

System 281

Chapter 281: Scale Armor with Chain Liner

Kuisi had said before that after the production, it had to pass her inspection.

As the lord of the entire territory, Master Lynn naturally must use the best quality items!

Previously there was no choice, but now it must match the master's status.

Now even Master Lynn says it's very good.

Then the quality of this batch of glazed stoneware is certainly no problem.

Before Beo could speak, Lynn spoke first, "Beo, I need you to make other items."

"Glazed glass, I need you to assign some apprentices to make glazed glass."

Layla, just finished with her tasks, walked over and happened to hear Lynn's words.

Layla looked at Beo with doubt, waiting for Beo's response.

Beo's face showed a hint of embarrassment, he said, "Master, if it's pottery, I can do some... "

"This glazed glass... my wife and I truly haven't made it before."

Lynn nodded, "I know, but I can teach you how to make it!"

The glaze industry, due to its outdated production technology, leads to high production costs, typically serving noble churches or great merchants and so on.

Hence, not many people can make glazed glass.

Listening to Lynn's words, Beo and Layla couldn't help but exchange glances.

Such a craft as making glazed glass, could Master Lynn also do it?

They had heard from others before.

Previously, Master Lynn led them to build clay kilns and made earthen pottery!

Bell responded, "With you teaching, Master, there will definitely be no issues."

Immediately.

Lynn gathered all the apprentices from the pottery workshop.

Because making pottery doesn't significantly improve the town, there are only a hundred apprentices in the entire workshop.

However, with an existing workshop, it's much faster than building a new glass workshop and starting the firing process.

Lynn directly distributed these hundred apprentices.

The first group of twenty went to the Acadia River shore to collect finely granulated silica sand.

After collection, they were to screen it.

The second group of twenty went to the kitchen to transport back wood ash, then put it into clay pots, added plenty of river water, and let it soak.

They then fished out all wood ash impurities from the water jars and heated the potassium salt-containing wood ash water for evaporation.

Until finally, potassium salt was derived.

And potassium salt can lower the melting point of silica sand.

The third group of twenty, Lynn had them find chunks of limestone, crush them into small pieces.

Limestone from limestone can enhance the quality and stability of glazed glass!

The fourth group of twenty used clay to make molds for glazed glass, which isn't difficult to make.

Just use clay and mud to create an arch-shaped mold the size of a window opening.

The thickness of the glazed glass can be adjusted according to the amount of poured glaze liquid.

The fifth group of twenty used red brick, hydrated lime sand to modify and adjust the kiln into a furnace.

There's a difference between firing pottery kilns and firing glazed glass furnaces!

With Lynn's command, all apprentices dispersed, following Lynn's different assignments to carry out various tasks.

Watching the pottery workshop become empty, Beo and Layla approached Lynn.

They hesitantly asked, "Master, what should we do?"

Lynn glanced at them, "You're responsible for mastering the entire process of making glazed glass!"

The craft of making glazed glass is not difficult, Lynn can easily dispatch these apprentices.

However, this merely organizes them.

They do not understand the entire process of making glazed glass.

Therefore, Lynn needs Beo and Layla, as foremen, to learn and master the entire process of making glazed glass.

Even when he's not in the workshop, Beo and Layla can independently instruct these apprentices to make glazed glass windows or other glazed glass products.

A short while later, apprentices responsible for transporting red bricks and hydrated lime sand returned.

Lynn led Oubei and Layla directly to stand before a kiln.

Lynn explained the key points of firing glazed glass as he adjusted bricks on the furnace.

From construction of the furnace, to principles during firing, and controlling temperature...

From material selection for glazed glass, to flux production, and the role of added limestone...

From cooling after successful firing, to annealing the glass products...

Even finally, glazing includes adding some iron metal into raw materials to create colored glass, and engraving or polishing on glazed glass.

Lynn explained everything in detail.

Because Lynn doesn't just want Beo and Layla to learn to make glazed glass windows.

In the future, many aspects will require glazed glass products.

For example, for laboratory instruments or borosilicate glass requiring high chemical stability.

For colored glass with colors.

Even for making lenses, prisms, such high-precision optical elements!

However, all of this must start from basic ordinary soda-lime glass.

Until night fell, at quitting time.

Lynn left the pottery workshop.

Regardless of the materials prepared, or the stillness of the furnace, drying out moisture...

It's certain that today we cannot start glazing.

...

The next morning.

After breakfast, Lynn came again to the pottery workshop.

Under the apprentices' attentive looks, Lynn approached the furnace.

Having settled overnight, the furnace had dried out almost completely.

Materials needed for firing glazed glass had also been prepared by the apprentices.

Lynn began directing the apprentices to start glazing.

Ordinary soda-lime glass requires mixing silica sand flux, and limestone in the ratio of 7.5:1.5:0.5.

Since the castle's window sizes are large, at least four meters high and three meters wide, Lynn directly used borosilicate glass ratios for firing.

The silica sand content increased directly to 80 percent.

This greatly enhances the glass's durability and corrosion resistance.

Even when encountering severe weather like hail, it won't smash the glass windows!

Under Lynn's direction, apprentices got busy.

Beo and Layla stayed with Lynn throughout, listening to his explanations.

Igniting the furnace, adding anthracite, heat began spreading within the furnace, temperature rose quickly.

More than a dozen apprentices took turns operating bellows equipment to make the anthracite burn more rapidly.

Because of the anthracite now, within one or two hours, preheating can be completed.

If using other charcoal or logs, at least four to five hours or more would be required!

High-efficiency, high-energy fuel significantly boosts production efficiency!

Once preheating was completed, Lynn instructed apprentices to batch pour the mixed raw materials into the furnace through the feed inlet.

After all the raw materials were poured in, they closed the feed inlet and added more anthracite to increase the furnace temperature.

As time continuously passed.

Raw materials in the furnace began to melt, and Lynn, while watching the changes of raw materials in the furnace, instructed apprentices to stir using long iron rods.

Thus ensuring the raw materials are evenly heated and fully melted.

The entire furnace must maintain melting temperature for raw materials for at least a day, so the added materials can fully melt.

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Lynn spent the entire day in the pottery workshop.

Either checking the melting state of the raw materials in the kiln, having the apprentices add coal, or explaining some techniques of glassmaking to Beo and Layla...

Until dusk approached.

The raw materials in the kiln had completely melted into a mass of light blue viscous liquid.

This liquid was the successfully melted glass.

Lynn looked at the apprentices and said, "Move the prepared molds over and start casting!"

A series of orderly responses sounded.

"Yes, Lord!"

"Yes..."

With Lynn's command, the apprentices got busy.

Several climbed onto the nearby platform, taking up long-handled iron ladles, and started scooping the glass liquid from the kiln.

One ladle after another of glass liquid was poured into the polished clay molds.

Due to the liquid nature, the glass spread and flowed outwards on its own.

Once the first mold was filled with glass liquid, the apprentices immediately brought over a second clay mold.

This was repeated.

Molds filled with glass liquid needed to be placed in the open to undergo preliminary natural cooling.

Natural cooling prevents internal stress within the glazed glass, making it less brittle.

After preliminary cooling, the glazed glass needed to undergo annealing, placing the cooled glass into the annealing oven for secondary heating.

After heating, it is cooled naturally again.

This process is to eliminate internal stress in the glazed glass, enhancing its durability and stability.

Although neither Beola nor the apprentices knew this process, everything proceeded in an orderly manner under Lynn's direct supervision.

A few more hours passed.

The first piece of annealed glazed glass was taken out from the annealing furnace.

The sky outside the workshop had dimmed.

Only oil torches were burning inside the workshop for illumination.

Under the warm yellow glow of the torches, a large piece of light-reflecting glazed glass caught everyone's eye in the workshop.

Due to the slight addition of iron, the surface of the glazed glass appeared to have a faint blue color.

This made the already crystal-clear glass feel slightly different.

Beo and Layla looked at this piece of glass, their faces full of amazement.

They had seen the pieces of glass on the church before.

But those pieces were full of irregular fragments, murky, and even had inconsistent colors.

However, the piece of glazed glass guided by Master Lynn was so clean and transparent, with uniform color!

This is high-quality glazed glass!

Lynn glanced at the approximately ten-square-foot piece of glazed glass from top to bottom.

There were no sand-like granules or bubbles, the light blue surface was relatively uniform, and there were no visible cracks...

Lynn nodded in satisfaction, "Successfully melted!"

Listening to Lynn's words, the apprentices' faces instantly turned to joy.

Although they had never used glazed glass, a luxury only belonging to the noble lords.

But now, under the Lord's guidance, they had produced glazed glass!

How could they not be delighted?

Standing beside Lynn, Beo and Layla's eyes filled with admiration as they looked at Lynn.

In comparison to their Lord Lynn, their abilities were indeed limited!

Lynn looked at Beo and Layla and said, "I have explained the entire production process and its key points thoroughly."

"Have you learned it?"

Beo and Layla exchanged a glance, finally, Beo spoke, "Master, we have remembered most of it, but controlling the temperature during firing might temporarily be tricky."

Beo was confident he could precisely control the temperature when firing the kiln.

But for glassmaking with the molten liquid in the kiln, he needed to slowly become proficient.

Lynn nodded, "With temperature, after a few more tries, you'll be able to master it."

"As for the possibility of failure when firing, potentially wasting some fuel..."

"Don't worry about it, just feel free to try!"

Lynn continued, "This piece of glass is sized for the castle hall, and you will also need to measure for the various other rooms' windows."

Beo and Layla responded, "Yes, Master."

The entire castle had nearly a hundred windows, some big, some small, some high, some low.

But once Beo and Layla learned how to make glazed glass, this was not an issue.

Not only that.

After Beo and Layla became familiar with the production process, they could also produce glazed glass for daily use.

For example, glass lighting fixtures, glass decorations, glass containers, and so on.

Beo and Layla were originally pottery makers, so they would find it easier to handle the designs of different items.

After instructing Beo and Layla a few more things, Lynn allowed the apprentices in the workshop to disperse, go eat, and rest.

After a chorus of grateful voices from the apprentices, they began tidying up the tools in the workshop.

Lynn had already walked out of the workshop, stepping on the red brick ground.

Looking at the gray sky, Lynn's mood was slightly oppressive.

This was all quite normal.

The winter sky was always grey and overcast, especially now, as it was already evening.

Reaching the open square at the front of the town, the townsmen returning from work, in groups of threes and fives, were walking into the cafeteria, waiting for dinner time.

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There was a hint of a smile on their faces as they occasionally shared their work experiences from today with their companions.

From them, you couldn't sense any worry about life.

There was no sense of the approaching winter or whether the stored food would be enough to survive.

They didn't worry about whether their wives and children would cry from hunger or even starve.

Because they believe in their Lord.

Because their Lord promised them that if they worked hard, they would never need to worry about hunger.

It seems somewhat unrealistic, yet up until now, their Lord has delivered on this promise.

Three meals a day, each with meat.

Occasionally, there would even be banquets and beer!

Since arriving in this territory, they've never felt hunger again!

Such a life, before coming here, they wouldn't dared to even dream of.

Even though many of them were sold here as slaves.

Coming from different Empires, different regions, with many having completely different facial features and hair colors.

Leaving was impossible, but even if it was possible, none of them wanted to return to their Empire.

Back in the original Empire, fearing every day, starving every day, suffering exploitation by the Lord?

As long as there's enough food, what's the difference in being a subject of anyone?

Living, that's everything!

Turning back his gaze, Lynn returned to the Red Brick House.

The dining Kuisi was setting the table for dinner.

Pork ribs roasted with various spices, stewed beef soup, chicken pie, golden grilled fish, wheat bread, sautéed onions with meat, and a large jug of beer.

Seeing Lynn return to the Red Brick House, Kuisi hurriedly said, "Sir, dinner is ready."

Lynn replied, "Let's eat together."

After the last experience, Kuisi outright abandoned her polite refusals.

Because she knew, as soon as Lynn gave her a look, she would have to sit down and eat together.

So, she might as well agree immediately.

Kuisi respectfully replied, "Yes, Sir."

Nevertheless, Kuisi still first observed Lynn as he ate.

She ladled out a bowl of beef soup and a large piece of stewed beef from the Pottery Pot, then used scissors to handle the pork ribs for easier consumption, placing them on a plate in front of Lynn.

She poured beer from the jug into the cup by Lynn's side.

After finishing all this, Kuisi dutifully sat down to Lynn's right, eating the sautéed onions with meat from her plate.

Lynn glanced at Kuisi and said, "I haven't seen Red for a few days, right?"

Kuisi was about to put down her fork to explain to Lynn.

But noticed Lynn's hand moving a big piece of pork rib onto her plate.

Kuisi stammered, "Red... He's been strengthening the training for the archers lately."

"After dinner, he immediately continues training the archers."

"He said, in battle, the enemy won't differentiate between day and Black Night when they attack."

"As archers, they also need to be capable of nocturnal shooting."

Lynn nodded, "He's quite right. Let's eat first; later, have the chef stew some soup for him."

Kuisi hesitated for two seconds, then she replied, "Yes, Sir."

More than half an hour later.

Lynn and Kuisi finished their dinner.

Kuisi tidied up the tableware, left the Red Brick House.

Only Lynn remained alone, sitting in a chair in the living room, watching the Anthracite burning in the fireplace with an orange-red glow.

The night was gradually deepening.

Lynn looked at the temperature on the Weather Forecast.

The outside temperature was just three degrees!

Thus Lynn had the Townsman receive the Anthracite.

Otherwise, on such a cold night, even with thick woolen robes, the Townsman would struggle to survive this winter.

...

Nightfall enveloped the whole territory.

The town too fell into silence.

Apart from a few ten-man Guard patrol teams in the town.

Almost no one's figure could be seen.

Outside the town, in a distant area of darkness.

A small light appeared and quickly came toward the town.

As the light got closer, it could be seen as a burning torch.

And under the torch's glow was a galloping horse.

In the torchlight, Rose's face could be clearly seen.

Da-da-da~

With crisp sounds, the horse hooves struck the lime road.

Upon reaching the town's open square, Rose leapt off the horse.

Amidst the puzzled gazes of several Guards, he sprinted toward Lynn's Red Brick House...

Arriving in front of the Red Brick House.

Rose hesitated for a few seconds before finally knocking on the wooden door of the Red Brick House.

Knock-knock-knock~

The knock was clear and rhythmic.

Upon hearing sounds from within the Red Brick House, Rose spoke, "Master, there's an urgent report!"

A few seconds later.

Lynn's voice sounded from inside the room.

"Speak."

Only then Rose began to explain, "I was patrolling on the city wall and saw from afar a cavalry stationed in the wasteland outside the wall."

"Someone is scouting the soldier's guarding situation on the wall!"

Lynn's voice resounded again, "What do you think?"

Rose quickly thought it over in his mind.

Momentarily later.

He said, "Alter the number of guarding soldiers so they cannot precisely determine the daily troop count on the wall."

"Increase the number of soldiers on night watch to prevent anyone from launching a surprise attack on the wall!"

Lynn replied, "Make arrangements yourself."

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Rose hesitated for a few seconds and then said, "Yes, Master, I shall return now."

Seeing no further sound from Lynn within the Red Brick House, Rose retreated and left the Red Brick House.

Under the watchful eyes of a patrol guard team, he rode away from the town, disappearing into the darkness.

Within the Red Brick House.

Lynn lay on the coarse wool mattress, gazing at the ceiling of the Red Brick House, and began to ponder.

Who would be sending a cavalry team at this early hour to scout the enemy situation at the walls?

Morrison Manor Lord Aiden?

Since their first meeting in the mountains, he hadn't seen him again.

He was a suspect.

The Iron Blood Brotherhood and Storm Mercenary Corps?

These two were the biggest suspects.

Finally, there's the manor lord he only heard about, Jonas.

But Lynn also understood that even if he knew who was sent to gather information, he couldn't stop them.

The only thing he could do was strengthen his domain.

Moreover, as long as there was no large-scale regular army attacking the castle, the walls could completely keep these minor nuisances outside!

The high mountains and ridges flanked the walls, making it nearly impossible to climb with sheer manpower.

The only way to enter the domain was through the walls.

Ten-meter high walls, complemented by rolling wood and stones, winged spears, and two hundred archers.

Sufficient to make many forces fear at the sight!

Turning over, Lynn continued to sleep.

...

In the blink of an eye, five days had passed.

All castle windows were now installed with pieces of glazed glass windows.

The surface bore a light pale blue, yet clearly allowed views of the exterior scenery.

Lynn touched the thickness of the glazed glass windows; even small hailstones couldn't shatter these.

As for large hailstones or arrows...

Such glazed glass windows naturally couldn't withstand those.

However, with continual improvements in production technique, perhaps it could lead to bullet-proof glass?

Discarding these miscellaneous thoughts, a sound of footsteps arose behind him.

Lynn turned to look.

Kuisi was walking up, "Master, the castle's decoration has been initially completed."

"Should we now move your belongings over and start living in the castle?"

Lynn glanced at the castle hall.

As the castle was just completed, the decorations were only preliminary, appearing somewhat simplistic, but essential daily necessities were all in place.

The long wooden dining table was at least thirty meters, with chairs on both sides enough for twenty people to dine simultaneously.

At the head of the table, an armchair solely reserved for the lord was placed.

Leather cushions adorned the armchair, along with coarse woolen textiles covering the backrest for enhanced comfort.

The dining table was laid with a white linen cloth, pleated edges hanging down in folds all around.

On the linen cloth atop stood several candelabras filled with animal fat.

The candles were crafted from fish oil rendered from river fish captured by the fishery workshops.

Since production just began, quantities were limited, currently only used in his castle.

On the surrounding walls, hung were specimens of beast heads.

They were the red deer Lynn had hunted earlier!

Near the wall's edge, stood long-footed oil lamps filled with animal fat...

Against the front door's wall edge, atop a stage six or seven tiers high, stood a grand and hefty throne!

Constructed entirely of sturdy oak, handrests and back carved into shapes of beasts, with delicate patterns along the border.

At the throne's base, carved to resemble beast claws, rested on the ground.

Lynn walked step by step up the stairs.

Under the gaze of Kuisi and a dozen or so village maidens nearby, he sat on the throne!

A heavy yet stable sensation surfaced in Lynn's heart.

Not only that.

A sense of imperial oversight and solemnity similarly surfaced in Lynn's heart.

He was the master of this castle!

He was the master of this domain!

With just one command, all townsmen within his domain would bow to him!

The direction he pointed was the battlefield all townsmen must reach.

...

Below.

Kuisi looked at Lynn on the throne, her eyes becoming somewhat blurred and began to sway uncontrollably.

Master Lynn... finally owned his own castle, and his lord's throne!

All this, built up bit by bit through his own efforts!

Sitting on the lord's throne, Lynn familiarized himself with the feel of the throne, stood up, and walked towards the castle's exterior.

To decorate the entire castle grandly takes time to accumulate.

For example, large murals carved onto the walls, carvings or paintings on the beams.

For example, railing posts shaped like animals on the wooden stairs.

For example, woven murals on the walls, placed glazed ceramics, etc.

These matters could be managed by Kuisi.

Arriving on the castle's first floor, Lynn directly vaulted onto Mo Ying's horse back, riding towards the castle's exterior.

With the castle now built and decorated, not only could he move in.

Red, Kuisi, his household attendant George, even the brothers Rose could also move in.

Not just them, guards responsible for castle security, chefs, footmen, maidservants, male servants, foremen of each artisan workshop, as well as Old John, scholar Tate, etc.

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They can also move into the accommodations at the back of the castle.

This castle covers a vast area!

If you add up the courtyard gardens, kitchen, stables, warehouses, living quarters for attendants and servants, armory, etc.

It covers a total area of six thousand square meters!

Enough for them to live comfortably within this castle.

With the castle, naturally, guards need to be arranged for protection.

However, unlike other lords, Lynn did not arrange for hundreds of guards inside the castle for defense.

This castle needs only thirty people to be sufficient.

Their duty is to convey Lynn's orders to those who need to receive them when required!

Clip-clop, clip-clop!

Mo Ying, whom Lynn was riding, trotted slowly through the town, heading outwards.

The townsmen passing by on both sides stopped in respect upon seeing Lynn, saluting him attentively.

Mo Ying left the town, arriving at the nearly completed Papermaking Workshop.

After Lynn dismounted, a sensible townsman approached and took hold of Mo Ying's reins.

Seeing Lynn approach, Colin, who was guiding the finishing work, stepped forward to greet him.

Colin called softly, "Master!"

Lynn nodded slightly, his eyes scanning the Papermaking Workshop, "How's the progress of the construction?"

Colin explained, "The main structure of the Papermaking Workshop will be completed today, and the roof tiles will be laid."

"Starting tomorrow, we can proceed with making the various tools needed for papermaking."

"Raw material processing tools, pulping tools, pressing tools, drying tools, etc."

Lynn responded, "I've already arranged for people to cut the lumber and bark needed for making these tools."

"I'll have people maneuver flat-bottomed boats to transport them down using the current."

Listening to Lynn's words, Colin's eyes lit up.

He was just worrying about sourcing the lumber and how to transport it.

Unexpectedly, Master Lynn had already made arrangements in advance.

Colin joyfully said, "Master is wise!"

Glancing at Colin, Lynn continued, "Quickly complete the Papermaking Workshop, there's an even larger project that requires you to lead them in doing."

Colin's brows slightly furrowed, "An even larger project?"

Lynn did not conceal anything, directly stating, "I need to construct tracks on the territory and make hand-operated mine carts!"

"The constructed tracks can directly connect the open-pit coal mines with the town."

Colin's furrowing brows deepened, "Tracks? Master... what are tracks?"

Lynn said, "You don't need to consider so much for now, just complete the Papermaking Workshop and put it into production first!"

Master Lynn did not continue explaining, and Colin naturally did not dare to ask further; he only responded obediently.

Following behind Lynn, he began to inspect the Papermaking Workshop.

The two hundred apprentices from the Blacksmith Workshop, plus the four hundred construction workers added by Lynn.

Under Colin's guidance, in just under ten days, the main structure of the Papermaking Workshop was completed.

The tools needed for the Papermaking Workshop are especially easy for Colin, who was originally a carpenter by trade!

In just four to five days, after collecting the raw materials, the Papermaking Workshop can be put into initial production.

Afterward, it only requires training the workers for skills and dividing up tasks.

However.

Lynn also understood that wishing for the Papermaking Workshop to produce paper on a large scale would not be so simple.

But, as long as the paper produced can temporarily satisfy Tate's schools and Old John's hospitals, it would be enough.

The need for paper in other positions on the territory can be postponed.

After conducting a round of inspections and ensuring there were no anomalies in the construction of the Papermaking Workshop, Lynn felt slightly relieved and glanced at the Heavenly Artifacts interface.

He rolled up his sleeves and engaged in the ongoing finishing work.

[Construction Experience +1]

[Construction Experience +1]

[Construction Experience +1]

...

Perhaps because he was too engrossed in one thing, time had unknowingly passed until the afternoon, unnoticed by Lynn.

It wasn't until a guard, after inquiring with the construction workers, approached Lynn.

"Master Lynn, the merchant Alan has arrived in town and is waiting for you."

Lynn turned to look at the guard, "Isn't George present?"

The guard hesitated, saying, "Master, it was Lord George who ordered me to find you."

Lynn put down the iron hammer and nails in his hands and walked out of the Papermaking Workshop.

As he walked, Lynn thought and opened the Holographic Map.

In the open plaza of the town, Alan sat on a long bench.

Not far away.

Were rows of four-horse-drawn carriages, loaded with goods.

Behind the carriages were tall horses tied together by reins!

And at the side, George stood waiting.

After closing the Holographic Map interface, Lynn spoke to the guard, "Tell me."

The guard did not dare have any hesitation and promptly said, "Lord George stated that Alan would only choose to deal with you..."

"Lord George's status... is not fit to deal with him!"

Listening to the guard's words, Lynn's brow slightly furrowed.

Without a word, he walked out of the Papermaking Workshop.

Without needing an order from Lynn, a townsman led Mo Ying in front of him.

Lynn mounted the horse, lightly squeezed Mo Ying's side, and Mo Ying let out a joyful neigh, galloping forward.

The guard followed closely behind.

The cultivated fields on both sides swiftly receded from Lynn's vision.

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Half an hour later.

Lynn returned to the open square in front of the small town.

Pulling the reins, he gradually slowed Mo Ying down. Lynn dismounted and walked forward.

George, who had been waiting on the side, strode over to meet Lynn.

George hurriedly, and with difficulty, said, "Master."

Lynn acknowledged with a sound, "Explain in detail."

George immediately began to explain, "Mr. Alan has brought a large batch of goods and warhorses!"

"But... Mr. Alan said that his partners are you, not me, the household attendant."

"If it weren't for you, he wouldn't proceed with the transaction."

Clearly, George's words differed from those of the guards.

Even if Lynn didn't speculate, he could understand that George intentionally omitted the unpleasant words Alan had said to ensure the smooth progression of the transaction.

Lynn remained silent, striding towards Alan up ahead.

Only then did Alan stand up and smile as he spoke to Lynn, "Master Lynn, long time no see."

Lynn nodded casually, "Mr. Alan, it has indeed been a while."

The next second,

Lynn shifted the topic, "Mr. Alan, I've heard from my household attendant that you will only work with me? If I'm not present, my household attendant doesn't qualify to transact with you?"

A slight surprise appeared on Alan's face.

He hadn't anticipated that Lynn would candidly address this topic.

After a few seconds of contemplation, Alan nodded and said, "Yes, Master Lynn!"

"I will only transact with the master of the territory."

"Only in this way can I ensure the transaction is safe and reliable."

Lynn responded, "Certainly, Mr. Alan, you have your own transaction principles."

Alan didn't speak further but kept his gaze on Lynn.

He could feel that the atmosphere of the transaction discussion had become somewhat heavy.

Was it because he had said "not worthy of the position" to that household attendant?

Lynn, looking directly at Alan, said, "Mr. Alan, you can have your transaction principles."

"And I have mine!"

"George Dalton pledged loyalty to me nine months ago."

"He is my first and currently the only loyal household attendant."

"He is responsible for all external transaction matters in my territory, including exchanging warhorses or other goods with you, Mr. Alan, for fine salt."

"His transaction conduct represents my opinion."

"Disrespecting him is disrespecting me!"

Hearing this, Alan's expression turned somewhat serious.

He even glanced at George beside Lynn.

Lynn continued, "Of course, if Mr. Alan is willing to work with George, I'd be very welcoming."

"If not, it's no matter. I can still use fine salt to exchange for this batch of goods and warhorses!"

"But next time... Mr. Alan will not pass through that city wall!"

Listening to Lynn's words, George's face was full of determination.

Even the once slightly bent posture by Alan's side now stood tall.

Master Lynn was actually standing up to Alan for him!

It was all about defending him!

Alan's eyes narrowed slightly, also meeting Lynn's gaze directly.

In his view, Lynn was just a minor lord in a newly developing territory.

Lucky enough to find an exploitable open-pit salt mine.

Were it not for the high profits and transport convenience of fine salt, even with a connection like Grayson, he wouldn't have come to such a remote territory.

Merely a minor lord.

Not to mention the so-called household attendant beside a minor lord?

Yet, at this moment,

Alan sensed a different aura from Lynn.

A feeling as if a robust and growing lion were shielding its own under its wings.

After a short while.

The cold expression on Alan's face turned back into a smile. Looking at Lynn and George, he spoke with a tone full of apology, "Apologies, Master Lynn, apologies, Mr. George."

"I apologize for my previous rudeness and abruptness!"

"I've always considered Master Lynn as the best partner, and since Mr. George is Master Lynn's household attendant, he naturally is the best partner too?!"

Lynn returned the smile, "Of course."

"Mr. Alan, what goods have you brought me this time?"

Alan walked past Lynn towards the carriage.

He waved his right hand, indicating, "As you can see, Master Lynn, I have brought you warhorses! A hundred warhorses!"

"And there's meat, the carriage is full of fresh meat, a total of thirty thousand pounds!"

Lynn's gaze quickly scanned over the warhorses.

[Badan Warhorses]: Medium warhorses, with rather good speed and maneuverability, etc.

Unlike the previous Bada Pureblood and Upper-Class Warhorses, Alan transported medium warhorses this time!

However, compared to draft horses, medium warhorses have superior advantages that draft horses can't match.

At the very least, soldiers can ride warhorses onto the battlefield to engage enemies!

Lynn scanned around, confirming there were no injured or sick horses.

Lynn looked at Alan, "Mr. Alan, you may quote the price!"

Upon hearing Lynn's words, Alan smiled, "Master Lynn, I won't waste words."

"Although these are just medium warhorses, they also come from Badan!"

"They've also undergone rigorous instruction training."

"As for the price, it's Twenty Gold Pounds per horse, along with fifty thousand pounds of meat, totaling..."

Before Alan could finish, Lynn interrupted him.

Chapter 287: Unworthy to Trade with You

"Mr. Alan, these warhorses and goods, I can exchange for eighty-nine thousand four hundred pounds of fine salt."

"What do you think?"

Alan didn't speak, but quickly calculated in his mind.

A few seconds later.

Alan revealed a slight smile, "Of course! Thank you for your generosity, Master Lynn!"

The deal was struck.

George didn't need any arrangements from Lynn, and independently called over the assistants of the trading guild and nearly a hundred townsmen.

They began unloading the meat from the wagons.

Meanwhile, a dozen others untied the reins of the horses from the wagons and led them to a pasture outside the town.

Alan's gaze moved from those unloading townsmen to Lynn beside him.

Curiously, Alan addressed Lynn, "Master Lynn, are you so confident that I will continue to trade with you?"

Upon hearing these words, Lynn also glanced at Alan, "Of course, didn't Mr. Alan say that we are the best partners?"

The confrontation earlier, leaving no face spared, was indeed a psychological battle for Lynn.

Alan's presence would enable Lynn's territory to quickly own its own warhorses!

This was an undeniable fact.

However, this didn't mean.

Alan could disregard this land, disregard him as the lord.

Exchanging goods for fine salt was originally a very simple transaction.

As long as Alan quoted a price deemed appropriate by George, converting it into the equivalent amount of fine salt.

After both parties confirmed, the exchange transaction was completed!

But the pride in Alan's heart made him look down on George.

If Lynn yielded this time, continuous concessions awaited him!

Because, in Alan's view, Lynn needed him, needed him to transport warhorses to this land.

This time it might be merely insulting George, next time it could be falsely reporting prices, then next time, it might even mean riding roughshod over Lynn!

Previously, Lynn might have conceded.

But now, he needed to display the poise befitting of a lord!

To Lynn's surprise, Alan agreed and even apologized.

If it were someone else, they might have left this place with wagons without hesitation.

But Alan stayed, cheerfully conducting the trade.

And this was the terrifying part about Alan!

Alan nodded in agreement, "Of course, the best partners!"

Time swiftly passed.

Until two hours later.

All the meat on Alan's wagons had been unloaded.

Nearly ninety thousand pounds of fine salt was loaded onto Alan's wagons.

After waving goodbye to Lynn, Alan mounted his horse and left with the wagon and the guard team.

Watching the wagons slowly depart, George walked to Lynn's side.

He spoke hesitantly, "Master Lynn, do you think Mr. Alan will come again next time?"

George felt that this conversation between Master Lynn and Alan would be etched in his memory forever.

It was the first time someone had faced off against another for his sake.

Even when he was in the Dalton Clan, his father never shielded him!

There were only endless disdain and neglect.

Lynn glanced at George, calmly saying, "I always believe that for a merchant, as long as there is enough profit, they could even bring over their mother to exchange for fine salt!"

Upon hearing this, George was momentarily stunned.

He felt that Master Lynn's words were both comforting and insulting him.

The territory's managerial merchant...

Isn't he also a merchant?

...

On the lime road between the farmlands.

Alan rode on a tall horse, his body gently bouncing with the horse's stride.

A burly guard captain wearing chain armor pressed his horse's belly and came to Alan's side.

The guard captain looked back at the plate armor cavalry following closely on horseback, "Master, do you need me to do anything?"

He always stayed a few meters behind Alan, closely protecting Alan's safety.

Naturally, he heard the words of the lord of this territory clearly.

Alan gave him a look and said, "Do something?"

"What do you think you can do?"

The guard captain instantly fell silent.

Listening to the sound of hooves behind him, Alan glanced back at the standard plate armor cavalry, "Or do you want to take out those cavalry?"

The guard captain's face showed a hint of exasperation, "Master, you're joking..."

Alan's face instantly turned cold, "Then why are you talking nonsense?"

The guard captain immediately shut his mouth.

Alan snorted coldly, withdrawing his gaze from the guard captain.

Compared to Lynn's resolute words, the most unbelievable thing for him was.

Lynn actually had plate armor cavalry!

He clearly remembered that the last time he came to this land, those soldiers were only wearing ordinary linen clothes.

But now...

Moreover, such standard plate armor specifications, he had never seen in the Karedi Empire despite traveling there for years.

Clearly, these standard plate armor were not purchased by Lynn from outside.

The only possibility is that Lynn on his own territory forged and manufactured these standard plate armors!

And they have already been put into soldiers' wear and training.

If anything unexpected were to happen, angering Lynn, prompting him to make a decisive move.

With the attack power of these plate armor cavalry, they wouldn't be able to leave this land!

This was one of the reasons why Alan agreed with Lynn.

There's another reason.

That is, there's an iron mine that can be excavated in Lynn's territory!

A set of standard plate armor requires at least fifty pounds of quality iron.

The plate armor soldiers following behind number at least a hundred.

That means, just the plate armor on these soldiers requires five thousand pounds of quality iron!

And that's just what he saw; who knows how much more there might be that he doesn't see?

If it weren't for the iron mine on the territory, how could a fledgling territory be willing to use so much quality iron?

Of course, with Lynn's possession of a salt mine and method for producing fine salt, acquiring enough quality iron wouldn't be difficult.

But it would require enough time, it couldn't possibly be this fast!

With only an open-pit salt mine, Alan might not care.

On this continent, there are many lords of sea salt, rock salt, or lake salt.

After he reported the name of the Brown Clan, he could still traverse unimpeded.

But with an open-pit salt mine that can be excavated, a method to produce fine salt.

Plus an iron mine that can be mined, and the ability to refine iron ore into quality iron and produce standard plate armor...

Things become different.

This is a lord who has money and is armed!

Alan couldn't help but curse once more: Damn Grayson.

Chapter 288: War... Draws Near

Night fell once more.

It was like an invisible black curtain shrouding the entire earth and sky.

The third floor of Morrison Manor.

In a lavishly decorated room, a corpulent figure entangled with two young maids.

Strange sounds echoed sporadically throughout the room.

Accompanied by the continuous rise and fall, like the sound of clapping.

Outside the room, Chief Attendant Ackman's brows furrowed tightly, as if enduring something.

He turned his body, peeking through the crack in the wooden door, and that obscene scene was imprinted in his eyes.

Ackman's heart immediately raced, and he quickly withdrew his gaze.

Looking at the two guards responsible for the door, he spoke, "You two watch over the master, I'm going out for some air!"

"It's clearly winter, yet why is it so hot?"

The two guards understood and replied softly, "Yes."

Ackman tugged at his collar and walked towards the distant staircase.

Descending the stairs from the third floor to the second, Ackman's gaze scanned the surroundings.

He looked all around but did not see that familiar voluptuous figure.

Ackman, somewhat puzzled, proceeded to the first floor.

As he stepped into the first-floor hall.

That familiar voluptuous figure's back came into Ackman's view.

Ackman's eyes lit up instantly, and he strode over.

Before he could get close, the voice of instruction came from the voluptuous woman's mouth.

"Remember, the steak must be medium rare, preferably with a slight trace of blood, the master likes it tender..."

"The fish, as always, must be carp, and must be steamed; only this way can the meat's flavor be preserved! Other fish, the master does not like..."

"The pork should..."

Before the voluptuous woman could finish speaking, Ackman stopped her from behind, interrupting.

"Madam, the master said he needs you to take me to the wine cellar to fetch a bottle of wine..."

Upon hearing this abrupt statement, Justin couldn't help but raise her eyebrows.

She stopped giving instructions to the maid and turned her head to look over.

Seeing Ackman's half-smiling face and those eyes brazenly fixed on her chest, Aiden's primary wife, Justin Valentine, instantly understood.

Justin feigned inquiry, "Wine?"

"The master hasn't purchased wine for some time; finding it might take a while..."

Ackman nodded, "No problem, madam, the master said he has plenty of time!"

Justin knowingly nodded, "Let's go then, you help me find it, it'll be quicker that way."

Ackman nodded respectfully, "Yes, madam."

Justin turned to instruct the maid to start cooking, then led Ackman towards the depth of the estate.

Justin set forth, with Ackman closely following.

His eyes were nearly gleaming as they fixated on that high and swaying derrière.

Even though Justin wore a loose robe, it couldn't conceal her curvaceous figure.

They walked through what seemed to Ackman a long corridor.

Justin and Ackman arrived at the doorway of the wine cellar.

Justin reached out to open the wooden door and simultaneously lit the wall lamp beside.

With the grease in the wall alcove spreading, the oil lamps in the wine cellar quickly ignited.

Justin descended the wine cellar stairs.

Ackman sensibly closed the wine cellar's wooden door, following behind Justin.

As he perceived the change in surroundings and the utter silence, Ackman's breathing became rapid.

He even involuntarily swallowed.

They descended the stairs.

Ackman and Justin entered the wine cellar.

Justin turned to Ackman, asking, "What vintage wine does the master want?"

Ackman said nothing, stepping forward and wrapping his arms around Justin's waist.

He unabashedly buried his face in Justin's chest.

Justin's face showed no fright, instead, there was an inexplicable enjoyment.

As time slowly passed by.

A strange noise echoed in the wine cellar!

The sound was not loud, but seemed intentionally restrained...

An hour later, Ackman contentedly opened the wine cellar's wooden door.

Under the illumination of the wall lamps on both sides, sweat could be seen clearly on his face and open chest.

However.

Upon returning to the manor's front hall, he saw the guards who were supposed to watch the door, searching for something in the hall.

Ackman wiped the sweat from his body, tightened his clothes, and approached them.

"Weren't you supposed to watch the master? What are you looking for?"

The guard directly skipped Ackman's question and said, "Captain, the master is looking for you!"

Hearing the guard's words, Ackman felt a brief tension.

Could it be that I've been found out?

But the next second, Ackman dismissed this thought.

If he'd been discovered, it wouldn't be just this guard waiting for him!

Ackman replied, "Understood, I'll go right away."

Without any hesitation, Ackman took large strides, climbing the stairs towards the room on the third floor.

Reaching the third-floor room's entrance, Ackman knocked on the slightly ajar wooden door, "Master?"

No sooner did Ackman speak than Aiden's voice came from behind the door.

"Come in!"

Upon hearing this, Ackman slowly pushed the wooden door open and entered.

As soon as he stepped inside.

A thick smell of sweat and intermingled body odor reached Ackman's nose.

Chapter 289: War... Draws Near

Even in the entire enclosed room...

Ackman's gaze glanced at Aiden, only to find those two fair bodies still entwined on Aiden's.

He quickly bowed his head, "Master, do you have any instructions?"

Aiden, eyes closed, enjoying the maid's massage, slowly opened his eyes.

He placed his right hand on the maid lying on his legs and said, "Chief Attendant, I've suffered heavy losses recently!"

"The Storm Mercenary Corps, hired at great expense, chose to ally with a Bandit Corps and plunder my villages together."

"Burning, looting, killing!"

"Women imprisoned as slaves, men conscripted, forced to become bandits!"

"Now it's winter, so there's no need for farming, but what about when spring arrives tomorrow? Who will help me farm these nearly ten thousand acres of farmland?"

Ackman remained silent, listening to Aiden's words with his head down.

Aiden's questioning voice reached Ackman's ears.

"Akoman, you are my chief attendant! Not only must you protect my safety, but also the safety of the territory!"

Ackman hesitantly replied, "Master, my name is Ackman..."

Aiden's face tightened, "That's not important!"

"Tell me, how can I get rid of that damned Iron Blood Brotherhood Bandit Corps and those renegade Storm Mercenaries!"

Upon hearing this, Ackman's mind began to turn quickly.

Sitting on the chair, Aiden's right hand continuously roamed and kneaded the maid's body.

A moment later.

Ackman hesitantly said, "Master, I've thought about it and feel there are two ways to handle this..."

Ackman sneakily looked up at Aiden.

But he found his view blocked by the maid's fair body, so he quickly bowed his head again.

Aiden's voice sounded, "Speak."

Ackman said with his head down, "First, the Storm Mercenary Corps was dispatched by the Mercenary Guild in Kakasong City with whom you cooperated."

"You've paid fifty percent of the commission, so the Mercenary Guild must take responsibility for you!"

"If they don't, and you cause a scene, who would dare to cooperate with them in the future?"

Upon hearing this, Aiden immediately frowned, losing interest even in kneading the maid.

"The other one!"

Ackman's heart grew slightly tense, "The other way is to seek Marquis Duca's assistance..."

"As long as Marquis Duca's army presses the border and suppresses these bandits and mercenaries, only then can your territory be truly free of worry!"

Aiden fell into silence.

But from his shifting eyes, it was clear he was contemplating something!

Aiden said nothing, and naturally, Ackman dared not speak either.

Honest and still, he stood with his head bowed.

Until a few minutes later.

Aiden spoke in a deep voice, "Prepare a carriage for me! I want to go to Kakasong City!"

Upon hearing this, Ackman's heart instantly relaxed, and he quickly bent his waist.

"Yes, Master, I will arrange it right away."

...

Inside the castle.

Lamps along the walls illuminated the spacious hall, clearly revealing the silhouettes of several busy attendants.

They pushed wooden carts, placing trays of food made through cooking in front of Lynn.

Golden roasted pork ribs, fragrant pan-fried river fish, boiled chicken soup turned yellow and white, wheat-baked bread, and a pot of wheat and pork porridge, plus a large jug of beer...

Looking at these foods, Lynn's eyes showed satisfaction.

After inviting Kuisi to dine together, Lynn showed no restraint, chewing heartily.

As for the ritual of prayer before meals...

What Lynn cared about least was etiquette!

After dinner, Lynn sat on a chair with leather cushions and backrest.

He watched the glowing anthracite burn slowly in the fireplace, without spurting flames.

Even though the castle's hall was close to three hundred square meters, the use of glazed glass for windows provided good sealing.

Compared to the three-degree temperature outside the castle, the interior was at least ten degrees.

Furthermore, being near the fire, Lynn felt hardly any chill.

Thoughts in Lynn's mind were continuously turning, planning future territorial development.

First, the papermaking workshop is already constructed and can begin production tomorrow.

The wood for the tools and tree bark for papermaking, cut down over these days, is at least initially sufficient.

Next, a lumber mill should be built in the forest for fixed cutting and sawing, producing the needed lumber boards and bark.

No need for many workers at the lumber mill; thirty people at most will suffice.

As long as no major projects are undertaken, their daily output can support the entire territory's needs.

In this way, stable production of lumber boards for the territory is ensured, along with sufficient bark materials for the papermaking workshop.

Once the papermaking workshop is completed, workers need to undergo skills training.

Fortunately, he used the Memory Pearl to replicate the knowledge of constructing the papermaking workshop to Colin.

Colin can be responsible for training the papermaking workshop workers.

Next, the current most important project for territorial development.

Construction of the territory's rail system!

From the town to the Salt Factory, to the open-pit coal mine, to the city walls, and even later to the ranch and Red Brick Factory...

With sufficient labor, the rail can be built, utilizing it for transportation!

Chapter 290: War... Draws Near_3

Under the current conditions, a hand-cranked rail cart can be used temporarily.

As the town continues to develop, other energy sources can certainly be used for power.

Perhaps a steam engine, or inscribing a magic array?

Of course, this is just an idea he has at the moment.

Constructing tracks within the territory is extremely necessary.

Lastly, Lynn thought of Rose, who came to report in the early morning yesterday.

Cavalry under the night, gathering intelligence.

Lynn vaguely felt that the attack by the Iron Blood Brotherhood Bandit Corps and the Storm Mercenary Corps was growing near!

Perhaps a war will occur this month!

If not, by January of the new year.

Heavy snow and frost will cover the ground, making it difficult for horses to pass, and even before the attack, they might be toppled over.

If they want to attack, it will be before the snow and frost cover the ground.

Thinking about this, Lynn had already made up his mind.

From tomorrow onwards, let Rose increase the troops guarding the city walls, just in case!

The spy Jeremy, lurking in Morgan Town, did not gather much detailed information about the Iron Blood Bandit Corps and the Storm Mercenary Corps.

But with the city walls and heavy troop presence, unless they have several times the power of the territory's soldiers.

And possess siege equipment!

Otherwise, for them, the city walls will still be easier to defend and difficult to attack!

Suppressing the thoughts in his mind, a sound of footsteps slowly approached.

Lynn turned his head to look, and it was Kuisi.

During the day, Lynn had already instructed Kuisi to move into the castle with Red.

Such a large castle could not possibly be occupied by Lynn alone.

Otherwise, it would be too cold and desolate, no different from a cold palace.

Kuisi walked briskly to Lynn's side, bent over, and said, "My lord, the hot water is ready, would you like to bathe now?"

Lynn glanced at Kuisi and said, "Now, please."

Kuisi responded and led Lynn to a room with double doors.

Entering, Lynn surveyed the room.

It was a private chamber!

Simply put, it was a private bathing room for the lord of the castle.

A bathtub made of baked clay with a gray-white color.

Inside the bathtub, an unknown layer of flower petals was floating.

Wisps of steam slowly drifted out of the bathtub.

Next to the bathtub were several wooden buckets stacked after being filled with hot water.

On the nearby table, there were pieces of cloth made from linen and coarse wool for wiping the body after bathing.

On another wooden table, there was a thick cloak made of silk and wool.

Kuisi seemed to have a tinge of nervousness on her face, and asked, "My lord, do you need help removing your clothes?"

Lynn looked at her and replied, "I'll do it myself."

Hearing Lynn's words, Kuisi instantly felt relieved.

But for some reason, a clear sense of loss also appeared in her heart.

Kuisi bent over and said, "Yes, my lord, I will wait at the door."

After getting Lynn's permission, Kuisi stepped out of the private chamber, closing the intricately carved wooden door behind her.

Lynn took off his clothes, stepped onto the bathtub's ladder, and finally leaned back slowly into the bathtub.

A warm comfort enveloped Lynn's entire body instantly.

Half an hour later.

Lynn, whose entire body was warmed by the bath, put on the wool and silk mixed cloak and walked out of the private chamber to the master bedroom next door.

Lynn's eyes once again scanned the master bedroom.

Despite the decorations and items placed, Lynn still felt the master bedroom was enormous!

At least thirty square meters!

A three-meter wide, three-meter long large bed could easily accommodate eight people rolling around together!

On the bed was a mattress and quilt made of coarse wool, from which the plush soft appearance indicated a large amount of wool inside!

Below the large bed was a carpet woven from linen and coarse wool, simple and unadorned without any patterns.

Facing the direction of the large bed was a small fireplace, burning anthracite and warming the entire room.

The light emitted from the fire complemented the oil lamps on the wall and table, illuminating the entire room.

On the heavy walnut long table, several candlesticks and beautifully fired glazed stoneware were placed as initial decorations.

Lynn surveyed the room, nodding in satisfaction.

The space of this room alone exceeded the red brick house he previously resided in temporarily.

Not to mention these decorations!

Lynn sent Kuisi away, allowing her to rest in her room.

Lying on the large bed, the full comfort washed over Lynn.

In this cold winter, taking a warm bath and entering a cozy room, slipping under comfortable bedding.

It was simply indescribably comfortable!

...

The next morning.

Lynn habitually rose early, had the breakfast cooked by Kuisi, and descended to the castle's ground floor.

After the guard brought Mo Ying from the stable, Lynn mounted the horse and rode out of the castle.

The war was drawing ever nearer.

Lynn had to speed up the production rate of standard plate armor at the blacksmith workshop.

As he rode, Lynn glanced at the resource panel.

With the constant consumption of anthracite in the territory, it was visibly clear that the storage of anthracite was steadily decreasing.