

Chapter 1207 - 327: The Pleasure of Power (10,000) (Part 4)

Chapter 1207: Chapter 327: The Pleasure of Power (10,000) (Part 4)

By around noon.

Lynn handed the Iron Hoe in his hand to the Farmer beside him.

With steps caked in mud, he walked out of the field.

Stepping onto the gravel-and-mud road, Lynn rubbed and scraped his feet again and again across the weeds at the roadside as he walked.

Only after wiping all the mud off his soles did Lynn feel his steps grow lighter.

Lynn took Red with him, walking along the gravel-and-mud road back toward the Manor Castle.

Under the strain of high-intensity physical labor, even before noon Lynn was already feeling the hunger in his belly.

And that was with the premise that he'd eaten plenty of nutritious food for breakfast!

Eggs, meat, wheat bread, and so on.

Let alone the Farmers, who only ate barley bread and Ordinary meat-and-vegetable stew.

The Energy in those foods wasn't all that high.

This was also why Lynn had set the daily grain consumption of his subjects at three jin per person!

If there wasn't enough food to replenish their Energy and nutrition...

Then no matter how tall or strapping a man was, after years of hard labor he'd still end up sallow and skinny, weak all over.

Besides.

Three jin of grain only covered the Farmers' basic daily needs.

If he wanted to raise truly tall, burly armored soldiers, he'd have to give them meat that was richer in nutrition and higher in Energy!

Given the conditions he currently had.

The best diet he could manage was one based on grains and fat.

Then supplemented with cured meat products, or fermented foods like beer.

Only by mixing several types of grain together could he barely meet the daily needs of the armored soldiers.

Of course.

This kind of diet was only meant to guarantee the soldiers' stamina and strength; balanced nutrition came second!

But when Lynn thought it through.

Whether Farmers or soldiers, as long as he could let them eat their fill and drink their fill...

That was enough to make them deeply grateful, swear loyalty, even give up their lives.

With living conditions this harsh.

Simply surviving was already a tremendous stroke of luck.

How would they even begin to think about nutrition?

The armored soldiers guarding the main gate of the Manor Castle bent at the waist in salute.

Lynn entered the Manor Castle, climbed the steps, and went into the reception hall.

A few Guards were gathered around the dining table, setting down dish after dish of food.

One of the Guards saw Lynn and immediately came forward to report.

"Master, lunch is ready. You may dine now."

Lynn gave a brief sound in reply to show he'd heard.

He walked to the head of the table, and with Red pushing his chair in, Lynn sat down on the cushioned wooden seat.

Lynn's gaze shifted; he looked at Red and spoke.

"Sit down and eat with me."

Red raised his brows slightly and, without any hesitation, answered.

"Yes, Master."

Even though Lynn had given Red the order.

Red was still serving Lynn as he ate.

Only after half an hour.

Lynn drained the Gin in front of him.

His body leaned back, resting against the back of the high seat, and he let out a comfortable burp.

The feeling of being full made Lynn feel intensely at ease.

He rested for a short while.

A burst of footsteps and the scrape and clink of Armor components sounded outside the reception hall.

Lynn lifted his head slightly and looked over.

It was Wesley, wearing Composite Armor.

Perhaps because he felt Lynn's gaze on him.

Wesley quickened his steps and came to a spot two or three meters in front of Lynn.

He bent at the waist in salute, his words respectful.

"Master, Wesley has finished counting all the poultry, livestock, money, and goods in the Manor Castle!"

Lynn was still leaning back in the wooden chair as he spoke to Wesley.

"Report what you've tallied."

Wesley hurriedly answered.

"Yes, Master!"

"Aside from the 7,200 laborers previously reported as brought back to you, Master."

"We seized a huge amount of grain crops from McKinley Manor and the other four Manors."

"Among the cereals, the barley is estimated at between two and a half to three and a half million jin, wheat at 2.2 million jin, and oats at 800,000 jin."

"Of the legumes, there are 900,000 jin of peas and 300,000 jin of lentils."

"Root crops: 180,000 jin of turnips and 310,000 jin of carrots."

"In the cellars of the five Manors, we also found fresh meat and smoked meat stored chilled."

"Wesley has only done a preliminary weighing; it's at least 90,000 jin!"

Listening to Wesley's report.

Lynn couldn't help but nod.

Whether for him, or for Morgan Town and the people of the domain...

The more grain crops and meat, the better, naturally!

Especially meat!

Seeing Lynn ask no questions, Wesley went on reporting.

"The poultry and livestock are likewise vast in number!"

"The five Manors together have 300 head of cattle under care!"

"Of these 300, adult draft oxen make up the majority, reaching 250 head!"

Hearing that.

Lynn's eyes couldn't help but light up.

Two hundred and fifty adult draft oxen, together with 5,600 garrison soldiers.

If he also had enough Wheel Plows, they could all be put to work opening up the fields around Morgan Town!

Lynn couldn't help but sigh once more in his heart.

At how fast capital could be accumulated through external warfare!

Wesley's voice carried on.

"There are also fifty dairy cows."

"Five hundred and eighty draft horses, three hundred and ninety pigs, two hundred and twenty sheep, five hundred and sixty chickens..."

"Iron farm tools, over three thousand pieces in total."

Tip: You can use left, right, A and D keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

Chapter 1208 - 327: The Thrill of Power (10,000) (5)

Chapter 1208: Chapter 327: The Thrill of Power (10,000) (5)

"Leaving aside the poultry and livestock, we also searched the warehouses of the five Manors and found seventy thousand yards of linen cloth, and over fifty thousand pounds of wool..."

"As for money, there are two thousand five hundred and eighty Gold Pounds and piles of jewelry and ornaments..."

After reporting all the collected information, Wesley gave his concluding summary.

"Master, that is the rough tally Wesley has conducted."

Lynn looked straight at Wesley and spoke in approval.

"You did very well."

Although it's not particularly detailed, we can completely wait until these poultry, livestock, and goods are transported back to the territory.

Then hand them over to different personnel for further counting.

For example, the iron farming tools and Weapons will be handed over to Aired at the Blacksmith Workshop.

Have him tally the weight of the ironware while he is re-smelting and reforging them.

Or, when the poultry and livestock are transported back to the territory and handed over to Guy for reception, have him conduct a more detailed count of each type of poultry and livestock.

Or, regarding Gold Pounds and jewelry, when they are handed over to Kuisi for unified safekeeping, have a detailed inventory done at that time...

Listening to Lynn's praise, Wesley hurriedly lowered his head respectfully to show his respect.

Lynn Instructed Wesley.

"As for the poultry and livestock, leave the plow oxen and draft horses."

"All the grain brought back is to be stored in the Manor Castle's warehouse."

"The rest of the pigs, sheep and other poultry and livestock, the money, and ironware—have personnel arranged to transport all of it back to the territory."

Wesley answered, "Yes, Master!"

Lynn pondered briefly in his mind and continued.

"If there's nothing else, then you may withdraw for now."

Wesley answered again, "Yes, Master, Wesley takes his leave."

With his answer given, Wesley bowed and withdrew.

Watching Wesley leave the audience hall, Lynn couldn't help but let out a long warm breath.

Next, Morgan Town would begin recruiting soldiers, reclaiming land for Planting, and launching large-scale Construction...

Even though the Karedi Empire is currently in the midst of a struggle for Imperial Authority, fighting over the seat of the Emperor of the Empire.

But Morgan Town, located in the Southern Border Land and not a strategic focal point,

Clearly cannot be reached by the flames of the Imperial Authority war.

On top of that, right now in Kakasong City,

All kinds of factions are fighting for control of Kakasong City...

Lynn's Morgan Town and his territory will at least, for a short time, enter a phase of stable development.

This is exactly what Lynn has been waiting for!

While building a Garrison in Morgan Town, recruiting garrison soldiers, and reclaiming land for Planting, he will also carry out large-scale troop stationing.

At the same time, he will build all kinds of Defense works around Morgan Town.

He will treat Morgan Town as the territory's first defensive line.

Within the territory, he will vigorously develop technology, handicraft industry, Agriculture production, and Education.

Until he possesses far greater military Power.

Until he forges a mighty steel torrent.

Until he creates Cannons that can blast city walls to rubble.

Until he completes the Production of "Flame Rifles" that can smash Enemy Armor...

Only then will he deliver a lethal blow to his enemies!

Until that time.

Let alone a mere little Kakasong City.

Even the Ducas Clan's Bordeaux City,

And the Carolingian Royal Family's Royal City, Triumph City,

Lynn will be able to crush them with ease!

However, Lynn understood clearly.

A man's ambition can only be realized when it has Power strong enough to support it.

Otherwise.

It is only worthy of being called desire!

After resting a little on the wooden chair, Lynn rose and walked out of the audience hall.

Standing at the heavy doors of the audience hall, he gazed into the distance.

Piece after piece of Farmers who had finished their lunch were already投入到了下午的开垦之中.

Without the assistance of plow oxen and Heavy Plow in tilling the land.

To reclaim eighty thousand mu of farmland is indeed not easy.

Lynn had already issued instructions to Gavin.

From now on, the one hundred and twenty thousand mu of farmland in Morgan Town will be reclaimed and Planted according to the three-field system.

That is to say,

The one hundred and twenty thousand mu of farmland will be divided into a spring-sowing zone, an autumn-sowing zone, and a fallow zone.

For example,

The forty thousand mu of farmland in the spring-sowing zone will be used to Plant barley, oats, and the like.

The forty thousand mu of farmland in the autumn-sowing zone will be used to Plant wheat, rye, and so on.

The forty thousand mu in the fallow zone will be taken out of cultivation to let the land rest.

Rotated every year!

Meanwhile, additional manure and fertilizer will be applied to improve the soil fertility of the farmland.

Thus increasing the yield of crops.

What must be done now is to allocate job posts for the 13,000 laborers of Morgan Town.

At this moment,

Bursts of footsteps echoed up from the lower levels of the Manor Castle.

Accompanied by them were sharp shouts from the soldiers.

"Everyone, according to Lord Wesley's instructions, go to the open space in front of the Manor Castle and line up to wait!"

"Hurry up, hurry up, all of you move faster!"

"..."

Hearing these voices, Lynn's brows lifted slightly.

He strode toward the open-air courtyard ahead and stopped at the edge of the wall.

Turning his gaze, Lynn looked toward the leveled mud open space in front of the wall.

Squad after squad of Guard Peasants, under the lead of armored soldiers, were lining up on the muddy ground.

In just a short while,

The previously empty muddy open space was crowded with the figures of Guards and Peasants.

As Lynn stood in the square, the sound of footsteps climbing the wall staircase rang out from not far away.

Having climbed up onto the wall, Wesley's gaze turned and fell on Lynn ahead.

Seeing that Lynn was looking at the area below the wall, Wesley immediately understood, hastily quickened his pace, and walked forward.

Coming to Lynn's back, Wesley bent at the waist to salute and reported.

"Master, Wesley has arranged for the soldiers to gather the Guard Peasants from the Manor Castle outside the castle."

Chapter 1209 - 327: The Thrill of Power

Chapter 1209: Chapter 327: The Thrill of Power

"Prepare to select the remaining 3,100 garrison soldiers."

"Master, you need to give a speech..."

Before Wesley could finish his words, Lynn directly interrupted him.

"No need."

"You can handle the selection of garrison soldiers yourself."

"Then, you will be the one to lead them in military training..."

Listening to Lynn's calm voice, Wesley was deeply moved.

Wesley naturally understood.

That was Lynn's trust in him!

Suppressing the complexity in his heart, Wesley firmly replied.

"Yes, Master!"

"Wesley will never betray your trust!"

With no further instructions from Lynn, Wesley left without hesitation.

Leaping down the steps, he exited the Manor Castle.

Under the watchful eyes of the guards and peasants, Wesley arrived at the muddy open ground in front of the Manor Castle.

Climbing onto a pile of a dozen logs, Wesley surveyed the densely packed figures ahead.

But soon, Wesley remembered something.

He glanced back at the castle wall where Lynn was standing.

As expected.

Lynn was standing atop the castle wall, observing him and the guards and peasants.

After nodding to Lynn, Wesley turned his gaze back to the guards and peasants ahead.

A loud and strong voice came from Wesley's mouth.

"Perhaps you all don't know why I have gathered you all here."

The faces of the gathered guards and peasants were full of confusion and doubt.

Wesley continued,

"That's because I have been instructed by Lord Master Lynn."

"To select 3,100 able-bodied and strong men from among you to become Lord Master Lynn's garrison soldiers!"

"Once you become garrison soldiers, you will be allocated farmland in Morgan Town!"

Huh~

Wesley's words had only just ended when a chorus of astonished outcries erupted among the guards and peasants.

The confusion and doubt on their faces instantly turned into surprise.

Ignoring their outbursts, Wesley loudly proclaimed,

"I know you are surprised."

"However, there is one thing I need to inform you in advance—the allocated farmland will be privatized land!"

"This means, as long as you pay one-tenth of the farmland's output as tax,"

"as long as you remain as Lord Master Lynn's garrison soldiers,"

"then the privatized land allocated to you will always belong to you for planting."

"The remaining output from the farmland will entirely belong to the allocator!"

Huh!

A series of even louder and more pronounced exclamations once again arose from the guards and peasants.

The surprise on their faces now turned into disbelief!

They never dreamed...

That by becoming Lord Master Lynn's garrison soldiers, they could be allocated farmland to cultivate!

Being allocated land was one thing, but for it to be privatized!

And only needing to pay one-tenth of the farmland's output as tax!

Such a tax ratio is incredibly low!

All the guards and peasants raised their heads.

Looking towards the high wall, at the tall young man standing at the edge of the castle wall.

It was their Lord Master Lynn.

Wanting to confirm the truth of Commander Wesley's words.

However.

They heard no words of denial from Lord Master Lynn.

Which meant.

The words Commander Wesley spoke in front were all true!

In an instant.

A strong sense of joy and excitement appeared on the faces of the guards and peasants.

Especially.

Those able-bodied and relatively strong men.

Whether guard or peasant, they all yearned to become garrison soldiers!

Even though becoming a garrison soldier might bring war and death.

But.

Due to their low status, they had faced life and death more than once.

As long as there was an opportunity to change their current status.

How could they fear war and death?

How could they possibly let such an opportunity pass?

In the eyes of the guards and peasants looking at Wesley, there was a burning desire.

Seeing the expressions of the guards and peasants.

Wesley understood.

He no longer needed to elaborate on the other generous conditions promised by Lord Master Lynn.

Just the allocation of privatized land alone was enough to drive these guards and peasants who have never owned land in their life mad with desire.

Wesley's voice suddenly grew louder as he called out.

"Who is willing to become Lord Master Lynn's garrison soldier?"

"To train in military skills during leisure and to cultivate and plant during farming seasons."

As soon as Wesley's voice fell.

Two loud and trembling voices responded.

"Commander Wesley, I am willing."

"I am willing too."

The two responses abruptly appeared among the guards and peasants.

Immediately attracting the attention of all the guards and peasants.

Under the pressure of countless gazes, the two peasants lowered their heads full of fear. Their inferiority and fear in their hearts prevented them from meeting any other gazes. However.

Wesley's praise and response came from the front of the guards and peasants.

"Excellent!"

"You two, step forward and stand before me!"

The two peasants who had responded earlier had hesitation on their faces.

But the next moment.

Both peasants made a determined decision.

Amid the gazes of many, they resolutely stepped out from the ranks of guards and peasants and approached Wesley.

Wesley glanced over the two peasants.

Their bodies were relatively tall but slightly thin, yet physically sound.

Wesley immediately announced to all the guards and peasants.

"From this moment on, you are Lord Master Lynn's 1,501st and 1,502nd garrison soldiers!"

"You will be allocated farmland, provided with a Red Brick House to live in, equipped with standard armor, and armed with sharp and sturdy weapons..."

Listening to Wesley's words, joy and excitement once more adorned the two peasants' faces.

They had responded to Wesley's inquiry out of discontent with being peasants.

Yet, unexpectedly, they thus became Lord Master Lynn's garrison soldiers!

This result, they had never dreamed of.

Not just the two peasants.

The standing guards and peasants too wore looks of surprise and disbelief.

Could it be this simple to become garrison soldiers?

Though the guards and peasants were eager in their hearts.

But now, without Commander's Wesley's prompt, they dared not overstep.

They could only stand obediently, eyes wide, waiting.

Feeling the desire in everyone's eyes, Wesley was full of sentiment.

So this was what it felt like when the master stood on the high platform, enjoying the attention of the masses during his speech.

This was the pleasure of power enjoyed when deciding others' destinies with a command.

This feeling was indeed addictive...

Tip: You can use left, right, A and D keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

Chapter 1210 - 328: Raven Killer (10,000 Words)

Chapter 1210: Chapter 328: Raven Killer (10,000 Words)

Wesley was merely a descendant of the Don Quixote Clan.

By his generation, the clan had long since declined.

To the extent that Wesley was akin to a wanderer.

It was naturally impossible to be as he is now.

Leading thousands of armored soldiers, charging in battle, fighting and killing enemies.

Everything he has now.

Is entirely because of the permission of Lord Master Lynn!

It was Master Lynn's appreciation that allowed him to become the commander of the archers.

It was Master Lynn's permission that granted him administrative authority...

If it weren't for Master Lynn, he wouldn't be who he is today!

Suppressing the thoughts in his heart.

Wesley's sharp eyes once again scanned over the faces of the guards among the peasants.

His loud and powerful voice rang out once more from Wesley.

"Who desires to defend Morgan Town, to protect the Lord?"

The guards among the peasants who had missed the first call, recognized the urgency and responded loudly.

"I want to! I want to! I want to!"

Wesley maintained his composure and asked loudly once again.

"Who is willing to offer loyalty to the Lord, even if it means sacrificing one's own life?"

"I am willing! I am willing! I am willing!"

Seeing the guards among the peasants, too excited, repeatedly raising and lowering their right fists and arms.

Wesley nodded in satisfaction, turned slightly, and glanced at the wall.

Only to find that the young lord who had given him everything was already gone.

Wesley raised his eyebrow slightly but quickly withdrew his gaze.

Clearly.

His master felt confident enough to leave the recruitment of garrison soldiers completely to him.

Wesley was filled with emotion.

Shifting his gaze, he looked once more at the guards among the peasants, loudly praising.

"Excellent!"

"Next, I will personally lead the soldiers in selecting you."

"Those selected, step forward, proceed to the front of the line, and await in formation."

"Those not selected, need not worry or be anxious."

"There is something you may not know, but I can reiterate."

"Becoming residents within Lord Master Lynn's territory will be the greatest fortune of your lives!"

With the final words spoken.

Wesley no longer paid attention to the expectant gazes of the guards among the peasants.

With a team of armored soldiers, he entered the ranks of the guard peasants, beginning the selection of garrison soldiers.

As Wesley moved, his eyes continuously scanned the bodies of the men.

One by one, men who looked robust were selected to go to the front of the line to form ranks.

On the rubble and mud road between vast farmland.

A carriage drawn by two horses moved smoothly under guard escort.

The sound of galloping hooves, the rolling of wheels, echoed continuously.

In the fields.

Gavin, leading the farmers in their labor, naturally noticed the convoy of carriages.

And recognized the emblem of the manor carved on the carriage compartment.

Gavin hesitated for a moment in his mind, whispered a few instructions to his assistants.

Stepped to follow the convoy from afar, heading towards the Manor Castle.

At the forefront of the carriage convoy.

Lorenzo, riding a warhorse, watched the surroundings with vigilance.

Though Lorenzo understood.

Once entering Morgan Town's territory, their lives were already in Lord Lynn's hands.

Yet Lorenzo's instincts remained unchanged.

Not only Lorenzo, all the guards on horseback were similarly scanning the surroundings.

Even Helena within the carriage compartment.

Her amber eyes peered through the window, scanning the fields lined with rubble and mud road, where teams of farmers were busy planting.

On her last visit to Lord Lynn's territory, Helena had already noticed.

In Lord Lynn's territory, aside from patrolling soldiers.

There were no soldiers wielding whips, overseeing and supervising the farmers at work!

This meant.

The farmers in the fields were working voluntarily!

Helena's discovery was as significant as the territory being able to forge and produce large amounts of metal armor!

Keep in mind.

The peasants, akin to livestock, were considered property of the Manor Lord or Lord.

No matter how diligently the peasants worked, the crops harvested would never reach their hands.

Naturally, farmers wouldn't wholeheartedly labor.

As a result.

The Manor Lords of each manor would arrange numerous guards to ensure the manor's safety, as well as to oversee and supervise the laboring farmers.

If any farmer tried to shirk their duties, the guards' whips would mercilessly strike the farmer's body.

Helena furrowed her brows.

Didn't Lord Lynn worry that these farmers, without guard supervision, would slack off during labor?

Or perhaps, Lord Lynn had implemented another method to motivate these farmers?

Helena's thoughts raced.

No matter how she pondered, nothing came to mind.

Just then.

Originally leading at the forefront of the carriage convoy, Lorenzo.

Slowed the gallop of his horse, coming to Helena's carriage side.

Seeing Lorenzo obscuring her window view, Helena spoke in a deep voice.

"Is there something?"

Hearing Helena's magnetic voice, Lorenzo promptly bowed his head to respond.

"Lady Helena, you... please look ahead!"

Helena's eyebrows furrowed slightly, detecting a hint of surprise in Lorenzo's halting words.

Tip: You can use left, right, A and D keyboard keys to browse between chapters.