

System 811

Chapter 811: The Abducted Lord Bishop (4)

Simo's brows twitched as he couldn't help but say, "Samuel, are you still asleep or haven't you slept all night?"

"What nonsense are you spouting so early in the morning?"

Samuel felt a wave of helplessness in his heart, just about to continue explaining.

There came the sound of horses' hooves and footsteps from downstairs.

A guard responsible for watching the gate came running up the stairs.

Reaching the landing at the staircase's turn, seeing Simo and Samuel above, his face changed slightly, and he hurried to report.

"Lord Bishop!"

"Earl has brought a company of heavy cavalry, waiting at the door."

"He says... he wants to take you, Lord Bishop, to see the lord of this territory!"

Hearing this, Samuel's eyebrows immediately rose.

Indeed!

Indeed, just as he suspected!

Morgan Town was no longer as they had known it.

Previously controlled by several Manor Lords.

It was now solely occupied and commanded by a Lord they had never heard of!

Those standard plate armor soldiers were the best evidence!

Simo's expression also shifted, he was somewhat surprised and said.

"Did I just wake up and mishear?"

"A minor lord of Morgan Town wants Simo, the Church Bishop, to go for a meeting?"

The guard immediately lowered his head, daring not to say another word.

Simo scolded, "What a useless bunch!"

He grasped the handrail of the staircase with his right hand and started to walk down.

Descending the stairs, he reached the hall and went straight to the door.

As he crossed the house's threshold, he saw on the street outside, figures clad in black and gray standard plate armor, holding strange long spears, riding warhorses.

Simo was visibly taken aback.

So many fully-armed heavy cavalry?

Last night, he saw only twenty or thirty cavalry and infantry.

But now, there were at least fifty or sixty cavalry!

Soon.

Simo's expression turned arrogant again, his gaze swept over the numerous cavalry.

Finally, his gaze settled on Earl.

"I said, the Manor Lord of this territory should come to pay respects to me!"

"Do you not understand?"

Listening to Simo's words, Samuel stood behind him like sitting on pins and needles.

Admiration for Simo more than anything.

This was truly Bishop Simo!

Even when facing heavy cavalry, whose military strength far exceeded theirs.

Bishop Semo never showed a trace of fear!

Earl, who pushed his mask up to his forehead, smiled slightly and explained.

"Lord Bishop, our Lord has important matters to attend to."

"He specifically instructed me to escort and ensure your safety, Lord Bishop, along with your companions."

It wasn't until then.

Even the self-assured Simo noticed something was amiss.

For he saw all the heavy cavalry mounted on warhorses.

Each holding a long, peculiar spear in hand!

The feeling was that at any disagreement, they would launch a charge!

Samuel stepped forward to stand beside Simo.

"Lord Bishop, since this Lord is so courteous."

"I suppose it wouldn't hurt for you to go and meet with him?"

Simo frowned and looked at Samuel beside him.

Samuel shook his head helplessly.

Simo naturally understood the meaning behind it.

"Then lead the way."

"I want to see exactly what kind of Lord could have slighted Simo Tucker!"

Whatever Simo said, Earl didn't care.

He smiled and said, "Lord Bishop, please follow me!"

Simo didn't say another word, just snorted coldly.

Under the watchful eyes of the heavy cavalry led by Earl.

Simo boarded the carriage and sat inside.

Samuel, along with the Church Guards, mounted their horses.

Earl announced to all, "Return to the territory!"

The heavy cavalry at the front immediately urged their warhorses, heading out of Morgan Town.

The surrounded carriage and Church Guards could only follow along and leave.

Rumble~ Rumble~

After dashing out of the small town, the horses galloped on the relatively wide gravel road.

The speed of the horses began to increase gradually.

Listening to the sound of galloping in his ears, watching the heavy cavalry ahead moving towards more remote areas.

Samuel's heart became increasingly tense.

Despite having twenty heavy cavalry clad in Church plate armor.

But Earl's cavalry exceeded five or sixty!

Just a few glances and he recognized that the horses these heavy cavalry rode were pure-blood warhorses from the Badan Empire!

Whether it was their stamina, speed, or endurance.

Far surpassed the ordinary warhorses they rode.

Plus, in their hands were winged spears at least four or five meters long.

Not to mention engaging in a head-on charge.

Even if they tried to scatter and flee, they wouldn't stand a chance.

As a result.

Now they had no choice but to be escorted forcibly to the territory Earl mentioned!

Now they were like sheep entering the tiger's den!

This tiger's den was one they stormed into!

Time kept moving on.

This cavalry team, nearly eighty or ninety strong.

Galloped swiftly into a forested area.

The thunderous hooves startled the birds and beasts in the forest.

Samuel's gaze swept around briefly.

He faintly saw a figure flit by in the forest.

Even if it was for just a moment.

Samuel was very sure he didn't see wrong.

In this remote, wilderness forest, there was actually an arranged scout outpost!

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The outpost naturally exists to watch over the territory or manor.

Too cautious?

Or perhaps watertight?

An inexplicable sense of curiosity arose in Samuel's heart.

He was very curious about what kind of lord could achieve such a level!

After passing through the slightly dark and deep forest.

The group's vision instantly became clear.

In a large patch of wasteland with yellow-green mixed weeds, a path of red brick about four to five meters wide split it apart.

At the exit of the forest, there was an outpost fortress made of bricks and stones.

From the materials of the outpost fortress, the surrounding defensive structures, chevaux de frise, watchtower.

And some excavated foundation soil.

One could tell, the construction time of this outpost fortress wasn't that long!

Samuel watched soldiers quickly running out from the outpost fortress.

They moved the chevaux de frise in front of them, making way for a passable road!

Apart from these soldiers.

Samuel clearly saw that there were archers atop the outpost fortress walls and watchtowers, closely watching them!

If not for Earl leading the way, they might have already been turned into a sieve.

Horses galloped on the paved red brick road.

The crisp and pleasant sound of galloping hooves became more evident, resembling a wave.

The even road allowed the horses underneath them to increase their speed again.

Samuel's gaze continued scanning the surroundings.

Very soon.

An almost towering-to-the-clouds building came into Samuel's view.

The red brick and stone structure, nearly over thirty meters tall, filled him with astonishment.

In the carriage, Simo also saw the watchtower.

He turned to Samuel by the carriage side and inquired.

"Samuel, what is that monstrosity?"

Samuel glanced at Simo and responded.

"My Lord Bishop, that is a watchtower."

Being a knight, Samuel naturally knew.

That was a watchtower!

Although, such a tall watchtower he was seeing for the first time.

Listening to Samuel's explanation, Simo snorted disdainfully.

"In a patch of wasteland, what's the use of building such a tall watchtower?"

"To spot where there are wild boars or rabbits?"

"Flashy but useless!"

Samuel was about to say something, but his eyes suddenly contracted.

At the end of the red brick road, where their horses were galloping, there was actually a tall city wall!

The city wall stood like a natural barrier at a break in the continuous mountain range.

Directly severing the wasteland from the world beyond the forest!

Although there's still some distance to the city wall.

But Samuel compared it with the height of the nearby mountain ranges.

He preliminarily estimated that the height of the wall was at least ten meters.

Maybe even taller than he estimated.

He knew that even the city walls of Kakasong City were only about eight meters tall.

Samuel seemed to realize something.

He looked back in the direction from which they came.

Samuel immediately understood the meaning of the watchtower's existence!

The outpost fortress at the forest exit, the towering watchtower, and this wall.

They happened to form a corner!

Simply put.

The existence of the watchtower could provide a lookout for the city walls obscured by towering mountains, acting as eyes!

Understanding the intent behind it.

A sense of admiration surfaced in Samuel's heart.

This wasn't just as Simo said, for hunting to observe rabbits and wild boars.

This had extremely important strategic significance!

This was the Southern Border Land of the Karedi Empire!

Whether in manpower or resources, it would be a huge test.

However.

The city wall and watchtower before them have been successfully constructed!

The curiosity in Samuel's heart grew even stronger.

He had never heard of.

Within the scope of Morgan Town, there being walls taller than those of Kakasong City!

As the carriage headed toward the city walls, driving on the red brick road.

Simo, seated in the carriage, finally saw the towering wall ahead, his eyes opened wide.

Simo snorted coldly, disdainfully saying.

"It's just a bit taller than the walls of Kakasong City."

On the wall.

Rose leaned with both hands on the parapet, staring straight at the cavalry unit below.

Upon seeing Earl at the forefront of the cavalry unit.

He called to the soldiers behind him: "Open the city gate!"

With Rose's order.

A series of commands were relayed down the wall.

A short while later.

Buzz~buzz~

The heavy iron gate sounded as it opened.

Under the gazes of Simo, Samuel, and the Church Guards behind them.

The several-meter-tall heavy iron gate slowly opened inward.

Its sound made their hair stand on end.

Just hearing this sound, they could feel the great difficulty in pushing open this door.

Let alone during a siege, facing the defending city wall soldiers' attack.

Under Earl's lead.

The Church Guards cavalry slowly entered behind the city wall.

When Samuel saw another circle of city walls after the first.

His eyes couldn't help but widen again!

Was this a Weng City?

Walls beyond the walls, for defense?

Chapter 813: The Kidnapped Lord Bishop (Part 6)

What a grand construction!

Such defense fortifications, not to mention Kakasong City.

Even in the entire Karedi Empire.

He had never heard of any city possessing a Weng City, such as these impregnable defense works!

The doubt in Samuel's heart grew stronger.

Whether it's the outpost fortress, the watchtower, or the city walls and Weng City before him.

All require a substantial amount of manpower and resources, and even financial power!

Thinking of this.

Samuel finally understood why, in such a large Morgan Town, no trace of any townsmen could be seen.

It must be this Lord who has taken all the population and labor from Morgan Town and the surrounding areas to his territory!

Apart from this.

Samuel couldn't think of any other possibilities!

Samuel's gaze shifted.

He vaguely saw that there seemed to be numerous strange standard items stationed on the city wall.

Even though he squinted repeatedly, due to the angle at which those items were placed, he couldn't clearly see them.

As Samuel observed his surroundings, the heavy sound of the iron gate closing echoed again.

Samuel turned back to take a glance.

Indeed.

The thick iron gate was slowly closing by the soldiers.

Samuel shifted his gaze.

A burly figure strode over from the stairs not far away.

Samuel withdrew his gaze, watching from a distance as the burly man joined Earl.

After a few exchanges.

The burly man strode toward Samuel.

"Gentlemen, I am Rose, the commander of this defense fortification!"

"Next, I will lead you into the territory ahead."

Samuel nodded, without saying a word.

If it were Morgan Town, relying on twenty heavy cavalry and with utmost effort.

Perhaps there might still be a slight chance, for one or two cavalrymen to escape.

Now.

They had entered beyond the city walls, and the iron gate was tightly shut.

Not to mention.

This impregnable like defense fortification, with so many soldiers in total.

Just counting the heavy cavalry beside them, the soldiers stationed on the walls.

There were at least two to three hundred people!

Such a large number, relying on them - twenty Church Guards and a Church Bishop.

Trying to break out?

It's nothing short of a fool's dream!

Now, they are like fish in a barrel.

Rose called upon a group of soldiers to take over Samuel's carriage and cavalry troop from Earl.

Passing through Weng City, they continued towards the small town.

As for Earl and his cavalry, they naturally needed to return to Morgan Town to continue their guard!

Samuel's gaze was still sizing up his surroundings.

As a knight, he naturally had to constantly observe and familiarize himself with his surroundings.

This had become instinct for Samuel.

Under Rose's guidance, everyone passed through Weng City.

Taking advantage of different angles and the light of the sky.

Samuel finally saw clearly what those strange standard items placed on the city wall were exactly.

They were a number of catapults and heavy crossbows!

Even with just a casual glance, he saw at least a dozen of them!

The key is.

This is just on one side of the city wall!

If all the catapults and medium crossbows atop the city within a city were added together...

Plus the red brick houses lining the roadsides that were obviously soldiers' dormitories from just a glance.

Samuel couldn't help but take a deep breath.

Having standard plate armor heavy cavalry, outpost fortresses, and city walls.

That's already quite something!

How come even large machines of mass destruction like these on the city wall are countless?

What on earth is the situation with Morgan Town?

Possessing such sturdy defense works and such a large number of soldiers.

A lord with such formidable strength.

They had never heard of it in Kakasong City!

In the carriage, Simo seemed finally aware that something was amiss.

He turned to look at Samuel outside the carriage, speaking in a deep voice.

"Samuel, I sense something off!"

Listening to Simo's words, Samuel's face was full of bitterness, "Lord Bishop."

"I already told you last night when we entered Morgan Town."

Simo frowned, immediately retorting.

"What you mentioned being off, could it be the same as what I meant?"

Samuel helplessly lowered his head, not daring to continue speaking.

As things stand, it's too late to say anything.

They could only take it one step at a time.

They traveled through the woodlands, the sound of hooves resonating through the forest.

Until they passed through the woods.

Their surroundings brightened, their view widened again.

After their eyes adapted to the bright light ahead, their eyes were filled with astonishment.

In a vast swath of cultivated fields.

Fields of crops, like a green ocean, swayed back and forth in the breeze like waves.

The air was filled with the distinct faint sweet scent of blooming crops.

When they reached the edge of the fields.

Samuel carefully inspected a few samples.

The land was plowed into ridges and furrows.

Certainly winter barley plants were planted on the ridges.

The planting distance was systematic, and the growth uniform.

Each barley stalk had about the same number of ears.

Even just a glimpse gave Samuel a sense of inexplicable comfort!

As they continued forward.

Samuel discovered, the fields didn't only grow barley.

There was an abundance of vegetables, linen...

Even some blossomed crops he couldn't identify!

Samuel's curiosity was evident!

Forming an army with strict discipline, and constructing mind-blowing defense works.

These could be overlooked.

Some geniuses with extraordinary talent in military matters.

Could indeed achieve such feats.

For instance, Mitchell Carolyn, known as the Spear of the Empire.

At the age of twenty, he dared to lead an army of fifty thousand cavalry to Kai Xia County.

Suppressing the Earl of Becker who wanted to break free from the Karedi Empire.

Although there were twists in it.

Eventually, Mitchell succeeded!

Unlike Mitchell's military prowess.

The lord they had yet to meet ahead had construction ability, military prowess, and research and production capability.

Amazingly, there was also the ability to cultivate and plant.

Able to cultivate and plant crops that flourish so well.

This planting method was unheard of!

Even if it was unheard of.

Samuel could sense from these thriving crops.

In one or two months at the most.

This territory would enter the harvest season!

Forcing himself to suppress the shock inside.

Samuel knew as well.

He, Simo, and the other Church Guards came to this territory under duress.

They were not here for cultivating a sense of wonder.

However.

As Samuel gazed into the distance, seeing clearly the massive town ahead.

His eyes once again showed a look of astonishment.

Chapter 814: Extraordinary Temple Knight

Rows of residential areas built with red bricks.

Smoke gently rising from the chimneys and spreading towards the sky.

Water wheels rotating continuously under the push of the river water.

The lifted river water enters the canal, bringing irrigation for the crops in the cultivated land.

At the center of the buildings is an incredibly vast and towering castle!

Samuel confirms that he did not see wrongly.

That is indeed a castle!

A small town?

Samuel feels more like it's a city!

Even though they haven't approached closely and cannot clearly see the details of the city.

But just by glancing from afar, its scale, its silhouette, is not inferior to Kakasong City!

A moment later.

The carriage convoy travels on the lime road, crosses a large patch of cultivated land, and finally arrives at Lord's Square in front of the town.

Samuel eagerly surveys the city's outline ahead!

Looking at the red brick houses seemingly untouched by the passage of time.

Looking at the neat, well-swept square beneath his feet.

Seeing the townsmen, who initially had casual and natural glances, suddenly filled with vigilance toward their arrival...

Samuel realizes.

The city he is now in is a newly emerging city.

Perhaps, the population in the city is not very large, and the production is not yet perfect.

However, it has already formed a certain scale!

Building a new emerging city in the southern borderline area, more remote than Morgan Town?

Samuel finds it hard to believe.

He scans around and then retracts his gaze.

At the forefront, Rose dismounts and strides toward them.

Rose indicates to Samuel and Simo in the carriage, saying.

"Lord Bishop, we have arrived at the town."

"Next, we need to walk to our Lord's town."

Samuel nods slightly.

A voice full of dissatisfaction comes from Simo in the carriage.

"What? Your Lord, such a big shot?"

"As the bishop of Kakasong City Church, it's already something to come to this remote territory."

"Now, I also have to walk there?"

Simo's voice continues.

"Go tell your master, I, Simo Tucker, have already shown my sincerity."

"If your master wants to show me, Simo, so-called lordly majesty..."

"I think the God of Light would never permit his followers to be insulted."

"The Church of Light would also never let their district bishop suffer neglect from a lord!"

Upon hearing this, Rose instantly furrows his brow, just about to speak.

A voice full of humor sounds from behind him.

"Apologies, Bishop Simo, for the lack of formal welcome, please forgive us."

Rose quickly turns his head to look.

Upon seeing it was Lynn, his expression slightly relaxes.

Without any hesitation, he strides forward to greet him.

Rose speaks to Lynn: "Master, Simo said..."

Before Rose could finish.

Lynn nods and says: "I have already heard, leave the rest to me."

Receiving Lynn's assured response, Rose wastes no words.

Following behind Lynn, heading towards Simo and Samuel again.

As Lynn approaches Simo and Samuel.

Both of their gazes are observing Lynn from top to bottom.

Young, handsome, yet speaks quite maturely.

However.

It's far from the mysterious lord image they imagined in their minds.

They assumed.

The lord who could build a new emerging city in this wild land.

At least should be the type of decisive, resourceful, middle-aged man over thirty.

The young man before them looks not even twenty!

From the guard following behind the young lord.

The awe expressed in the eyes and on the face of Rose, who brought them to the square.

Samuel can naturally confirm this young man is the lord of this territory.

He moves slightly, dismounts from his warhorse, and nods slightly as a gesture.

Simo, however, remains indifferent.

He still sits in the carriage, his gaze through the window staring directly at Lynn, questioning.

"Was it you who abducted all the townsmen of Morgan Town?"

"Causing last night an absence of women, leaving me lonely in a stranger's bedroom for the night?"

Upon hearing this, Lynn's eyebrow raises slightly.

Is the inquiry from Kakasong City Church Bishop so peculiar?

After learning the facts, rather than first questioning his reasons.

He's angry no woman served him and kept him company as he slept?

What kind of logic is this?

Yet upon reconsidering.

Lynn understands.

As the bishop of Kakasong City Church, Simo stands high above, possessing his own pride.

How the lowest level of townsmen in Morgan Town lives.

What does it have to do with him?

Facing Simo's almost condescending gaze, Lynn's expression remains calm.

He responds with detached words: "Bishop Simo, you might have misunderstood."

Simo raises an eyebrow, "Misunderstood? What misunderstanding?"

"If it wasn't you who abducted the townsmen, leading the town to appear lifeless?"

Lynn shakes his head and explains: "Bishop Simo, what I mean is..."

"Not only the townsmen of Morgan Town."

"All the peasants from the five manors within Morgan Town's range have been brought back to my territory."

"They have become townsmen of my territory!"

Simo and Samuel's eyebrows instantly raise.

Chapter 815: Extraordinary Temple Knight Part 2

Especially Samuel.

Just as he had guessed!

The entire Morgan Town no longer had any other manorial lords!

The next second.

A curious thought appeared in Samuel's mind.

The young lord before him had brought back all the labor force from Morgan Town to his territory.

How many people are there in this territory before him?

Ten or twenty thousand, or thirty or forty thousand?

You should know.

Even the population of Kakasong City is only about fifty thousand.

Compared to Samuel's curiosity.

Simo's eyes were full of surprise, he said, "Have you wiped out all the manorial lords in Morgan Town?"

Lynn smiled slightly, neither affirming nor denying.

"Then Bishop Simo, I am the lord of this territory—Lynn."

Simo's eyes slightly narrowed, repeating Lynn's words.

"Lynn..."

After repeating it several times, Simo reached out his left hand and opened the carriage door beside him.

With the help of the coachman.

He stepped down the temporary steps and walked down from the carriage.

After a few steps, he stopped a few meters in front of Lynn.

Simo looked directly at Lynn in front of him, speaking bluntly.

"Lord Lynn, there has been an expansion and annexation among lords in Morgan Town."

"It has nothing to do with me, Simo Tucker."

"However, the excavation of salt mines and the sale of fine salt within Morgan Town."

"That relates to me, Simo Tucker!"

There was no surprise on Lynn's face.

From the very beginning, Grayson in Kakasong City sold fine salt and was arrested by the clergy of the Church.

Then, merchants continuously came to his territory to trade and exchange fine salt, and return to Fisherman's Wharf in Kakasong City by longboat.

Until now.

The clergy of Kakasong City finally came to his territory to inquire about the quarrying of salt mines.

This timing was later than he had anticipated.

Open-pit salt mine excavation, as long as there is enough labor and digging tools, can be smoothly carried out.

It's just used for town people's lives within the territory, outsiders naturally cannot know.

Once it involves trade between people.

Fine salt as a primary living resource, in the scarce and expensive Morgan Town.

As long as a person with intentions pays a little attention.

It is not difficult to know about the existence of salt mining and trading within Morgan Town's range.

Moreover.

It was not because someone revealed his information and that of his territory.

That led to Simo coming to his territory.

Because.

Both Simo and Samuel, the curiosity and confusion in their eyes could not be hidden.

Lynn slightly nodded, but he did not take Simo's words.

Instead, he changed the topic, speaking calmly to Simo.

"Bishop Simo, since you have come from afar, why not have a discussion in my castle?"

"Coincidentally, my territory's distillery has distilled and brewed a rather good gin."

Listening to Lynn's words, a look of confusion appeared on Simo's face.

"Gin?"

"Are you referring to Lexus Gin?"

Lynn nodded in response.

Seeing Lynn's action, Simo's face filled with amazement.

"Lexus Gin is brewed on your territory?"

Beside them, Samuel began to explain.

"Lord Lynn might not know, but our bishop has been extremely fond of Lexus Gin in recent months."

"Almost every evening, he would go to the Riverside Rest Tavern at Fisherman's Wharf for a few drinks."

"Unexpectedly, Lexus Gin is a product of your territory, Lord Lynn."

Lynn smiled slightly, "Boss Hunter of Riverside Rest is indeed my liquor partner."

"To be precise, the exclusive agent!"

Lynn shifted the topic again, "Since Bishop Simo is so fond of Lexus Gin, then Bishop Simo has come to the right place."

"If Bishop Simo doesn't mind, you can come to my tavern for a few drinks?"

As he spoke, Lynn moved his arm, making a gesture of invitation.

Perhaps due to a craving for Lexus Gin.

This time, he did not refute Lynn.

His throat moved, swallowing involuntarily.

His gaze shifted and looked at Samuel beside him.

Seeing Samuel not saying anything, just nodding to him.

Upon witnessing this, Simo didn't waste any words and began to step toward Lynn.

On the red brick road.

Lynn and Simo were walking side by side.

Behind them were Red Rose and Samuel.

As for the other Church Guards, they had been stationed on Lord's Square.

In Samuel's view.

They had now entered Lynn's territory.

With only twenty Church Guard cavalry, even if fully armed, it wouldn't make any difference.

Their lives are already in Lynn's hands.

Rather than having them around, provoking Lynn's resentment.

It would be better to stay put and leave them on site.

The townsfolk in the small town, upon seeing Simo and Samuel dressed in Church vestments, were full of doubt on their faces.

However.

Upon seeing that it was their Lord leading them, they quickly withdrew their gaze.

As long as Master Lynn is there, in their eyes, it all seems reasonable and normal.

They all performed a respectful salute, bending down their bodies.

Simo, observing the expressions and movements of these townspeople, lifted his chin, feeling quite pleased.

After a short while.

Everyone arrived at the tavern.

Simo glanced around at the simple decorations of the tavern, saying nothing.

Chapter 816: Extraordinary Temple Knight _3

After Samuel pulled out a wooden chair from the round table for him, he sat down without hesitation.

Lynn didn't mind, came to the opposite side of the round table, and sat down.

Soon.

Holding a wine glass in his left hand and a bottle of gin in a glazed bottle in his right, he came over to Lynn.

Red put down the wine glass, preparing to pour wine for Lynn and Semo.

Lynn stretched out his right hand and took the gin from Red's hand.

Under Semo's surprised gaze, he began pouring wine for him.

While pouring, Lynn said calmly, "Bishop Semo, you can try this batch of gin, it was just distilled and produced two days ago."

"Certainly."

"The longer the gin is stored, it becomes richer and more mellow."

"However, freshly made gin will have a different taste and flavor."

"Compared to Boss Hunter's tavern drinks, it should be fresher."

Semo said nothing.

Only his eyes stared directly at the golden liquid continuously flowing from the glazed bottle into the glazed cup.

Even just smelling the familiar aroma of gin and seeing its color.

Semo couldn't help but swallow again.

If the person opposite him were not a stranger he had just met.

He would unceremoniously take the bottle and glass from Lynn's hand and enjoy it on his own.

After filling the glazed cup on the table for Semo, Lynn raised the wine glass before him.

"Bishop Semo, please!"

Watching Lynn's action.

Semo still said nothing and similarly picked up the wine glass on the table.

In one gulp, he poured the nearly full gin into his mouth.

Feeling the fiery sensation of the drink spreading from his throat to his stomach.

Semo's eyes were full of brightness, and unconsciously he let out a comfortable sigh.

Lynn, who similarly gulped down the gin, put down his glass and inquired to Semo.

"Bishop Semo, this should taste the same as the gin you drank at Boss Hunter's tavern, right?"

"How do you find the taste?"

Semo nodded in response, "It indeed tastes the same, very nice gin!"

Listening to Semo's words, Lynn moved his hand and continued to refill his glazed cup.

Semo raised his eyebrows slightly at the sight.

Although they were brought from Morgan Town to this territory as if being escorted all the way by a squad of heavy cavalry.

However.

Lynn's welcoming them in Lord's Square alone.

Now, pouring wine personally.

Was enough to slightly change his dissatisfaction with Lynn.

The lord before him seemed young.

But in manners and hospitality, he had unique insights!

Watching Lynn refill the glazed cup once more, Semo's eyes were full of approval.

Even showed a bit of liking.

As a wine enthusiast, always making friends through wine.

Especially.

Lynn not only understood hospitality but also catered to his preferences, providing his favorite Lexus Gin.

As for previous indifference, Semo didn't care at all!

Lynn and Semo raised their glasses again, signaling across before both gulped down.

Until several more cups later.

Semo's round face showed a hint of redness.

At the tavern, three rounds.

Semo's tone had changed.

He burped and spoke to Lynn.

"Lord Lynn, if I had known your territory had such mesmerizing gin."

"I would have visited long ago!"

"You might not know, I have a principle in my dealings."

"That is, as long as we can drink together, we are friends!"

Lynn smiled slightly, saying nothing.

Reached out his right hand and took another bottle of gin from Red's hand.

Skillfully and expertly, refilled the glazed cup for Semo opposite.

Watching the gin gradually fill the cup, Semo's smile became more obvious.

Semo burped again and continued.

"But friends are friends, regarding the salt mine excavation and fine salt sale, we must clarify!"

Lynn, who had filled Semo's drink, placed the bottle on the table.

He looked directly at Semo, responding, "Of course."

"Bishop Semo can freely state how to deal with this matter."

Semo exhaled the wine breath and said directly.

"Since we are friends, I won't waste words with you."

"Morgan Town is under the jurisdiction of the Kakasong City Church."

"Even if you have a sealing letter from Marquis Ducas, you are still subject to the District Church's authority!"

"Simply put, regardless of how much Gold Pounds profit Lord Lynn you have from salt mine production and selling fine salt."

"The District Church needs to take a tenth of it."

"Of course, this tenth belongs to the God of Light, the District Church only acts as a collector and custodian."

Maybe worried Lynn doesn't know what Tithing is.

Semo continued, "Tithing comes from the 'Oath of Light', based on records spoken directly by the God of Light."

"Not only you, but all other lords, or merchants, even ordinary residents need to pay Tithing!"

Lynn nodded, "If it's for everyone, that's quite fair."

Semo replied, "Indeed, Lord Lynn."

"The God of Light is everyone's God of Light!"

Lynn raised an eyebrow, looking directly at Semo, and spoke.

"Bishop Semo, what if I refuse to pay the Tithing?"

Chapter 817: Extraordinary Temple Knight Part 4

Semo seemed a bit inebriated; for a moment, he didn't understand the meaning of Lynn's words.

He continued the topic on his own, "If you refuse to pay the tithe, what should we..."

As soon as he spoke, Semo's eyes instantly widened, filled with disbelief as he looked at Lynn.

"Lord Lynn, what do you mean by this?"

"The District Church collects the tithe on behalf of the God of Light!"

"Paying the tithe is a risk for the God of Light and a religious duty for everyone."

"Are you showing disrespect to the God of Light?"

Samuel, standing behind Semo, listened to the conversation between Semo and Lynn, his heart full of gravity.

Indeed.

The young Lord Lynn before them would not be as simple as other lords.

Lynn smiled slightly, speaking calmly.

"Bishop Semo, there's no need to be so tense."

"I just want to know what I'll face if I don't pay the tithe!"

Semo had already sobered up from his earlier tipsiness.

He stared directly at Lynn, speaking with conviction.

"First, excommunication."

"You will not be protected by the Church, will be beyond redemption, and will be punished by God because of this!"

"Secondly, commercial boycott."

"No matter what goods are on your land, they will not be able to enter the market."

"All merchants will unite to boycott you!"

"Then, legal proceedings."

"The District Church will sue you according to church law."

"Finally, military sanctions!"

"If the situation is severe enough, the Church will dispatch the Holy Temple Knight Corps to conduct military sanctions on your territory."

"Or even reclaim the lordship of this land."

"Even if this land was granted to you by Marquis Duca!"

Listening to Semo's account, Lynn remained unfazed.

He nodded and said, "Bishop Semo, the consequences you described might be severe for other lords..."

"But for me... they don't pose any sense of crisis!"

Lynn continued, "Firstly, I am not a believer of your Church of Light, nor do I have faith in this so-called God of Light!"

"Since I don't have a church membership in the first place, why would I worry about excommunication?"

Semo frowned deeply.

"Secondly, given the current scale of the towns on my territory, whether it's the grain planted or items produced by handcraft, or even the gin you just drank..."

"We can achieve self-sufficiency without intentionally selling them outside!"

Semo was speechless.

Standing behind him, Samuel slightly nodded.

There is such a vast area of farmland, encompassing all the labor within the bounds of Morgan Town.

With advanced planting techniques, and even various advanced items he had never seen before...

Such a piece of territory can already be described as a country within a country!

Lynn leaned slightly backward, resting on the back of the wooden chair.

"Then, there's the legal proceedings and military sanctions you mentioned, Bishop Semo..."

"Bishop Semo, would the Church really gather forces for a remote lord refusing to pay the tithe and conduct a large-scale crackdown?"

This is the advantage of having the territory located in a remote border area.

It also verifies the saying—when the general is in the field, he does not follow orders to the letter!

Not to mention the laws from the Church.

Even Marquis Duca, who conferred him the title of lord, could be ignored.

Both he and Semo across from him understood this very well.

The church spread across the Garonia Continent.

Whether in military strength, or economically, politically, culturally, educationally, or socially, it has powerful strength.

However.

This doesn't mean the Church will dispatch forces and launch a massive assault on his territory for not paying the tithe.

One must know.

No matter how strong the Church's capabilities are in every aspect,

it is still restricted by the military powers of the various empires on the Garonia Continent!

Otherwise.

The Church would have long controlled all the empires on the continent.

Most critically.

Deploying soldiers, waging war,

especially conducting expeditions, is extremely costly.

Recruiting soldiers, supply provision, soldier salaries, weapon manufacturing and maintenance, transportation costs, etc.!

Semo's originally ruddy face turned livid.

He naturally understood that what Lynn said made sense.

Aside from anything else.

The outposts, the city walls he saw along the way,

and the heavy cavalry and soldiers this territory possesses.

To attack Lynn's territory, how much Church force would be needed?

Five thousand?

Eight thousand?

Or ten thousand?

Even if he informed the Church Archbishop of the salt mine in this territory,

the Archbishop wouldn't dispatch a massive Church army to suppress it just for a salt mine.

The legal proceedings and military sanctions he mentioned are often just used as threats.

For other lords, they have quite a good effect.

But for Lynn in front of him...

He's clearly impenetrable like a rock.

With some military strength of his own,

he doesn't care about such threats.

From what he just described,

if the Church wants to militarily sanction him, they might as well try sending soldiers!

It's not just Semo.

Samuel, behind him, had a face full of gravity.

If Lynn truly doesn't fear the Church,

then what does bringing the cavalry to Lynn's territory to collect the tithe count as?

Walking into a trap?

Or seeking their own doom?

Samuel's entire body became tense.

If Lynn decided to silence them, they wouldn't even have a sliver of a chance to resist.

Chapter 818: Extraordinary Temple Knight _5

Sitting on the wooden chair, Lynn looked at the somber expressions of Semo and Samuel.

He smiled slightly and shifted the topic once more.

"However... I am still willing to pay the tithing that Bishop Semo mentioned!"

Hearing Lynn's words, Semo and Samuel's faces were full of surprise.

Just now, he had clearly and accurately expressed that even if he refused to pay the tithing.

The Church could do nothing to him.

But now.

Lynn actually took the initiative to propose that he is willing to pay the tithing!

Semo found that he simply could not control the young lord before him.

He hesitated a bit and asked, "Lord Lynn, what do you mean by this?"

Lynn said, "Bishop Semo, I, Lynn, am willing to pay the tithing on the extraction and sale of fine salt."

"However... I need to know clearly, what will I get after paying the tithing?"

If in times of financial shortage and goods scarcity.

He certainly would not pay the tithing to the Church.

But now.

With the work efficiency of the salt factory workers continuously improving.

The daily stable output of fine salt is fast approaching four thousand pounds!

The salt factory produces one hundred and twenty thousand pounds of fine salt each month!

Besides.

The number of poultry and livestock in the ranch is rapidly increasing.

In the fields, spring barley and winter barley, vegetables, and other crops can be harvested in August and September.

The Handicraft Workshop District can also produce a variety of needed handicrafts.

His territory will soon achieve initial self-sufficiency!

Therefore.

He now needs to consider gaining.

The legitimacy of this territory, and the recognition of the surrounding forces!

The development speed of his territory is indeed fast.

Whether in agricultural production, handicraft production, or scientific and technological development.

However.

Compared to those great lords and nobility who have been accumulating for decades, or even hundreds of years.

The strength of his territory is still not worth mentioning.

He needs more time to develop agricultural production, to enhance technological levels, to strengthen military power!

And to gain the legitimacy of this territory, and the recognition of surrounding powers.

The Church is one of the best choices!

Though the military strength of the Church is relatively dispersed.

Only in some important districts, provinces, and headquarters are there large-scale Holy Temple Knight Corps members.

But the Church has a very strong economic, political, cultural, and social influence throughout the continent!

Because the followers of the Church are spread throughout the Garonia Continent!

Listening to Lynn's affirmative words, Semo was full of amazement in his heart.

He pondered for a moment in his mind and began to explain.

"First, in terms of economic rights."

"The Church will recognize Lord Lynn's exclusive mining rights to this salt mine!"

"You can carry out large-scale mining or extend the mining time."

"If other forces want to compete with you for the mining rights of the salt mine, the Church will issue warnings to them or even impose sanctions!"

"Reducing the tolls and other artificial obstacles encountered by merchants during the transportation of fine salt from your territory, the Church can mediate."

"Even priority trading rights in market or trade activities related to the Church!"

"In simple terms, from mining to sales, all will provide convenient conditions for Lord Lynn!"

Leaning against the wooden chair backrest, Lynn nodded slightly.

This economic right is very useful for him.

Directly legalizing the mining and selling of fine salt on his territory.

In the future, there was no longer a need as before.

Merchants who come to his territory to exchange fine salt have to sell the fine salt to cities outside Kakasong City.

Lynn did not speak, waiting for Semo to continue speaking.

"Then, I will praise and affirm you, Lord Lynn, at religious ceremonies in Kakasong City."

"It can let the circle of nobles and ordinary citizens in Kakasong City know of your and your territory's existence, and earn their respect."

"The Church will also provide special religious ceremonies for you and your family, Lord Lynn."

"For example, private masses, blessing ceremonies, etc."

"The God of Light... ahem, will bless you and your family."

At this point.

Semo suddenly recalled that Lynn had just said he was not a believer in the God of Light.

But the words were already spoken, so he could only carry on with a stiff upper lip.

As for which heretic god Lynn belongs to.

Semo did not care.

As long as Lynn is willing to pay the tithing, even if he believes in the demons of the Abyss.

It does not matter at all.

Upon hearing this, Lynn's eyebrows raised slightly.

The Church's blessing services and blessings didn't matter much to him.

What he cares about is being able to expand the circle of nobles in Kakasong City!

If knights among the nobility learn of his territory's existence and are willing to come to his territory.

He can completely have them teach the children in the territory schools the Seven Skills of the Knight!

Thereby solving the problem of insufficient knights in the territory.

Semo's narration continued.

"In terms of politics..."

"If you, Lord Lynn, have disputes with other lords, or face political challenges."

"I can use my influence in the Church to provide support for you, helping you solve problems."

"Inviting you to participate in some Church-related political decision-making meetings."

"Thereby increasing your influence in the Kakasong District."

"If the Kakasong City Church thereafter has more land, it can be completely transferred to you, Lord Lynn, for development and cultivation."

Chapter 819: Extraordinary Temple Knight (6)

"Lord Lynn only needs to pay one-tenth of the tithing, that's all!"

At this point.

Simo summarized: "Above are the rights the Kakasong District Church and I can grant you after you pay the tithing, Lord Lynn."

Lynn shook his head, "Just these, it's not enough, Bishop Simo."

Simo immediately frowned, "Not enough?"

"Lord Lynn, you are only paying the tithing."

"What other conditions do you want?"

Lynn looked directly at Simo across from him, calmly said: "Bishop Simo, you seem to have forgotten again."

"The tithing you speak of, I can either pay it or not!"

Simo fell silent immediately.

A few seconds later.

Only then did Simo ask: "Lord Lynn, what kind of rights do you want to have?"

Until then.

Simo suddenly realized that the status between him and Lynn had changed.

He was the Church Bishop, but Lynn was the lord.

The person who should be bowing down should be Lynn!

However, after a round of negotiations and facing reality.

His status and position were already below Lynn!

He needed to humbly inquire what Lynn's demands for paying tithing were.

Leaning back on the wooden chair, Lynn leaned forward.

He stared directly at Simo and got straight to the point: "I need the district church to acknowledge that the entire ownership of Morgan Town belongs to me!"

Ownership of Morgan Town!

This was the key reason why Lynn knew Simo came to Morgan Town and immediately had Earl lead him to the territory!

Now, he had become the strongest and also the only lord of Morgan Town.

He couldn't go to Marquis Ducas's Castle in Bordeaux City.

To apply for corresponding legal documents to confirm and obtain ownership of Morgan Town!

However.

He could obtain recognition through official declarations and religious ceremonies by the district church bishop Simo present.

Until then.

The whole of Morgan Town could be considered his territory!

Listening to Lynn's words, Simo frowned tightly, seemingly pondering something.

A moment later.

Simo spoke to Lynn: "Lord Lynn, regarding the acknowledgment of Morgan Town's ownership, it's a serious matter."

"I need to return to Kasong City for discussions before I can give you a definite answer."

Lynn nodded indifferently, "Of course, Bishop Simo, I can wait for your answer."

"As long as you can agree to my final request, I can pay the tithing at any time for salt mine extraction and fine salt selling!"

Even with his current efficiency in producing fine salt.

120,000 pounds monthly.

One-tenth is only 12,000 pounds.

According to the current market price of fine salt.

Nearly nine pence per pound, that translates to 108,000 pence.

Which is 450 gold pounds.

That's all!

For him, currently holding three major industries.

It's practically nothing!

Aside from this.

Purely based on the glazed glass products that Grayson wants to exchange.

Calculated at two gold pounds each for purchase, buying 500 pieces of glazed products at once.

That's a pure income of one thousand gold pounds!

Regarding the manpower, resources, and time needed to produce glazed glass products...

Do not count as cost!

Two gold pounds selling price is almost pure profit!

Apart from glazed glass products, he can also sell gin to Hunter, fine salt to Boer, and so on.

During the conversation.

Lynn's gaze shifted to Red.

Red, understanding Lynn, poured gin for both Lynn and Simo across.

Lynn reached out to pick up the glass in front of him and spoke to Simo.

"Then I'll wait for the good news from Bishop Simo in my territory?"

Simo remained silent.

Just picked up the glass on the table, gestured across space, and gulped it down.

After swallowing the gin, Simo slowly rose from the wooden chair.

"Lord Lynn, then I shall take my leave first."

"After discussions with church staff, I will notify you at the first instance."

Lynn stood up and responded.

"Then I won't see you off far."

Simo didn't waste words, turned around, and headed towards the tavern door.

As he stepped out, weakness crept up his legs, causing his body to tumble towards the ground.

Samuel, who had been standing behind Simo, quickly opened his arms to support him.

Samuel nodded apologetically to Lynn and helped Simo out of the tavern.

Despite both he and Simo drinking almost three bottles of Lexus Gin.

His strong constitution left him without a hint of intoxication.

Instead, he felt fiery and comfortable throughout.

Lynn took steps, walked out of the tavern, and followed a distance behind Simo and Samuel.

A thought crossed his mind as he glanced again at Samuel's attribute panel.

[Name]: Samuel Drake

[Age]: 30 years

[Abilities]: Hunting Level 3, Planting Level 2, Construction Level 2

[Seven Skills of the Knight]: Riding Level 3, Hunting Level 3, Swordsmanship Level 3

[Attributes]: Attack D, Defense E, Speed E, Constitution D, Energy E

[Talent]: Guardian's Blessing — enhances defense ability, reduces physical and magical damage

[Skills]: Glory Barrier — raises personal defense level, reduces damage received

...

Looking at Samuel's [Talent] and [Skills] panel.

Lynn was somewhat surprised in his heart.

This seemingly ordinary-looking middle-aged man.

Turned out to be a Temple Knight with extraordinary powers!

His mind contemplated slightly.

But ultimately he abandoned the idea of duplication.

Samuel's talents and skills were similar to Joao Frank's [Guard] and [Block].

Who is stronger he couldn't judge temporarily.

However.

Spending a Talent Duplication Book and a Skill Duplication Book to duplicate similar talents and skills.

Lynn deemed it unnecessary.

He wasn't that eager to boost his own strength.

He could still wait.

Lynn took steps, walking all the way to Lord's Square.

Eyes watching ahead, Simo had already got into the carriage.

Under Samuel's leadership, a group of church guards mounted their warhorses.

In the sounds of hoofbeats and the rolling sound of the carriage wheels.

The carriage and horse team gradually moved away.

Until disappearing from Lynn's sight, only then did he retract his gaze.

He glanced at the time, then walked toward the currently expanding breeding farm.

While accelerating the construction speed of the [Mutated Wild Boar Farm].

Increase the upgrade speed of the [Construction] skill.

Regarding whether Simo, who just left, would agree to his request to acknowledge Morgan Town belonging to him...

He wasn't anxious.

After all, there were still plenty of weedy barren lands in his territory that need cultivation.

If it really doesn't work.

To ensure safety, even letting Morgan Town's farmland lie fallow for several planting cycles wouldn't matter.

Chapter 820: Patricide for Ascendancy

The cavalry, dressed in breastplates with the emblem of the cross, escorted a carriage as it slowly exited Weng City.

After the heavy closing sound of the iron gate, Samuel, at the front of the procession, couldn't help but turn back.

The city wall at the mountain pass, enough to separate the outer world from the territory inside.

At a glance, he felt the awe-inspiring and unyielding majesty!

With such a wall and so many fully armed soldiers stationed,

plus the large equipment on the walls,

Lord Lynn could fully rely on this wall to quietly develop his territory.

When he possesses greater power, he can directly send an army to wage external wars!

While these thoughts swirled in Samuel's mind,

a voice called from behind.

"Samuel!"

Hearing this familiar voice, Samuel quickly pulled the reins of his warhorse, moving to the side of the road.

He waited for the carriage in the middle of the procession to come to his side.

Samuel addressed Simo inside the carriage.

"Lord Bishop."

Simo glanced at him and instructed,

"Increase speed; I need to return to Kakasong City as soon as possible."

"And inform the priest in the Church that I need to hold an internal meeting."

Samuel complied upon hearing the words, "Yes, Lord Bishop!"

With the words, Samuel fiercely shook the reins in his hand.

As he rode, Samuel shouted to the moving cavalry and carriage convoy,

"Increase speed, increase speed, return to Kakasong City as soon as possible!"

Following Samuel's orders, responses echoed within the procession.

They all hurried their warhorses to hasten the speed.

Sitting inside the carriage, Simo felt his body pushed back against the seat as it accelerated.

Fortunately, the cushioned seat stopped his backward momentum.

Simo adjusted his sitting position, making himself more comfortable.

His gaze was deep as he looked at the large swath of retreating wild grass outside the carriage.

He murmured to himself,

"Attempting to use the Church's power to legally and logically incorporate the entirety of Morgan Town..."

Rising step by step from a candle-holder and assistant in arranging religious instruments,

to finally becoming the Church Bishop of the Kakasong District at thirty-five,

Simo could easily guess Lynn's intention.

To have come this far.

No one could be someone who is entirely driven by base instincts without any intellect.

Showing foolishness in the face of unknown dangers often puts others at ease.

Even makes them less guarded towards him.

However, even if Lynn wanted to exploit the pretext of paying the tithe,

hoping to leverage the Church,

to obtain legal documents and social acknowledgment to control Morgan Town.

Even so, Simo didn't care!

Firstly,

the Kakasong City Church does indeed own considerable land within the entire Kakasong City territory.

These lands are used for agricultural production, or religious site construction,

or rented to the Free People and nearby Lords for rent collection.

This is one of the Church's critical economic sources.

But,

Morgan Town was never Church land.

It belonged to Marquis Ducas!

Meaning,

even if he, as the Kakasong District Bishop, acknowledges Lynn as the Lord of the entire Morgan Town, he wouldn't suffer any loss!

At most, he would pay a trivial price.

Publicly expressing gratitude to Lynn for paying the tithe at certain religious ceremonies.

Then introduce Lord Lynn, who contributed to the Church, at some banquet events.

As for the rights he promised to grant Lynn...

Any Lord or nobility that pays the tithe can acquire those rights.

He just needed to have Church Officials issue a document.

Of course,

these rights merely represent the Church's stance.

How local ruling Lords think or feel has nothing to do with the Church.

Simply put,

as long as Lynn is willing to pay the tithe, it only benefits the Church without any harm.

As for the destination of the tax in Gold Pounds,

Naturally, it would end up in his pocket!

He never intended to report the Gold Pounds from Lynn's tithe to the Archbishop.

Because even if reported, it would only enter the Archbishop's pocket.

Rather than that,

he might as well keep this Gold Pound in his pocket,

using it to gather enough capital for promoting to an Archbishop later!

As for now, he still wasn't aware of the salt mine's extraction and fine salt production scale in Lynn Territory.

However,

the normal production efficiency of a salt mine can produce roughly two thousand pounds of fine salt daily!

According to the current market price, nearly nine is a pound.

If the Church collects a tenth as a tithe...

Converting, it could get more than seven Gold Pounds a day.

That's two hundred and ten Gold Pounds a month.

Two thousand five hundred and twenty Gold Pounds a year.

For the expenses of the entire Church, this is naturally nothing.

But for it all entering Simo's personal pocket,

it's undoubtedly a great fortune!

Only with enough money could he have the capital to maneuver with the Church hierarchy,

could he continue climbing upwards.

Until then,

he could leave the small city of Kakasong to go to a more prosperous large city.