

System 991

Chapter 991: Blitzkrieg_4

Whether a large-scale war can be won, while comparing military strength, it also involves comparing the reserves, supply, and management of provisions.

Thinking of this.

Lynn felt increasingly fortunate that he had previously spent manpower and resources to construct a large farm in the territory!

In his domain, there weren't any other scientific productions for transportation.

Whether for soldiers' transportation or combat.

Warhorses are indispensable!

However, Lynn pondered.

The Southern Border Land, is a faraway journey.

Isn't this another form of protection for his territory?

Whether it's the ongoing Imperial Authority battle.

Or being Marquis Mark Ducas.

If they want to dispatch troops to Kakasong City, arrive at Morgan Town, and go to his territory.

They must be prepared to advance alone and consume a large amount of provisions!

Lynn's gaze moved, scanning the rear.

Despite his orders, 3,800 soldiers were engaging in high-intensity marching.

Under the illumination of torchlight, not only were there no signs of fatigue or weariness on the soldiers' faces.

Instead, they were full of excitement and anticipation.

Lynn understood these soldiers longed for war!

They yearned to change their identity and achieve higher status through war!

Because before he chose to recruit them as soldiers, they were merely oppressed and bullied peasants or free people.

Not only them.

Their fathers, their grandfathers were also just free people.

Because peasants never have descendants!

Thus.

Compared to other soldiers, they craved war even more!

Lynn speculated that they might not even hesitate to die on the battlefield.

Because as their Lord, he had already considered everything for them!

This was especially true for the 800 Pan Rock Iron Guards who had just arrived at his territory.

They needed a battlefield to prove their strength and to prove the authenticity of their allegiance to Lynn.

Lynn's gaze turned to Rose, instructing.

"Rose, instruct the soldiers to increase marching speed and reach the Manor Castle as soon as possible."

Following beside him, Rose immediately responded, "Yes, Master!"

As Rose issued orders to the messenger soldiers nearby.

One messenger after another ran towards the marching troops behind.

Shouts of instructions continuously echoed behind.

Due to the limitations of the narrow muddy and stony road, the troop's formation was limited.

Cavalry could only pass four abreast while infantry could march ten abreast.

Regardless, the marching formation remained extended, at least 200-300 meters long!

For the troops at the rear to know the Lord's orders, they had to rely on the most primitive method.

Lynn flicked the reins, prompting Mo Ying to whinny and quicken its pace, charging into the darkness ahead.

Red, Rose, and a group of cavalry followed closely behind.

In front of the marching troops, a vanguard of over a hundred light cavalry led the way.

Lynn naturally didn't worry about the possibility of an ambush ahead.

Behind, the heavy cavalry, heavy infantry, and archers all sped up their pace, marching forward.

Where they passed, waves of dust billowed up...

Amidst the orderly march of the soldiers' army.

The night gradually faded, and on the distant eastern horizon, the first hint of dawn appeared.

Gradually.

The dawn turned golden, resting upon the slowly drifting clouds.

The previously translucent white clouds were immediately dyed with a golden hue.

As the sky grew brighter, the dimness of the land was dispelled.

The marching pace and speed of the soldiers grew increasingly brisk.

Perhaps due to the soldiers' excitement.

Lynn originally estimated they would reach the Manor Castle by nightfall.

However, by the afternoon, they could already see in the far distance.

A massive Manor Castle stood amidst the now harvested fields.

Lynn's eyes gleamed slightly.

Nearly a day and night of marching, and finally nearing the Manor Castle!

Seated on horseback, Lynn glanced back at the soldiers, loudly instructing.

"Enter the Manor Castle and have a meal to rest!"

The messengers hearing Lynn's words immediately tugged their reins and turned their horses around.

Repeating his words, they dashed towards the rear.

"Lord's command: Enter the Manor Castle!"

"Have a meal, rest and restore!"

A constant echo of repeated shouts resonated from behind.

Accompanied immediately was the soldiers' orderly and loud response.

"Thank the Lord!"

Seeing this spirited, full-of-vigor troop, Lynn couldn't help but nod.

Retracting his gaze, he flicked the reins again, hastening Mo Ying's speed toward the Manor Castle ahead.

Red and some guards immediately followed.

Rose hesitated for a few seconds but ultimately chose to remain within the troop.

As the Lord, Lynn could certainly lead the guards ahead into the Manor Castle to arrange for subsequent matters.

But as the Commander of these soldiers, he needed to manage them throughout.

Seeing the soldiers, wearing armor forged in his territory, standing orderly atop the castle walls.

The city gates wide-open, with a neatly arranged troop at the entrance.

Lynn didn't pause at all, urging Mo Ying forward, heading straight into the Manor Castle.

Chapter 992: Blitzkrieg _5

He came to the stairs leading upstairs.

Lynn reined in Mo Ying and nimbly dismounted from the horse.

Wesley, having been alerted by the messenger soldier, was already waiting.

Wesley stepped forward immediately, bowed respectfully, and spoke courteously.

"Master!"

Without needing Lynn to ask, Wesley continued speaking.

"As per your instructions, the food for supplying 3,800 soldiers and the fodder for the horses are all prepared."

"Once they enter the Manor Castle, they can start using them immediately."

"Your food has also been cooked by the chefs."

"You can head directly to the dining table in the reception hall on the second floor for your meal."

Lynn acknowledged with a sound and stepped onto the stairs leading up the city wall.

As he walked, Lynn asked.

"Wesley, how is the harvest situation in Morgan Town?"

Following behind Lynn, Wesley reported respectfully.

"Master, Gavin happened to come to the Manor Castle yesterday to report the harvest to me."

"Morgan has a total of 120,000 acres of farmland, starting the harvest in early July."

"Due to a lack of labor, as of early August, about 80,000 acres have been harvested."

"The total output is 500,000 pounds of barley, 190,000 pounds of wheat, along with various other vegetable crops and some cash crops."

"Aside from part of this being transported back to your territory, the rest is stored in the Manor Castle's warehouse."

Lynn nodded.

From Wesley's explanation, he once again felt the importance of advanced planting techniques.

Calculating based on Wesley's numbers of crops, the yield per acre of barley in Morgan Town is only 100 pounds!

Such a yield per acre is nearly 80 pounds less than that of barley planted on his own land!

For the same 100,000 acres of farmland, under Morgan Town's planting techniques, only 10 million pounds can be harvested.

While in his domain, 18 million pounds can be harvested!

In such a comparison, the yield is nearly twice as much!

This indeed seems somewhat exaggerated.

However.

Lynn also understood.

The reason for such a gap, besides the outdated scattered planting techniques in Morgan Town.

There was also the impact of that winter's heavy snow!

The sudden drop in temperature slowed the growth of the wheat seedlings in the soil, resulting in a reduced yield after maturity.

Some even froze to death directly in the ground.

Lynn believed.

Barley yielding 180 pounds per acre would not be the peak production from his domain!

Given the limited number of farmland acres in his domain.

He could only continue to enhance the soil fertility of the fields, improve the productivity of crop seeds, and adopt more advanced planting methods...

To thus continuously increase the yield per acre of crops!

To support more population in his territory, he had to keep improving and optimizing the planting methods!

Only with more population could he have more labor force.

With more labor force, he could continually expand the scale of production and manufacturing in the territory.

A larger and faster scale of production could endlessly produce various needed goods in the territory.

Crops from the fields, handcrafted items made from forging, etc.!

Wesley's words did not cease.

"Despite the one-tenth harvest reward you set, these hired Free People are striving to their utmost in harvesting."

"But the number of laborers is still limited, hence the slow progress in harvesting the fields of Morgan Town."

"Gavin estimates that relying on these 600 Free People, it would be quite difficult to complete all the harvesting before autumn in September."

"It's even possible not to finish harvesting all the farmland."

"Even if I assign some of the soldiers who do not need to be on patrol to the harvesting team, it would be like a drop in the bucket..."

As Wesley spoke.

Lynn mounted the last few steps, arriving atop the city wall.

He gazed briefly at the Manor Castle on his right.

The last time he came was when he annihilated all the armed soldiers in Frank Manor.

Without losing a single soldier, he took control of the Manor Castle.

Of course.

Also recruited was Janet Frank, the Frank Manor Lord.

After a few looks at the Manor Castle, Lynn shifted his gaze to his left.

From the height of the city wall, he looked far into the distance.

Farther away from the Manor Castle by several miles.

Groups of figures were harvesting in a golden wheat field.

Despite the scorching sun on their backs.

They did not pause or hesitate, continually wielding their sickles to harvest batch after batch of wheat before them.

In front of these groups stood a large expanse of unharvested crops.

Barley, wheat, vegetables, linen, and more.

As Wesley noted.

That unharvested farmland accounted for nearly half of Morgan Town's fields!

If the harvesting is not completed by the end of August.

Entering the autumn of September, even if harvesting continues.

The crops in the fields will suffer significant damage.

Lynn, his mind set in motion, opened the Weather Forecast interface.

Just as he expected.

The weather in September starts to become variable, with a heavy rain expected at the beginning of the month.

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The heavy rain and strong wind will cause the barley and wheat in the fields to lodge.

If there is too much rainfall, it may even directly soak the lodged crops in rainwater.

This will increase the difficulty of harvesting and lead to the germination and mildew of the grains, reducing yield and quality.

Not only that.

As the growing cycle of the crops extends, they become more susceptible to pest infestations.

What's more, when the crops are fully mature and not harvested in time, the barley and wheat grains will fall off on their own.

Or.

Directly attract birds and field mice from the fields to forage.

The crops in the fields will only become less and less.

Lynn responded, "I understand about the harvest."

"Let Gavin continue leading them to harvest; as much as they can gather, they should."

"Once we've incorporated more labor, we'll assign more to assist Gavin."

Wesley nodded slightly, "Yes, Master!"

The next second.

Wesley thought of something.

Incorporate more labor?

Indeed.

His master plans to start a war!

However, his master didn't disclose it verbally.

As a loyal household attendant, it was naturally impossible for him to ask too many questions.

Boom~ Boom~ Boom~

As Lynn gazed into the distance.

The sound of orderly marching footsteps, accompanied by the clashing of metal armor pieces, echoed outside the manor castle.

Lynn shifted his gaze over.

Under the golden glow of the setting sun.

An army of soldiers exuding a metallic glint of black and gray marched towards the manor castle.

Led by Rose at the forefront, they entered the manor castle.

Until half an hour later.

All the soldiers had entered the manor castle, and the thick iron gates of the castle slowly closed with the clinking sound of chains.

Outside the manor castle, except for a lingering cloud of dust, it returned to silence.

A moment later.

Rose came up the steps briskly, striding over to Lynn.

Rose explained, "Master, all three thousand eight hundred soldiers have entered the manor castle."

"And per the arrangement of the castle soldiers, they have begun dining and resting."

Listening to Rose's words, standing beside Lynn, Wesley had a touch of surprise in his eyes.

Three thousand eight hundred soldiers?

If he wasn't mistaken, this should be all the armored soldiers in the master's domain, totaling no more than three thousand.

That means.

Master Lynn had almost mobilized all the soldiers available in his domain!

Lynn glanced at Rose and responded.

"After marching day and night, let them rest first."

"Let's go have dinner together, as I just have battle orders to give out to both of you!"

Rose and Wesley exchanged a glance.

The two immediately responded in unison: "Yes, Master!"

As the words fell.

Wesley immediately quickened his pace, walking ahead of Lynn to lead the way.

Lynn, Red, and Rose passed through the four or five-meter-high main gate of the castle and entered the reception hall.

Arriving at the dining table, Lynn unceremoniously sat in the main seat pulled out by Wesley.

As soon as he sat down.

The leather and wool cushion on the main seat gave a soft feeling.

Not only Lynn.

After Rose sat down, there was also a hint of comfortable enjoyment in his eyes.

After riding for a day and night, both the rider and the warhorse would be greatly exhausted.

The manor castle certainly wasn't like the castle in his domain.

With the service of Kuisi, Janet, and the like of maids.

In this militarized manor castle, only Red served him.

Under the gaze of Rose and Wesley, Lynn picked up a piece of meat with his fork.

"Let's eat first!"

As the words fell.

Lynn directly shoved the meat on the fork into his mouth and began chewing heartily.

Having lived in the manor castle, Wesley, who kept his normal daily routine, was fine.

Having been hungry for a day and night, Rose naturally understood Lynn's feelings at the moment.

He too showed no reservation, grabbing the knife and fork in front of him and started eating heartily.

Wesley, sitting beside them, looked at their expressions and actions, slightly raising his eyebrows.

Until half an hour later.

Lynn picked up the glass of gin poured by Red in front of him and downed it directly.

As the warm, comfortable sensation of the gin began to spread through his body.

The satiated Lynn let out a comfortable belch.

As a man, Lynn never let so-called lordly etiquette bind his actions!

Placing the glazed glass on the dining table.

Lynn glanced at Rose and Wesley in front of him.

The two, who had been watching Lynn's meal, stopped eating as soon as he placed his glass down.

They sat upright in their chairs, awaiting Lynn's instructions.

Lynn got straight to the point and said, "The reason I've mobilized soldiers to the manor castle overnight."

"Is to execute a Blitzkrieg strategy!"

Rose and Wesley's eyebrows instantly raised, unconsciously repeating Lynn's words.

"A Blitzkrieg strategy?"

Lynn responded, "That's right!"

"I need you to lead four thousand soldiers under the cover of night, when the enemy is utterly unprepared, and attack Alba Town."

"Before the other manor lords in Alba Town realize, annihilate Connelly Manor and Louis Manor in an instant!"

"And bring back all the wealth, labor, ironware, poultry, livestock, and all stored crops from both manors!"

Rose and Wesley had no words.

Awaiting further instructions from their master.

"Connelly Manor, the number of soldiers it has is not large."

"A total of five hundred soldiers, including eighty mounted soldiers in chain and leather armor, fifty archers, and the rest are unarmored or cloth-armored soldiers."

"The number of soldiers in Louis Manor is roughly the same."

"Given the number of armored soldiers I brought, even if divided into two teams, wiping them out separately would only take a moment."

Listening to Lynn's explanation, Rose and Wesley nodded slightly in response.

As the former deputy captain of the cavalry squad, Rose.

As the last descendant of the Don Quixote Clan, trained systematically and blessed by the Wind God, Wesley.

They were well-aware of the power difference between fully armed and unarmored soldiers!

Especially when fully armed soldiers form a scale!

If the two sides were to battle, it would be a cataclysmic disaster for the unarmored soldiers!

Chapter 994: Are You Trying to Rebel?

In Alba Town, there are naturally more than just the Connelly and Louis manors.

It is occupied and administratively ruled by five manor lords, developing agriculture.

Even though the manor lords of Alba Town have conflicts and differences of interest.

Under the relatively stable situation of the small town.

They absolutely will not allow external forces to enter Alba Town and disrupt the current balance!

Therefore.

To avoid conflict with other manor lords and unnecessary personnel losses.

We must take action swiftly during the nighttime operation and take everything from the manor.

This is what their master referred to as the Blitzkrieg strategy!

Lynn glanced at Rose and Wesley, then continued speaking.

"The distance from Morgan Town to Alba Town is about eighty miles."

"Based on the marching speed shown yesterday, we can arrive in just a few hours!"

"It's just dusk now, the time is still early, the soldiers can rest a bit more."

"However, have them ready to be on standby at any time."

Rose and Wesley responded in unison, "Yes, Master!"

Lynn nodded, "Continue dining then."

Rose and Wesley exchanged a glance, said no more, and continued enjoying the food on the table.

Lynn picked up the gin that Red had poured for him on the table, and took a light sip.

Letting the warmth of the gin spread throughout his body.

After a short while.

Having finished dinner, Lynn walked out of the manor castle to the edge of the city wall.

His hands braced on the wall, his gaze passed through the battlements, surveying beyond the manor castle.

In the distant western horizon, the hanging red-orange sunset had sunk below the horizon.

Only a trace of remaining afterglow illuminated the sky slightly.

And, as the afterglow gradually weakened.

Darkness arrived, enveloping the entire sky and earth...

Lynn shifted his gaze towards the distant fields.

Despite the fall of night,

The free people in the fields seem unprepared to quit and return.

Teams of figures continue to toil busily in the fields.

Lynn thought for a moment, and found it quite reasonable.

Because, the rewards he promised these free people were indeed too generous!

No matter how many pounds of crops are harvested every day.

They could receive one-tenth of the day's harvest as their reward!

Even though they are free people or somewhat experienced craftsmen,

Under the employment of a lord nobility, they could earn no more than a few pence a day.

But now, they would never have such high rewards as they do now!

Based on their current harvesting speed, roughly calculated.

Harvesting three acres of barley fields yielding one hundred pounds per acre every day.

That is three hundred pounds of barley, then convert one-tenth of it...

In other words.

If they work with all their might for a day, they could earn thirty pounds of barley.

Then calculating by the current market price — fifteen pence!

An income of nearly fifteen pence a day!

This income is calculated based on barley alone.

One must know that Morgan Town's fields are also growing a large amount of wheat!

If calculated at the market price of wheat.

That would be sixty pence!

Such income is enough to make these employed free people exert themselves to harvest with all their might!

Lynn felt.

Such rewards could make these free people go all out!

The free people hired by Boer, who came to Morgan Town, would surely reap a great profit in this summer harvest.

But as the current master of Morgan Town, he would earn even more!

Without investing any manpower, materials, or efforts.

At most, he only dispatched Gavin to lead a team of farmers and a soldier squad for management.

He would still reap over a million pounds of barley and wheat, millions of pounds of vegetable crops, etc.!

As for the remaining three to four thousand acres of unharvested fields.

While dining, he also came up with a solution!

There is a large labor force in his territory.

But those labor forces have their respective duties and uses in his territory.

Naturally, they cannot be dispatched out from the territory.

Therefore.

The best solution is to eliminate Connelly Manor and Louis Manor!

Plunder all the labor force from their manors back.

For the agricultural production construction of Morgan Town thereafter, and the construction of garrisons in the manor castle!

Meanwhile.

He could also weaken Viscount Jon Zuck's military strength.

To prepare for attacking Kakasong City later.

Even to deter those manor lords near Morgan Town, or those coveting his territory.

To secure more time for the stable development of his territory.

While Lynn gazed into the distance, a series of steady footsteps arose behind him.

As a personal guard, Red immediately turned his head upon the emergence of footsteps behind him.

Red, who had acquired the Ranger's Special Promotion Book and undergone fusion, had seemingly become extremely sensitive in perception.

In the dim light, Red could clearly distinguish objects with precision.

He could hear the subtle rustle of leaves swaying and the soft steps of animals.

He could smell different odors in the air.

Even, there is an instinctual intuition in his mind!

Under Red's watchful gaze, Rose strode forward and stopped a few meters behind Lynn.

Chapter 995: Are You Planning a Rebellion? _2

Rose bent over slightly, and spoke respectfully, "Master!"

Lynn did not turn around, his gaze still fixed on the dark and gloomy sky outside the manor castle.

He spoke with a commanding voice.

"Summon the soldiers, prepare for the expedition!"

Rose stiffened, hesitated not for a moment, and promptly responded.

"Yes, Master!"

Seeing Lynn had nothing else to say, Rose immediately bowed and withdrew.

In just a minute.

Inside the manor castle, the voice of the messengers rang out loudly.

"Gather! Gather!"

"Transmit the lord's orders, all soldiers cease resting and gather, prepare for the expedition!"

Amidst the messengers' cries.

Flags and generals began organizing their respective soldiers.

Drills' shouts, synchronized moving sounds, and the clanking of armor merged into one.

Retracting his gaze from the walls, Lynn stepped toward the stairs down the wall.

Descending each step, turning around the wall's corner, walking along a ground paved with bluestone slabs.

Lynn arrived at an open space filled with soldiers.

Turning his gaze, Lynn surveyed the different phalanxes of soldiers ahead.

Clearly.

After meals and a few hours of rest.

The soldiers, initially excited, became even more energetic.

On their faces, as if long expected, they stared directly at him.

Their eyes were full of anticipation and eagerness!

Lynn took a slight breath, and called out to the soldiers.

"Everyone, have you rested well?"

The soldiers were invigorated, their voices uniformly aligned.

"Yes! Yes! Yes!"

Listening to the echoing responses in the manor castle, Lynn nodded in satisfaction.

Perhaps.

His soldiers were not heavily trained, and had only been through a handful of wars.

But these soldiers never feared the impending war!

Lynn slightly raised his right hand.

The soldiers' noisy responses quickly subsided.

In just two seconds.

The open space of the manor castle fell silent.

Lynn's gaze swept over each soldier's face.

"Everyone."

"You will be divided into two echelons, led by Rose and Wesley, heading to Alba Town!"

"Launch a lightning attack on Connelly Manor and Louis Manor in Alba Town!"

The soldiers' eyes widened, staring straight at their lord.

Lynn's words continued.

"After entering the two manors, I need you, led by the two commanders, to slaughter all resistance forces in the manor!"

"For yourselves, or for your own sake, bring all their manor's wealth back!"

Lynn's tone suddenly intensified, and he shouted.

"Everyone, can you do it?"

The soldiers responded spiritedly and loudly.

"Can! Can! Can!"

Voices overlapped, thunderous, reaching the sky.

Lynn's right hand raised again.

The soldiers wisely chose silence.

Lynn shouted, "Thus."

"I, Lynn Blake, will stay at the manor castle, waiting for your triumphant return!"

As Lynn's last words dropped.

A series of roaring responses erupted continuously from the soldiers.

"Hoo! Hoo! Hoo!"

They either rhythmically struck the stone pavement with the tail end of their winged spears.

Or slapped their armored right arm against their chest armor.

Countless waves of metal echoed repeatedly within the manor castle.

Watching the soldiers' excited expressions and visibly shaking eyes, Lynn nodded in satisfaction.

It's precisely with such high spirits that the soldiers' adrenaline surges.

They need not fear war.

Moreover, it allows them to unleash greater combat power in war.

Survive the battlefield.

Lynn turned his gaze to Rose and Wesley by his side.

He spoke, "You may depart now."

"Take Bader with you, having him will make it easier."

Rose and Wesley immediately bowed, speaking respectfully.

"Yes, Master!"

"We shall not fail the master's trust."

With his gaze back from the two.

Lynn stepped forward, along with Red, heading toward the manor castle stairs.

As he mounted the stairs, Rose's shouted instructions on dividing the echelons sounded from behind.

He had just arrived on the wall.

Orderly footsteps already echoed in the manor castle.

Perhaps under Rose's directive.

The iron-clad wooden gate of the manor castle creaked as chains loosened and fell down toward the outside of the manor castle.

Finally.

After a heavy landfall, the iron-clad gate lay flat on the ground.

Amidst the orderly and deep marching sounds, battalions of armored soldiers strode over the iron-clad gate, exiting the gate.

Under Lynn's watchful gaze, led by Rose and Wesley, they marched towards the distance beyond the manor castle.

With Rose and Wesley, both experienced in combat and adept at managing armies.

As the lord, he naturally need not worry about how the two divided the 3,800 soldiers.

His sole task was to convey the combat objectives to the commanders, and boost the soldiers' morale.

Finally, the only task left was to patiently wait!

With his current abilities, he could completely lead the soldiers in charging and slaying enemies!

Chapter 996: Are You Trying to Rebel?

But he is the Lord of the domain and the highest leader of all within it!

Unless there is a necessity.

Otherwise, he has no reason to venture onto the battlefield.

Because, only if he survives,

can his territory advance further!

Lynn's gaze was fixed beyond the Manor Castle.

There.

Soldiers clad in armor formed a long line.

They marched like a torrent of steel along the gravel road amidst a patch of farmland.

It wasn't until the troop vanished entirely into the night that Lynn retracted his gaze.

Dispatching Rose and Wesley with 3,800 soldiers to Alba Town to annihilate Connelly Manor and Louis Manor.

Naturally, there will be certain risks.

Marching at night, with poor visibility, soldiers can easily trip over obstacles like tree roots, causing sprains or fractures.

If the gravel road is uneven, horses might even fall!

Apart from the threats of the terrain,

troops marching at night are extremely prone to falling into traps set by the enemy!

Trenches, spiked pits, even horse traps.

For the attacker, night marches have their unexpected advantages.

Using the cover of darkness to approach the target.

Launching an attack when the target is undefended.

Taking the opposition by surprise.

However,

night is also the perfect time for the enemy to set ambushes!

The ambushers can equally use the darkness to their advantage, hiding in roadside forests or valleys.

Waiting for the marching troops to pass by, then launching a sudden attack!

The success of an attack or ambush naturally depends on the commanders' grasp of tactical information and timing.

Looking at the current situation, however,

Lynn doesn't believe that Jon Zuck or the two Manor Lords in Alba Town would set up ambushes along the way.

Firstly, it's still early August, the summer harvest season.

Not only does his territory require harvesting and planting.

Other manor lords, centered around agricultural production, do too!

Perhaps, other manor lords have fewer cultivated fields than his domain.

But other manor lords have limited labor and planting tools.

It's impossible for them to complete the harvesting and planting of all fields within the manor range in such a short time.

Even less likely to abandon the booming agricultural production in the manor for a war, the opponent's power of which is unknown.

It's known that.

The manor lords are a group of greedy individuals who will stop at nothing for their own gain.

No manor or Lord would be willing to do anything that harms their own interests!

Secondly,

besides capturing spies infiltrating Morgan Town,

he hasn't seen any support from Jon Zuck or other manor supporters for his military operation!

He even speculates.

Jon Zuck as the ringleader, along with eight supporting manor lords,

could easily annihilate an unknown Lord like him with their combined military power.

Lastly, Jon Zuck's Viscount is waiting.

Knowing the number of armed soldiers in his domain, Jon Zuck, not being a match, is waiting for external support!

In the next second,

Lynn dismissed the idea.

The most likely aid for Jon Zuck would come from Marquis Duca!

Because,

currently, Sword and Shield Corps soldiers occupying the Spirit Reef Port are facing attacks from Marquis Polk!

If both sides are equally matched in strength,

the defenders have walls as fortifications to guard.

Unless the attacker has several times more soldiers,

breaking through the walls is extremely difficult.

It can take days, if not months!

Marquis Duca's Sword and Shield Corps are stretched thin at the moment.

Even if Mark Ducas still has enough troops,

amidst the flames of the Imperial Authority Wars,

he would use those forces for territorial defense.

Or dispatch troops to aid in case of a crisis at Spirit Reef Port.

Rather than dispatching tens of thousands of Sword and Shield Corps soldiers to the Southern Border Land of the Kaldi Empire!

Spending time and consuming supplies aside,

containing the opportunity in the Imperial Authority Wars,

preventing the Ducas Clan from gaining more benefits in this war is most fatal!

Relative to these,

let alone Jon Zuck, such a minor Viscount.

Even if Kakasong City were occupied by outsiders,

Mark Ducas wouldn't take any military action!

Especially since, being in a remote area, many manor lords and Lords deliberately conceal the amount of taxes paid.

Many manor lords and Lords even outright refuse to pay production taxes on their territories.

A Marquis holds vast tracts of land!

With the Marquis' power and management ability,

it's difficult to ensure all vassals in the Marquisate fulfill their tax-paying duties.

Particularly for a poor city like Kakasong City, located at the empire's edge.

As long as these vassals are willing to remain faithful and don't commit rebellion,

Lords often turn a blind eye.

Because managing or forcefully suppressing these cities consumes funds far beyond tax revenue!

A border town without high productivity or profitability often contributes less to the Lord than a meal at their castle!

Chapter 997: Are You Plotting Rebellion?

That is precisely why.

When Lynn learned that the Ducas Clan's Sword and Shield Corps was facing an attack from Marquis Polk.

He decisively launched an attack on the Manor Lords who supported Viscount Jon Zack!

He needed to strike while Jon Zack was without external support.

While Jon Zack was gathering all the Manor Lords together.

To take the initiative!

To completely annihilate the Manor Lords supporting him.

In order to weaken Jon Zack's overall strength!

However, Lynn also understood.

This was simply impossible to achieve!

The marching speed of the soldiers, the distances between towns, the transmission of intelligence between Manor Lords...

Lynn felt.

The 3,800 soldiers led by Rose and Wesley.

If nothing unexpected happens, they can at most only annihilate the two supporter Manor Lords in Alba Town.

But on second thought.

That would be enough!

Even if it's just to eliminate two Manor Lords supporting Jon Zack.

The degree of weakening would not be very noticeable.

However, as long as two Manor Lords can be eliminated.

He can seize all the wealth, food, and labor force from their two estates!

These are the most essential needs for the continued development of his territory!

As for annihilating the two Manor Lords, which might provoke Jon Zack's hostility...

Lynn's expression turned stern.

When Jon Zack arranged for Zock Manor Lord to dispatch spies, infiltrating Morgan Town, harboring ambitions for his territory.

He and Jon Zack were already on opposing sides!

There was no hatred, nor any grudges.

Purely a conflict of territorial sovereignty and interests!

The only connection is that the Zak Clan was once conferred the title of Viscount by the Marquis Duca personally.

A gust of breeze brought Lynn back from his thoughts.

Retracting his gaze from outside the castle, Lynn stepped forward, heading towards the Manor Castle ahead.

As he walked, Lynn spoke to Red.

"Prepare hot water, I want to take a bath!"

Red immediately responded, "Yes, sir!"

.....

"Hyah~ Hyah~ Hyah~"

Under the night sky.

Along a narrow path amidst a forest.

Six figures riding on horseback galloped continually within.

They held torches in their hands.

But due to the fast speed of the horses.

The flames of the torches almost transformed into long lines of fire.

Perhaps because they were overly familiar with the forest paths.

Even though the road ahead was dark, the cavalry did not reduce the speed of their horses in the slightest.

Thud thud~ Thud thud~

The iron-shod hooves incessantly landed on the ground.

A continuous sound of steps reverberated through the forest.

Some birds and beasts perched on tree trunks, startled, flew away swiftly, producing sounds of wings flapping while fleeing.

An hour later.

The cavalry team finally burst out of the forest.

At the forefront of the cavalry team.

A burly man in chain armor tightened the reins in his right hand.

The horse beneath him, feeling the tautness transmitted by the reins, gradually slowed its pace.

At the same time.

The burly man raised his left hand, clenched in a fist, hovering beside him.

The five cavalrymen following behind him, seeing the burly man's gesture.

Without needing verbal instructions, they all understood to rein in and slow down their horses.

They stopped their mounts and rode up to the burly man's side, inquiring.

"Guard Captain Walter, we are still within the bounds of Alba Town."

"There is still a distance to Morgan Town."

"Stopping now, wouldn't it be..."

One of the cavalry's words was cut off.

Zock Connally Manor Guard Captain Walter cast a glance sideways.

The soldier immediately shut his mouth obediently.

Walter withdrew his gaze and looked towards a piece of uncultivated weed land ahead.

He said in a deep voice, "As a native of Alba Town, don't I know how extensive the bounds of Alba Town are?"

Embarrassment filled the faces of several cavalrymen.

Walter continued, "The reason for stopping here is to avoid being noticed by Morgan's soldiers once again!"

At this point.

Something flashed across Walter's mind.

He addressed the cavalryman who had spoken earlier.

"Eddie, I'll ask you once more."

"Are you sure the reconnaissance of Morgan Town you reported to me a few days ago was accurate?"

"This is not Connelly Manor, feel free to speak your mind."

Hearing the doubt in Walter's words, Eddie, the cavalryman, raised his eyebrows immediately.

He asked with some surprise, "Guard Captain Walter, do you not trust us?"

Not only Eddie.

The other cavalrymen also cast questioning glances at Walter.

Feeling their peculiar gaze.

Walter's expression turned somber, and he explained,

"It's not that I don't trust you."

"But have you considered that the information you reported to me might sound like misinformation to others?"

"A small Morgan Town, having four to five hundred fully-armed armored soldiers!"

"Do you understand what that implies?"

Eddie and the other cavalrymen fell silent.

Walter went on, "If he has enough horses, he can completely form a heavy cavalry with those four to five hundred armored soldiers!"

"In the towns of Morgan and Alba, mostly flat, they can move unimpeded!"

Walter's tone shifted.

"One could even say he could annihilate any Manor Lord in the small towns near Kakasong City who offends him."

Chapter 998: Are You Planning to Rebel? _5

"Those manor lords without armored soldiers are like lambs to the slaughter."

"This is the horror of having four or five hundred armored soldiers!"

He naturally understood.

This was also why Zock Connally, as the manor lord, found it hard to believe.

Who would want to believe it?

A stranger lord, with a name never before heard, suddenly appeared in Morgan Town.

Could they really have a force of four or five hundred armored soldiers?

Even the Connelly Manor, which has been passed down for generations in Alba Town,

to this day, doesn't even have a hundred armored soldiers!

The most crucial point is.

A lord with so many armored soldiers poses a significant threat to the survival of Connelly Manor!

Therefore.

Whether to thoroughly investigate the number of armored soldiers in Morgan Town,

or to reclaim the honor of his manor guard team,

as the guard captain, he had to personally go to Morgan Town.

Despite Walter explaining it this way, Eddie was still unwilling and said,

"Guard Captain, we indeed went to Morgan Town and conducted a detailed investigation."

"The patrol team in Morgan Town and that manor castle, they're all wearing standard armor!"

"Helmet, chest armor, back armor, and plates."

"The number of soldiers combined surely exceeds four or five hundred! It's more than four or five hundred."

"Because, whether it's the garrison of the manor castle or the patrol team of Morgan Town, there's a rotation system."

Saying this, Eddie speculated a little,

"Perhaps, Morgan Town possesses a thousand armored soldiers?"

Hearing Eddie's baseless speculation, Walter couldn't help but roll his eyes at him.

He said in a deep voice, "Stop guessing."

"Go to Morgan Town immediately, find out the situation there, and report back to Master Zock at the manor estate!"

Feeling the authority in Walter's tone, Eddie slightly opened his mouth.

In the end, he and a few riders next to him responded in unison.

"Yes, Captain Walter."

With those words,

under Walter's lead, the six of them once again drove their horses toward the dark, weedy wasteland ahead.

Compared to their previous gallop,

the horses were now only trotting fast.

However.

Before they had gone a few miles,

Walter, riding on the horse, once again stopped his horse.

Walter's eyes gazed straight into the distance, calling out.

"Eddie!"

Following behind him, Eddie quickly urged his horse forward to his side.

Seeing Walter's face full of gravity,

Eddie looked in the direction Walter was gazing at.

He found nothing unusual.

Eddie asked in confusion, "Guard Captain, did you see something?"

Walter, without a sideways glance, spoke in a low voice.

"Did you hear that?"

Eddie's confusion intensified, "Hear?"

The four riders behind were equally puzzled.

In this desolate wilderness, except for the sound of their horses' hooves and some birds and animals scattering,

what other sounds could there be?

Seeing Walter silent, Eddie asked again.

"Captain Walter, what should we be hearing?"

The other riders looked at Walter in confusion.

Walter closed his eyes slightly, seemingly trying his best to listen to the...

extremely faint yet distinctly clear sound that reached his ears.

A few seconds later.

Walter suddenly opened his eyes, responding immediately.

"The sound of horse steps, the clashing of armor components, the shouting of messengers giving orders..."

Eddie raised an eyebrow, sharing a puzzled glance with the other riders.

He reminded, "Guard Captain, from where we are, even the edge of Morgan Town is still at least ten miles away."

"Unless the lord of Morgan Town dispatched a vast army into Alba Town."

"Otherwise, how could we possibly hear..."

Eddie's words were cut off abruptly by Walter in front.

"No!"

With a shout,

Walter's expression turned fierce, and he quickly swung the reins, urging his horse toward a distant hillside.

Eddie and the other riders exchanged glances, without further ado, they also urged their horses to follow.

A few minutes later.

Eddie saw Walter atop a low hill, reining in his horse.

His heart slightly relaxed.

If Walter, as the guard captain, had galloped all the way to the vicinity of Morgan Town,

and was caught by the patrol soldiers of Morgan Town,

the five of them would have been in deep trouble!

Bringing his warhorse to a stop, Eddie relaxed his tone, just about to speak.

Walter's low and incredulous voice reached his ears.

"I now believe the information you reported is true!"

Eddie's face still showed confusion.

He shifted his gaze, looking again in the direction Walter was staring at.

The next second.

His eyes widened, his face filled with shock.

Not just him.

The four riders behind him also showed disbelief on their faces!

Before their eyes.

Torchlight moved continuously several miles from the low hill.

Even from miles away,

they could still see, illuminated by the torchlight, soldiers either on horseback or perhaps on foot.

Although the types of soldiers varied,

they all wore standard armor!

Chapter 999: Are You Trying to Rebel?

Moreover.

They could rely on the number of torches and the length of the marching column to make an initial assessment!

This army of armored soldiers marching at night surely numbered over two thousand.

An army of armored soldiers numbering over two thousand!

It far exceeded Eddie's bold speculation just now.

Even doubling it!

From their current position, in the direction the soldier army was marching from...

There was only one possible source for these soldiers.

That was Morgan Town, where they were about to explore!

But why would Morgan Town have so many armored soldiers?

Such terrifying military might.

Don't say it could destroy a manor.

Even if it were to destroy all the manors in Alba Town.

It would be no difficult feat!

Such a huge, fully armed army, even Walter, the Guard Captain, had only seen once.

And that was last year, when he passed through Kakasong City, heading to Morgan Town to suppress bandits with over three thousand Sword and Shield Corps soldiers!

But the Marquis Duca's Sword and Shield Corps had long since departed.

Walter pressed on, retracting his gaze, forcibly suppressing the shock and quietly growing fear in his heart.

He must immediately return to Alba Town to relay everything he saw to Manor Lord Zok Connally.

Walter shouted at Eddie and the others.

"What are you still looking at?"

"If you don't want to die, leave immediately, return to Alba Town!"

As soon as he finished speaking, Walter immediately spurred his horse, galloping back the way they came.

A marching army of thousands would certainly send out a vanguard team, more or less.

Used for reconnaissance and pathfinding, or for guarding and guiding the main force behind.

Such vanguard teams were often light cavalry.

Possessing strong mobility and flexibility.

If they didn't leave now, they would definitely fall into the encirclement of the vanguard team!

Eddie and the four other riders heeded the instruction, daring not to linger.

They quickly spurred their horses, chasing after the gradually disappearing Walter.

While riding, galloping at speed, Walter at the forefront looked back at the army marching behind.

From the very beginning, when Master Zok assigned him to arrange guards to inquire intelligence in Morgan Town.

To Bader and his group mysteriously disappearing, their life and death unknown.

And now seeing the soldier army moving towards Alba Town under the cover of night...

Even without guessing, he could know immediately.

This lord named Lynn, wanted Master Zok to make a move!

As Master Zok's Guard Captain, the only thing he could do now was to return to the manor with all his might.

Relay everything he saw to Master Zok!

Thinking of this, Walter couldn't help but sway his reins again.

Using this.

To drive the horse to its fastest speed!

Under the horse's full-speed gallop, Walter, bringing Eddie and the five riders, quickly passed through the woods on either side of the road.

Entered a field of harvested and currently planting lands.

Despite the muddy and rocky road being somewhat rugged and full of potholes.

Walter had no intention to slow his horse down, occasionally flicking the reins in his hands.

After galloping for nearly half an hour longer.

Walter finally saw a three-story building standing among the fields in the darkness ahead.

There was the Connelly Manor mansion.

The oil lamps in the manor house had yet to burn out.

Bright lights spilling through the open windows onto the grounds outside the manor castle.

The rapidly pounding of horse hooves, and Walter's incessant urging calls to his horse.

Before Walter even got close, it had already caught the attention of the guards by the campfire at the entrance.

They stopped their idle banter and teasing.

Turned their gaze, looking over curiously.

Walter finally returned to the open area in front of the manor house, passing through field after field.

"Whoa!"

He shouted loudly, pulling on the reins with both hands, bringing his horse to a halt.

Two guards immediately stepped forward, steadying and leading the horse's reins for Walter.

Seeing Walter dismounting from the horse with a full expression, one guard curiously asked, "Guard Captain, weren't you going to Morgan Town to gather intelligence?"

"Why are you back so quickly?"

Walter cast a glance at the guard.

He directly skipped over the guard's question and, breathing a bit heavily, countered with a question.

"Is Master Zok... in the manor?"

Feeling the urgency in Walter's tone, the guard dared not waste words and quickly responded.

"Master Zok went to bed with the maid at nightfall to rest."

"He should be in the bedroom now."

Without any response, Walter marched ahead towards the manor's entrance.

Leaving the guards puzzled with faces full of confusion, exchanging glances.

As soon as Walter left, the sound of hooves followed behind.

Seeing Eddie on his horse, the guard quickly approached.

Guiding the horse to a halt, waiting for Eddie to dismount, the guard curiously asked.

"Eddie, what happened?"

"Weren't you with the Guard Captain to gather intelligence in Morgan Town?"

Hearing the guard's question, Eddie's face was full of complexity.

Watching Walter stride into the manor's door.

Eddie couldn't help but speak, "Something serious has happened!"

"There is a fully armed army, marching towards Alba Town!"

The eyes of the few night guards surrounding them instantly widened.

"A fully armed army?"

The voices from behind naturally reached Walter's ears clearly.

However.

At this moment, he couldn't bother with the guards' near panic-stricken conversation.

After entering the reception hall, he directly strode towards the stairs at the back of the hall.

However.

Before reaching the stairs.

A strange yet familiar figure appeared in front of him.

It was the manor steward, Land Philip.

Although the scarlet handprint on his cheek had faded.

There was still obvious swelling remaining.

And the cuts on his forehead from scratches...

He looked no different from someone who had been beaten up!

Walter locked eyes with Land, speaking in a somber tone.

"I have urgent matters to report to Master Zok."

Feeling the coldness in Walter's words, Land showed no fear.

He spoke plainly, "Sorry, Guard Captain Walter."

"Master specifically instructed, tonight he wants to enjoy the maid he just bought today."

"Nothing and no one is to disturb him!"

Walter said nothing, snorting hot air from his nose.

He stepped forward towards Land.

Walter's tall and burly frame.

Coupled with the heavy chain armor he wore.

And the powerful aura emanating from his entire body.

The once commanding Land's demeanor instantly faltered.

He shouted at Walter, "Walter, are you trying to rebel?"

Chapter 1000: Who Dares Disrespect Him?

Land's voice was thunderous.

Like a sudden clap of thunder, it exploded in the silent hall of the manor's estate.

Deep within the hall.

From the rooms where some maids and servants stayed, a wave of whispering and the sound of footsteps could be heard.

Within just a few seconds.

The doors of each room were gently opened, and curious faces peered out from the door cracks, looking from afar.

Obviously.

Those who had already gone to bed were awakened by Land's shouting.

It wasn't just the maids and servants.

The night guards outside the manor estate had also heard Land's shouting.

They quickly took hurried steps into the manor estate.

But they saw Walter, the Guard Captain, confronting Steward Land.

Suspicion rose on their faces.

Land naturally noticed the figures around him.

That was precisely his intention!

In terms of personal strength, he was nothing more than an ordinary man, and evidently no match for Guard Captain Walter.

But Land refused to believe that Walter would dare lay hands on him under so many watchful eyes!

Walter's expression was stern as he stared intently at Land before him, his voice deep.

"I'll say it again!"

"I have important matters to report to Master Zock."

"If the cost of missing the critical opportunity is something you can't bear!"

Land was unmoved in the slightest, and he repeated with equal stubbornness.

"I'll also say it again!"

"I received orders from Master Zock."

"No one is allowed to disturb him and the maid in their rest..."

Before Land could finish.

An arm wrapped in chain armor filled his vision, enlarging.

Crossing the distance between him and Walter, it precisely landed on his shoulder.

The next second.

A terrifying power that made Land's pupils contract appeared on his shoulder.

Land's entire body instantly sagged, nearly uncontrollably tilting towards the dining table to the right of the staircase.

Thus, his speech was abruptly interrupted.

Crash~

Amidst the urgent noises of solid wood dining tables being moved and chairs collapsing.

Land's body slammed beneath the dining table.

Wave after wave of fresh blood poured from his mouth...

The maids and servants from deeper within the hall, the guards at the manor estate entrance, saw this scene.

Their faces were full of astonishment.

As guards and maids, they naturally knew well of Steward Land's character.

Petty and overbearing.

Not just towards them.

Even towards Guard Captain Walter, he acted the same!

Now seeing Land in such a pitiful state, they felt no worry or sympathy.

Instead, they felt more schadenfreude.

Walter glanced at Land casually, then withdrew his gaze.

He stepped forward, striding towards the stairs ahead.

However.

Before taking more than three steps.

A voice full of misery and severity echoed in the reception hall.

"Walter forcibly defying Master Zock's orders and even harming the manor steward!"

"You, as guards, why aren't you stepping forward to apprehend him?"

Hearing Land's words, Eddie and the other guards at the back exchanged uneasy glances.

Land, struggling out from under the dining table, frowned deeply.

Ignoring the intense pain coursing through his body, he raised his right arm and wiped away the warmth and iron taste from his mouth.

Land's eyes widened as he stared at Eddie and the guards in the distance.

Eddie and the other guards bore expressions full of difficulty.

Seeing their expressions, Land practically pressured as he shouted again.

"Do you also want to rebel like Walter?"

Land could distinctly feel.

This was the closest he had ever been to possessing the power of the Guard Captain!

He had already relayed Master Zock's instructions to Walter clearly.

No one and nothing should disturb Master Zock!

Yet Walter not only rejected the directive but also injured him, intending to forcefully intrude into Master Zock's bedroom.

Walter was defying orders and plotting rebellion.

For Land, this was exactly the best opportunity!

As long as Walter enraged Master Zock enough to have him executed or hanged on the gallows.

Then he would have the chance to be both the Manor Steward and Guard Captain, gaining control over the entire Connelly Manor!

However, Land discovered.

After his words, Walter on the stairs had no intention of stopping.

The guards standing at a distance likewise showed no sign of stopping him.

Seeing the indifferent guards, Land's chest heaved rapidly, filled with anger and breathlessness as he spoke.

"If you won't fulfill your duties, I really wonder how Master Zock will deal with you!"

After he finished speaking, Land slowly lifted a wooden chair, moved his body, and sat on it.

Land's mouth opened wide, breathing rapidly.

Having learned from past confident mistakes and knowing Walter's resolute decision to lay hands on him.

Land naturally wouldn't recklessly risk his life to stop Walter.

All he could do, he had already done.

If Master Zock blamed afterward, he could shift the responsibility to Walter due to his injuries!

Walter on the stairs utterly ignored Land's words and stepped onto the second floor.

Walter strode forward, walking several meters until he reached a pair of tightly closed wooden double doors.

Just as Walter was about to raise his right hand to knock on the doors.

Sounds of bodies colliding and the unrestrained cries of a woman.

Came through the gap between the door, reaching his ears.

Walter's raised right hand instantaneously paused before the wooden door.