

System 941

Chapter 941: Spy Part 2

"Yes, Captain Dorian, I'll return right away!"

The voice responded, and Du An immediately pulled on the reins, turning the direction of the horse beneath him.

Du An squeezed the horse's stomach tightly with his legs, and with a hurried command, the horse neighed and galloped towards the distant darkness.

The remaining three soldiers watched as Du An rode away.

They withdrew their gaze and asked Dorian, "Captain Dorian, what should we do now?"

Dorian pondered for a few seconds and said, "Draw your weapons and wait here."

"If you see any unfamiliar persons coming and going, capture them immediately."

"If there are many spies infiltrating the town, retreat immediately and wait for Lord Earl's reinforcements before making any plans."

The three soldiers immediately responded, "Yes, Captain Dorian!"

Dismounting from his horse, Dorian walked to the trampled barley field.

He crouched down, his eyes scanning the fallen barley stalks.

On the barley stalks, the muddy footprints had not yet dried.

The time when spies entered from the edge of their town must not have been long ago.

Dorian even felt.

During their patrol just now, the infiltrating spies crouched in the barley field, watching them from afar!

At that instant.

A sudden sense of dread surfaced in Dorian's heart, making his hair stand on end.

If, during the moment when Du An and the soldiers had removed their armor to bathe, the infiltrating spies had loosed arrows.

Without the protection of armor, they would surely have died!

Dorian gripped the hilt of the longsword at his waist tightly, his gaze following the tracks, looking far into the distance.

Towards that direction, lay Morgan Town.

The infiltrating spies' target was Morgan Town.

However.

Even knowing spies had infiltrated.

He had no intention of bravely capturing the spies.

Facing unknown infiltrating spies, recklessly following the tracks would only risk sacrificing their lives!

Compared to the calm on Dorian's face, the three soldiers beside him seemed somewhat tense.

Their eyes constantly scanned the surroundings vigilantly.

While Dorian waited.

The sound of cracking dry branches underfoot came from behind him.

Dorian's ears twitched slightly, and he immediately turned his head to look.

He saw.

Outside the boundary of Morgan Town's land.

A figure clad in cloth armor was stealthily walking away into the distance.

The figure seemed to realize it had been exposed and glanced back.

Indeed.

The middle-aged man was staring directly at him.

No longer caring about being exposed, he stepped up his pace, trying to escape farther into the darkness.

A young soldier beside him frowned and asked, "Captain Dorian, he..."

Once confirming the fleeing figure had vanished, Dorian withdrew his gaze.

"He's likely the contact for the spies infiltrating Morgan Town."

"Seeing us guarding here, fearing too much, he chose to abandon his companions and flee alone."

The young soldier nodded knowingly.

Dorian continued in a deep voice, "Everyone, be ready!"

"Those spies that infiltrated Morgan Town, once they know they've been discovered, will surely return the way they came immediately."

"Since their contact is right here."

Listening to Dorian's words, the three soldiers assumed a serious expression and drew the longsword from their waists.

Scanning the surroundings with full vigilance.

Though everything was calm around them, it only seemed more dangerous!

While the four of them waited.

In the darkness several kilometers away, a long line of torches began to glimmer.

Perhaps due to their speed in running, the torches' glow flickered.

Yet seeing those lights, Dorian felt a slight relief.

A group of riders coming from Morgan Town's direction, clearly, were reinforcements arranged by Lord Earl.

The three soldiers also saw the distant firelight.

A hint of joy appeared on their faces.

"Captain, there's fire ahead."

"It must be the reinforcements from Morgan Town coming."

"Great! Once reinforcements arrive and cover the perimeter, those infiltrating spies will surely have nowhere to hide!"

Dorian nodded slightly, just about to speak.

The sound of footsteps running emerged from the barley field in front, rapidly approaching him!

Dorian's heart palpitated, quickly turning his head to look.

Three dark figures suddenly leapt from the barley field.

Holding steel knives tightly in their hands, under the night's illumination, the blades gleamed coldly.

Almost instinctively, Dorian raised the longsword in his right hand, placing it above his head.

The next moment.

Ding!

Blades collided with a sharp, clear sound amidst sparks.

Under this formidable force, Dorian's right foot unwittingly stepped back three steps before stabilizing his stance.

Before Dorian could form any thoughts, the tall dark figure attacked once more.

Meanwhile, the other shadows surrounded the other soldiers.

No longer having the advantage of ambush and being at a distance.

Moreover.

The opponents wore only coarse wool cloth armor made from linen.

Despite their formidable build and power, surpassing him.

Dorian let out a cold snort, gripping the longsword tightly, and advanced to meet the challenge.

As their figures crossed, the clash of metal repeatedly echoed down the path among the fields.

The bearded man sparring with Dorian, taking advantage of Dorian's retreat, glanced towards the distance.

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He could already hear the sound of the cavalry's hoofbeats.

The man with the black beard quickly withdrew his gaze and shouted to the others.

"Retreat! Quickly retreat!"

Upon hearing the black-bearded man's words, several shadowy men immediately withdrew from the soldiers in front.

Immediately.

Without looking back, they sprinted into the darkness outside the town.

Dorian furrowed his brows tightly, his right arm twisting as the hand holding the longsword now reversed its grip.

His arm bent, then suddenly exerted force, directly throwing the longsword outward.

In less than half a second.

The sharpened blade pierced directly into a spy's back before emerging from the chest.

The shadowy spy didn't even let out a scream, falling to the ground, lifeless.

The black-bearded man glanced back and continued running towards the distant darkness.

Right when Dorian hesitated over whether to mount his horse and pursue them.

Rumble rumble...

With a series of low roars, squads of cavalry thundered past Dorian and his men.

Heading straight to pursue the distant fleeing spies.

Leading the charge on horseback was Earl.

Dorian understood.

Lord Earl clearly had no intention of letting these spies go.

Even though Earl led a group of heavy cavalry, all donned in standard plate armor.

But with the support of Badan Empire's warhorses, their running speed was naturally unmatched by humans.

In just two short minutes.

The four fleeing spies were surrounded by the heavy cavalry.

Under the five-meter winged spears, the black-bearded man could only choose to surrender.

After being bound by several cavalymen, the four spies were dragged behind the warhorses, towards Dorian and his men.

On horseback, Earl observed the corpse pierced by the longsword.

He halted his warhorse, detached from the returning cavalry troops.

Earl praised Dorian, saying, "Well done, Captain Dorian."

"I'll report your achievement of intercepting the spies and killing one to Lord Wesley for a commendation!"

Hearing Earl's words, the eyes of Du An and his men immediately lit up.

Dorian bowed, neither humble nor arrogant, and said, "Thank you, Lord."

Timely discovery of spies, instructed Du An to report.

Intercepted the spies' escape and killed one.

These inherently belonged as their merits.

He certainly didn't need to politely decline.

Earl nodded in satisfaction and continued, "Continue patrolling."

Dorian immediately responded, "Yes."

After instructing them, Earl drove his warhorse to return to the cavalry ranks ahead.

Watching the cavalry depart, Dorian finally withdrew his gaze.

Du An dismounted from his horse, walked to the corpse, and pulled out the longsword.

Despite blood flowing continuously after pulling it out.

Du An's expression remained unchanged.

Having been through several battles.

Though still just an ordinary soldier, he had grown accustomed to the horrors of the battlefield.

Compared to this single corpse, the mass burial pits piled high were far more visually striking.

Returning to Dorian, Du An horizontally held the longsword, handing it to Dorian.

His words were full of envy.

"Captain Dorian, with such battle merits, I feel you're going to be promoted!"

Several soldiers beside him chimed in.

"Yes, yes, I feel it too, Captain Dorian has been through these wars and killed so many enemies."

"At least a Small Banner, or even higher, a General Banner!"

Dorian took the longsword handed by Du An, retrieved a piece of linen cloth from the saddlebags on both sides, and wiped the blood off the blade.

Only then did Dorian sheath the longsword.

"Stop daydreaming, whether it's Small Banner, General Banner, or staying the same..."

"Both Lord Wesley and Lord Earl have their own considerations."

"We just need to do our best, and that's enough."

Du An and the four others nodded knowingly.

Under their gaze, Dorian mounted his horse and continued.

"Let's go, keep patrolling, or it'll be daylight soon!"

In unison, the four responded, "Yes, Captain Dorian."

Taking a few steps forward, they approached their respective horses and mounted.

Led by Dorian, they continued executing their patrol tasks.

As for where the just-captured spies came from or their intentions.

These had little to do with them as ordinary soldiers.

Being their superior or the decision-maker, Master Lynn will care more about this matter.

...

Two days passed in the blink of an eye.

After breakfast, Lynn and Red left the castle early.

Walking along the red brick road between the towns.

At this moment, the Karedi Empire happened to enter August.

The harvested barley, after a fortnight of sun drying, crushing, threshing, winnowing, and sifting.

By yesterday afternoon, it was finally stored away.

Through information on the [Resource Panel].

He finally knew how many pounds of winter barley were harvested from the fifty-five thousand acres planted using 1.2 million pounds of winter barley seeds!

A total of 9.9 million pounds!

The per-acre yield of winter barley reached 180 pounds!

Compared to the rain-dependent random planting, an increase of nearly eighty pounds.

In Lynn's view, this was already considered a bountiful harvest.

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In other words.

The advanced planting techniques such as heavy plow cultivation, row planting, fertilization and topdressing, weeding, and irrigation can be fully applied to the planting of crops on his territory.

Of course.

Compared to the world he was in before, where the yield per acre was often a thousand pounds or higher for barley.

The barley he planted from the farmland did not even reach a fraction of that.

Lynn also understands.

Even though he possesses quite advanced planting techniques.

But the low yield per acre of barley is closely related to the fertility of the land and the productivity of the seeds.

If he wants to increase the barley yield of the land further, he can only carry out long-term artificial cultivation of the crop seeds.

The drawback is that artificial cultivation requires a very long time!

It might even take several generations of effort and dedication to succeed.

Because the limitations of technological levels are too great.

Or, consume Energy Stone and use the [Crop Variety Improvement] function.

Lynn glanced at the Energy Stones he currently possessed.

During this period, he has been busy with harvesting and grinding experience.

Rarely going to the fixed fishing spots by the docks to harvest Energy Stones from [Fishing].

The main source of Energy Stones relies on the [Daily Sign-in] and [Milestone] function achievements.

After over a month, the Energy Stones he currently possesses happen to be at fifteen thousand.

However.

If used for improving crop varieties.

These fifteen thousand Energy Stones are far from sufficient.

It should be known.

To improve the variety of ten thousand pounds of crop seeds, it requires a thousand Energy Stones.

Not to mention planting all the farmland with the improved seeds.

Just the fifty-five thousand acres that were recently harvested.

Calculating at the rate of twenty pounds of barley seeds needed per acre.

Converted down.

That would be nearly one million two hundred thousand pounds!

And calculating the swap with Energy Stones...

That would require one million one hundred thousand Energy Stones!

Just seeing this number, Lynn understands it is simply not feasible.

To improve crop varieties, only slight improvements can be made.

Then, using the improved crop seeds, after multiple plantings, achieve the goal of expanding the planting area.

Of course.

This requires a very long time.

Or.

Convert mined Saltpeter and other minerals into fertilizer needed by crops to enhance land fertility.

When he found the Saltpeter, he already thought of this method.

However, implementing it is not easy.

Through the [Heavenly Artifacts] mode.

He can indeed acquire experience and techniques for producing fertilizers such as nitrogen fertilizer, phosphate fertilizer, and potash.

But lacks the tools needed for production.

For example, equipment for synthesizing ammonia from nitrogen and hydrogen gases.

And also, equipment for compressing nitrogen and hydrogen mixtures to achieve the high-pressure conditions required for ammonia synthesis.

...

If he wants to increase soil fertility now, he can only rely on various organic fertilizers and compost, farm manure, green manure, etc.

Thus improving the soil structure.

If he wants to quickly increase crop yield in the farmland, the task is arduous and long-term.

But thinking further.

With the planting techniques he can implement now.

He increased the yield per acre from around one hundred pounds to one hundred eighty pounds.

This can already be considered a miracle!

To further increase yield, he can only rely on [Crop Variety Improvement], and the [Emperor Potato] already planted that can be harvested by August.

Compared to planting barley, wheat, oats, and other grain crops, potatoes are truly the king of yield.

Also.

To expand planting scale on the farmland, it still requires time.

Can only proceed step by step.

While Lynn was mulling over his thoughts.

The sound of running footsteps approached from afar, getting closer.

Lynn glanced to the side.

Seeing Wilbur with a flushed face rushing towards him.

As Wilbur stopped in front of him, panting heavily.

Lynn did not immediately inquire but waited for his breath to settle.

After half a minute.

Wilbur, expelling a breath of warm air, spoke to Lynn with excitement.

"Master, the harvested barley has all been stored away."

"And the quantity has been tallied!"

Even though he already knew the barley yield, Lynn still asked.

"How many pounds?"

Wilbur grinned brightly, revealing his white teeth.

"Master, the total yield of barley is at least nine million five hundred thousand pounds!"

Looking at Wilbur's bright eyes, Lynn said approvingly, "It's a big harvest, well done."

Due to being busy with various affairs, even he paid far less attention to the winter barley than Gavin and Wilbur.

It can even be said that it is all Gavin and Wilbur's effort.

From the initial cultivation to the present abundant harvest.

Listening to Lynn's words, Wilbur's tone was filled with emotion.

"Yes, it's finally a big harvest, without letting down your expectations, Master Lynn!"

Lynn nodded, "However, even with a big harvest, your tasks are still not finished."

Wilbur's smile gradually faded, becoming serious.

Lynn asked, "Up till now, how large is the newly cultivated planting area?"

Hearing this, Wilbur thought for a few seconds before explaining.

"Master, it should be around fifty thousand acres."

"The harvesting teams previously assigned have all moved on to harvesting vegetables and linen after finishing the barley."

Chapter 944: The Spy Part 5

"Until recently, when the harvest was completed, I resumed their land cultivation work."

Lynn responded, "Stop the reclamation of wasteland temporarily."

"I need to allocate 5,000 townsmen for labor in batches!"

"Three thousand townsmen are responsible for burning and clearing the straw stubble from the recently harvested 55,000 acres of barley fields."

"Afterward, use the light plow and iron rake to break up the soil, leveling the fields while also preserving moisture."

"Apply a small amount of compost to enhance soil fertility."

"Finally, plant the entire 55,000 acres with peas!"

Planting peas, unlike barley and wheat, requires deep plowing for high yield.

Relatively speaking, it will be much easier.

Wilbur, walking beside Lynn, nodded understandingly, "Yes, Master Lynn."

Lynn continued, "The remaining 2,000 people will take the newly reclaimed 50,000 acres of arable land and plant 10,000 acres with black rye grass."

"The remaining 40,000 acres will also be entirely planted with peas!"

He had also considered taking advantage of it being August to plant winter wheat in the newly tilled land.

August is the best season for planting winter wheat.

But he quickly dismissed this idea.

First of all.

The amount of wheat in his castle warehouse is not enough for 50,000 acres of seed.

Not to mention winter wheat which has strong cold resistance.

Even if he sends Boer outside the territory to purchase it, it cannot be gathered in a short period.

Besides, the current price of wheat is so high!

The price of two pence per pound is indeed quite extravagant.

Instead of racking his brains for a solution, it would be simpler and more direct to plant peas and black rye grass.

Planting peas enhances soil fertility and improves soil structure.

Planting black rye grass can be used as fodder for the poultry and livestock in the pasture, and can also be made into hay.

Stored and waiting for winter, it can be supplied as livestock feed.

It also serves as bedding straw, providing warmth for nesting poultry and livestock!

Waiting for the peas and black rye grass to mature and be harvested will make these 105,000 acres of land fertile.

Next year, spring wheat or spring barley will be planted!

By doing so, achieve the reasonable use of arable land.

After listening to Master Lynn's explanation, Wilbur responded once again.

"I will make arrangements immediately, following your instructions, my lord."

After issuing the instructions for future planting plans, Lynn let Wilbur step back.

He stepped toward the Lord's Square.

Looking at the area that was previously covered with a layer of golden straw.

At this moment, the area where the straw was spread out to dry had reduced significantly.

The barley stored in the warehouse was only the winter barley planted in his territory.

In Morgan Town.

There is still a large area of farmland waiting for Gavin to lead the hired free people to harvest continuously.

As they drove carts drawn by draft horses, transporting them back into the territory.

During this period.

Boer's number of visits to his territory was only three times.

In other words.

To avoid drawing attention, deliberately reducing the number of hired free people.

A month has passed.

Boer only hired 600 free people for him!

Even adding those fifty farmers he dispatched with Gavin.

Altogether, it's only 650 people.

Compared to the vast farmland area of over tens of thousands of acres in Morgan Town...

laborers are just a drop in the bucket!

Even so.

He still would not send a large number of townsmen from his territory on assignments outside.

First, it's not safe!

If he were to send one or two thousand farmers to Morgan Town for harvesting,

before even a few days have passed, a powerful regular army arrives in Morgan Town.

Directly conscripting the land in Morgan Town and the farmers he dispatched.

Such a cost is unbearable for him.

Secondly.

Even if his territory currently has a sufficient number of laborers.

These farmers have their own tasks to attend to—planting peas and rye grass.

Standing in Lord's Square, after scanning a few glances to confirm there were no anomalies.

Lynn stepped into the kitchen canteen with determination and continued to work on his [Cooking] skill experience.

[Cooking Experience +1]

[Cooking Experience +1]

[Cooking Experience +1]

...

As he kept cooking and producing food, the points of experience rapidly increased bit by bit.

While stewing meat, Lynn focused his mind and opened the [Heavenly Artifacts] panel.

[Cooking: Level 3 (536/1000)] (+)

After grinding experience continuously during this period, his [Cooking] skill experience value had already surpassed five hundred!

Reaching Level 4 is just a matter of time!

Until dusk.

Once again covered in a smog of oil smoke, Lynn walked out of the canteen.

Even though he previously assigned Colin to hire Ehrelo to produce the water wheels and ventilators,

to immediately complete production and put them into use is nearly impossible.

They will just have to wait patiently as they produce them slowly.

Walking out of the canteen, he approached a wooden bench and directly sat down.

Gazing into the distance, looking beyond the town.

In the fields once filled with barley, wisps of gray smoke floated up.

Wafting into the air under the gentle breeze.

With the golden sunset pouring down.

It added a touch of hazy mystery to the already breathtaking dusk.

The straw in the fields was not all brought back to the Lord's Square.

Under his instructions, a portion was deliberately left behind.

Chapter 945: Spy _6

Just to wait for these wheat straw to dry, used for burning the roots of the wheat straw in the fields.

Burning the wheat straw roots not only can increase soil fertility and improve soil structure.

Most importantly, it can kill some germs, pests, and weed seeds hiding in the barley roots.

Adding a proper amount of plant ash to the soil can also adjust the soil's pH levels.

It is beneficial for the growth and reproduction of some beneficial microorganisms in the soil environment!

Of course.

He had already instructed Wilbur before to be careful of fire prevention when burning the wheat straw roots in the fields!

Enjoying the scenery of the sunset, Lynn was ready to get up and return to the castle.

Outside the Lord's Square.

The sound of horse hooves galloping was heard.

Lynn turned his head to look.

Under the sunlight, several cavalry silhouettes were moving closer towards the town on the lime road between the fields.

A few minutes later.

Amidst the sound of 'whoa' stopping the horses.

Five cavalrymen stopped above the Lord's Square.

At the forefront of the cavalry.

Earl, who was shorter but unexpectedly strong, dismounted from his warhorse.

Striding directly towards Lynn.

Following him were four soldiers escorting a burly man.

Coming to Lynn, Earl bowed and spoke respectfully: "Master."

"Last night, we captured a group of foreign spies."

"After a night's interrogation, he finally confessed!"

With those words finished.

Earl slightly shifted his body, revealing the burly man behind him to Lynn.

Lynn's eyes moved, looking over.

The burly man with a black beard was covered in blood all over.

His face was even a blurred and swollen mess.

If he didn't confess after being beaten almost beyond recognition, it would really be strange.

Lynn responded, "Tell me carefully."

Earl slightly lowered his head, "His name is Bader Sacks, from the nearby Alba Town."

"Acting under the instructions of Zok Connelly Manor Lord from Alba Town, he came to spy in Morgan Town!"

"The strangers I reported to you last time were exactly them."

"After several observations, they found the patrol soldiers' gaps and chose to sneak into Morgan Town."

"As for the detailed parts, I think letting him recount once more would be more authentic."

"I can compare and validate against what he said last night to check for any concealment."

Lynn heard this and couldn't help but give Earl an approving look.

Clearly.

After his inquiry and guidance last time.

He already knew how to think about problems from another perspective.

As long as there is a willingness to learn, no one is ever unteachable!

Lynn's eyes turned once again to the black-bearded man tied up, waiting for his words.

Seeing the black-bearded man silent, Earl shouted: "What?"

"Previously begging for your life, and now wanting to act tough again?"

Listening to Earl's cold words, the black-bearded man Bader felt a wave of fear.

He hurriedly spoke: "I'll talk... I'll talk... Please don't beat me again; I really... can't take it!"

Earl snorted coldly.

From just now, Bader had figured out this young man was the lord of the territory.

He took a few deep breaths and spoke to Lynn: "As this gentleman said, I'm Bader Sacks, a commander of followers for Zok Connolly Manor Lord from Alba Town."

"Receiving orders from Manor Lord Zok, I was commanded to come to Morgan Town for reconnaissance."

Lynn asked: "What intelligence were you gathering?"

Bader didn't hesitate and directly replied: "Gathering intelligence on how many soldiers are stationed in Morgan Town and how strong the military power is."

Lynn continued to ask: "Aside from that?"

Bader took over Lynn's words: "Aside from that... Aside from that..."

"Why are merchant wagon teams transporting fine salt to Kakasong City."

"He let me lead the personnel to sneak in and thoroughly investigate."

Hearing this, Lynn wasn't surprised at all.

Merchants from Kakasong City visiting his territory were increasing.

In total, there were already five or six of them.

Apart from Hunter from the tavern needing gin and beer, Grayson needing glazed glass products.

All other merchants were exchanging for fine salt.

The sale of fine salt is indeed an extremely noticeable matter.

Lynn continued to ask: "Is it just because of the Zok Manor Lord in your words wishing to investigate Morgan Town."

"Or is there someone behind him giving directions?"

"For example, Viscount Jon Zack from Kakasong City?"

Bader looked confused and shook his head, "Sorry, Lord, I am unaware of such matters."

"I'm merely a somewhat strong follower commander."

"Above me, there are still the chief attendant, the manor steward, and the manor lord."

"Whatever they say, I do..."

Lynn nodded slightly; from Bader's demeanor and words, he did not sense any lying or concealing emotions.

Lynn's conversation shifted, asking Bader further: "How many soldiers does your manor lord have in his territory?"

"And how many peasants?"

Listening to Lynn's inquiries, Bader hesitated slightly, but seeing Earl's warning gaze.

He hastily replied: "There are five hundred soldiers, only eighty cavalry wearing chain armor and leather armor."

"There are also fifty archers; the rest are all ordinary soldiers."

"The manor had over a thousand peasants including maidservants, but specifically how many, I'm not too sure..."

Lynn responded with a sound, without further inquiry.

Among five hundred soldiers, eighty cavalry, fifty archers, the rest all infantry.

Such military strength is about the same as several manor lords in Morgan Town he dealt with previously.

But compared to the fully armed soldiers he now possesses.

He even thought.

Having eight hundred archers fire two volleys.

Is enough to destroy five hundred soldiers without heavy armor.

Compared to Zok Connelly Manor Lord.

He is more concerned about Viscount Jon Zack, who can gather these manor lords together!

Lynn continued to ask.

"Besides Zok Manor Lord, how many other manor lords are there in Alba Town?"

"How many armed soldiers do they have?"

Bader heard this and without much thought said.

"Lord, there are three other manor lords; the soldiers they have aren't very many, only two or three hundred."

Lynn responded and asked again.

"Besides these, is there anything else you'd like to voluntarily share with me?"

Bader's brow instantly furrowed.

Earl, standing beside him, had a sparkle in his eyes.

In his heart, he couldn't help but admire Master Lynn for this extremely smart question.

Master Lynn already asked what he wanted to.

But this does not mean, as a spy, Bader knows nothing.

Entirely using this sentence to extract more useful information!

Memorizing Master Lynn's words secretly in his heart.

If there is a next time, he must also try.

Feeling the young lord's strong aura as he looked at him.

Bader felt nervous as thoughts ran through his head for a moment until he finally thought of something.

"Lord, if we don't return for long, it will surely arouse suspicion and alertness from Zok Manor Lord."

"Besides that... Lord, I really can't think of anything else I can say."

Lynn responded with a noise, glancing at Earl.

Earl caught on quickly, explaining to Lynn: "The things he said are consistent with what he said during the severe interrogation."

Lynn nodded, "Take him back to the Manor Castle, detain and watch him, supply some food and water daily."

To kill a spy is just a matter of drawing a knife.

But first detaining him and waiting for a critical moment might have other uses.

Given his current food supply, keeping one prisoner is easy.

Chapter 946: Gold Pounds Pave the Way

Although he has not yet confirmed.

Whether Viscount Jon Zack instigated Manor Lord Zok to investigate Morgan Town under his control.

But Lynn feels it's likely.

Otherwise.

Why would a manor lord with only five hundred soldiers dare to covet Morgan Town, occupied by armored soldiers?

Fully armed armored soldiers, in contrast with ordinary soldiers wearing leather armor and cloth armor.

The difference in combat power is indeed too great!

As for Manor Lord Zok's suspicions and vigilance mentioned by Bader...

He does not care at all.

If they dare send spies into Morgan Town to gather intelligence.

Zock Connally must be prepared to bear his wrath!

However, the summer planting in his territory is not yet complete.

Morgan Town is still in the middle of the summer harvest.

Furthermore.

They have not yet clearly investigated the strength of Viscount Jon Zack's supporters.

And the thousand sets of composite armor in the blacksmith and weaving workshops have not yet been completed.

To be on the safe side, he can wait a little longer!

Suppressing his thoughts, Lynn inquired of Earl about the current harvesting progress in Morgan Town.

Although the free people recruited by Boer know they can get a tenth of the weight of the harvested crops.

They are working tirelessly every day.

Even so.

Each of them can only harvest about three acres a day.

Based on the current six hundred free people in Morgan Town.

They have been harvesting for a month straight.

Which means.

The crops in Morgan Town have so far only been harvested from over fifty thousand acres!

There are still sixty to seventy thousand acres of various crop fields waiting to be harvested.

At this rate, if no unexpected issues arise, it will take at least another month to complete the harvest.

Another month means reaching the end of August.

Or even early September.

Waiting for the free people to finish plowing the land, they would directly miss the summer planting.

Because of the recent harvest, the land in Morgan Town naturally cannot be immediately used for grain planting again.

Even with heavy plows for cultivation and compost to increase soil fertility.

It is still impossible for that land to yield a large amount of grain planting again.

He is not lacking barley seeds for planting.

Ninety-nine million pounds of winter barley are enough for the land in Morgan Town to be planted.

What he lacks most are labor and time!

If Boer cannot hire more free people for him to send to Morgan Town.

With the current six hundred labor force.

Wanting to cultivate and plant the twelve hundred thousand acres of arable land in Morgan Town.

Is simply a fool's dream.

Even so, Lynn doesn't have too much worry in his heart.

Because his initial goal and plan.

Was merely to harvest as many of the crops from the land in Morgan Town as possible under the premise of safety.

Despite the issues caused by the number of laborers, resulting in low harvesting efficiency.

However.

No matter how low it is, it has already harvested over fifty thousand acres of land.

And transported it back to his territory in carriages.

In his view, this is already considered an extra gain.

As long as all crops in Morgan Town can be harvested.

The subsequent planting can be planned slowly by him.

Remember.

Outside his territory now, the Imperial Authority battle has already begun.

With Viscount Jon Zack and a group of manor lords coveting.

In such a situation with dark currents flowing.

Even if the land in Morgan Town remains uncultivated for one or two planting seasons, he doesn't care.

Having roughly understood the harvesting progress in Morgan Town from Earl.

Lynn instructed Earl a few more words before letting him retreat.

Watching Earl mount a warhorse, escorting the spy Bader away with several soldiers.

Lynn was about to retract his gaze.

From afar, several cavalry figures galloped towards Lord's Square again.

Waiting for the cavalry figures to gradually approach.

Under the rays of the setting sun.

Lynn clearly saw, on the chest armor of each cavalryman, there was a conspicuous cross badge.

That is the exclusive symbol of the Church!

Under Lynn's gaze, the cavalry stopped at Lord's Square.

The burly middle-aged man riding the horse swept his gaze around.

Soon.

Upon seeing the young man on the far-off bench, Samuel's eyes lit up.

Without any useless words, he moved, dismounted, and strode towards Lynn.

Behind him followed four armored soldiers.

In contrast to the townsmen's familiarity with Earl and his group in armor.

Samuel and his companions' chest armor marked with the cross symbol stood out.

Some passing townsmen cast curious glances.

Under the gaze of many townsmen, Samuel led the soldiers to Lynn's presence.

Samuel slightly bowed, saluting with the Church's etiquette, and smiled, saying: "Lord Lynn, long time no see."

Lynn raised his eyebrows slightly and responded: "Indeed, long time no see, Captain Samuel."

"I thought Bishop Semo no longer needed me to pay the tithes."

Since Bishop Semo led Samuel and a group of cavalry to the town and left after, they had not appeared again.

Had it not been for Semo issuing the decree of Morgan Town's ownership in Kakasong City.

Lynn would have thought nothing had ever happened.

Looking at the young lord still seated on the bench, Samuel cared little.

Chapter 947: Gold Pounds Pave the Way

He spoke with a hint of apology in his words, "Sorry, Lord Lynn."

"There have been a few too many things in the Church, causing a delay in coming to your territory."

"After finishing my busy work, I chose to come over at the first opportunity."

"From now on, I will be replacing Bishop Semo to liaise with you for the collection of the tithe."

Lynn nodded and asked.

"So, Captain Samuel, how much tithe do I need to pay this time?"

Upon hearing Lynn's inquiry, Samuel spoke directly.

"Lord Lynn, you promised to pay the tithe by mid-July."

"You can pay half the tithe every month."

"Your Salt Factory produces three thousand pounds a day, with a monthly output of nine thousand pounds of fine salt, one-tenth is nine hundred pounds, then according to half payment, that would be four hundred and fifty pounds."

"Calculating according to the current market price... that would be Fifteen Gold Pounds."

Listening to the amount of Gold Pounds Samuel mentioned.

Lynn's eyebrows unconsciously raised.

If it weren't for Samuel's steady demeanor.

He might even suspect that Samuel was joking with him.

Fifteen Gold Pounds!

For an ordinary Free People, it might be considered a huge sum.

It could be used to buy seven thousand two hundred pounds of barley!

But for someone in his domain with fine salt, gin, and glazed glass, it's a mere drop in the bucket!

Even when trading with other merchants, rounding off amounts sometimes involves several Gold Pounds!

But now.

Semo, the Bishop of Kakasong City Church, personally came to Morgan Town just for a monthly tithe of Thirty Gold Pounds.

Specifically, he came to his territory to negotiate at personal risk.

Also, he must send Captain Samuel here every month.

Fifteen Gold Pounds for half a month, Thirty Gold Pounds for a whole month.

Even to Bishop Semo of Kakasong City Church, that's a considerable income.

Just by coming to his territory, having a conversation, and doing nothing else, he can get extra revenue.

Moreover.

He doesn't believe that Semo will use this extra income for the daily needs of Kakasong City Church.

These Gold Pounds will ultimately belong to Semo!

Thirty Gold Pounds a month equals Three Hundred and Sixty Gold Pounds a year.

Lynn thought to himself.

He also understood why he felt that Fifteen Gold Pounds seemed like a small sum.

It's because his mentality has changed.

From the very beginning.

Catching river fish to make smoked fish, selling it at two pence per pound.

To now.

The transactions involve tens of thousands of pounds of grain or goods.

Or.

In one deal, there are hundreds of warhorses and slaves involved.

The transaction amount reaches thousands of Gold Pounds!

Lynn has never resisted such mentality and behavior.

Because now he has enough confidence to engage in large-scale transactions and exchanges with merchants who come to his territory.

Lynn exhaled a warm breath and spoke to Samuel.

"There's no problem at all, Captain Samuel."

Receiving Lynn's affirmative response, Samuel wasn't surprised at all.

To a Lord with an Open-pit Salt Mine, Fifteen Gold Pounds is truly insignificant.

But the young Lord's next words made his brows rise.

Lynn turned to a Guard and instructed.

"Find Steward Kuisi and have her allocate Thirty Gold Pounds for the tithe payment."

The Guard, standing not far away, immediately bent over and responded, then quickly walked towards the distant castle.

Listening to Lynn's words and watching the departing Guard, Samuel reminded.

"Lord Lynn, it's only necessary to pay Fifteen Gold Pounds for the tithe."

Lynn nodded calmly and gazed at Samuel, "I am well aware that only Fifteen Gold Pounds is needed."

"The excess Fifteen Gold Pounds is because I want to ask the Captain for a favor."

Samuel smiled, "Lord Lynn, you are too polite."

"As long as you ask, and if it's within my ability, Samuel will surely not refuse."

"Because currently, you are a friend of the Bishop."

"The Bishop specifically instructed me that if you have any needs, you can speak freely."

Lynn shook his head, explaining, "Captain Samuel, that's not the same."

"Bishop Semo and I might be considered friends, but I can also be seen as a subject under his and the Church's supervision."

"It's mostly work-related meetings."

"But it's different with you, Captain Sam Samuel, as you mentioned earlier, you will be responsible for collecting the tithe in the future."

"Being a friend of the Bishop doesn't prevent me from being friends with the Captain."

Samuel showed a smile.

Lynn continued, "In my view, even when asking friends for help, it's necessary to show goodwill."

"Because even if a friend agrees to help, he still needs to spend time and effort, maybe even pay the price of goodwill."

He could indeed rely on his acquaintance with Semo Bishop and his status as a Lord to ask Samuel for help.

But without benefits or incentives as a driving force.

Even if Samuel agreed, simple matters might be fine.

For more complex tasks, Samuel would undoubtedly handle them perfunctorily.

Instead of that.

He would rather pave the way with Gold Pounds!

Money makes the world go round.

Such a saying isn't without merit.

Listening to Lynn's explanation, Samuel's heart was full of admiration.

Chapter 948: Gold Pounds Paving the Way Part 3

As the personal guard captain of Bishop Simo from Kakasong District Church.

There are naturally many people who come to ask him for help.

But the vast majority rely on verbal promises.

Yet Master Lynn before him is different.

He hasn't even stated what help he needs, and he starts with Fifteen Gold Pounds!

You must know.

Even the tithing for the half-month of July is only Fifteen Gold Pounds!

While Lynn was speaking to Samuel.

The guard who had left hurriedly for a few minutes returned to Lynn's side.

And.

Under Samuel's gaze, he delivered a leather money pouch in both hands to Lynn.

Lynn didn't reach out to take it, but instead said, "Give it to Captain Samuel."

The guard heard this, stepped forward without any fuss, and stood before Samuel.

Looking at the bowed head, with the pouch delivered before him, Samuel slightly smiled.

He turned his body and looked at a Church Guard behind him.

The Church Guard immediately understood, came forward, took the leather money pouch from the guard, and began checking it.

A few seconds later.

The Church Guard said to Samuel, "Captain, the pouch contains Thirty Gold Pounds."

Samuel turned to look at the Church Guard and then turned to look at Lynn.

"Lord Master Lynn..."

Lynn directly interrupted Samuel's words.

"Just call me Lynn."

Samuel slightly bowed his head, continuing respectfully: "So, Master Lynn, what do you want me to do for you?"

Hearing Samuel's query, Lynn smiled contentedly.

Indeed.

Using Gold Pounds to pave the way is the best method for gathering intelligence!

Even standing before him as the personal guard captain of the Church Bishop.

This approach works just as well!

If Fifteen Gold Pounds isn't enough, then Thirty Gold Pounds!

If Thirty Gold Pounds isn't enough, then Sixty Gold Pounds, One Hundred Gold Pounds!

As the amount increases, it will surely move the opponent and achieve the ultimate goal.

That's why every time Gasper returns to the territory to report intelligence to him.

He asks Gasper to go to Kuisi to collect the Gold Pounds.

Lynn leaned back a bit, comfortably resting against the bench back.

"I need to know everything about Viscount Jon Zack of Kakasong City!"

Samuel's brows slightly furrowed: "Everything?"

Before Samuel could speak, Lynn continued.

"Captain Samuel, you don't need to be in a hurry to refuse or be nervous."

"Just tell me all the information you know."

"Of course, if you're willing to continuously gather intelligence for me in Kakasong City, become my collector, transmitting intelligence promptly..."

"I can give you, Captain Samuel, every month... Thirty Gold Pounds! As a token of appreciation!"

Hearing the doubled amount of Gold Pounds, Samuel's brows couldn't help but raise again.

Just by becoming Lynn's intelligence collector, you can earn Thirty Gold Pounds monthly?

Samuel glanced at Lynn still sitting on the bench.

On that handsome young face, rendered in wheat color, a faint smile played at the corner of his mouth.

Warm, stable.

He exudes an indisputable aura only a superior possesses.

Samuel didn't think much, bowed his head slightly.

"Just as Master Lynn said."

"Samuel is willing to become your intelligence collector."

Lynn gave Samuel an approving glance.

Compared to those who need to constantly ponder.

He prefers Samuel's decisiveness and boldness.

The decision to agree or refuse, all made in an instant.

Seeing Lynn remain silent.

Samuel bowed his head again and began to narrate.

"Master Lynn, Viscount Jon Zack's title is inherited."

"The Viscount of the Zack Clan was bestowed by Marquis Duca."

After Samuel finished his words, Lynn spoke directly.

"Marquis Duca's bestowment?"

Samuel explained, "Yes! It was the former Dukes of Marquis Duca!"

"When I first learned about this, I was just as surprised as you, Master Lynn."

"Even though Duca, as a Marquis, is a Great Lord."

"But affairs of bestowing a Viscount are usually a power held only by the Emperor of the Empire."

Lynn nodded.

Samuel continued: "That's because the former Zack Clan leader had a life-saving grace towards the Ducas Clan leader!"

"However, the specifics of the event can't be investigated anymore."

Lynn slightly frowned.

If it weren't for Samuel standing before him, he truly wouldn't know.

That the Viscount in Kakasong City, which is so close to his territory, was bestowed by the Ducas Clan!

Is it to strengthen control over distant regions of the territory?

Or perhaps because the Zack Clan of Kakasong City is tightly loyal to the Ducas Clan?

Aside from this, Lynn couldn't think of any other possible explanations.

Seeing Lynn silent, Samuel's speech turned.

"There's one thing you might care about, Master Lynn..."

Lynn replied, "Let's hear it."

Samuel didn't waste any words, narrating directly.

"You should have heard that the Ducas Clan recently summoned the vassals in their domain."

"Perhaps due to the prestige of the previous Marquis Duca, or maybe these vassals wish to show their loyalty to the new Marquis."

"This time, apart from some small manor lords from peripheral regions, many vassal Lords responded."

Chapter 949: Gold Pounds Pave the Way

Lynn nodded.

He naturally knew that what Samuel referred to as small manor owners were similar to the Frank Manor in Morgan Town.

Samuel continued: "As a Lord, as a Viscount granted by the Ducas Clan."

"Jon Zack also responded."

"With soldiers from the city and a group of followers... totaling seven thousand soldiers, he set out on the path northward to aid."

"But, a month after Viscount Jon Zack and his soldiers left Kakasong City."

"He suddenly returned with his troops."

"The feeling was like..."

Lynn frowned, taking over Samuel's words.

"As if he responded to the summons just to show up beside Mark Ducas."

"Then immediately returned with his soldiers to Kakasong City?"

Samuel replied: "Yes, Master Lynn, even though I'm not sure why, that's exactly the feeling I have."

Lynn fell silent, contemplating.

If.

Mark Ducas merely intended to save Jon Zack's forces.

Enhancing control over the Southern Border, that would be understandable.

But if saving forces is to attack his territory.

Then he has to be mentally prepared in advance.

After all, as the Knight Commander of the Ducas Clan, Godfrey already knows of his existence and has arrived at his territory!

Although after Godfrey left his territory, the Sword and Shield Corps stationed in Morgan Town did not attack his domain.

Or perhaps, through negotiations, draw a portion of the profits from the open-pit salt mine.

Even if Godfrey temporarily does not know his true identity.

There is still a certain degree of risk to the security of his territory.

Lynn nodded, "Captain Samuel, besides this, do you know any other information?"

"For example, the defense map of Kakasong City, patrol times, and all supporters of Viscount Jon Zack?"

Even though he already assigned Gasper to arrange spies around various small towns near Kakasong City.

They can completely learn from Samuel in advance while the spies are exploring.

Afterward, compare the two sources of information.

To obtain the most accurate intelligence.

Samuel responded: "Master Lynn, I certainly know the defense map of Kakasong City."

Lynn's eyes fixed on Samuel, waiting for his continued words.

Samuel continued: "However, due to Jon Zack's heightened vigilance, the defense and patrol arrangements of Kakasong City change periodically."

"I need to return to Kakasong City, compare references, and then provide you with the accurate defense map."

"Master Lynn, you'll need to wait a bit."

Lynn nodded: "Certainly."

Hearing Lynn's affirmative response, Samuel felt slightly relieved and continued.

"As for Jon Zack's supporters, they have certain military strength... A total of eight individuals."

"They are Zock Connally and Neil Lewis, manor owners in Alba Town..."

"Benito Hammond and Benjamin Edward, manor owners in Rasio Town..."

"..."

Listening to Samuel's detailed narration.

Lynn's heart couldn't help but reveal a sense of admiration.

He merely casually conversed with Samuel.

The information obtained already surpassed what Gasper uncovered in Kakasong City.

Indeed.

The higher the status and position, the more information one can ascertain!

Fortunately.

Samuel had already agreed to continue gathering information for him in the future!

With Samuel as his ears in Kakasong City.

He could naturally learn about events occurring outside his territory first-hand.

After listening to Samuel's narration, Lynn had a relatively clear understanding of the armed forces Viscount Jon Zack had.

Jon Zack along with eight supporters from surrounding towns possess seven thousand soldiers.

Jon Zack personally holds a soldier count exceeding two thousand.

One thousand fully armored soldiers, and one thousand in cloth or leather armor.

Which corresponded closely with the reports from Gasper's inquiries.

The remaining five thousand soldiers come from Jon Zack's supporters.

After narrating for several minutes, Samuel paused.

He summarized: "Master Lynn, that's all I know about Viscount Jon Zack."

"If you want more detailed information, you can wait for me to return to Kakasong City for further exploration."

Lynn nodded: "Thank you, Captain Samuel."

"The information you shared is very valuable to me."

Samuel humbly bowed: "Master Lynn, you're too kind."

"Helping Master Lynn is Samuel's honor."

"Besides, Master Lynn has given us sufficient rewards!"

"Because, if Master Lynn wants, with a small expenditure of Gold Pounds, you could obtain part of the information I've shared."

Lynn acknowledged with a sound, indicating response.

Part of what Samuel referred to naturally included the defense map of Kakasong City.

After a simple exchange of pleasantries.

Samuel bowed again and bid farewell to Lynn.

Samuel took four soldiers to the nearby warhorses stationed behind.

Under Lynn's gaze, the five of them mounted the horses.

With a flick of the reins and the sound of the galloping horses, Samuel led the four Church Guards away from the Lord's Square.

Chapter 950: Gold Pounds Paving the Way

Watching a few people gradually depart.

Lynn turned his gaze, admiring the sunset slowly sinking below the horizon.

On a limestone road between farmlands.

A group of townsmen finishing their work for the day cautiously gave way.

Samuel, leading four Church Guards, finally made it through the most congested section.

Looking at the long line of figures gathering behind him.

Samuel couldn't help but sigh.

The population on Master Lynn's territory is quite large, isn't it?

Just with a casual sweep of his eyes, he estimated the number of people in this procession to be at least two thousand!

Not to mention.

In the distance within the farmlands, more figures continued to toil.

However.

Upon further reflection, Samuel found it quite normal.

It's known.

Master Lynn is the one who has destroyed all the Manor Lords of Morgan Town.

The large number of peasants and captives obtained, plus the existing several thousand residents of Morgan Town.

Master Lynn having such a large population is justifiable.

More than the population.

Samuel cared more about the leather pouch of money Master Lynn just gave him!

The five Gold Pounds in it were for paying Bishop Semo's tithing.

The other five Gold Pounds were naturally his reward as Master Lynn's intelligence gatherer!

From their previous conversation, Samuel knew.

Master Lynn has strong military power and plenty of labor force on his territory.

Production and construction are rapidly proceeding as well.

However, Master Lynn has some clear disadvantages in controlling intelligence information outside the territory.

The territory has open-pit salt mines, a large workforce, and vast fertile land.

This is like a fat prey to other lords!

As long as they hunt it down, they can feast heartily.

If this territory lacks sufficient military power or diplomatic ability, seeking support and protection.

The richer the territory, the more it will incite other lords' desire to hunt!

No lord can resist a defenseless yet exceptionally fat prey.

Master Lynn has clearly realized this.

Otherwise.

Master Lynn would have no need to extra fifteen Gold Pounds as payment to him for intelligence gathering.

Even if Master Lynn had other intelligence collection methods.

The merchants coming to his land, or a team organized to gather intelligence.

No matter how much they gather, it wouldn't be as convenient or efficient as he, the Bishop's personal Guard Captain!

And because he would always follow Bishop Semo's judgment.

He often gets first-hand information.

Compared to the importance of first-hand intelligence information, a fifteen Gold Pound reward isn't much at all.

Moreover.

When he arrived on Master Lynn's territory to collect tithing.

He could conveniently use information asymmetry to earn extra Gold Pounds.

Why not?

Even though his current position is the Bishop's Guard Captain.

Who doesn't want to have more substantial savings?

Use Gold Pounds to buy nutritious meat to supplement his and his family's health.

And purchase an appropriate weapon for his growing children...

As for why Master Lynn inquired about Jon Zuck's information...

He didn't care.

Jon Zuck, as the Lord of Kakasong City, has always opposed the Church.

Not only because the Church intends to collect tithes from everyone in Kakasong City.

Residents in the city, even Jon Zuck as a Viscount!

Rather, they assert having an independent judicial system from the Church.

Both the Church and the Lord claim authority over Kakasong City and the surrounding lands.

With the Church guiding the thoughts and behaviors of the residents through preaching and religious rituals.

The Church can use this influence to judge and intervene in the policies issued by Lord Jon Zuck.

While Jon Zuck hopes to incorporate the Church into his governance system, limiting and managing its activities.

It's not just Jon Zuck.

Nearly all the lords have such thoughts.

No lord who stands high in their territory would willingly accept the Church's control and formality.

Precisely because of this.

After Bishop Semo declared that ownership of Morgan Town belonged to Master Lynn.

Jon Zuck immediately summoned and met with Bishop Semo.

The result was a big argument between the two, ending in a cold war.

As for the information he just disclosed to Master Lynn.

And upon returning to Kakasong City, delivering the city's precise defense layout to Master Lynn.

Whether Master Lynn would dispatch soldiers to attack Kakasong City...

He doesn't care either!

Even if there were a leadership change within Kakasong City.

As long as the succeeding lord does not maintain a resolute opposition and does not aim to abolish the Church.

The Church can continue to exist safely in Kakasong City.

The most critical part is.

Even if a lord wants to abolish the Church, it won't be easy.

Out of approximately fifty thousand people in Kakasong City, at least thirty thousand are Church followers!

With the recent price hikes following the winter snowfall, and the start of the Imperial Authority War...

The number of people joining the Church and becoming followers keeps increasing.

As their living environment worsens, the residents feel more pressure.

They need someone to quietly listen to them and guide them.