If he wants to obtain more Forest Pigs, he can only hope for Wesley to leave with the team of soldiers.

Unloading and loading were still ongoing as Lynn and Hunter continued to chat casually.

Hunter seemed to have thought of something and said to Lynn.

"There is one thing, I don't know if Master Lynn has received the information..."

Lynn said: "Mr. Hunter, please feel free to speak."

Hunter nodded and did not conceal anymore.

"The Archbishop of the Main Cathedral of the Karedi Empire has announced support for siding with Prince Mitchell."

"And declared to the world: By divine will, the eldest inherits the emperor's throne to ensure the empire's prosperity, glory be to the Lord's name."

Listening to Hunter's words, Lynn's eyebrows slightly raised.

This information was something he had not yet received.

However, he was not too surprised.

In this world, the Church already possesses large tracts of land and a large number of followers.

They also have their own military forces.

Mitchell wants to win this imperial power struggle and become the emperor of the Empire.

He will naturally seek to enlist the Church's strength.

The only thing Lynn is curious about is what kind of benefits and interests Mitchell promised to enlist the Church!

As for the so-called 'By divine will, the eldest inherits the family estate to ensure the family's prosperity, glory be to the Lord's name.'

It's just an attempt to justify getting involved in the secular imperial power struggle.

Even if the Church does not support Mitchell.

They will join Kaisai's faction under Caesar's enlistment.

After all, interests outweigh everything.

Whether for individuals, the Empire, or the Church, it is always the case.

After chatting casually with Hunter for a while.

George finally brought the townsmen to move the barley and pigeon cages from the carriage.

Then loaded barrels of Lexus Gin and beer onto the carriage compartment.

Using linen rope to secure it.

To avoid falling off the carriage during transit and causing unnecessary damage.

Until all this was completed.

George walked over to Lynn and Hunter with his steps.

"Master, all the drinks have been loaded onto the carriage."

Hearing George's words, Hunter stood up from the long bench next to Lynn.

He smiled and said: "Then Master Lynn, Hunter will not bother you anymore."

Lynn responded: "Safe travels."

Hunter bent down and bid farewell to Lynn, then walked toward the carriage team not far away.

Under Lynn's gaze, Hunter mounted his horse and led the carriage team out of the town.

Retrieving his gaze, he sent George back to work.

Lynn stepped toward the direction of the pasture.

Ten pigeons, not many, but not few either.

For use within Morgan Town and Kakasong City, it is completely sufficient.

However.

Before putting the pigeons into use.

He must have Flint quickly set up the Pigeon Nest.

Thus, to empower the breeding of these ten pigeons and enhance their flying ability!

Reaching the pasture gate, Lynn directly called for Guy.

When Guy gasping for breath ran from the pasture to the gate and saw the Wulian Pigeon in the pigeon cage beside Lynn.

His face clearly hesitated.

Guy asked in confusion: "Master, these are..."

Lynn replied: "Carrier pigeons."

"The building for breeding carrier pigeons hasn't started construction yet, so I'll leave you in charge of feeding them for now."

Guy's face was full of hesitation and he said somewhat bitterly.

"Master, I'm only skilled in breeding and nurturing poultry and livestock."

"I have never had experience breeding carrier pigeons..."

Lynn explained: "Normal feeding will suffice; wheat, barley, peas, all can be used as food."

"What's very important is providing them with clean drinking water."

"These pigeons were bought at a high price, so be sure to take good care of them."

Looking at Master Lynn's serious expression and explanatory words.

Guy understood that Master Lynn had already made the decision.

He asked curiously: "How much did it cost?"

Lynn stared at Guy and answered: "One Hundred Gold Pounds!"

Upon hearing this, Guy's eyes widened instantly.

One Hundred Gold Pounds?

That's quite a lot!

However.

Once thinking about the precious nature of carrier pigeons.

Guy's shocked mood gradually became calm.

You must know, only the Royal Family, nobility, and certain large families and great merchants have the financial ability and capital to use carrier pigeons.

The hesitation on Guy's face disappeared, and he said earnestly: "Alright, Master, I will exert my utmost to raise these carrier pigeons well!"

Lynn nodded.

After handing the pigeons over to Guy and giving some instructions.

He then left the pasture gate and walked toward the expansion site of the Mutated Wild Boar Farm next door.

Under the gaze of the construction workers led by Jode.

Lynn picked up the plastering knife placed next to him and continued to invest in the construction of the farm.

Construction Experience +1

Construction Experience +1

Construction Experience +1

...

Bit by bit, the experience keeps increasing.

Taking advantage of the break time while the construction workers were carrying lime mortar.

Lynn's mind moved, opening the Heavenly Artifacts panel to take a look.

Construction: Level 3 (246/1000) (+)

Several consecutive days of focusing on Construction skills have allowed his experience to increase rapidly.

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But to be promoted to Level 4, he still needs to work hard.

For Master Lynn spending every day at the construction site, Jode and a group of construction workers are already used to it.

They even noticed that after Master Lynn got involved in building the walls, he became completely immersed in it.

As the Lord, Master Lynn is even more diligent and persistent than the construction workers.

Since the Lord can achieve such commitment.

As townsmen, why should they be lazy?

Inspired by Lynn, the originally stable-paced construction of the breeding site began to speed up quickly.

Until approaching dusk.

Lynn finally put down the plastering knife he held and walked away from the expansion site.

Red, accompanying him, took out a water jug, removed the wooden stopper, and handed it to Lynn.

Red reminded him, saying: "My Lord."

Upon hearing, Lynn glanced at Red and reached out to take the jug.

He drank heartily without holding back.

The slightly cool and slightly sweet well water was gulped down by Lynn in a series of gulps.

Nearly drinking half of the jug, he contentedly handed it back to Red.

Feeling the body heat gradually dissipate, he couldn't help but let out a hot sigh.

It is now mid-June.

The Karedi Empire has already entered summer.

Although the weather is good, the temperature is gradually rising.

Even now, although he is only wearing a thin silk robe.

With strong moisture absorption and emission, and good breathability.

He still can't avoid being covered in sticky sweat after physical labor.

Those construction workers even took off their robes, wearing only long pants, busy in the sun-exposed expansion site.

Seeing such a scene, Lynn couldn't help but furrow his brow.

If these construction workers work for a long time in the high-temperature sun, it can easily lead to heatstroke!

Not just these workers responsible for expanding the breeding site, but also those building the Red Brick House and clearing weedy lands.

Due to the hot weather, with excessively high temperatures, there's a risk of large-scale heatstroke!

We must prepare preventive measures against heatstroke for the townsmen!

For example, boiling a lot of mint water...

With this thought, Lynn had already made up his mind.

After instructing the guards to inform the construction workers they could wrap up.

Lynn stepped away from the breeding site, heading back towards the town.

Walking on the lime road, illuminated by the setting sun.

In the awe-filled gazes of many townsmen.

Lynn returned to the Lord's Square.

Approaching him was Flint, standing only one meter tall.

Flint seemed to feel Lynn's gaze, and stepped up to greet him.

Coming in front of Lynn, Flint slightly bowed.

"My Lord."

Lynn responded, "Sir Flint, if I need you to expedite the forest pig breeding site construction."

"What would you need from me?"

Flint's thick brows lifted slightly, a bit surprised that the Lord would suddenly ask this question.

After a brief moment of contemplation, he explained.

"Skilled construction workers who can build walls!"

"One hundred... no, two hundred people!"

"My Lord, if you give me two hundred people, I guarantee five breeding sites can be completed within a month!"

Lynn responded, "I'll give you four hundred people, I want the forest pig breeding site completed within twenty days and ready for use."

"Then, start building the Pigeon Nest."

Upon hearing this, Flint's eyes circled a few times before he replied, "No problem, just as the Lord says, in half a month!"

Lynn responded, "Tomorrow, four hundred skilled workers with construction experience will be dispatched to the breeding site."

Flint nodded.

After giving instructions, Lynn let Flint leave, heading back towards the castle.

Whether it's pigeons or forest pigs, they need specialized buildings, to enable breeding.

As for the four hundred construction workers...

He could comfortably allocate them from the three thousand townsmen engaged in the Red Brick House construction.

Even if the expansion of the Red Brick House residential area gets delayed, there's no impact.

It's summer now.

There's no worry about townsmen sleeping in open areas catching cold and getting sick.

In fact, it will feel cooler.

Having determined the plans in his heart.

He returned to the castle amidst respectful greetings from a squad of guards at the castle gate.

Climbing the steps, he entered the reception hall.

Lynn's gaze rotated.

Kuisi was leading maids in lighting tall oil lamps at the corners.

Upon seeing Lynn, Kuisi immediately smiled and reminded, "My Lord, you're back."

"Dinner is still being prepared, you can rest for a while."

In the far corner.

Janet, holding a fire starter in her hand, naturally heard Kuisi's voice.

Her gaze rotated, looking over.

Happening to meet Lynn's gaze.

Janet felt nervous, quickly retracting her gaze.

Janet discovered that the more she physically engaged and deeply communicated with Lynn.

The more she couldn't face Lynn's gaze.

That feeling, just like prey being stared at by a hunter.

Ready to be devoured at any moment, yet unable to escape it.

Lynn responded, taking large strides across the reception hall, sitting on the Lord's throne.

Watching as the previously dim reception hall gradually became brighter due to the maids' constant bustle.

While waiting for the chef to prepare dinner.

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Lynn's mind was racing, contemplating the future development plan for the territory.

...

Meanwhile, on the other side.

In the mountain forest shrouded in the night.

A cavalry team was moving steadily under the illumination of torches.

The cavalrymen rode under tall, majestic warhorses, clad in silver-white chain armor.

On the chest of the chain armor, as well as the shields they carried on their backs, were prominent white cross symbols.

Under the glow of the torches, they seemed particularly striking.

Perhaps due to the winding forest path, or perhaps out of concern for the dignitary in the carriage.

The forced pace of the team was not fast, which could even be described as a brisk walk.

Inside the lavishly decorated carriage.

A round man leaned against the soft leather seat, eyes closed, seemingly resting.

He wore a dark wool robe, with simple embroidered patterns at the cuffs.

On his shoulder, a finely crafted shoulder cloth.

The ends of the shoulder cloth bore symbolic white tassels.

Just as the round man was resting.

A cavalryman rode his warhorse to the right side of the carriage.

The cavalryman, wearing a standard helmet, lifted his mask upward.

Revealing the middle-aged man's face, slightly bearded.

The middle-aged man respectfully spoke to the round man, "Lord Bishop Semo, once we pass through this forest, we will reach Morgan Town."

"You can rest for a night in the town, and we will continue our journey tomorrow."

The man inside the carriage slowly opened his eyes.

He gazed around somewhat confusedly.

After confirming their location, Semo exhaled a breath of warm air.

"Captain Samuel, accelerate our pace."

"The carriage's jolting has tired me, I need to quickly find a soft, comfortable bed to rest on."

Hearing Bishop Semo's weary voice, Samuel promptly responded.

"Yes, Lord Bishop, I will immediately have them increase the speed! Heading to Morgan Town!"

Semo casually responded to show his acknowledgment.

Samuel wasted no words, clamping down hard on his warhorse.

The warhorse, pained, neighed loudly before dashing forward.

Samuel's authoritative shout echoed.

"Speed up, speed up!"

"Make haste to Morgan Town!"

"We must not delay Lord Bishop's rest!"

Loud responses echoed from the chain-armed guards.

They all shook the reins in their hands, urging their horses forward with increased speed.

In the forest.

What was initially a rhythmic 'clack clack' of hooves.

Had now become a continuous thunder of galloping hooves.

Amidst this roar, startled resting birds and beasts scattered, emitting sounds of flapping wings and fleeing.

...

Morgan Town.

In a courtyard behind a building.

The less than 1.7-meter-tall Earl, still donned in standard plate armor, gripped a five-meter-long winged spear.

Earl's posture was like a pine rooted in a rock crevice, his tightly held winged spear seemed lifelike, trembling slightly.

As he took a sharp breath of cold air, his chest armor quickly puffed up.

With a loud shout.

The winged spear drew a fierce arc in his hand.

Its speed and power seemed to tear through the air, producing a whooshing sound.

At this moment.

The five-meter, fifteen-pound winged spear seemed weightless in Earl's hands!

His steps were steady, one after another, treading on the bluestone slabs in the courtyard.

But each step lifted a layer of dust into the air...

The guards on the edges watched Earl's fierce movements.

Their faces full of envy and admiration.

Being soldiers under Centurion Earl Mendes, they were well aware of Earl's ferocity.

Especially when charging into battle on horseback.

Earl, relying on the warhorse's speed and the lance's sharpness.

Could pierce through an enemy's shield with a single spear, even penetrating through three or four enemies' torsos in succession!

Even now, watching Earl practice with the winged spear, they couldn't help but feel impressed.

During Earl's practice, time passed quickly.

An hour later.

A quick rhythm of galloping hooves was heard beyond the building.

With the urgent tightening of reins, the horse's galloping abruptly stopped.

Closely followed by the sound of running footsteps.

Amidst the puzzled looks of several soldiers, an armored soldier passed through the building's hall to the courtyard.

Seeing Earl, the messenger soldier quickly reported.

"Lord Earl, an unfamiliar cavalry has arrived in Morgan Town, currently being halted at the town's entrance by our comrades."

Upon hearing this, Earl immediately halted his winged spear.

He frowned at the messenger soldier, speaking in a deep tone.

"Unfamiliar cavalry?"

"Who are they?"

The messenger soldier quickly replied, "Sir, they claim to be the Church Guards from Kakasong City!"

"There is a Church Bishop on the carriage!"

Listening to the Order Guard, Earl frowned even more.

The Church Cavalry from Kakasong City?

Church Bishop?

Lord only asked me to guard this small town with a hundred soldiers.

Chapter 805: The Church Bishop Arrives

But he did not instruct him on how to handle the situation if outsiders arrived.

Earl pondered for a moment, then instructed the messenger soldier.

"Ride swiftly back to the territory and report this to Lord."

"Ask him to make a decision."

The messenger soldier quickly responded, "Yes, sir, I will return to the territory right away!"

As soon as the words fell, the messenger soldier retreated and left.

Throwing the winged spear in his hand to a soldier not far away, Earl strode toward the courtyard exit.

Even though he had not received other instructions from the Lord.

But as a centurion and currently the highest-ranking officer in Morgan Town, he naturally had to handle such an unexpected situation.

Otherwise.

A group of soldiers who can only follow orders without any authority might not handle the situation well.

If it were just a group of refugees, that'd be fine.

Take them in Morgan Town and send them back to the Lord's territory the next morning.

This could add some labor force to the Lord's territory.

However, the one who arrived in Morgan Town now was the Bishop of Kakasong City!

Along with a team of Church Cavalry!

The situation was quite different.

Although he was not good at communication or using various strategies.

Unlike the complicated strategizing, he preferred a straightforward charge!

Whoever was stronger, let strength speak.

Still, even so.

He was far from making the foolish move of creating enemies for Master Lynn.

Exiting the courtyard, he mounted the warhorse.

Earl led a team of cavalry to the entry and exit point between Morgan Town and Kakasong City.

At that moment, at the entrance of Morgan Town.

Samuel, sitting on his high horse, had a furrowed brow.

His gaze swept over the spiked barricades and the soldiers wearing chain armor and wielding exotic long spears behind them.

As the personal Guard Captain of Bishop Semo, Samuel had lived in Kakasong City for decades.

But he swore he had never seen such standard plate armor on soldiers in front of him!

What puzzled him most.

Had a few manor lords in Morgan Town become so powerful?

Suppressing his confusion, Samuel took a deep breath and said in a deep voice.

"I'll say it again, the person in the carriage is Lord Bishop Semo of Kakasong City's Church."

"Even Jonas Frank, upon seeing Lord Bishop, would have to show respect."

"Now, immediately, unblock the road."

"Otherwise, Lord Bishop Semo's wrath is not something you can withstand!"

Hearing Samuel's words from the horse, the people had serious looks on their faces.

A little Flag Officer in charge of ten people stepped forward, looking Samuel directly in the eye, responding.

"Sir, I'm sorry."

"Without instructions from Lord Earl, no one can enter Morgan Town!"

Samuel was just about to speak.

A disdainful voice came from behind, "Lord Earl? What nonsense is that?"

"In front of me, Simo Tucker, he dares to call himself 'Lord'?"

"Clear the road, arrange the most comfortable room, the youngest and most beautiful girls, to serve me."

"Then, have the manor lords of Morgan Town roll over to see me first thing in the morning!"

The little Flag Officer's face changed slightly, looking past Samuel in front of him to the carriage behind.

He knew the words came from the rotund man inside the carriage.

Seeing that the soldiers guarding the entrance still took no action.

An impatient snort came from Semo's mouth once again.

"Samuel, clear the road, enter Morgan Town."

"Anyone who dares to block or resist, kill without mercy!"

Samuel hurriedly answered, "Yes, Lord Bishop!"

He looked at the Church Guards beside him and said.

"Clear the road, enter the town!"

More than a dozen Church Guards dismounted and approached a barricade.

The little Flag Officer's face turned dark as he quickly drew the longsword he had in hand.

The order he received from Officer Earl was to guard the entrance of Morgan Town.

No one could enter without permission.

If the Church Guards in front of him forcibly broke through, they could only engage in close combat.

Because military orders are as firm as mountains!

Behind him, heavy infantry also gripped their winged spears tightly.

With a solemn expression, they stood ready.

At this moment.

The sound of galloping hooves reached the little Flag Officer from behind.

The little Flag Officer seemed to remember something and turned to look.

Seeing Earl leading a squad of heavy cavalry toward the checkpoint.

His face instantly relaxed.

Earl reined in his warhorse, dismounted quickly, and the little Flag Officer went up to meet him.

He quickly recounted the events that had just transpired.

Upon hearing this, Earl said in a deep voice, "I understand, I'll take it from here."

The little Flag Officer quickly answered, "Yes, Lord Earl."

Earl walked toward the checkpoint and instructed the soldiers guarding it, "Open the checkpoint and let Lord Bishop enter the town."

As soon as Earl's words fell, a chorus of responses sounded.

"Yes, sir!"

Seeing the soldiers lifting the barricade to open the entrance with just one command from the young man, Samuel was a bit surprised.

The Church Guards mounted their warhorses again.

With Bishop Semo's carriage in the middle of the formation.

Under the watchful eyes of Earl and his soldiers, they entered Morgan Town.

Earl, without looking sideways, said quietly to the little Flag Officer beside him.

Chapter 806: The Church Bishop Arrives (Part 5)

"Deploy all the soldiers to guard the front and rear entrances of Morgan Town."

"Without permission, no one is allowed to leave Morgan Town!"

After giving the instructions, without waiting for the Little Flag Officer to respond.

Earl Mendes mounted a horse, riding the warhorse, and pursued the Church Cavalry wagon team ahead.

Upon reaching Samuel's side, Earl Mendes flashed a smile and spoke: "My lord, I am Earl Mendes, the garrison officer of Morgan Town."

"I have already arranged for a room for rest."

"However, we may not be able to satisfy the Lord Bishop with young and pretty girls..."

Seeing the youthfully smiling face of Earl Mendes, Samuel asked irritably.

"Unable to satisfy?"

"In such a large Morgan Town, can't we even find a few young girls?"

Earl Mendes shook his head and spoke up.

"My lord..."

Samuel interrupted: "Call me Samuel."

Raising his brows, Earl Mendes continued: "Lord Samuel, perhaps you are not aware."

"A change had occurred in Morgan Town not long ago."

Samuel looked at Earl Mendes with some surprise.

But soon, he suspected something.

"Are you referring to the Iron Blood Brotherhood Bandit Corps riot?"

Listening to Samuel's words, Earl Mendes was taken aback.

Iron Blood Brotherhood Bandit Corps?

Why would Samuel suddenly bring up such a long-past event?

It should be known that after the Iron Blood Brotherhood Bandit Corps ravaged, a significant event happened in Morgan Town.

The destruction of the Morrison Manor, Janet becoming the Manor Lord of Frank Manor, the downfall of the Three Great Estates.

Even more recently, the fall of the Frank Manor...

Samuel, standing before him, was unaware?

Earl Mendes internally harbored doubts.

What is the reason for this?

Because Morgan Town is too remote?

Or because, as an important figure in Kasong City, Bishop Simo simply doesn't care about Morgan Town?

These are the only possibilities Earl Mendes could think of.

Nevertheless.

This is good news for him, or for the Lord!

The less Bishop Simo knows after arriving at Morgan Town, the safer the Lord is.

Earl Mendes dutifully replied: "Yes, Lord Samuel."

"Due to the riot by the Iron Blood Brotherhood Bandit Corps, even though the Ducas Clan came to suppress the bandits, they ultimately returned empty-handed."

"To ensure the safety of Morgan Town, the security in town has become stringent."

"Especially for outsiders, identity checks are conducted thoroughly."

"This was why we had the scene earlier."

Samuel said nothing, instead casting his gaze to the sides of the road.

Gradually.

A sense of unease surfaced in Samuel's heart.

Throughout their journey, they had hardly seen any townsmen.

The doors of the houses were tightly shut, windows securely closed.

Aside from a few braziers along the main road, burning firewood.

Apart from the occasional house with oil lamps and candles lit inside.

If it weren't for Earl Mendes beside him and the team of standard plate armor soldiers behind him.

Samuel might have suspected this to be a ghost town!

Just as Earl Mendes had said.

Did the bandit ravage lead all the townsmen to choose to stay behind closed doors?

During the conversation between Earl Mendes and Samuel.

They arrived in front of a three-story building.

With a slight smile, Earl Mendes explained: "Lord Samuel, Lord Bishop."

"This is the best house in the town."

"It is already in the early hours, if you don't mind, you all can rest here temporarily."

"Later, I will notify our Lord to come and meet the Lord Bishop!"

Seated on the warhorse, Samuel's gaze swept over the house in front.

Three stories high, the structure was relatively new.

The interior was illuminated by oil lamps.

Red-orange light illuminated the first-floor hall of the house.

Even standing outside, one could see the fairly lavish decorations in the hall.

Samuel withdrew his gaze, turned toward the carriage, and inquired.

"Lord Bishop, how do you find this location?"

Simo, sitting in the carriage rubbing his temples, asked with closed eyes.

"Out in the wilderness of Morgan Town, apart from here, can you find a better place?"

Samuel was at a loss for words, awkwardly responding.

"Can't find one at the moment, Lord Bishop."

Simo snorted coldly, "Then why waste words?"

"Arrange for people to move in, prepare hot water, I need a soak and bath!"

"Sitting in the carriage for so long, my body is covered in filth!"

Samuel hurriedly replied, "Yes, Lord Bishop."

Under Earl Mendes' watchful eyes.

Simo, rotund in shape, slowly exited the carriage.

With a round face, a round body, a round head...

If not for the limbs.

Earl Mendes felt this so-called Bishop Simo was no different from a ball!

Simo seemed to sense Earl Mendes' gaze.

His eyelids lifted, looking at Earl Mendes.

Upon seeing Earl Mendes quickly lower his head, not daring to meet his eyes at all.

Simo's eyes filled with disdain and contempt.

"A mere sycophant trying to pass as a lord?"

"Hmph!"

With Samuel's support, Simo entered the three-story building in front.

Behind them, a group of Church Guards followed closely.

Leaving behind a few other guards, to lead the carriage and horses toward the courtyard and stables behind the building.

Chapter 807: The Church Bishop Arrives

Watching the guards already stationed to watch over the building's entrance, Earlie smiled and turned away.

The moment he turned around, the smile vanished from his face.

In his mind, he kept pondering the words he had just spoken to Samuel.

He knew the whole picture and naturally understood the many gaps within.

However.

For Samuel and Seamus, who knew nothing, it was different.

Judging from Seamus's disdainful attitude and words towards Morgan Town,

it was clear.

He seldom visited small, remote, and poor towns like Morgan Town.

The thing Earlie was most grateful for was.

The cavalry team Seamus led from Kakasong City arrived at Morgan Town at night.

After several days of travel and toil, they urgently needed a comfortable, quiet, and safe place to rest.

If it had been daytime, with the broad daylight.

They could have seen everything about Morgan Town!

Earlie then had a thought, a hint of doubt surfaced in his mind.

Since Seamus despised Morgan Town so much,

why did he bring nearly twenty fully armed heavy cavalry soldiers here?

Clearly, it was not related to a change in Morgan Town.

Earlie shook his head and walked towards his resting quarters.

Ahead, a patrol of soldiers confronted Earlie.

Earlie directly called over the squad leader.

"Assign personnel to keep watch on them."

"If any unusual situations arise, report immediately."

The squad leader hurriedly responded, "Yes, Master Earlie!"

Earlie nodded and proceeded to his resting quarters.

So far, he had done everything that needed to be done.

Now all he had to do was wait for instructions from Master Lynn in the domain!

...

Inside a three-story building.

In a master bedroom cleaned thoroughly and illuminated by candlelight,

Seamus was sitting comfortably in a tub filled with hot water.

Perhaps due to the comfort of the hot water,

his eyes were slightly closed, and his round face showed an expression of enjoyment.

After soaking for a short while,

Seamus sighed somewhat regretfully, "What a pity... it would be great if there were young, beautiful girls while bathing!"

But the next second, he consoled himself.

"Morgan Town, could such a small place have young, beautiful girls?"

"Once the business is over, back in Kakasong City, there's plenty of time to enjoy!"

The reason he came to Morgan Town was naturally because he couldn't avoid coming here!

And that reason was — fine salt!

Seamus never dreamed of it.

In the far southern, remote, and desolate part of the Karedi Empire, within Morgan Town's boundary,

there was actually a minable salt mine!

And there was a workshop capable of processing and producing small, uniform, high-quality fine salt!

No matter whose territory this open-pit salt mine was in within Morgan Town, it didn't matter.

Seamus Tuck was the Church Bishop of the Kakasong District!

Not just Morgan Town,

within the entire Kakasong District range,

as the Church Bishop, he had some supervisory responsibilities over the economic resources in his jurisdiction!

To put it nicely, he was to oversee the mining of mineral resources,

preventing over-extraction or resource wastage.

But to put it bluntly, he aimed to gain economic interests from the salt mine mining and fine salt production!

Most importantly,

the lord had already invested in the mining and production.

Now, he just needed to intervene as the Church Bishop and reap the benefits without the labor!

As for whether the lord excavating the salt mine would disagree with his involvement...

Seamus never considered this issue.

Because, as a Church Bishop, he was backed by the Church spread across the entire Garonia Continent!

Thinking of this,

Seamus's mouth lifted into a smile filled with anticipation.

Knock, knock ~ Knock, knock ~

Just as Seamus was imagining the scene of frolicking with several young women in the room,

a knocking sound, untimely, broke out.

Startled, Seamus's entire body shuddered, with layers of fat rippling like waves.

His face filled with rage, he snapped.

"Who?"

Outside the tightly shut door, Samuel's voice responded.

"Lord Bishop, it's me, Samuel."

Hearing Samuel's response, Seamus's anger flared even more.

"Who allowed you to knock and disturb me while I'm bathing?"

"You're interrupting my spiritual guidance from the God of Light!"

"Slap yourself ten times!"

Seamus's words fell, and there was a momentary silence outside the door.

Soon after, Samuel hesitantly responded,

"Yes... Lord Bishop!"

Slap ~ Slap ~ Slap ~

Hearing the crisp sound of slaps from outside, Seamus's anger slowly subsided.

After Samuel finished slapping himself.

Seamus coldly inquired, "What's the matter?"

Outside, Samuel did not immediately respond, seemingly enduring some pain.

A few seconds later,

Samuel spoke in a somewhat broken voice outside the door,

"Bishop... Lord Bishop..."

"I feel... something is off with Morgan Town!"

As Seamus casually wiped off the grime from his body, he responded with indifference.

"Off? In what way? Speak!"

Samuel quickly explained, "Lord Bishop, I have a feeling that apart from these soldiers, there's no one else in this small town!"

"You might not have noticed, but all the houses in the town were completely dark!"

"No signs of life!"

"Even if Morgan Town is remote and poor, it's impossible that all the townsmen immediately go to rest as soon as night falls, right?"

Upon hearing these words, Seamus impatiently replied,

"Samuel, are you assuming I'm blind?"

Samuel's puzzled voice came from outside: "Lord Bishop... What do you mean? Samuel doesn't quite understand."

Seamus took a deep breath, forcefully suppressing his anger, and continued,

"After entering Morgan Town, I saw a few houses with oil lamps still glowing."

"I even saw the figures of children and their fathers in the alleys."

Samuel from outside seemed to have fallen into silence.

Seamus continued, "Moreover..."

"Morgan Town might be remote and poor, but the town still has three to four thousand residents!"

"Unless they went to rest, could they have vanished into thin air?"

After hesitating for a few seconds outside, Samuel remarked,

"But, Lord Bishop..."

Seamus replied impatiently, "Alright, alright."

"Instead of having this energy, you might as well find me a few women in the town!"

"Even if there aren't young, beautiful girls, even prostitutes will do."

"It's a lot better than sleeping alone!!"

Samuel naturally detected the irritation in Seamus's words.

He sighed lightly and said, "Then, Samuel won't disturb you any further, Lord Bishop. Rest early."

Seamus scolded, "Get out of here quickly."

Samuel dared not say another word.

He instructed the two guards at the door to take good care of the Lord Bishop and then left the entrance of Seamus's bedroom.

Chapter 808: The Kidnapped Lord Bishop

Stepping down the stone stairs, he arrived at the hall on the first floor.

Samuel's gaze scanned the area.

Apart from the Church Guards taking turns watching the door.

The other dozens of guards had already gone to the vacant rooms to rest.

They donned plate armor and rode horses.

Far more tiresome and laborious than Simo who sat within the carriage.

Samuel stepped out the gate, listening to the respectful salutes from the guards.

He nodded slightly in response.

After completing all this, Samuel stepped along the street in front of the houses.

At this moment, Samuel had only one thought in his mind.

This quiet town, it's just too silent!

There was no Church Night Watcher striking a bell to mark the start of a new day.

Nor did he hear the crowing of roosters at dawn, or the noises from penned pigs, cattle, sheep, and poultry.

On his walk, he hadn't even heard a single dog's bark.

Now, as he walked back and forth in front of the building.

He could hear the metallic clang of iron boots on the stone slab pavement.

Samuel understood clearly.

All this must be related to the Standard Plate Soldiers guarding the entrances of Morgan Town!

If they were captured and interrogated strictly, the truth would undoubtedly surface.

However, watching the street lit by the furnace's glow but empty.

Samuel hesitated.

If capturing them led to resistance.

It would result in direct confrontation!

From the initial meeting moments ago.

The unfamiliar Standard Plate Soldiers he saw greatly outnumbered the Church Guards Simo brought.

They certainly wouldn't be a match for these soldiers!

They could likely be suppressed!

The next second.

A chilling thought emerged in his mind.

If something had truly happened in Morgan Town causing the townsmen to vanish like into thin air.

And then, they forcefully entered this town...

Wouldn't that be marching to their doom?

If that's indeed the case, then they're in trouble!

Looking at the empty road ahead, Samuel turned his body and headed back to the three-story building.

The only thing they could do now was to patiently await daybreak.

Wait for Simo to finish resting and promptly leave Morgan Town!

...

Meanwhile, on the other side.

A soldier rode a warhorse, holding a torch in his left hand and the reins in his right.

Charging swiftly on the gravel road beneath the night sky.

Stirring up gravel and creating a cloud of dust.

Passing through sprawling woods, beyond a built-up Outpost Fortress.

Leaping onto the already constructed red brick road, the warhorse headed towards a towering wall in the dark distance.

Before reaching the wall, the soldier shouted urgently.

"Open the gates quickly, I'm a Centurion Earl's messenger."

"I have an urgent message for the Lord!"

Seeing those tightly shut iron gates remaining closed.

The messenger continued shouting.

"Open the gates quickly..."

Clatter~

Buzz~

After the sound of unlocking, with a heavy opening sound.

One of the two iron gates slowly opened.

The messenger's face lit up with joy, speeding up the warhorse's gallop.

Just as the messenger passed through the city gates, a burly figure on a warhorse chased after him.

The messenger glanced back in confusion, only to recognize the pursuing rider — Wesley!

Wesley didn't ask the messenger to slow down; he merely rode alongside him.

"An urgent report from Morgan Town?"

Upon hearing Wesley's question, the messenger respectfully replied.

"Yes, Lord Wesley!"

"Simo Tucker, the Church Bishop of Kakasong City, has led a team of riders to Morgan Town!"

Wesley's brow furrowed instantly.

"Church Bishop?"

"I'll accompany you to see the Lord!"

The messenger responded, "Yes, Lord Wesley."

Echoing the sound of hoofbeats in the forest, the two silhouettes headed towards the town.

Passing through sprawling fields with planted crops, they arrived at the Lord's Square in front of the town.

Then passed through a row of Red Brick Houses.

Wesley led the messenger to the tightly closed gates of the Lord's Castle.

Not waiting for the guards to inquire.

Wesley, still on horseback, spoke first.

"I'm Wesley, report quickly to the Lord; there's an urgent message to convey."

The castle guard frowned, responding.

"Lord Wesley, it's already late at night; the Lord is asleep!"

Wesley's tone remained calm, continuing.

"I have stated, an urgent message needs to be reported to the Lord!"

The castle guard hesitated for two seconds, speaking.

"Please wait a moment, Lord Wesley, I will proceed now."

Wesley acknowledged, watching the castle guard enter through the side gate.

Eventually, his figure disappeared behind the iron gates.

A few minutes later.

The guard returned through the side gate.

He respectfully explained to Wesley.

"Lord Wesley, the Lord has summoned you inside."

Wesley didn't say much, dismounting rapidly, leading the messenger into the castle.

Walking along the winding path, Wesley and the messenger reached the stairs to the second floor's reception hall.

Both briskly ascended.

Wesley briefly searched with his gaze, quickly settling on the far end of the reception hall — the Lord's throne.

Lynn, draped in a silk robe, sat there.

Chapter 809: The Kidnapped Lord Bishop (Part 2)

Wesley hurriedly walked up with the messenger.

He glanced at Lynn on the lord's throne and quickly bowed, speaking with an apologetic tone.

"Sorry, Master, for disturbing your sleep."

Lynn looked at Wesley, then at the messenger behind him, clad in standard plate armor.

"Get to the point."

Listening to Lynn's words without a hint of blame.

Wesley felt a sense of relief.

He responded, moved his body, and presented the messenger to Lynn.

The messenger didn't waste any words and directly said,

"Lord, Bishop Simo Tuck from Kakasong City Church has arrived in Morgan Town with a team of cavalry."

"The Church Bishop specifically requested to see several Manor Lords in Morgan Town."

"Under Earl's negotiation, citing it being too late, arrangements have been made for them to stay in Morgan Town."

"Earl said he could ensure tonight's peace."

"But what to do after dawn would require instructions and orders from you, Lord."

Listening to the messenger's words, Lynn slightly frowned.

He asked the messenger, "How many cavalrymen?"

The messenger quickly responded, "Twenty riders!"

Lynn nodded slightly.

Even with twenty fully armed heavy cavalrymen.

With Earl leading a team of heavy cavalry stationed in Morgan Town.

Even if any unexpected situations arise, they have the ability to suppress it.

What was surprising to him was.

Why did the Church Bishop from Kakasong City suddenly come to such a remote town as Morgan Town?

Lynn pondered in his mind.

Was the Church Bishop visiting someone in Morgan Town he had connections with?

The next second.

Lynn dismissed the thought.

If that were true, those Manor Lords wouldn't have fallen under his iron hoof and long spear.

Besides that,

what other reason could there be?

As a Church Bishop, personally coming to Morgan Town.

And only bringing twenty cavalrymen...

It's obviously not to start a war!

As he pondered, Lynn's eyes suddenly lit up.

He had already guessed the answer.

Lynn looked at the messenger and instructed,

"Return to Morgan Town and inform Earl to bring the Church Bishop back to the territory."

"I will personally receive them!"

With the lord's instructions, the messenger didn't hesitate.

He responded and quickly bowed before retreating.

In the reception hall.

Only Lynn sitting on the lord's throne remained.

And Wesley standing below.

Wesley hesitated for a few seconds, then asked,

"Master, is there anything you need me to do?"

Lynn pondered for a few seconds and said, "There is something I need you to do."

Wesley's expression turned solemn, "Master, please, just instruct me."

Lynn responded, "I need you to deploy fifty soldiers from the barracks every day to the outpost fortress at the forest edge."

"They will take turns conducting surveillance, maintaining facilities, collecting, and transmitting intelligence."

"If small groups of enemies attack, they must be fully intercepted!"

Wesley nodded, "Yes, Master."

"I will inform Rose tomorrow morning to make personnel arrangements."

Lynn replied, allowing Wesley to withdraw and rest.

He rose from the lord's throne and walked towards the bedroom.

In Lynn's mind, he was still pondering the messenger's report.

Entering the bedroom.

Lynn's eyes shifted.

On the large bed, a graceful figure lay sideways.

He extended his right hand to pull away the thin linen cover on the body.

That snow-white curvaceous and full body came into Lynn's view.

Lynn raised an eyebrow slightly.

Perhaps the woman on the bed felt the cool air on her skin.

She gently moved her right hand, searching for the cover beside her.

But after searching a large area, she still couldn't find the familiar cover.

She slowly opened her eyes, full of languor and sleepiness.

Upon seeing.

Lynn, standing at the edge of the bed, gazing unabashedly at her figure.

Janet's eyes instantly cleared, and she let out a shout.

"Ah~"

At the same time.

Janet's body curled, quickly grabbing a pillow to cover in front of her.

But Janet's size is limited, after all.

Even so.

With Janet holding it for cover.

She still couldn't hide the rounded whiteness in front of her.

And the visual impact of those long legs.

Lynn moved, sat on the large bed, and lightly lay on it.

He spread his arms and pulled Janet, with eyes full of resentment, to his side, holding her.

Lynn's left hand caressed over Janet's abdomen, placing it on the high curve in front of her.

"Let's sleep, there's still some time before dawn."

Feeling the squeezing and kneading sensation from the front, Janet couldn't help rolling her eyes.

How can one sleep like this?

...

The next morning.

The distant eastern horizon showed a hint of pale white.

After putting on the armor parts placed by the bed.

Samuel strapped the longsword to his waist and strode out of the resting room.

In the living room, he glanced around.

The soldiers lying on chairs and tables were still sound asleep.

He could even hear their heavy snores!

Seeing this, Samuel's heart eased a little.

Evidently, nothing had happened that night.

However.

Samuel was still a bit uneasy and went to the door.

Chapter 810: The Kidnapped Lord Bishop (Part 3)

After a respectful greeting from several guards,

Samuel inquired, "Did your colleagues tell you about any anomalies during the shift change last night?"

The guards exchanged glances, responding calmly, "Lord Samuel, there were no anomalies last night."

"Indeed, the whole town was quiet, and until now we haven't seen a single townsman!"

Listening to the guards, Samuel's initially relaxed mind became heavy.

If it were a normal living town,

it wouldn't be possible not to see anyone by daylight!

Free people normally go to the fields early for labor.

Craftsmen head to the workshops, forging and crafting.

Merchants prepare goods for sale.

Servants from affluent families venture out for supplies.

And even the Church's regular timekeeping and morning prayer bells!

Despite a night's rest making him momentarily forget the crisis,

now upon waking, they still had to face this issue.

Samuel inhaled fresh air and spoke solemnly to the guards beside him.

"Wake everyone, assemble, and await orders."

The guards promptly responded, "Yes, Lord Samuel!"

Samuel turned and stepped towards the stairs.

A night of rest had provided them with ample recuperation.

But likewise,

it gave the lord controlling the town enough time to ponder and respond.

Assuming the worst, contemplating the issue.

An unknown lord, given the pending war, might launch a military action and seize Morgan Town.

Such an act would naturally be kept hidden from outsiders.

Especially from someone like Simo, with his Church Bishop identity.

If discovered,

perhaps what awaited them was— silencing forever!

Ascending the stairs, walking through the corridor,

Samuel headed towards the bedroom where Simo resided.

The clinking sound of iron boots on the stone floor instantly awakened the two drowsy guards at the door.

They wiped drool from their mouths and turned to look.

Seeing Samuel approach, a slight relief appeared on their faces.

The guards addressed him, "Lord."

Samuel acknowledged without rebuke.

Guarding work is naturally tough.

Especially since they wore the Church plate armor.

As the captain of these guards, he always turned a blind eye as long as no incidents occurred.

Samuel raised his right hand, knocking on the wooden door before him.

Knock, knock~

The crisp sound echoed through the second floor.

Samuel softly called, "Lord Bishop, it's dawn, you can rise now."

After the sound dissipated,

there was no response from behind the door.

Samuel frowned slightly, glancing at the two guards beside him.

The guards quickly explained, "Lord, everything was normal yesterday."

Samuel withdrew his gaze and raised his right hand again to knock.

Knock, knock~

However, just as the crisp sound echoed,

Simo's angry voice came from behind the door.

"Heard it, heard it!"

Hearing the outburst, Samuel relaxed a bit.

As the guards said, everything was normal.

A few minutes later,

The closed wooden door in front of Samuel was abruptly opened.

Simo, clad in a white vestment with a shoulder cape, came into view.

Samuel quickly bowed and respectfully greeted,

"Lord Bishop."

The two guards beside him also bowed.

Watching Samuel's bow, Simo's expression showed no improvement.

He reprimanded, "Samuel! I warn you again."

"If there's no urgent matter, don't knock on my door anymore!"

"Whether I'm in Kakasong City Church or outside,"

"I am the Bishop of Kakasong City Church!"

"I hold the highest and absolute authority in Kakasong City Church!"

"There's no need for me to conduct morning prayers and masses like mere clergy and believers!"

Listening to Simo's reprimand, Samuel bowed even lower.

"Yes, Lord Bishop."

Simo snorted coldly, turned his body, and walked towards the nearby stairs.

His inquiries faintly echoed from his mouth,

"Is today's schedule arranged?"

"When will the manor lords of Morgan Town come to see me?"

Samuel, following closely behind, hesitated.

But ultimately he responded,

"Lord Bishop, I don't know..."

Simo's right foot, poised to step down the stairs, instantly halted.

Due to his rotund physique, he struggled to turn his head and look at Samuel.

"Samuel, did I hear correctly? You said you don't know?"

Samuel nodded, continuing, "Yes, Lord Bishop!"

"As Samuel mentioned yesterday, if Samuel guessed correctly, Morgan Town's townsmen are likely gone."

"Or rather, there's a great possibility that the manor lords of Morgan Town have also left."

Given Simo's identity as the Bishop of Kakasong City Church, although not comparable to Marquis or Count,

at least he holds the status and authority of a Viscount.

Early dawn yesterday, Bishop Simo already arrived at Morgan Town.

He informed Earl, responsible for guarding Morgan Town's entry points.

If Morgan Town's manor lords were still present,

they would have already arrived at the residence where Simo stayed.