

System 291

Chapter 291: War... Draws Near_4

The number of standard plate armor, up to now, is only four hundred sets.

Four hundred sets of standard plate armor are not even enough to fully equip the soldiers trained by Ross.

While Lynn was pondering.

Mo Ying had already arrived at the entrance of the blacksmith workshop. Lynn dismounted and handed Mo Ying to a guard at the door, then stepped into the blacksmith workshop.

The blacksmith workshop in the morning had already engaged in the production of standard plate armor.

Some apprentices were so focused that they didn't notice that their Master Lynn was inspecting from behind.

Ehrello, who had just finished instructing an apprentice, turned around and saw that familiar figure.

He dared not hesitate and hurriedly went to greet him.

Standing before Lynn, Ehrello respectfully said, "Master."

Lynn nodded and said, "Ehrello, last night, Ross came to find me at dawn!"

Ehrello was stunned, somewhat puzzled, and asked, "Instructor Ross... returned to the town from the city wall barracks at dawn?"

The next second, Ehrello understood the meaning in Lynn's words, "Master, are you saying that there was something unusual outside the city wall?"

Lynn did not hide anything, "Ross said that a cavalry came at night to reconnoiter the military situation of the city wall!"

Ehrelø's brows instantly furrowed.

Lynn continued, "I came here personally early this morning to tell you!"

"War... is near!"

"If far, after spring plowing and planting next year."

"If near, within this month!"

Hearing this, Ehrelø's eyes instantly contracted, he already understood the implication of Master Lynn's arrival.

Ehrelø promptly said, "Master, I understand."

"Starting today, the three blacksmith workshops will work around the clock, striving to manufacture nine hundred sets of standard plate armor at the fastest speed!"

Lynn shook his head and said, "Ehrelø, I want to change the blacksmith workshop's production task target."

"After the blacksmith workshops manufacture five hundred sets of standard plate armor, focus entirely on producing chest armor and helmets!"

Lynn naturally understood that the efficiency in producing standard plate armor was already pushed to its limits.

There are many processes involved in producing a set of standard plate armor, and producing nine hundred sets in a short time is indeed not easy.

While on his way, Lynn had already thought of a remedy.

Currently, the number of warhorses is limited, with only about two hundred.

The trained heavy cavalry can only number around two hundred.

The remaining three hundred sets of standard plate armor will all be used to equip the heavy infantry.

These five hundred heavily equipped soldiers will be the main force for charging into battle!

The remaining archers and guards will only wear chest armor and helmets.

Helmets and chest armor can effectively protect the vital areas from harm!

Moreover,

temporarily producing only chest armor and helmets will reduce the use of anthracite, alleviating the current pressure of insufficient anthracite storage.

As for the other components of the standard plate armor, they can be supplemented once the demand for soldier helmets and chest armor is met!

Situations are fixed, but people are flexible.

Lynn would not insist on Ehrelo producing nine hundred sets of standard plate armor knowing the production capability of the blacksmith workshop is limited.

Listening to Lynn's words, Ehrelo was slightly stunned.

But soon, he understood.

Ehrelo's face revealed a gleam of joy, and he promptly replied, "Yes, Master."

"I will go first..."

Lynn nodded.

With Lynn's granted permission, Ehrelo walked a few steps then quickly jumped onto a several-dozen-centimeter-high platform.

He shouted continuously, conveying the instructions that Lynn had just given.

The slow production progress of standard plate armor is largely due to the excessive number of parts in standard plate armor.

The smaller the plate armor parts, the greater the difficulty in trimming, polishing, and cutting leather.

If only chest armor and helmets are needed...

Ehrelo was confident he could produce them quickly!

After delivering the orders, the blacksmith apprentices immediately altered their production targets.

A completed chest armor and helmet sand box was placed on the workbench one by one.

Awaiting the melted iron to be poured into the mold cavity in the sand box...

After arranging everything, Ehrelo searched around with his eyes, only to find that Master Lynn was no longer in the blacksmith workshop.

...

Lynn strode through one workshop after another, all bustling with ongoing production.

Rough woolen robes had already been made, and the weaving workshop had temporarily entered a period of leisure.

Having continuously rushed out three thousand sets of linen robes and pants, then tirelessly produced six thousand sets of rough woolen robes.

Even if the weaving workshop enters a restful period, they deserve it.

After all, people aren't machines and can't work non-stop around the clock for several months.

Even machines can't withstand that.

However,

Lynn noticed that, even though the weaving workshop entered a leisurely period,

Yimini didn't let these weavers idle but instead had them retting flax!

The twenty thousand pounds of flax sent by Bor Commerce Association's Jean had been piled in the warehouse and had not been retted.

Now, it's just right to take advantage of the leisure period at the weaving workshop to ret the flax into fibers.

Once dried, the flax fibers can be spun into linen thread...

During her busy work, Yimini caught sight of Lynn at the workshop door out of the corner of her eye.

Yimini quickly bent over, observing proper etiquette.

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Lynn nodded and left the textile workshop.

Afterwards.

Lynn went to the pottery workshop.

As soon as he arrived at the door of the pottery workshop, on the wooden rack on the other side of the wall, there were all kinds of glazed glass products!

The slender bottle neck matched with the round, palm-sized bottle body, such a glazed bottle was perfect for holding perfume, potion, or essential oils.

The glass cup with a large opening and a faint golden glow.

Even, a blue and transparent, smooth-surfaced small flat-bottomed glazed dish...

Lynn stood in front of the wooden rack, observing them carefully.

Each of the glazed products was smooth in texture, with not a single internal crack, worthy of being called high-grade glazed glass!

Perhaps because they were already familiar with making ceramic-like products, Beo and Layla had decent talent in glazing as well.

While Lynn was admiring these glazed items.

Beo walked briskly to Lynn's face.

"Master."

Lynn glanced at Beo and said, "These glazed products are made very well!"

"If sold outside, they will definitely fetch a good price."

With a modest smile on his face, Beo said, "Master, you praise me too much. It's all thanks to your good guidance."

"Without you, we would never be able to make such exquisite glazed products in this lifetime!"

Lynn nodded, "Making glazed glass is just the basic firing technique."

"If you're interested, you can delve deeper into the firing process."

Beo raised his eyebrows, puzzled, "Deeper into the firing process?"

Lynn responded, "Yes, like I've previously told you about the firing proportions. Adding different proportions of silicon sand, flux, and limestone can yield different qualities of glazed glass."

"For instance, reducing the amount of silicon sand, adding more flux limestone, and some metal fragments, you can make high-end decorations or optical lenses..."

If quality glazed glass is produced, it can be used to make telescopes.

Listening to Lynn's words, Beo was somewhat bewildered.

Every word Master Lynn said, he understood.

But when combined, he couldn't grasp the meaning.

However.

Beo still responded, "Alright, Master, once these batches of glazed glass for the castle are completed, I will try combining and melting different raw materials!"

Lynn replied, "Okay."

After letting Beo continue his work, Lynn left the pottery workshop.

The pottery workshop also had the role of a glass workshop. Since the demand wasn't particularly high now, it didn't affect anything.

If in the future a large-scale glazed glass production is needed, a separate glass workshop would have to be constructed, requiring more labor input.

Then.

After inspecting other workshops, Lynn returned to Flint's blacksmith workshop.

At this time, Flint was leading a group of blacksmith apprentices in basic forging training.

Seeing Lynn, Flint asked in confusion, "Lord?"

Lynn looked around the blacksmith workshop and directly said, "Flint, I need you to forge me a fishing rod!"

Ever since the last fishing trip where he caught that 30-pound river fish and broke the rod, Lynn had already not gone fishing for a while!

The confusion on Flint's face grew more apparent: "Fishing rod?"

Lynn nodded, "Yes, use quality iron, I need it to be strong, resilient, solid, at least able to handle pulling 30 pounds or more without breaking!"

Listening to Lynn's words, Flint's thick eyebrows slightly furrowed.

After a moment, he said, "No problem, Lord!"

"Give me a day, you can come pick it up tomorrow."

Upon hearing Flint's confident response, Lynn's eyebrows shot up immediately.

This seemed to be his first time making a request that was agreed to so readily!

Lynn looked at Flint approvingly and said, "At dinner time, I'll take you to the tavern to taste the distilled spirits Lex brewed!"

Flint's eyes instantly lit up, he quickly changed his tone and said, "Lord, I'll have the fishing rod forged by evening."

Lynn looked at Flint somewhat startled, this guy even left space for himself to forge the fishing rod!

After inquiring about Flint's progress on crafting the scale armor with chain liner, only to find out Flint hadn't started at all.

However, Lynn didn't urge him.

Crafting scale armor with chain liner is unlike producing standard plate armor.

Standard plate armor only requires making the sand box and then casting it with iron.

Scale armor with chain liner needs to be hammered again and again to forge.

This demands extremely high forging skills from the blacksmith.

And Lynn had dispatched two hundred apprentices without any forging experience to Flint, Flint could only start teaching these apprentices from scratch.

Time needed might be long, but as long as these apprentices can learn, once these two hundred apprentices graduate, they can then lead more apprentices.

Then, his territory would never lack blacksmiths again!

At that time, his cavalry would never lack high-quality armor and weapons!

Leaving the blacksmith workshop, Lynn went to the canteen on the right side of the town.

Amidst the puzzled looks of some newly joined chefs, he picked up the bone-cutting knife and started chopping the pork on the cutting board.

The sound of the bone-cutting knife breaking bones occasionally echoed in the kitchen.

[Cooking Experience +1]

[Cooking Experience +1]

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[Cooking Experience +1]

...

The experience for the [Cooking] skills started to increase.

Although it's still early, the town's population has grown.

The chefs in the kitchen almost have to get up at three or four in the morning to start cooking breakfast for the townsmen.

Once breakfast is cooked, the chefs can basically start cleaning the tableware and preparing lunch.

Only by evening do the chefs get some leisure time.

Compared to the townsmen working outside, the chefs' working hours are longer.

But the job doesn't require much physical effort, nor do they have to worry about any accidents from labor. It's considered an easy job within the territory.

It's noon.

All the lunches were completed, and Lynn randomly ate lunch in the dining hall.

He was about to ride Mo Ying to go to the papermaking workshop.

In the distance.

Two guards approached Lynn with Tate and a little girl.

The little girl was none other than Sienna!

Despite being accompanied by guards and Tate, there was still a trace of fear on Sienna's face.

Soon.

The guards and Sienna came before Lynn.

Tate bowed slightly, speaking respectfully, "Lord, Sienna has encountered something unexpected!"

"Her mood has become anxious and uneasy, I asked her what happened, but she wouldn't say anything."

Lynn looked at Sienna and asked, "What's wrong?"

Sienna still didn't speak but looked at Tate and the two guards beside her.

Lynn glanced at the three, who immediately understood and stepped back several meters.

Lynn continued, "Did you see or hear something again?"

Sienna took a few steps forward, getting closer to Lynn.

Confirming no one nearby could hear, Sienna cautiously said, "Refugees! A lot of refugees!"

Hearing this sudden remark, Lynn couldn't help but frown.

"Tell me in detail!"

Sienna took a deep breath, seeming to try to calm her heart.

"Master, I heard from the Raven that a group of bandit cavalrymen is plundering villages!"

"They seize grains and livestock from the villages, kill any men who resist, and assault young women in the villages."

"They don't even spare the children, slaughtering them all!"

Lynn's expression was calm as he silently listened.

Sienna's voice continued.

"They even invaded a village town with two thousand people!"

"Those displaced refugees are fleeing everywhere..."

"A group of refugees is fleeing forty-five miles outside your territory!"

Hearing this, Lynn understood.

He asked, "Did you hear how many refugees there are?"

Sienna's expression turned somewhat recollective.

A few seconds later.

She said, "Master, at least over three hundred!"

"They are coming from the northeast direction."

Lynn continued to ask, "Are there bandits chasing the refugees?"

Sienna shook her head and said, "Master, the Raven didn't mention this, I don't know."

Looking at Sienna's serious expression, Lynn touched her head, "I understand, go back and rest quickly."

Sienna didn't dodge at all, widening her eyes and looking straight at Lynn, "It's Master who works hard!"

Lynn smiled faintly, and his gaze turned to Tate.

Tate understood and stepped forward, taking Sienna back.

Even after walking over ten meters, Sienna still turned her head, looking far at Lynn.

Watching Tate and Sienna leave, disappearing at the corner of the Red Brick House.

Only then did Lynn retract his gaze.

His mind quickly started strategizing.

Given Sienna's identity as a witch and her ability of Hearing All Things, Lynn naturally believed the information was reliable.

The only unknown factor is whether there are bandits or mercenaries chasing the refugees.

Having pursuers means there is unknown danger!

But over three hundred refugees...

This greatly tempted Lynn!

If he can bring these refugees into the territory without losing a single soldier.

Three hundred laborers could boost the speed of development for the territory.

Once Colin completes the tools needed for the papermaking workshop, these townsmen could all be employed there as papermakers.

Moreover, he could conduct another military expansion.

Increasing the territory's armed soldiers to a thousand.

Pros and cons abound.

While strategizing in his mind, Lynn mounted his horse and headed towards the walls in the forest.

The forty to fifty-mile journey would take at most a little over an hour on horseback...

While Lynn pondered the pros and cons.

He had already passed through the forest, and the walls appeared before him.

Before getting close, Lynn saw in the distance soldiers training on the open ground.

Wearing silver-black standard plate armor, holding five-meter-long winged spears, they formed squads, repeating the same training maneuvers.

Rose, also clad in armor, walked gracefully on the squad's edge, continuously surveying everyone.

Beside the open ground, several warhorses were tied to tree trunks.

Obviously.

Rose also led these soldiers through horse riding training.

As Rose turned his body and saw several riders approaching from afar.

He bypassed the soldiers' training squad and approached them.

Besides merchants trading within the territory.

The only ones who could come from the town to the walls, apart from townsmen transporting supplies, would be Master Lynn.

Indeed.

When the riders drew closer, Lynn was seen first by Rose.

Rose strode forward to meet him.

Lynn pulled the reins, slowing Mo Ying's speed.

Dismounting Mo Ying, Lynn gazed at Rose and straightforwardly said, "Rose, I'm assigning you an outside task!"

Upon hearing Lynn, Rose's eyebrows suddenly twitched, his stance firm, "Master, just give the order!"

Lynn responded, "In the northeast direction, forty to fifty miles, a group of refugees is fleeing."

"The exact location is unclear, you may need to search."

Rose listened intently.

"I need you to take two hundred trained cavalry to intercept them!"

"Ensure their safe escort here!"

At this point, Lynn paused.

"If you encounter bandits chasing them, decide whether to counterattack or retreat based on the situation."

"But remember, the lives of these soldiers are more important than the refugees!"

"Understood?"

Rose's face was solemn, shouting, "Understood, Master!"

Lynn nodded and said, "Go, I'll await your return on the wall!"

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Under Lynn's gaze, Rose stepped back and left.

He walked forward to the squad of soldiers who were training.

Rose scanned the group and shouted, "Stop training! Gather!"

The two hundred soldiers who were deftly swinging their winged spears immediately stopped.

They raised the winged spears upright and quickly approached Rose.

An orderly formation of soldiers stood in front of Rose.

Rose said in a deep voice, "By the master's command, you will accompany me to bring in the exiles!"

"Everyone, find your warhorse now..."

Following Rose's command, the soldiers dispersed orderly to find their respective warhorses.

Just a moment later.

The soldiers, clad in plate armor and mounted on warhorses, gathered on the red brick ground beneath the city wall.

If these plate armor soldiers weren't wearing full face helmets, one could clearly see their invigorated expressions.

They were the earliest townsmen chosen as soldiers, and had been trained the longest.

Yet, their duties involved only daily training and escorting merchant caravan to the town.

They had never ridden warhorses on such a large scale.

At this moment, they could truly be called cavalry!

Rose mounted on top of his warhorse, gently guided the horse beneath him, and circled around the squad for inspection.

After confirming everything was in order, Rose turned his gaze upwards toward the top of the city wall.

There, Lynn was leaning on the recess of the wall, looking down at them.

The mountain wind ruffled Lynn's hair, adding a few hints of sternness to his seemingly youthful face.

After the heavy iron gate was opened, Lynn shouted, "Depart!"

Hearing Lynn's brief but inspiring command, the hearts of all soldiers on horseback raced.

Receiving Lynn's command, Rose also shouted loudly, "Depart!"

Rose clamped his legs around the warhorse, which had been trained to recognize commands instantly.

Hoo~

Amid the warhorses' neighing, Rose led two hundred plate armor soldiers charging toward the city wall gate.

Da-da-da~

The continuous sound of hooves echoed on the lime-paved road, converging into a battle hymn!

In just a few seconds.

This cavalry squad rushed out of the city wall, transforming into a metal line galloping toward the northeast direction of the city wall.

Where the warhorses passed, dust rose...

Lynn continued to stand on the city wall, watching the cavalry depart until they disappeared at the wilderness's edge.

This mission to bring in the exiles naturally carried some risk.

But at least three hundred exiles were equally important to Lynn now.

Population is the foundation of a territory's development.

After a moment of watching.

Lynn stepped down from the city wall.

Looking at the townsmen behind him, cutting down the surrounding logs, Lynn stepped in to join them.

Rolling up his sleeves, he gripped the end of the axe handle with his left hand for support.

He held his right hand two to three fists above his left hand as a leverage point.

This ensured the stability of the axe while effectively utilizing power.

Thud~

Thud~

Thud~

Lynn swung the iron axe in his hand, constantly cutting down a pine wood.

[Collection Experience +1]

[Collection Experience +1]

[Collection Experience +1]

...

Since building the first wooden hut, Lynn had already mastered the technique of using the axe.

Logging was not difficult.

The townsmen were cutting logs around the city wall naturally to expand the barracks.

As more soldiers were conscripted, the nearly hundred red brick houses had become insufficient for the soldiers to reside.

Currently the soldiers numbered six hundred, and there would only be more in the future.

As Lynn continued to log, accumulating experience, time swiftly advanced.

According to the full-speed long-distance galloping speed of a medium warhorse, it's thirty kilometers per hour.

This meant that from the city wall to the area where Sienna said the exiles fled, at most, it would be an hour.

If deviation occurs, searching might consume some time...

If all goes well.

By evening, Rose should be able to return to the city wall with the soldiers and exiles!

After accumulating experience for several hours continuously, Lynn stopped.

At nightfall, amidst the surprised gazes of the soldiers in the barracks, Lynn joined them for a dinner.

They had heard their Lord, Master Lynn, would often personally work the land, build houses, and produce tools.

After half a day together, it turned out to be true!

The night gradually deepened.

Even though the current temperature was three degrees, the temperature in the mountains was even lower, only one degree.

Yet, the soldiers on top of the city wall hadn't relaxed their patrols and watches.

However, beside them, there were piles of small bonfires for warmth.

If conditions weren't available, so be it.

The current territory still had a certain amount of anthracite stored, so there was no need for these soldiers to suffer in vain.

In an empty red brick house dormitory, the anthracite burned vigorously in the fireplace.

The entire thirty-square red brick house housed eight bunk beds, allowing sixteen soldiers to live relatively comfortably.

There were passageways, and cabinets for storing items...

The beds were laid with woven wild straw mats and a slightly thin coarse wool blanket.

Although not very thick, it was far better than covering with straw and weeds.

Moreover, with the anthracite for heating, it was enough for these soldiers to endure the winter.

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Just as Lynn was warming by the fire, observing the soldiers' living conditions.

A soldier took large strides, running to the door of the dormitory.

He knocked on the wooden door of the dormitory and said, "Master... Master Lynn, there are riders approaching!"

Hearing the voice outside the door, Lynn stood up, picked up the tongs, and closed the fireplace's vent.

With this, the anthracite in the fireplace, lacking oxygen, would burn more slowly.

Immediately, Lynn walked out of the red brick house and headed towards the nearby city walls.

The guard responsible for delivering the message hurriedly followed behind Lynn.

Climbing the steps of the tower, Lynn reached the top of the city wall.

His eyes peered through the black night, searching slightly.

Soon, in the distance outside the city walls, one could see faint yellow lights flickering in the black night.

Those were the lights of torches.

Perhaps due to the night wind blowing, or the galloping of warhorses, some torches flickered intermittently.

Yet, those torches almost lined up in a row, clearly visible.

Lynn stood on the city wall, waiting quietly.

The soldiers patrolling nearby cast a furtive glance at Master Lynn.

Seeing the night wind flutter Master Lynn's robe, he immediately signaled to the messenger soldier, then looked at the small anthracite fire beside him.

The messenger soldier instantly understood, gave an approving look to the guard soldier.

He placed the warming fire beside Lynn.

Lynn naturally noticed this scene.

As the marching team in the night became closer,

The glow of the torches became increasingly evident.

When the team came within visible distance,

Lynn finally saw that it was indeed soldiers clad in plate armor, wearing full face helmets, riding warhorses!

They were none other than the people of Rose who had left at noon away from the city walls and had just returned.

The cavalry unit was split into two parts, a hundred riders at the front guiding the way, another hundred at the rear for defense and oversight...

Ensuring that in the event of an attack, a defensive line could be promptly formed, and preventing the refugees from fleeing mid-way!

Lynn roughly scanned the refugees, numbering at least over three hundred.

Until Rose's troop was near the city walls, Lynn told the messenger soldier, "Open the gate!"

The messenger soldier promptly acknowledged and ran quickly towards the city walls.

With the heavy opening sound of the gate, the cavalry, leading the refugees, flowed in one after another.

Eventually, all refugees were arranged to stand on the open red brick ground.

After the previous incident of informers infiltrating, Rose was terrified.

Even before Lynn gave any orders, Rose had already arranged for soldiers to start searching the refugees!

Perhaps due to the exhaustion of a journey spanning dozens of miles, they were weary and directly sat on the ground.

Coming down from the city wall, Lynn stood at the forefront, scanning these refugees.

Even though the iron gate of the wall was closed, their faces still bore a trace of fright.

Obviously, they had not yet recovered from the terror of the bandit attack on the town.

Compared to the various slaves brought by Grayson before, these Free People, who only lost their land and homes, seemed much healthier.

The refugees gathered in groups of four or five, or in pairs, each group, or pair, forming a small family.

As Lynn surveyed the crowd, these refugees' eyes were also scanning this unfamiliar environment.

Tall city walls, red brick houses, and beneath their feet a lime road stretching through the forest with no end in sight...

Moreover, the fully armed plate armor cavalry they had never seen before...

This filled them with intense unease.

Half an hour later, ensuring no refugees secretly carried weapons,

Rose stepped towards Lynn.

Rose bowed slightly, speaking respectfully, "Master!"

Lynn responded, asking, "Didn't encounter any bandits?"

Rose replied, "We had some luck, no bandit encounters."

"Some refugees were worried and afraid, but I still brought them over by force."

"We brought back a total of three hundred and twenty refugees, two hundred males, a hundred females, and twenty children..."

Lynn nodded in satisfaction.

Rose continued speaking,

"However, I heard from the refugees that bandits chased after another batch of fleeing refugees."

"The bandits seem overly ambitious, forcing those townsmen into their ranks."

"Compelling them to become bandits, or face death..."

Lynn was not surprised, "That bandit group, they are the Iron Blood Brotherhood, aren't they?"

Rose nodded, "Yes, Master, it's the Iron Blood Brotherhood!"

"Also, a group called the Storm Mercenary Corps has joined the Iron Blood Brotherhood."

Lynn said, "I understand, well done, you brought back all my soldiers!"

Rose bowed, acknowledging his words.

Retrieving his gaze from Rose, Lynn looked at the refugees ahead.

Perhaps due to his silk wool robe, or Rose's deferential manner of reporting,

Lynn noticed many refugees were staring wide-eyed at him.

So be it.

Lynn took a few steps, standing on the steps not far away.

Rose and several plate-armored soldiers holding torches stood beside, illuminating for Lynn.

"Friends! I am the master of this land—Lynn!"

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A strong and loud voice suddenly rang out.

Those who were still looking around immediately began searching.

Finally, their gaze landed on the tall and handsome man.

Confirming that the young and handsome man was claiming to be the Lord, a distinct look of surprise appeared on their faces.

Such a young Lord!

However, seeing the guards around them, they dared not utter any words.

They all looked up at Lynn.

"Everyone, there's no need to be nervous or afraid."

"Being able to come to this territory... will be the luckiest thing in your life."

A look of doubt appeared on the faces of the refugees.

Having left their homes, jobs, and houses behind...

They came to this wilderness to escape for their lives.

Can this really be called the luckiest thing?

Lynn continued speaking.

"In this territory, you will have a wall to rely on, with standard plate armor soldiers for protection. As for bandits... they will never dream of crossing into this territory."

The refugees looked at the wall to their left.

The presence of the wall indeed put them at ease.

If their village also had such walls, they would never have been attacked by bandits!

"In this territory, you will no longer worry about food or shelter. You only need to work hard at the tasks I arrange..."

"You will receive three meals a day, and have red brick houses like the ones you see now, with each house occupied by a family or two people only!"

"You will have homes and rooms that belong to you. You can cook in the fireplace in the living room or burn anthracite for warmth. You might even receive long robes made from coarse wool like those soldiers, to keep warm in the winter!"

"You will receive different work assignments, perhaps in handicraft workshops, weaving, pottery, forging..."

"Or logging, farming, breeding, digging..."

"You could even become like them, a guardian of the territory—heavy cavalry!"

"Harder positions will come with benefits!"

"And your underage children will also have their place—schools."

"They will receive taught approval from the scholars of Triumph City in schools!"

At this point, Lynn paused, "To obtain all of this, all you need is to work hard!"

In Lynn's view, there was nothing novel in his words.

From the initial promise of three meals a day, alleviating hunger concerns,

To having meals with meat, then red brick houses, to children receiving education, to becoming plate armor soldiers...

However.

Even now, Lynn has never painted a false narrative for these townsmen.

All along, he only promised what the territory had.

Upon hearing this.

The newly arrived refugees' eyes began to shine with a peculiar light.

If what this young Lord says is true...

Then this place is simply heaven!

Because no matter where they go, they are destined to labor for food.

But here, they will receive all of this in advance.

A young refugee stepped forward and responded.

"Lord, my name is Wesley Don Quixote, the last descendant of the Don Quixote Clan."

"I am willing to join your territory and offer you my loyalty!"

As Wesley Don Quixote came forward and responded, more refugees expressed themselves one after another.

"Lord, our family is also willing to join your territory."

"Lord, I am willing too."

"Lord, my wife is pregnant; please allow her to stay. I can do her share of work!"

"..."

Lynn looked at the last speaking middle-aged man.

Beside him, a middle-aged woman wearing just a coarse wool robe was carrying a round belly.

Lynn spoke, "Pregnant women over three months need not work and can rest at home."

"Moreover, pregnant women shall receive eggs and chicken to supplement their nutrition."

"Next year, they will even receive sheep milk and cow milk!"

Listening to Lynn, some refugees had faces of joy.

This Lord actually provides such good care for pregnant women?

It's known that other Lords, regardless of whether Free People are sick or pregnant...

As long as Free People do not labor, they receive no wages and might even be penalized for breaching their contracts!

But here, the treatment for pregnant women is exceptionally high.

Completely beyond their imagination.

Is such treatment really something these people can enjoy?

The words from Lynn touched all the refugees.

They wondered what life would be like afterward.

In reality, under the pressure of these fully armed plate armor soldiers, even if the Lord here asked them to work tirelessly, they would have no choice.

No way can bandits' power compare to standard plate armor soldiers?

Lynn instructed Rose to have the soldiers lead these refugees to the small town, and he mounted Mo Ying and returned to the small town ahead.

The papermaking workshop was about to be completed.

It's perfect timing to assign them to the papermaking workshop production.

The remaining eight hundred construction workers and the two hundred apprentices from the woodworker workshop can begin track construction!

When Lynn returned to the small town, it was nearly midnight.

By the time those refugees reached the small town, it would be at least two or three in the morning.

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Three hundred and twenty refugees require at least one hundred and sixty red brick houses.

If there aren't enough, they can only squeeze in and live together for a few nights. Once the new red brick houses are completed, they will be allocated and moved in.

Returning to the castle, the guards responsible for guarding the gate hurriedly opened the gate, allowing Lynn to ride in.

Inside the castle, Lynn dismounted, and the guards beside him immediately stepped forward to hold Mo Ying, leading it to the stables.

Kuisi, who had been waiting downstairs, promptly approached, "Master, you're back."

Lynn glanced at Kuisi and said, "In two hours, a batch of refugees will arrive in the town."

"Please arrange for the cooks to prepare some simple food for them."

Kuisi raised an eyebrow but showed no hesitation, "Alright, Master, I'll get on it right away."

Lynn nodded and, after sending two guards to accompany Kuisi, he ascended the staircase to the second floor of the castle.

...

The next morning.

Lynn awoke early.

After washing up, Lynn came to the dining table in the hall.

Having risen even earlier, Kuisi was setting Lynn's breakfast.

Egg custard, wheat porridge with minced meat, pan-fried bread, and a piece of pork with vegetables...

Sitting in the armchair at the head of the dining table, Lynn picked up a piece of bread with chopsticks and began to eat.

While eating, Lynn looked towards Kuisi.

At this moment, Kuisi clearly showed signs of fatigue with dark circles under her eyes.

Lynn asked Kuisi, "What time did the refugees arrive in town last night?"

Standing by, Kuisi explained, "It was past two in the morning. After they finished eating, because it was so cold, I arranged for them to stay in the remaining red brick houses."

"However, there weren't enough red brick houses. I found some pregnant women among them, so I prioritized them."

"The remaining refugees were crammed ten or so into a single red brick house, but they all managed to fit."

"Today, we need to arrange for construction workers to continue building red brick houses..."

Lynn nodded, "Well done."

Hearing Lynn's praise, Kuisi's previously drowsy expression instantly became more spirited.

Half an hour later.

After finishing breakfast, Lynn rode on Mo Ying and left the castle.

He arrived at the open square in front of the town.

Nearly three hundred refugees who had eaten breakfast stood neatly in formation at the guards' request.

On the way back to town from the city wall last night, Lynn had already thought of the use for these refugees.

Papermaking workshop, to produce paper!

Looking at the expectant faces, all looking at him.

Lynn announced, "Ladies and gentlemen, starting today, you will join the newly constructed papermaking workshop and become papermaking workers of the territory!"

"Under the guidance of the guards, you will go to the papermaking workshop, where foreman Colin will teach you how to produce paper!"

Hearing Lynn's words, the townsmen's faces showed a look of surprise.

Papermaking workshop?

They had never heard of it before...

However, since there would be teaching, they could naturally accept it.

With Lynn's command, nearly three hundred refugees, under the guards' guidance, marched towards the papermaking workshop outside the town.

Not far away, a young man dashed out from the refugee crowd, rushing towards Lynn.

Four or five guards were shocked and wanted to intercept him immediately.

But the young man easily avoided them with a few nimble steps.

Seeing the young man getting closer, the guards quickly called out, "Master, be careful!"

Subsequently, the guards drew their scimitars from their waists, striding forth in pursuit.

Lynn glanced at the young man.

He had seen this young man last night.

Wesley Don Quixote.

He claimed to be the last descendant of the Don Quixote family.

Clearly, Wesley Don Quixote was a man who understood decorum. When he was five meters from Lynn, he knelt down directly.

With his left leg bent and right knee directly on the red brick ground, his right hand in a fist on his chest.

While his left palm was upturned, extending forward.

Firm words resonated from Wesley Don Quixote's mouth.

"My Lord, I am Wesley Don Quixote. Please accept my loyalty!"

The soldiers arriving from behind were about to place their scimitars on Wesley Don Quixote's neck.

When they saw Lynn extend his right hand, they instantly understood, nodded in acknowledgment, and sheathed their scimitars, standing by.

Lynn once again looked towards Wesley Don Quixote.

A string of text appeared before Lynn's eyes.

[Name]: Wesley Don Quixote

[Age]: 25 years

[Abilities]: Hunting Level 3, Level 2 Production, Collection Level 2

[Attributes]: Attack D+, Defense C+, Speed D-, Constitution E-, Energy E-

[Talent]: Wind God's Blessing—the favor of the heavens accumulates wind on the arrows, increasing their power

[Skills]: Wind Power—the arrows shot are imbued with wind power, extending the effective range of the bow and can easily tear through armor

...

These refugees had just arrived in town, and he hadn't had the chance to check their attribute panels yet.

Wesley's attribute panel made his eyes light up slightly.

With the talent [Wind God's Blessing] and the skill [Wind Power].

Lynn felt that Wesley was more like a sniper!

Looking at Wesley kneeling in front of him, Lynn calmly said, "Why should I accept your loyalty?"

Wesley's face was momentarily stunned.

He indeed did not expect Lynn to ask him this question.

Chapter 298: Battle of Light and Darkness

Wesley's thoughts raced in his mind, and he quickly responded, "Lord, I want to become a part of your domain."

"As long as you need it, my Lord, I can do anything for you."

Lynn stared at him, and continued to ask, "Mr. Wesley, just state your purpose directly."

A trace of hesitation appeared on Wesley's face.

A few seconds later.

Wesley spoke, "Apologies, my Lord, my purpose holds no malice towards you."

"The reason I want to pledge allegiance to you is because I am the last descendant of the Don Quixote Clan!"

"And the Don Quixote Clan... is a family blessed by the Wind God. As long as one's will is firm and sincere, one can tap into a sliver of the Wind God's power..."

"But a long time ago, the Don Quixote Clan declined... The former prosperity is gone, the people dwindled, leaving only me..."

"My ancestors said this is the curse brought by obtaining the Wind God's power..."

At this point, Wesley's tone shifted, his words became resolute again.

"But I don't believe it!"

"I am determined to revive the glory of the Don Quixote Clan!"

Lynn nodded, "So, I am the power you intend to use."

Wesley fell silent.

If before, he indeed was like those vagrants, fleeing from villages and towns just to survive.

But now.

He saw such a young Lord, saw a clearly recently constructed tall city wall, saw expanse of newly cultivated land.

And also saw a vast red brick house residential area, towering castles over ten meters high, and those ranks of plate armor soldiers...

Wesley knew, this is a land growing vigorously, a force rapidly developing!

And the Lynn before him was the master of this land...

Wesley exhaled a hot breath, without any timidity, looking straight at Lynn, he spoke, "Yes, my Lord!"

"I want to leverage your power to reestablish the Don Quixote Clan in this Empire, on this continent!"

"But... no matter what, not only me, the Don Quixote Clan will forever be the sharp blade in your hand, my Lord!"

Lynn said nothing, his gaze locked with Wesley's.

A few seconds later.

Wesley lowered his head, he felt the oppressive aura of an overlord from Lynn.

Lynn spoke, "Wesley Don Quixote, I, Lynn, accept your allegiance!"

Lynn stepped forward, approaching Wesley.

Finally, he stood before Wesley, extending his right hand, slowly brushing across the palm of Wesley's left hand.

Feeling the warmth from the palm, Wesley's emotions suddenly stirred rapidly.

Even, his entire body trembling inexplicably.

Pledge of allegiance.

Means he will become Lynn's household attendant.

His family and descendants will all become Lynn's household attendants.

They must provide services in all aspects for Lynn the Lord.

It means he must pledge eternal allegiance to Lynn the Lord, for betrayal will mean losing everything!

But the warmth in his palm gradually faded, Wesley's lowered head sank even further.

In a firm voice, words emerged from his mouth, "Yes, my master."

Lynn spoke coolly, "Rise."

Without any hesitation, Wesley stood up.

Lynn continued speaking, "Wesley, what you said about the Wind God's blessing..."

Wesley, without any concealment, began to directly explain, "Master, the Wind God's blessing is somewhat peculiar..."

"It is unlike those swordsmanship techniques or spear techniques, more akin to a sense."

"Having sensed it, the arrow shot forth holds extraordinary power!"

Wesley's words continued, "My Lord, I'm not sure if you've heard about the Battle of Light and Darkness?"

Lynn nodded, "I have some memories, but not much."

The memories of the Battle of Light and Darkness in his mind are merely legends passed down by word of mouth.

What the truth really was, what happened, Lynn naturally does not know.

Wesley explained, "My Lord, the Battle of Light and Darkness... it truly existed!"

"Because my ancestors participated in that war!"

Lynn raised an eyebrow.

In Wesley's eyes, there was a look of reverence, "Although I do not know the origin of the Battle of Light and Darkness."

"But I know that during that war, my ancestor, with an arrow imbued with the Wind God's power, slew the sixty-eighth ranked Demon God — Belial!"

"Because, from that point on, my ancestor was granted a title by the Light Camp — the Demon-Breaking Arrow."

At this point.

Wesley's voice grew somber.

"However, when darkness was driven back to the Abyss, this land no longer needed heroes."

"The heroes of old gradually aged and passed, leaving only their descendants to carry on, continually passing down these legends of heroes."

"Until now, the Don Quixote Clan, granted such a title, only has a single heir left..."

Lynn looked straight at Wesley, saying, "One day, the Don Quixote Clan will once again stand tall on this continent, becoming known to all households!"

Listening to Lynn's words, Wesley suddenly lifted his head, eyes filled with awe as he gazed at the young Lord before him.

Arrogance of youth?

Boasting idly?

Or perhaps eyes above everything?

However, what Wesley saw in Lynn's eyes was ambition!

Wesley bowed slightly, "Yes, master!"

Lynn nodded in satisfaction, "Let's go, there happens to be a position suited for you!"

Chapter 299: Battle of Light and Darkness

Wesley asked in confusion, "A suitable position for me?"

"Master, is it related to archery?"

Lynn looked at Wesley with appreciation, "Yes, I need you to help me train the archers."

"They don't need to be perfect shots, just need to be able to perform volleys and direct shots, that will be enough!"

A hint of joy appeared on Wesley's face, "Then this position is indeed more suitable for me!"

Naturally, Wesley was unwilling to go to a paper mill and work as an ordinary paper worker.

He is an archer!

Accompanied by several guards, Lynn took Wesley to the archery training ground outside the town.

From a distance, Lynn could already see Red leading a group of soldiers in unified training!

However,

Lynn did not immediately lead Wesley in, but stood at the back and watched from afar.

A few minutes later,

A slightly surprised voice came from Wesley's mouth.

"Huh?"

"Master, that burly man..."

Lynn explained, "Red Harper, the guard captain of the territory, and also a hunter."

"Due to the lack of archery trainers, I temporarily appointed him..."

Upon hearing this,

Wesley suddenly understood, "I see."

"I thought their training methods were a bit odd, but this way, they can indeed teach soldiers how to draw a bow and shoot!"

Lynn said nothing, stepping into the training ground.

Red had just finished a round of training, preparing to train the next batch.

He keenly noticed Lynn coming over with a few people from behind.

Red stepped forward a few paces to Lynn's side, glanced at Wesley, and respectfully said, "Master."

Lynn nodded, "This is Wesley, a skilled marksman like you."

"From now on, he'll teach these soldiers archery training."

Hearing Lynn's words, Red showed no surprise.

It seemed that before Lynn's introduction, Red had already sensed this.

Red bowed and said, "Yes, Master."

Lynn looked at Wesley, and before Lynn could speak, Wesley walked forward.

From the wooden rack beside, he picked up a longbow.

He held it in his hand, continuously testing it for a moment before heading to the target area.

Wesley took out three triangular armor-piercing arrows from the quiver nearby.

Under the gaze of Lynn, Red, and all the soldiers, he tossed the three triangular armor-piercing arrows into the air overhead.

The three armor-piercing arrows scattered instantly and, under gravity, fell towards Wesley below.

Without even raising his head, Wesley reached up, and his right hand accurately grasped one of the armor-piercing arrow tails.

Withdrawing his arm, he nocked and drew the bow; the longbow instantly went full draw.

With a slight release of his right fingers, the arrow shot out swiftly.

Whoosh!

After a sharp whistling sound, the armor-piercing arrow hit the bullseye precisely.

However, Wesley's actions didn't stop; his body tilted slightly, capturing another falling arrow with his fingers again.

Nocking and drawing the bow, the bow was fully drawn, fingers released.

The armor-piercing arrow went towards the target ahead once more.

Thunk~

A crisp sound followed as the armor-piercing arrow hit the target's bullseye precisely!

At this moment,

The final arrow was about to fall to the ground.

Under all the gazes, Wesley crouched suddenly, his right hand darted down, grabbing the falling arrow directly with his right hand.

Wesley nocked the arrow again, drew the bow, released the fingers, and the arrow shot out, hitting the bullseye accurately!

After completing all this, Wesley habitually slung the longbow over a shoulder onto his back.

Clap~ Clap~

Amidst the sudden applause, a burst of clapping ensued.

Wesley walked up to Lynn and said, "Master, Wesley was a bit clumsy."

Lynn was not stingy with words of praise, "Very impressive archery!"

This level of archery can no longer be described as simply excellent.

To achieve this, one must have keen perception and agile body technique.

Beside Lynn, Red looked at Wesley with eyes full of approval.

Lynn's gaze shifted to the soldiers on the training ground and shouted, "Assemble!"

The soldiers, who had been paying attention to Lynn, Red, and Wesley all along, heard the command of the lord.

They quickly shouldered their longbows and ran to the front of Lynn, beginning to line up.

Two hundred soldiers stood in a formation with only a fist's gap between them.

The formation wasn't grand, but the orderly arrangement from short to tall still made it pleasing to the eye.

Lynn swept his gaze over the crowd, and said, "I mentioned before that, without a qualified instructor to lead your training, Captain Red would lead you himself."

The soldiers' faces were stern.

"Now, your instructor is here—Wesley Don Quixote!"

"From this moment on, he will lead you in daily archery training, and after that, he will lead you in any operations."

"Do you understand?"

Upon Lynn's words, a uniform shout erupted from the soldiers.

"Understood!"

Lynn nodded contentedly, looking at Wesley.

Wesley understood immediately, stepping forward to appear in the sight of the soldiers.

"Wesley Don Quixote."

"You may call me Instructor Wesley..."

Though, as Wesley said, the Don Quixote family had declined.

But Wesley still had such a presence, in both his stance and the tone of his speech, clearly trained formally.

This was precisely what Lynn needed the most at the moment.

He needed someone to train these soldiers in a formal, systematic way, to ensure they follow orders to the letter.

As Wesley introduced himself, drawing closer to the soldiers and beginning to organize a training plan,

Lynn gave Wesley a few instructions before leaving the archery training ground.

Red, no longer needed to lead the soldiers, quickly followed Lynn.

Looking at the familiar back of Master Lynn, a sense of inexplicable reassurance appeared in Red.

As Lynn walked, he asked, "Red, do you wish to stay by my side, or do you want to lead a team of soldiers?"

Listening to Lynn's query, Red almost without hesitation replied, "Master, I'm not suited to lead soldiers!"

Red naturally knew that if he wished, Lynn would without hesitation assign him a team of soldiers.

Just like those archers on the training ground.

However, Red was well aware of his abilities; he lacked the capability to command soldiers and the ability to lead them well.

Lynn glanced back at Red and said, "Then stay by my side in the future. Where I go, you go!"

Chapter 300: She Is the Devil

Returning to the small town, Lynn rode Mo Ying towards the papermaking workshop.

Red likewise rode his warhorse, once again following behind Lynn.

A dozen minutes later.

Lynn arrived at the papermaking workshop.

Three hundred townsmen who had just arrived were already waiting outside the papermaking workshop under the guidance of the guards.

Under the watchful eyes of some onlookers, Lynn dismounted and walked towards the entrance of the papermaking workshop.

Before getting closer.

Colin happened to step out, seeing Lynn, he hurriedly spoke: "Master, the tools needed for the papermaking workshop have been completed."

Lynn nodded slightly and walked into the papermaking workshop.

What his eyes saw were wooden tools that Lynn was seeing for the first time.

First, was the processing and boiling area.

The bark from felled trees could be peeled from the logs or soaked to remove the bark.

But soaking to remove the bark requires a lot of time, ranging from several days to over a month.

While peeling off the bark, you can also create a trough to soak the logs for bark removal.

The collected bark is added to an iron pot, along with lime and other alkaline materials, to be boiled, accelerating the decomposition of the bark fibers.

Next, was the pulping area, divided into the pestle area and the trough area.

The boiled bark can be put into a stone mortar, where repeated pestling turns the bark into fine fibers, making it papermaking material.

The trough area is used to mix the pestled bark fibers with water, allowing the fibers and water to fully blend in stirring, forming a pulp suspension.

Preparing for the subsequent paper-moulding process.

Then, was the paper-moulding area, divided into the paper sieve drying area and the wet paper drying area.

The paper sieve drying area is the core area of paper-moulding!

One can hold a ready-made bamboo sieve, immerse it into the pulp trough, then slowly lift it out; the surface of the bamboo sieve will be covered with a thin layer of paper, then turn the pulp onto the wooden workbench to let it preliminarily form.

Once the pulp has preliminarily formed, it undergoes initial ventilation and drying to accelerate the drying speed of the wet paper.

Next is the processing area.

The air-dried paper enters the cutting area for preliminary trimming and sizing to the required dimensions and shapes.

Then it goes into the pressing area, where a stone press compacts and flattens, enhancing the paper's density and quality.

Finally, there is the storage area for finished products, as paper is extremely susceptible to moisture; it's crucial to ensure the storage area is dry and ventilated.

Lynn's eyes swept over each processing area one by one.

He turned his gaze to Colin, "Later, a residential area needs to be built behind the papermaking workshop, allowing the workers to live directly nearby."

"Residences, kitchens, public baths, wells, and toilets, etc."

The papermaking workshop is not exactly far from the town, about more than an hour's walk.

Better to build supporting structures and living facilities around the papermaking workshop than lose an hour commuting.

Colin didn't hesitate, speaking up: "Alright."

The papermaking workshop is built, papermaking work is completed, and the required labor is in place.

Now what's lacking is the raw materials for the papermaking workshop.

Lynn exited the papermaking workshop and began assigning labor among these three hundred people.

Two hundred and fifty townsmen were handed over to Colin, to have him train them in different positions.

The remaining fifty people were directly sent by Lynn to the shipyard to row the skiff upstream to the forests of the Acadia River.

The four hundred townsmen had felled logs which needed to be transported downriver.

As for the fuel needed for boiling the bark, this was straightforward.

Directly allocate five wagons from the town's caravan of anthracite from the open-pit coal mine.

These five wagons would specifically supply anthracite to the papermaking workshop.

The journey from the open-pit coal mine to the papermaking workshop is much shorter.

Each wagon can carry one thousand five hundred pounds, and can make three trips a day, which is four thousand five hundred pounds.

Five wagons, that's twenty-two thousand five hundred pounds!

It's more than enough for the daily consumption of the papermaking workshop.

With everything arranged, Lynn strode into the papermaking workshop again.

Looking at the teams standing apart, a hint of satisfaction appeared on Lynn's face.

Clearly.

Due to long-term contact with him, Colin had indeed learned the division of labor by positions.

Workers responsible for peeling bark specifically handled peeling.

Workers responsible for cleaning and boiling the bark handled cleaning and boiling.

Pulp-making workers specifically handled pulp-making...

By dividing the labor, their work transfer processes were reduced.

Having them become proficient in their own work, skill comes with practice, thereby improving work efficiency.

Moreover.

Dividing them also improved Colin's own teaching and training efficiency!

Each obtained multiple benefits.

Lynn didn't disturb Colin and instead rode Mo Ying away from the papermaking workshop.

Regardless of the tools lacking in the papermaking workshop or the guidance and training needed for the workshop's workers.

With Colin present, there was no need to worry at all.

What Lynn had to focus on now was the upcoming rail construction!

Clip-clop-clop~

Lynn rode Mo Ying, galloping on the lime road, Mo Ying's hooves hitting the ground with crisp sounds.

These sounds merged with the hoofbeats of Red and several guards riding behind.

Ironically, it created a peculiar sense of comfort.

A dozen minutes later.

Before reaching the edge of the forest, Lynn saw from a distance trees falling one by one.