

System 271

Chapter 271: Castle

Lynn glanced roughly at the hall, which was at least two to three hundred square meters!

Future banquets and ceremonies will be held here.

After that, Lynn walked through rooms that were still vacant.

These rooms included Lynn's master bedroom, the household attendants' bedrooms, guest rooms, study, and small living room.

After inspecting the main castle, Lynn came to the balcony on the third floor.

Standing on the rectangular balcony, Lynn could almost take in the entire territory at a glance.

Vast forests on the left and the large Red Brick Factory and the under-construction Papermaking Workshop on the right.

The majestic mountains directly ahead, and the mountain path winding through the forests.

In the distance on the low hills, Lynn could vaguely see figures busy at the open-pit coal mine.

Lynn withdrew his gaze and looked down.

The small town's open square was the first to catch his eye.

With the castle completed, he could stand on the balcony in the future to address the townsmen below.

All the townsmen would be able to see him clearly.

Rather than having the ones at the back only see the backs of those in front!

Satisfied with a few glances, Lynn felt a sense of contentment.

He didn't rush to leave.

Instead, he stood on the balcony, enjoying the breeze blowing by.

Though the breeze was a bit chilly, it gave Lynn an inexplicable comfort.

Seeing Master Lynn with his eyes closed, enjoying the moment.

A hint of a smile appeared on Kuisi's face as well.

Being one of the first to follow Master Lynn, Kuisi naturally knew how difficult the journey had been for Master Lynn.

Perhaps to others, it seemed like Master Lynn was very lucky, having met Lex, who could brew beer, and trader George.

Eventually discovering salt mines, then coal and iron mines.

Everything seemed filled with luck.

But what others didn't know was.

Before the town existed, Master Lynn lived in huts built of branches, moss, and weeds.

The initial wooden houses were all chiseled by Master Lynn himself with a Flint Axe, one chop at a time.

Even the Flint Axe was made by Master Lynn by striking stones together, using the most primitive method.

Delight came from shooting a rabbit for dinner with a bow and arrow.

Anger came when wild boar herds attacked the fields.

Excitement came from purchasing oxen for plowing.

Everything in front of him was developed and accumulated bit by bit by Master Lynn!

If others became Lords through inheritance.

Then Master Lynn became a Lord by expanding his territory with his own hands!

Kuisi didn't disturb Lynn in any way, standing silently behind, waiting.

Not sure how much time passed.

Lynn finally opened his eyes, and Kuisi explained: "Master, I will arrange for personnel to decorate the castle as soon as possible."

"You can move into the castle as soon as possible!"

Lynn glanced at Kuisi, saying as he headed towards the stairs, "Okay."

"Have the coarse wool robes from the textile workshop been completed?"

Kuisi quickly followed Lynn, replying, "Almost completed."

Lynn frowned slightly, "Almost?"

Kuisi quickly explained, "Yes, Master."

"I went to the textile workshop early this morning. Foreman Yimini said that by tonight, they could complete the six thousand sets of coarse wool robes."

Lynn nodded, "Once completed, transport the coarse wool robes to the open square."

"Tomorrow is December, and the townsmen need warm clothing for the winter."

Kuisi promptly responded, "Yes, Master."

As Lynn walked down the stairs, he continued, "Has the distribution of Anthracite started?"

Kuisi followed closely, "It has begun, Master."

"I was just about to mention this to you."

"Currently, the four Blacksmith Workshops in town require massive Anthracite consumption daily, and although the Bow and Arrow Workshop requires less, it still needs Anthracite as well."

"In addition, the town now has three thousand Red Brick Houses..."

"So just for town heating alone, we need to consume fifteen thousand pounds of Anthracite daily!"

"Including these workshops, daily consumption is at least eighty thousand pounds..."

At this point, Kuisi hesitated somewhat, "Master, the daily consumption of Anthracite is running short!"

Lynn didn't speak and opened the Resource Management panel in his mind.

[Fuel Resources]:

Anthracite: 300,000 pounds (Output: 60,000 pounds/day)

With the current workload of eight hours a day, the output from five hundred workers at the open-pit coal mine was only a hundred thousand pounds.

There indeed is a deficit.

And this is only with four blast furnaces starting iron smelting; expanding this would consume even more Anthracite daily.

The scale of Anthracite mining must be expanded to increase output!

Lynn surveyed the courtyard, kitchen, and soldiers' quarters after entering the castle.

Watched by the guards at the door, Lynn exited the castle.

In Lynn's mind, he was still contemplating how to enhance the efficiency of Anthracite mining.

Given the current conditions, without machinery or explosives, using quality Cross Pickaxes for mining is the only way.

To increase mining efficiency, the only method is to employ more labor.

Chapter 272: The Castle _3

Lynn's mind moved as he opened the [Holographic Map] to check the site of the open-pit coal mine.

Five hundred excavation workers, divided into various tasks, were working diligently.

Although the open-pit coal mine now only had a ten-person team for supervision, the workers were self-motivated even without guards at some posts.

Lynn looked at the excavation site, where three hundred workers were swinging their Iron Picks or Iron Hoes.

Fifty workers responsible for breaking were swinging Iron Hammers weighing dozens of pounds to crush large coal chunks.

Thirty workers were responsible for loading the crushed coal chunks into the carriage holds of horse-drawn carts.

Transported by twenty horse-drawn carts, the coal was taken to the foot of the mountain, where eighty workers performed secondary crushing and screening.

Then, transported back to the town by twenty carts for storage!

Soon.

Lynn discovered the crux of the problem.

Transportation!

A huge problem existed and needed improvement.

In Lynn's view, the processes of excavation, crushing, and screening had no major issues.

Only transportation...

Was too inefficient!

The distance from the open-pit coal mine to the town required two hours for a fully loaded cart!

Calculated at a single draft horse pulling a load of 1,500 pounds.

A round trip for the cart took four hours.

In a day's time, only two trips could be made, transporting a total of 3,000 pounds.

From the open-pit coal mine, there were only twenty carts transporting anthracite...

Which happened to match the daily output of 60,000 pounds of anthracite on the [Resource Management] panel!

However!

The secondary crushing and screening area had already accumulated heaps of crushed anthracite.

Piled like small mountains, one against another...

Awaiting the carts to transport them back to the town.

The carts' carrying capacity was insufficient!

Identify the problem and solve the problem.

Currently, on the lands, since all mineral resources required draft horses for transport, the number of draft horses was entirely insufficient.

To solve the transportation issue...

Walking back along the red brick road to the town, Lynn sank into thought.

A few minutes later.

Lynn's eyes lit up with a gleam.

Rail carts!

If a rail was constructed from the open-pit coal mine to the town, and hand-cranked rail carts were made.

Then the anthracite transportation issue could be solved perfectly!

His territory was a vast open wasteland, with a gentle slope.

To lay tracks for hand-cranked rail carts, it was naturally challenging, but not impossible!

Not just anthracite, iron ore, and salt, as long as the tracks are laid correctly, they can be efficiently transported using hand-cranked rail carts.

Thinking of this, Lynn's mind experienced a slight ripple.

If it could really be achieved, the same logic applies to constructing tracks to the city wall!

Significantly reducing the time required to return to town from the city wall.

At the same time, in case of any emergencies, they could reach the city wall as fast as possible for immediate support!

Thinking of this.

Lynn made up his mind, railway construction must be done.

But it's not something to start implementing on a whim.

Railway construction is a major project.

Whether it's constructing to the open-pit coal mine, or to the coal mine, iron mine, or city wall, it requires a lot of manpower and resources!

Lynn glanced again at the [Holographic Map], the distance from the open space square in front of the town to the open-pit coal mine was twenty miles.

The open space square was twenty-five miles from the forest pass city wall, and six miles from the Salt Factory.

While the open-pit iron mine was the furthest, at forty miles.

However, since iron ore was transported by the scow ship, he did not need to consider it for now.

What he needed to consider most now was manpower and resources!

The total population of the town had reached 5,800 people, but after these laborers were spread across various posts.

Only the Carpenter Apprentices from Colin's Woodworker Workshop, totaling two hundred, could be mobilized immediately.

And those construction workers who had just finished the construction of the castle and the excavation workers and soldier barracks.

Adding up to barely a thousand people.

Now, Colin was leading the Carpenter Apprentices to build the Papermaking Workshop.

Lynn could only temporarily delay the idea of track construction.

Currently, the warehouse still had a storage capacity of 300,000, combined with the daily amount transported back by carts...

Though somewhat struggling to make ends meet, it could still hold out for some time.

Returning to the town.

Lynn once again divided all idle construction workers.

Four hundred people with Iron Axes and Iron Saws went to the edge of the forest to work with full force!

Moreover, Lynn set a target for them.

Every person must cut down at least five large trees per day!

As the territory continued to develop, with continued logging of the forest, the outermost ring of Pine Wood had already been cleared.

Now at the forest edge, there were numerous white ash trees nearly half a meter thick and over ten meters high!

Although it was still not time to start constructing the tracks.

However, Lynn could make preparations in advance.

The felled logs could be crafted into wooden tracks, and the bark from the logs could be used as raw materials needed by the Papermaking Workshop!

It was a win-win!

The other four hundred were dispatched to the Papermaking Workshop and handed over to Colin.

These four hundred laborers had long learned the basic craft of bricklaying through continuous construction.

With guidance, their bricklaying skills were still adequate.

After accomplishing all this, Lynn sat down on the nearby bench and couldn't help but let out a breath of warm air.

As a Lord, Lynn felt there's an endless amount of work to do.

Lynn even started to feel envious of the ordinary, leisurely life of the townsmen.

Every day they give it their all to complete the labor at hand, then regroup in threes and fives to return to town, enjoying what they consider precious meals.

After the meal, they enter their free time completely.

Whether chatting by the fire, making small crafts, or perhaps taking a walk with their families in the town...

While he, as the Lord, even while sleeping, had to consider the future development of the territory!

How to survive in these wartime chaotic times.

After resting for just a few minutes.

Lynn stood up, had the guards bring Mo Ying over, mounted his horse, and headed towards the pasture.

Clop clop clop!

Mo Ying's galloping hoofbeats on the lime road surface made a crisp, rhythmic sound.

Interwoven with the hoofbeats of the guard's steeds following behind.

Some townsmen walking on the lime road heard the hoofbeats from afar, bowing respectfully.

After half an hour of galloping, Lynn could distinctly feel the body of Mo Ying beneath him heating up.

On seeing the pasture ahead, Lynn began to pull the reins, and Mo Ying gradually stopped, finally standing at the pasture gate.

Lynn dismounted, looked at Mo Ying who was snorting, and contentedly stroked Mo Ying's head.

A continuous half-hour run was just a warm-up for Mo Ying.

Handing Mo Ying over to the guard behind him, Lynn entered the pasture.

The front of the pasture was still a plot of cultivated land.

Several thousand acres of Black Rye Grass had been planted before.

But due to the approach of autumn and winter, coupled with the characteristics of Black Rye Grass, the growth cycle usually lasts three months.

Only by next May can the Black Rye Grass be harvested.

However.

Lynn wasn't in a hurry now.

The weeds cleared from the wasteland were enough to ensure the poultry and livestock survived the winter.

The planted Black Rye Grass could serve as an accumulation of resources for the next year!

...

Chapter 273: Spy and Infiltration

Lynn walked with measured steps, inspecting each of the enclosures housing the poultry and livestock.

Whether it was the chicken coop or the pigsty, all were cleaned and maintained very tidily.

Lynn saw no accumulated manure or debris within them.

Clearly.

Guy had arranged for the farm workers to clean and maintain them daily.

Lynn's gaze swept over each household chicken.

Fortunately, every chicken was in good condition, with no signs of illness.

These chickens were pure domesticated types and hadn't been vaccinated.

If one chicken contracted a disease, like avian flu, it would spread to all the chickens!

No exceptions.

He walked past individual stables housing the warhorses.

As Lynn was preparing to head to the next livestock enclosure, a series of warning shouts reached his ears.

"Lord Guy, watch out, don't get knocked down."

"That one, that one!"

"Yes, yes, those three sheep next to you as well, their bellies have noticeably expanded."

"..."

Listening to these voices, Lynn walked over.

He turned past the pigsty for the forest pigs.

Seven or eight farm workers stood at the entrance, their expressions excited, talking nonstop.

As Lynn approached, the farm workers saw him, and their expressions immediately returned to normal.

They bowed slightly, and respectfully said, "Lord!"

Lynn nodded in acknowledgment and looked into the enclosure.

Guy was inside, cautiously herding the Coatsworth Sheep with five or six workers.

They were trying to drive them into an adjacent open gate.

On the other side of the gate, there were already a dozen Coatsworth Sheep leisurely walking around, munching on hay spread on the ground.

Guy saw Lynn standing outside the sheep pen, and immediately stopped, turning his head to instruct the others, "Keep herding them, be careful, don't stress them!"

A few workers quickly replied, "Yes, Lord Guy."

Guy walked to the edge of the fence, stepped over the gate.

He approached Lynn respectfully and said, "Master Lynn."

Lynn nodded, "Are all these Coatsworth Sheep over there pregnant?"

Guy followed Lynn's gaze and took a look, responding, "Yes, sir."

"The sheep's bellies are noticeably swollen, and their udders have also changed significantly, becoming much thicker and longer; they have been pregnant for over two months."

"Although I've divided 250 sheep among five pens for keeping, I decided to separate the pregnant ones again to prevent any harm."

"Separated, they can be fed collectively, making it easier to observe them..."

Hearing this, Lynn glanced at Guy approvingly.

Guy, with his Level 3 Breeding skills, was truly well-versed in how to breed Coatsworth Sheep.

Guy continued, "Not only the Coatsworth Sheep, but the forest pigs have also shown signs of mounting."

"Regular domestic pigs only tend to breed during spring and summer, but these forest pigs, after all, are not much different from some wild boars..."

"The mounting behavior is quite reasonable."

Lynn spoke, "How many livestock are confirmed to be pregnant now?"

Guy pondered for a moment and then said, "Fortunately, the warhorses transported over weren't castrated; otherwise, breeding would be impossible!"

"With warhorses, like pigs, spring and summer are the most frequent breeding seasons."

"So far, I've only seen a few mares enter their estrus cycle, and we need to select sturdy stallions for breeding them!"

"At least fifty Coatsworth Sheep are pregnant, and the forest pigs have just started mounting, so it's hard to determine yet."

After discussing the livestock breeding, Guy went on to report the situation with the household chickens.

"Among the poultry and livestock, the household chickens are the most stable."

"Because the feed is quite good, coming from brewing workshop distillers' grains and peas, the egg production is steady daily."

"Aside from the eggs sent to the wall garrison, I've arranged for two hundred hens to nest and start hatching."

"Each hen hatches fifteen eggs... If all goes well with hatching, we could have an additional 2,500 chickens next year!"

"The temperature will rise again next spring; we can continue hatching then!"

Guy himself didn't notice the excitement in his voice.

Lynn nodded, "That's well arranged."

According to Guy, besides the exponential growth of household chickens, the horses and other livestock like pigs would likely only see noticeable increases next year.

However.

Lynn figured it made sense.

Unlike poultry, which can lay eggs profusely once given proper living conditions, livestock breeding needs mating and meticulous cultivation among other steps.

It's not easy.

Lynn looked at Guy and said, "I entrust all this to you; if you need anything, feel free to reach out to Kuisti."

"Be it manpower or resources, I'll provide maximum support."

Breeding horses would grant Lynn more warhorses, allowing him a greater cavalry force.

Increasing the number of forest pigs would ensure a stable supply of meat and leather for the territory.

Expanding the sheep flock would yield more wool and milk, and even lamb meat.

Wool can be used not only for making warm clothes to withstand winter but also to make bedding.

Chapter 274: Spies and Infiltration _2

Wool fabrics can also be used as inner linings for tents, and in military operations, they can be used to set up field camps.

They can even be made into armor lining.

And so on.

The produced goat milk can be used to supplement nutrition for children and soldiers, or made into preserved cheese and yogurt.

Butter can even be separated from goat milk as a source of fat.

The role of domestic chickens is even more significant.

The nutrition from chicken meat and eggs can enhance the soldiers' physical strength, providing more sources of meat.

Both poultry and livestock are urgently needed by Lynn.

Listening to Lynn's serious words, Guy showed no negligence on his face and spoke firmly, "Yes, Master, we will go all out!"

Lynn nodded, dismissed Guy, and let him continue his work.

Afterward, Lynn made another round of inspection in the ranch.

Preparing to leave, Lynn found Bai Ling and Black Night chasing wild rabbits in the wasteland outside the ranch.

Just as he intended to look away, he noticed that behind Bai Ling and Black Night, there were three wild wolves running alongside them...

Lynn's eyebrows instinctively rose.

There was no tense confrontation, nor was there any biting...

Instead, they seemed to treat Bai Ling and Black Night as leaders, following them.

Since the previous annihilation of the wild wolf pack at the Skyline, Lynn hadn't seen any wolves besides Bai Ling and Black Night for a long time.

If Bai Ling and Black Night could bring back a pack of wild wolves, it would be ideal.

Then, he could exchange for the "Wolf's Den" from the "Special Building Library" and have it refined for them!

Retracting his gaze, Lynn stepped out of the ranch.

Mounted Mo Ying again, he headed back to the town.

When Lynn returned to the town, he dismounted.

Rose was already waiting in the open plaza with two middle-aged men.

The three approached Lynn and bowed.

With respectful words, Rose said, "Master!"

Lynn glanced at Rose and the two behind him, "What's the matter?"

Rose explained, "Master, these two are intelligence personnel I specifically selected previously."

"One just returned from Morgan Town, and the other just returned from Triumph City."

Listening to Rose's words, Lynn glanced again at the two young men.

He scanned the panels of the two men and found nothing special.

[Jeremy Carlson]: Level 2 Production, Level 2 Collection, Level 2 Planting

[Carlo Barrett]: Level 2 Cooking, Level 2 Collection, Level 2 Hunting

Lynn said, "Tell me, what information did you bring back from Morgan Town and Triumph City?"

The two men exchanged glances, and Jeremy spoke first.

"Lord, I saw Anthony from the Iron Blood Brotherhood Bandit Corps and Fan Ke, the leader of the Storm Mercenary Corps, in Morgan Town!"

Lynn raised an eyebrow, looking at him, "Continue."

Jeremy did not hesitate and continued, "The guards in Morgan Town did not expel Anthony; instead, Manor Lord Jonas hosted Anthony and Fan Ke in the tavern."

"After just half an hour, I personally saw only Anthony and Fan Ke leave early."

"Jonas did not offer any farewell."

"As for what they discussed, I do not know. This information... I heard from a prostitute."

Lynn looked directly at Jeremy, "Is the information reliable?"

Hearing Lynn's inquiry, Jeremy hesitated for a few seconds and finally replied apologetically, "I confirm it's reliable."

"Because... I'm a frequent visitor of that prostitute..."

After finishing his words, Jeremy kneeled on the ground, "I seek the Lord's punishment!"

Rose did not speak.

Lynn also remained silent.

A few seconds later, Lynn spoke, "You don't need to accept any punishment; to obtain intelligence, unconventional methods must be used."

"As for what kind of method, I am not concerned."

"In fact, I will reward you for bringing back this information!"

"Stand up."

Jeremy had a look of astonishment on his face.

Lynn continued, "Later, go and find Steward Kuisi to receive One Gold Pound as travel expenses."

"Furthermore, if you can obtain a piece of definite and useful intelligence, you can be rewarded with One Gold Pound."

Those who go out to seek and receive intelligence are spies, naturally unwelcome by nearly all manor lords and nobility.

It can be said that once they leave Lynn's territory for Morgan Town or Triumph City, they are always at risk of being captured and killed.

Being able to bring different pieces of intelligence back to the territory under such circumstances.

Lynn naturally would not treat them by the standard used for ordinary townsmen!

Townsmen only expend physical labor, whereas these men may very well risk their lives!

Listening to Lynn's promise, Jeremy's body shook violently, and gratefully he said, "Thank you, Lord."

Lynn nodded, "Go now."

Jeremy was the first to withdraw.

Lynn's gaze shifted to Carlo.

"Your turn. If your intelligence is useful to me, you can also be rewarded!"

Carlo bowed and promptly spoke, "Master Lynn, one of my people infiltrated the home of a great merchant in Triumph City, becoming a groom."

As soon as Carlo spoke.

Lynn and George's eyes simultaneously turned to Carlo.

Almost without needing Lynn to prompt, Carlo intuitively began to explain.

"The great merchant is named—Clint Dickinson!"

Upon hearing this unfamiliar yet familiar name, Lynn's eyebrows instinctively rose.

Chapter 275: Spy and Infiltration _3

Clint Dickinson, one of the three great merchants of the Karedi Empire, is as esteemed as the Sea Black Snake!

Since Clint Dickinson's grandfather, the family has been engaged in the spice business, earning the moniker 'Li Nu Xiangying'!

Spices are luxury goods and naturally expensive.

Alongside the Dickinson family's support of the Imperial Royal Family, their intertwined background...

The Dickinson family has virtually monopolized the entire spice market of the Karedi Empire.

Even other merchants transporting spices to the Karedi Empire face enormous entry tax!

This is one reason why the spices sold to him by Zod are so expensive.

All eaten up by the Karedi Empire's tax rates!

Lynn nodded slightly, "Continue."

Carlo spoke clearly and accurately, "A few days ago, the caravan carrying Clint Dickinson's family members traveled to a large castle."

"The castle is hosting a banquet, the coming-of-age ceremony for Yuna Carolin, the only daughter of Mitchell Carolin, the Spear of the Empire."

Lynn acknowledged with a sound, continuing to wait for Carlo's words.

"He told me that at least hundreds of Noble Lords attended this coming-of-age ceremony."

"The scene was grand and spectacular; luxurious carriages drawn by four warhorses almost filled the manor!"

"However, we are unfamiliar with many of the big figures, unable to discern who is who..."

Lynn nodded, "Very well done!"

"Let him continue to hide there; I will give you two gold pounds, one gold pound as a reward, the other for him to establish relations within Dickinson."

"No need for him to actively seek information, just relaying information he hears from attendants, guards, or grooms will suffice!"

Although Lynn does not know how he infiltrated the Dickinson family and became a groom.

But seeking intelligence actively as a groom would be tantamount to courting death.

Moreover, even if he does seek information, what can he uncover with the lowest status of a groom?

Lynn wants this townsman to blend into the Dickinson family and then play a role when most needed!

Carlo had no doubts, responding, "Yes, Master Lynn."

Lynn replied, "Go find Kuisi, and say I sent you."

Until now, there has been no false command issued.

Lynn has never worried.

If anything arises, just execute.

Getting Lynn's permission, Carlo gratefully said, "Thank you, Master Lynn."

Watching Carlo gradually depart, Lynn turned his gaze to Rose beside him.

He asked, "Are the spies you dispatched personally selected by you?"

Rose hesitated not, "Yes, master."

"They all have families, parents or siblings, and I promised to take good care of their families."

Lynn gave Rose a surprised glance.

A promise to take good care of their families.

Rose's meticulous mind is astounding!

After dispatching Rose, Lynn sat on the nearby bench.

His mind rapidly thought.

Whether Jeremy or Carlo, the information brought back is vast.

Firstly, Jonas, the largest Manor Lord in Morgan Town, would entertain the leader of a Bandit Corps and a captain of a Mercenary Corps.

Even though a Manor Lord is inferior to Lords with castles, a Manor Lord is still a Lord with a Lord's pride.

They disdain anyone without a title, nobility, or status.

Even if these people far exceed the armed forces of his domain, it's still the same!

It's contempt from class thinking!

What puzzles Lynn is Jonas entertained them yet made no indication.

Lynn speculates the biggest possibility is they negotiated, but ultimately the negotiation failed!

Despite this, Lynn must prepare for the worst.

That is, the Iron Blood Brotherhood and the Storm Mercenary Corps, plus Jonas, forming an alliance!

Lynn doesn't know the troops this alliance would muster.

The only counteraction is to expedite the Blacksmith Workshop's Standard Plate Armor Production and train the soldiers faster!

Or perhaps...

Take the initiative, break through one by one?

Lynn temporarily suppresses this thought.

His mind starts to ponder Carlo's words.

The Spear of the Empire has been in Triumph City all along.

Just not as overbearing as before.

But this princess's coming-of-age ceremony, to Lynn, is akin to taking sides or making a statement.

Charlemagne VI has aged, much like Donovan Ducas.

The difference being Charlemagne VI already has a granddaughter, while Donovan Ducas fathered a child late in life...

Karedi Empire needs a new Emperor!

And Mitchell, as the Spear of the Empire, is the only other choice!

What fascinates Lynn is which side Mark Ducas, newly inheriting the Marquis title, will choose?

These things, for him now, are indeed somewhat distant.

But he still must preemptively control the developments outside his domain!

Retracting his thoughts, Lynn comprehends.

Whether it's the people of Morgan Town nearby, or the coming-of-age ceremony siding, the only way to respond is continually developing the domain.

Farming, breeding, expanding the army, and so on!

Exhaling warm breath, Lynn gazes toward the distant sky.

Time flies swiftly, swiftly reaching dusk again.

The townsmen laboring outside begin converging from various lime road junctions, returning to the town.

Lynn shifts his gaze; Kuisi, leading dozens of townsmen, is transporting coarse wool robes.

Evidently, Yimini accomplished the command he issued.

Before December, six thousand sets of coarse wool robes were made to provide winter clothing for the townsmen.

An hour later.

All townsmen have finished dinner.

Lynn gathers all the townsmen.

Although Lynn hasn't spoken, the townsmen seeing the piles of coarse wool garments.

Their faces instantly glow brightly.

Their Master Lynn, their Lord, truly made coarse wool garments for them!

Lynn surveys the thousands of townsmen and speaks, "Everyone, I am the Lord of this domain, Lynn!"

"The coarse wool garments promised to you can now be distributed."

"Regardless of whether you're male or female, elderly or children."

"Everyone can receive a coarse wool robe."

"Everyone gets one!"

Chapter 276: Scale Armor with Chain Liner

The next morning.

After having a delicate breakfast, Lynn walked out of the Red Brick House.

Compared to yesterday, today's temperature has dropped noticeably.

So much so that when Lynn exhaled, steam appeared!

With a thought, Lynn glanced at the [Weather Forecast], and the morning temperature was only five degrees.

Fortunately, the coarse wool robes were distributed yesterday.

Otherwise, with such a temperature, who could bear going out to work?

Lynn paced through the town, inspecting.

Despite the temperature drop now, the townsmen still haven't stopped their labor.

A few kitchen helpers were driving the ox carts, moving slabs of pork and sacks of barley to the kitchen.

Beside the well, seven or eight people were washing vegetables, preparing to cook today's lunch.

The townsmen responsible for construction were driving ox carts, transporting various needed iron tools.

Even though there were no more guards to supervise them on the land now,

all the townsmen were working voluntarily.

Because they knew their work was not only for the Lord Lynn but for themselves as well.

Not far away.

Behind Lynn, a series of rhythmic running sounds arose.

Lynn turned his head to look, and it was Rose leading a group of soldiers clad in coarse wool robes.

Rose commanded the soldiers to stop and approached Lynn alone.

With a slight bow, he respectfully called out, "Master!"

Lynn glanced at him and asked, "How many soldiers did you bring?"

Rose did not hesitate and said solemnly, "Master, as per your request, two hundred soldiers in total!"

Lynn nodded slightly, "Let's go, to the Blacksmith Workshop together."

Rose did not say much, responded, then mobilized the two hundred soldiers to follow behind Lynn and him.

The passing townsmen were full of surprise seeing such a massive contingent.

However, when they saw Lynn at the front,

Their expressions returned to normal.

Master Lynn is the soul of this land.

As long as Master Lynn is present, there's nothing to fear.

Passing by the Red Brick Houses, soon the Blacksmith Workshop appeared in the eyes of Lynn and the others.

Whether it was Rose or the soldiers behind, their expressions noticeably showed a hint of joy.

Master Lynn brought them soldiers to the Blacksmith Workshop.

Even if Master Lynn did not explain, they could vaguely guess...

It's certainly related to armor!

Before approaching the entrance of the Blacksmith Workshop, the soldiers' orderly footsteps caught the apprentices' attention inside.

As the foreman of the workshop, Ehrelo stepped out first to check.

When he saw Lynn, he immediately jogged up, respectfully calling out, "Master."

Lynn acknowledged with a sound and asked, "Are the two hundred sets of Standard Plate Armor ready to move out?"

Ehrelo did not hesitate, "All have been moved out, they're at the open space behind the workshop."

Lynn said nothing, his gaze falling on Rose next to him.

Rose instantly understood, began directing the soldiers to detour to the back of the workshop.

The space of a Blacksmith Workshop is large enough to accommodate labor for about two hundred people without issue.

However, having these two hundred soldiers pass through would be too crowded.

Lynn walked into the Blacksmith Workshop.

Suddenly, a comfortable warmth enveloped Lynn's entire body.

The Blacksmith Workshop in autumn feels like a furnace.

Now in the winter, it strangely feels comfortable.

Winter is indeed suitable for blacksmiths to forge and craft.

Lynn looked at Ehrelo and said, "Ehrelo, how many sets of Standard Plate Armor can the three Blacksmith Workshops produce each day?"

Ehrelo recalled for a few seconds and explained, "Master, twenty sets."

Lynn pondered momentarily, then continued to ask, "Do you think it's a lot?"

Ehrelo dared not answer Lynn's question, slightly lowered his head.

Lynn continued, "To increase the production of Standard Plate Armor, I don't even require you to use forging techniques to craft pig iron into armor."

"Instead, switch to iron smelting, using sand box casting!"

"In other words, your three Workshops only need to systematically conduct casting work, then follow my model sizes to trim and polish the plate armor, and cut leather liners for installation."

"I believe such a workload isn't difficult for three Workshops and eight hundred blacksmith apprentices, right?"

Upon hearing this, Ehrelo quickly answered, "Not difficult, Master!"

Looking at Ehrelo's serious expression, Lynn continued, "Including these two hundred sets of plate armor, I must see a thousand sets of Standard Plate Armor by the end of the month."

"Otherwise, daily wages will be canceled!"

Ehrelo raised his eyebrow, "Yes, Master."

Lynn withdrew his gaze from Ehrelo.

In the sentry gaze of blacksmith apprentices along the way, Lynn moved towards the back of the Blacksmith Workshop.

Walking through a door frame without a door, Lynn stood on the Red Brick open space behind the workshop.

In front of him was a pile of parts for Standard Plate Armor.

Sixty sets for robust bodies, seventy sets for average-sized bodies, seventy sets for ordinary-sized bodies.

Most of the townsmen in the territory are of average and ordinary size.

As ordinary Free People or Peasants, many have never had adequate nutrition from a young age.

To develop a robust physique can only be considered a natural talent!

Chapter 277: Scale Armor with Chain Liner

Even now, Lynn provides these soldiers with eggs and ample meat.

It's just to maintain their daily physical consumption.

With high-intensity training every day, they cannot get effective nutritional supplements.

Even an iron man couldn't withstand it!

A few minutes later.

The sound of orderly footsteps quickly approached from the distance.

Finally, stopping on the open ground in front of Lynn.

After glancing at the plate armor stacked in front of them, the soldiers immediately cast admiring eyes at Lynn.

Plate armor!

Master Lynn really made them plate armor!

They will soon be able to wear plate armor and hold a winged spear like those knights!

Become a cavalry!

The atmosphere of excitement spread among the soldiers.

Lynn took two steps forward to stand before the soldiers.

"Everyone, you must have guessed why I had Instructor Ross transfer you from the city wall."

The soldiers widened their eyes at their Master Lynn, at their Lord.

"The Blacksmith Workshop has already produced two hundred sets of plate armor."

"And you are the first batch of standard plate armor wearers handpicked by Instructor Ross."

The soldiers couldn't help but hold their breath.

"From today onwards, you will wear plate armor during daily training, and unless you're asleep, I want you to wear it at all times."

"I want you to become accustomed to the presence of plate armor, its weight, its flexibility, and the maximum extent of its movement..."

"After adjustments, I will have Ehrelo engrave your names on your plate armor."

"For this, there are two purposes."

"First, as long as you live, this piece of plate armor will forever belong to you personally!"

"Second..."

"If you fall on the battlefield, I will bring your bodies back to the territory!"

"Moreover, based on the names on your plate armor, I will erect a merit monument for you, carve your names on it, and provide subsidies to your families!"

The atmosphere, which was initially somewhat excited, suddenly turned a bit solemn for the soldiers.

Their eyes flickered continuously, seemingly pondering something.

It seemed they thought of their parents, thought of their wives and children, or thought of their siblings...

Once again, Lynn's voice rang out.

"Of course, I hope every soldier who charges into battle can return alive!"

"After all, I still need you to marry those women and raise more townsmen."

Hearing Lynn's words, all the soldiers couldn't help but let out a burst of laughter.

They hadn't actually expected their Lord to joke with them.

Ross's face also rarely showed a smile.

Lynn looked at Ross, and Ross instantly understood.

He took two steps forward and said to all the soldiers, "Form four teams, orderly take the plate armor components, and then pair up to help each other wear them."

"Yes!"

The powerful, orderly voices rang out from the soldiers' mouths.

Watching the soldiers receive their plate armor components and begin wearing them, Lynn looked toward Ehrelo.

Ehrelo also immediately understood Lynn's intent.

He turned and returned to the Blacksmith Workshop, dispatching nearly a hundred people to the open ground to help soldiers adjust their plate armor.

If there were any discomfort in wearing, such as friction or scraping, and adjustments were not made in time,

Serious training followed, and it's easy to end up with wounds, affecting the progress of the training.

Watching as the blacksmith apprentices adjusted the soldiers' armor, Ehrelo walked over to Lynn.

Ehrelo's words were full of determination: "Master, I guarantee to produce the remaining nine hundred sets of plate armor by the end of this month!"

"If I can't complete it... I won't do the foreman's work at the Blacksmith Workshop!"

"I'll go... I'll go to the open-pit coal mine to dig coal!"

Lynn's speech to the soldiers earlier felt like iron hammers crashing heavily on his chest.

If war comes, these soldiers will have to charge onto the battlefield and fight the enemy with bare hands!

Without the protection of plate armor, they will fall on the battlefield.

Because as blacksmiths, they failed to produce enough plate armor, costing them their lives!

They sheltered in the Blacksmith Workshop, protected by city walls and soldiers, merely needing to forge and produce during their daily working hours.

But what about these soldiers?

They face the battlefield, sacrificing fiercely and spilling hot blood!

At any moment, they may lose their lives on the battlefield!

These people are just like him, with parents, with wives and children, with loved ones...

Lynn turned his head and glanced at Lex, "That's the spirit!"

An hour later.

Two hundred soldiers, donned with standard plate armor, stood neatly on the red brick ground.

Even though they wore full face helmets, obscuring their faces,

Lynn could still sense the pride and the iron-like dignity that the plate armor exuded from them.

Looking at these soldiers, a trace of pride grew in Lynn's heart.

These soldiers, the plate armor they wore, were accumulated bit by bit from the very beginning!

Lynn nodded in satisfaction and looked at Ross.

At this moment, he too was wearing a full set of standard plate armor.

Ross, being of a burly build, appeared even larger and more imposing in the plate armor.

"Instructor Ross, you may take them back!"

"If during training, the armor doesn't fit well with their bodies, have them come to the Blacksmith Workshop for timely adjustments."

Chapter 278: Scale Armor with Chain Liner

Rose bent slightly, the plate armor on his body emitting a faint metallic clatter: "Yes, master!"

Lynn nodded and took two steps back.

Rose turned his body, looking at the two hundred fully armed soldiers in front of him.

He spoke in a deep voice: "Everyone, return to the city walls immediately!"

Uniform and powerful shouts erupted from beneath the metal masks.

"Yes!"

After bidding farewell, Rose led the plate armor soldiers away gradually.

With every step, there was a heavy sound of metal colliding with the ground.

Orderly and majestic.

Lynn couldn't help but marvel that merely two hundred soldiers in full plate armor generated such a presence.

What would it be like with thousands?

Lynn's heart filled with anticipation.

Finally, as they disappeared around the corner of the blacksmith workshop, Lynn satisfactorily withdrew his gaze.

The first batch of standard plate armor had already been completed and was being worn by the soldiers.

This batch of soldiers, equipped with standard plate armor and winged spears, were the strongest force in the entire territory!

Stepping into the blacksmith workshop, Lynn surveyed the blacksmith apprentices who were busy crafting plate armor components.

Lynn noticed that these blacksmith apprentices' production speed had indeed noticeably increased.

This is the advantage of division of labor.

Under current conditions and technology, division of labor is extremely applicable to any position.

Instructing Ehrelo to speed up the production of standard plate armor, Lynn walked out of the blacksmith workshop.

About to leave.

From behind came Flint's voice.

"Lord, please wait a moment!"

Lynn turned around to see Flint coming up with small steps.

Reaching Lynn, Flint spoke calmly: "Lord, the armor I promised you is already forged."

"Would you like to try it on?"

Hearing Flint's words, Lynn's eyebrows slightly rose.

"So quickly?"

Flint had crafted the one-handed sword at his waist just days ago.

Flint nodded calmly, "It's just an ordinary piece of armor."

"No enchantment or array inscription needed, naturally it doesn't take much effort."

Lynn glanced, noticing that Flint was clearly holding a breath.

A demeanor of a master blacksmith feigning profoundness.

Lynn nodded and said, "Let's go take a look."

Flint responded and jogged ahead.

With his short legs needing to catch up with Lynn's pace and lead the way, Flint could only jog.

Under the respectful gaze of the apprentices in the blacksmith workshop, Lynn walked inside.

Passing through the blacksmith workshop, they arrived at the product storage area at the back.

Flint pushed open the double wooden doors, revealing a full set of armor hanging on a human-shaped wood rack in Lynn's view.

Seeing the color and style of this armor, Lynn's eyes brightened involuntarily.

At a glance, the armor was all black.

Unlike the standard plate armor made using a sand box technique, Flint's forged plate armor had contours and a texture of layered patterns.

It was full of a metallic hard texture, yet without any sense of clumsiness.

Under the gauntlets, shoulder guards, and breastplate, there were touches of golden filigree!

Like stars in the darkness or a galaxy in the universe...

What caught Lynn's eye was the sharply vertical full face helmet!

Alongside the cloak...

Lynn felt that no man could resist the visual impact of this armor!

Lynn felt, this was true armor!

A thought brought up the textual panel of this armor in his eyes.

[Fine Lightweight Scale Armor with Chain Liner]: Forged by Dwarven Master Blacksmith Flint, combining defense and flexibility, with a beautiful appearance, suitable for combat and defense, etc.

Indeed.

Anything forged by Flint, whether weapons or armor, was of fine level!

Flint's ability was indeed extraordinary.

This was only armor and weapons forged from ordinary quality iron.

If magical ores could be found in the future and enhancements added...

Trading so much fine salt for Flint through Zod was definitely worth it.

The ability to forge alone was enough to earn respect!

Suppressing the ripple in his heart, Lynn walked into the storage room and with Flint's assistance, began to don the lightweight scale armor with chain liner.

Starting with the boots, then to the greaves, thigh guards...

Then to the breastplate, back armor, bracers, shoulder guards...

Finally, there was Lynn holding the helmet in his hands!

Upon donning the helmet, darkness enveloped Lynn's vision.

After a brief adjustment, his sight through the long rhombus openings in the mask emerged.

To prevent arrows from piercing through, the long rhombic openings were small.

But this did not affect Lynn's vision.

For breathing convenience, operational openings were also at the nasal area of the mask.

Soon after, Lynn began to walk around.

Due to it being lightweight scale armor with a chain liner, Lynn didn't feel the weight of standard plate armor.

The entire set weighed about thirty pounds.

Initially, he could somewhat sense the weight.

However, once accustomed to wearing it, the sense of weight would completely disappear.

Chapter 279: Scale Armor with Chain Liner

What pleased Lynn was that after walking around the storage area a few times, he didn't feel any sense of constraint from the armor.

Lynn moved, pushing the visor on the helmet upward, "Flint, I recall you didn't measure me?"

Flint, who had been standing by his side, spoke calmly, "My Lord, as a Master Blacksmith..."

"My eyes are the measure!"

Looking at Flint, who was hardly waist-high, putting on airs as an expert.

Lynn couldn't help but roll his eyes.

However.

Lynn also understood that Flint had his reasons for being proud!

With a swift move, Lynn drew the one-handed sword from his waist.

Swoosh~

The sound of metal scraping against metal echoed.

Flint, who had been standing with his eyes slightly closed, arms crossed, started in surprise, quickly opening his eyes and stepping back two paces in retreat.

All the mystique from earlier instantly dissipated.

Seeing Flint's expression, the corner of Lynn's mouth lifted slightly.

Lynn struck a pose, brandishing the one-handed sword in his hand.

Sometimes stabbing, sometimes slashing, sometimes blocking...

There was still no sense of constraint or heaviness!

Sheathing the one-handed sword, Lynn praised, "Very excellent armor!"

Hearing Lynn's praise, Flint said with pride, "Of course."

"This is a scale armor with chain liner made by Master Flint, it must be top quality!"

Lynn nodded, looking at Flint, he said, "Master Flint, I need a thousand sets of this lightweight scale armor with chain liner!"

The standard plate armor cast from the sandbox can be used for heavy cavalry or heavy infantry.

The scale armor with chain liner forged by Flint, because of its lightness, can fully equip light cavalry!

Form a unit of elite light cavalry.

Heavy cavalry is used for powerful assaults, breaking through enemy defenses, and so on.

While light cavalry, with their advantage of high mobility, can conduct area patrols, harassment and raids, tactical maneuvering, and communications.

They can even chase down remnants that heavy cavalry cannot catch!

Light cavalry is just as important as heavy cavalry.

Hearing Lynn's words, Flint, who was previously full of pride, was suddenly surprised.

"A thousand sets?"

"My... Lord, are you preparing for a rebellion with so many sets?"

Lynn didn't speak, he just looked at Flint calmly.

Flint's thick eyebrows immediately rose.

Though Lynn said nothing, Flint already understood the implication.

Flint furrowed his eyebrows, which were almost connected into one.

He muttered, "My Lord, if it's only a few dozen sets, relying on my own strength, I could finish it within a month or two."

"A thousand sets... it's very difficult!"

Lynn nodded slightly, "I understand this, hence I didn't set a deadline for you."

"However, after next autumn's harvest, I want to see these thousand sets of scale armor with chain liner!"

Now Flint was just like Lynn at the very beginning of forging plate armor.

There wasn't much difference.

By relying on the knowledge gained from 'Heavenly Artifacts', he forged and crafted plate armor himself.

However, forging a set of plate armor himself took him at least half a month.

Even though the blacksmith workshop already had several hundred blacksmith apprentices, they still couldn't help at all.

Forging armor doesn't just require brute force.

It requires forging skills!

Lynn continued, "That's why I assigned you a Blacksmith Workshop and two hundred blacksmith apprentices."

"I need you to teach them your excellent forging skills. Once they learn, forging a thousand sets will be easy!"

Flint didn't speak, seemingly deep in thought and hesitating over something.

Even Flint began pacing up and down the storage area.

Several minutes later.

Flint stopped in front of Lynn and said, "I can promise you, my lord."

"However..."

Lynn's lips curled into a smile, "Name your terms!"

Flint said without hesitation, "The daily supply of alcohol needs to be doubled!"

Lynn was slightly surprised.

Previously, he promised Flint a barrel of beer a day, and he would handle all the armor and weapon needs in the future.

Now, getting him to train the apprentices and produce a thousand sets of armor.

It's just two barrels of beer?

A barrel of beer is three hundred pounds, which equates to one hundred pounds of barley, and five pounds of barley is one penny...

Setting aside the time and labor involved in brewing, the daily payment to Flint is just twenty pence!

For twenty pence, you can get a master blacksmith to forge armor and weapons.

Also, the master blacksmith will train apprentices, allowing the territory to gain more blacksmiths...

It's a deal that profits without loss!

Lynn nodded, "As you wish, Master Flint."

"From today on, two barrels of beer will be delivered to your residence every day!"

"Furthermore, I can have Lex send some distilled spirits to your place."

Flint's eyes lit up, "Distilled spirits?"

Lynn replied, "The alcohol content is very high, and it's quite potent!"

Flint was immediately interested, "Very potent? Then I must try it!"

Lynn said, "Of course, after today's work is finished, come find me, and I'll take you to try it."

After speaking a few more words with Flint, Lynn took off his armor, had it sent to his residence at the Red Brick House, and walked out of the Blacksmith Workshop.

Chapter 280: Scale Armor with Chain Liner

With two hundred fully armed plate armor soldiers, Lynn felt a touch of security for the first time.

Even after the construction of the city wall, it only made Lynn feel slightly at ease.

In this world, only by having a strong armed force, do you have the right to survive, the right to arm wrestle with others.

And now, he already possesses his first fully armed force.

Although compared to other lords or forces, it seems slightly insufficient.

But for now, Lynn is just getting started.

If given enough time, he can forge a steel beast on this territory!

He is not lacking in quality iron, not lacking in fuel to smelt iron ore, as long as the barley planted next year yields a good harvest, he will not lack food either!

His territory can produce all of this.

The only thing Lynn is lacking now is—population!

Lacking soldiers who can understand commands, wear armor, pick up weapons, and charge into battle for him!

Lynn realized that if his territory wants to develop rapidly.

Population remains the hurdle he cannot bypass!

Therefore, Lynn decided.

Unless he has absolute assurance, unless his weaponry and equipment are far superior to the enemy!

Otherwise, he cannot rashly send out troops when the number of soldiers is already not high.

As for winning with fewer troops?

That's purely nonsensical.

To win a war with fewer against more.

It's not just about relying on fine equipment to ensure victory!

There must be the right timing, geographical advantage, and human harmony!

Exceptional command ability of the general, advantages in troop types and equipment, terrain reliance, effective intelligence and reconnaissance, the quality and morale of the soldiers, logistics support, etc.

None can be lacking!

Putting aside distractions, Lynn came to the front of the town.

Group after group of townsmen, led by Kuisi, were transporting various materials to the castle not far away.

Coarse wool products, fairly delicate glazed stoneware, chairs and benches, and so on.

Kuisi, walking ahead, saw Lynn and after saying a few words to the women behind her, let them continue moving.

Kuisi came to Lynn, "Master."

Lynn nodded slightly, "How's the castle decoration going?"

Kuisi began to explain, "Most of the furniture has been completed and moved in."

"Afterwards, we'll need to transport some grain and meat, etc., to the kitchen cellar for storage."

"Master, these only require manpower to solve, but there is another issue..."

Lynn acknowledged, "Speak."

Kuisi, without any hesitation, said directly: "The windows of the castle!"

"The territory doesn't produce glazed glass, so we can't use it as lighting windows like other lords, we can only use wooden shutters or grills..."

"Which will more or less affect the lighting inside the castle!"

Listening to Kuisi, Lynn nodded and said, "Decorate the other parts of the castle first, and install glazed glass windows once they are fired."

Kuisi responded, "Alright, Master."

"I'll take my leave then."

Lynn acknowledged, allowing Kuisi to withdraw.

His mind started thinking about how to fire glazed glass.

Glazed glass is simply the name in this world.

In essence, it's just glass.

Even though Lynn hasn't started working on it, the method of firing glazed glass has already appeared in his mind.

Simply put, it involves selecting appropriate silica sand or quartz sand, adding flux and limestone, heating it to a certain temperature until the quartz sand melts.

Then, pour the molten liquid into molds, wait for the glazed liquid to cool and solidify, and the desired glazed products can be obtained!

With the corresponding molds, you can make window glass or glazed containers, etc.

If this was a few months ago, if he wanted to fire it, it would indeed be difficult.

But now, he not only has a large quantity of quality iron, he also has anthracite that burns to produce high heat.

Building a small glazed glass firing workshop to produce glazed glass is not hard!

After a brief moment of pondering in his mind, Lynn already had an idea.

He headed straight for the pottery workshop.

Although pottery and glassware, whether in raw materials, craftsmanship, or properties of the finished product.

Have significant differences.

However, the specifications and kilns of the pottery workshop can also be used to fire glazed glass!

Only slight modifications and adjustments are needed.

Moreover, the pottery workshop has ready labor!

A dozen minutes later.

Lynn strode into the pottery workshop.

Just as a batch of pottery came out of the kiln, in the midst of busy pottery apprentices, one by one, pieces of glazed stoneware were taken out of the kiln and placed on empty shelves.

The apprentices, upon seeing Lynn, immediately respectfully called, "Lord."

Lynn nodded slightly in response.

Seeing the various colors swirling around these glazed stoneware, Lynn felt a wave of satisfaction in his heart.

Perhaps prompted by the apprentices' reminder, the busy Beo approached Lynn.

Noting Lynn's gaze on the glazed stoneware, Beo explained, "Sir, this batch of glazed stoneware is to be sent to your castle."

Lynn glanced at Beo and immediately understood.

It must be Kuisi who arranged for Beo to make them.

The newly built castle, with him being the lord, Kuisi certainly wouldn't use ordinary earthenware.

Lynn nodded, "This glazed stoneware is very well made."

Hearing Lynn's words of praise, Beo felt a slight relief in his heart.