

System 901

Chapter 901: Daydreaming _4

All it needed was for him to fuse his memories, and he would gain complete understanding.

Lynn scanned the area with his eyes and nodded slightly.

The abilities of the [Ranger] were not as powerful as he had imagined.

But they were far beyond what ordinary people could compare to.

Especially the [Wind Element Affinity], which allowed him to harness the power of wind elemental forces.

Red, owing to his duty as Lynn's personal guard,

only needed to protect his safety.

He hardly needed to engage in any combat.

However, Red's capabilities were never weak from beginning to end.

Even though his systematic training time was not long,

he had over a decade of hunting experience!

Wild hunting and battling with beasts.

His abilities far exceeded those of ordinary soldiers!

Now, Red has acquired a [Ranger] promotion that matches him perfectly.

He possesses additional talents and skills.

His abilities have become even more formidable!

This is why, upon obtaining the first [Special Promotion Book],

he decided to give it to Red.

He needed Red to better protect his life!

Walking a few meters ahead, Red seemed to sense Master Lynn's gaze from behind him.

A strange thought suddenly appeared in Red's mind.

As this thought came up,

his once fluid and natural steps became somewhat stiff.

His entire posture turned rigid and solemnly seated.

Red almost mechanically turned his stiff neck to glance at Master Lynn.

Only to find that Master Lynn's gaze was fixated on his body...

Red's physical actions were naturally observed by Lynn, who lifted his eyes in confusion.

Lynn and Red's eyes met instantly.

Red immediately withdrew his gaze, not daring to make direct eye contact.

Seeing Red's demeanor, Lynn raised an eyebrow and spoke.

"Guard Captain Red, you wouldn't think I have any improper thoughts about you, would you?"

Upon hearing Lynn's words, Red, who was walking ahead, came to an immediate stop.

He turned around, bowed, and respectfully said, "Master, Red never said such a thing."

Lynn didn't stop walking, continued stepping forward, passing by the stopped Red.

After giving Red a sideways glance, he continued speaking.

"Rest assured, my sexual orientation is quite normal!"

In this world bound by dogma, where wisdom was not fully enlightened, driven by status and military power,

whatever orientation those noble lords had, he found them normal.

This was, after all, a corrupt and chaotic world.

Listening to the Master's words and recalling Janet and Kari Brown in his Master's quarters,

Red surmised that the Master was probably telling the truth.

Red replied with some hesitation, "Yes, Master."

Seeing the worried expression on Red's face, Lynn couldn't help but shake his head.

He continued, "I simply noticed you seemed a bit different than before and was observing a bit more closely."

Upon hearing this, Red immediately understood.

He explained, "Master, it might have been those ancient books you gave me."

"With those mystical symbols entering my body,

"each night my dreams have been a parade of various scenes."

"I originally thought insufficient sleep would leave me exhausted every day."

"However, regardless of the intensity of the dream scenes, I woke up every day full of energy."

"I even feel now that my abilities have grown stronger."

Lynn nodded with understanding, "That's good."

While he conversed with Red, they had arrived at the castle gates.

Under respectful greetings from the guards, they entered the castle.

Walking through the winding corridors, climbing the stairs upstairs,

Lynn reached the reception hall.

His gaze swept around the room.

Yet he didn't see Steward Kuisi walking up to greet him as usual.

Only Janet, accompanied by a few maids, was lighting the oil lamps in the reception hall.

Upon seeing Lynn, Janet hesitated slightly.

Finally, she stepped forward and approached Lynn.

Not daring to look Lynn in the eyes, Janet lowered her head and explained, "Master, Steward Kuisi has gone to receive the linen clothes produced by the weaving workshop and will return later."

"The cook is preparing your meal, and hot water is being heated."

"You'll need to wait a bit longer..."

Looking at Janet before him, Lynn said, "I understand. Keep busy."

In response to Janet, he didn't pause in his steps, striding towards the open balcony outside the reception hall.

Reclining on the wooden chair, Lynn gazed into the distance, looking upon the town beyond the castle.

Nearby.

Groups of townsmen formed a long line, returning to the town.

Thin wisps of smoke emerged from the dining hall chimneys.

Carried by the gentle breeze, they dispersed like silken ribbons into the distance.

In the distance.

At the far edge of the western horizon, a red-orange sunset slowly sank below the horizon.

Witnessing such scenery, Lynn felt an inexplicable comfort.

This view, he had long forgotten how many times he'd appreciated it.

Yet this intense picturesque pastoral view always brought him great joy.

Allowing him briefly to forget the territory's development plans and the threats and dangers beyond its borders.

Until the sky gradually darkened, enveloped in a dim shroud.

Lynn came back to himself from his temporary emptying of thought.

His mind unconsciously returned to contemplating the future direction of the territory.

Chapter 902: Daydreaming

...

At the other side at this moment

In Morgan Town.

At the edge of a field planted with wheat.

Standing still, Gavin looked at the silhouette of a busy team in the distance.

His brow furrowed slightly.

Half a minute later.

A running figure entered his line of sight.

Running from afar, stopping in front of him.

The farmer, wearing a linen robe and pants, said breathlessly: "Lord Gavin, they... they said there's still time..."

"They can harvest some more barley and sell it..."

Listening to the farmer's words, Gavin couldn't help but shake his head.

Even though the sky was already dark at this time.

Even though he had arranged for the farmers to inform the new five hundred Free People that they could finish work.

Those five hundred Free People not only showed no intention of stopping, but instead wanted to work overtime harvesting.

Before arriving in Morgan Town, he had already learned from Master Lynn.

No matter how many pounds of crops the hired Free People could harvest each day, they would receive a tenth as compensation.

He had already predicted such a scene would appear.

Because.

A tenth as compensation was indeed too generous!

Just like the more than five hundred acres of wheat fields in front of him, the yield per acre should reach one hundred pounds.

According to the labor force of a normal farmer, under tolerable tools, two acres of wheat crops could be harvested in a day!

That means.

These Free People could harvest nearly two hundred pounds of wheat after one day of labor.

They would obtain a tenth from it, which is twenty pounds of wheat.

If calculating according to the market price he knew, two pence per pound.

A Free Person could earn forty pence a day!

It should be known that the compensation for farmers providing basic physical labor for the lord is only one penny a day.

At most, just two pence.

Now it's directly increased by twenty times.

The compensation was simply too generous!

Moreover, such compensation could be said to have no limit.

As long as these Free People push themselves, working hard, they could earn more compensation!

Such reward, let alone these farmers and Free People who had long suffered low compensation.

If he hadn't joined Master Lynn's territory and become a foreman of the farmers.

Got used to the planting scale of Master Lynn's territory.

Witnessed Master Lynn's grand gestures of rewarding privatized land.

He would have been one of those Free People too.

Struggling with all his might to harvest crops and earn a tenth as compensation.

However, he thought for a moment.

Gavin couldn't help but feel fortunate to have joined Master Lynn's territory, becoming a Townsman.

If it weren't for Master Lynn, he would never dare to imagine.

As a farmer, he would have the opportunity to obtain a piece of privatized land.

Even though gaining land would require long-time struggle and effort.

But it's an attainable goal!

Different experiences, different insights lead to different perspectives on things.

Just as he sees now.

No matter how much effort these Free People put into harvesting wheat.

Receiving a tenth as compensation from the harvest.

Compared to a piece of privatized land, it is truly insignificant.

Not to mention how much crop yield a piece of privatized land could produce in a year.

The sense of security of having land that belongs only to oneself can never be matched by other compensations.

Suppressing these thoughts in his mind, Gavin took steps toward a soldier wearing Composite Armor in the distance.

He spoke with neither arrogance nor subservience: "Please convey a message to Earl for me."

"I need to ask him for help in dispatching a team of soldiers to maintain order among the Free People's barley harvest."

The soldier's expression became solemn, and he promptly replied: "Alright, Gavin Agricultural Officer, I'll go right away."

As the soldier's voice fell, he bent his waist slightly and quickly retreated toward Morgan Town in the distance.

Watching the soldier's silhouette, Gavin mumbled and repeated the soldier's words.

"Agricultural Officer?"

Gavin shook his head helplessly.

He was dispatched by Master Lynn to Morgan Town to organize hired Free People for harvesting.

But Master Lynn indeed hasn't officially appointed him as the Agricultural Officer.

It's not something he particularly cares about.

As long as he can ensure stable living conditions for his son and wife.

As long as he can guarantee safety, without needing to live on meager daily meals anymore.

No matter how hard or tiring it gets, he doesn't mind.

Gavin led several farmers, walking toward the wheat fields ahead.

Seeing the teams of Free People ahead, holding sickles in their hands, faces full of excitement, harvesting enthusiastically.

Gavin inhaled a breath of air and called out in a deep voice to all the Free People.

"Everyone, today's harvest work is done."

"You can return to Morgan Town and rest!"

Free People who were bent over harvesting, upon hearing Gavin's words.

They merely glanced back before throwing themselves back into harvesting.

Regarding Gavin's displeased tone, they were even more indifferent.

The farmers following behind Gavin couldn't help but exchange glances.

For a moment, they didn't know what to do for Gavin.

They were merely helpers brought out from Master Lynn's territory by Gavin.

Looking at their disregarding backs, Gavin's expression became stern, and he shouted.

"Can't you hear?"

"I said today's work can end!"

As Gavin's voice grew louder, more Free People heard Gavin's words.

Chapter 903: What Daydreaming?

They paused their actions, stood up straight, and looked at each other.

Among this group of Free People, a tall and burly middle-aged man turned around.

His gaze swept over Gavin once again, and he asked.

"Are you the lord of Morgan Town?"

Gavin stared at the middle-aged man in front of him.

"I am not."

As soon as Gavin's voice fell, the middle-aged man's voice followed up.

"If you're not the lord, why meddle?"

"We're hired to work!"

"The Boer Merchant, who hired us on behalf of the lord, told us clearly."

"The lord hiring us will not provide us with food or shelter."

"However, we can get one-tenth of the crops harvested each day as payment."

"Moreover, the Boer Merchant never said anything about restricting our working hours!"

"So, as long as we're willing, we can work as long as we want!"

Gavin's eyes narrowed, his gaze shifted, scanning the Free People behind the middle-aged man.

He noticed that those Free People had faces full of mocking amusement.

Gavin's gaze fell on the middle-aged man, colliding with his gaze unceremoniously.

He said loudly, "The lord only needs farmers who follow orders and work steadily."

"As for those who shirk or loaf around, he has always punished them severely."

Gavin's words suddenly changed.

"Even though I'm not the lord, I'm the foreman responsible for managing the harvest and planting in Morgan Town on behalf of the lord."

"I have the power to bind you!"

"If Free People don't follow orders, I can dismiss them at any time!"

The middle-aged man's face darkened slightly and he fell silent.

The mocking expressions on the Free People behind had disappeared at some point.

Gavin continued, "The harvest in Morgan Town has just begun!"

"You think, with the power of five hundred of you, you can harvest all the crops in Morgan Town?"

"What a pipe dream!"

"The cultivated land area in Morgan Town is at least over one hundred thousand acres!"

"How many pounds of crops one hundred thousand acres produce... you, engaged in agricultural labor, know it better than anyone."

"Even if you work yourselves to death, how much can you harvest in a day?"

"One acre, one hundred pounds? Or two acres, two hundred pounds?"

"Hmm?"

"Answer me!"

Under Gavin's sweeping gaze.

The Free People dared not look him in the eye, and all lowered their heads.

Seeing no one answering, Gavin once again looked at the middle-aged man.

He continued, "Even if each of you can harvest two acres a day, or even three acres, what then?"

"Five hundred people can only harvest one thousand five hundred acres in a day."

"Morgan Town has over one hundred thousand acres of cultivated land!"

"Calculating this, the five hundred of you need to harvest continuously for how long?"

"Sixty-seven days! More than two months!"

"Even if you're excited now, with boundless energy."

"But how long do you think you can maintain this state?"

"Three days? Five days? Or can you last a few months?"

No one among the Free People dared to speak.

Gavin took a few steps forward.

His voice became more forceful and cold.

"If you don't comply with my work plan arrangement..."

"Even if you have endless energy, willing to work through the night..."

"Sorry, don't say tomorrow, you'll be dismissed today!"

The eyes of the Free People contracted.

They naturally knew Gavin was threatening them.

Although there were only Gavin and three farmers standing in front of them.

At this moment, Gavin exuded a powerful aura from head to toe.

Because he represented the lord of Morgan Town, acting on behalf of the lord of this land.

As soon as he orders, these newcomers to Morgan Town would be dismissed!

They couldn't do anything to Gavin.

Moreover, this was not the result they wanted.

If it were before arriving at Morgan Town, before seeing this large expanse of land waiting to be harvested.

If they were not yet sure that they could get one-tenth of the crops as reward.

Upon hearing Gavin's words, they would surely sneer and leave.

But now, after seeing everything before them.

They knew that the reward promised by the lord of this land, one-tenth, was real!

They definitely didn't want to be dismissed!

Seeing the middle-aged man had lowered his head, Gavin continued.

"It's getting late, so I won't waste words."

"Those willing to follow my work plan arrangement, return to the town now."

"Food and accommodation have been prepared for you in the town to rest."

"Of course, as this gentleman said, the lord did not promise you any accommodation or food."

"If you want accommodation and food, you can trade it for the crops you've harvested today."

"One day's food and lodging, only costs... one pound of wheat!"

"Eat well, rest well for the night, and continue with the harvest tomorrow."

After speaking, Gavin's gaze swept over the Free People once again, watching everyone's expression changes.

After looking around, he didn't find any Free People with drastic expression changes.

Gavin's heart slightly relaxed.

This idea was naturally instructed by Master Lynn himself.

Free People hired and accepting jobs in Morgan Town would naturally not want to leave.

Moreover.

Though they traveled far and brought some food, it would certainly not be much.

And lacking safe shelters against the elements.

Plus, with so much reward they could earn for a day's work now.

Spending one pound of wheat to exchange for a day's food and accommodation.

Fair and reasonable!

Seeing that no one made a move, Gavin's tone changed slightly.

"Those who don't want to follow my orders..."

"Now can leave!"

"The way is under your feet, you can leave Morgan Town anytime and go anywhere you want."

"Regarding encountering wolves or bandits on your way back, it has nothing to do with us!"

Hearing this, the Free People couldn't help but look at each other again.

Seemingly trying to get a desired answer from the eyes of one another.

Gavin didn't care, stepping forward, heading toward the town first.

Only his words floated in the air, entering the Free People's ears.

"Everyone, it's time to make a choice!"

Watching Gavin and the few farmers' backs, the crowd's faces were full of hesitation.

Until a few minutes later.

A man's unwilling voice sounded.

"Everyone, my child at home is sick, I really need this job to earn money to take him to the doctor, sorry..."

The words fell.

The man stepped forward and adamantly followed Gavin.

"Me too, my wife and children need me to earn money to support the family."

"Although he is restricting our working hours... but on second thought, he's actually doing it for our benefit, isn't he?"

"Reasonable work, reasonable rest, we can work for longer periods..."

Chapter 904: Wildfire

Amidst the echoing voices, figures stepped out from the farmland, following Gavin ahead.

As they departed, the once bustling harvest scene quickly turned desolate.

The middle-aged man tightly gripped the sickle in his hand, standing still, gazing at their backs with hesitation.

At this moment, another farmer came to the middle-aged man's side and spoke.

"Norman, since everyone has gone back to the town to rest, why don't we head back too?"

The middle-aged man referred to as Norman glanced at the somewhat gaunt farmer without saying anything.

The gaunt farmer continued speaking: "I think what that gentleman said makes a lot of sense."

"It seems to me that instead of desperately harvesting in a short time, a longer, more regular labor is more reasonable and can earn more rewards."

"As we've seen, there are vast farmlands here."

"Even if the Lord continues to hire Free People to come, it would be impossible to harvest it all in a short time..."

Listening to the gaunt farmer's words, Norman swept his gaze around once more.

Under the night's sky, he could see crops concealed by the dark gloom.

Norman responded in agreement: "Shall we go back to rest?"

The gaunt farmer, hearing this, smiled with a grin.

He moved his hand, nonchalantly taking the sickle from Norman's hand.

"Let's go back, put the farm tools in my basket together, they are in the way."

Norman nodded slightly.

The two then stepped forward, crossing the harvested farmland, heading to the town.

Leading the group of more than five hundred people.

Gavin glanced back at the trailing group, feeling a slight relief in his heart.

Compared to the number of farmers in Master Lynn's territory.

This mere five hundred Free People is almost ten times fewer.

Yet he can still, together with Wilbur and some farmers who have been with Master Lynn for a long time, organize four to five thousand townsmen orderly.

As if hardly making any mistakes.

However.

That was in Master Lynn's territory!

Master Lynn frequently appeared in the farmers' sight.

With the living conditions provided by Master Lynn to the townsmen, a labor mechanism balancing benevolence and authority.

It had already tamed all those who entered his domain.

Appointed as the foreman by Master Lynn, he could effortlessly arrange and command without exertion.

Currently, he is not within Master Lynn's territory; the Free People under him are not the farmers from Master Lynn's land.

Instead, they are in Morgan Town, a batch of newly hired Free People.

Not yet tamed by Master Lynn.

He can only rely on his own ability to tame and constrain these Free People.

The speech he just gave was naturally inspired by Master Lynn's speeches which he heard many times.

Facing the previous situation, he almost exhausted all his strength.

Imitating Master Lynn's aura and attitude when addressing the townsmen, he managed to suppress the situation.

Whether it's deception and threat, or borrowing authority as a pretense.

Even relying on the soldiers led by Centurion Earl for forced suppression...

These are all tactics.

As long as these Free People follow his labor arrangement and obey his orders.

Completing the harvest of Morgan Town's farmland would suffice.

Until now.

Gavin deeply realized.

Standing on the platform in Lord's Square, under the gaze of thousands, even tens of thousands.

Master Lynn faced immense pressure.

Yet.

Master Lynn could face all the gazes unflinchingly.

Clearly articulating, accurately conveying tasks and instructions to everyone.

Effortlessly mobilized everyone's emotions.

Making them excited, filled with anticipation!

Gavin admitted, thinking he could never do it like Master Lynn.

Solemn, calm, composed!

While Gavin pondered in his mind.

Ahead, at the town's exit.

Cavalry riding horses, holding torches, galloped out.

One patch of horse hooves landed on the dry, hard mud, making a low, dull sound of hoofbeats.

Due to nightfall, the sky was too dim.

The Free People couldn't clearly see the figures of the cavalrymen.

But they could estimate from the almost line-like torch lights.

This cavalry numbered at least over a hundred!

The eyes of the Free People showed tension and worry.

If this cavalry attacked them.

They wouldn't have the slightest chance to retaliate.

Only accepting slaughter by the cavalry!

Under Gavin's gaze, the cavalry approached them continuously.

In less than half a minute.

At the forefront of the cavalry, riding on horseback, Centurion Earl raised his right hand.

The cavalry behind him understood and began to slow their warhorse's speed.

Stopping the horses, Centurion Earl didn't dismount.

He glanced at Gavin, then turned his gaze towards the Free People behind.

Centurion Earl instantly understood.

He asked Gavin: "It seems Gavin Agricultural Officer has resolved the issue using his own ability?"

Gavin smiled slightly, responding: "Yes, Centurion Earl."

"The issue has been resolved. Thank you for bringing the soldiers on this trip."

"Just call me Gavin, that's how Master Lynn calls me."

Centurion Earl nodded, "Since the issue is resolved, let's go back to the town then."

Chapter 905: Wildfire _2

"If you run into any problems, you can have someone come find me at any time."

"I'll immediately assign soldiers to help you resolve them."

"If there's anything still too difficult to handle, you can report it to Lord Wesley in the Manor Castle."

Gavin bent slightly at the waist. "All right, Centurion Earl."

Earl answered, "Just call me Earl."

"If nothing unexpected happens, I'll be leading this unit to be permanently stationed in Morgan Town."

"There's no need for us to be so formal."

Gavin smiled. "All right, Earl."

Earl responded, then turned his head and said in a deep voice to the cavalry, "Make way for Agricultural Officer Gavin!"

Neat shouts rang out from the mouths of the cavalrymen.

"Yes, sir!"

As the shout fell.

The faces of the Free People were all grave.

Under their tense gazes.

The cavalrymen pulled on the reins in their hands, driving the warhorses beneath them to edge over to both sides of the road.

Seeing this, Gavin's brows lifted slightly.

Of course he knew Earl was backing him up.

Without any unnecessary words, he strode forward between the cavalry and headed toward the town entrance.

The Free People behind saw this, exchanged a few looks, and still chose to follow along.

As they passed in front of the mounted men one by one, some of the Free People couldn't help but raise their heads and steal a glance.

When they saw how those burly bodies before them swelled the sets of black-gray Armor high and taut,

and how, under the torchlight, they gleamed with a hard, cold metallic sheen,

that iron-steel-like aura of power made them hastily lower their heads.

Not daring the slightest offense, they followed in the column, trickling into the town one after another.

...

While Lynn was spending his days holed up in the canteen kitchen, grinding away at experience,

five days passed in the blink of an eye.

Not until the afternoon.

Having ground away for most of the day, Lynn walked out of the canteen a little out of breath.

He sat down on a bench not far away and took a few swallows of well water.

The heat all over his body gradually dissipated.

Lynn let out a satisfied burp.

His gaze shifted and he looked toward the Lord's Square.

The stone rollers produced by Avery's Stonemason Workshop had already been delivered back.

At the moment,

under the Farmers' lead, driving the draft horses, they were already rolling and threshing the first batch of barley that had finished drying in the sun.

Each stone roller, weighing over a thousand jin, rolled and crushed back and forth over the golden mass of barley grains and stalks.

The stone rollers were made from blocks of granite, shaped into cylinders.

Wooden axles were fitted at both ends of the rollers, making it convenient to hitch and connect draft animals.

Apart from the Farmer in front driving the draft horse, another Farmer had to follow behind, constantly adjusting the position of the barley being crushed.

So as to turn the parts not fully rolled up to the top layer.

Then wait for the draft horse and stone roller being driven behind to crush and thresh them again.

Because the Lord's Square wasn't as flat as one might imagine, each stretch of barley had to be rolled for at least five passes to complete threshing.

The first pass was a preliminary roll to crush the grains off the stalks and ears.

Then the second and third passes were more detailed rolling, thoroughly threshing the portions that still hadn't shed grain.

If the threshing still wasn't satisfactory,

they had to keep rolling repeatedly until all the barley was fully threshed.

This too was a repetitive process.

However.

All the barley in the fields had already been harvested.

All that remained were the subsequent processing steps; even if things went a bit slowly, he didn't mind.

As long as threshing was finished, once the Farmers completed winnowing and sieving,

this barley could be put into storage!

While Lynn watched the stone rollers crush the barley, listening to the low humming they made as they passed,

that strange yet familiar sense of déjà vu made him feel as if he'd seen it before.

Lynn took another sip of well water, and the sound of pounding hoofbeats rose from beyond the Lord's Square.

Handing the waterskin back to Red, Lynn turned his gaze in that direction.

He saw a lone figure on horseback galloping toward the Lord's Square.

When the horse drew nearer, Lynn finally saw clearly who it was in the saddle.

It was Gasper, the scout captain he'd sent to Kakasong City.

Gasper also spotted Lynn on the bench.

He reined in his warhorse seven or eight meters away, then leapt down from the saddle.

Taking big strides, a little out of breath, he came up to Lynn.

Gasper bent at the waist and said deferentially, "Master."

Lynn nodded slightly, met Gasper's eyes, and spoke.

"Have you found out anything about Jon Zuck's military strength?"

When Gasper last returned to the territory, he had already instructed him.

As Gasper collected information from all over in Kakasong City, he was to find a way to probe the military strength Jon Zuck possessed.

Even though he had Boer gathering intelligence for him,

he also had his own operations.

Only by combining and comparing the intel Boer obtained with what Gasper dug up

would he have information of real reference value!

Gasper immediately nodded and replied,

"Master, I found out!"

"Viscount Jon Zack of Kakasong City commands a total of two thousand soldiers!"

"Of these, one thousand are fully armed soldiers responsible for patrols and garrison duty inside Kakasong City."

"The other thousand are Unarmored or in Cloth Armor; they're responsible for guarding and patrolling the fields outside the territory, and so on."

Listening to Gasper's explanation, Lynn's brows furrowed slightly.

A thousand fully armed soldiers!

Chapter 906: Wildfire (3)

Add one thousand more unarmored or cloth-armored soldiers!

This counts as quite a notable military strength for a Viscount.

Gasper hesitated as he continued, "But, Master."

"The detailed division of these soldiers, cavalry, archers, and the like, has yet to be investigated..."

Lynn responded, "We can continue investigating later."

"How many manor lords have pledged allegiance to Jon Zuck?"

If we only talk about the number of soldiers, the troops he currently possesses are already twice that of Jon Zuck.

However.

As a Viscount, Jon Zuck is sure to have numerous manor lord supporters.

Even if these manor lords do not have a large armed force.

If they all gather together, it's still a military force not to be underestimated.

Gaspar nodded in response, "Master, as far as I know, there are eight manor lords!"

"They are the manor lords from Pulder Town, Rasio Town, Boxi Town, and Alba Town outside Morgan Town."

"Due to the large number of people and the short time frame, the armed strength of these manor lords is still unknown..."

Lynn couldn't help but frown again.

The supporters already identified number eight.

Perhaps there are some that haven't been investigated yet.

Even if we calculate based on a small manor lord, with an average of two hundred soldiers, armored or unarmored.

No matter the strength, whether cavalry or infantry.

Eight manors, that means sixteen hundred soldiers.

Adding all Jon Zuck's soldiers, a total of three thousand six hundred soldiers!

Although in terms of numbers, they are still not a match for him.

But it's important to know that Kakasong City is a fortified city.

They can rely on the towering and sturdy defensive fortifications of the city walls to hold firmly.

Thus.

The advantage he originally had in numbers is immediately leveled.

Even, he is at a disadvantage.

With defensive fortifications, the city's defenders naturally have the upper hand.

Seeing Lynn remain silent, Gasper hurriedly spoke, "Master, rest assured."

"I have already arranged spies and sent them to several small towns."

"Instructing them to infiltrate each of the manors and investigate the number of armed soldiers those manor lords possess."

Lynn nodded, "Very good."

"If the report is complete, go and find Steward Kuisi to receive twenty gold pounds, for your living needs and networking."

Gasper bent slightly, just about to thank Lynn.

His mind shifted, and he quickly spoke to Lynn.

"Master, I nearly forgot, there is one more major matter to report to you."

"A few days ago, the Sword and Shield Corps of the Ducas Clan launched an attack on Spirit Reef Port!"

Upon hearing this, a hint of surprise appeared in Lynn's eyes.

He said to Gasper, "Continue!"

Gasper wasted no words, continuing his narration.

"According to traveling merchants who arrived in Kakasong City, the densely packed soldiers of the Sword and Shield Corps numbered at least twenty to thirty thousand."

"Taking advantage of the night, they approached Spirit Reef Port and launched a full attack."

"It seems Spirit Reef Port was completely unprepared, the defenses were lax, and there was no warning at all."

"In just a few short hours, it was breached and occupied by the Sword and Shield Corps."

"On the city walls, Marquis Leo Polk's flag was taken down, and replaced with the Sword and Shield Badge flag of the Ducas Clan."

Lynn nodded, continuing to wait for Gasper's account.

But in his heart, he faintly guessed something.

Gasper continued to speak, "That night, Marquis Leo Polk declared war on the Ducas Clan!"

"And began deploying troops, organizing an army, preparing to launch a counter-attack against the Sword and Shield Corps occupying Spirit Reef Port, in an attempt to reclaim Spirit Reef Port."

At this point.

Gasper paused his narration.

"Master, the intelligence gathered at the moment is only this..."

Lynn remained silent, his mind racing with thoughts.

A few seconds later, he spoke to Gasper.

"Is Marquis Leo Polk a supporter of Caesar Carolin?"

Gasper hesitated and said, "Sorry, Master."

"I truly do not know this, unable to give you a definite answer..."

Lynn nodded, continuing to ask, "Besides these, is there more intelligence?"

Gasper responded after a brief pause in his mind, confirming, "Master, just these at the moment."

Lynn replied, "I understand, there are two things you all must do now."

"First, and most important, is to investigate Jon Zuck's detailed military strength, the troop deployment map of Kakasong City."

"And the military strength of those manor lord supporters of his."

"I need a fairly accurate figure."

Gasper earnestly nodded.

Lynn continued, "Secondly, within the range of your ability, do your best to gather intelligence information on Spirit Reef Port."

"Report back all gathered intelligence first thing to the territory and provide me with updates."

After hearing Lynn's instructions, Gasper promptly agreed, "Yes, Master."

After instructing Gasper, Lynn directly dismissed him.

Watching Gasper head towards the town, Lynn felt a sense of helplessness.

His current capability to gather intelligence is indeed too weak.

Major events happening in the Karedi Empire rely almost entirely on merchants coming to his territory, and widely heard information from the locals for intelligence data.

If it weren't for assigning Gasper and his team of spies within Kakasong City for intelligence gathering.

Chapter 907: Wildfire (Part 4)

Even though he arranged for Carlo to lead another team of spies and station them in Triumph City,

wanting to immediately send intelligence back to his territory after gathering it, still requires a long time.

Because Triumph City, located in the central region of the Karedi Empire,

is really too far from his territory in the Southern Border Land.

Although Lynn felt helpless, given the current conditions of his territory, there was nothing he could do.

Building an intelligence collection center is far from as simple as imagined.

The location for collecting and concentrating intelligence has been decided.

Kakasong City's Fisherman's Wharf, Hunter's Riverside Rest Tavern.

The pigeons for intelligence transmission are available too.

However, professional trainers are needed to train these pigeons.

The core principle of pigeon post is to utilize the pigeon's strong homing instinct.

They can rely on various means such as the magnetic field to identify directions and even remember their living environment,

ultimately finding their nest accurately.

But now,

the "Pigeon Nest" is still under construction, and the pigeons are still kept in cages.

In a short time, they cannot be used for pigeon post.

The core of intelligence gathering is still lacking personnel to collect intelligence.

So far,

he still hasn't found suitable and capable personnel to lead the scouts and manage the intelligence collection center.

A strong intelligence collection center essentially is a human relationship network.

Silently spreading in the shadows, extending like silk threads to every corner, town, and village.

Each node requires an extremely crucial person.

They might be unemployed wanderers in the city, extracting fragmented information from daily conversations with others.

Or they might be advisers coming in and out of noble mansions, obtaining first-hand confidential decisions from high levels.

They may not know each other, and may have no connection.

Yet, they are tightly connected within this net.

All the gathered intelligence is continuously fed back to the center, delivered to him as the Lord.

In this way,

even if he is within his territory,

he can perceive the situation through intelligence and strategize calmly!

From this, it can be seen how difficult it is to establish a large intelligence collection center.

This is not something that can be achieved by the power of one person alone.

He needs a wide range of loyal supporters to join the intelligence collection center, this invisible net.

It can only be done step by step slowly.

As his thoughts turned, Lynn thought of Gasper's report on the Ducas Clan's attack on Spirit Reef Port.

Not only did Gasper not know whether Marquis Leo Polk is a supporter of Prince Caesar Carolinian,

but he also didn't know either.

But he vaguely felt that

the Ducas Clan initiated war first.

It must have been instructed by Mark's supporter, Prince Mitchell Carolinian!

And because Marquis Leo Polk is a supporter of Prince Caesar Carolinian's faction!

Otherwise,

why would Mark dare to boldly deploy thirty thousand soldiers of the Sword and Shield Corps,

to attack another marquis's occupied city during such a sensitive period?

The existence of a marquis itself means strong military power, political influence, economic influence, social and cultural influence!

As a marquis, controlling vast lands, a large amount of labor, and having several generations of fundamental accumulation.

Also possessing a large number of armed soldiers.

The Great Lord Nobility has their dignity and pride.

Who would be willing to see their territory and city invaded and silently endure it?

The war between two marquises implies a violent impact on the Empire's situation and order.

There is even a huge possibility that it will trigger the already brewing imperial power war to fully erupt.

Becoming the fuse for the imperial power war to start!

The wars in the Karedi Empire are about to commence!

Lynn's gaze looked beyond Lord's Square.

The sunset was fiery red as if igniting the entire sky.

Flames like the spread of war engulfed the sky.

Seeing such a scene, Lynn's expression slightly moved.

For ordinary people, war is the darkest hour.

With gunfire flying, homes turn to ruins, and families scattered.

They can only struggle to survive amidst hunger and fear.

For a lord with some military strength, it is a huge opportunity.

Lords can take advantage of such a situation to expand territories and augment power.

Seizing resources, consolidating populations, enhancing prestige, and harvesting more wealth from the collapse of the Empire's order!

As a lord with nearly four thousand fully armed soldiers,

Lynn naturally also has ambition and desire!

If a suitable opportunity arises, he will unhesitatingly mobilize his army to seize wealth.

As for the target...

It is naturally the nearby towns around Morgan Town and Kakasong City.

The nearby towns are not to be mentioned.

Kakasong City alone has a population of forty or fifty thousand people!

That's all labor force!

If he has the chance to seize both Kakasong City and the nearby towns entirely,

he can fully rely on Kakasong City's wall as a defensive work.

Covering all the lands around Kakasong City to his territory.

Then using his developed cultivation tools, advanced planting technology, and high-yield crop seeds,

Chapter 908: Wildfire _5

Conduct unified management and plan for planting.

With such a vast planting area, the crop yield will certainly continue to grow exponentially!

As long as there is more food, he can accommodate more population and have more manpower.

Then he can invest this manpower into various industries to accelerate production efficiency.

Thus, it will feed back into further development of the territory.

He can also recruit more soldiers to strengthen military power.

Then continue expanding externally.

Step by step, expanding his territory further and wider!

By then, he will no longer worry about threats from any Great Lord.

Because.

He himself will become a Great Lord to be feared!

Thinking of this, Lynn is filled with anticipation.

Of course.

All of this is based on the premise of ensuring safety.

Suppressing his thoughts, Lynn rises from the bench and heads toward the castle with Red.

Whether it's the impending imperial authority war.

Or the threat from Viscount Jon Zacks of Kakasong City.

The only thing his territory needs to do is continue developing!

Reclaim plantation, increase population, recruit and train soldiers, construct defensive fortifications.

Additionally, collect intelligence information outside the territory in advance.

To know about external situations in advance and control and pre-empt potential dangers.

Amidst the attention of the townsmen.

Lynn returns to the castle with Red.

As always, Kuisi, who has prepared dinner, is already waiting in the reception hall.

Seeing Lynn, Kuisi steps forward.

She has a slight smile on her face, "Master, dinner is ready. You may dine now."

Lynn responds and walks toward the dining table in the hall.

After Janet pulls out the chief chair, Lynn sits down unceremoniously.

With Kuisi and Janet attending to him, he begins to enjoy tonight's dinner.

While enjoying dinner, he listens to Kuisi's detailed report on the development matters of the territory.

"Master, Foreman Colin came to see you today to report on the shipyard matters."

"But you were always busy, so he asked me to relay to you."

Lynn responds with an acknowledgment.

Kuisi continues, "The third Noel Ship from the shipyard is already completed."

"If you have time, you can go to the shipyard for inspection."

Swallowing the broth in his mouth, Lynn calmly says, "Let Colin inspect it himself, I trust his ability."

Kuisi nods slightly, "Besides Colin, Foreman Yimini from the textile workshop came to find me."

"She said that the textile workshop has again completed three hundred sets of composite armor."

"After inspection by her and her assistant Rachel, they confirm there are no issues."

"Lord Rose can be notified to arrange soldiers to come for collection."

Lynn's brow slightly raises.

Since the last meeting, when the blacksmith workshop and textile workshop were tasked with crafting a thousand sets of composite armor, half a month has passed.

According to the timeline and the number of composite armors produced.

These two workshops haven't shown inefficiencies.

However, he thinks further.

Considering the manpower in the blacksmith workshop and textile workshop.

Crafting a thousand sets of composite armor in two months isn't a difficult task.

Even more so.

With their current efficiency, they still have spare time!

Lynn nods, "Arrange for a guard to go to the city wall camp to inform Rose, letting him arrange soldiers on his own."

Kuisi acknowledges, recalling briefly, ensuring there's nothing omitted, then she stops the report.

While Lynn dines, time passes quickly.

After dinner, Lynn sits on the Lord's throne.

Watching Kuisi and Janet collect the tableware from the table.

He habitually begins to ponder.

Now, almost all industries in his territory have entered stable production.

In agricultural production, the 50,000 mu of barley farmland has been harvested and entered the drying process.

Waiting for this batch to be stored in the warehouse, coinciding with August.

Then, 5,000 farmers can just start harvesting spring barley.

Once the 60,000 mu of spring barley farmland harvests and stores after processing.

At least for a long time, he won't worry about food shortages with the available grain production!

110,000 mu reclaimed with heavy plow, broadcast planting, fertilization topdressing, weeding irrigation...

It can be said that it's the land farmers meticulously care for.

The average mu yield of winter barley remains unestimated.

Because a large portion of the harvested barley hasn't been threshed and dried.

But.

From the visible number of ears on each barley plant.

The yield of winter barley per mu is at least over 150 jin.

If more, it might be 180 jin.

Of course.

This per-mu yield is only his estimate.

Everything will be known once all barley dries and threshing completes.

In military terms, 4,200 soldiers and guards are certainly insufficient.

Especially with the royal authority war imminent.

He needs to recruit more soldiers from the townsmen to enhance the armed forces of the territory.

Even if there's insufficient horses, he can let Rose train all recruited soldiers for fitness first.

While soldiers train for fitness and weapons training simultaneously.

Chapter 909: Wildfire (Part 6)

Find ways to acquire or breed and train more mounts.

In terms of handicrafts, wait for the Blacksmith Workshop to finish the production of chest armor and armor plates needed for a thousand sets of composite armor.

He needs to immediately begin improving the ironmaking blast furnace at the Blacksmith Workshop.

Because to achieve higher quality steel, improvements are imperative.

The production of low-carbon steel is the key for his territory to reach a higher technological level!

While Lynn was pondering in his mind.

A sound of footsteps echoed from afar.

A few seconds later, a woman's respectful voice reached his ears.

"Apologies, Master Lynn, for disturbing you so late."

Coming back to his senses, Lynn looked up.

It was Erin wearing a scholar's robe.

Lynn paused and asked.

"Scholar Ailin, is there something you need?"

Hearing Lynn's inquiry, Erin moved her arm and handed over a rolled-up piece of paper.

Erin explained, "Master Lynn, the construction design for the Territory Court, after discussions between me and Scholar Clive, has been completed."

"I would now like to submit it to you for your review."

"If there are no issues, Clive can begin leading the workers to start construction."

Without needing a prompt from Lynn, Red knowingly stepped forward.

Approaching Erin, he took the paper from her hands and handed it to Lynn.

Lynn reached out, gently opened the paper.

Clive's drawing of the territory law building was not complicated.

It was simply a two-story flat-roof building.

Lynn's eyes moved and glanced at the annotations beside the drawing.

The ground area of the Territory Court's first floor is approximately two hundred square meters, not considered large.

According to the drawn courtroom interior scene, it should accommodate one hundred and fifty people for court trials.

Such scale is entirely sufficient.

Perhaps because it's planned to use Red Brick for wall construction, the building's exterior is coated with a faint, unknown red dye.

However.

Above the entrance's double doors, there is a painted emblem design.

Antler like deer, head like camel, eyes like rabbit, neck like snake...

It was exactly the territory emblem 'Dragon' that he had informed Clive earlier!

Unlike the 'Dragon' emblem design arranged by Clive in the town building carvings.

The 'Dragon' on the Territory Court's door stands coiled.

Its eyes directly gaze at the front of the Territory Court.

As if inspecting every passerby and person entering the Territory Court.

Even from afar, a glance can make one feel immense intimidation and pressure.

After reviewing the construction design, Lynn examined some interior height data.

He spoke to Erin: "The drawing has no issues."

"Inform Scholar Clive to start construction tomorrow."

Lynn moved his hand, handing the paper to Red.

Red took it and walked toward Erin to return the paper.

Erin, collecting the paper, bowed slightly and replied: "Okay, Master Lynn."

Seeing Erin showing no signs of preparing to leave, Lynn continued to ask: "Is there anything else?"

Erin lowered her head slightly and began to explain.

"Master Lynn, as mentioned earlier, besides the construction of the Territory Court, some positions in the court require certain educated individuals..."

"They are currently in different roles, and I need your permission to have their foremen release them to the court."

Lynn nodded, "Yes, find your people and inform their managers that they have my permission."

Upon hearing Lynn's affirmative response, Erin's face slightly relaxed.

She gratefully said: "Thank you, Master Lynn."

Lynn acknowledged and, after confirming there were no other issues with Erin, let her leave the castle.

Looking at the now quiet reception hall again.

Lynn's gaze turned toward the young maid Janet spaced a short distance away.

Janet naturally sensed Lynn's gaze and promptly reminded him.

"Master Lynn... The hot water is ready, you can prepare for bathing."

Lynn responded, "I will go now."

Rising from the lord's throne, he stepped toward the nearby private room.

As he passed by Janet.

Lynn candidly said, "After ten minutes, come in and help me with a massage."

"After days of labor, my body feels somewhat fatigued."

Janet's originally relaxed mind instantly became tense.

She bit her moist, crimson lips and responded helplessly.

"Yes, Master Lynn."

Standing by the private room, Janet confirmed the time was right and knocked on the door.

After receiving Lynn's instruction, she gently pushed open the private room's door and stepped inside.

With the private room door closed.

The entire reception hall fell into complete silence.

Aside from the high-foot oil lamps burning at the wall edges, emitting light, there were no visible human figures.

...

On the other side at this time.

Under the nighttime sky.

The air was filled with a strong and unusual tar smell, and a pungent burnt smell of roasted meat.

Black-gray smoke wafted upwards from the clouds ladders and burning siege engines.

But due to the lack of more burning materials.

Over time, the wisps of smoke became lighter and thinner.

On the city wall, visibly scorched from burning fat, a few figures walked.

Looking below the city wall, at the bodies almost charred to black coal, Godfrey's face was full of seriousness.

Only Lawrence Ducas, dressed in silver-white armor, scanned the area with his gaze.

He spoke blandly: "War inevitably leads to death!"

"They, as soldiers of the Ducas Clan Sword and Shield Corps, fought for the Ducas Clan!"

"Even dying in battle is their honor!"

Upon hearing, Godfrey's already uneasy heart grew colder.

He stared directly at Lawrence's back and spoke: "But..."

"There was clearly a better way to attack and seize Spirit Reef Port, reducing their death count."

Lawrence stopped his steps upon hearing this, turned to confront Godfrey.

He questioned, "A better way?"

"Knight Commander... No, Godfrey Commander, please tell me, what is the best way to attack?"

"You should know, with the absence of large siege engines, the most effective way to attack is — a night raid!"

"Using the cover of night to lower the enemy's guard, thereby increasing the chance of a successful raid."

"This is what you taught me!"

"But, no one expected a Spirit Reef Port to have wildfire!

Chapter 910: All-Out War

Listening to Lawrence's casual words, Godfrey fell silent.

At this moment.

A flurry of hurried footsteps sounded from afar, reaching the ears of him and Lawrence.

Danke, clad in the Ducas Clan Sword and Shield Corps standard plate armor, approached Godfrey and Lawrence.

He bent slightly, just about to be the first to speak, calling out to Godfrey.

Instantly, a few days ago scene flashed in his mind.

Danke quickly shifted his tone, "Lord Lawrence, Commander Godfrey."

"The resistance in the alleyways within Spirit Reef Port by the garrison has been completely suppressed and eliminated."

"Key locations within the city, such as warehouses, barracks, and vantage points, have been occupied."

"Furthermore, we're conducting an inventory check on the population, goods, and properties within the city."

"Plus, notices have been posted to announce Marquis Duca's internal policies, clarifying the army's intent."

"In one or two days at most, order will be restored within the city, and residents can return to normal life."

Listening to Danke's report, Lawrence nodded with satisfaction.

"Very well done!"

"Arrange personnel to guard Spirit Reef Port around the clock, ensuring it won't suffer another night raid."

"Also dispatch patrol sentries outside Spirit Reef Port to some key roadways and high points for patrols."

"If a large force is spotted approaching, report back immediately."

"Furthermore, bury the fallen soldiers on the spot to prevent the spread of disease."

"Barring any surprises, we'll be stationed at Spirit Reef Port for a long time!"

Upon hearing this, Danke glanced at Godfrey beside him.

Seeing Godfrey remain silent.

He promptly replied to Lawrence, "Yes, Lord Lawrence."

Danke hesitated for a few seconds, stepping back to leave.

Godfrey's deep voice sounded, "Has the number of fallen soldiers in this siege been tallied?"

Upon hearing Godfrey's words, Danke immediately halted his steps.

Looking at Godfrey's face full of gravity, he hesitated and said.

"It's... it's been tallied..."

Godfrey replied, "Let's hear it."

Lawrence's gaze shifted, landing on Danke as well.

Clearly, he was waiting for his account.

Feeling the pressure from both men's gazes, Danke felt a surge of stress.

Without hesitation, he quickly said, "Esteemed Lords, the number of defending soldiers at Spirit Reef Port was three thousand fully armed soldiers."

"In this attack on Spirit Reef Port, more than two thousand foes were eliminated!"

"The remaining thousand disarmed and surrendered, becoming prisoners of war."

Upon hearing this, Lawrence raised an eyebrow, satisfaction gleaming in his eyes.

"As for the Sword and Shield Corps' fallen soldiers... over three thousand in total!"

Anticipating Danke's words, Godfrey's eyes instantly widened.

"Three thousand?"

Hearing Godfrey's voice seemingly tinged with a tremor.

Danke quickly responded, "Yes, Commander, sir!"

"Because that area of wildfire directly engulfed the foremost attacking Sword and Shield Corps soldiers."

"Even though they wore standard plate armor, which could maximally shield against enemy arrow damage."

"It couldn't withstand the near-consuming high heat of the wildfire."

"Due to the complexity of wearing standard plate armor, they hadn't even removed the armor before... being roasted into char..."

"Even their corpses fused with the armor..."

Previously a face full of composure, Lawrence.

Listening to Danke's account.

His mind conjured the scene Danke described.

His expression changed instantly.

His eyes bulged, mouth agape.

A violent surge occurred in his stomach.

Yet under Lawrence's strenuous suppression.

The discomfort in his abdomen gradually dissipated.

Half a minute later.

Recovered, Lawrence spoke to Danke in a deep voice.

"Tally the deceased soldiers, and according to Ducas Clan's set policy, distribute pensions to their families."

Danke once more responded, "Yes, Lord Lawrence."

After responding, Danke glanced at Godfrey again.

Seeing Godfrey had no further questions.

He then bent slightly and withdrew.

Watching Danke descend the city wall, Lawrence retracted his gaze, looked at Godfrey beside him, and inquired.

"What? Commander Godfrey, do you still think there's a problem with the tactics of this campaign?"

No need for Godfrey to respond, Lawrence continued speaking.

"Regardless of your opinions, I'll tell you, there was nothing wrong with this offensive campaign!"

"We conquered Spirit Reef Port and secured victory in the war."

"The Ducas Clan is now the master of this city!"

"Do you see the dock by the Seine River afar? As long as we hold Spirit Reef Port, we have a large dock!"

"An endless stream of merchants will sail in with their merchant ships."

"Their ships are laden with food, goods, slaves!"

"If they want to land at Spirit Reef Port and transport their goods inland to the deeper regions of the Karedi Empire, they must pay taxes to us!"

"That's a steady flow of income..."

"With income, with wealth, the Ducas Clan can have more manpower, recruit more soldiers, forge more armor, and possess stronger military power!"

"Of course, there's no free lunch in the world."

"To reap, one must pay the price!"

"Considering Spirit Reef Port's value and function, and its importance to the Ducas Clan's future..."

"Even losing more soldiers, it's all worthwhile!"

Watching Lawrence's eyes full of brilliance and anticipation, listening to his increasingly loud and excited words.