

System 911

Chapter 911: Total War Declaration _2

Godfrey opened his mouth, wanting to speak for those soldiers.

But in the end, he gently closed it.

Godfrey naturally understood.

Lawrence, having lived in the upper class since childhood, was accustomed to the thinking of those in power when pondering issues.

As a Commander, he could never empathize with the soldiers who paid such a heavy price.

But Godfrey was different.

Now, although he had been appointed as the Commander.

He, like those fallen soldiers of the Sword and Shield Corps, came from the lowest strata of Bordeaux City.

Out of admiration for the Ducas Clan, and a desire to pledge loyalty to them as the Lords.

After coming of age, he unhesitatingly became a soldier for the Ducas Clan through rigorous selection and training.

From an Ordinary soldier, to a previous Knight Commander, to now being appointed by Marquis Mark Duca as Commander.

He knew very well what these soldiers wanted.

While pledging loyalty to the Ducas Clan.

To change their identity and status.

To provide a better life for their families.

The soldiers wanted to live and return to Bordeaux City to reunite with their families.

But now.

They had been burned to cinders by wildfire, remaining here forever.

Even to prevent disease outbreaks.

Their bodies would be casually buried in mass graves.

Godfrey understood.

This was the difference in thinking between those in power and people like themselves from the lower class.

The upper class always thought of so-called family power and glory.

While the common folks wanted nothing more than to live a plain life, ensuring their safety.

In Godfrey's mind, the face of that young, handsome Lord suddenly emerged.

Though appearing young, his stability and wisdom far surpassed his peers.

Compared to these.

What mattered more to him was that on that Lord's territory, there was no oppression, no exploitation.

Everyone worked together to strive for a better life.

He even vividly remembered the relaxed and content smiles on the faces of the working townsmen.

Besides that territory, he had never seen such a place elsewhere!

What Godfrey did not know was that as he recalled in his mind.

A thought had already taken root deep in his mind and was quickly growing.

Taking a deep breath and suppressing the thoughts in his heart, Godfrey bent down to Lawrence.

"Lord Lawrence, thank you for your guidance."

Listening to Godfrey's words filled with respect.

Lawrence nodded with great satisfaction.

"Commander Godfrey, it's best that you understand this reasoning."

"One thing you must remember well."

"Although in this battle you were appointed as Commander by Mark."

"He equally appointed me as an advisor on the battlefield?"

"Why is this so?"

"That's because the Sword and Shield Corps will always be the Sword and Shield Corps of the Ducas Clan!"

"They would never easily hand over command to an outsider."

Upon hearing this, Godfrey was not surprised, bending his waist even lower.

"Godfrey has been taught."

Seeing Godfrey's action, Lawrence acknowledged with a nod.

"The battle for Spirit Reef Port is over, and so is your appointment as Commander."

"Knight Commander Godfrey, the deployment and garrison affairs are now left to you."

"The existence of Spirit Reef Port is crucial for future wars!"

"It's highly possible that Caesar Carolin will dispatch forces to attack!"

Godfrey responded respectfully.

Lawrence's gaze turned inward to Spirit Reef Port, continuing to speak.

"If there's anything, you can come to Siren's Nest to find me."

"Long before, in Bordeaux City, I heard that the brothel at Siren's Nest in Spirit Reef Port had prostitutes like 'Sea Sirens.'

"Now that I'm here, it's the perfect chance to see it for myself..."

Godfrey responded, "Yes, Lord Lawrence."

Listening to Lawrence's footsteps gradually fading away.

The bowed Godfrey slowly stood upright.

He watched Lawrence leave the city wall, then withdrew his gaze.

Directing his gaze downward.

There.

Under Danke's leadership, soldiers were moving those charred corpses one by one.

There were even some bodies completely carbonized, whose blackened heads would directly break off from the neck with the soldiers' movements back and forth.

Looking at such a scene.

The memory of the attack involuntarily resurged in Godfrey's mind.

A cascade of wildfire, like a waterfall, pouring down from the city wall.

The soldiers of the Sword and Shield Corps, stacked nearly dozens of layers right next to the city wall, were instantly soaked.

The spattered or flowing wildfire further contaminated the soldiers at the back.

At first, they didn't notice anything.

But as the pungent smell spread throughout the air.

As torches were thrown down from the city wall.

As cluster after cluster of flames spread explosively.

Like fire demons from the Abyss wildly swinging their whips and Greatswords, spewing red-orange tongues of flame.

Almost devouring swathes of Sword and Shield Corps soldiers.

They finally realized how much more difficult and brutal this attack was than they had anticipated.

The terror of the wildfire was so severe that even the city wall, built from solid stone, was burned and scorched into deep pits!

Let alone the soldiers of the Sword and Shield Corps, enveloped in Metal Armor.

Chapter 912: All-Out War

They were engulfed by the flames of wildfires, like chunks of meat placed in an Iron Pot...

Fortunately, they achieved victory in this attack campaign.

Fortunately, they have occupied Spirit Reef Port beneath their feet.

Fortunately, after paying a painful price, they captured Spirit Reef Port in less than one night.

Otherwise.

Not only them, but the entire Ducas Clan would become a laughingstock.

It was not because Lawrence forcibly seized his command and issued effective attack strategies.

But because the Sword and Shield Corps soldiers executed Lawrence's orders fearlessly.

Nearly using soldiers to compensate for the disadvantage of not having siege equipment.

Moreover, because Lawrence issued an unbelievable order—human wave tactics!

Using thirty thousand Sword and Shield Corps soldiers to fully assault Spirit Reef Port!

Human wave tactics naturally led to massive casualties.

Godfrey's gaze turned again, looking inside Spirit Reef Port.

At the port near the Seine River, ships are docked one after another.

Despite the large-scale battle at Spirit Reef Port.

It did not affect the port's development in any way.

Awaiting tomorrow's sunrise, Trade navigation will continue.

The only difference is that the rulers of this place have changed.

From Spirit Reef Port being breached to being fully controlled and occupied by Sword and Shield Corps soldiers.

The city's residents did not show large-scale resistance.

Even everyone unanimously hid in their homes to avoid the war.

For both Sword and Shield Corps soldiers and the Ducas Clan, this is good news.

The residents' tolerance allows the war to end faster and causes less damage to the city's development.

Godfrey thought.

This revealingly shows.

Marquis Leo Polk is unpopular in his territory.

No residents are willing to defend the Marquis's land and property!

Soon.

Another thought surfaced in Godfrey's mind.

As Lawrence mentioned earlier.

Spirit Reef Port is indeed important.

Whether used as a landing port for merchant navigation Trade.

Or later on, for the Ducas Clan's development of naval military Power, it's crucial.

Especially concerning.

After Mitchell and Caesar fully launched.

Whether Caesar's longboats transporting soldiers can rendezvous at the fastest Speed!

Such an important port.

Would Marquis Leo Polk or Caesar Carolin be willing to give it up?

Godfrey vaguely felt.

With these Sword and Shield Corps soldiers, it would be hard to fully occupy this strategic point coveted by many!

If waiting for a large-scale enemy approach, with only twenty-seven thousand Sword and Shield Corps soldiers now.

Can they really hold off?

As Godfrey pondered in his mind.

His gaze turned to a few miles outside Spirit Reef Port.

There.

The flames of torches flickered on a dim road.

Even though due to darkness and distance, he was a bit unclear.

But judging from the Speed of the flame's movement, it's clearly cavalry riding horses.

As time passed, the cavalry gradually approached Spirit Reef Port.

Under the illumination of torchlight, standing on the city wall, he could clearly see.

The cavalry on horses wore Armor marked with the emblem of the Ducas Clan!

Under Godfrey's watchful eyes, a group of cavalry stirred up dust and flew rocks as they passed.

Danke, organizing soldiers to bury bodies beneath the city wall, also saw the charging cavalry.

He took steps to intercept the cavalry approaching the city gate.

The cavalry dismounted from their horses.

Seemingly relayed something to Danke.

The next second.

Danke couldn't spare time to continue organizing the soldiers and led the cavalry running briskly to the city gate.

Seeing this scene from the city wall, Godfrey's brow furrowed instantly.

A feeling of unease emerged in his heart.

Within mere two minutes.

Danke led the cavalry to rush up the stairs, arriving atop the city wall.

Danke scanned around and saw Godfrey in the distance.

Without any hesitation, he strode forward, heading towards Godfrey.

The cavalry behind Danke closely followed.

Arriving before Godfrey, Danke hurriedly spoke: "Sir, this is the Marquis's envoy."

"He received instructions from the Marquis, having important matters to report to you and Lord Lawrence!"

Godfrey nodded, "Lord Lawrence is somewhat fatigued and went to rest first."

"I can convey the Marquis's orders on his behalf."

Hearing Godfrey's words.

The envoy wasted no words, he began his report.

"Commander Godfrey, the Marquis instructed me to inform you both..."

"Marquis Leo Polk has declared war on Marquis Duca!"

Godfrey's brow slightly furrowed.

The Sword and Shield Army occupied Marquis Leo Polk's Spirit Reef Port.

For Marquis Leo Polk to declare war on Marquis Duca, this was quite normal.

Yet, the envoy's words did not stop, speaking in a somber tone.

"The Duke of Red Dragon declared war on Duke Cangyu."

"The reason is, previously Duke Cangyu dispatched soldiers into the Duchy of the Red Dragon, slaughtering and harming his territory's residents."

"Meanwhile, Caesar Carolin declared war on His Highness Mitchell!"

"The reason is, Mitchell Carolin for the throne, killed the king patricide, and further falsely accused and slandered."

Chapter 913: Total War Declared (Part 4)

Listening to the herald's words, spoken almost word by word,

Godfrey's breath began to quicken.

Even his body trembled slightly.

It has begun!

Finally, it has begun!

If it was just Marquis Leo Polk declaring war against Marquis Duca,

it wouldn't have led the entire Karedi Empire into full-scale war.

But.

Apart from the marquis declaring war,

Duke of Red Dragon has declared war against Duke Cangyu.

Even.

The Prince, Caesar Carolin, has declared war against Mitchell Carolin!

Marquis, dukes, and even a prince with the right to succeed the Emperor of the Empire!

This is the real battle for Imperial Authority!

The battle for Imperial Authority ultimately stemmed from the Ducas Clan's Sword and Shield Corps soldiers capturing Spirit Reef Port.

This broke the last thread of the situation in the Karedi Empire, which was already at the brink of eruption!

The Spirit Reef Port battle.

Ultimately became the fuse for the battle for Imperial Authority in the Karedi Empire!

The chaotic times of the Karedi Empire are coming!

Danke standing beside Godfrey naturally noticed Godfrey's abnormality.

He called out somewhat worriedly, "My lord..."

Upon hearing Danke's call, Godfrey instantly came back to his senses.

He glanced at Danke, then looked directly at the herald, asking.

"Besides these, are there other instructions to convey?"

The herald nodded and continued, "Marquis Leo Polk is gathering vassal soldiers in his territory."

"It won't be long before an attack on Spirit Reef Port is launched."

"The marquis's instruction is to defend Spirit Reef Port at all costs!"

"No matter the price."

"He said Spirit Reef Port is extremely important to both the Ducas Clan and Prince Mitchell Carolin."

After Marquis Mark Duca's instructions were conveyed, the herald left.

Godfrey remained standing with Danke on the city wall.

After a brief silence.

Danke couldn't hold back his words anymore, speaking to Godfrey.

"My lord, the battle has begun, what should we do now?"

Godfrey casually glanced at Danke and responded, "What to do?"

"I am merely a Knight Commander, and you are just a small Knight Captain."

"Such major matters are not for us to worry about!"

Danke raised an eyebrow, immediately recalling Lawrence's warning to Godfrey not long ago.

Clearly.

Even Godfrey harbors resentment over Lawrence's attempt to seize power.

Godfrey said, "Lead the way ahead, to the Siren's Nest."

"I need to convey Marquis's instructions completely to Lord Lawrence!"

Danke immediately responded, "Yes, my lord!"

As his voice fell, Danke stepped forward, walking ahead.

Godfrey followed behind him, descending the city wall.

In Spirit Reef Port, the thick smell of burnt flesh from the corpses on the city wall instantly dissipated.

Thanks to the high ten-meter walls serving as a barrier and the wind blowing from the Seine River.

The horror outside the city wall seemed unrelated to Spirit Reef Port.

Except for the soldiers patrolling the streets, now replaced by Ducas Clan's sword and shield soldiers.

Apart from the houses where residents poke their heads out, filled with fear and terror, to scan the situation outside.

Led by Danke, ten minutes later, Godfrey stood before a three-story building.

Perhaps to avoid being too conspicuous, the building's style is not much different from other constructions.

Overall constructed using brick and stone.

But unlike other buildings, inside this three-story building, such filthy language abounds between men and women.

Even waves of suppressed sounds that make one frown.

Godfrey even felt.

The Siren's Nest brothel's business seems almost unaffected by the Spirit Reef Port battle.

Danke glanced at the entrance, where four armored soldiers in sword and shield insignia stand guard.

After confirming the location, he spoke to Godfrey.

"My lord, the Siren's Nest is here."

Godfrey responded briefly, stepping forward into the brothel.

The filthy language he heard at the door grew louder upon entering.

Nearly without any restraint.

As soon as he entered the first-floor hall of the brothel, he saw a scene of people sweating and indulging desires.

The overwhelming scent of incense, sweat stench, and the smells between men and women immediately wafted into his nose.

Godfrey moved his gaze, wanting to search.

But found.

Several bodies of men and women didn't care about the gazes of those around, tightly entangled together.

The shouting he heard comes from the mouths of these prostitutes.

Godfrey merely glanced once and then withdrew his gaze.

He stepped forward, walking towards the hall's depths.

Ahead.

An obese man with a face full of fat walked toward him.

The obese man glanced at the armor on Godfrey and Danke.

His face filled with smiles, asking, "Two lords, my shop has just received a batch of young girls, would you like to try?"

"You can rest assured, even if they're newly arrived girls, their skills are top-notch!"

While speaking.

The obese man's right hand extended behind him, beckoning to a row of women dressed in thin cloth afar.

They almost didn't need him to call out; seven or eight young girls immediately trotted over.

Because they wore no clothes.

As they ran, the rounded whiteness on their chests continuously bounced up and down.

Chapter 914: All-Out War (5)

Before Godfrey could speak, a young girl swiftly surrounded him and Danke.

Their arms were directly embraced by the girls.

Godfrey glanced at the young girls with various powders on their cheeks.

He frowned, looked at the bloated man, and said in a low voice, "I'm looking for Lord Lawrence."

The bloated man didn't care, still smiling as he said, "This lord, Lord Lawrence is currently enjoying pleasures he's never had before."

"At this moment, it might not be convenient to see you."

"Besides, Lord Lawrence specifically instructed me that if it's not particularly important, don't disturb him!"

Godfrey frowned and looked directly at the bloated man, speaking in a low voice.

"I'll say it again, I'm looking for Lord Lawrence!"

The bloated man's face, which carried a smile, showed a hint of impatience.

He continued speaking, "Lord Lawrence said..."

Creak~

The bloated man's statement was interrupted.

Godfrey's right arm suddenly moved, directly tossing away the young girl clinging to it.

His right hand grasped the longsword at his waist, accompanied by the sound of metal scraping, under the glow of the oil lamps.

A cold gleam flashed by.

Crack~

Following the sound of breaking bones, a heavy thud echoed.

Thud!

The bloated man felt a sudden brightness before him.

Gradually.

A sharp pain began to spread instantly, occupying his mind and extending throughout his body.

"Ah~ Ah~"

"My hand~ My hand~"

Screams emanated from the bloated man's mouth, echoing through the entire brothel.

The sound was loud, the screams were intense.

Waking up those who were immersed in physical pleasure.

Their eyes full of confusion and anger, began searching around.

Not only the brothel's patrons and prostitutes.

Even the soldiers guarding the brothel gate rushed in.

Seeing Godfrey standing upright, holding a blood-dripping sword,

And Danke standing behind Godfrey, they showed astonishment.

Hearing the heavy footsteps, Danke glanced back at them, slightly raising his right hand, making a dismissive gesture.

Without Danke needing to speak, the guards immediately bowed and retreated, not daring to ask any questions.

The sudden commotion.

Made the young girls surrounding Godfrey and Danke retreat in fear.

Godfrey, still holding the longsword, looked down at the bloated man struggling in pain on the ground.

Despite the flowing blood turning the entire ground red.

Godfrey's face remained calm as he asked, "I said, I'm looking for Lord Lawrence."

On the ground.

The bloated man with a twisted expression, beads of sweat on his cheeks.

Responded intermittently between heavy breaths.

"Lawrence... Lord Lawrence, is in the room on the third floor."

Godfrey directly shifted his gaze from the bloated man, sheathed his longsword, and walked towards the stone steps in the depths.

Danke merely glanced casually at the bloated man and followed Godfrey.

Until the two ascended the steps and disappeared.

The bloated man hurriedly yelled at the guards hiding far away.

"What are you still looking at? I'm about to die! Hurry and find a doctor to treat me!"

The guards woke from their stupor and began to bustle about.

The brothel's first-floor hall.

The uninterested customers exchanged confused glances.

Though they didn't know who the middle-aged man brazen enough to act was.

But they knew.

Now Spirit Reef Port had been taken over by soldiers wearing armor marked with Greatsword and Shield.

Even the City Defense Commander appointed by Marquis Leo Polk had been hung on the gallows.

As Godfrey and Danke's figures disappeared, whispers began.

"What's happening now?"

"What situation? Don't you know? Since yesterday, Spirit Reef Port has been taken over by them!"

"Yes, because they chose to occupy Spirit Reef Port, we can continue living."

"If they chose to massacre the city, the consequences would be unimaginable!"

"Don't you know who they are? The Greatsword and Shield emblem..."

"The Ducas Clan's exclusive crest!"

"..."

Though the words in the first-floor hall were not loud.

They clearly reached the ears of Godfrey and Danke as they ascended to the third floor.

Godfrey chose to ignore them.

In his view.

These people were merely a group of walking corpses controlled by their lower bodies.

The Port fell, and they were indifferent.

Only knowing to indulge in the flesh of men or women.

No different from livestock kept in pens.

The only difference was they were in human form.

Ascending the steps to the third floor, arriving at the third floor.

Godfrey didn't need to search as two soldiers of the Sword and Shield Corps standing by a double wooden door came into view.

Godfrey walked directly to the room's entrance.

Just as he was about to speak, the soldiers stopped him, "Commander, Lord Lawrence said no one can disturb him now!"

Godfrey frowned, shouting, "Get out of the way."

This sudden reprimand changed the soldiers' expressions.

Just as they were about to continue preventing him, Danke stepped forward, pulling them aside.

Danke warned the soldiers, "The Commander has urgent matters to find Lord Lawrence, delaying these matters would be unacceptable for you!"

Chapter 915: Total War Declared (6)

"Moreover, Commander, with such a voice, is bound to have caught Lord Lawrence's attention."

"If anything happens, just blame it on the Commander!"

The two soldiers exchanged glances and nodded knowingly.

Knight Commander Godfrey stood in front of the wooden door, clenched his right fist, and knocked directly on the door.

Knock knock~ knock knock~

A deep knocking sound echoed.

However.

Godfrey noticed.

Apart from the sound of bodies colliding inside the room, there was no other response.

Godfrey frowned and knocked on the wooden door again.

Knock knock~

"Lord Lawrence, Godfrey has urgent matters to report!"

As his voice fell, a low growl from Lawrence echoed inside the room.

It was as if the last release after exerting all his strength.

After a moment of quiet in the room.

Lawrence's responding voice sounded in the room.

"Come in!"

After Lawrence spoke, the sound of a wooden door latch being pulled open was heard.

The next second.

The wooden door was gently pulled open.

A slender, thin woman's figure appeared in Godfrey's view.

The originally fair, long neck was indeed covered with dense gold lines resembling blood vessel patterns.

Not just the neck.

Those dark green arms, those long legs were also covered with golden lines.

Even, those lines climbed up to the woman's prominent front curves.

Her eyes, like those of a beast, flickered with a faint golden hue.

Along with those pointed ears, claw-like hands resembling a specter...

A firm thought crossed Godfrey's mind—this was not human!

As he clearly saw the woman's physique, Godfrey's eyes narrowed.

He instinctively took two steps back, his right hand gripping the hilt of the longsword at his waist again.

The woman naturally noticed his actions, retreating in panic, hiding inside the room.

An obviously non-human speech, sharp from the woman's mouth.

"Don't... don't kill me!"

Seeing this, Godfrey, without hesitation, drew his longsword and stepped into Lawrence's room.

Behind him, Danke, who was trying to dissuade the two soldiers, hurriedly followed into the room.

However.

When Godfrey saw the two women, almost describable as bizarre, curling up trembling beside Lawrence.

His face immediately showed a look of astonishment.

From the rich body odor in the room, and Lawrence's somewhat labored breathing.

It was evident.

Lawrence's recent exertions were with these two bizarre women.

So engrossed was he that despite Godfrey's sudden intrusion, Lawrence showed no anger.

Instead, he excitedly introduced them to Godfrey.

"No need to be so tense, Godfrey!"

"It is true that they look a bit different from us now."

"That's because, after the intense activity just now, changes occurred in their blood..."

"Once they calm down, they will be no different from us!"

Listening to Lawrence's words, Godfrey's brows were deeply furrowed.

He asked gravely, "Lord Lawrence, what exactly are they?"

Leaning against the bedhead, Lawrence had both arms around the women's shoulders.

His right hand moved slightly, his finger slowly sliding down from the golden patterns on the woman's neck.

Finally, the finger landed on the prominent curve before her.

Lawrence's eyes full of affection, he explained, "Knight Commander Godfrey, they are not things..."

"They are humans like us."

"Only, it's said a part of the Siren bloodline flows through their veins..."

Godfrey's brows instantly soared, disbelief in his voice, "Siren? Sea Siren?"

Lawrence gave Godfrey an approving glance, "The Knight Commander indeed knows a lot, even aware that Sirens are Sea Sirens."

"However, they differ from Sirens in that they have human consciousness and habits like ours."

"The only difference is, they change appearance when excited!"

Godfrey fell silent.

He knew very well what kind of conduct Lawrence had before him.

If he simply liked mature married women, it would be forgivable.

Now, even these bizarre entities, he started to indulge in?

On the big bed, Lawrence was about to speak.

Noticing the change in the two women beside him, he hurriedly turned to look.

Not just Lawrence.

Godfrey standing not far away, Danke at the door, and the two soldiers clearly took note of this scene.

They watched.

The bizarre women with upright ears, eyes gleaming, and covered in gold lines began trembling violently.

Under the gazes of everyone.

The strange features of the two women gradually disappeared.

Finally, they transformed into the appearance of normal women.

Fair necks, rosy skin, and those snow-white curves...

Lawrence, witnessing all this firsthand, wore a face full of curious excitement.

He loudly questioned Godfrey, "Knight Commander Godfrey, don't you find them truly amazing?"

"Once excited, they transform into a Siren-like appearance."

"When the excitement fades, they gradually restore to normal..."

"The key difference is, their excited bodies are slightly different from those of normal women..."

"It's like... it's like..."

Before Lawrence could finish, Godfrey interrupted him.

"Apologies, Lord Lawrence, I'm not interested in what their bodies are like."

"I came to find you because a messenger from the Marquis was dispatched to deliver a message and orders to both you and me."

Lawrence raised an eyebrow, staring directly at him, somewhat surprised.

"We've just occupied Spirit Reef Port and Mark's orders have already arrived?"

"Naturally, with thirty thousand soldiers of the Sword and Shield Army attacking Spirit Reef Port, it's mere child's play."

"Knight Commander Godfrey, do tell."

"What orders has Mark given us?"

Sheathing his longsword once more, Godfrey spoke gravely to Lawrence lying on the bed.

"Lord Lawrence, the Imperial Authority war has begun!"

"Marquis Leo Polk has declared war on Marquis Duca."

"The Duke of Red Dragon has declared war on Duke Cangyu."

"Caesar Carolin has declared war on His Highness Mitchell."

Initially resting against the headboard, Lawrence immediately sat up.

His face filled with surprise.

Godfrey continued, "In addition."

"The Marquis has ordered us to defend Spirit Reef Port with our lives!"

Chapter 916: 800 Pan Rock Iron Guards

The next morning.

Lynn, who woke up early, looked at the graceful figure curled up in his arms.

Those rosy, thin lips, the fair slender neck, the softly rounded curves...

His left hand was placed over the high swell behind Janet.

Such a strong visual impact.

Made Lynn's originally distracted thoughts quickly gather.

He grinned, and his left hand began to move slowly.

A few minutes later, he turned his gaze to Janet's face.

As expected.

He didn't know when, but she had already awakened from her dreams.

Her face, already tinged with a faint blush,

was now as red as a ripe apple.

Looking into Janet's beautiful eyes, filled with a flickering look.

A soft, resentful voice came from Janet's mouth.

"Rascal!"

"It hasn't been long at all!"

Lynn grinned, no longer hesitating.

With a move of his arm, he picked up Janet, who was lying on the bed, and placed her on his waist!

...

An hour later.

After breakfast, Lynn left the castle with Red and a few Guards.

Amidst the respectful greetings of the Townsmen, they passed through rows of Red Brick Houses and arrived at Lord's Square.

At Lord's Square.

The threshing and processing of barley continued.

Draft horses dragged each stone roller, constantly rolling and crushing over the straw laid on Lord's Square.

But, unlike the initial threshing process,

after some time of processing, a large batch of barley had been threshed.

The next step of the Farmers was to use the winnowing machine,

to clean the threshed barley!

Once cleaned,

the next batch of Farmers could bag and store the processed barley!

Lynn's gaze shifted, glancing at the remaining barley straw on Lord's Square that had yet to be sun-dried.

Judging by the current drying and threshing efficiency,

he estimated,

that in about half a month, over fifty thousand acres of winter barley would be stored in the warehouse!

Lynn's thoughts moved as he opened the Weather Forecast interface to check the weather for the upcoming period.

Luckily,

for the next half month, although there would be cloudy days, there was no rain forecasted.

However, twenty days later, there would be a few rainy days.

But at that time, the barley on Lord's Square would have completed drying and threshing, and been stored in the warehouse.

The falling rain would just in time provide extra moisture for the crops planted in August.

After sorting out the plan in his mind, Lynn nodded in satisfaction.

Whether it's cultivating and planting, or harvesting and drying, everything is closely tied to the weather.

Under limited planting techniques, almost all Farmers or Lords depended on the weather for farming.

Even now, he had to rely on this.

But unlike others, he had the Weather Forecast function.

He could accurately know the weather for the next month.

This meant,

he could protect the crops in the fields before severe weather arrived,

minimizing the impact of adverse weather on crop growth.

Just like that heavy snowfall in winter.

That snowfall must have caused considerable damage to other Lords' crops.

Otherwise,

the grain prices on the market wouldn't have soared.

Two pounds for one penny!

More than doubled!

But because of the existence of Weather Forecast,

the barley in his territory, as personnel had been arranged to lay straw in advance for insulation,

was not affected much after the snowfall.

Instead, the barley was covered with a thick blanket.

This protected the barley's roots and shoots from the cold.

As the snow melted, it created a certain level of seepage and leaching in the soil, replenishing some moisture for the barley.

It helped to loosen soil particles, making the soil more porous, improving its air permeability and water retention, and increasing soil fertility!

The powerful role of Weather Forecast in farming became evident once again.

After observing some Farmers' work progress,

he walked towards the area where the winnowing machine was being operated for selection.

Taking over a winnowing machine from a Farmer, Lynn turned the handle rhythmically without haste.

Woo woo woo~

The rotating handle was connected to the blades inside the winnowing machine.

The wind force generated by the rotating blades blew the chaff and debris falling from the top of the winnowing machine,

directly out from the end of the machine, scattering them into a pile.

The barley grains that had been blown and sorted fell into a woven willow basket on Lynn's left side.

[Collection Experience +1]

[Collection Experience +1]

[Collection Experience +1]

...

As he turned the winnowing machine and sorted the barley,

the experience accumulated bit by bit, increasing rapidly.

Some Townsfolk around, seeing their Lord engaging in labor, watched with curious eyes.

Even though it wasn't the first time they had heard,

that the Lord personally participated in the development and construction of the territory,

seeing it again now, they couldn't help but gaze at the Lord with curiosity.

Despite Lynn's joining, the bustling Lord's Square did not become lifeless.

The Townsman instead became more lively and enthusiastic.

Chapter 917: Eight Hundred Pan Rock Iron Guards (2)

The draft horses dragging the stone rollers moved at a more frequent speed.

The actions of turning over the wheat stalks on the ground became more meticulous.

The townsman knew that even if their work attitude became more serious,

the Lord might not notice.

However, they just wanted to maintain as earnest an attitude as possible towards their labor.

To speed up the storage of barley as much as possible.

Because only by quickly completing the storage of barley can they engage in other labor.

While Lynn was diligently gaining experience.

A convoy of carriages passed the inspection of the city wall Rose and entered Weng City.

Under the escort of a team of light cavalry led by Rose, they drove through forests and fields towards the small town ahead.

Red, who had always followed like a shadow, quickly saw the convoy of carriages outside the Lord's Square.

He stepped over to Lynn's side and reminded him.

"Sir, there's a convoy of carriages."

Upon hearing Red's words, Lynn did not stop his spinning movement.

He only turned his head and looked over.

Just as Red said, the carriages were approaching the small town.

Apart from the carriages filled with cargo,

he could clearly see a group of figures following behind the carriages!

Even without opening the [Holographic Map] to check,

he could know that Grayson was definitely bringing slaves for him.

Lynn continued to spin the grain windmill without pause,

while waiting patiently.

After a dozen minutes,

the sound of rolling wheels reached Lynn's ears.

In a burst of excited exclamations, the unfamiliar but familiar voice of Grayson sounded.

"Oh my God?"

"Master Lynn, is all this barley harvested from your territory?"

Lynn moved his left hand and closed the barley entry on the grain windmill above.

This is one of the magical aspects of the grain windmill as an artifact.

Even though it's made with the simplest logs and tenon-mortise structures,

it can be opened and closed at any time.

Lynn turned around to look behind him.

Grayson, who had dismounted from his horse, looked at the wheat stalks being trampled and threshed on the Lord's Square with wonder on his face.

Standing in front of Lynn, Grayson still couldn't believe it.

"Isn't it too much?"

Lynn nodded slightly, "It's not too much, just the over fifty thousand acres of winter barley planted last fall."

Grayson's eyebrows shot up, and he repeated Lynn's words with disbelief.

"Just?"

Over fifty thousand acres of farmland, and just?

Grayson even began to suspect that Master Lynn was boasting to him.

Even if Master Lynn's territory is remote, with plenty of wild grassy wasteland,

according to his understanding of Morgan Town and Kakasong City,

excluding lords with titles,

most manor lords or lord nobility only own a few thousand acres of land.

Some powerful lord nobility have at most ten thousand acres.

Master Lynn casually says just over fifty thousand acres.

And just...

However, given his familiarity and understanding of Master Lynn and this territory,

he naturally knew that Master Lynn was just stating the facts.

Based on his estimation of the land area of Master Lynn's territory,

at least over two hundred thousand acres.

This was his conservative estimate!

Because the territory of Master Lynn was simply too vast.

Otherwise,

he wouldn't have previously exclaimed that 'Master Lynn's territory is like a country within a country.'

Grayson, unable to suppress his curiosity, asked,

"Master Lynn, how much do you estimate this batch of harvested winter barley will weigh?"

Lynn did not hide, "If calculated at one hundred and fifty pounds per acre, it could yield eight hundred and twenty-five thousand pounds."

Grayson's eyes widened.

One hundred and fifty pounds per acre!

So much?

Before he could speak, Lynn continued,

"If calculated at one hundred and eighty pounds per acre, it could yield nine hundred and ninety thousand pounds."

A look of astonishment appeared on Grayson's face.

One hundred and eighty pounds per acre!

This...

An unheard-of yield for barley per acre!

If he had heard such a yield from any other lord,

he would surely have given them a disdainful look.

But now, the person saying this was Master Lynn!

Grayson naturally understood.

Master Lynn was speaking the truth!

The next second,

a bold idea surfaced in Grayson's mind.

Barley planted, yielding one hundred and eighty pounds per acre!

Based on Master Lynn's territory having at least two hundred thousand acres of farmland,

If fully cultivated, even using a three-field system for crop rotation,

where one-third of the farmland is left fallow each year, and harvested twice annually,

on Master Lynn's territory, it could yield twenty million pounds of grain in one year!

With an average daily intake of three pounds of grain per person,

calculated this way...

The produced grain could fully support more than twenty thousand people for a year!

A scale of twenty thousand people is already nearly half the population of Kakasong City.

The most crucial point is,

his estimate of two hundred thousand acres of farmland on Master Lynn's territory is conservative.

Moreover,

Master Lynn has already built two outpost fortresses on both sides of the vast grassy wasteland outside the territory walls.

And has completed paving the red brick roads from the walls to the outpost fortresses.

Chapter 918: 800 Pan Rock Iron Guards Part 3

He simply does not believe that Master Lynn built the Outpost Fortress only for the construction of fortifications!

To know.

Defensive works like the Outpost Fortress can serve as front-line defense and strengthen the domination of a region!

The reason why Master Lynn has not yet cultivated the wasteland outside the city walls.

It must be because the wasteland in his territory has not been cultivated yet.

Or it's because the available labor force is insufficient.

Once the wasteland in the territory is fully cultivated.

Master Lynn will surely turn his cultivation and planting goals outside the city walls!

In this world, there will never be a lord who dislikes having too much cultivated land.

They only regret not having enough labor!

Apart from these two territories, Master Lynn also controls Morgan Town.

During his passage through Morgan Town.

He already saw teams of farmers harvesting under the watch of Master Lynn's soldiers!

Once Master Lynn has harvested all the winter and spring barley in his territory.

Then he completes the harvest of that vast stretch of crops in Morgan Town and transports it back to his territory.

Grayson feels.

Future Master Lynn will never worry about food again!

Whether it's to feed more labor or to recruit more soldiers.

Grain is always the most critical existence.

But for now.

Master Lynn has preliminarily solved this problem.

With ample grain supply.

Master Lynn can fully start massive soldier recruitment, forming an army!

Plus the three mines owned, the armor being produced at the Blacksmith Workshop...

Grayson can already imagine in his mind.

Large troops will appear in Master Lynn's territory!

Master Lynn has completed development and accumulation!

Master Lynn is rising up!

Thinking of this, Grayson feels gradually excited in his heart.

Although this territory is only Master Lynn's.

As Master Lynn's trading partner, he has played a part in this success!

What he is most grateful for.

He witnessed a territory that was almost barren transform step by step into strength.

Up to now.

It has become a territory with armed forces, that cannot be underestimated!

At once.

Grayson's eyes on Lynn are filled with shining light.

Since Master Lynn could develop his territory to such scale.

Why can't he strive to become the Brown Clan's Patriarch?

Moreover.

He is now still a trading partner of Master Lynn.

He can fully leverage the power of Master Lynn's rise!

An inexplicable aura surged in Grayson's body.

Instantly dispelling his journey-worn fatigue.

Grayson exhaled a breath and shifted the topic to the goods he brought.

"Master Lynn, apart from fifty thousand pounds of barley this time on your territory."

"I also brought you eight hundred war prisoners!"

Lynn raised his eyebrows and asked, "War prisoners?"

Grayson nodded and explained: "Yes, Master Lynn, war prisoners!"

"They are soldiers from the defeated Weituo side!"

Lynn said nothing, his gaze turned towards the back of the carriage.

Unlike the peasants or captives Grayson previously delivered.

This batch of war prisoners, whether in presence or physique, is far beyond those peasants or captives.

Even after prolonged ship transport from the Portlands Empire to the Southern Border Land of the Karedi Empire.

Even having lost in war, bound and sold, becoming war prisoners.

Their gaze on the surrounding environment still filled with firmness and coldness.

That feeling, only soldiers who survived countless battles from blood and gore on the battlefield.

Will have such presence.

Because they've witnessed the harshness of death and battlefield's bloodshed.

Even slayed their fellow citizens of Portlands, under long swords and long spears.

Perhaps because of this.

Rose personally led the cavalry squad escorting these war prisoners to the town.

If these eight hundred war prisoners broke free from the chains binding their wrists and ankles and started a riot.

The consequences would be unimaginable.

As Lynn stepped by these prisoners.

The war prisoners stared at him, scanning him intently.

Despite facing such intense gaze pressure, Lynn's expression remained calm.

Following closely, Grayson continued explaining.

"Master Lynn, you might not know."

"Due to their bravery and strength in the Portlands Empire war."

"They were given a resounding title — Pan Rock Iron Guard!"

Lynn showed interest, waiting for Grayson to continue.

"This troop consists of a total of three thousand soldiers."

"Yet they only relied on three thousand to hold Alawa City for a week!"

"If it was a battle with equal numbers, relying on high and solid walls to defend."

"That wouldn't be commendable."

"But the soldiers attacking Pan Yan City numbered around fifteen thousand."

"Facing nearly fifteen thousand soldiers who were assaulting, they held for a week."

"Of course, ultimately due to the overwhelming numbers on Chronos's side."

Chapter 919: Eight Hundred Pan Rock Iron Guards

"Under repeated sieges, three thousand soldiers were eventually too exhausted to guard due to prolonged fighting, and Pan Yan City was breached."

"Moreover, they relied on their steel and iron bodies to annihilate nearly two thousand of Chronos's men!"

"Therefore, even as defeated, they were still called the Pan Rock Iron Guard!"

After listening to Grayson's narration, Lynn nodded approvingly.

Despite such a massive difference in soldier numbers, they managed to defend the city wall for a week.

Even if they were ultimately defeated and the walls were breached, it was enough for them to be proud.

Lynn's thoughts moved as he casually opened the personal information panel of a burly middle-aged man.

[Name]: Chris Keck

[Age]: 30 years old

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

[Seven Skills of the Knight]: Hunting Level 3, Horse Riding Level 2, Swordsmanship Level 2

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

[Talent]: None

[Skills]: None

...

On the panel, there were no [Talent] or [Skills].

His gaze shifted, Lynn looked at another burly man.

[Name]: Samuel Coolidge

[Age]: 29 years old

[Ability]: Hunting Level 3, Production Level 2, Construction Level 2

[Seven Skills of the Knight]: Hunting Level 2, Horse Riding Level 2, Swordsmanship Level 2

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

[Talent]: None

[Skills]: None

...

Similarly, there were no [Talent] or [Skills].

Lynn again looked at another burly man...

After examining five or six men, he noticed the differences in these burly men.

Even though they lacked [Talent] and [Skills].

They possessed surprising [Attributes]!

Especially in [Defense] and [Constitution], nearly all had D-level or above!

If it were only a few, that would be acceptable.

Nearly all the attribute panels he opened were like this!

That was quite unusual!

Understandably.

Even Red, who had been given a [Special Promotion Book] and began merging.

His constitution was just D-level!

Clearly.

These soldiers called the Pan Rock Iron Guard had their unique physical training methods!

Grayson replied with a smile: "Master Lynn, what do you think of these eight hundred war prisoners?"

"If you're worried, this trade can be canceled."

Lynn raised his brows, looking at Godfrey and said.

"Cancel? Mr. Grayson has overthought."

"I happen to need a batch of townsmen with combat abilities!"

"Name your price!"

Compared to those weak-bodied peasants who could only be temporarily used for labor.

He naturally preferred to trade for these war prisoners with strong combat abilities in front of him!

Grayson, hearing this, felt a slight relief from his tense heart.

He was afraid Master Lynn would not dare to engage in trade after hearing these prisoners' stories!

Eight hundred war prisoners who have experienced battle, if they were to revolt, it would be devastating for some manor lords or minor lords!

Because they don't have a sufficiently strong armed force to suppress these prisoners.

With the armed soldiers Master Lynn currently possesses, he surely wouldn't fear the uprisings of these prisoners.

Nonetheless.

Even if Master Lynn ultimately refuses to trade.

He has to make sure to explain the origin of these prisoners in advance.

He doesn't want to affect the development of Master Lynn's territory because of these eight hundred soldiers sent over!

Grayson replied with a smile: "Master Lynn, that's best."

"The war prisoners' physical quality and abilities are far above ordinary peasants, so their price will be much higher..."

Seeing Master Lynn's expectant gaze, he wasted no more words.

"Master Lynn, each of these prisoners costs seven shillings."

Lynn nodded, "A very reasonable price!"

The price of seven shillings was the same as the batch of Shar Khanate slaves Grayson had previously transported from Rose.

Shar Khanate slaves, due to their burly physique, had almost all been selected and recruited as soldiers.

In previous battles, they indeed demonstrated abilities far superior to ordinary soldiers.

Even if the Shar Khanate slaves' abilities are average.

Just Rose, a former deputy commander who can train new soldiers for him, makes him feel that the total price of all slaves is worth it!

The number of people is very important.

But talents with abilities are even more crucial!

Lynn's thoughts were calculating the price of the prisoners.

"Eight hundred war prisoners, seven shillings each, is two hundred and eighty Gold Pounds."

"Fifty thousand pounds of barley, the current market price is two pounds per penny, which is one hundred and four Gold Pounds."

"A total of four hundred and twenty Gold Pounds!"

Upon hearing the number of Gold Pounds, Grayson's face showed joy.

He quickly followed up on Lynn's words.

"Master Lynn, four hundred and twenty Gold Pounds, exchanged for two hundred and ten glazed glass items."

"I'll use an additional five hundred and eighty Gold Pounds to purchase two hundred and ninety glazed glass items."

Lynn nodded, "No problem, Mr. Grayson."

"The interval of your visits to my territory has become increasingly longer."

"The glazed glass products piled up in my Glass Workshop are growing ever more numerous."

"Still waiting for Mr. Grayson to conduct this exchange."

Grayson, hearing this, showed an embarrassed look.

He said with some difficulty: "Master Lynn, perhaps you should also know."

"The war of Imperial Authority in the Karedi Empire has fully commenced."

"Many merchants, fearing the involvement in war, have chosen to abandon entering the Karedi Empire."

"Some ports have even become used by lords for transporting troops..."

Chapter 920: Eight Hundred Pan Rock Iron Guards

Mr. Grayson hadn't finished speaking yet.

Lynn interrupted him directly, "Wait!"

Grayson looked at Lynn in confusion, "Master Lynn, is there something wrong with what I'm saying?"

Lynn stared at Grayson, frowning.

"You said the battle for Imperial Authority has fully started?"

The confusion on Grayson's face became more apparent.

"Yes, Master Lynn."

"After Marquis Duca's Sword and Shield Corps took Spirit Reef Port, Marquis Polk immediately declared war on Marquis Duca."

Lynn nodded; he already knew this information.

Grayson continued, "Right after that, the Duke of Red Dragon declared war on Duke Cangyu."

"At the same time, Caesar Carolin declared war on Mitchell Carolin."

"The battle for Imperial Authority has fully started!"

Listening to Grayson's explanation, Lynn's eyebrows tightened.

The intelligence collection center must be built quickly.

Otherwise, he is like building a car behind closed doors.

He knows too little about developments outside his territory.

If it weren't for Grayson transporting prisoners of war and goods to his territory.

He might still have to wait a few days before he could learn this information from Boer or Gasper.

Lynn now recalls.

Indeed.

The Ducas Clan's attack on Spirit Reef Port has become the trigger for the battle for Imperial Authority in the Karedi Empire!

However, Lynn also understands.

The reason for this.

Is the final result of the continuously fermenting situation within the Empire!

Lynn responded, asking, "Mr. Grayson, besides these, are there any other major events happening in the Karedi Empire?"

Grayson was a bit confused but didn't inquire further.

Instead, after a short thought, he spoke to Lynn.

"Currently, besides the declarations of war by the marquises, dukes, and princes... oh, there is one more thing."

"Marquis Polk gathered the lords in the marquisate, planning to attack Spirit Reef Port occupied by the Sword and Shield Corps of the Ducas Clan."

"As for how many armed soldiers are gathered, that's not yet known..."

Lynn nodded, "Thank you, Mr. Grayson, for your explanation."

"I indeed don't know much about these things."

"As a thank you, may I invite Mr. Grayson to taste some gin?"

From Lynn's earlier inquiry, Grayson had already thought of something.

But he didn't mind.

This information has already become widespread.

The only reason why Master Lynn might not know is that his territory is indeed too remote.

However, upon hearing gin, a smile appeared on Grayson's face.

"That would be very kind, Master Lynn."

Lynn nodded slightly, took two steps over to George's side.

After assigning him the unloading of goods from Grayson's cart and notifying the kitchen to prepare food for the prisoners of war.

Lynn led Grayson toward the tavern.

At the tavern.

Lynn and Grayson sat around a round table.

Red, who brought a bottle of gin, sensibly poured the drinks for Lynn and Grayson.

Watching the golden liquor, like a satin ribbon, flowing from the glazed bottle and falling into the glazed cup on the table.

Due to the shape of the glazed cup and the impact of the liquor.

The gin spun rapidly in the cup.

The strong aroma of the liquor wafted out.

Grayson, who hadn't tasted gin in a long time, couldn't help but salivate, gulping quietly.

Until Red filled the glazed cup to seven or eight parts full, Grayson unabashedly extended his right hand and lifted the cup.

He spoke to Lynn, "Thank you for your hospitality, Master Lynn."

"Cheers!"

Lynn smiled slightly, responding in kind, "Cheers."

After a crisp clink of the glazed cups.

Grayson retracted his arm and gulped down the gin in one go.

As the liquor rolled in his mouth, his Adam's apple moved, and the gin was swallowed in one gulp.

Instantly.

The strong aroma filled his mouth.

A hot warmth spread from his throat all the way to his stomach.

Feeling the familiar heat within his body, Grayson's eyes widened involuntarily.

He said nothing, simply sitting quietly on the wooden chair, enjoying the spreading warmth.

After a minute.

Grayson, having recovered, exhaled a breath of alcohol, his face full of satisfied smiles, saying.

"Master Lynn, the gin brewed in your brewing workshop is getting more and more potent."

"With this kind of gin, I feel like just one cup will put me in a drunken state."

Lynn chuckled, "Then Mr. Grayson should drink according to his capacity."

"When the goods on the cart are unloaded, you'll still need to choose the glazed products you want at the Glass Workshop."

Seeing Red pour the drinks for him and Lynn again, Grayson laughed and said.

"Master Lynn, though my drinking capacity isn't that great, I'm considered one of the best in the Brown Clan."

"At least better than Alan and Kari, those two guys."

Upon hearing the names Grayson mentioned, Lynn's brows slightly rose.

The scenes from that night surfaced in his mind.

Grayson continued to drink the gin without noticing the change in Lynn's expression.

After swallowing the liquor, Grayson seemed to recall something.

He asked Lynn, "Master Lynn, has Alan transported goods to your territory recently?"

"Rest assured, I'm just curious."

Even though Grayson said so.