

System 831

Chapter 831: A Soldier's Duty (Part 1)

Wesley heard this and immediately bent down, "Yes, my lord."

"This hunting trip that led to the sacrifice of soldiers is entirely my responsibility."

"Please punish me, my lord!"

Lynn said nothing, just stared intently at Wesley.

Under the pressure of his gaze.

Wesley dared not lift his head at all, waiting for Lynn to continue speaking.

A few seconds later.

Only then did Lynn speak, "No need for punishment, go and rest."

"Starting tomorrow, divide the one hundred and fifty into three squads and appoint three captains."

"Each squad will go outside the territory to hunt and capture."

"I need you to stay within the territory, collect thirty assembled crossbows from the workshop, and lead the soldiers to learn how to use the 'Zhuge Crossbow'!"

Wesley's face remained hesitant.

He spoke, "But, my lord..."

Before Wesley could finish his words.

Lynn directly interrupted him.

"Vice Thousand Households Wesley!"

"Is this the extent of your capacity?"

Upon hearing Lynn's suddenly stern words, Wesley bent even lower.

Lynn remained seated on the lord's throne, looking down at Wesley.

"As the appointed Deputy Thousand Households, as the leader of the archers,"

"Is your measure of capacity limited to constantly troubling over a soldier's life and death?"

Facing Lynn's reproach, Wesley dared not utter a word.

Lynn continued, "The sacrifice of a soldier is a huge loss, whether to you or to their families!"

"To their families, he could be a child's father, a wife's husband, a parent's son..."

"To you, he is a soldier you trained."

"Likewise, to me, he is a warrior who could fight and bleed for the land!"

"However, this does not mean that as a leader, you can fall into guilt over the death of a soldier."

Wesley's expression lowered, silent.

Lynn said, "As a commander, your task is to continue leading your archers, to continuously hone their archery skills."

"Only by making them masterful so they can kill more enemies on the battlefield can you give them true justice."

"If out on a campaign, faced with an insurmountable foe, as long as the archers have shot all the arrows in their quiver,"

"Even if they all perish, I will not blame you in the slightest!"

"Because it is their mission as archers, as soldiers!"

"I will have all soldiers' names carved into a monument, so everyone in the territory will remember their contributions."

"I will ensure their families are well taken care of, with no worries at home."

Speaking here, Lynn's tone shifted.

"However!"

"If you still feel guilty, then in the next war, bring back as many archers as you take out!"

Lynn's voice suddenly intensified.

"Do you hear me, Wesley!"

Motivated by Lynn's words, Wesley suddenly raised his head.

With a loud and powerful voice, he responded, "Yes, my lord!"

Lynn nodded, "Very good!"

"Keep your promise in your heart."

"You may leave now."

Wesley nodded heavily and bowed, leaving without a word.

Watching Wesley's figure disappear at the steps of the hall.

Only then did Lynn retract his gaze and exhaled a breath of hot air.

A trained soldier dying in a wild boar capture operation.

It indeed was a great loss for him.

But at this point, it's merely a little regretful.

His territory could not slow its development for anyone's death.

Not even for a single soldier.

Even if the cavalry unit, currently comprising three hundred heavy cavalry and eight hundred light cavalry, is entirely lost on a future battlefield.

He would not stop in the slightest.

At most, he would feel briefly lamented and regretful.

He would continue to form a larger and more formidable heavy cavalry!

Because only by having a sufficiently powerful armed force could he ensure the survival and development of this land!

Suppressing the thoughts in his heart, Lynn's eyes turned, looking off into the distance.

There.

Janet stood straight in her linen robe, her eyes wavering as she watched him.

Of course, Lynn knew.

When he was reprimanding Wesley, Janet had already entered the hall, standing there waiting.

Feeling Lynn's gaze on her, Janet quickly lowered her head and reminded softly.

"Lord... the hot water is ready."

"You may now bathe."

Lynn responded softly, "I'll go now."

Getting up from the lord's throne, Lynn walked toward the chamber not far off.

As he passed by Janet, he said.

"Come in to assist with a massage in half an hour."

Even though Lynn had his back to her, walking forward.

His voice still accurately reached Janet's ears.

Janet's cheeks flushed instantly.

Her eyes full of reproachful color.

It had indeed turned out as she had guessed.

After Lynn had her prepare the hot water, he would definitely have her assist with bathing and massaging.

Then perhaps more...

Janet dared not refuse; she could only respond softly.

"Yes... my lord."

Watching Lynn's back disappear into the chamber.

Janet's heart was filled with complexity.

She had thought Lynn simply became the lord of this land by chance.

Then with luck, discovered three open-pit mines ready to be excavated.

Everything seemed to have fallen perfectly into place.

But after spending this time living in the castle.

Especially after Kuisi told her.

This land initially only had Lynn alone.

The territory had just a makeshift wooden hut.

The wooden hut was even built by Lynn himself, using a flint axe to chop and construct.

The town below was once just a patch of wild weeds.

Simply put.

Everything now visible.

All existed because Lynn built it himself from scratch.

Only then did Janet understand.

She had underestimated Lynn!

Now.

The only question Janet had in her mind was.

What kind of man could have such great...

No, to be accurate, such terrifying capability.

To accomplish all of this?

Clearing land, hunting, farming and logging, paving roads, building a city...

Transforming a barren piece of land into such a bustling town.

If she hadn't seen it with her own eyes, Janet couldn't have imagined it even in her dreams.

What amused her the most was...

She had once thought of using the power of Frank Manor to seize Lynn's territory!

Chapter 832: Who Approves? Who Opposes?

Such a formidable Lord.

With such advanced technology.

And the entire townsmen of the territory, all tirelessly working for a better life.

How could this land not be strong?

How could this land not rise?

Thinking of this.

Janet's heart was full of sighs.

She felt that ever since Lynn came to this territory.

It was like a rising star, destined to shine in the sky!

Suppressing her complicated emotions, Janet stepped forward and walked towards the private room ahead.

The closer she got to the tightly closed door of the private room, the more nervous she became.

Because in Janet's mind, she couldn't help but imagine what might happen after the massage...

Arriving at the door of the private room.

Janet's rosy lips slightly parted, and after taking a deep breath, she slowly pushed open the door.

At that moment.

A slightly warm and moist vapor hit her face, landing on her cheeks.

Making her already slightly flushed face even hotter.

Janet's gaze looked forward.

Through the glazed glass oil lamp light on the private room wall.

She could clearly see.

That sun-kissed, wheat-colored body because of frequent labor under the sun.

Broad shoulders slightly protruding from the water, lines full of muscles extending along the arm to his body.

His head rested on the edge of the bathtub, a steaming piece of linen cloth laid warm on his cheek.

To relieve the fatigue and soreness of his eyes.

But because his head was raised.

His chiseled jawline stood out prominently.

Janet's heart couldn't help but become more tense.

Standing at the door, she called out to Lynn from afar, "Lord."

"I've come to serve your massage..."

Lynn's calm voice responded, "Come in."

With Lynn's clear explanation, Janet quickly replied, "Yes, Lord."

Entering the private room and closing the door.

Janet slowly walked toward Lynn in the bathtub.

The closer she got, the clearer Lynn's face in the bathtub became in her eyes.

Upon reaching the bathtub, Janet glanced at Lynn's body soaking in the hot water.

Nervously, she said, "Lord, I will start the massage for you now."

This time, Lynn did not speak, only responded with a hum.

To show his response.

Janet said no more, warming her hands by soaking them in the hot water.

She came behind Lynn, stretched her fair and slender fingers, and gently placed them on Lynn's head.

Beginning the relaxation massage for Lynn...

From Lynn's head to the temples, then the neck and shoulders.

In Janet's continuous massage, she vaguely heard Lynn's soft hum of comfort.

A hint of pride appeared in Janet's heart.

Her lips involuntarily curled upwards slightly.

Under Lynn's personal guidance, her massage techniques had improved greatly.

Of course.

The price she paid was Lynn demonstrating hand-in-hand on her entire body...

After a dozen minutes.

Finishing the shoulder massage, Janet moved to Lynn's right side.

Looking at Lynn still lying in the hot water, Janet reminded him.

"Lord, the shoulder massage is done, next I need to massage your limbs and back."

Lynn replied, "Okay."

Hearing Lynn's words, Janet became even more nervous.

Even her breath began to gradually quicken.

Hearing Lynn's words, Janet's heart grew tenser, and even her breathing gradually became rapid.

Her chest, wrapped in a linen long skirt, also rose and fell quickly.

Janet set her mind.

Her arms began to move.

Soon.

The linen long skirt on her body slipped from her shoulders, falling to the ground.

Janet took a deep breath of warm, moist air and stepped her right leg into the bathtub.

However.

Just as she crouched down in the bathtub, ready to extend her arms and begin the massage for Lynn.

She found that the linen cloth on Lynn's cheek had already floated to the surface of the hot water.

At this moment, he was staring straight at her body with open eyes.

A stronger sense of nervousness instantly rose in Janet's heart.

She was just about to speak, when a pair of strong arms wrapped around her waist.

In the blink of an eye.

Janet found herself tightly held in Lynn's embrace, placed on his legs.

Feeling the firm, fiery sensation from Lynn's body.

Janet's face turned as red as a ripe apple.

She said a bit helplessly, "Lord... the massage isn't over yet..."

Lynn's lips curled, he said, "Your massage technique is still not quite skillful."

"I still need to continue demonstrating for you."

Before Janet could speak.

A strong, broad right hand had already climbed upwards...

Looking at Lynn in front of her.

Janet's eyes were full of wavering colors.

Just as she imagined in her mind!

Serving Lynn with a bath and massage is not that simple.

As Janet wandered in her thoughts.

A strong feeling of fullness appeared within her body.

Janet's mouth involuntarily opened.

She quickly opened her arms, not minding the change in her front's roundness.

Tightly hugged Lynn's neck in front of her.

...

The next morning.

After having the nutritious breakfast specially prepared by Kuisi.

Lynn left the castle with Red.

Walking along the red brick road between the castle and the town, passing by red brick houses in the residential area.

Chapter 833: Who Approves? Who Opposes?

Lynn arrived at Lord's Square.

And right in front of him.

Led by the Order Guard, Erin stepped forward, walking towards him.

Upon reaching Lynn, Erin immediately bowed slightly and spoke respectfully.

"Lord."

Lynn responded, "Kuisi reported to me that the personnel needed for the Territory Court are already equipped?"

Erin replied, "I found a few townsmen in your small town who have a certain level of knowledge."

"They have received some education in the past, and although their knowledge is limited, they are fully capable of being the staff in the Territory Court."

"For example, the clerk, responsible for recording various court affairs, and so on."

Lynn nodded, "So, the Territory Court only needs a building for handling disputes and conflicts among the townsmen?"

Erin answered, "Yes, Lord."

Lynn didn't think much before speaking to Erin, "Follow me."

Upon hearing Lynn's words, Erin's face showed a bit of confusion.

But with the Lord's guidance, she did not ask any questions and obediently followed behind.

Passing through the Red Brick House residential area.

A few minutes later.

Lynn led Erin to the Red Brick House residential area under expansion.

Under Clive's leadership and command, three thousand townsmen were orderly engaged in construction.

Almost half a month's time.

The Red Brick Houses for six thousand residents have already progressed halfway.

At most, another half a month and the Red Brick House residential area can be completed!

Lynn directly led Erin, Red, and a few guards, stepping into it.

Some townsmen pushing carts, transporting materials.

Townsmen building walls and roofs.

Townsmen standing beside the heated peppermint water tank, drinking large mouthfuls of water...

Upon seeing Lynn, their eyes immediately shone brightly with admiration, respect, and even worship.

They said nothing, just stood in place, paying attention.

Seeing their Lord, his gaze swept over each of them.

They immediately bowed, performing gestures of respect.

Following behind Lynn, Erin was greatly shocked upon witnessing this scene.

Unlike other lords, who rule townsmen with whips and soldiers and guards, enforcing iron rule.

Though able to make townsmen work out of fear and trepidation, they fail to win genuine hearts.

But the Lord Lynn before her.

Relies entirely on providing townsmen superior living conditions.

Giving them hope and prospects for a better future.

Thus gaining their esteem and worship.

Comparing the two.

Iron rule can indeed establish an orderly and stable domain.

But once it reaches the threshold of oppression, what awaits is a rebellion from the townsmen.

Yet Lynn's rule is entirely different.

They understand that working for the Lord is also working for themselves.

The Red Brick Houses being constructed will serve as future residences.

The crops grown will fulfill their daily needs and satisfy their hunger.

Just like now.

As she delved deeper into the Red Brick House expansion area.

She saw no guards supervising the construction and labor of the townsmen.

Let alone using whips to lash out at resting townsmen.

Apart from those tired from labor who were drinking water.

No townsmen wished to shirk duties or loaf around.

All the townsmen were voluntarily working.

As a scholar of law, she had visited many lord's territories.

But even she was seeing and realizing for the first time.

That a lord's domain could develop in such a manner!

Erin thought further.

To be precise, apart from Lord Lynn's realm, she couldn't see similar scenes in other lord's territories.

As Erin sighed inwardly.

Walking ahead, Lynn stopped.

Erin looked puzzled toward the front.

Seeing Clive approaching from the front, his robes stained with lime mortar.

Clive reached Lynn and quickly bowed in respect.

"Lord."

Lynn nodded, speaking, "Scholar Clive, how long will it take for this Red Brick House expansion area to be completed?"

Clive glanced at Lynn, then at Erin behind Lynn.

He pondered for a few seconds and replied.

"Lord, half a month!"

"At most half a month, the entire Red Brick House residential area expansion will be finished."

"Afterward, around ten days more, for making various furniture, then moving in."

"The townsmen can start moving in then."

Lynn nodded, continuing, "Scholar Clive, I need you to help me with something."

Listening to Lynn's words, Clive seemed to recall something.

He didn't hesitate, "Lord, just give your orders!"

Lynn responded, "I need you to assist Scholar Erin in designing and planning to construct a Territory Court near the town."

"The size and construction style of the Territory Court should be decided through discussion between you and Erin."

"I have only one requirement, a sense of solemnity."

"So that all townsmen seeing the court will know that violating territorial laws will certainly bring punishment!"

Clive quickly responded, "Yes, Lord."

Lynn turned around, looking at Erin behind him, saying, "Scholar Erin, the subsequent court construction will be left to you two."

"Complete the construction drawings for the Territory Court before the Red Brick House expansion ends."

"After the expansion, allocate five hundred townsmen and commence construction immediately."

Chapter 834: Who Approves? Who Opposes? _3

"If you have any other needs in the future, you can tell Kuisi, or come directly to me."

Hearing this, Erin bowed slightly and expressed her gratitude.

"Thank you, Lord."

In front of Lynn, Erin felt a newfound admiration in her heart.

With just a few words of instruction, Lynn could have easily let his guards issue commands to her and Clive.

However.

Lynn did not do so.

Instead, he personally brought her to this area of expanding red brick residential zones to find Clive.

Then he gave instructions face to face.

Doesn't this prove.

That Lynn, as the Lord, values the construction of the Territory Court?

Values her and Clive's identities?

Lynn replied, "Then, you two can discuss, I have other matters to attend to."

Under the attentive gaze of Erin and Clive as they bade farewell.

Lynn, along with Red and the guards, left the red brick house expansion area.

Just as Erin wanted to speak.

Clive took the initiative, "Scholar Ailin, don't you think Master Lynn is completely different from other lords?"

Erin curiously looked at Clive and asked in return.

"In what way?"

Clive pondered for a moment and said, "Even though I am now working under Master Lynn's instructions, in the field of construction."

"Of course, I originally liked construction, I enjoy seeing buildings rise from flat landscapes."

"And giving these buildings diverse appearances based on cultural heritage."

"For example, what Master Lynn said about wanting to make the 'dragon' the symbol of this territory."

"I seem to have strayed a bit from the topic..."

"What I want to say is, Master Lynn can appoint me, already fond of construction, as the chief designer of this large construction area?"

"To divide the residential area into functional zones and manage the rationality of the construction area..."

Erin summarized, "Scholar Clive, do you mean Master Lynn knows how to make the best use of people?"

Hearing Erin's words, Clive's eyes lit up, and he quickly responded.

"Yes, that's exactly what I mean, Scholar Erin."

Erin nodded, "It's not just you, it's the same for all of us."

"Including most of the townsmen in the territory, who have been assigned reasonable work positions by Master Lynn!"

Clive's words were full of curiosity, "Yes, that's why I say Master Lynn is somewhat different from other lords."

...

Passing through the red brick residential area, Lynn arrived at the Lord's Square.

Without much thought, he stepped towards the pasture outside the town.

The Territory Court is very important for a developing territory.

Especially because.

The Territorial Law was drafted and just began to be implemented in the land.

Even with Erin, a scholar who studies laws and regulations.

There are bound to be imperfections.

Thus.

As time continues, legal loopholes will inevitably appear in the territory.

Lynn understood this.

This is something unavoidable.

Because at no point will there be a perfect system or perfect laws and regulations.

You can only continue to improve and adjust based on different needs.

While thinking this, Lynn arrived at the entrance to the pasture.

Standing at the entrance was Guy, wearing a thin linen robe.

Seeing Lynn, his eyes lit up, and he quickly stepped forward.

Guy spoke, "Master."

Lynn glanced at Guy and asked, "What's the matter?"

Guy grinned and asked, "Master, do you remember Bai Ling and Black Night?"

"I saw them appear at the edge of the town yesterday evening."

Lynn: "Go on."

Since the last time they went deep into the forest for exploration and saw Bai Ling and Black Night.

It had been quite a while since they saw them again.

Guy continued, "Besides Bai Ling and Black Night, there was a pack of wild wolves trailing behind them!"

"But they seemed to fear the townsmen, always lingering at the edge of the forest, far away."

Lynn addressed Guy, "Find a way to have Bai Ling and Black Night bring that pack of wild wolves back to town."

"Afterwards, I will construct a wolf breeding farm."

Listening to Lynn's words, Guy raised an eyebrow.

He was about to exclaim, "Breed a pack of wild wolves?"

But then he remembered.

That Master Lynn had already started hunting and capturing wild boars to breed them.

So continuing to breed wild wolves seemed not that unbelievable.

Guy nodded, "Alright, Master, the next time I see them, I'll give it a try."

Lynn responded, "Is there anything else?"

Guy thought for a moment and shook his head.

"Not for the time being, Master."

Lynn began walking towards the expansion area of the breeding farm beside the pasture.

"Since you're so idle, go clean the pigsty."

Guy quickly replied to Lynn's retreating figure.

"Master, the pigsty's already been cleaned."

Lynn's voice sounded again, "Then clean it again."

Guy's face instantly filled with bitterness.

Arriving at the expansion area of the Mutated Wild Boar Farm.

Familiar with the place, Lynn picked up the plastering knife and immersed himself in wall construction.

[Construction Experience +1]

[Construction Experience +1]

[Construction Experience +1]

...

Although it is now summer, and the weather is getting hotter.

Except for a small number of hunters who gather to hunt.

Wild boars have few natural predators to prey on them.

Thus.

Many areas experience an overpopulation of wild boars.

Chapter 835: Who Approves? Who Opposes?_4

Now, he only hoped that the three teams of fifty soldiers he sent out could bring him some surprises.

He did not expect these teams to capture hundreds of wild boars for him in a short time.

As long as each outing, like the last time, could bring back a dozen or so wild boars,

he would be satisfied.

With the passage of time and the reproduction of wild boars,

the number of wild boars in his territory would only increase.

Suppressing his thoughts, Lynn devoted himself entirely to construction.

...

Meanwhile, on the other side.

In Kakasong City.

Inside a completely white building.

Simo, dressed in a white robe with a cloak on his shoulders, walked down the tidy corridor.

Behind him was the ever-present Guard Commander, Samuel.

Turning past two corners, Simo arrived at a double wooden door, three to four meters high.

At the door, two guards clad in the Church's cross plate armor knowingly pushed open the wooden door.

Click~

The sound of the door opening.

Simo stepped into the meeting room behind the wooden door.

Inside the meeting room.

Upon hearing the sound of the door opening, those originally seated in wooden chairs all stood up.

They turned their bodies, slightly bowed, and greeted Simo with courtesy.

Simo passed through the crowd without words, his expression indifferent as he walked by.

Finally, he stood at the head seat of the conference table.

Through the Church's transparent glazed glass, bright light poured in.

Simo's gaze swept over each clergy member present.

After a few seconds,

Simo slightly opened his mouth, taking a breath.

An unending murmur came from his mouth;

"In the name of the God of Light, we gather here before the Lord."

"We pray the God of Light grants us wisdom and guidance, that in our ensuing discussions, we discern right from wrong, follow the will of the Lord, Amen!"

As Simo's voice fell,

each clergy member responded in unison, "Amen!"

Simo then addressed the crowd, "Please, be seated."

At Simo's instruction, those standing by the wooden chairs waited for Simo to be seated first,

only then did they dare to sit down.

Simo glanced over them again, "I believe you all know the topic of today's meeting, correct?"

Upon hearing Simo's words, a few clergy members seated away from the head seat looked puzzled.

Simo couldn't help but furrow his brow and turned to the tall, thin man beside him.

"Father Igor, please explain the theme of this meeting to your colleagues."

The tall, thin man named by Simo immediately stood up.

He bowed slightly, expressing respect to Simo, then turned slightly to the others in a fan shape.

"Dear colleagues, the Lord Bishop has gathered us to discuss the theme of the meeting, which is..."

"The environmental impact of salt mining in Morgan Town, and the territorial ownership of Morgan Town."

Upon hearing Igor's clear words, a sense of curiosity filled the faces of the clergy members.

"There is a mineable salt deposit in Morgan Town? That's wonderful!"

"Indeed! With a salt mine, edible salt can be produced, jobs can be increased, and it can promote economic development in Morgan Town."

"It sounds good, but mining the salt deposit will certainly cause environmental damage..."

Simo, seated at the head, remained silent.

Instead, he listened quietly to their discussion.

"To promote economic development, some environmental destruction is inevitable, after all, everything has its pros and cons."

"That's true, but if left unchecked, it will certainly invite disaster!"

"What disaster? As followers of the God of Light, with His blessing, we merely act according to His will."

"..."

Upon hearing the once-discussing group grow louder and more intense,

Simo couldn't help but furrow his brow.

Igor, standing to the side, keenly observed Simo's change in expression.

Igor immediately addressed the discussing group in a low voice.

"Colleagues, although the theme of this meeting is for discussion, shouldn't we heed the Lord Bishop's opinions?"

Previously agitated clergy members immediately closed their mouths.

From a distance, they nodded apologetically towards Simo, seated at the head.

After a approving glance at Igor, Simo addressed the assembly.

"May I ask, how long have you been with the District Church in Kakasong City?"

The assembly exchanged puzzled glances at these words.

Simo shifted his gaze directly to Igor.

Igor, equally puzzled, responded promptly, "Lord Bishop, it's been fifteen years."

Simo said nothing, turning his gaze to the Deacon seated beside Igor.

The middle-aged Deacon immediately spoke, "Lord Bishop, ten years."

Simo's gaze shifted again.

A somewhat nervous Priest responded, "Eight years, Lord Bishop."

"Seven years."

"Five years..."

Until he inquired about each major clergy member participating in the meeting.

Only then did Simo speak, "From when I was an Assistant Priest, joining the District Church in Kakasong City, twenty years have passed!"

"Therefore, I know better than you the past and present circumstances of the District Church in Kakasong City."

As they listened to Simo's words, not a single clergy member dared utter a sound.

Even their breaths were subdued.

They simply watched intently, their eyes fixed on Simo at the head.

Simo continued, "In the past twenty years, the District Church in Kakasong City has faced the risk of dissolution three times."

Chapter 836: Who Approves? Who Opposes?

"The reason for this is primarily due to Charlemagne VI's insatiable greed, wanting to annex the benefits that originally belonged to the Church."

"Which led to a prolonged confrontation between imperial power and the Church."

"Fortunately, the Kakasong City Church is too far from Triumph City for many policies to be effectively implemented in this remote city."

"But this also led to the weakening of the Kakasong City Church's power."

"Priests and deacons fled, and clergy members left the Church."

"Even the former bishop chose to betray the God of Light when faced with death..."

"Of course."

"Their end was naturally to be bound to a cross and subjected to burning at the stake!"

The clergy members fell silent all at once.

They knew.

At this moment, Semo was not only recounting the past of the Kakasong City Church.

He was also issuing a warning to them.

If they dared to betray the Church, their fate would be the same as the previous clergy—execution by fire!

Semo took a deep breath and continued speaking.

"Even though the confrontation between imperial power and the Church was quickly resolved not long after."

"It still drastically reduced the control of the Church throughout the Karedi Empire."

"The power and rights once held by the Church were divided and given to Charlemagne VI."

"Even now, the Church remains under the authority of imperial power!"

Semo paused his speech.

"Despite the fact that there are countless churches and numerous believers across the Karedi Empire."

"We have yet to build a formidable military force!"

"Why is this the case?"

"Because the vast majority of the income is seized by secular rule!"

"The Church is too poor now!"

"To the extent that, in order to cut costs, the Kakasong City Church has faced the crisis of being abolished twice."

"Fortunately, the Kakasong City Church ultimately survived."

Everyone's expressions relaxed slightly.

Semo continued: "The reason I am telling you all this."

"Is that I want you to know, for the Kakasong City Church to continue standing strong in this city, to survive, to maintain your roles and status..."

"You must have a stable and substantial economic income!"

Upon hearing this, all the clergy members nodded in agreement.

Semo slowly got up from the main seat, walking past everyone expressionlessly.

"Colleagues, you may not know."

"A few days ago, I left Kakasong City and traveled to the more remote Morgan Town."

"Because through some special intelligence channels, I learned that..."

"Within Morgan Town, there is an open-pit salt mine that can be mined!"

Wow~

As soon as Semo finished speaking, a wave of astonished gasps arose from the clergy members sitting on wooden chairs.

They widened their eyes and stared directly at Semo.

Their eyes were full of disbelief.

Semo naturally noticed their expressions.

Without any change in his tone, he continued to speak.

"You all know that if Morgan Town, which is within the jurisdiction of the Kakasong City Church, has a minable open-pit salt mine, it signifies something significant."

Everyone nodded in agreement.

"To find out the truth, I went to Morgan Town with Samuel."

"After experiencing many life-threatening crises, I located the open-pit salt mine."

"And after a heated negotiation with the lord of the territory, the lord finally agreed to pay tithing to the Kakasong City Church!"

In the surprised eyes of everyone, a look of admiration appeared.

Yet they didn't notice the complexity in Samuel's eyes behind Semo.

Semo sighed lightly.

"But, with the military power possessed by the Kakasong City Church, how can we compel a rapidly rising lord to pay tithing?"

"Therefore, I had to agree to the lord's request..."

"To publicly acknowledge his ownership of all the lands within the boundaries of Morgan Town!"

Sitting beside Semo, Igor seemed to have thought of something.

He curiously asked, "Lord Bishop, doesn't the land in Morgan Town not belong to the Kakasong City District Church?"

"And if I remember correctly, Morgan Town should be governed by several manor lords jointly..."

Igor explained: "Lord Bishop, the reason I know this is because the son of the Lord of Frank Manor in Morgan Town was once my follower."

"Although he was mysteriously assassinated not long ago..."

Semo glanced indifferently at Igor, "I didn't know how it was before, nor do I care."

"I only know now that Morgan Town only has one lord, Lynn!"

Igor quickly bent his waist, dare not say more.

However.

He remained curious.

What indeed happened in Morgan Town?

Even though his knowledge of Morgan Town is also limited.

He still knew that there were five manor lords in Morgan Town!

But now.

Bishop Semo categorically stated that 'there is only one lord, Lynn, in Morgan Town'!

Semo continued: "This brings us back to the theme of our meeting today."

"The environmental impact of mining the salt mine in Morgan Town and the territorial ownership of Morgan Town."

"Who approves?"

"Who opposes?"

The clergy members sitting on the wooden chairs exchanged glances, yet no one spoke.

Seeing that no one spoke, Semo made a full circle and stood firmly at the head of the table.

He looked around at everyone, satisfied, and said, "Since no one objects."

"Then the theme of this discussion is unanimously passed!"

Chapter 837: Who Approves? Who Opposes? _6

After speaking.

Simo's gaze shifted and settled on a deacon.

"Next, you will summarize today's meeting topics into a document."

"Then issue the church's edict to the residents of Kakasong City."

The deacon, under Simo's gaze, quickly stood up and responded.

"Yes, Lord Bishop, I will compile the document at once!"

Simo nodded and glanced around, speaking calmly.

"This meeting is concluded. You may all return to your duties."

"In the name of the God of Light, Amen."

The clergy all stood up, echoing Simo's words.

"Amen!"

Following Simo's clear instructions.

They said no more, proceeding to exit the meeting room.

Their footsteps were light, careful not to disturb Simo who had just sat down.

Only after everyone had left the room.

Simo exhaled a breath of warm air.

As the bishop, with absolute authority over Kakasong City.

This so-called discussion meeting was almost unnecessary.

The reason he gathered the clergy was simply to legitimize the actions he would take next.

After a brief rest

Simo called out to Samuel behind him: "Samuel."

Upon hearing Simo's voice, Samuel promptly came to his side.

He spoke respectfully: "Yes, Lord Bishop, Samuel is here."

Simo acknowledged and continued: "Once the document is finished, and I have stamped it with the Kakasong District Church seal."

"Take the approved document to Lord Lynn's territory."

"Inform him that from this moment, Morgan Town falls within his domain."

"Additionally, inform Lynn that he must pay a tithe to the Kakasong City Church from now on."

"The tithe will be ten percent of his total fine salt production each month, collected monthly."

"As for the exact amount to be collected, you need to verify it with Lord Lynn."

Samuel responded: "Yes, Lord Bishop!"

Having arranged everything, Simo exhaled again.

An inexplicable sense of relaxation and comfort enveloped his body.

Without any damage to the interests of the Kakasong District Church.

He managed to collect fine salt tithes from a lord who previously couldn't be taxed.

To Simo, this was something to be proud of!

If someone else had attempted it, let alone collect taxes.

Merely leaving Lynn's territory safely would have been the God of Light's blessing.

What delighted him the most was.

The steady stream of fine salt tithes from Lynn's territory!

Even with a small mine, using iron picks and hoes for digging

It could yield for at least decades!

Or even over a century!

In other words.

As long as his agreement with Lynn remains unchanged.

He could do absolutely nothing yet still collect Lynn's fine salt tithe!

The feeling of effortless gain was simply too gratifying!

As for.

Once the document was completed, and the church edicts reached the ears of Kakasong City's nobility and townsmen.

Whatever changes may arise in the situation...

He couldn't care less.

As long as there was plenty of wealth.

He could easily recruit more guards for his district church!

As Simo was contemplating, a sound of footsteps reached his ears.

He turned to see an assistant priest striding towards him.

Simo furrowed his brow slightly, asking: "Is there something urgent?"

Hearing Simo's somewhat deep voice, the assistant priest grew nervous and hurriedly explained.

"Apologies for disturbing you, Lord Bishop."

"Lady Grid has arrived at the church, expressing her endless confusion about the future."

"Such distress has kept her awake for days and nights."

"Lady Grid says she needs your profound religious knowledge to offer her a clear explanation and guidance."

"To help her find new purpose amidst the confusion."

As he listened to the assistant priest, Simo's eyebrows shot up.

He repeated the name: "Lady Grid, is it..."

"Take her to my private prayer room alone!"

"For someone as important as Lady Grid, I need to guide her in an absolutely quiet setting."

The assistant priest said no more, responding, "Yes, Lord Bishop, I'll do that immediately."

Watching the assistant priest leave, a hint of anticipation flickered in Simo's eyes.

Rising from the wooden chair, Simo walked towards the meeting room exit.

Samuel hurriedly followed behind.

As the footsteps continued behind him, Simo spoke: "I will be instructing Lady Grid during the upcoming time."

"Without my permission, no one should enter my private prayer room."

Samuel responded: "Yes, Lord Bishop!"

Simo acknowledged with satisfaction.

Exiting the meeting room and turning through several corridors.

Simo led Samuel to the door of a prayer room slightly ajar.

Before pushing open the double wooden doors.

And before entering the prayer room.

Simo already caught the subtle fragrance belonging only to young women in the air.

Leaving Samuel at the prayer room door.

He stepped inside.

And also, tightly closed the double doors behind him.

At the prayer room door, Samuel's gaze casually scanned the corridors on either side.

The white stone corridors were clean and tidy.

Due to it being Simo's private prayer room, hardly anyone ventured into this area.

Therefore.

This area seemed particularly quiet.

Yet slowly.

Strange sounds began emerging one after the other.

Samuel remained unfazed, standing tall.

Stationed at the prayer room door, standing guard for Simo and Lady Grid inside.

Such a scene was not a first for him.

Therefore.

Upon hearing from the assistant priest that Lady Grid had come to the church, he wasn't surprised at all.

Chapter 838: Help Me Get Dressed

The next five days.

Lynn spent all his time in the expansion area of the Mutated Wild Boar Farm.

Five breeding farm buildings were visibly constructed.

Standing at the edge of the breeding farm, Lynn.

Watched as Jode led a group of construction workers, finishing the framework of the buildings.

Later, they still needed to divide the breeding farms into separate pig pens.

For the exclusive breeding of wild boars.

However.

It was still missing Flint's corresponding small magic arrays in the buildings.

It couldn't be used just yet.

Over the course of five days.

A hunting team returned to the territory.

They also brought back six wild boars!

Although the number wasn't large.

He had only sent out three teams of fifty soldiers each.

And they could continuously harvest wild boars.

Even though of these wild boars, only four or five were mature.

The rest were months-old wild boar piglets.

With some breeding, these wild boar piglets would eventually grow up.

Once these wild boars were empowered through breeding, they could be used to train Wild Boar Knights for riding.

With a thought, Lynn opened the Heavenly Artifacts panel to check.

Construction: Level 3 (846/1000) (+)

It wasn't far from hitting Level 4.

Lynn rolled up his sleeves and walked towards the breeding farm in front.

Prepared to continue grinding Construction skill experience.

Construction skill +1

Construction skill +1

Construction skill +1

...

Only in the afternoon.

Lynn finally set down his plastering knife, leaving the farm expansion area.

Walking on the lime road back to the town.

Lynn's gaze scanned the crops in the fields on both sides.

Due to the warm and suitable weather during this period, with high sunlight.

Wilbur was leading the farmers to attend to them, and all the crops were growing very well.

Especially the barley that had been planted!

The barley in the filling phase was fully bearing grain on the ears.

Not just a few stalks of barley were lush.

Nearly all of the barley was like this.

This again proved.

The importance of heavy plow cultivation, row planting, fertilization, digging channels, and irrigating the water!

Looking at these ears of barley.

Lynn felt a subtle sense.

By August or September, this planted barley would have a bountiful harvest!

The yield per acre of barley was bound to exceed one hundred and fifty pounds!

Thinking this.

An anticipation appeared in Lynn's heart.

From the very beginning, only George was the merchant who came to the territory.

Until now there were Boer, Grayson, Alan, Kari, and other merchants.

They all transported various goods, arriving at his territory.

Of course.

Their main purpose was to exchange fine salt or other goods from him.

Then reselling them, to earn the profit margin.

The purpose of merchants engaging in trade is essentially to earn profit.

For this.

Lynn never had any dislike.

He even welcomed these merchants.

Because in the process of exchanging goods, earning profit margins.

They also brought him various needed goods.

Food, leather, meat, vegetables, poultry, and livestock, etc.

If not for these merchants.

The previous food production on the territory could hardly meet the daily food consumption of so many people in the territory.

Twenty-two thousand people and a large number of poultry and livestock were waiting for his food provisions.

Within the territory, excluding last year's planted peas, and the fish from the fishing workshop along the Aladia River.

There was almost no stable source of food!

This posed a huge risk for a territory experiencing a population boom and rapid development.

Fortunately.

Over a hundred thousand acres of planted barley were about to enter the harvest phase.

Once this batch of barley is fully harvested.

His territory would have enough grain to support whatever he wants to do!

Absorbing population, increasing labor force in the territory.

Expanding the army, enhancing military strength.

Standing on the lime road, observing briefly.

Lynn steps forward, returning to the Lord's Square.

He had just sat on the long bench in the Lord's Square.

From afar, the figures of many cavalry were galloping towards the Lord's Square.

The townsmen finishing their work for the day on the lime road.

Hearing the galloping sound of hooves from behind, they quickly cleared the path and stood at the edge of the lime road.

When they saw Lord Rose leading a team of knights wearing Cross Armor.

They had puzzled expressions on their faces.

Although these people were the most ordinary free people and peasants.

The symbol of the Church's cross was already imprinted in their hearts and etched in their souls.

They waited patiently for the dozen riders to gallop past them.

Only then did the townsmen proceed walking along the lime road, returning to the town.

A few minutes later.

The cavalry arrived at the Lord's Square.

Riding at the forefront, Rose's gaze swept the surroundings.

Seeing Lynn on the long bench, Rose's eyes lit up.

He pulled the reins in his hand, slowing the warhorse beneath him.

Stopping completely ten meters in front of Lynn, the warhorse came to a full stop.

Rose dismounted directly from the warhorse, with big strides, walked towards Lynn.

Standing before Lynn.

Rose bowed and respectfully said, "Master."

"Samuel, the Guard Commander of the Kakasong District Church, has arrived in your territory."

"He says he has good news for you, my lord!"

The words finished.

Chapter 839: Help Me Get Dressed (Part 2)

Rose's body slightly turned, revealing Samuel not far behind her in Lynn's line of sight.

Lynn's gaze passed over Rose, looking toward Samuel in the back.

Although he didn't say a word, Samuel understood and stepped forward.

Samuel gave a polite smile and began to address him.

"Honorable Lord Master Lynn, please allow me to introduce myself."

"I am Samuel Drake, the personal Guard Commander of Bishop Semo of the Kakasong City Church."

"Bishop Semo has asked me to extend his greetings to you."

Looking at the unremarkable figure before him, who was, nonetheless, an Extraordinary Temple Knight.

Lynn responded, "Guard Commander Samuel, Rose informed me that you have brought good news for me?"

At this moment, Rose said nothing, standing beside Lynn, like Red, acting as a guard.

Samuel smiled faintly and explained, "Indeed, Lord Master Lynn."

"Samuel has received instructions from Bishop Semo to bring you the certification for the exclusive rights to quarry the salt mine, produce fine salt, and handle sales in Morgan Town."

"As well as the ownership rights to eighty thousand acres of cultivated land and several thousand acres of surrounding wasteland, forest, and mountains!"

As he spoke.

Samuel took out a slightly yellowed parchment from his bosom.

He held it in both hands, waiting for Lynn to take it.

Listening to Samuel's words, Lynn's face remained calm.

This outcome was already within his expectations.

By simply issuing a document, he could gain the tithing from his fine salt sales.

Such a benefit, no one would refuse.

Seeing this, Red knowingly stepped forward a few steps and retrieved the parchment for Lynn.

He opened it with both hands, checked it carefully, confirmed there was no danger, and then handed it to Lynn.

Lynn reached out to take it while listening to Samuel's account and glanced over the characters and symbols on the parchment.

"In simple terms, from now on, Lord Master Lynn, you can legally and legitimately quarry the salt mine and sell fine salt."

"Furthermore, nearly one hundred and twenty thousand acres of land in Morgan Town now belong to you, Lord Master Lynn."

"Once the Bishop has stamped it, this document is already in effect."

"You now have control over the entire Morgan Town as its lord!"

After reading the characters and symbols on the parchment, as well as the final imprint of the red seal.

Below the cross, the name 'Simo Tucker' was inscribed.

Handing the parchment to Red for safekeeping.

Lynn calmly stated, "Guard Commander Samuel, to be precise, I am now, at the level of the Kakasong City Church, the lord controlling all of Morgan Town!"

Obtaining the agreement of a District Church.

And obtaining the consent of Marquis Duca, the true master of this territory.

These are entirely two different concepts!

However.

For him, this was already sufficient.

With the recognition of the Kakasong City Church, he could appear openly in Kakasong City.

He could even arrange for personnel to recruit Free People in the talent market of Kakasong City!

Samuel, standing opposite Lynn, gave a slight smile without saying a word.

The meaning was tacitly understood.

Samuel seemed to have thought of something.

He continued to speak to Lynn.

"Lord Master Lynn, Bishop Semo also specifically instructed me."

"To conduct an on-site investigation of your current salt mine excavation and fine salt production."

"And to assess and estimate the daily output of fine salt."

"Then, collect the tithing monthly based on the fine salt's production!"

Lynn nodded, "Of course, Guard Commander Samuel."

After speaking, Lynn's gaze shifted, looking towards George not far away.

George immediately stepped forward two steps.

Lynn explained, "Guard Commander Samuel, this is my steward and merchant, George Dalton."

"He will lead you to the salt mine site and the Salt Factory for on-site assessment and estimation."

Samuel glanced at George and replied, "That would be greatly appreciated, Lord Master Lynn, and I appreciate Mr. George's assistance."

Lynn nodded without saying a word.

George approached Samuel and guided him, "Guard Commander Samuel, please come with me."

After bowing to Lynn, Samuel left Lord's Square under George's guidance.

Heading out of the small town.

Along with him.

Were naturally also the guards from the Church, as well as the soldiers led by Rose.

Letting Samuel go to inspect the open-pit salt mine and the Salt Factory.

For Lynn, it was nothing significant.

Even deducting a tenth for tithing.

He also didn't care.

It is known.

The goods brought by merchants to his territory were exchanged at a price of five pence per pound!

Let alone earlier, when the price of high-quality fine salt reached over ten pence per pound.

Even now, with fine salt priced at nine pence per pound.

It's almost twice the price he exchanged for fine salt!

Now using a tenth of the Salt Factory's monthly tithing.

He had exchanged for the legal sale of fine salt and legal status in Kakasong City.

In Lynn's view, naturally, it was a profitable investment.

Watching George accompany Samuel and the others off into the distance.

Lynn's thoughts stirred, and he opened the [Holographic Map] to check.

Just like before.

He still couldn't see the projection of Morgan Town.

But.

What made Lynn raise an eyebrow was.

The Outpost Fortress on the right side of the city wall, extending to the forest's edge, had been completed.

The Outpost Fortress on the left side of the city wall, amidst the rocky piles dozens of miles away, was also completed.

Chapter 840: Help Me Get Dressed (3)

The scene of this area appeared in his eyes!

Lynn understood the reason behind it.

Only the land he has occupied and begun to develop and construct.

Will be projected as a holographic projection on the [Holographic Map].

Because of this.

Even if he wiped out all the manor lords in Morgan Town and dispatched some soldiers to garrison it.

The holographic map did not show the projection scene of Morgan Town.

This has nothing to do with needing a land grant document to unlock it, as he thought.

The development and construction of Morgan Town need to be put on the agenda quickly.

Not to mention anything else.

With the upcoming summer harvest.

The large tracts of crops planted around Morgan Town also require a lot of labor to cultivate.

And these labor forces...

If it was before.

He could only dispatch some from the territory to Morgan Town for harvesting.

But now.

He can completely recruit labor in Kakasong City.

And then go with the flow to establish the first garrison at Frank Manor Castle!

Until now.

The conditions needed for the development and construction of Morgan Town are all met!

The total population of his territory is 22,000 people.

Excluding the soldiers and guards, there are still 18,000 people.

18,000 people can be completely used for production and construction in various industries within the territory.

Compared with more labor demand, what is needed now more is the precipitation of time.

He can completely incorporate Morgan Town into the territory map with the territory as the core.

Using the advantages of the garrison system, farming during peacetime, training during leisure, and going to war during wartime!

But soon.

A doubt surfaced in Lynn's mind.

Who should he choose to go to Frank Manor Castle and serve as the commander of this garrison?

Rose?

Having him in charge of training soldiers or leading the charge is indeed the first choice.

But having him lead the soldiers for production and construction is obviously not suitable.

Moreover, there are still many new soldiers in the territory waiting for him to lead training.

Rose can't be sent to Frank Manor.

Wesley?

With Wesley's character and strength, he is a good candidate.

But in terms of agricultural production, Wesley's ability is still limited.

As for others...

Soon.

Lynn thought of a solution in his mind.

Let Wesley take a team of soldiers to Frank Manor Castle and serve as the garrison commander.

The recruited free people, while becoming farmers, must also become garrison soldiers!

During leisure, he will lead these soldiers for training.

Train these soldiers into archers or crossbowmen.

The trained archers and crossbowmen can just use the fortifications of the manor castle for remote garrisoning!

As a garrison, especially in the current development stage.

He doesn't need Wesley to take the soldiers out to battle.

Just need to guard the manor castle, control the entire Morgan Town, vigorously develop agriculture, expand the labor force scale, and continuously strengthen military power.

That's enough!

Then appoint Wilbur as Tuntian Thousand Households.

He is specifically responsible for leading these soldiers in farming!

In this way.

Not only can the garrison have enough military power, but it can also achieve economic self-sufficiency through farming.

With Wesley and Wilbur there, whether in military training or agricultural production.

He doesn't have to worry too much.

Moreover, being able to see loyalty, he doesn't have to worry about rebellion.

Even if there is rebellion.

With the fully armed soldiers and large machinery in his territory...

Conquering Frank Manor Castle would not be too hard!

He confirmed the development plan for Morgan Town in his heart.

Lynn couldn't help but let out a breath of hot air.

Only then did he realize that there were too few talents in his territory with management abilities.

In the military.

Besides the former deputy captain of the cavalry squadron Rose and Wesley who has received systematic training.

It is almost impossible to find competent talents.

In agriculture.

There are only Gavin and Wilbur, who have been following him for a long time.

He can entrust them with management with confidence.

Thinking of this, Lynn couldn't help but frown.

It is necessary to quickly strengthen education in the territory.

Otherwise.

As the scale of his territory becomes larger, more and more management talents will be needed.

By that time.

He simply won't be able to transfer personnel for appointments.

While Lynn was thinking in his mind.

Time passed quickly.

Until dusk.

Rose returned to Lord's Square with George and Samuel and came to him.

At this time, Samuel, whether because he ran a few kilometers or for other reasons.

There was a faint blush on his cheeks.

Looking at Lynn sitting on the bench, Samuel spoke.

"Lord Master Lynn, you are like a god!"

Lynn looked at Samuel in confusion, "What do you mean, Guard Commander Samuel?"

Samuel continued: "Your salt factory can produce 3,000 pounds of high-quality fine salt every day."

"In Samuel's view, this is a miracle!"

Lynn didn't speak but looked at George in surprise.

Some time ago, Kuisi informed him.

The salt factory can already produce 4,000 pounds of fine salt every day.

As George, the merchant steward, often needs to use fine salt for exchange.

He couldn't possibly not know the daily output of fine salt.

The only possibility.