

System 301

Chapter 301: She Is the Devil

Arriving at the forest edge, Lynn leapt down from Mo Ying and walked toward the logging site.

At the edge of the forest, four hundred townsmen were continuously felling trees with half-meter diameters.

The shadow of the Iron Axe swinging, the humming sound of the Iron Saw being pulled...

After the trees collapsed, seven or eight townsmen worked together on the tree trunks.

Tall logs over twenty meters were divided into three sections and carried back, piling up.

What surprised Lynn was that, with four hundred people uniformly cutting down trees, the entire logging site was astonishingly orderly.

When Lynn spotted that strange yet familiar figure in the distance, he understood.

It was Garcia, with the Talent of "Planning," and doubled efficiency using the Two-Handed Axe!

Lynn looked at a guard and asked him to call Garcia over.

Upon receiving the instruction, the guard immediately walked to the forefront of the logging operation.

Upon reaching Garcia's side, the guard explained briefly.

When Garcia turned his head and saw Lynn, he promptly put down his Two-Handed Axe and jogged over to Lynn.

Coming before Lynn, Garcia quickly bent over, and his words were full of respect, "Master Lynn."

Lynn responded, "Garcia Paul, how many trees have been cut down now?"

Listening to Master Lynn accurately calling his name, Garcia felt invigorated inside.

After all, standing before him was the Lord of the entire territory!

There were nearly six thousand people in the entire town.

And Master Lynn could call his name precisely; how could he not be excited?

Garcia spoke somewhat hurriedly, "Mas...Master, since you arranged for us to start felling, nearly a thousand trees have been cut so far."

Four hundred people, with two people collaborating to fell a half-meter thick tree, cutting two per day, plus transport and branch clearing.

The efficiency was relatively quick for cutting nearly that many in a few days.

Lynn inquired, "Are they all following your guidance in the felling process?"

A sincere, shy smile appeared on Garcia's face, "Yes, Master..."

"Because my previous work was cutting trees, I'm somewhat more skilled than they are."

Lynn nodded, "Very well done."

"In the future, I plan to construct a logging processing site at the forest edge, with a workforce of fifty. I need you to lead them as a foreman for logging."

"The main work will involve felling trees and transporting logs to the processing area for further work."

Rail construction requires a large number of sleepers.

And these sleepers will be processed from the logs felled by Garcia.

A look of astonishment appeared on Garcia's face, "Master, are you saying me?"

"But... I'm afraid I might not live up to your trust, Master..."

Seeing Garcia's somewhat worried expression, Lynn resolutely said, "How will you know you can't without trying?"

"Besides, aren't you doing great now?"

Previously, the forest passage from the Open-pit Iron Mine to the Acadia River was cut through by Garcia leading the logging workers.

Now, here is Garcia again, leading these four hundred logging workers in an orderly felling operation.

Garcia is capable.

But due to his personality, he lacks confidence.

This is straightforward.

Lynn gives him confidence!

Listening to Lynn's encouraging words, Garcia was taken aback.

But soon.

Garcia seemed to have made up his mind, "Master, I can do it!"

Lynn nodded in satisfaction, "Good."

"From now on, you are the foreman of the logging site, I will have the carpenters from the Woodworker Workshop come here to set up the logging site."

Garcia nodded heavily, "No problem, Master."

Lynn responded softly, and after patrolling the logging site for a moment,

he rolled up his sleeves and joined in the logging of the logs.

[Collection Experience +1]

[Collection Experience +1]

[Collection Experience +1]

...

Slowly, the Collection Experience kept increasing.

Those logging workers, seeing their Lord joining in the logging, became even more diligent.

Time.

was slowly passing by.

In the blink of an eye, it was afternoon.

Lynn sat in the temporary rest shelter at the back, gulping down well water.

Looking at the various cleaned logs, his mind rapidly calculated.

The distance from the open coal mine to the town is two miles.

If each sleeper is laid approximately one meter apart, two miles is ten thousand meters, requiring ten thousand sleepers alone.

Assuming a sleeper width of two meters, from a twenty-meter tall log, that meets the size requirement for a sleeper, at most only five sleepers can be produced.

Just the need for sleepers requires cutting down two thousand trees!

This doesn't even account for the rail wood needed for the tracks!

Including the rail wood, a twenty-meter high log, after removing the top and bottom sections, can at most be processed into one ten-meter rail wood.

For the twenty-mile rail for mine carts to run back and forth, a thousand more trees for rail wood are needed!

In total, at least eleven thousand are needed!

Felling this many logs is a major undertaking.

Assuming two people can only cut two trees a day, even after drafting all the construction workers from the Papermaking Workshop and the Carpenter Apprentice, it's only about a thousand people.

This means.

It would take a thousand people logging continuously for ten days to gather enough timber for the wooden tracks.

Though it may seem slow, Lynn understood that even if it is slow, it must be done.

While the efficiency of extracting Anthracite is sufficient, the transport capacity of wagons is truly limited.

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He must increase transportation capacity in order to completely lift the territory's limitation on using anthracite.

Lynn took two large gulps of well water again, just about to get up and return to the felling battle.

Red's reminder echoed beside Lynn.

"Master, all the construction workers and apprentices from the Papermaking Workshop have arrived."

Lynn turned back to see a large group of figures approaching from afar, led by the guards, to the edge of the forest.

The Papermaking Workshop has now entered on-the-job training.

There is now nothing for these construction workers and carpenter apprentices to do.

At this time, when the territory needs development the most, Lynn wasn't going to let them stop.

Two hours ago, he directly sent the guards to the Papermaking Workshop to transfer these people over.

Seeing the puzzled faces, Lynn stepped up on a pile of logs and called out: "Everyone!"

"The work at the Papermaking Workshop is temporarily on hold."

"Now what you need to do is follow me to the edge of the forest, continuously swinging the iron axes and pulling the iron saws."

"To topple down those trees that have been growing for decades or even hundreds of years!"

"I need logs, lots of logs!"

Listening to Master Lynn's words, the already puzzled townsmen became even more confused.

Lynn continued speaking.

"Because the whole territory is about to speed up—building wooden tracks, and producing track mining carts!"

"Once the construction is complete, the town's transportation capacity will replace the draught power of cattle and horses!"

Some townsmen with experience in mining couldn't help but exclaim.

They've seen some mining carts, but those carts all require human or animal power to pull them to move.

Master Lynn says to produce mining carts that can replace draught power?

Lynn didn't continue to explain anything to these townsmen.

If they can understand, it's naturally better.

If they don't understand, it doesn't matter.

Right now, what they have to do is keep shedding sweat to fell the logs needed for laying the wooden tracks.

As for the subsequent processing.

Lynn directly had the carpenter apprentices with woodworking experience handle the processing and production.

Then.

Lynn began to assign tasks to the 600 townsmen who had just arrived.

Eight hundred construction workers were all assigned to the first site of felling by Lynn.

Physically strong and robust men were divided into pairs, cooperating in felling trees.

Then, two physically weaker or thinner men or women were assigned to clear branches from the tree trunks and assist in carrying.

The eight hundred construction workers could be split into two hundred groups.

With collaborative division of labor, each group could fell at least four trees.

In at most fourteen days, felling can be completed!

The two hundred carpenter apprentices at the Woodworker Workshop immediately used logs to construct the Wood Workshop on site.

This saved transportation time for red bricks and quickly enabled the Wood Workshop to be constructed and put into production as soon as possible.

With Lynn's order, everyone dispersed.

The workers in charge of felling formed groups of four, holding iron axes and iron saws, heading to the forest's edge.

The carpenter apprentices also took action.

After Lynn determined the location for the Wood Workshop, the carpenter apprentices began clearing the logs piled on the ground.

Shortly after.

Apprentices who went back to the town to fetch iron tools also returned.

The two hundred carpenter apprentices began to construct the Wood Workshop.

Many of these carpenter apprentices had been following Colin from the start.

Building the Salt Factory, constructing various workshops, and constructing the dock shipyard, and so on.

Moreover, the construction of the Wood Workshop wasn't considered difficult.

With the cross pickaxe and iron hammer digging foundations, and iron nails and large coach screws as fixtures.

By evening, the main structure of the Wood Workshop, covering over five hundred square meters, was completed.

The workshop layout was also extremely simple and clear.

Just needed to construct forty wood processing workbenches from logs.

The two hundred carpenter apprentices were divided into groups of five, twenty groups tasked with processing and making appropriately sized sleepers, twenty groups making track wood.

The processing didn't require much skill either.

First, select logs that are straight and free from obvious decay or worm infestation.

Then, cut according to the length and size required for sleepers or track wood.

Then, remove the bark from the surface of the logs, aiming to keep the bark intact for later use as raw material for the Papermaking Workshop.

Next, perform initial shaping of the logs to remove excessive curves, shaping them into the rectangular form of sleepers or track wood.

Then, perform fine processing and polishing on the initially shaped logs, using an iron planer to smooth the sleepers' surfaces until they meet the needs for track laying.

Finally, dry the entire processed sleepers.

Lynn also considered carbonizing these logs.

But given the current limited conditions, he had to abandon the idea.

Lynn thought again, deciding it's not much of a concern.

Even sleepers not carbonized could still last for years!

In case of damage, they could just repair it.

Perhaps after a few years, the territory's tracks would already become iron tracks...

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After arranging everything, Lynn looked at the thousand townspeople who had already entered a working state and nodded in satisfaction.

Although the current logging efficiency and raw wood processing efficiency are slow.

But as they continue with the logging and production, it will only take a few days for their efficiency to improve.

Until dusk.

Only then did Lynn set down the axe in his hand and had the guards notify everyone that they could stop working and return to the town for rest.

All the townspeople packed up their tools, gathering in groups of three or five, chatting leisurely as they headed back to the town.

Lynn did not ride a horse but walked among the crowd with Red.

Some townspeople with smiles on their faces saw Lynn and instinctively bent their bodies slightly as a sign of respect.

Listening to the cheerful and casual conversations of the townspeople, Lynn felt an inexplicable comfort.

Half an hour later.

Lynn returned to the town.

Just as he sat on a bench in front of a red brick house, George walked over.

Approaching Lynn, George said respectfully, "Master."

Lynn glanced at him and said, "What's the matter?"

George did not hesitate and began to explain.

"Master, during your time out, Mr. Boer came to the town."

"He brought fifty thousand pounds of barley and ten thousand pounds of meat..."

Lynn nodded, "Very good. You can manage such transactions yourself."

George bent slightly and continued, "By the way, sir, Mr. Boer also said that the area outside the territory is becoming increasingly chaotic."

"Not long ago, the Iron Blood Brotherhood raided Manila Town, where townspeople either died or fled..."

"Many townspeople were even forced to join the Iron Blood Brotherhood Bandit Corps, which now has a scale of at least a thousand!"

"Even several lords of Morgan Town have dispatched numerous guards and followers into a high alert state."

George paused before continuing, "He also said that if the situation becomes urgent, to avoid unnecessary losses, they might reduce the frequency of transporting goods by carriage to your territory..."

After listening to George, Lynn nodded and said, "I understand."

George bowed and said, "Then, Master, I will withdraw for now."

Lynn acknowledged with a sound.

If what Boer said is true and the Iron Blood Brotherhood Bandit Corps has nearly a thousand people in scale, there is indeed nothing to fear.

Not to mention.

Just the ten-meter-high city wall at the mountain pass is enough to keep them out!

Plus, now with the blacksmith workshop producing standard plate armor daily...

Lynn glanced at the [Resource Management] panel, which now had nearly four hundred sets.

Once the five hundred complete sets of standard plate armor are finished, and the remaining four hundred chest and plate armors are also complete.

When the trained soldiers have completed their training.

Then for this territory, Lynn would have some initial armed forces!

Two hundred heavy cavalry, three hundred heavy infantry, plus two hundred archers, two hundred light infantry...

For those Great Lord Nobility with tens of thousands of cavalry and several tens of thousands of infantry, these forces indeed mean little.

However, for ordinary wandering bandits, it's more than sufficient.

Lynn even thought that if conditions permitted, he might lead this group of soldiers to war against the Iron Blood Brotherhood Bandit Corps.

Only soldiers who have undergone the baptism of iron and blood can be deemed qualified!

Otherwise, they're just rookie soldiers.

After resting for a while on the bench, Lynn headed towards the castle with Red.

Approaching the iron gate of the castle, Red's steps became hesitant.

Lynn turned back and looked at Red, "What's wrong?"

Red hesitated in his speech and said, "Master, will I also live in here in the future?"

Lynn raised his eyebrows and said, "Unwilling?"

Hearing this, Red quickly shook his head and explained, "Master, you've misunderstood."

"What I mean is... I'm just an ordinary person."

Before meeting Master Lynn, he was just a farmer who could hunt.

Never in his wildest dreams had he thought that one day he would be able to live in such a castle.

Lynn smiled faintly and said, "You're not an ordinary person now; you're my Guard Captain!"

Listening to Lynn's words, a slight pause appeared on Red's face.

But thinking back, since following Lynn, his life indeed changed dramatically.

Moved into a red brick house, had enough food.

No longer had to take some meat into the forest to fight with wild animals.

No longer had to worry about bandit attacks!

Moreover, Master Lynn bestowed upon him the position of Guard Captain!

All of this was because, at the beginning, he and Kuisi chose to stay by Master Lynn's side.

All of this was given to them by Master Lynn.

Looking at Master Lynn's smiling face, Red nodded firmly, "Yes, Master."

As four guards respectfully addressed him, Lynn led Red into the castle.

Walking through the winding passages in Weng City, Red's eyes scanned everything around.

He seemed to want to commit the layout of the entire castle to memory.

As Guard Captain, he naturally had to know the castle better than the lord, Lynn.

If any mishap occurred, he would need to lead Lynn out of here promptly.

Upon reaching the second-floor hall, Lynn gazed through the dark blue window into the distance.

The sky had already started to darken.

Maids bustled around the hall, each one holding a fire stick, lighting oil lamps on the walls.

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The originally dim hall gradually became brighter, surrounded by the smell of burning oil.

Lynn crossed the hall, headed for the stairs, and directly arrived at the balcony on the third floor.

The height of more than ten meters allowed Lynn to see further.

Outside the town, streams of townsmen going out for work converged into flows of people on the lime road.

Finally, they gathered at the open square in front of the town, then entered the dining hall to enjoy their meal after a day's labor.

Further at the horizon, a bright shimmer was gradually fading.

Winter daytime hours were inherently shorter.

By seven o'clock, the already gray sky had completely darkened.

Near the castle, various red brick buildings formed a continuous area.

Handicraft Workshop District, Market District, Residential District, Dockyard, Shipyard...

Not only Lynn was observing all of this.

Red behind Lynn was also observing all of this.

Watching wisps of smoke rise from the red brick houses.

Watching fleets of figures walking on the roads...

Compared to before, where Master Lynn was the only resident in a solitary wooden house, it felt unreal.

The contrast felt like a different world!

After a moment.

Footsteps sounded behind Lynn and Red.

The vigilant Red immediately turned to look.

Seeing Kuisi, the expression on his face slightly relaxed.

Kuisi also saw Red, and her face displayed a hint of surprise.

Kuisi paced to the back and said, "Sir, dinner is prepared, you can dine now."

Lynn looked back, walking toward the stairs and said, "Let's go, let's eat together."

As Lynn, Red, and Kuisi dined, nightfall enveloped the entire world.

...

Under the night sky.

A carriage convoy was speeding along.

More than ten followers riding horses, holding reins in one hand and torches in the other, were galloping quickly.

In the middle of the followers' convoy was a carriage, on the top of which was an oil lamp emitting a faint glow.

Under the constant sway of the carriage, the faint light also swayed slightly.

Faintly, a graceful maid could be seen entwined around Aiden's bloated waist.

With the continuous shaking of the carriage, heavy sounds sporadically echoed inside.

Ackman at the forefront of the carriage looked into the darkness ahead as a giant silhouette emerged and drew nearer.

Ackman gave way at the very front of the carriage and slowly reduced the speed of his horse, arriving on the right side of the carriage.

He glanced at the carriage and called aloud, "Master Aiden, Kakasong City is near!"

Hmm~

Along with a deep sound, Aiden's slightly weary voice rang out.

"I know! It's so late already, let's rest at the Honey Peach Inn for the night!"

Listening to Aiden's words, Ackman's eyes brightened instantly.

Not only Ackman, but the eyes of the numerous guards beside him also glimmered brightly.

The Honey Peach Inn in Kakasong City was highly renowned.

Because it was both an inn and a brothel!

Many passing merchants were willing to spend their shillings at the Honey Peach Inn.

Not only could they get solace for the soul, but also rest for the body...

Moreover, due to the presence of many young beauties at the Honey Peach Inn, many nobles and even great merchants were willing to stay here...

After all, do you not have to spend money no matter where you stay at an inn?

Ackman did not hesitate for a moment and promptly responded, "Yes, sir!"

Under the night sky.

As Kakasong City was about to close its gates.

Aiden's carriage convoy entered Kakasong City.

...

Meanwhile elsewhere.

A town capable of housing one to two thousand people was now desolate.

Even though it was nighttime, only a few buildings had oil lamps and candles lit.

However, every house door was wide open.

The streets were even more of a mess.

Clothing, wooden boxes, and... bodies dyed red with blood!

The flowing blood pooled together, coagulating into stream-like patterns, drying and solidifying in the gaps of the cobblestone roads...

As the night breeze passed by.

The entire town emanated a thick smell of blood...

Inside a spacious hall.

Despite no fireplace, a bonfire burned.

The added firewood came from chairs in the hall and dismantled door frames.

Anthony, wearing plate armor, sat by the bonfire, feeling the comforting warmth emanating from it.

Beside Anthony, to the right, was Hall.

However, Hall's complexion and physical outline had noticeably changed compared to before.

His complexion was pale, eyes sunken, with lips stained deep purple.

Though seated by the fire, Hall's entire body trembled constantly.

Facing Anthony and Hall were the Storm Mercenary Corps' leader Fan Ke and deputy Tyrone.

Yet now.

The Storm Mercenary Corps had joined the Iron Blood Brotherhood.

Fan Ke became the second-in-command of the Iron Blood Brotherhood.

Fan Ke's face carried a hint of a smile as he looked at Anthony and said, "Anthony, it's already mid-December now..."

"There are less than half a month left until the instructions from the master..."

Anthony's eyes shifted, glancing at Fan Ke, and he spoke calmly, "You also mentioned the master's instructions are for you to assist me in breaching that city wall."

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"Then tell us your plan!"

Upon hearing this, Fan Ke immediately fell silent.

The ten-meter-high city wall was guarded by soldiers patrolling 24 hours a day.

Moreover, according to recent nighttime reconnaissance, there had been noticeable changes among the soldiers on the wall.

Sometimes twenty people, sometimes forty!

It's possible that the soldiers on the wall had already detected someone spying on them, hence the changes.

As for how many soldiers were behind the wall, they had no information at all.

With their current team of nearly two thousand, it seemed like a large force.

But among them, at least a thousand were the Free People they had captured!

Whether they had the courage to engage in a siege was another matter.

They didn't even have proper weapons!

Each was holding sickles, axes, Iron Hoes...

Sending such a ragtag group to attack the city wall?

It was no different from sending them to their deaths!

Previously, he attempted to have ten somewhat clever subordinates infiltrate behind the wall mixed in with a group of Free People.

But unexpectedly, they were exposed so easily!

Almost half a month without any information—either they had defected, or they'd been executed.

Fan Ke couldn't think of a third possibility...

Fan Ke's face once again bore a faint smile, "Lord Anthony, as the leader of this team, we naturally follow your orders."

Tyrone, who stood beside Fan Ke, said nothing, silently listening.

Looking at Fan Ke's half-smiling face, Anthony couldn't help but let out a cold snort.

Anthony pondered for a moment, his words full of resolve, "In that case, we can only proceed by filling it with corpses!"

Unable to find another passage into that territory or dismantle its Power from within,

the only option was a frontal assault!

Besides this, Anthony could think of no other solution.

Hearing Anthony's words, Fan Ke's mouth opened slightly, but soon closed again.

Fan Ke understood this was the last resort.

The only hope was that there weren't many soldiers behind the city wall.

They would rely on their numbers to forcibly break through the wall!

Just then, an inexplicable chill appeared behind them.

The eyes of Anthony, Fan Ke, and the others all shifted simultaneously, looking towards a patch of darkness behind the bonfire.

It was the farthest corner of the conference building.

Because of the bonfire's limited illumination, it couldn't dispel all the darkness.

Anthony and the others quickly understood, their expressions becoming grave.

Except for Hall.

At this moment, his expression drastically changed, his entire body rising from the wooden chair.

He took a step as if wanting to run out of the conference hall.

Perhaps due to his body being overly weak, his right leg gave out as he took the first step, causing him to fall to the ground.

A dull thud echoed as his body hit the floor.

But Hall ignored the intense pain from his body.

He used his hands and feet to slowly and painfully crawl toward the door.

As he crawled, he shouted desperately, "No...Don't come over!"

After crawling a few steps, Hall glanced back towards the dark corner.

Sure enough.

A voluptuous figure, as black as ink, had condensed in the darkness.

In the next moment.

A long slender black leg stepped out of the darkness, followed closely by the voluptuous figure.

Seeing this, Hall's eyes narrowed, and his crawling Speed turned frantic and helpless.

"A Devil! She's a Devil! Lord Anthony... save me..."

Anthony frowned, standing silently watching the scene.

Not only Anthony, Fan Ke, and Tyrone were silent as well.

As the pain slightly subsided, Hall struggled to stand, raising his right leg first.

With the corner of his eye, he saw the shadowy figure stepping towards him.

Fear gripped Hall's heart as he rushed towards the door, shouting as he went.

"Someone! Someone, help me!"

Despite his full-throated cries, there was no response from outside the door.

Unwilling to give up, Hall continued shouting, "Lord Anthony... my body can't take it anymore, if this goes on... I'll die..."

"Wooooo!"

Before he could finish his words, the shadowy figure transformed into ink-like tentacles, pouring into his mouth wildly.

The unfinished words turned directly into a garbled whine.

The tentacles continuously separated from the shadowy figure, surging into Hall's body...

In mere seconds.

The shadowy figure vanished, leaving Hall standing with his head hanging down, abruptly opening eyes with only black pupils.

The wheezing and eerie inhalation sounded from Hall's mouth.

Ugh~

After inhaling consecutively for two seconds, the eerie sound ceased.

Hall's black eyes glanced over the three people in the conference hall.

A sharp voice, mixed with Hall's own voice, echoed, "You're running out of time!"

Fan Ke and Tyrone dared not meet his gaze, bowing their heads humbly.

Only Anthony stared directly at Hall, asking aloud, "Didn't you promise me until the end of December?"

"It's only mid-December now, there's still time!"

Fan Ke and Tyrone remained silent throughout.

Hall took steps, walking over to Anthony's side.

Like a cat, Hall swayed his body around Anthony, circling him once.

Under Anthony's wary gaze, Hall placed a hand on his shoulder.

"Oh? It seems Lord Anthony is quite confident?"

"Tell me, how do you intend to break through that wall!"

Anthony spoke with unhidden assurance, "A frontal assault!"

"I don't believe a single wall can stop a two-thousand-man attack."

Listening to Anthony's words, Hall's previously cold façade seemed to flicker with indifference.

A cold voice emanated from Hall's lips.

"Lord Anthony, is this the best strategy a knight trained in the Seven Skills of the Knight can come up with?"

Anthony's face turned cold, filled with frost, asking, "Oh, then what brilliant idea do you have?"

Hall, full of disdain, withdrew his hand from Anthony.

"Why... must you attack the wall?"

"Couldn't we make the Lord behind the wall come out?"

His words carried a teasing, mocking tone.

Upon hearing this, Anthony's eyes noticeably brightened.

Not only him, but Fan Ke and Tyrone across the bonfire also showed surprise.

Anthony pondered for a few seconds, saying, "It's indeed a good idea, but how do we get them to come out?"

Hall's lips curled into an eerie smile: "Boer Hansen!"

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In the blink of an eye, several days passed.

It was already December 20th, just ten short days from the end of the month.

As Lynn walked on the red brick roads of the town, his mind stirred, and he opened the Holographic Map to check.

Outside the town.

Eight hundred townsmen were still diligently chopping down trees, working in groups of four. The felled trees, after processing, were transported to the Wood Workshop.

The Carpenter Apprentices in the workshop debarked, cut, and further processed the wood.

The peeled bark was transported back to the Papermaking Workshop by the workers using small boats, as it was needed as material for papermaking.

After a few days of processing, several piles of long timber stacks had already accumulated outside the workshop.

Whether it was logging or wood processing, everything was being carried out in an orderly manner.

Lynn's thoughts shifted again, and his vision turned to the Papermaking Workshop.

The silhouettes of workers were busy in the Papermaking Workshop.

They washed the bark, soaked it, and then pounded the bark that had been soaking for several days.

One by one, the workers placed the pounded bark fibers into tanks filled with lime and animal glue.

Lime helps decompose the fibers, removing the pectin, lignin, and other impurities.

Animal glue, made by boiling the hides and bones of cows and pigs, effectively enhances the strength of the paper and improves its writing properties.

With the continuous addition of well water and river water, stirring, the water in the tank turned into a uniform gray-white paper pulp suspension.

Another group of workers used bamboo screens to scoop paper.

They dipped the screens into the pulp tank to collect pulp, rocking them to drain water, ensuring the pulp adhered evenly and initially formed on the bamboo screens.

The papermaking process appears simple.

But it is not easy to produce a sufficient quantity of paper with quality that meets the standards.

The finished wet sheets were stacked one by one, then finely pressed to remove water and left to dry naturally...

Just the production process alone takes a week.

At this pace, with organized production,

the first batch of self-produced paper will soon be available in the territory!

Lynn nodded with satisfaction.

Whether from constructing the Papermaking Workshop or using it to produce paper,

the efficiency was much faster than he had imagined.

Of course, this was the return on Lynn's substantial investment in manpower and resources.

With another shift of thought, Lynn's vision moved to the nearest Red Brick Factory.

The firing of red bricks at the factory had never ceased.

Three hundred workers, according to their normal working hours, engaged in the firing work daily.

Moreover, as their proficiency in division of labor continuously improved, the efficiency of brick firing significantly increased.

From initially being able to fire 360,000 bricks in one go, it had now increased to 420,000.

Correspondingly, the Red Brick Factory also required a large consumption of Anthracite.

Lynn had naturally considered temporarily closing the factory.

But thinking about the importance of red bricks, Lynn chose to continue the firing.

Insufficient production of Anthracite could be resolved by using wooden tracks to change transport methods.

If red bricks were needed, yet insufficient, it would take five days of firing to complete produce.

Lynn then looked towards the archery training ground.

Under Wesley's leadership, two hundred soldiers were training in an orderly manner.

Subsequently, Lynn glanced at the three ongoing mining sites and the Salt Factory, among others.

After confirming that there were no abnormalities, Lynn closed the Holographic Map.

At that moment.

Lynn had already arrived at the Blacksmith Workshop.

The continuous clanging of metal echoed endlessly in the workshop.

Lynn directly stepped inside.

Ehrello, with a face full of seriousness, was inspecting the Blacksmith Apprentices making components of the Standard Plate Armor.

Because Master Lynn had previously assigned one of the Blacksmith Workshops to Flint.

Now there were only three workshops producing Standard Plate Armor components.

Luckily, Master Lynn had not assigned the two hundred Blacksmith Apprentices to Flint.

Instead, he redeployed two hundred townsmen.

When Ehrello turned past a few apprentices, his gaze fell upon that familiar figure.

Ehrello, without any hesitation, strode forward.

Coming to Lynn's side, Ehrello bowed slightly, "Master Lynn."

Lynn got straight to the point, "How is the progress of the Standard Plate Armor?"

Ehrello quickly explained, "Master, as per your requirements, the remaining three hundred sets of Standard Plate Armor have been completed!"

"With the four hundred chest armor and helmets remaining, one hundred sets have already been made. I assure you they will all be completed by the end of the month."

Lynn slightly nodded, "Very well, afterward I will have Rose bring his soldiers to collect the armors."

"Make sure to help them with adjustments and fittings before they leave!"

Ehrello, full of seriousness, nodded firmly, "Yes, Master!"

Lynn responded, "You may continue with your work."

Ehrelod dared not utter a single word of waste, bending over and retreating.

Immediately.

Lynn marched through the workshop, inspecting.

Due to his orders to Ehrelod, the Blacksmith Workshop was evidently operating around the clock.

The Blacksmith Apprentices showed signs of sleep deprivation, their spiritual power somewhat drained.

However, there was no alternative.

With war approaching, producing a large amount of plate armor was necessary to ensure that the inherently weak soldiers gained a certain combat strength.

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Otherwise.

Just using weapons for close combat with the enemy will definitely come with a bloody price.

He doesn't have a lot of people to waste casually.

After patrolling around, he saw the storage area of finished products in the Blacksmith Workshop, with piles of Standard Plate Armor parts.

Lynn nodded with satisfaction.

A while later.

Lynn came to Flint's Blacksmith Workshop next door.

At this moment, Flint was teaching two hundred Blacksmith Apprentices how to perform Forging.

The deep and thick voice continuously echoed from Flint's mouth.

"Forging Armor is not difficult."

"As long as you remember the key points, forging high-quality Armor will be as easy as playing."

"First, it's the strength and rhythm of the hammering!"

"Start Forging with a small hammer, gently finding balance, setting a benchmark, then medium hammer to extend with the Iron Hammer..."

"Next is the shaping technique."

"For flat shapes, hammer vertically; for curved designs, place the iron material on a specific mold, hammer diagonally; for complex shapes, prepare several molds..."

"Then, it's the well-known principle—strike while the iron is hot!"

"When the iron's temperature drops to a critical value, its plasticity worsens and resistance increases, it must be reheated in the furnace to maintain a good forging state, going back and forth until it takes shape."

"Otherwise, forced hammering will only cause cracks."

"Then comes the most important step in the entire forging process—quenching and tempering."

At this point.

Flint's gaze swept over the Blacksmith Apprentices present.

He noticed that the faces of these Blacksmith Apprentices were full of curiosity and longing, but more were expressions of admiration.

An inexplicable sense of pride appeared in Flint's heart.

He had never felt this among the Fireplace Race.

Because this kind of urgent forging knowledge, the Fireplace Race is born with it!

Just as Flint was about to withdraw his gaze, he noticed Lynn standing behind the Blacksmith Apprentices.

But Flint did not interrupt his teaching, continuing to speak.

"Quenching can increase the hardness of the forged piece, immerse it into water, oil, or salty water at critical temperature."

"The speed of cooling will affect the performance of the finished product."

"Water quenching is fast, with high hardness but high stress."

"Oil quenching is mellow, with moderate hardness."

"There's also saline water... choose differently according to the characteristics of the iron material..."

"Quenching completes, but doesn't mean the forging process has ended, after that comes tempering."

"Low-temperature tempering focuses on hardness; high-temperature tempering results in tough pieces; the frequency and time of tempering need adjustment depending on the purpose of the forged piece."

"Finally, it's the rough grind, fine touch, and final polishing of the forged piece..."

"This whole set is the detailed process of forging!"

"You must remember it deeply in your minds."

Listening to Flint's words, the Blacksmith Apprentices responded in unison: "Yes, Master Flint."

Flint said: "Start your hammering training each."

Receiving Flint's instructions, the Blacksmith Apprentices dispersed, returning to their work stations to begin training.

As for Flint, he took quick small steps to Lynn's presence.

"Lord."

Lynn nodded and said: "These apprentices seem to follow your instructions well."

For these Blacksmith Apprentices, Flint, as a Dwarf, was an anomaly.

But Lynn did not see any disdain or disapproval in the eyes of the apprentices.

Instead, there was more admiration and worship.

Flint's bushy eyebrows raised with confidence and said: "Naturally, I am of the Fireplace Race... I am Flint!"

"A true Master Blacksmith!"

Lynn glanced at Flint, noting the different tone in the first half versus the second half of Flint's words.

Lynn spoke: "Is the fishing rod I need finished?"

Last time he saw Flint, Lynn had asked him to craft a fishing rod.

But due to daily busy schedules, he didn't have time to go Fishing, let alone the fishing rod.

Listening to Lynn's words, Flint said confidently: "A small fishing rod, of course, it is finished!"

"However... Lord, the strong distilled spirits you promised old me..."

Dwarves are always straightforward and bold, never beating around the bush.

Yet before Flint finished speaking.

Lynn looked to Red beside him.

Red understood instantly, taking a ceramic jar from the guard behind him, walked up to Flint.

Flint looked at the ceramic jar only thirty or forty centimeters high and twenty centimeters wide; his eyebrow twitched a few times.

Despite not yet opening, Flint, extremely sensitive to alcohol, has already detected the fragrance of the spirits from the jar!

Flint hastily reached out, his mouth full of appreciation saying: "What aromatic spirits!"

After his words fell.

Flint wanted to reach out to open but suddenly remembered he was still in the Blacksmith Workshop, Lynn was still standing before him,

His face full of awkward laughter said: "Save it for a rest, save it for a rest..."

Speaking, Flint hugged the jar and ran to a room inside the Blacksmith Workshop.

Preciously storing the jar away, he then went to a workbench, picked up a slender fishing rod, and approached Lynn.

Flint handed over the transparent black fishing rod to Lynn.

With a slight pant, he said: "Lord, here's your fishing rod!"

Without hesitation, Lynn reached out and took it.

Chapter 308: Commander's Roar

Suddenly, an indistinct weight appeared in his hand.

Lynn began to observe it closely.

The weight of the fishing rod was at least around two jin.

Compared to the aluminum fishing rods he had used before, it was much heavier.

The length of the fishing rod was about 3.6 meters, which was reasonably similar.

At the end of the rod's handle, there were protruding dots, apparently to prevent the rod from slipping when lifting a fish.

At the top of the fishing rod, a crystal-clear fishing line was tied, winding down around the front of the handle.

With a thought, a textual panel appeared before Lynn's eyes.

[Fine Fishing Rod]: Crafted by the Dwarf Master Blacksmith Flint, using high-quality iron and Magic Deer Tendon, it boasts high strength and good toughness, suitable for fishing, etc.

Upon seeing the description of the fishing rod, Lynn couldn't help but raise his eyebrows.

Having seen Flint's forging of one-handed swords and that set of armor, Lynn was no longer surprised by this Fine-level fishing rod.

But what astonished him was the appearance of [Magic Deer Tendon] in the rod!

Perhaps noticing the change in Lynn's expression, Flint began to explain.

"The fishing line is made from the tendons inside the Magic Deer, though over the years, it has lost its magical properties."

"However, even a century-old Magic Deer Tendon cannot be compared with common fishing lines made of twine and the like."

Lynn gripped the top of the rod with both hands, testing its flexibility, "How's the tensile strength of this fishing rod?"

Without hesitation, Flint replied directly, "Old man here tested it after making it, at least 200 jin!"

Hearing this, Lynn felt a surge of satisfaction in his heart.

Withstanding 200 jin of tension, let alone the river fish of at least 30 jin from last time.

Lynn could even attempt to catch larger river fish!

A bold idea popped into his mind...

Using ordinary Magic Deer Tendon as fishing line alone could endure such immense tension.

What if a fishing rod and line of higher quality were crafted, along with the right bait, wouldn't it be possible to catch something legendary?

For example, a Mermaid?

For example, a Sea Siren?

...

If such fish were caught, what rewards would the [Fishing] system grant?

An anticipation suddenly appeared in Lynn's mind.

He handed the fishing rod to Red beside him, gave Flint some instructions, and then set off towards the Acadia Riverbank.

Crossing the dock and passing the shipyard, Lynn arrived at the spot where he fished last time.

Taking the fishing rod from Red, Lynn skillfully unwound the line, hooking chicken innards on the fishhook.

With his right hand holding the rod, and his left hand lifting the line, using the bait's weight, he cast it towards the river surface.

Splash.

The bait submerged into the river water.

As it sank, only a small section of reed stem was left floating on the river surface.

Lynn sat on the wooden chair Red had already placed, entering a state of waiting.

The river breeze gently swayed the weeds behind him, making the already withered and bent stems adhere even more to the ground.

Even if a sudden gust lifted them from the ground, they would fall again in just a second.

This chill-laden river breeze also ruffled Lynn's black hair and wool coat.

The weather was growing colder.

Despite approaching noon, no sunlight was visible in the sky, with the temperature barely reaching five degrees.

After mid-December had passed,

Lynn reduced the number of fishing boats and sampans for river fishing at the fishery workshop.

River fish naturally declined in winter, and catching 200-300 jin in one net was considered a bountiful harvest.

Rather than spending too much manpower on fishing, it was better to shift the focus of the fishery workers to crafting smoked fish and producing fish oil.

The captured river fish could be salted with fine salt, then smoked to make smoked fish.

To be used as meat reserves for winter.

The innards of the river fish also had various uses.

Fish bladder, after cleaning, boiling, and concentrating, could be made into fish glue.

Gallstones in the fish's gallbladder could be used for leather tanning.

Other innards could be used along with rotted earth and hay, etc., to make compost!

Seemingly insignificant items, yet with great utility.

Especially for a domain that had to be almost entirely self-sufficient.

More so.

As for other workshops and positions, everything was proceeding according to the original plan.

Just as Lynn dismissed the stray thoughts from his mind,

A huge feeling of strength instantly appeared in his hands.

Lynn hurriedly gripped the end of the rod with both hands, standing up.

With his left hand holding the rod's end, braced against his abdomen, and his right hand gripping half a meter from the tip.

As the river fish below struggled, the fishing line was pulled taut, and the rod bent like a fully drawn bow.

Lynn could clearly feel the familiar tugging on the rod!

If it weren't for the fishing rod crafted by Flint and the Magic Deer Tendon line, an ordinary wooden fishing rod would certainly have snapped immediately!

Or the flax fishing line would have been severed.

But this time, don't think you can escape from my hands.

Red and the four Guards who were quietly waiting behind Lynn had obvious expressions of excitement on their faces.

Lynn, matching the river fish's direction under the water, stepped along the riverbank.

Chapter 309: Commander's Roar

Fishing requires skill, especially when catching big fish.

You must give the river fish space to swim, but not so much that the clash of strength breaks the rod and line.

The single-handed sword at Red's waist behind Lynn had somehow been drawn.

His expression was tense, eager to try.

It seemed as if all Lynn had to do was give the order, and he would jump into the river without hesitation to battle the river fish...

The river fish continued to swim beneath the surface, as if it had endless energy.

In the constant back-and-forth of playing the fish, Lynn began to feel his body heat up.

However.

The larger the river fish, the more energy it expends to swim quickly.

A few minutes later.

Lynn could clearly feel the tugging force on the rod gradually decreasing.

A smile tugged at the corner of Lynn's mouth, and he used his right hand to slowly lift the rod upwards.

In the somewhat murky river water, the huge and elongated silhouette of the river fish gradually emerged, appearing before Lynn, Red, and the others.

The rod had no reel, so Lynn could only pull the river fish out of the water by stepping back.

As soon as it left the water, the river fish violently thrashed its tail, trying to break free from the fishing line's restraint.

But Lynn didn't give it the chance, using his hand to quickly force the fish into a pile of withered yellow grass.

Red and several guards immediately rushed forward, Lynn following closely behind.

The elongated back was yellow-brown, with black evil narrow stripes, and the sides were marked with many white spots, the belly silver-white...

Lynn immediately recognized it as a pike.

Roughly estimating, Lynn guessed this pike was about one meter long and weighed at least forty pounds!

A text panel appeared in Lynn's view.

[Hint]: Acquired ordinary fish: Pike ×1, received reward: Skill Book: Commander's Roar

With a thought, he opened the skill details.

[Commander's Roar]: Giving a passionate speech to a group of soldiers triggers this skill, which can boost the entire army's morale, increasing the soldiers' Attack Power, Defense, and Speed for a period.

Looking at the text prompt in front of him, Lynn's eyebrows lifted.

Not only could it boost morale, but also enhance the soldiers' abilities!

A very useful skill.

Lynn even felt it was more practical than the One-Handed Weapon Mastery and Bow Mastery he had acquired!

Lynn looked at the pike with satisfaction.

Even though he had not yet given an order, Red with two guards had already started using wild grass for Bow Fishing Technique.

The pike continued to thrash its tail, flinging some mud onto the faces of Red and the two guards.

With a quick turn of thought, they promptly spat out the mud from their mouths.

Yet their faces were filled with the joy of the harvest.

Even Lynn couldn't help but smile.

With the fishing rod made by Flint, not only had he avenged the previous snap, but he had also received a skill reward.

The best of both worlds!

He had the guards take the pike back to the castle in advance, to have the chef cook it, planning to eat the fish directly that night.

Once Lynn calmed his mind, he once again got back to fishing.

Due to winter.

Lynn could clearly sense that the river fish in the Acadia River had significantly decreased.

Until the afternoon.

Lynn had caught only ten river fish.

Excluding the pike, they barely weighed twenty pounds combined.

Aside from obtaining the Commander's Roar skill book, Lynn also acquired a hundred and twenty Energy Stones.

After waiting for two hours without even a bite, Lynn simply gave up.

He glanced at the remaining Energy Stones on the Heavenly Artifacts panel.

Along with the achievement rewards from the Milestone, there were still more than three thousand in total.

After pondering for a moment, Lynn decided to use all these Energy Stones for upgrades.

"Would you like to consume 1000 Energy Stones to enhance Constitution from E to E+?"

With a thought, Lynn answered, "Yes!"

"Would you like to consume 1000 Energy Stones to enhance Constitution from E+ to D-?"

"Yes."

"Would you like to consume 1000 Energy Stones to enhance Constitution from D- to D?"

"Yes!"

Three thousand Energy Stones were instantly consumed.

At the same time, a comfortable warmth quickly spread through Lynn's body, enhancing and improving his constitution.

Lynn could clearly feel his control over his body becoming more evident.

His eyes grew brighter, seeing farther.

His body was like a warm stove.

The coolness that the river breeze brought moments ago was almost imperceptible now.

It could even be described as refreshing.

Lynn felt a wave of satisfaction in his heart.

However, when he saw the depleted Energy Stones, Lynn couldn't help but sigh.

The methods for obtaining Energy Stones were too scarce.

Yet there were so many areas where Energy Stones were needed.

Taking Red and the others, he returned to the town.

It was still only mid-to-late December, with the temperature barely three to five degrees.

If the temperature dropped further, and the Acadia River froze, fishing would become impossible.

Walking down numerous stone roads, Lynn returned to the town.

Before Lynn could catch his breath, Kuisi came running briskly from ahead.

Seeing Kuisi slightly out of breath, Lynn asked, "What's wrong?"

Kuisi, not bothering to catch her breath, quickly explained, "Master..."

"Master, the woman imprisoned in the Red Brick House... is missing!"

Lynn's brow immediately furrowed, and while stepping towards the Red Brick House district, he said, "Calm down, speak in detail."

Chapter 310: Commander's Roar

Kuisi, Red, and a few others followed closely behind.

Taking a few deep breaths of cold air, Kuisi tried hard to calm her breathing.

After walking more than ten meters past the red brick ground, Kuisi said calmly, "Everything was normal after the guard brought lunch today at noon."

"However, in the afternoon, one of the guards at the gate disappeared, and the other guard found out immediately."

"I brought the guards into the red brick house and found the guard tied up in a cage, unconscious."

"His clothes were even stolen..."

Lynn said nothing, silently listening.

After passing a dozen red brick houses, Lynn arrived in front of the red brick house where the succubus was held.

Striding in, indeed, the iron cage door was wide open, and the cage was empty, leaving no trace.

Kuisi brought in a guard, and she explained, "Master, Bronson was the guard responsible for delivering meals..."

The middle-aged man, full of panic, bowed his head and stood in front of Lynn.

Although Lynn hadn't spoken yet, the middle-aged man's body trembled uncontrollably.

It was as if he felt the murderous intent of a hunter toward its prey.

Lynn looked at Bronson and said calmly, "No need to be so nervous."

"Carefully tell us what happened when you delivered the meal to the red brick house?"

Bronson dared not hide anything and quickly began to explain.

"Master, like before, I delivered meals to her on time."

"Not looking into her eyes, not listening to her words..."

"I placed the food near the cage and was about to leave when I found my mother in the cage..."

"That familiar face and body, the way of speaking, even the look in her eyes... everything was exactly like my mother's..."

"My mother was restrained within the cage, saying familiar things, calling my name continuously..."

"I instinctively approached her, and the moment I touched my mother's hand, my vision turned black, and anything afterward, I know nothing about..."

"Until Lady Kuisi woke me up..."

Listening, Lynn continued asking, "Besides that, is there anything else you might have missed?"

Kuisi and Red stood by Lynn, quietly listening without interruption.

Upon hearing this, Bronson showed a look of recollection.

After a short while, he said confidently, "Master, I'm sure there's nothing missed."

Bronson bent his knees and knelt directly in front of Lynn.

"Master, for the mistake I made myself, I hope you punish only me, and I'll bear any punishment alone."

"I beg you to spare my wife and children..."

After finishing his words,

Bronson prostrated his hands on the ground, repeatedly kowtowing to Lynn.

His speed was fast, his power great.

With just a few times, bloodstains began to appear on the ground.

Lynn glanced at him, saying, "Deduct one year's worth of military pay."

Even a succubus bound by iron chains possesses extraordinary charming abilities.

How could Bronson, an ordinary person, be able to resist?

Upon hearing Lynn's words, Bronson raised his head in shock, "Master, are you... serious?"

Even if Master Lynn ordered him beheaded for this blunder, Bronson would hold no grievance.

Yet, Master Lynn only deducted a year's worth of his military pay...

Such a punishment...

Lynn nodded, saying, "Go to Old John's hospital for some treatment."

Bronson's face was still full of disbelief.

Before he could speak, Red's voice rang out, "Bronson, the Master has spoken; you may leave now."

Upon hearing this, Bronson no longer hesitated, quickly getting up from the ground.

While expressing his gratitude to the Master, he left the red brick house.

In the red brick house, only Lynn, Red, and Kuisi remained.

After scanning around once more, Lynn left the red brick house with Kuisi and Red, saying, "Go handle your tasks separately."

Hearing Lynn's words, Kuisi was slightly stunned.

But she did not question or ask; she simply acknowledged and retreated.

Being a succubus like Yaya, trying to hide in this territory would be difficult to find even with Lynn's holographic map.

Wearing the same rough wool robe, amidst numerous red brick houses, plus the ability to change appearance easily...

All provided Yaya an excellent environment for disguise.

Instead of wasting a vast amount of time and resources searching, it might be better to let her reveal herself in this small town!

As a slave captured and sold, the entity she most despised was naturally him, the Lord!

Upon arriving at the open square before the town, Lynn sat directly on a bench.

The dusk was slowly fading, and night was quickly falling.

The townsmen returning from work were once again walking on the lime road back to the town, ready to enjoy a leisurely life after labor.

Lynn's gaze shifted, just in time to see, afar, a somewhat short but extremely sturdy figure running toward him.

Besides the children in town, other than Flint, Lynn couldn't think of anyone else.

Arriving before Lynn, Flint, reeking of alcohol, said, "Lord, what's the name of the liquor you gave me? The taste is indeed great!"

Looking at Flint's large nose, which had turned red, even hiccuping due to his words.

Lynn fixed his gaze on him, saying, "Flint, should I wish, I can crown you as a Master Blacksmith."