

System 921

Chapter 921: Eight Hundred Pan Rock Iron Guards (6)

But Lynn still did not fully disclose Alan's information.

"Around May, he came to my territory."

Grayson is indeed his business partner.

But Alan, Kari, and Zod are also his business partners.

Their competition in trade has nothing to do with him directly.

Rather than offending one of them with a few words, thus reducing the goods brought to his territory,

it's better to keep it brief.

Perhaps just as Grayson said, it was simply curiosity.

After his response, Grayson did not pursue the matter further.

Grayson shifted the topic, asking Lynn.

"Master Lynn, is all the land in Morgan Town now within your territory?"

Lynn hadn't yet spoken.

Grayson explained, "I know this because while waiting for goods to be unloaded from the longship at Fisherman's Wharf, I went to the Riverside Rest Tavern."

"I learned it from casual conversations in the tavern."

"They said, a lord suddenly emerged in Morgan Town and completely wiped out the original manor lords."

"Directly unifying Morgan Town that was separately controlled by various manor lords."

"Moreover, it received the recognition from Bishop Semo at the Kakasong City Church, issuing decrees to the church followers in the city!"

Lynn nodded, "Yes, because I pay tithing to Semo."

"From the church's perspective, Morgan Town is indeed part of my territory now!"

Upon hearing this, Grayson's eyes showed more admiration and envy towards Lynn.

Master Lynn has developed his territory to such a scale.

It indicates his agricultural production capabilities far exceed ordinary ones.

His ability to recruit a military force with such strength.

Shows he has insight in talents management.

Master Lynn could even think of using the church's power to have Morgan Town's land belonging to his territory...

Becoming the sole lord of Morgan Town!

For someone capable of achieving this, how could Grayson not envy, not worship.

As Grayson spoke to Lynn about the Portlands Empire's war coming to an end.

Chronos, the Imperial Grandson, is about to become the new Emperor of the Portlands Empire.

Audrey is also about to reach the pinnacle of her life, becoming the master behind the Emperor.

George paced into the tavern.

Came to Lynn's side, reporting, "Master, all the grain has been unloaded from the carts."

Lynn nodded slightly, looking at Grayson.

With a face flushed, Grayson gulped down the gin from the glazed cup.

He burped, "Master Lynn, shall Grayson first go to choose the glazed products?"

"Not that Grayson doesn't trust Master Lynn."

"But those noble lords in the Portlands Empire are extremely picky about glazed products."

"If there's any flaw or dissatisfaction, they won't want to buy them..."

"These glazed products, although simply made from sand and rocks by you, Master Lynn."

"Once transported before the great noble lords, they become luxury items!"

"I can even tell you without exaggeration..."

"A finely crafted glazed product can sell for ten, twenty, even thirty or forty gold pounds."

"If at the previous market price of barley, enough pounds to buy a glazed product could buy thirty-six thousand pounds of barley."

"Still... it's easier to earn gold pounds from the rich!"

Upon hearing this, Lynn showed no surprise on his face.

Families with several or even dozens of generations of heritage and accumulation are usually nobility or great lords.

They have ample financial capital.

Their view of luxury items has moved beyond its mere utilitarian value.

It is more about.

Using various finely crafted items to demonstrate their noble status and superior position.

The backward craft of glaze-making in this world renders glazed products scarce.

Scarcity raises value.

Along with the unique color and gloss of glazed products, and diverse elegant designs.

Especially when sunlight shines through glass in a church, creating colorful light effects, and a sacred solemn atmosphere.

It lends glazed products a mysterious religious symbolism, revered by noble lords.

The most critical point is.

The high price of glazed products makes them unattainable for ordinary people.

They can be used to differentiate from the common folks.

Strengthening the privileged position of noble lords, maintaining the hierarchy between nobility and commoners!

Lynn and Grayson walked out of the tavern side by side.

Compared to Lynn's steady steps, Grayson's stride was somewhat light.

They arrived at the Lord's Square.

Lynn's gaze shifted, glancing at the captives who had finished eating and were resting.

He spoke to Grayson, "Mr. Grayson, it seems I'll have to let George lead you for the selection."

Beside him, Grayson also noticed the captives in the distance.

He responded, "Master Lynn, you don't need to worry about me, I'll take my time to choose."

"Your matters are more important."

Lynn acknowledged, watching George lead Grayson as they walked towards the Handicraft Workshop District.

He stepped forward, heading towards the front of the Lord's Square.

The captives sitting under the trees naturally noticed several young men in armor.

From the attitude and demeanor shown by the previous slave merchant.

They already knew that the young man was the lord of this territory.

Standing by the side, Rose also saw Lynn.

He spoke to the captives, "Finish resting, rise to greet the Lord!"

Under the soldiers' urging and the clinking chains.

This group of eight hundred captives reluctantly stood up.

In their view.

This so-called lord was no more than a lucky birth inheriting the land.

If their limbs weren't chained, preventing free movement.

They could easily kill such a lord with one hand!

Chapter 922: Offering Loyalty

Standing before the eight hundred prisoners of war, Lynn swept his gaze over them.

After eating the food the cooks had prepared, and after a short rest,

the state of these eight hundred prisoners was clearly more energetic than when they had just arrived.

Their eyes were full of provocation, constantly sweeping over Rose and the soldiers guarding them.

Some even, after Lynn returned to the Lord's Square,

fixed all their gazes on him.

Lynn's expression was calm as his eyes directly collided with the prisoners' stares.

Perhaps it was because they felt the aura coming from Lynn.

Or perhaps they had sensed Lynn's oppressive presence.

Some of the prisoners couldn't help but lower their heads after a few seconds of eye contact.

Lynn introduced himself, "I am the Lord of this territory, Lynn Blake."

"Of course, from this moment on, I am also your Lord!"

Low, heavy expressions instantly appeared on the faces of the prisoners.

A few of them even shouted, "Says who?"

"You? You think you're worthy of being our Lord?"

"Do you even know what a prisoner of war is? Soldiers who have gone through wars of iron and blood!"

"Get lost and go back to drinking milk!"

"..."

Listening to their words, Lynn's expression remained indifferent.

His gaze shifted and fell on Rose not far away.

Rose instantly understood, striding over to his side.

"Master!"

Lynn said, "Bring out everyone who just shouted."

"Ten kilometers of running training!"

Rose's brow arched and he asked, "Master, the chains on them..."

Lynn glanced at the iron chains and shackles on the prisoners' wrists and ankles. "Ten-kilometer cross-country restrained running training."

"Execute now!"

Rose had no more doubts and replied, "Yes, Master!"

As his voice fell, Rose turned and walked toward the prisoners in front.

With a wave of his right hand, he assigned dozens of armored soldiers to enter the prisoner ranks.

Bursts of dissatisfied shouts immediately rose from the prisoner formation.

"What do you think you're doing?"

"If you've got any guts, let me go. I'll show you what a Pan Rock Iron Guard really is!"

"Where are you taking us?"

Amid these shouts, nine prisoners were pulled out of the ranks.

As the soldiers were tying the prisoners up,

Lynn said to Rose, "If they're unwilling, then use the warhorses to drag them."

"Bring them back when they finish the ten kilometers."

Rose answered again, "Yes, Master."

The ropes and iron chains dragging the prisoners behind the warhorses suddenly went taut.

Under that force, they almost lost control of their bodies and were forced to move their legs, running after the direction the warhorses charged toward.

In less than half a minute,

nine soldiers on warhorseback were dragging the prisoners, heading toward the distant mountains and forest.

The remaining prisoners still standing where they were,

seeing this scene,

their eyes bulged, and the provocation from before had already turned into hatred.

Their bound fists clenched tight, breathing turned rapid, chests heaving violently.

They moved their steps, closing a few paces toward Lynn.

They wanted nothing more than to immediately cut down this young Lord on the spot!

Nearly eight hundred prisoners were on the verge of eruption.

Rose frowned, and without any hesitation drew the longsword at his waist.

The soldiers who had been surrounding them on guard tightened their grips on their long spears, the sharp spearheads aiming at the prisoners.

As long as their Lord gave the order, they would charge into the prisoners without the slightest hesitation.

However.

Before these prisoners could take more than two steps,

a middle-aged man at the very front of the formation spread his arms, blocking several prisoners beside him.

The blocked prisoners looked at the middle-aged man with displeasure.

But when they saw the three square-shaped scar marks arranged on the man's left cheek, their eyes suddenly went wide.

Three square-shaped scars.

Like an iron brand stamped on a slave owned by a Lord.

Or like something carved out forcibly by a sharp blade.

Just a single glance filled one's heart with intense discomfort.

The few prisoners hurriedly lowered their heads and called out respectfully, "Commander Tyrone!"

The middle-aged man, Tyrone Ramirez, responded with a grunt.

"Have everyone stand down."

"If we cause a riot, the only ones who'll die are us."

"Remember, this isn't Pan Yan City. There are no walls to rely on, and no weapons for us to fight with!"

The few prisoners beside him exchanged looks at his words.

A few seconds later,

one of the prisoners shouted to the back, "Stop, everyone stop!"

"Tyrone has given the order, hurry and stop!"

The prisoners in the rear naturally heard the shout to stop.

Yet they still did not halt.

But when they heard Tyrone's name, their steps finally stopped.

"Tyrone Ramirez?"

"Commander Tyrone is still alive? That's great!"

"Everyone stop, obey Commander Tyrone's orders."

"..."

Listening to the prisoners' shouts and watching the ranks gradually come to a halt,

a hint of surprise flickered in Lynn's eyes.

His gaze turned and fell upon the middle-aged man at the very front, whose left cheek bore that shocking scar.

With just a few words, he had suppressed the rage boiling in the hearts of the prisoners.

Lynn's thoughts stirred, and the information panel of the scarred middle-aged man appeared before his eyes.

[Name]: Tyrone Ramirez

[Age]: 32

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

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

Chapter 923: Offer Your Loyalty_2

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

[Talent]: Inspire the Army – When in a heavy infantry squad, provides continuous morale boost to surrounding soldiers, increases the troops' attack speed and movement speed, enhancing overall combat efficiency.

[Skills]: Battle Cry Motivation – Emits a passionate battle cry that temporarily boosts attack power, defense power, and movement speed for all allied heavy infantry, while reducing the morale and combat abilities of nearby enemies.

...

Looking at the text panel before him, Lynn's brows slightly raised.

Compared to other captives.

Tyrone Ramirez, who is called the Commander, is indeed far more formidable.

Level 3 [Hunting][Horsemanship][Swordsmanship].

Attack, defense, constitution, even speed, all are at D-level.

Furthermore, he possesses [talent][skills] that provide surrounding soldiers with attack speed, movement speed, attack power, and defense power!

It can even be said.

Tyrone Ramirez is a born heavy infantry commander!

This is exactly what he needs right now!

The number of soldiers in his territory is growing larger.

Until now, there have already been over four thousand.

However.

Commanders with strong personal strength and management ability are only a handful.

Having strong self-ability is essential to lead soldiers into battle, to survive the battlefield, to gain the soldiers' loyalty.

With management ability, one can better lead the soldiers to survive.

Only Rose and Wesley have such abilities.

And now adding Tyrone Ramirez in front!

However, Lynn also understands.

Getting Tyrone Ramirez and the eight hundred prisoners to show loyalty and follow his commands is not easy.

Lynn slightly opened his mouth, took a deep breath, and spoke solemnly.

"Everyone!"

With his voice out, the previously restless prisoner group gradually quieted down.

Their gazes shifted, finally falling upon the young lord at the front.

Not just them.

Tyrone Ramirez is also staring straight at Lynn.

Facing this kind of gaze, feeling the immense pressure.

Lynn kept a straight face, and continued speaking.

"Once soldiers, with a glorious past, known as the Pan Rock Iron Guard..."

"You possess your own pride."

The faces of many prisoners inadvertently revealed confidence and pride.

To hold the walls for a week without breaking under the full siege of fifteen thousand enemy troops!

Even though a week later, Pan Yan City still fell.

Only eight hundred remained out of the three thousand defenders.

But such a battle record is enough for them to be proud.

Even in death, they could be immortalized by word of mouth among future generations.

Or even recorded in the world chronicles!

This is why countless aspire to become soldiers, to change their status through war, and to earn honor!

Life will inevitably end one day.

But honor lasts forever!

Watching the prisoners' radiantly confident expressions, Lynn shifted his tone.

"However, I don't care who you used to be!"

"Soldiers, commanders, or noble lords!"

"As long as you enter my Lynn Blake's territory, you will only have one identity—territory citizens!"

Listening to Lynn's words, the faces of many prisoners turned to astonishment.

They originally thought the young lord would solemnly declare that they were slaves, captives.

Yet the young lord spoke of territory citizens?

Of course, Lynn noticed their expressions.

"Just like the current townsmen in the territory."

"As long as you participate in either labor or training, contributing your strength to the development of this territory, you will obtain food and a place to live."

"I will assign each of you to different roles based on your individual abilities."

"Whether farmer, artisan, or soldier..."

"Besides the daily labor and training, you will have your private time."

"Your only duty is to offer your loyalty and physical strength!"

As Lynn continued to elaborate, the faces of astonishment among the prisoners gradually transformed into curiosity and disbelief.

Their hearts were full of confusion.

Clearly, they were transported across regions as captives, sold to this territory.

Yet listening to the young lord's words, it seemed they had arrived at a sanctuary!

Just by laboring, they could get food and shelter!

At the forefront, Tyrone Ramirez had his brows tightly knitted.

He seemed to be contemplating Lynn's words.

After a brief pause, Lynn's words deepened with a lower tone.

"Certainly."

"You have another choice!"

Tyrone Ramirez and many prisoners curiously looked at Lynn.

Could there be a better choice?

Lynn's gaze swept around, he spoke each word clearly.

"And that is to choose death!"

As his words fell.

The previously eager prisoners' expressions instantly turned serious.

From the young lord's tone, the aura emitted,

And the soldiers surrounding them, clad in armor, holding long spears, ready for action.

They understood, this young lord was not joking with them!

The young lord had already offered them a choice.

Either give your strength and loyalty, or face death!

Chapter 924: Offering Loyalty (3)

They are even more aware that this is not just a choice, but a threat.

If, at this moment, they were wearing armor and holding weapons.

Facing threats, they could still resist.

But now, they are not only unarmed, their hands and feet are also bound by chains and ropes.

The glances of the captives shift, constantly looking at their comrades beside them.

In doing so.

They hope to find a way to respond from among them.

However, all the captives are like this.

Facing the choice between loyalty and death, they are at a loss.

Behind Tyrone, a few hesitant voices arose.

"Commander Tyrone... What should we do now?"

"Yes, how should we choose?"

"..."

Tyrone did not respond, still pondering in his mind.

As everyone hesitated, Tyrone took two steps forward, standing at the forefront.

He stared straight ahead at Lynn, speaking in a low voice.

"This noble Lord..."

"You also know that before becoming captives we were soldiers, soldiers who fought fiercely to protect our homeland."

"Therefore, if you wish to earn our loyalty, please show us the respect we deserve."

"We need the Lord to unlock the shackles on us."

"We can sit around a table and engage in detailed discussions."

Listening to Tyrone's calm words, a brightness appeared in the eyes of the captives.

Gradually, one shout after another began to echo among the captives.

"Respect! Respect!"

"Respect! Respect..."

Simple yet powerful shouts echoed like waves, continuously reverberating through the Lord's Square.

The farmers processing barley heard the shouts and their expressions slightly changed.

Nervously, they followed the source of the sound.

When they saw their noble Lord and the group of armored soldiers.

The tension in their hearts slightly eased.

With the noble Lord present, they need not worry about anything.

Listening to these waves of shouting, Lynn remained silent.

Similarly.

He did not instruct Rose to control the scene, nor did he make the captives quiet down.

Tyrone looked back, seeing the faces full of excitement, and raised his right hand.

The shouts gradually thinned out.

Until finally, complete silence prevailed.

Having done all this, Tyrone turned back to Lynn and spoke.

"Noble Lord, what do you think?"

Lynn stared at Tyrone, his words indifferent.

"I think... not much of it!"

As soon as the words were spoken.

Tyrone and even the just-quieted captives widened their eyes again.

Lynn continued, "The reason I gave you a choice was to consider your dignity as former soldiers!"

"Because, once you fought to protect Pan Yan City, holding off fifteen thousand enemy soldiers for a week!"

"Also because you were known as the Pan Rock Iron Guard!"

"But there's one thing you might have forgotten..."

"Now, you are captives!"

Upon hearing those two words, the expressions of the captives instantly became solemn and heavy.

Lynn continued, "What is a captive?"

Without needing their answer, Lynn responded himself.

"Nicely put, it means realizing that the disparity in forces is vast, and continuing resistance would lead to meaningless deaths."

"Put harshly, it's cowardice and fear of death!"

"If you could be like the other two thousand one hundred Pan Rock Iron Guards who died in the Pan Yan City battle."

"Then, your deeds would indeed be known and widely spread among people."

"But, you chose to lay down your arms and surrender."

"You chose to surrender when you still had eight hundred soldiers fit and healthy."

"That is cowardice and fear of death!"

"Do you truly think that with this, you have the right to bargain with a Lord?"

"Huh?"

As Lynn's words fell, he gazed at each captive before him.

Under Lynn's almost tangible scrutinizing gaze, like swords and blades.

The captives bowed their heads, daring not to meet Lynn's eyes.

The entire troupe of captives was enveloped by a heavy cloak of guilt and depression.

Including Commander Tyrone at the front!

His body involuntarily trembled slightly.

Lynn did not continue speaking, but stood silently waiting.

To obtain true honor.

Either.

Achieve victory by defeating a larger force.

Or.

Fight to the end, shedding every last drop of blood, leaving no survivor!

This is the true honor!

Since these captives hold their deeds in Pan Yan City as their highest honor.

Then.

He would use their supposed greatest honor to completely humble them!

Only then can they recognize their circumstances.

Only then can he reforge a sense of honor and belonging for these physically powerful captives.

Only then can he raise the loyalty of these captives to serve him!

Standing not far from Lynn was Rose, watching the scene unfold, a complex expression filled his heart.

It was not because these captives, like he once was, were sold by slave traders to Master Lynn's territory.

But rather because he once again felt admiration for Master Lynn's ability.

When Grayson transported these captives to the city walls.

He already sensed that these people were vastly different from the previous slaves transported.

Soldiers who have experienced life and death naturally possess a momentum not comparable to ordinary peasants.

Chapter 925: Pledging Loyalty (Part 4)

In addition to this batch of war prisoners, the number of personnel is quite large.

To be cautious, he personally led the cavalry to escort them.

On the way to the town.

Rose clearly felt the hostility emanating from these prisoners of war, even greater than that of the soldiers he trained!

He also understood.

The reason for this.

Is because the soldiers he led were mostly trained from ordinary peasants or free people.

Moreover, with such a short period, neither their momentum nor their strength would be a match for the prisoners.

But what Rose did not expect was.

This group of prisoners, exuding hostility all over.

Master Lynn, with just a speech, caused the prisoners' momentum to instantly become lost and dejected.

This is not simply a matter of rhetoric.

This is a form of mental domination and management ability!

After waiting for two minutes.

Lynn spoke to the prisoners again: "Now, you can make your choice."

"Offer your loyalty, or face death!"

The prisoners, who were already full of hesitation and doubt, showed even more anxiety on their faces.

They did not know how to make a choice.

Standing three or four meters in front of the prisoner formation, Tyrone finally lifted his head.

His face was full of bitterness, "Lord, just as you said."

"During the Battle of Pan Yan City, precisely because I did not want to see them engage in meaningless resistance and end up dying in battle, I ordered them to disarm and surrender, becoming prisoners."

Between the words.

Tyrone Ramirez bent his right leg, kneeling on the ground.

His pair of brown eyes looked directly at Lynn, speaking.

"Now, in order to survive, I, Tyrone Ramirez, choose to offer my loyalty to you, Lord."

The many prisoners behind, watching Tyrone's actions and hearing his words, looked at each other in confusion.

A voice of inquiry arose within the prisoner ranks.

"Commander Tyrone, what is this..."

Tyrone did not turn around but called out with his back facing them.

"Gentlemen, you must be very clear about the current situation."

"Life and death are just a single thought away."

"Since in Pan Yan City, you were willing to follow my orders and disarm to surrender."

"Then now, I hope you can follow my orders once more."

"To survive, offer your loyalty to Lord Lynn Blake!"

Listening to Tyrone's words, Lynn was slightly surprised.

The Tyrone before him was evidently not just a mere brute.

Having great strength while also possessing a wise mind for weighing pros and cons!

The discussions among the prisoners grew increasingly intense.

Lynn said nothing, standing silently in front of them, quietly waiting.

Before long.

Two prisoners behind Tyrone knelt down.

Words of submission and loyalty emerged from their mouths.

"I, Bradley Schneider, choose to offer my loyalty to you, Lord."

"I..."

With two prisoners kneeling to pledge loyalty.

Like a stone dropping on a calm lake surface.

The standing prisoners, like ripples spreading, kneeled on one knee on the ground.

A chorus of voices pledging loyalty continued to rise.

Until a few minutes later.

The prisoner ranks, initially standing, had now all knelt on the ground.

Their heads lowered, looking at the ground.

Waiting for Lynn to speak.

Lynn glanced at them, speaking in a deep voice.

"Loyalty is far more than a simple word."

"Since you choose loyalty, I hope you can regard this place as your home for survival, just like the townsmen working hard here."

"Stand up."

Upon receiving Lynn's instruction, the kneeling prisoners stood up.

Lynn continued, "From now on, you will be distributed to various job positions in different industries to work."

"Even if some of you lack work experience, you will be instructed by the foreman at your job placement."

The prisoners responded in an orderly manner.

"Yes, Lord."

Lynn looked towards Rose and spoke, "Disperse them and assign them to different foremen."

"Also, I need you to arrange soldiers to supervise them!"

Even if these prisoners have pledged loyalty to him.

They are still prisoners!

Possessing formidable combat power and battle experience.

Moreover, they all come from Pan Yan City.

If they are not dispersed to allow the townspeople to assimilate them.

No one knows what they might do.

Despite arranging a meal for these prisoners and giving them a brief rest.

Their loyalty value remains zero!

Compared to oaths, Lynn trusts the Loyalty Value function he possesses more.

Rose expressed understanding: "Master, I understand this."

Lynn responded, "Go ahead."

Under Rose's arrangements and the guidance of the soldiers, the prisoners were dispersed and led away.

The bustling Lord's Square gradually grew calm.

Leaving only the farmers who were busy selecting and crushing barley, their figures moving to and fro.

Lynn exhaled a warm breath, stepping towards the Handicraft Workshop District.

Eight hundred prisoners possessing strong physiques and combat experience.

If they can be subdued and trained into soldiers...

Then under the leadership of Commander Tyrone, who possesses heavy infantry-related talents and skills.

If a way to train physical fitness could be obtained from them.

Chapter 926: Offering Loyalty (Part 5)

He could easily form a powerful heavy infantry corps.

In fact, he could.

Apply the training method to the physical training of all the soldiers.

However, he also understood.

In the short term, it was impossible to achieve.

At least.

He had to wait for these eight hundred prisoners to be assimilated by the townsmen in the territory.

Let them experience the beauty of life in this territory.

Let them get used to the pace of life in this territory.

Wait until their Loyalty Value significantly increases.

Only then would he consider recruiting these prisoners to become soldiers!

As for whether there would be issues with assimilating these prisoners...

He never worried about it!

Whether they were peasants or Free People before, or prisoners now.

With such a safe living environment and such excellent living conditions.

Who wouldn't want to live well?

Suppressing his thoughts, Lynn brought Red into the Handicraft Workshop District.

After passing by several blacksmith workshops, Lynn arrived at the Glass Workshop.

At the entrance of the workshop.

A number of carriages were already loaded with wooden boxes.

Clearly.

The glazed glass products selected by Grayson had already been packed into wooden boxes.

Lynn was just about to step into the workshop.

Grayson and George were about to walk out.

Seeing Lynn approaching, George immediately lowered his head and said, "Master."

Beside him, Grayson smiled and asked.

"Master Lynn, are those prisoners arranged?"

Lynn nodded in response.

Grayson's expression slightly turned serious, and he said.

"I am a Slave Merchant and naturally hope that all slaves transported can be sold successfully."

"But Master Lynn, I am more your business partner."

"I still want to remind you again, those prisoners are like a double-edged sword!"

"They possess great strength and can enhance your territorial military power."

"At the same time, if not properly managed, they could backfire on you..."

Lynn replied, "Thank you, Mr. Grayson, for the reminder."

"However, rest assured, they have already been properly placed."

Seeing Master Lynn's confident and calm demeanor, Grayson was slightly relieved.

"That's for the best."

"I still want to continue trading with Master Lynn."

"By the way, Master Lynn, I've already selected five hundred glazed glass products and loaded them on the carriages."

"If there's no other instruction, this transaction ends here."

"You know the Karedi Empire's war has started!"

"No one knows when the fires of war will spread to Kakasong City."

"I must transport slaves and exchange goods with you as much as possible before the war reaches us!"

"Once the war arrives and Fisherman's Wharf is closed, my merchant ships won't be able to dock..."

Lynn nodded.

At this point, Grayson sighed a bit and said.

"To be honest, Master Lynn."

"This time, my longship, before docking at Fisherman's Wharf, entered the Aladia River's waters behind your territory following the Seine River."

Lynn's eyebrows raised.

Because of the waterfall's influence, until now, he hadn't yet gone to the area below the waterfall.

Even though there is a map of the Karedi Empire.

But because the Aladia River belongs to the border river between the Karedi Empire and Elfini Empire.

Due to the surrounding terrain, almost no ships pass through.

Lack of personnel for deep exploration.

Therefore, the map does not have overly detailed records.

Grayson continued, "I navigated nearly ten days through the winding river."

"Finally, I arrived at the waterfall at the far end of your territory that you spoke of!"

"The majestic torrents roared down from the nearly seven to eight meters high waterfall, heavily crashing into the deep pool below."

"The deafening noise nearly drowned out all other sounds within tens of meters!"

"Layers of snow-white spray splashed upwards, at least one to two meters high!"

"The air was filled with heavy and dense mist, enveloping the water area below the waterfall entirely."

"..."

Here, Grayson said somewhat helplessly.

"Master Lynn, relying solely on manpower to tackle this waterfall... I feel it's quite challenging!"

Lynn nodded, "I'm thinking about this matter right now."

"If I can find a large amount of sulfur, leveling this waterfall wouldn't be difficult!"

Previously.

He always considered how to find sulfur to make gunpowder, produce explosives.

But now.

He must consider finding sulfur, making gunpowder and explosives.

And also, what impact will there be after blasting and leveling this waterfall!

Thinking positively.

Merchants can naturally drive longships, transporting large quantities of goods, directly arriving behind his territory.

Let's not talk about reducing transportation time for now.

At the very least.

It can reduce the process of merchants switching from water transport to land transport.

If thinking negatively...

The waterfall as a natural defense barrier is destroyed.

If enemy troops want to invade his territory.

They can directly drive warships behind his town!

With that wide riverbank behind the town, enemy troops could land effortlessly.

If so.

No matter if it's the Weng City walls at the mountain forest pass or the Outpost Fortress amid mountains and rocks.

Chapter 927: Offering Loyalty _6

Even the defense of Morgan Town and the garrison being prepared for construction.

All efforts would be in vain!

Grayson nodded somewhat confused.

Although he didn't know what sulfur was that Master Lynn spoke of.

But Master Lynn had already planned for that waterfall, so he naturally didn't need to worry about it.

After Lynn accompanied Grayson to the Lord's Square.

Grayson said goodbye to Lynn: "Master Lynn, no need to see me off any further, let's stop here?"

Lynn nodded, "Safe travels, Mr. Grayson."

Grayson smiled: "Rest assured, Master Lynn, I still have major tasks to do."

"Naturally, I won't die easily!"

The farewell ended.

Grayson walked to the horse in front, and with his left foot on the stirrup, he swiftly leaped up, straddling the horse's back.

After waving to Lynn, Grayson left the Lord's Square with his carriage team.

Heading towards the mountain forest pass in the distance.

Until Grayson's carriage team completely disappeared into the shadow of the mountains.

Only then did Lynn withdraw his gaze.

He glanced at the gradually darkening sky.

He returned to the castle with Red.

Passing through a patch of red brick houses.

At the castle gate, with the respectful salutations of several guards, he returned to the castle.

Inside the reception hall.

The tall oil lamps along the walls had already been lit.

As they burned steadily, emitting a warm yellow light.

A peculiar smell like burning hair spread through the hall.

The lamp oil was made by blending animal fat and resin.

Despite the insufficient combustion of the oil lamps, which produced black smoke and a strange smell.

But in this era without electric lights.

Oil lamps were still an indispensable lighting tool.

Additionally.

Since the town's production of lamp oil was limited now.

Basically, only his castle, night school, blacksmith workshop, and textile workshop, along with a few necessary industries, used oil lamps.

The townsmen, lacking lighting tools.

Had to rest at night, or join in the reproductive movements.

After having dinner with Kuisi and the maid serving him.

While waiting for hot water to be prepared, Lynn sat on the lord's throne to rest.

With a thought, he opened the [Resident Information Column], checking out the 800 war prisoners transported by Grayson today.

As he continued to filter through.

The personal information of each war prisoner flashed by his eyes.

Just like what he had previously checked.

This batch of war prisoners had excellent physical fitness indeed!

Besides Tyrone, who had {Talent} and {Skills}.

He also saw several war prisoners with Weapon Mastery.

These war prisoners could just be cultivated into small banner or general banner leaders for small troops.

After sweeping through all the war prisoners, Lynn was about to close the panel.

He noticed.

Some war prisoners, who originally had 0 Loyalty Value, had already changed to 1% or 3%!

Lynn's lips curled slightly.

The change and increase in these war prisoners' Loyalty Value were much faster than he had imagined.

However.

Lynn thought again, it wasn't that surprising.

With the living standards on his territory and the relaxing work regime.

No one would want to leave after experiencing it.

Just as he closed the panel, light footsteps sounded from afar, reaching his ears.

Accompanied by Janet's obviously nervous voice.

"Master Lynn...the hot water is ready, you can...you can prepare for a bath now."

Lynn responded, "I know."

Getting up from the lord's throne, he walked towards the nearby private room.

Lynn noticed that as he approached Janet, she hurriedly bent her waist.

That feeling was as if she was trying to avoid something.

Lynn was not prepared to let her go, instructing her aloud.

"Follow me inside."

"I've been too tired recently and need a massage."

Listening to Lynn's commands, Janet quickly raised her head.

She turned to look at Lynn's tall figure, her eyes full of resentment.

She naturally understood that when Lynn asked her to massage, it was never just a simple massage.

What's more important.

Was that just this morning...he bullied her!

In the private room, the hot water in the bathtub rippled like waves.

Amid suppressed groans.

The night gradually deepened.

Under the night sky in the Lord's Square.

Burly figures sat around the burning bonfire ahead.

To insulate from the ground's moisture and make lying down more comfortable.

Rose specially arranged for soldiers to bring barley straw for these 800 war prisoners.

The bonfire, built with round logs, could burn for hours.

Sufficient to keep them from the night dew's chill.

Among the crowd.

Several burly men bent down, weaving through the seated bodies to a reclining middle-aged man.

Without any courtesy, they sat down heavily.

They glanced around.

Seeing those soldiers in armor holding torches, patrolling around.

Even seeing them moving, there were no scoldings or restrictions.

One of the burly men turned his gaze back, looked at the middle-aged man.

He respectfully asked, "Commander Tyrone, what should we do now?"

Another man also spoke up, "Yes, Commander!"

"We all know that your allegiance to this lord is just a temporary measure."

"As soldiers of Portlands, there's never been a case of pledging allegiance to a foreign lord."

"If our colleagues in Portlands find out, what face do the Pan Rock Iron Guards have?"

Lying on a heap of barley straw, Tyrone slowly opened his eyes.

He glanced at the two burly men.

"Who told you that my allegiance to this lord is just a temporary measure?"

The two burly men's eyebrows shot up.

"Not a temporary measure?"

"So...so, Commander Tyrone, you genuinely want to pledge allegiance to a foreign lord?"

"You...this is a betrayal of the Portlands Empire!"

Chapter 928: Unyielding Judgment

Listening to the voices of doubt from the two former colleagues.

Watching their eyes filled with anger.

Tyrone still lay leaning against the pile of straw, his expression calm.

His gaze looked into the distance.

Indeed.

The soldiers responsible for guarding them cast questioning glances.

It was only after discovering they were merely conversing that their gaze shifted away.

Tyrone understood the soldiers' supervision over them was even more lax than imagined.

The feeling was nothing like overseeing captives or slaves.

It was more as if protecting their safety.

Tyrone's gaze shifted, looking at the two burly men, he began asking.

"Swearing allegiance to this young lord, is it a betrayal to the Portlands Empire?"

The two burly men exchanged a glance, one of them answered firmly.

"Of course!"

The other also nodded in agreement.

Tyrone continued asking: "If this counts as betrayal..."

"When soldiers under His Highness Cronos broke through Pan Yan City and we chose to surrender, we had already betrayed!"

"We betrayed His Highness Weituo, letting His Highness Cronos's troops enter the city."

"Moreover, to avoid needless death, we chose to surrender, betraying the soldiers' oath..."

A burly man's expression slightly changed. He hurriedly spoke: "How can that be the same?"

"At the end of the Battle of Pan Yan City, we only had eight hundred left, clearly no match for His Highness Cronos's remaining over ten thousand troops."

"We surrendered only to temporarily evade danger."

"Besides, even if we chose to surrender and become captives of His Highness Cronos."

"Cronos is also a highness of Portlands; we are still loyal to the Portlands Empire!"

Tyrone remained calm.

He stared directly at the speaking burly man and asked.

"Is that so?"

"Have you ever considered why we, captives of His Highness Cronos, were sold here?"

"Does His Highness Cronos really need your allegiance?"

"Or does he need more to trade us, captives, for cash with slave traders?"

The burly man who just questioned had his expression suddenly stiffen.

Tyrone's four questions left him unable to rebut.

The other burly man also fell silent, seemingly pondering something.

Sitting near the trio were a circle of captives.

They had been listening quietly to their conversation.

Upon hearing Tyrone's questions, their faces too showed complexity.

Seeing the two remain silent, Tyrone continued speaking.

"There's another matter; perhaps as soldiers you've never thought about it."

"Why did the colleagues in Pan Yan City hold out for seven days before considering surrender?"

The two burly men shook their heads in confusion.

They were merely ordinary soldiers, capable in fighting, but clueless about strategy.

Tyrone explained: "Pan Yan City is crucial for His Highness Weituo's territory and subsequent strategic deployment!"

"But we held out for seven days without receiving a single reinforcement from His Highness Weituo!"

"From the nearest Red Stone Castle to Pan Yan City is only a three to four-day march."

Seeing the two burly men still wear expressions of confusion.

Tyrone sighed lightly, "Simply put, when His Highness Cronos's soldiers attacked Pan Yan City, our Highness Weituo had already decided to abandon it."

At this point.

The two burly men finally understood.

Their eyes widened in disbelief, speaking.

"This... this is impossible?"

"We all know, His Highness Weituo simply lacked enough troops, couldn't... couldn't..."

Under Tyrone's direct gaze, the burly man's voice grew fainter.

Until it disappeared completely.

Tyrone spoke: "As the defending soldiers of Pan Yan City, facing the current situation, it's unnecessary to deceive ourselves, right?"

The burly men promptly fell into silence, their faces heavy.

Tyrone remained unfazed, "For our allegiance to His Highness Weituo, and for Pan Yan City, we held for seven days."

"Though Pan Yan City ultimately fell, as one of the commanders, I believe we gave it our all."

"I have no shame in His Highness Weituo's support!"

"Therefore, when Pan Yan City had only eight hundred soldiers left, as the last surviving commander, I ordered you to surrender."

"Why?"

"Because I want you to live!"

"Because I don't want all soldiers to die to the last man for a city that was abandoned."

"If in the end there's ridicule and contempt, or if you feel you've wronged the Portlands Empire..."

"You can place all the responsibility on me, Tyrone Ramirez."

"I am willing to shoulder it all!"

His voice wasn't loud.

But in this Lord's Square, where only the campfire remained burning.

It was so clearly audible!

"As in Pan Yan City, now we have come to this territory, facing this young lord."

"Facing the choice between life and death, my first thought remains to help you survive."

"Only by surviving, is there any possibility!"

"To be well-fed and clothed, or return to the Portlands Empire, to see your families."

"If dead... everything is over!"

Tyrone's gaze swept around, he continued speaking.

Chapter 929: Judgment Without Mercy (2)

"Perhaps after coming to this territory, you have all been wondering what to do next."

"Perhaps you haven't noticed the peculiarities of this land..."

Two burly men raised an eyebrow and asked, "Peculiarities?"

Tyrone nodded, "Yes, peculiarities!"

"Even though we've been here for less than a day."

"I've felt a mysterious tranquility from this land!"

"Living in peace and prosperity."

"On the faces of those working townsmen, I haven't seen a trace of tension or unease."

"There is only stability and leisure..."

"I've never seen such a living environment and atmosphere in Pan Yan City."

Tyrone's gaze shifted, looking at the figure lying asleep on the straw not far away.

"Not just those townsmen."

"Haven't you noticed that since coming to this territory, our colleagues can sleep soundly?"

"No need to worry about when enemy forces will break through the walls, no need to worry about being killed by enemy long spears while sleeping..."

The words caught the attention of the two burly men, and their gaze moved too.

They looked at the figures already fast asleep, the sounds of snoring present here and there.

Their furrowed brows slightly relaxed.

Tyrone smiled slightly, "If you still regard me as your commander and are willing to listen to my instructions, then live well in this land."

"If you wish to take action, I won't stop you."

"However, be prepared for suppression."

"Because the lord of this land is far stronger than he appears!"

After finishing the last of his words, he continued speaking.

"Alright, it's late, everyone get some rest."

"Tomorrow morning, I still have to iron!"

Seeing Tyrone adjusting in his seat for comfort, the two burly men bowed their heads.

They no longer spoke any more words and withdrew.

With their departure, the Lord's Square fell into tranquility once again beneath the night sky.

Leaving only the crackling sounds of the burning campfire and the constant rise and fall of snores.

...

Time passes day by day.

Under the cooperative effort of farmers, the barley piled up on Lord's Square gradually decreased.

After crushing, threshing, drying, and winnowing, it was stored in the castle's warehouse.

With the special construction of several warehouse spaces in the castle.

Not just a few million pounds of grain.

Even tens of millions of pounds can be stored easily!

Storing in a castle guarded by guards is the best choice.

Even though the canteen requires a large amount of grain daily to cook three meals for the townsmen.

But Lynn prefers to arrange personnel for special delivery, rather than storing large quantities of grain carelessly.

Grain crops like barley relate to survival in this territory.

If guarding is careless and unexpected fires burn down warehouses containing the grain.

Such a disaster would be a fatal blow to the townsmen!

Lynn, having finished a round of experience in the kitchen, sat on a wooden chair in Lord's Square, scanning around.

In no more than ten days, the remaining barley will be completely dried.

Once processed by the farmers, it can be stored.

After statistical calculation,

he will know exactly how many pounds of barley were harvested from the land sown with 1,200,000 pounds of winter barley seeds!

This is not just a harvest.

It's also a validation of his planting techniques involving heavy plowing, drill planting, and fertilizing.

If a bountiful harvest can be achieved, future planting on the territory may proceed using the current method.

During the drying and threshing stage.

Wilbur led farmers of the harvesting group to complete the harvest of over 10,000 acres of vegetables.

Because of the warm climate of the Karedi Empire.

Coupled with specialized farmers for fertilizing, watering, and irrigation.

The cabbage, carrots, onions, and a variety of vegetables thriving in excellent growing conditions weigh almost ten million pounds collectively.

Due to the large quantity, aside from meeting the daily needs of townsmen.

Other vegetables can be dried, pickled, cellared, made into sauces or purees, or smoked for storage.

With Lynn possessing a large quantity of fine salt, mass usage of fine salt for pickling storage is entirely feasible.

While Lynn rests.

In the distance.

Six or seven fully-loaded carts traverse the lime road between harvested fields.

After ten minutes,

the carts arrived at Lord's Square, halting after several sounds of reins pulling.

A sturdy and agile figure leaped straight from horseback.

Lynn's gaze turned, it was Earl.

Earl took big strides, arriving in front of Lynn.

He bent over slightly, respectfully addressing, "Sir."

Lynn glanced at Earl and then at the carts behind him.

"Returning from Morgan Town, is there something amiss?"

Earl responded, explaining, "Yes, sir, there are several matters needing your review and decision."

Lynn nodded, waiting for Earl to continue.

Earl went on, "After the Boer Merchant brought 500 Free People, Morgan Town's harvesting work is on track."

"The 500 Free People are engaged in accelerated harvesting under Gavin's leadership."

"The carts behind contain all the food transported back, excluding what soldiers in Morgan Town and Manor Castle need daily."

Chapter 930: Ruthless Justice_3

"The total is twenty thousand pounds of wheat and ten thousand pounds of barley."

"Due to the limited number of draft horse carts, we can only transport thirty thousand pounds at a time."

"At the Manor Castle, there are at least two million pounds of grain waiting to be transported."

Upon hearing this, Lynn glanced past Earl and looked at the carts behind.

Currently, there are five hundred Free People in Morgan Town.

Even if their harvesting skills are not proficient, they can harvest nearly two acres a day.

Even with a yield of one hundred pounds per acre, a Free Person can still harvest two hundred pounds a day...

From the time he sent Gavin to Morgan Town, nearly twenty days have passed by now.

Making rough calculations.

There are two million pounds of grain in the Manor Castle, and the numbers match up.

Seeing Lynn not ask any questions, Earl continued speaking.

"In addition to reporting the harvest matters to you."

"The Free People hired by the Boer Merchant who came to Morgan Town want to inquire of you."

"How can they become your Townsmen?"

Upon hearing this, Lynn raised his eyebrows slightly.

Earl noticed the change in Lynn's expression and quickly explained.

"They said they want to stay in your town and sign a long-term employment contract with you."

"If you are willing to accept them, they are even willing to bring all their family members to live permanently in Morgan Town."

Upon hearing this, Lynn had already understood.

The surprise in his heart dissipated.

With the vast farmland and the almost scarce population that Morgan Town currently has.

These Free People who came to Morgan Town naturally want to stay.

In a land that is vast but sparsely populated, the Lord of the territory will naturally need to recruit more labor to tend and manage the farmland.

Additionally, they are enjoying the policy of 'harvesting one hundred pounds of crops and getting ten pounds as a reward.'

Even if Lynn doesn't look into it, he can guess.

He is certainly labeled by those Free People as 'generous' or 'foolish with money.'

Lynn said calmly, "Does Wesley know about this matter?"

Earl replied, "Master Wesley is already aware."

"But he said he requires your instructions."

Lynn nodded and said, "When you return to Morgan Town, convey my words."

"To become the Townsmen of Morgan Town, they must join the Manor Castle and become garrison soldiers."

"Once they become garrison soldiers, they can receive fifty acres of farmland for planting!"

Hearing this, Earl raised his eyebrows.

Although he is not interested in becoming a Soldier Commander.

The words spoken by Master Lynn about each garrison soldier receiving fifty acres of farmland.

He understood very clearly.

"Each garrison soldier can engage in cultivation during the busy farming season and undergo training during leisure time."

"As long as the garrison soldiers complete the task of paying public grain, the remaining grain is entirely theirs!"

"To meet the needs of themselves and their families."

Earl lowered his head in response, "Yes."

Lynn continued, "In addition, garrison soldiers can also receive military pay—one shilling per month!"

According to current prices, a monthly military pay of one shilling is only twelve pence, which is indeed not much.

It can only buy twenty-four pounds of barley.

But this is additional pay for the garrison soldiers!

Hearing this, Earl quickly responded, "Yes, Master, I will convey your instructions as soon as possible."

Lynn asked, "Is there anything else that needs to be reported?"

Upon Lynn's inquiry, Earl quickly replied.

"Master, there is another matter!"

"According to the patrol soldiers stationed near Morgan Town."

"There have been several unknown cavalry units appearing on the outskirts of Morgan Town."

"To verify this, I also observed personally."

"Just as the patrol soldiers said, there indeed are unknown cavalry lingering outside Morgan Town."

"When I led the cavalry to chase after them, they had already left in advance..."

Lynn couldn't help but frown, facing Earl, he asked.

"Centurion Earl, share your opinion."

Earl did not hesitate and answered directly.

"Master, I suspect that other lords or manor lords are probing the situation in Morgan Town."

Lynn said in a deep voice, "Continue."

Earl frowned slightly, "If it is indeed cavalry arranged by other manor lords and lords."

"The most likely candidates are Bo Xi Town and Alba Town, near Morgan Town."

At this point, a troubled expression appeared on Earl's face.

He hesitantly said, "Master... I'm not sure about anything beyond this..."

Seeing the embarrassed look on Earl's wheat-colored face.

Lynn didn't mind.

He took over Earl's words and continued speaking.

"Indeed, the possibility of nearby manor lords cannot be ruled out."

"However, it requires a change of perspective."

"If I were a manor lord in Bo Xi Town, why would I send cavalry to gather intelligence on the neighboring town?"

"Centurion Earl, everyone has a purpose for doing anything."

"Since cavalry came to Morgan Town, they must have noticed something they value."

Earl nodded hesitantly.

After pondering for a few seconds, he tentatively said, "Master Lynn, could they be coming for Morgan Town?"

"The manor lords of Morgan Town have already been completely eliminated by you."

"Perhaps, in their eyes, Morgan Town has become unclaimed land, and they want to occupy it?"

Lynn shook his head, "Not correct."