

System 1181

Chapter 1181: Killing Bishop Simo (2)

"Making Sir Ludovico the new leader will surely ensure the safety of Kakasong City!"

Listening to Harry Cohen's praise, the burly middle-aged man Ludovico Dons sat nearby.

Subconsciously straightened his bent body, enjoying the attention of everyone's gaze.

Before Ludovico could speak.

Simo's agreeing words rang out in the conference room.

"Haha, just as you said, Sir Ludovico indeed has strong abilities."

"Whether in military strategy or commanding soldiers..."

Ludovico's eyebrows raised, his heart filled with pride.

However.

Simo shifted the tone of his praise: "But..."

Ludovico's eyebrows immediately furrowed, squinting his eyes, looking at Simo at the head seat.

Simo naturally felt Ludovico's unfriendly gaze.

But he didn't mind at all, instead responding with a gentle smile.

Simo continued, "However, due to Sir Ludovico's bloodthirsty and indulgent nature, his reputation is tarnished."

"I think if Sir Ludovico becomes the new leader of Kakasong City, it will incite resistance among the residents..."

Ludovico, who had been glaring at Simo, quickly withdrew his gaze, an embarrassed look appearing on his face.

The others seated on the wooden chairs heard this, their expressions varied.

Some with playfulness, some with smiles, some shaking their heads...

As the upper-class people of Kakasong City, they naturally knew what kind of person Sir Ludovico was.

Not a single person cast a look of disdain towards Ludovico.

Because they were no different from Sir Ludovico.

The only difference was.

They did not act as ostentatiously as Sir Ludovico.

Simo's gaze swept over everyone's faces again, smiling as he asked.

"Gentlemen, is there anyone more suitable?"

Listening to Simo's inquiry, the group exchanged glances, not knowing how to answer for a moment.

Jill Durant stood up again and spoke to the crowd.

"I have always believed that Bishop Semo is the most suitable candidate!"

Simo quickly waved his hand, humbly saying.

"Mr. Gill, perhaps because of my position as the Church Bishop, you hold me in extreme reverence and admiration."

"But what we are discussing now is the new leader of Kakasong City..."

"Everything should be based on the intentions and ideas of those present."

"We must not be biased because of my position!"

Hearing the harmonious words between the two.

Those seated at the conference table squinted their eyes, their expressions becoming complex.

Only now did they finally understand.

What discussion about Kakasong City's safety.

What choice of a new leader for Kakasong City.

All of this was merely a setup by Simo to become the leader of Kakasong City!

Seeing that everyone had stopped debating, Simo asked.

"Gentlemen, since the discussion is over, shall we start expressing our stances?"

"There are twelve people participating in this meeting."

"Free nobility, wealthy merchants, workshop masters, and talents from various fields..."

"Each of you can name the person you believe has the ability and is capable of being Kakasong City's new leader."

"As long as they are suitable, they can become the new leader!"

The people seated on the wooden chairs remained silent.

Simo smiled slightly and said, "Since none of you have a more suitable candidate to recommend."

"Then I, Simo Tucker, would like to nominate myself as the new leader of Kakasong City."

"What do you all think?"

Listening to Simo's words.

Ludovico and the others squinted their eyes, with a few slightly flaring their nostrils and letting out a faint snort.

As expected.

Just as they had guessed.

Simo, late at night, arranged for the clergy to go to their homes and gather them here.

All the elaborate discussions were ultimately for Simo to become the new leader of Kakasong City!

Feeling Simo's scanning gaze fall on him, Jill quickly responded.

"I have always believed that Bishop Semo is the most qualified to be the new leader of Kakasong City!"

"I believe this without a doubt!"

Simo nodded contentedly, without saying a word.

He turned his gaze to the wealthy merchant sitting across from Jill.

Under Simo's pressured gaze, the merchant hesitated in his words.

"I...I have no objection..."

Simo nodded slightly in response.

Then turned his gaze to Sir Ludovico.

Ludovico frowned, glancing at the people on either side of him, but no one spoke.

Ludovico knew that if he did not express his stance, Simo would not let him leave easily!

Feeling the pressure, Ludovico slightly opened his mouth.

"I have no objection either!"

As Ludovico's words fell.

One after another, responses came from everyone seated.

"I second it."

"I have no objection!"

"I agree!"

"..."

Watching everyone express their stances, the warm smile on Simo's face grew as he nodded in response.

"Thank you."

"Thank you all for your support!"

"One point I want to clarify in advance."

"I, Simo Tucker, have become the new leader of Kakasong City."

"But any decisions made in the future will be conducted like this meeting, after discussion and expression by you gentlemen."

"With an approval rate of over half, ensuring it meets the interests of the majority, will it be executed!"

Hearing Simo's words, the crowd, initially tense, felt a slight relief.

Chapter 1182: Kill Bishop Simo (Part 3)

If Simo can truly achieve this.

Even if it means making him the new leader of Kakasong City, it wouldn't be a bad thing.

Once the leadership for Kakasong City was confirmed, Simo slowly sat in the main seat and addressed everyone.

"The next discussion will be about the military defense within Kakasong City and the allocation of tax revenues thereafter."

"Before that, I need to know the number of guards or soldiers each of your estates have..."

"Because, before recruiting and assembling a troop in Kakasong City."

"If there's an enemy attack against Kakasong City, I would require all your guards and protectors to defend with full force!"

"I need enough awareness of the current military power in Kakasong City..."

"Of course, you can rest assured."

"In case of crisis, the guards in the Church will also join the defense of the city!"

The crowd nodded slightly, each reporting the armed forces they possessed.

This meeting lasted well into the early morning.

Silhouettes stepped heavily, leaving the Church.

The waiting guards at the door helped their lords into the carriages.

With the coachman's urging and whipping, one carriage after another departed from the Church.

Watching the caravan disappear into Kakasong City.

Samuel withdrew his gaze, turned his body, and stepped into the Church.

Passing through corridors, turning corners.

Samuel returned to the meeting room.

Beside Simo, Samuel bent and saluted respectfully.

"Lord Bishop."

Simo gently touched his face which was stiff after holding a smile for too long.

"They've all left?"

Samuel responded, "Yes, Lord Bishop."

"I personally saw them off from the Church, into the carriages, disappearing into the city."

Simo slightly relieved his facial stiffness, snorted coldly.

"Did you remember those who hesitated at the meeting about me becoming the new leader of Kakasong City?"

"I recommended myself, and they didn't even give a single response?"

"Had I not arranged ahead with Jill Durant to cooperate and act."

"The position of the new leader of Kakasong City would have almost fallen into Ludovico Dons' hands!"

Samuel bowed in response, "Yes, Lord Bishop."

Simo nodded with satisfaction, "Good."

"Once enough soldiers are recruited and a personal army is formed."

"Watch me settle scores with each of them!"

"Trying to seize the tax revenue from my hands?"

"Utterly shameless!"

Samuel stood beside Simo, bent over, head down, not daring to speak.

As the Guard Captain, Samuel knows what to hear and what to ignore.

He also knows when to express himself and when to remain silent!

After venting the anger that just surfaced.

Simo stood from the main seat and stepped out of the meeting room.

"How long until the Fire of Lorraine ends?"

Following behind, Samuel quickly responded.

"Lord Bishop, at least two more days!"

Simo pondered aloud.

"When the wildfire subsides, immediately lead the guard to Morgan Town and enter Lynn's territory!"

"For paying tithing, making significant contributions to the Church."

"The Church can refrain from penalizing him for burning and killing Viscount Jon Zack and the army."

"But burning the forest, resulting in environmental damage."

"Such acts completely violate the Church's rules and must be punished!"

"However, the attitude should be friendly."

"Considering Lynn's military power, if pushed, he might resort to extreme measures!"

"Currently, Kakasong City would struggle to withstand Lynn's attack."

"If Lynn truly refuses to pay the Punishment Fine... then issue a verbal warning."

In Simo's view.

If the Punishment Fine in gold pounds can be collected, it would undoubtedly be best.

But if the penalty worsens Lynn's sentiments, prompting an attack on Kakasong City.

Then it would be a huge loss.

Samuel responded again, "Yes, Lord Bishop."

"Once the forest fire dies down, Samuel will personally lead the guards to Morgan Town!"

Simo replied, "If the wildfire persists, circumvent from Alba Town and Boxi Town next to Morgan Town."

At that point.

Simo's steps suddenly stopped.

As if recalling something, he turned to Samuel and spoke.

"Viscount Jon Zack and his supporter Manor Lords all perished in the fire."

"Apart from Kakasong City, wouldn't the supporter manors be outside anyone's control?"

Samuel responded, "Lord Bishop, if there's no accident, those manors will be hereditary by the bloodline heirs of deceased Manor Lords."

"There might also be a chance of peasants fleeing due to the lack of Manor Lords and guards' control..."

Simo spoke somewhat displeased.

"That won't do!"

"Whether it's recruiting them or selling them to other Manor Lords."

"Or arranging them to stay in the small town."

"They will be primary entities for future tithing collection!"

"Absolutely cannot let these peasants leave the area of Kakasong City."

"Not just the peasants! The bloodline heirs of deceased Manor Lords must pay tithing and inheritance donation taxes to the Church if they wish to inherit the manor!"

"In the past, due to Jon Zack's restrictions."

"The Church could not collect tithing from city residents and the manor lords in neighboring small towns."

Chapter 1183: Kill Bishop Simo (4)

"But now, I, Simo, am the ruler of Kakasong City, and everyone must pay the tithing!"

Simo's tone shifted, and he continued.

"However, the issue of tithing within the city and surrounding towns is not urgent for now."

"Let's first resolve the matter of Morgan Town and Lynn, and then consider other things."

Currently, the church has a total of no more than fifty guards!

Even with all the clergy, the total is no more than seventy people.

Simo naturally would not foolishly demand tithing from everyone immediately.

What awaits him would be the resistance of over fifty thousand people in Kakasong City.

Once he recruits and forms a sufficiently powerful army, he will then collect tithing from all the city residents.

Under the pressure of armed soldiers, the residents will have no room for resistance!

Simo once again stepped forth, walking along the clean and tidy corridor.

"Aside from this, arrange personnel to prepare for the Septenary Ceremony on August 31st."

"After the prayer ceremony, I will announce to all the residents of Kakasong City."

"I, Bishop Simo Tucker, will become the new leader of Kakasong City!"

Without the conferment by Emperor Carolyn and Marquis Duca, Simo can only call himself a leader!

However, Simo does not care.

As long as he has an army, holds actual power, and occupies the entire Kakasong City.

He is the master of Kakasong City!

Samuel quickly responded.

"Yes, Lord Bishop!"

...

In Kakasong City.

On the streets shrouded in darkness.

Two luxurious carriages drove along the cobblestone road.

The metal-reinforced wooden wheels emitted a creaking rolling sound.

In this night, it seemed particularly piercing.

Shortly after.

With the pull of the reins and the reins stopped by the coachmen.

The moving carriages stopped in front of a three-story brick building.

With the help of the guards.

Ludovico Dons and Harry Cohen stepped down from the carriages, one after the other.

Side by side, they entered the brick building ahead.

Ludovico glanced around, noticing only the backs of two or three people drinking in the tavern.

He stepped into a dimly lit corner table, and Ludovico and the young man sat down directly.

Ludovico raised his right hand and snapped his fingers.

The owner, who was dozing behind the bar, instantly awakened.

The owner's gaze turned, falling on the familiar, well-dressed figures in the corner of the tavern, his eyes immediately brightened.

Without any hesitation, he picked up a bottle of liquor and two glasses from the wine cabinet behind him, placed them on a tray, and immediately walked over.

Placing the liquor and glasses on the table, the owner spoke with respectful politeness.

"Please enjoy, gentlemen."

Looking at the gin on the table, Ludovico raised an eyebrow and said in surprise.

"I haven't ordered yet, how did you know I wanted gin?"

The tavern owner smiled broadly and responded respectfully.

"It's not the first time you, gentlemen, have come to this old man's tavern."

"Given your gentlemanly attire, you are more distinguishable and memorable than the merchants and dock workers..."

"And, this old tavern's Lexus Gin is the most famous, receiving much praise from many guests..."

"So, the old man presumptuously guessed that you, gentlemen, would continue to enjoy the Lexus Gin as you did last time!"

Ludovico gave the tavern owner an approving look and said.

"With such keen intuition and wisdom, no wonder you're able to run this tavern so successfully on the edge of Fisherman's Wharf!"

Sitting across from Ludovico, Harry Cohen nodded in agreement.

The tavern owner, Hunter, revealed a simple and honest smile, humbly bowing.

"You flatter me, sir, the old man's merely fond of drinking and has a slight understanding of the taste of liquor."

"And with a bit of luck, received some high-quality liquor to run the business, that's all there is to it..."

Ludovico nodded once more without speaking further.

Hunter, knowing his limit, spoke again.

"Sorry, gentlemen, this old man talks too much."

"The gin has a rather strong taste, please enjoy it slowly..."

Without needing any instruction from Ludovico, Hunter bowed and retreated by himself.

Watching Hunter leave, Ludovico couldn't help but express approval once more.

"Such perceptiveness, it's somewhat a waste to only use it for running a tavern."

Murmuring a few words, Ludovico looked at Harry, who was pouring the drink.

As Harry's arm lifted.

Under the dim light of the oil lamp against the far wall.

A stream of golden liquid flowed out of the bottle, swirling in the glass...

A rich aroma of alcohol drifted directly into Ludovico's nose.

Ludovico couldn't help swallowing, exclaiming.

"I wonder where this so-called 'Lexus Gin' comes from."

"I feel its color, aroma, and taste are not inferior to some tribute wines offered to the Great Lord or the Royal Family."

Sitting across from Ludovico, Harry shook his head and said.

"Exactly!"

"If it wasn't exceptional, it would never make us lower our status and come to this tavern full of workers and slaves."

Once Harry finished pouring.

Ludovico picked up a glass, clinked it gently with Harry's, and unceremoniously drank the liquor in one gulp.

As Ludovico swallowed.

Instantly.

A warm, comforting sensation like a passing flame spread from his throat to his stomach.

Chapter 1184: Killing Bishop Simo (Part 5)

The taste burned and was spicy, yet it held a rich, multi-layered fragrance.

Even after swallowing the Gin, the mouth still retained its lingering aftertaste and sweetness.

He downed three glasses of Lexus Gin in a row.

Feeling thoroughly satisfied, Ludivico smacked his lips, letting out that peculiar sound one makes after drinking.

Exhaling a mouthful of alcohol-laced breath, Ludivico stared straight at Harry opposite him and asked.

"Harry, what do you think about tonight's meeting?"

"If Simo Tucker really becomes the new leader of Kakasong City."

"Then we will certainly not have good days ahead!"

Filling Ludivico's glass to the brim, Harry set down the bottle, and said with a touch of lament.

"Indeed, Sir Ludivico."

"Everyone in Kakasong City knows that we once declared in public that we would not pay even a single pence to the Church."

"If Simo gains complete control over Kakasong City, he will definitely suppress and exclude people like us!"

Ludivico's expression was somber; without saying a word, he picked up the glass on the table and downed it in one gulp again.

Seeing Ludivico remain silent, Harry took a light sip of his Gin and went on.

"Though at the time, I immediately put forward you, Sir Ludivico, as the candidate for the new leader."

"Simo had clearly made all preparations, and even arranged Jill Durant to act as his respondent."

Ludivico gave a cold snort and spoke.

"Even if Simo hadn't arranged for Jill, Jill would still have thrown himself at Simo without hesitation."

"For Jill to conduct traveling merchant Trade in Kakasong City, to have the Achievement he has today, it's entirely thanks to Simo's help!"

"Put nicely, Jill is Simo's supporter; put bluntly, he's Simo's lapdog!"

Harry nodded in agreement.

Ludivico continued, "Jill isn't worth mentioning."

"What we must consider is how to deal with Simo!"

Harry did not respond at once, but placed his right hand on the table.

One fingertip after another tapped down continuously.

Sound followed sound from the tabletop, echoing through the silent tavern.

Perhaps because the noise was too conspicuous.

The few remaining drinkers in the tavern couldn't help but frown and turn their heads toward Ludivico and Harry.

But.

When they saw the sumptuous clothes the two men were wearing.

The drinkers hastily withdrew their gazes, not daring the slightest disrespect.

Harry, of course, noticed the movements of those few patrons and slightly lowered his voice.

"Sir Ludivico, if we can already foresee what will happen next, then we must make plans in advance!"

Ludivico's brows knit tight as he stared at Harry opposite him and asked.

"For example?"

Harry said in a low voice, "For example... packing up all the money and valuables in your manor."

"Once you sense any crisis or abnormal situation, immediately lead your family in fleeing Kakasong City!"

"With Fisherman's Wharf, it's still fairly easy to escape from Kakasong City."

No sooner had Harry's words fallen.

Ludivico shook his head at once, rejecting him.

"No!"

"Though the Towns Clan cannot compare to the former Zak Clan, it still holds the status of Sir!"

"The lands and industries on which the Towns Clan depends for survival are all in Kakasong City."

"Even if we can escape from Kakasong City, where could we possibly flee to?"

"Absolutely not!"

There was no surprise on Harry's face.

Not only the Towns Clan of Sir Ludivico.

His own Cohen Clan was the same.

Harry's gaze shifted, sweeping once around the surroundings.

After confirming nothing was amiss, he lowered his voice even further.

"Or, secretly ally with other Free Nobility, wealthy merchants, and Workshop Masters... to overthrow Simo's rule!"

"In the negotiation meeting just now, aside from us who were unwilling to let Simo become the new leader."

"Obviously, others shared the same idea!"

Harry's words turned.

"Besides that, there is another method..."

Ludivico's brows rose as he repeated Harry's words.

"Another method?"

Harry nodded and said, "For example, hire an assassin from the Raven Organization to infiltrate the Church and have Simo..."

As he reached the end.

Harry lifted his clenched right fist, and his lone thumb traced a line across his neck.

Watching Harry's gesture, Ludivico's brows furrowed tightly.

He naturally understood what it implied.

Ludivico did not respond to Harry at once.

Instead, he picked up the glass before him and leaned back against the wooden chair behind.

From the flicker in his eyes, one could tell that Ludivico was deep in thought at that moment.

After half a minute.

Ludivico drained the Gin in his glass in one go and set the glass heavily back on the table.

Paying no heed to the sound the glass made, Ludivico spoke in a low voice.

"We don't need to think about joining forces with other Free Nobility and wealthy merchants."

"If someone in such an alliance were to inform on us, what awaits us would be the reckoning of the Church Guard."

"We go straight for the last option—seek out a Raven assassin."

"As long as Simo can be killed, no matter how high the price, I am willing to pay it!"

Harry's expression grew solemn as he answered.

"Everything will follow Sir Ludivico's instructions!"

With Harry's firm reply, the tension in Ludivico's heart eased slightly.

Even the Emperor of the Empire, Charlemagne VI, died under the assassination of his own son, Caesar!

Even if Simo is the Church Bishop of Kakasong District, so what?

All the way until deep into the night.

Amid the repeated sounds of coachmen urging their horses.

Amid the noise of carriage wheels rolling over the bluestone road.

Two carriages, escorted by Guards, slowly went off into the distance, leaving Fisherman's Wharf behind.

Chapter 1185: Killing Bishop Simo _6

The few remaining patrons in the tavern also left.

...

The next morning.

After having breakfast, Lynn once again returned to the archery training field at the Manor Castle.

With Lynn constantly nocking arrows and drawing the bow.

The arrows sliced through the air, precisely hitting the bullseye on the distant target.

With each arrow hitting the target, a deep sound echoed in the training field.

As Lynn's speed in nocking and drawing the bow increased.

The deep sound became increasingly rapid.

Thump, thump, thump~

Almost every one or two seconds, a triangular armor-piercing arrow hit the bullseye!

[Hunting Experience +1]

[Hunting Experience +1]

[Hunting Experience +1]

...

Despite the experience growing bit by bit.

Lynn clearly felt that compared to gaining experience during hunting, it was indeed much slower!

To quickly improve the [Hunting] Skill Level, it's necessary to engage in hunting.

Shooting three to four dozen arrows from the quiver behind him in one go.

Even for Lynn.

His arm felt a strong sensation of soreness and swelling.

The robes he wore were soaked with sweat.

If it were an ordinary archer.

Forget about shooting three to four dozen arrows in one go.

Even emptying twenty arrows in a short time would put them into a state of temporary exhaustion.

If anyone could shoot thirty arrows in one go, they would be considered exceptionally talented!

Therefore.

Lynn was even more determined to produce crossbows on a large scale.

Handing the standard longbow to Red beside him.

Lynn strode towards the outside of the Manor Castle.

Red closely followed behind.

Lynn's gaze swept over the vast farmland ahead.

Silhouettes of farmers were laboring in the fields.

Some were engaged in cultivation, others in clearing weeds and tree roots, or digging canals...

Perhaps because fall was approaching.

Though a dazzling sun shone in the sky overhead.

It didn't carry the heat and scorch of summer anymore.

A gentle breeze blew, bringing a sense of comfort.

During such times.

Even conducting high-intensity physical training or agricultural production wouldn't cause heatstroke from high temperatures.

The 5,600 soldiers needed for the Castle Guardhouse have yet to be selected and recruited.

However.

Lynn was not anxious.

Jon Zuck and his supporting Manor Lord had already been eradicated.

In the short term, Morgan Town and the territory would not face any major crisis!

The Imperial Authority struggle in the Karedi Empire was still in its early stages.

The standoff between Marquis Ducas and Marquis Polk at Spirit Reef Port also continued.

Lynn understood clearly.

Even if Mark Ducas knew at this moment—that Lynn, who had been once marked for assassination by his followers, was still alive.

And had transformed the weed-filled barren lands bestowed by Donovan Ducas into a prosperous territory.

The military strength also kept growing stronger.

During such times.

Mark Ducas could not extricate himself from the Imperial Authority struggle.

To send the Sword and Shield Corps to launch an attack on his territory.

Of course.

This was after Lynn carefully considered and controlled any potential variables before deciding Jon Zuck would launch an attack!

Therefore.

Now that Morgan Town was relatively safe.

Lynn directly instructed Gavin to proceed with the proposed model of cultivation and planting.

As long as there are enough sturdy men, plenty of garrison soldiers could be selected anytime.

Lynn could accept avoiding conflict or personnel casualties and choose to give up one planting.

But he could never accept having to select garrison soldiers.

Resulting in missing the cultivation and planting of the 120,000 mu of land in Morgan Town.

For Lynn, that would be a huge loss!

In this period of extremely low crop yield.

Wasting farming time is wasting land.

Wasting land is harming life!

Among the farmers giving respectful gestures.

Lynn, accompanied by Red and a few guards, arrived at the site where Gavin was leading the farmers in channel excavation.

At the farmers' reminder, Gavin swiftly noticed Lynn and stepped forward quickly to greet him.

Standing before Lynn, Gavin bent over respectfully and said.

"Master."

Lynn nodded and asked.

"Is there anything you need me to help with concerning land cultivation and planting?"

Gavin's eyebrows raised, replying swiftly.

"Master, Gavin requires a large number of sharp and solid farm tools."

"There are so many farmers in Morgan Town, and the farm tools collected from other places are rundown, not durable enough..."

"They simply can't crush and clear some of the stones in the fields."

Lynn's eyes scanned the farming tools in the hands of the dozen farmers ahead.

As Gavin said, they were all rusted and incomplete farm tools.

Despite sharpening them with some whetstones, it still affected work efficiency.

Lynn responded, "I will swiftly dispatch a batch of farm tools from the territory!"

The six blacksmith furnaces were being dismantled and rebuilt, so forging them at the moment wasn't possible.

Luckily.

Lynn had previously assigned Ehrelo to specifically reserve a team of blacksmith apprentices to forge farm tools!

The remaining new iron farm tools in the Blacksmith Workshop might not meet the demand for 8,100 pieces in Morgan Town.

But equipping two to three thousand farmers would certainly improve the cultivation and planting efficiency.

Lynn added, "Is there anything else besides farm tools?"

Gavin appeared hesitant, at a loss for words.

"Master... could you allocate some adult plowing oxen and wheel plows for the cultivation in Morgan Town..."

"The land in Morgan Town is quite vast. With the assistance of plowing oxen and wheel plows, the time for cultivation and planting would be significantly shortened!"

"It would also efficiently utilize the fertility of deep soil..."

Seeing Master Lynn silent, Gavin hastened to say.

"Of course, even without plowing oxen and wheel plows."

"Gavin will ensure leading these farmers or garrison soldiers to complete the autumn plowing and planting!"

Noting Gavin's tense expression, Lynn responded.

"Wait until Rose and the three commanders return with the poultry and livestock from the supporters' Manors before considering this."

The previously collected poultry and livestock have been entirely transported back to the territory by the soldiers.

It's naturally difficult to drive and send the plowing oxen from the territory.

Besides wasting time, plowing oxen are easily injured during transportation.

Rather than that.

It's better to wait for Rose and the three to return with the soldier squad!

With the armed soldiers Rose and the three took out, they could naturally easily bring back all assets from the supporters' Manors to Morgan Town.

Lynn had never been worried.

Apart from the plowing oxen.

Lynn had prepared wheel plows for these oxen!

This was the most crucial existence for heavy plow cultivation!

Thinking of this.

Lynn's heart involuntarily felt a touch of helplessness.

Now he possessed such a vast expanse of land!

The 300,000 mu of cultivated land within the territory.

The large weed-covered barren lands outside the Weng City walls, on which lookout towers and Outpost Fortresses were built.

The 120,000 mu of land beneath his feet...

Lynn estimated and calculated.

The current available land for cultivation and planting had nearly reached 500,000 mu!

This hasn't accounted for the area of forests, lakes, etc.!

Such vast land, without a large scale of plowing oxen and production tools like wheel plows.

Solely relying on manpower for cultivation and planting, efficiency was indeed too low!

He must find a way, under the circumstance of limited plowing oxen, to seek or produce substitutes for cultivating land.

To thus improve the efficiency of land cultivation!

Chapter 1186: Helena's Ambition and Desire

In terms of animal power, mules, donkeys, or draft horses can be used as substitutes.

But these animal powers are far inferior to adult oxen.

If technological development reaches a sufficiently advanced level, steam engines can be produced and steam-powered plows can be used.

However.

With the current technological level and production capacity of Lynn Territory.

It would be an extremely lengthy process to produce steam engines.

It can only be done step by step!

After putting his thoughts aside and instructing Gavin a few words.

Lynn rolled up the sleeves of his robe and took a cross pickaxe from a farmer's hand.

Joining the canal digging labor among the peculiar gazes of the surrounding farmers.

Standing with his feet slightly apart, keeping them as wide as his body and standing firm.

Tightly gripping the wooden handle of the cross pickaxe with both hands, the right hand in front, the left hand behind, at a moderate distance, raising the cross pickaxe high.

Lynn transferred the weight of his body and with the unified power of his arms, shoulders, and back, he swung the cross pickaxe down hard.

Under Lynn's arm power, the flat end of the cross pickaxe instantly broke open the ground, sinking into the soil.

With a calm expression, Lynn expertly pushed the cross pickaxe in his hands forward forcefully.

At that moment.

A clump of loosened soil was turned up.

Without any pause, Lynn slammed the cross pickaxe onto the ground, the soil on it falling off instantly.

Lynn again raised the cross pickaxe in his hands high and swung it down heavily.

The flat cross pickaxe sank into the ground again...

Repeating like this.

Whether it is cultivation planting, construction, or production.

The essence is continuous repetition of labor.

Unlike other farmers who are working.

Lynn can visibly see the rewards.

[Construction Experience +1]

[Construction Experience +1]

[Construction Experience +1]

...

As Lynn continued to swing his hand, sweat pouring, engaging in canal digging labor.

Bit by bit, the experience is gradually increasing.

Until noon during the meal.

Lynn stopped his labor, handed the cross pickaxe back to the nearby farmer, and headed toward the distant Manor Castle.

As he walked, Lynn scanned the wide fields around.

Just as Gavin had reported earlier.

In Morgan Town, there is only a narrow stream about two or three meters wide flowing through the fields.

To more conveniently irrigate the fields, it's necessary to dig and construct canals.

At the same time, the power of waterwheels must be used to redirect the water source from the stream and guide it into the canals.

Relying on human strength, to dig out canals that radiate across twelve thousand acres of Morgan Town fields, with a width of two meters and a depth of one acre...

It naturally is a colossal project!

Fortunately.

Now Lynn has a sufficient labor force.

Morgan Town currently has a labor force of eight thousand one hundred strong!

Waiting for Rose and the other two to bring back all the guards and peasants of the Manor Lords who supported the defeated side.

The labor force in Morgan Town will surely surpass ten thousand, maybe even reach fifteen thousand!

Lynn can fully select the remaining four thousand one hundred garrison soldiers.

The remaining labor is used for digging irrigation canals in the fields and building dwelling houses in Morgan Town and Manor Castle!

This way.

Not only can twelve thousand acres in Morgan Town be cultivated and planted.

There is no worry about a lack of housing due to the population surge on Morgan Town...

Thinking of this, Lynn couldn't help but nod in satisfaction.

This is the benefit of external warfare!

Given the current situation, Lynn already has enough labor to meet various labor demands on his territory and in Morgan Town!

No longer needed to feel like wishing one person to be used as two.

Of course.

The population surge also means increased food consumption.

Walking on the stony mud road between the fields, Lynn's mind pondered.

With the current population in the territory of twenty-two thousand, plus the eight thousand one hundred in Morgan Town.

And the warhorses and livestock and poultry possessed...

Calculating the average food consumption of three pounds per person per day.

Even with a rough conversion, thirty thousand one hundred people require ninety thousand pounds of food daily!

If it weren't for Lynn's territory having had a bountiful harvest of winter barley.

If not for seizing a large amount of food from other Manor Lords' estates.

Such a large population, even Lynn would be troubled by it!

This is also why, upon confirming the safety of Morgan Town.

Lynn immediately arranged for Gavin to lead farmers to engage in cultivation planting.

When humans neglect the land for a moment, they suffer for a lifetime.

The wisdom of the ancients naturally has its reason to exist!

Lynn's gaze shifted, looking toward the distant majestic mountains.

In the pass between two peaks, there still remained streams of dark smoke wafting up into the sky, carried by the mountain wind.

That mountain forest is still burning.

Yet.

Compared to two days ago, the intensity of the fire has clearly diminished.

Lynn estimated in his heart.

In at most one or two more days, the fire would be completely extinguished.

Before the fire goes out, arrangements must be made for the outposts and stationed soldiers among the mountain forest!

Because.

Once the dense mountain forest has been completely burned, lacking natural traps and ambush conditions.

The enemy's army of soldiers could readily raid in, directly attacking Morgan Town!

Lynn had considered.

Just like at the mountain pass of the territory.

Building a Weng City and city wall to cut off the connection passage between Kakasong City and Morgan Town.

Chapter 1187: Helena's Ambition and Desire (Part 2)

But soon, Lynn gave up this idea.

Firstly.

The mountain pass of the Lynn Territory is just over a hundred meters.

It is entirely possible to quarry the rocks, grind them into regular stone blocks, and use lime mortar to construct a city wall.

However, the width of the mountain ranges on both sides of Lorin is at least over a thousand meters.

To build a city wall or a weng city on such a wide and uneven mountain body.

The workload and difficulty naturally exceed that of the Lynn Territory's mountain pass.

Secondly.

Even if Lynn invests a lot of manpower, resources, and time to build a fortress in Lorin.

If the enemy wants to launch an attack on Morgan Town, they can completely bypass Alba Town and Bo Xi Town adjacent to Morgan Town!

Lynn also understands.

To ensure that Morgan Town has a safe and stable development environment like the territory.

It is necessary to build a defensive fortification in Lorin to resist foreign enemies!

Even if it cannot completely block the enemy outside Morgan Town.

At the very least, it should reduce an attack route for the enemy army to Morgan Town!

Whether building a city wall or weng city in Lorin, or constructing houses in Morgan Town and the manor castle.

It all needs to wait until the road from the territory to Morgan Town is completed!

Only by having a solid and stable road.

Can the time for transporting goods by carriage and supporting soldiers to Morgan Town be effectively shortened?

Laying red brick roads from the outpost fortress to Morgan Town and the manor castle is also a huge project.

Despite this.

Lynn still needs to do it.

Infrastructure projects like road paving are related to the transportation and access in the territory.

They are also related to future military defense and economic development.

Furthermore, they demonstrate the lord's authority and power!

Only in this way can Lynn better govern the entire Morgan Town!

While Lynn was contemplating.

Under the awed gazes of the farmers and soldiers.

Lynn entered the manor castle, climbed the stairs, and stood at the edge of the city wall in the open-air courtyard.

He gazed into the distance, surveying the majority of Morgan Town.

If the 120,000 acres of arable land in Morgan Town are all invested in autumn plowing and planting, conducting large-scale barley planting.

Based on the output from his own territory, calculations are made.

In the summer harvest of tomorrow, he could obtain a massive amount of harvest!

At least twenty million jin!

But this is the most ideal planting condition for arable land.

Planting must consider climate, environment, and planting methods, among other factors.

It also needs to consider the sudden fertility of the arable land.

With the fertility of Morgan Town's arable land, it's impossible to immediately replant grain crops after one batch.

While adopting the three-field system, continuous fertilization and manuring are needed.

And with the addition of oxen and heavy plows, deep plowing is carried out.

Only in this way can the barley planting on Morgan Town's arable land have the same output as his territory, a yield of 180 jin per mu!

That is to say.

The arable land in Morgan Town can only plant 80,000 acres at a time.

The remaining arable land enters fallow or plants leguminous crops like peas.

Through rhizobia fixing nitrogen from the air, increasing the ammonia content in the soil, thereby increasing fertility.

While Lynn was gazing afar.

His rotating gaze suddenly stopped.

Staring directly at the large expanses of arable land in the distance.

Lynn could clearly see that on the gravel road between large expanses of arable land.

A carriage team was traveling toward the manor castle under the escort of cavalry guards.

Lynn raised an eyebrow slightly, a thought crossed his mind, and he opened the [Holographic Map] to check.

The guard captain, riding an ordinary warhorse, led a dozen guards, galloping around the moving carriage.

Helena, with a delicate and fair face, was sitting inside the carriage compartment.

Her curvaceous body, the fullness in front, shaking continuously with the carriage's movement.

Helena's figure was impressive, not even inferior to Audrey, whom Lynn had met twice!

Coupled with Helena's rare eye color and magnetic feminine voice.

Even a single meeting would leave a lasting impression.

Behind Helena's carriage was a heavily loaded draft horse carriage.

Because it was covered with a piece of linen cloth, Lynn couldn't quite see what was being transported...

After observing, Lynn thought once again, closing the panel.

He took steps toward the manor castle's meeting hall and sat on the lord's throne, which desired to fly like an eagle.

Lynn frowned slightly, contemplating in his mind.

Helena, Brook, and Alex did not come together this time as before.

What could be Helena's purpose in personally leading a carriage team to Morgan Town?

Was it the land distribution issue of the Connelly Manor and Louis Manor he had eliminated?

Lynn naturally knew.

After the fall of Connelly and Louis Manors, their lands would be distributed among the three manor lords including Helena.

However, Lynn didn't quite care.

Firstly.

Lynn currently possesses fifty million acres of land available for cultivation and planting.

This is entirely sufficient for Lynn to focus considerable effort on cultivation and planting right now.

Secondly.

Even if the remaining three manor lords in Alba Town are wiped out.

He lacks the management capability and trustworthy personnel to send to Alba Town for management, leading farmers in cultivation and planting.

Rather than this.

It's better to directly hand over these arable lands to manor lords like Helena for management and cultivation.

Chapter 1188: Helena's Ambition and Desire (1W)_3

Lynn only needs to collect the tribute offered by the supporting manor lords, and that will be enough!

The most crucial part is,

the presence of supporting manor lords in Alba Town can conveniently form the first line of defense for Morgan Town!

If a large enemy force attempts to attack Morgan Town through Alba Town,

these manor lords will naturally provide him with military aid.

It can indeed serve as an early warning.

This is also why Lynn is willing to accept the allegiance of the three manor lords, including Helena.

In Lynn's view, is there really such a thing as allegiance and support?

It's merely a mutually beneficial relationship.

While Lynn was waiting, a series of hurried footsteps appeared outside the guest hall.

Entering the guest hall, they quickly approached Lynn.

Lynn slightly raised his head and took a glance.

It was indeed the soldier guarding the main gate of the manor castle.

The soldier halted about five or six meters in front of Lynn, bowed, and respectfully reported.

"Lord Master, Helena Manor Lord from Alba Town has arrived with a cart full of linen robe and pants, seeking an audience with you."

"Please instruct, Lord Master."

Lynn arched his eyebrow slightly and replied.

"Bring her up."

The soldier promptly responded, "Yes, Lord Master."

Seeing that Lynn had no further instructions, the soldier turned and left.

After a short while,

footsteps once again appeared in the guest hall.

Under the guidance of the soldier,

Helena, dressed in a black form-fitting long dress, entered gracefully.

Her long, fair legs were faintly visible through the high slit of the dress.

Her voluptuous figure, possessed only by a mature woman, swayed gently as she walked.

Upon entering the guest hall, Helena immediately saw Lynn seated on the lord's throne.

She stopped before the steps of the lord's throne.

Helena halted her steps, bent her body, and respectfully bowed.

"Lord Master Lynn, Helena thanks you for granting this meeting."

Lynn's gaze unceremoniously swept past the exposed whiteness revealed by Helena's low neckline.

Lynn pondered briefly and asked.

"Manor Lord Helena comes to Morgan Town with a cart full of linen garments, is there something you wish to discuss?"

Helena, slightly raising her head, naturally saw Lynn's domineering and direct gaze.

A touch of obvious tension appeared in Helena's heart.

As a woman, in terms of attire and figure,

Helena intends to captivate men, to make them restless yet unattainable!

Even when faced with more people and more gazes appraising Helena's figure,

Helena has never felt nervous; she enjoys it all the more.

Helena felt that even in her brocade robes and tight-fitting clothing,

Lynn's gaze from the front seemed to see through them as if nothing!

Helena's glossy and smooth lips parted slightly, drawing in a breath of fresh air, which she exhaled again without leaving a trace.

Suppressing the nervousness and pressure in her heart, Helena nodded and replied.

"In reply, Lord Master, Helena has come this time to thank Master Lynn for rescuing her."

"I have specially brought from the manor, six thousand sets of linen robe and pants that have just been woven and made, as a gift of gratitude."

Lynn's eyebrow arched slightly, and he inquired.

"Rescue?"

Helena respectfully bent in a bow and explained.

"Yes, Lord Master."

"Helena received intelligence from Kakasong City."

"You, Lord Master, ignited the Fire of Lorraine, burying Marquis Jon Zuck and his supporting manor lord army entirely in Lorraine!"

"Thus, Alba Town no longer needs to worry about invasion and reckoning from Zock Connally and Jon Zuck..."

"It allows Alba Town to enter a state of stable and safe development."

"Lord Master, you are Alba's savior!"

Lynn looked directly at Helena in front, his expression calm, and said.

"The annihilation of Jon Zuck and his supporting manor lords was primarily to resolve the crisis in Morgan Town."

"It has nothing to do with Alba Town and nothing to do with your Wells Manor."

"Currently, I have even surpassed the former Connelly Manor in exerting strong control over Alba Town."

"Forcing you to pay fifty percent of the manor's total production as tribute."

"Moreover, forcing you to fulfill various labor and military obligations toward me."

"I will never be Alba Town's savior."

"On the contrary, I will only be the ruler, or the enslaver!"

Listening to Lynn's words, the gratitude on Helena's face gradually returned to calmness.

In those amber eyes, there was even a hint of tension and a slight sense of resentment.

A few seconds later.

Helena raised her head, firmly meeting Lynn's gaze on the throne, and said in a steady voice.

"Nevertheless, without the presence of Lord Master Lynn,"

"at this moment, Alba Town might no longer have Wells Manor!"

Helena's voice, full of magnetism and strength, echoed in the guest hall.

Lynn looked at Helena with some surprise.

He truly did not expect Helena to have such an attitude.

It must be understood.

Jon Zuck and his supporting manor lords had not entered Alba Town.

Additionally, there was no time to launch an attack on Helena's Wells Manor.

That is to say,

this is something that has not yet happened!

However,

the current dominance and enslavement of Alba Town and Wells Manor by him have indeed happened!

For these manor lords,

Chapter 1189: Helena's Ambition and Desire (Part 4)

Often only the immediate benefits can be seen, while the potential future dangers are disregarded.

Clearly.

Helena is not like those manor lords.

Perhaps this is one of the reasons why Helena became the Wells Manor Lord.

Lynn's words took a turn, responding.

"In that case, I accept the gift brought by Helena Manor Lord!"

"Besides, I suppose Helena Manor Lord has other matters, correct?"

Helena's heart was startled, just as she had suspected.

Upon entering the reception hall, Helena felt as though Lynn had seen through her!

Helena's eyes shifted, hesitating in her heart.

Finally.

Helena steeled her heart and spoke.

"Lord, during the last visit to your manor castle, you promised to teach us the advanced cultivation and planting techniques for achieving a yield of one hundred eighty pounds per acre of barley."

"Now, in the autumn planting season, it's precisely the time for cultivation and planting."

"So..."

Lynn mused: "Of course."

"Currently, Morgan Town is undergoing cultivation and planting!"

"Helena Manor Lord can send farmers who are skilled at learning or agricultural officers at any time to follow and learn."

"I will have my agricultural officer provide a detailed explanation on the techniques of cultivation and planting."

Helena's delicate eyebrows raised, somewhat surprised.

Lynn agreed to her request so easily?

Even though previously Lynn did promise them.

But...

That is the advanced planting technique for barley yielding one hundred eighty pounds per acre.

Compared to the barley planting in their manor, it increases by eighty to ninety pounds.

Once they learn how to plant, they can harvest nearly two hundred more of barley.

With enough barley, they can feed more peasants and increase labor force.

Or use it for sale to earn more gold pounds!

Compared to the advanced planting techniques.

The six thousand sets of linen robe and pants she brought are completely insignificant!

The value of six thousand sets of linen robe and pants is fixed.

However, once the advanced planting technique is learned, it can be used continuously for cultivation and planting.

Yielding an endless, abundant harvest of barley!

Moreover.

Wells, Orlando, and Kennedy Manors have just completed the division of Connelly and Lewis Manor's lands.

She has enough farmland for cultivation and planting.

Suppressing the excitement in her heart, Helena quickly spoke.

"Thank you for your considerate thinking, Lord!"

Lynn nodded slightly, just about to speak.

A guard stepped into the reception hall.

The guard hesitated, glancing at Lynn, then at Helena.

Lynn addressed the guard from a distance.

"What's the matter?"

Upon hearing the Lord's inquiry, the guard hurriedly took three steps as two, coming forward.

The guard bowed respectfully and responded.

"Lord, lunch is ready. Shall it be served now?"

Lynn then recalled he hadn't yet dined, addressing the guard.

"Bring it up."

The guard complied promptly, bowed, and withdrew.

Lynn's gaze shifted, turning to Helena who was standing firm, and said.

"Lunch time has arrived."

"If Helena Manor Lord does not mind, you may stay for lunch before departing."

Helena's brows raised again, with almost no extra thought, she responded.

"If it's not too much trouble, then Helena won't stand on ceremony."

The purpose of Helena's visit to Morgan Town was to increase her interactions with Lord Lynn.

While increasing familiarity, strengthening the bonds and contacts with Lord Lynn.

Thus, preparing for the future exchange of armor and weapons with Lord Lynn!

As guards came and went.

Dishes were placed on the dining table in the reception hall.

Lynn sat at the main seat of the dining table, Helena took the secondary seat beside.

With Red's assistance.

The tall wine glasses in front of Lynn and Helena were filled with Lexus Gin.

Gazing at the clear, transparent wine glasses and the golden-colored liquid inside.

Helena's amber eyes widened.

Not just because of the delicate glazed glass.

But also because of the enchanting golden color of the liquor.

Even after inheriting Wells Manor and becoming manor lord for so long.

It was Helena's first time seeing such a stunning liquor!

Capturing Helena's astonished expression in his eyes, Lynn.

Moved his right hand, raised the glass before him, and extended it to Helena, calmly introducing.

"This is Lexus Gin, brewed from the brewing workshop in my domain."

Seeing Lynn's gesture, Helena nodded in understanding.

She too lifted the glass before her, gently clinking it against Lynn's glass.

Without many words, Lynn and Helena brought the gold gin in their glasses to their faces.

Helena's rosy, smooth lips slightly parted, allowing the golden liquor to enter her mouth.

In the moment of entry.

Helena's delicate eyebrows visibly raised.

Unconcerned about the remnants of red lipstick left at the edge of the tall wine glass.

Helena attentively savored the warmth spreading through her body and the lingering taste in her mouth.

Waiting for the comfortable warmth in her body to dissipate.

Helena, with some delight, praised.

"Lord, the taste of this Lexus Gin is excellent!"

Though Helena is not much of a drinker.

Compared to drinking, Helena would rather inhale a few more puffs of mugwort smoke!

But now, tasting such delicious liquor, Helena is still generous in her praises.

Chapter 1190: Helena's Ambition and Desire _5

A strong curiosity emerged in Helena's mind.

On Lord Lynn's domain, there is not only an advanced barley planting technique with a yield of one hundred and eighty jin per mu.

There is also the production and forging of armor.

Moreover, there is such a high standard of brewing techniques!

No matter which one, if it could be spread, it would surely cause a sensation outside!

It would also provide a continuous flow of immense wealth!

Helena's eyes flickered, looking toward the young lord on the main seat.

What kind of existence is Lord Lynn's domain, after all?

Lord Lynn put down the wine glass in his hand, looking at Helena, and their eyes met.

In Helena's eyes, there was a clear sign of panic. She quickly redirected her gaze by picking up the tableware on the table.

Lynn's mouth slightly curled up, he smiled and said.

"If Helena Manor Lord likes, you may drink a little more."

"When you leave, you can also take some with you."

Helena, sitting upright with a slight bend of her waist, nodded.

"Thank you, Lord."

Lynn responded without any further words.

Half an hour later.

Lynn and Helena had just finished lunch.

Gavin stepped into the reception hall.

He stopped in front of Lynn, bent over to salute, and looked straight ahead.

"Master."

Lynn glanced at Gavin and introduced.

"This is Helena Manor Lord from Alba Town."

"From tomorrow, Helena Manor Lord will send farmers from the manor to Morgan Town to learn the barley cultivation and planting techniques from you."

"Make sure to thoroughly explain and inform about the key points of cultivation and planting."

Gavin immediately responded, "Yes, Master."

Sitting beside Lynn, Helena was inwardly touched.

Even though she hadn't interacted with Lord Lynn many times, and had not known him for long,

the aura, majesty, and hospitality displayed by Lord Lynn in just two meetings,

far exceeded any manor lord, or even noble lord, she had encountered.

Helena felt that a true lord should be like the Lynn before her!

This kind of charm is not something that just anyone can possess!

After instructing Gavin, Lynn turned to Helena, who was sitting nearby, and said.

"Once you return to the manor, Helena Manor Lord, you can send over farmers or an agricultural officer."

"My agricultural officer, Gavin, will fully receive and accompany them!"

Helena immediately snapped back to reality and hastily responded.

"Yes... yes, Lord."

"In that case, Helena will no longer impose on Lord."

Lynn acknowledged with a response.

Helena rose from the wooden chair, bent slightly to salute, then retreated and left.

Watching Helena's figure depart from the reception hall, Lynn finally withdrew his gaze.

Whether it was Helena's demeanor or her figure,

in Lynn's view, she exceeded many women he had seen.

Toward beautiful people and things, Lynn would not restrain himself at all.

As for the instructions given to Gavin just now,

to have Gavin host and instruct the farmers sent by Helena on barley cultivation and planting.

Whether or not there would be any leakage of the technique...

Lynn didn't care.

Leaving aside for now,

the buzz or changes that might be caused by the spread of barley planting technology.

No matter how far it spreads,

the planting technology possessed by other manor lords or lords can never surpass his.

Because Lynn possesses "Heavenly Artifacts"!

As long as there are sufficient production and material conditions, Lynn can realize all the technologies in his mind.

Or apply them in reality!

Technology?

The last thing Lynn lacks is technology!

Turning inwards,

the six thousand sets of linen robes and pants brought by Helena,

happen to be what Lynn needs most now.

You must know,

it's already late August, about to enter early September.

These six thousand sets of linen robes and pants can be entirely used to equip the garrison soldiers in the manor castle!

While providing warmth,

they can also reflect the lifestyle difference between garrison soldiers and ordinary farmers!

Lynn wants to inform the farmers of Morgan Town,

as long as they can become garrison soldiers, they can allocate private land in Morgan Town.

As long as they can become garrison soldiers, they can get brand new linen robes and pants.

They can get weapons and armor forged from high-quality steel.

Once the manor castle and houses in Morgan Town are constructed,

the garrison soldiers can also be assigned brand new red brick and gray tile houses.

This is the most obvious change in identity and status!

Thus,

to stimulate the enthusiasm of the farmers in Morgan Town to want to become garrison soldiers!

At this time, the Karedi Empire is in turmoil!

All the great lord nobility is using the power struggle to seize land and wealth during the reshuffling.

As long as no one can suppress this war, as long as there is no new emperor enthroned,

this power struggle will continue endlessly.

It will only gradually cease when the great lord nobility gains enough benefits from this war.

A power struggle,

is not only a change in the personnel of the Emperor of the Empire but also a transition of the imperial ruling authority!

It means that,

while ensuring development, Lynn needs to recruit more soldiers!

Train them, arm them,

to deal with potentially large battles, or for external campaigning, to wage wars.