

System 351

Chapter 351: The Bed Is Big and Soft

Despite today's temperature still hovering around zero degrees, the weather is good, with occasional glimpses of sunlight through gaps in the clouds.

At the entrance of the castle.

Colin, with his hands crossed and tucked into the sleeves at his sides, was waiting.

His gaze occasionally glanced behind the castle gate, and upon seeing Lynn, he quickly stepped forward to greet him.

Standing in front of Lynn, Colin spoke with great respect, "Good morning, Sir."

Lynn responded, "Good morning."

"In three days, the timber needed for the construction of the wooden double track has been felled."

"The processing efficiency is somewhat slow, but we can process while starting the construction."

Colin nodded in agreement.

As Lynn and Colin walked toward the edge of the town, Lynn explained some elements of constructing the wooden double track mine-cart.

Before track laying, the track route needs to be planned.

Ideally, the route should be on flat or gently sloped terrain to reduce the effort and risk during mine-cart operation.

Before laying the track, you also need to level and compact the ground.

Clear obstacles and debris on the ground to ensure a solid and stable foundation for the track.

Once the base preparations are complete, the next step is laying the track sleepers.

According to Lynn's memory and knowledge obtained from processing sleeper rails, the sleeper spacing of one meter is fully sufficient.

This ensures both the load-bearing capacity of the track and the smooth passage of the mine-cart.

Once the sleepers are laid, the next step is to install the rail wood.

Lynn had the Wood Workshop process the timber into rail wood with a width of ten centimeters and a thickness of five centimeters.

The processed rail wood is laid on the sleepers, then secured using iron nails or strips.

To be qualified rail wood, ensure its smoothness and flatness for the mine-cart to pass through smoothly.

The most crucial part of track laying is the connection and maintenance of the track.

Because Lynn intended to create a rotationally transportable double track.

The double track can avoid manpower waste during direction reversal, but similarly, at curve turns and junctions, iron blocks are needed for fabrication.

Otherwise, the edges of the wooden track are susceptible to cracking or chipping, which can cause derailling of the mine-cart and lead to accidents.

After Lynn completed his explanation, he and Colin arrived at the open square in front of the town.

Over four hundred townsmen drafted by Lynn from the logging site were waiting.

Seeing Lynn, their eyes lit up as they paid attention.

The task now was to select the route for building the wooden track from the town to the open-air coal mine!

After inspecting the townsmen, Lynn continued walking along the lime road.

He had already decided beforehand—the wooden track would be built directly a few meters beside the lime road leading to the open-air coal mine!

This would ensure future material transportation and provide a backup using the lime road in case of mine-cart issues.

Lynn organized two hundred townsmen into a long line, walking on the cultivated land.

He had them use their feet to feel for unevenness and depressions in the soil.

Upon discovering uneven or sunken ground, they would use iron hoes and iron shovels for repairs and leveling, adding soil for compaction.

While this process would damage tens of acres of already-cultivated barley land.

To expedite the construction of the wooden track, compromises had to be made.

This was an inevitable dilemma.

After several hours, four hundred townsmen traversed less than a third of the cultivated land.

Beyond the cultivated land was the most challenging part!

A vast expanse of uncleared and undeveloped wasteland.

These townsmen had to clear weeds, obstacles, and debris from the ground, and also work on leveling the terrain.

Fortunately, Lynn had anticipated this.

He had already dispatched four hundred townsmen for road repairs ahead of time.

Otherwise.

The twenty-mile journey would require a week to ten days just for road repairs alone!

Then.

Lynn divided the four hundred townsmen into work groups.

The first batch of one hundred fifty was responsible for clearing a strip of open land about four meters wide.

The second batch of fifty was tasked with handling tree roots, stones, and other debris on the ground.

The third batch of one hundred fifty focused on identifying uneven terrain and using tools for repairs.

The remaining fifty townsmen Lynn had directly in charge of transporting materials required for leveling and repairing the ground!

With Lynn's division of labor, efficiency significantly improved.

Because clearing work is much simpler than leveling the ground.

In less than an hour, two hundred people had pulled far ahead of the group working on ground repairs.

This doesn't affect anything.

Even if they clear the open land ahead of time, Lynn will reassign them to join the ground repair team.

Given the limited amount of labor available now, they couldn't be left idle.

Lynn supervised the townsmen's land repairs for two hours, ensuring they understood the requirements.

Lynn handed over the supervisory duties to Koni and then returned to the Wood Workshop.

Arriving at the Wood Workshop, Lynn asked a guard to call Garcia over.

Sighting Garcia with leaves in his hair, Lynn said, "I will leave two hundred people to continue felling trees for you."

"You can organize their tree felling using my previous division of labor method, or distribute them according to your plans."

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"However, I need the logging site to produce at least two hundred logs every day!"

"Is there a problem?"

Standing in front of Lynn, Garcia quickly responded, "No problem, Master Lynn!"

Lynn looked at Garcia in surprise, "Aren't you worried about not completing it?"

Garcia showed a simple smile, "Not worried, master."

"If it can't be completed, we'll work overtime and get it done eventually!"

Lynn looked approvingly at Garcia.

All over Garcia, there was a rustic simplicity.

Lynn nodded and said, "You can keep the woodcutters you want, and I will redeploy the remaining four hundred people elsewhere!"

Garcia did not hesitate, "Master, I'll gather them right away."

Half an hour later.

Four hundred slightly breathless townsmen stood before Lynn.

He scanned them and said straightforwardly, "From now on, you don't need to chop wood temporarily."

"I will first assign you to the construction of wooden tracks..."

Four hundred townsmen showed no surprise or complaints.

Lynn continued, "Now, I need you to transport all the processed sleepers to the edge of the limestone road at the front of the town."

"Stack one hundred sleepers every fifty meters!"

"Can this task be achieved?"

Listening to Master Lynn's question, the townsmen replied in unison.

"Yes!"

Lynn nodded with satisfaction, "Very good."

"Group in pairs, start moving now!"

Upon receiving Master Lynn's command, the four hundred townsmen self-organized into pairs, orderly heading behind the wood workshop to begin the transportation work.

The dimensions of the sleepers are two meters long, twenty centimeters wide, and twenty centimeters thick.

Because they weren't dried, each sleeper weighed at least over one hundred fifty pounds!

Two people carrying it together on their shoulders was just right.

One processed sleeper after another was carried by the townsmen to four or five miles away.

Lynn had also thought of using a draft horse or oxen for transport.

But soon he discarded this idea.

The number of draft horses was limited, almost all used for transporting coal and salt mines.

There were no spare draft horses to transport these sleepers and track wood.

Oxen were even less feasible.

Having already gone through a season of autumn plowing, coupled with the cold weather, oxen were prone to cold and infectious diseases.

This was the time when the oxen most needed to recuperate.

Moreover, it was already January.

Spring was not far away, and Lynn needed these oxen to maintain their condition and vitality to continue plowing more arable land for him!

Using manual labor, there was no need to consider so much.

When it's hot, they will take off their clothes on their own; when it's cold, they can warm up through work.

After a tiring day, after a night's rest, they are lively again tomorrow!

Lynn never even had to consider the issues of holidays and overtime pay.

He only needed to provide daily food, which was enough.

For these townsmen, working nine-nine-six felt like a blessing!

Pushing down the random thoughts in his mind, Lynn mingled among the crowd, and went again to the townsmen refining the track surface.

Seeing the townsmen still busy working in the fields, Lynn couldn't help but click his tongue.

Three hours had passed, and only over five hundred meters of ground had been leveled.

To level twenty or so miles of road was indeed a large project.

Fortunately.

Lynn stepped into the open area, took an iron hoe from one of the townsmen, and started to swing it.

The protruding soil needed to be removed and then filled into the nearby sunken earth and compacted repeatedly with the back of the iron hoe.

The work wasn't complicated, but it required enough patience for repetitive action.

For Lynn, laboring was a good way to exercise his mindset.

[Construction Experience +1]

[Construction Experience +1]

[Construction Experience +1]

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Bit by bit, the experience was increasing.

Seeing their Lord working so diligently, the townsmen around were full of admiration.

The speed at which they swung their hoes and cross pickaxes increased.

Time passed quickly.

The sky, initially still bright, gradually became gloomy.

The temperature also dropped more and more.

Under the high-intensity labor of continually swinging iron hoes, both Lynn and the townsmen were all feeling hot.

If this could continue, there wouldn't be an issue.

Once they stopped, the loss of body heat would easily lead to catching a cold...

Lynn stood up straight, glancing at today's progress.

In a day's time, they managed to level less than a thousand meters!

It was indeed a bit slow, but Lynn understood it could only be done gradually.

Watching the gradually fading daylight.

Handing the iron hoe to a nearby townsman, Lynn stepped onto the limestone road, called out to the crowd, "Stop work, return to the town."

Upon Lynn's words, the townsmen's faces were full of joy.

Nearby guards spread out, conveying Lynn's order.

Lynn walked among the crowd, heading back toward the town together.

Ten minutes later, everyone returned to the town as the sky darkened further.

The days of winter always seemed to pass quickly.

If you didn't check outdoors for a moment, the sky would already be completely dark.

Lynn was about to return to the castle when Red's reminder voice sounded.

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"Master, there's a carriage convoy!"

Lynn heard this and turned to look.

Under the gloomy sky, he saw a dozen carriages proceeding along the lime road.

A string of armored soldiers mounted on horses and holding winged spears surrounded the convoy front and back.

The townsmen, just finishing work, chose to stay clear upon seeing these soldiers.

Thus, the convoy appeared somewhat abrupt on the lime road.

After ten minutes.

A group separated from the convoy and stopped at the open square.

At the front, a striking figure leaped off a horse and, cat-like, gingerly made her way towards Lynn.

A snow-white mink cloak draped down her back, while the pale yellow fine wool tight suit traced her figure elegantly.

Even in such a cold winter, Kari spared no effort in flaunting her impressive figure.

A snowy valley marked her cleavage, while her fair, straight, slightly curvy long legs were clad in knee-high pale yellow leather boots.

The boots' edges were adorned with tufts of fur, evidently lined for warmth.

As she approached Lynn, noticing his gaze sweeping over her, Kari showed a smug smile.

In a soft tone, Kari said, "Master Lynn, long time no see, have you missed me?"

After glancing at Kari a few times, Lynn calmly replied, "Of course... "

Kari raised a brow, slightly surprised, but the next moment, she looked wistful in her eyes.

"Compared to the goods you brought, I naturally miss Miss Kari more."

While appearing to care about her, every word revolved around the goods.

Kari couldn't help but begin to doubt herself!

Her beauty, her figure, really held no charm for Lynn?

Just as she was about to speak, Lynn had already moved to walk behind her.

Lynn's voice followed, "Miss Kari, what kind of goods did you bring me this time?"

Lynn's gaze scanned the almost fully-loaded carriages concealed under linen oilcloth.

Kari reluctantly dispelled the stray thoughts, revealing a confident smile, "Master Lynn, I've brought all grain and food!"

"Fifty thousand pounds of barley, ten thousand pounds of wheat."

Lynn nodded in satisfaction, "Good, I'll take all these goods!"

"Name your price, Miss Kari."

In terms of storable grain, Lynn always greeted it eagerly.

Even willing to buy at high prices!

Kari didn't think too much, simply said, "At market price is fine."

"Wheat one penny a pound, barley one penny five pounds!"

"Calculated, that would be..."

Lynn continued, "Exchanged for fine salt, I can offer you three thousand four hundred pounds of fine salt!"

Kari pondered for two seconds; strictly speaking, these grains could only exchange for three thousand three hundred thirty pounds of fine salt.

But evidently, Lynn gave her an extra few dozen pounds!

Kari looked at Lynn with satisfaction, "Very good price, thank you for your generosity, Master Lynn."

With Lynn and Kari agreeing on the price, George, standing by, directed the townsmen to begin unloading.

Kari glanced at the unloading townsmen and the gradually dimming sky.

Kari hesitantly looked towards Lynn, "I have a presumptuous request to bother you with, Master Lynn."

Lynn nodded, waiting for her to continue.

Kari continued, "Master Lynn, may I reside on your territory for one night?"

She had weathered several sleepless nights from Kasong City to Lynn's territory.

In nights so cold, even a few more are hard for Kari to endure!

Not only herself, her guards and carriage convoy would also be affected.

The hesitation stems from never having stayed overnight on someone's territory!

Lynn gave Kari a surprising glance.

He remembered inviting her last time, but she refused.

Lynn nodded, "Of course, you may."

"If Miss Kari doesn't mind, you can stay in the castle."

With Lynn's prompt reply, Kari displayed a playful smile, "You mean, your bed is big and soft?"

Lynn shifted the tone, "Then stay at the merchant guild hall; there are rooms specifically for hosting traveling merchants."

Kari couldn't help but roll her eyes and clench her teeth.

How could Lynn find her unappealing?

Nonetheless, this made Kari feel more at ease.

With George assigned to further arrangements, Lynn led Kari toward the nearby castle.

Walking along, Kari's gaze scanned the surroundings.

Compared to previous haste, she now had more time to observe Lynn's territory.

Neatly laid out red brick houses, consecutive workshop zones, townsmen finishing labor, heading along red brick roads toward the distant cafeteria.

Cheerful voices constantly echoed in the town, adding warmth and liveliness to the typically desolate winter.

Acadia River stood with a succession of waterwheels.

On the river, a fleet of cargo boats approached the dock, ready for landing.

In the distance, under the nightfall, lay expanses of cultivated farmland...

Amid such scenery, Kari's initially ecstatic mood gradually began to quieten.

Compared to other cities and territories.

Lynn's territory evoked warmth and peace within Kari...

In contrast to the bustling world outside, it felt like a paradise here!

A strange thought emerged in Kari's mind — it might not be bad to spend her remaining days here!

However, Kari knew as long as the Brown Clan's family rules exist, she would forever remain Brown Clan's member!

Never able to escape Brown Clan.

Unless...

She attains Audrey Brown's resolve and strength!

Kari withdrew her gaze, now brought into the castle under Lynn's lead.

Passing through Weng City, the group arrived at the second-floor reception hall.

Kuisi stepped forward, "Master, dinner is prepared, shall we dine now?"

Lynn nodded, "We have a guest, prepare an extra set of tableware."

Kuisi raised a brow, tilting her head slightly for a glance.

That tumultuous whiteness immediately invaded her sight.

A familiar figure, a familiar face...

It's that cow again!

However, Kuisi promptly bowed, "Certainly, Master, I'll do it right away."

Kuisi bowed and withdrew.

Kari eyed Kuisi with a playful gaze.

Ever sensitive to women's emotional shifts, Kari instantly detected a subtle change in Kuisi's expression.

Lynn wouldn't prefer such a flat-chested, flat-bottomed woman, would he?

Still a maid?

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After dinner.

Lynn took Kari and sat in front of the fireplace burning anthracite.

The heat emitted, the comfortable temperature, made Kari's cheeks show a flush of red.

Sitting in the leather chair, Kari stretched lazily, the white curves in front of her gently swaying.

She couldn't help but sigh, "I should have known not to go to Triumph City..."

"In weather like this, it's most comfortable to curl up at home and roast by the fire!"

Lynn raised an eyebrow and asked, "Miss Kari... did you go to Triumph City?"

Kari didn't think much before continuing, "Yes, Yuna, the daughter of Mitchell Carolin, held her coming-of-age ceremony, and as a trade partner of the Karedi Empire royal family, naturally I was invited to attend."

"And I am the most easygoing and talkative among my siblings..."

Saying this, Kari glanced at Lynn, "Just so happened that I had just come to the Karedi Empire and had quite a good relationship with Yuna when I was young, so it became me who attended Yuna's coming-of-age ceremony."

Lynn nodded, without continuing to inquire further.

Indeed.

With the topic opened, Kari couldn't help but sigh.

"There are so many nobles and great lords in Kaldi, but unfortunately I can't be everywhere at once!"

"Otherwise, with my wisdom, I'd ruthlessly earn Gold Pounds from them."

"Now the weather has turned cold again, perhaps in a while, the river in the Gibraltar Strait will freeze, making it even harder for long ships to pass..."

As Kari spoke, footsteps sounded from not far away.

Lynn turned to look, only to see Kuisi walking over with a bottle of wine and two wine glasses.

In the transparent glazed bottle, gold-colored wine swayed gently.

It was the distilled spirits produced by Lexus distillation.

Kuisi sensibly placed the wine glasses on the coffee table and poured wine for Lynn and Kari.

Immediately.

The rich aroma of alcohol wafted into Kari's nose and mouth, pausing her words as she turned to look.

"Such fragrant wine!"

Kari picked up the wine glass and looked at it for a few moments, with no reservation, smelling it before her rosy lips.

Soon after, she parted her rosy lips and sipped, leaving a red mark on the glazed cup.

In an instant.

Kari's eyes widened, full of surprise.

She looked at Lynn, her words full of curiosity as she asked, "Master Lynn, what kind of wine is this? It's so strong!"

The wine flowed down her throat, as hot as magma, warm and fiery, yet without a hint of sting to the nose.

Lynn calmly replied, "Lexus Gin, distilled from my brewing workshop."

"Does it taste nice?"

After drinking an entire cup of gin, Kari nodded and said, "Very nice! Absolutely nice! I just love drinking strong wine, riding fierce horses!"

"Compared to your Lexus Gin, some of the wines at Yuna's coming-of-age ceremony were plainly like water, bland and tasteless!"

Amid her words.

Kari looked at Kuisi, signaling her to pour another glass.

Kuisi instantly understood and thoughtfully poured more gin for her.

Watching Kari eagerly tasting again, Lynn reminded, "Drink less, the gin is quite high in alcohol content, easy to get drunk."

With a gulp, Kari flashed a smile, "Master Lynn, you may not yet know my drinking capacity, but it doesn't matter..."

"Let me introduce you, I have a great record of drinking everyone under the table at a tavern in the Elfini Empire!"

"I have always drunk wine as if it were water!"

Finishing her words, Kari once more extended the hand holding the wine glass towards Kuisi.

Lynn slightly raised an eyebrow, glanced at Kuisi, letting her keep pouring for Kari.

Under the glow of anthracite and oil lamps, like a golden liquid, it flowed from the glazed bottle mouth.

Drawing a brief arc in mid-air, falling into Kari's wine glass.

With three cups down, Lynn could clearly see Kari's fair and delicate face growing increasingly red.

It could even be described as rosy-red glowing through white.

Not far behind Kari.

A sturdy female guard stared straight at this scene.

Though a bit concerned about Kari's condition, realizing it was her master Kari who requested to drink.

Everything at present seemed still normal, the female guard could only choose to wait quietly.

Lynn picked up the wine glass, drank a sip, the familiar warmth of gin flowing into his body.

Putting down the wine glass, Lynn looked at Kari, "If Miss Kari likes it so much, when you leave, I can gift some gin for Miss Kari to take."

Listening to Lynn's words, Kari, her face reddened, eyes shone brightly, "Master Lynn, I am so grateful."

"Compared to that woman Yuna, you are indeed generous!"

"It's been years since we last met, I made great efforts to go to Triumph City to celebrate her birthday, even gifting her a present."

"When I left, that awful woman didn't even send me off."

"Directly had her personal guard tell me she was too busy, couldn't spare the time!"

Lynn said nothing, quietly listening.

Kari continued speaking, "How could I not know what she's busy with?"

"Busy finding a husband to gain military support for her father Mitchell!"

The female guard behind noticed Kari was speaking more and more.

She stepped forward to Kari's side, bending her leather-armored body, reminding, "Miss, you've drunk a bit too much..."

Kari upon hearing, somewhat displeased, replied, "Nonsense, I've only had three glasses."

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"It's not easy to find a good listener, can't I vent a little?"

The female guard showed a hint of embarrassment, apologized, then stepped back a few paces and continued to stand guard from behind.

Lynn smiled indifferently, "It seems that Miss Kari indeed has an extraordinary relationship with Princess Yuna."

Kari shifted her body on the leather chair and leaned against the backrest, "It's not bad."

"During the banquet, she even asked me, if I were her, which faction I would choose..."

Lynn raised an eyebrow, looking at Kari.

After moving slightly, Kari folded her arms in front of her.

With her arms embracing, the snow-white in front of her seemed about to spill out.

Kari comfortably curled up in the chair and continued speaking, "But both she and I know, even if she has a favorite man, this marriage is not something she can decide."

"You could say, from the moment she was born, her fate has always been imprisoned by the Carolingian Royal Family..."

At this point.

Kari's speech suddenly paused.

As if deeply empathetic, her expression slightly darkened.

Lynn picked up the glazed glass beside him and reached it toward Kari. Kari raised an eyebrow, picked up her glass, and lightly clinked it against Lynn's.

The crisp sound of glass touching echoed between them.

Lynn withdrew his arm and finished his drink in one swift motion, Kari did the same.

As the wine went down, Kari's mood seemed to improve.

She pondered for a moment before continuing, "That banquet, said to be Yuna's coming-of-age ceremony, was actually about choosing her a husband..."

"Of course, it was also about taking sides in the imperial power struggle!"

Lynn still did not speak.

"What surprised me, though, was that two of the Three Great Dukes of the Karedi Empire chose to side with Mitchell Carolin."

"The most powerful of the Three Great Dukes, the Duke of Red Dragon, chose Caesar Carolin!"

"Plus, both sides have their Great Merchants and other forces..."

"The power struggle between Mitchell and Caesar is only a matter of time!"

Kari's recount bore little difference from the intelligence he had heard.

A thought flashed through Lynn's mind, and he inquired of Kari, "Miss Kari, did you see Marquis Duca at the banquet?"

Kari's eyes moved slightly as she recalled, "Are you referring to Marquis Mark Duca, Master Lynn?"

Kari pondered for a few seconds, "I did see him, he is indeed very young."

"If I remember correctly, he should be the youngest marquis since the Karedi Empire's independence from the Elfini Empire, right?"

Lynn nodded, "Perhaps."

Kari continued, "However, even if Marquis Duca is the youngest marquis of the Karedi Empire, with the existence of the Two Great Dukes, it's unlikely he can get ahead."

"After all, Mitchell values military strength, not age, isn't that right?"

Having said that.

Kari once again lifted the glass Kuisi had filled and downed it in one go.

As the wine slowly went down her throat, her face was filled with satisfaction.

A few seconds later.

Kari suddenly remembered something and said, "I almost forgot, Master Lynn."

"I heard the bandits in your area have been rampant, attacking over a dozen villages and a small town?"

"Marquis Duca has already sent troops to these borderlands to suppress the bandits."

"They've already set off, and if all goes well, they could arrive within seven or eight days!"

Upon hearing this, Lynn's heart sank instantly.

Marquis Duca sent troops?

To suppress bandits near Morgan Town?

The Iron Blood Brotherhood Bandit Corps have already been completely wiped out by him!

What could Marquis Duca's cavalry do upon arriving at Morgan Town?

A vague sense of crisis enveloped Lynn.

The army must be expanded.

More soldiers must be recruited.

More heavily armored soldiers must be acquired!

At this moment.

Kari slowly stood up, saying, "Thank you for your hospitality, Master Lynn, I will return to the trade association's hall to rest now, then?"

Lynn stood up, "Miss Kari, you're too polite."

After bidding Lynn farewell, with the female guard supporting her, Kari headed towards the stairs.

Watching Kari's silhouette disappear around the corner, Lynn gave up on asking her about the size of Marquis Duca's army.

Turning his gaze back, seated again in the armchair, Lynn began to think quickly.

Marquis Duca's cavalry army is on its way to Morgan Town!

Whether the purpose is to suppress bandits or something else, it imposes tremendous pressure on him.

His good brother Mark Duca had seen his face before.

If Mark Duca knew he was still alive, he certainly wouldn't hesitate to redirect the army to invade the territory and kill him again!

Thus.

How should he respond to the imminent arrival of Marquis Duca's army?

Lynn fell into contemplation.

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Led by a few guards.

Kari and the female guard walked along the red brick road towards the market district's trade association hall.

Kari's steps were somewhat unsteady, but thanks to the female guard's support, things were still smooth.

Upon arriving at the trade association hall, and entering the room George had arranged for them on the second floor, Kari's drunkenness instantly vanished.

The female guard beside her understandingly released her arm.

Gazing at the burning anthracite in the fireplace, Kari seemed to have made some kind of decision.

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She turned her head to look at the female guard and said, "Reya, leave this territory tomorrow and return to the Brown Clan!"

The female guard called Reya promptly bent over, "Yes, Miss."

The instructions were completed.

Kari's gaze shifted and looked through the glazed glass window of the trading hall towards the distant darkness.

She couldn't hear any sounds, there was no light at all.

Yet it was like an abyss, wanting to swallow this territory whole.

In such a cold winter, Kari could easily have returned to the Brown Clan immediately after attending Yuna's coming-of-age ceremony.

But she didn't do that.

She instead changed direction and came to this southern borderland of the Karedi Empire—Lynn's territory.

Kari could clearly feel that a massive war was about to engulf the entire Karedi Empire.

Perhaps even such a borderland as Lynn's might find it hard to escape!

As for why she went to the trouble of delivering this intelligence to Lynn.

Kari herself couldn't say why...

It felt as if she didn't want this piece of pure land like an earthly paradise to be invaded by war and turned into ruins.

Or perhaps because she didn't want to see Lynn crushed under the wheels of war.

But Kari also understood that this was all she could do.

...

The next morning.

All the food had already been unloaded and stored in the kitchen warehouse.

The fine salt exchanged to Kari was also loaded onto the wagon.

Along with a hundred pounds of Lex's gin.

Kari mounted her horse, pulling the snow-white cloak behind her, wrapping her body within.

She revealed a smile, "Master Lynn, the bed at the trading hall slept very comfortably, if possible, please keep my room reserved!"

Lynn answered with a smile, "Of course."

Kari nodded with satisfaction, "Then I'll leave first. When spring comes tomorrow, I'll bring a large amount of goods to your territory!"

With a wave of Kari's hand, she urged her steed to turn in the direction of the limestone road outside the town.

Kari's guards and more than a dozen wagons followed closely behind.

Watching Kari leave in the distance, Lynn stepped forward and walked outside the town.

In his mind, he was still contemplating how to deal with the approaching Ducas army.

The sense of crisis still enveloped him.

But soon, Lynn felt at ease.

The soldiers will block the water, and the soil will cover!

Now, he only needed to continue to develop and grow, which was the best way to respond!

The road leveling was still ongoing, and the transportation of sleepers and rail timbers was also continuing.

Under Colin's direction, he already drew two hundred people from the four hundred transporting townspeople, trying to build wooden tracks.

Each sleeper is measured with hemp rope to ensure a one-meter size for even placement.

This ensured the sleepers and rail timbers evenly bore the weight of the ore-loaded mining carts.

Uneven areas were reinforced with stones and mud clumps for fine-tuning.

The laying process was not complicated, and after laying a few dozen more, the townspeople gained experience and could lay more sleepers on their own.

These townspeople hadn't been educated, but they weren't unintelligent.

It's just that they couldn't complete tasks they'd never seen before with divergent thinking.

After inspecting around, Lynn joined the track laying.

He compacted the soil to lay the sleepers smoothly on the ground and then used nails, stripes, and stakes to secure them.

To ensure the sleepers did not wobble, a sleeper would be completed.

[Construction Experience +1]

[Construction Experience +1]

[Construction Experience +1]

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The experience for [Construction] continued to increase.

Until the afternoon.

Lynn stopped and stepped onto the limestone road beside him.

While brushing off the wood shavings on him, he took deep breaths of the cold air.

One cloud after another spouted from his mouth.

Even though he breathed in the cold air, Lynn didn't feel any chill.

Instead, the cold air made his overheated body feel extremely comfortable.

Looking at the townspeople still busily working, they could now skillfully begin laying sleepers.

Lynn nodded with satisfaction, then turned his gaze to Colin, not far away.

Colin, who was supervising the townspeople, happened to notice Lynn's gaze and walked over.

Colin bent slightly, speaking respectfully, "Master."

Lynn responded with a sound and said, "Let them continue the laying work; there are other tasks your woodworker workshop district needs to produce."

Colin pondered for two seconds and said, "Master, you mean producing mining carts?"

Lynn nodded, "Yes, mining carts! Hand-powered mining carts!"

With the current production and forging level in the town, they could only make mining carts with hand-crank transmissions.

Then.

Lynn led Colin and a hundred woodworker workshop apprentices back to the town's woodworker workshop.

Just as they arrived at the handicraft workshop district, Ehrelo happened to lead two blacksmith apprentices to join Lynn's team.

Ehrelo glanced at Lynn and the team behind him and hesitantly asked, "Master, is this going to...?"

Lynn glanced at Ehrelo and said, "Next, the woodworker workshop will start making hand-powered mining carts, and the blacksmith workshop will need to assist."

Chapter 357: Battle for Imperial Authority (Part 4)

The parts such as the mining cart's frame are naturally made by the Woodworker Workshop.

But the mining cart's wheels, axles, and transmission need to be forged and produced by the Blacksmith Shop.

Listening to Master Lynn's explanation, Ehrelo had no more unnecessary words.

They followed behind Lynn and entered the Woodworker Workshop.

They arrived at a workbench for processing wood panels, where Lynn held an Iron Saw in his right hand, using both his left hand and foot to fix the wood panel.

Buzz~ Woo woo

As Lynn pulled the Iron Saw with his right hand, the sound of the vibrating saw blade echoed.

Stream after stream of sawdust fell from the saw's opening, landing on the ground.

The fragrance of raw wood also dispersed into the air.

[Production Experience +1]

[Production Experience +1]

...

Knowledge and memories about hand-drawn mining cart production emerged rapidly in Lynn's mind and fused quickly.

Under the gaze of Colin and Ehrelo, Lynn completed the preliminary processing of the wood pieces.

Then, using the Iron Planer, he performed a meticulous secondary processing on the wood panels.

Only smooth and flat wood panels can guarantee accurate thickness and precision during nailing.

After all the detailed processing of the wood panels was completed, Lynn picked up the Iron Chisel on the workbench and started precisely chiseling mortise and tenon joints on the edges of the wood panels.

Preparing in advance for the subsequent assembly and joining of the frame.

Amid Lynn's continuous busy efforts, he began assembling the wood strips and panels with completed mortise and tenon joints.

Starting from the bottom frame of the cart, using the Iron Hammer for incessant pounding...

[Production Experience +1]

More and more production knowledge surfaced in Lynn's mind.

But Lynn did not stop, continuing to assemble and construct the mining cart's frame.

Until afternoon.

A fully assembled mining cart frame appeared before everyone's eyes.

The frame was approximately one and a half meters long, one meter wide, and equally one meter high.

Under a full load of coal, this cart can hold at least two thousand pounds of coal!

However, due to the wood material and wooden track, combined with the hand-drawing of two workers working together.

A mining cart's load capacity is only about fifteen hundred pounds at most.

Such a load capacity indeed was no different from that of a horse-drawn cart.

But the number of draft horses is limited.

If he just teaches Colin how to build mining carts, there will be countless mining carts similar to horse-drawn carts to transport ores or other goods.

At this moment.

A Guard holding paper and a feather pen hurried into the Woodworker Workshop, handing it to Red.

Red accepted it and walked up to Lynn, reminding him, "Master, the items you needed have arrived."

Lynn glanced at it, "Place it on the vacant workbench."

Without any hesitation, Red placed it on a workbench behind him.

Lynn stepped over and sat in front of the workbench.

With paper full of wood grain spread out, Lynn picked up the feather pen nearby and began writing on the paper.

Behind him, Ehrelo and Colin exchanged a glance and stepped up behind Lynn.

Watching their Master Lynn, his right hand roamed over the paper leaving one illustration, and lines of text and numbers.

Both people's eyes widened involuntarily.

Although neither Ehrelo nor Colin could read, their Master Lynn clearly took this into account.

Using various methods, he annotated the symbols that they could understand.

With Lynn's right hand moving like a wandering dragon, a completed and delicate hand-drawn mining cart gradually formed on the paper.

At this moment.

Lynn spared no expense in manpower and resources to build the value of a Papermaking Workshop, which was evident.

As long as he sketches out all the drawings for the hand-drawn mining cart, marked with the precise dimensions of each component.

Future woodworker craftsmen, just by understanding the writing, can learn how to make the hand-drawn mining cart from this drawing.

The drawing can be sent directly to Tate's school, where detailed analysis and teaching will begin!

It's not just the production of hand-drawn mining carts.

Forging armor, making Wheel Plows, water wheels, and so on can all be portrayed and recorded on paper!

Only in this way can these advanced technologies spread throughout Lynn's entire territory.

By nightfall, the hand-drawn mining cart drawings were completed.

Lynn stood up from his wooden chair and couldn't help but stretch.

Turning around, he looked at the shocked faces of Ehrelo and Colin, and said, "Hand-drawn mining cart drawings."

"A hand-drawn mining cart requires several components, wooden and iron, requiring your two workshops to collaborate."

"Wooden frames, hand-drawn handles, and wooden wheel spokes, etc. are to be made by Colin and his apprentices."

"Wheel hubs, axles, simple transmission chains, etc. are to be produced by Ehrelo and his apprentices."

"Any problems?"

Colin and Ehrelo exchanged a glance, and said in a deep voice, "No problems!"

Lynn responded, "If there's anything unclear, feel free to find me."

"Then, you may begin."

Colin and Ehrelo hurriedly bowed, "Yes, Master."

Lynn glanced at them once more, then exited the Woodworker Workshop under the eye-watching farewell of several apprentices.

His annotations were detailed down to the quantity and placement of each iron nail.

If Colin and Ehrelo still couldn't manage the production, they could certainly be sent to Guy's farm to raise pigs.

Walking along the streets of the small town, Lynn swept his gaze around the surroundings.

Chapter 358: Battle for Imperial Authority (Part 5)

Due to the increasingly cold weather, he had Kuisi issue his orders.

All work shifts have been changed to nine in the morning till five in the evening.

Almost before dusk, the townsmen can finish their work and return to the town to enjoy the leisure after labor.

As soon as the order was issued, Lynn noticed that the loyalty of all the townsmen increased again.

The loyalty of a vast majority of the townsmen had already reached over 95%!

With the reverent gazes of the townsmen on both sides, Lynn headed towards the direction of the castle.

The sky grew darker, and the day passed quickly.

While walking, Lynn opened the [Weather Forecast] panel.

Seeing the lowest temperature displayed as zero degrees on the panel, Lynn couldn't help but frown.

In three days, there would be freezing and snowy weather!

It would last for half a month.

For the Karedi Empire with its temperate oceanic climate, such weather is considered harsh.

If the temperature drops further, it will severely impact the winter barley that has been planted!

The moisture in the seedlings freezes, the ice crystals expand, causing the stems of the seedlings to become damaged or even die from frostbite...

This will severely affect the harvest of winter barley in July and August!

However, Lynn thought from another perspective.

Isn't this for him, unfortunately, good news?

In bad weather, with ice and snow, the ground slick and icy, movement for horses is greatly hindered.

Long marches are simply impossible!

Let alone horses, it's a significant test even for humans.

The cold temperature makes it difficult for soldiers to handle weapons, the performance of armor decreases.

Even vision is obstructed, making the execution of tactics nearly impossible.

More importantly, warming up and transporting supplies during the cold winter is extremely difficult...

In other words.

The Marquis Ducas army might very well choose to withdraw once they learn the bandits have been eliminated, due to the winter cold!

Of course.

This is just Lynn's speculation.

It's impossible for him to entrust the safety of the entire domain, as well as his own life, on a 'possibility'.

The construction of Weng City must be prioritized.

The defensive machines must be built, and the outpost fortress, the watchtower, and the beacon tower, none of these should be lacking!

As Lynn was pondering, he returned to the castle.

In the reception hall, Kuisi was arranging dinner with a few guards.

Just as Lynn was eating dinner, a crackling sound rang outside the window.

Kuisi quickly walked to the glazed window and looked out.

She saw pea-sized crystal clear ice blocks constantly falling and hitting the glazed window.

A touch of surprise appeared on Kuisi's face as she reminded, "Master, it's hailing."

The night temperature continues to drop, and with the rain, hail is normal.

Lynn glanced at Kuisi and said, "Let's eat first."

Hearing Lynn's words, Kuisi returned to the table and dined with Master Lynn and Red.

...

In the distance outside the territory.

Inside the bright three-story mansion.

Aiden sat at a walnut dining table, eating dinner served by two young maids.

One maid continuously fed Aiden food from the plate into his mouth.

As Aiden chewed and swallowed, the maid offered more food...

The other maid sat on his lap.

Aiden's hands roamed and kneaded her body at will.

The maid's face was flushed, but she dared not utter a sound.

Because sitting beside them was Aiden's original wife, Justin!

But Justin acted as if she didn't see any of this, eating from the plate in front of her.

Half an hour later.

Aiden glanced at the feeding maid, who instantly understood and stopped.

After feeding Aiden a sip of red wine, she picked up the napkin on the table and wiped him clean.

With a belch filled with a foul stench, Aiden looked contentedly at Ackman, who had been waiting beside him.

Aiden grunted from his throat, "Akoman Chief Attendant!"

Hearing Aiden's call, Ackman hurriedly stepped forward to Aiden.

"Master, I am here."

Ackman no longer wanted to correct Aiden's mispronunciation of his name.

Aiden casually glanced at the plump waist of Justin, who was cleaning the tableware with five or six servants.

He continued, "Are you sure the information you gathered is true?"

"It's been several days with no information from the Iron Blood Brotherhood Bandit Corps or the Storm Mercenary Corps outside?"

Ackman quickly nodded, "Yes, Master! The information is absolutely true!"

"It's like they've vanished into thin air!"

Aiden pondered, as if reflecting on something.

After a short while.

His right hand continued downward on the young maid's abdomen, "What do you think is the reason?"

Ackman seemed to have anticipated Aiden's question, and he immediately explained, "Master, I think there are a few possibilities..."

"First, the arrival of winter might have driven those damned bandits to hide in the mountains to overwinter!"

Aiden remained silent, continuing to listen.

Ackman continued, "The second possibility is that they got intel about Marquis Ducas coming to suppress the bandits!"

"Fearing being annihilated by the Marquis Ducas cavalry, they fled Morgan Town's vicinity, hence no information could be obtained."

Aiden nodded, "That is quite possible... After all, the Marquis Ducas Sword and Shield Corps are formidable enough to terrify many."

Chapter 359: Battle for Imperial Authority

In between the words, Aiden's right hand had already reached its destination.

An uncontrollable sound resounded from the mouth of the maid on his thigh.

Ackman nodded as if he hadn't heard it, then shifted his words and continued speaking.

"Master, I sense there might be another possibility!"

Aiden frowned slightly, "Speak!"

Ackman hesitated for two seconds before continuing, "Could it be that the Iron Blood Brotherhood Bandit Corps and the Storm Mercenary Corps... were annihilated by the lord behind the city walls?"

Upon hearing this,

Aiden's furrowed brows instantly rose, he looked at Ackman somewhat angrily.

"Akoman Chief Attendant, I'm beginning to regret considering you as the chief attendant."

Ackman hurriedly lowered his head.

Aiden spoke in a deep voice, "Though I don't know how that young man became the lord of that territory, nor what ability he has to construct a city wall..."

"But combined, the Iron Blood Brotherhood Bandit Corps and the Storm Mercenary Bandit Corps have at least thousands of people!"

"Even if most of these thousands are ordinary peasants, each with a hoe could thrash that lord's guard into pulp!"

"Wanting to defeat and annihilate a band of thousands with a newly developing territory is nothing short of dreaming!"

After all, even the Morrison Manor, which has existed for hundreds of years, has an armed force of barely a hundred including guards and all followers so far.

Not to mention him, even Jonas, the largest manor lord of Morgan Town, only has a few hundred guards and followers.

Aiden quickly lowered his head, words filled with guilt, "Yes, thank you for your guidance, Master."

Feeling his body becoming increasingly warm, Aiden withdrew his gaze from Ackman and slowly stood up.

But Aiden didn't put down the maid in front of him, instead, he let her coil around his bloated waist.

As Aiden walked towards the distant stairs, he spoke, "Ackman, guard my territory well!"

"Otherwise, you'll end up just like Walker and Ford..."

Ackman's heart trembled, he quickly responded.

"Yes, Master."

The heavy and slow footsteps echoed from the distant wooden stairs.

Accompanied by what seemed to be the forcibly restrained voice of a lady...

It wasn't until the sound disappeared that Ackman finally straightened his posture slowly.

With complex emotions in his eyes, Ackman glanced at the end of the stairs on the second floor before retracting his gaze.

He walked to the few followers nearby, speaking heavily, "You all heard the Master's words!"

"Ensure the Master's safety, the safety of the territory."

"Otherwise, if I don't fare well, you won't survive either!"

The bodies of several guards trembled, they quickly responded, "Yes, Akoman Chief Attendant."

Ackman let out a cold snort, his gaze passing over the followers and looking at the slowly darkening night outside the residence.

In the lavishly decorated room on the third floor.

Two maids were entwined around Aiden, strange sounds constantly emerged.

But within just a few minutes, the sounds gradually subsided and disappeared.

Leaning against the headboard, Aiden's eyes held a look of discontent.

In the curious eyes of the two maids, Aiden couldn't help but shout, "What are you looking at? Your master has been too exhausted lately."

The two maids dared not speak, obediently curling up beside Aiden's body, allowing his hands to roam over them.

Entering Wise Man Mode, Aiden widened his eyes, staring at the snarling greyhound statue hanging on the opposite wall of the large bed!

The narrow, flat-headed head, sleek body lines, elegant build, broad-chested, and slender waist.

With long limbs and developed muscles, the bone structure in the legs is robust, and the claws are exceedingly sharp...

The greyhound is the fastest breed in the Karedi Empire!

It's also the emblem of the Morrison Clan!

Because the greyhounds bred by the Morrison Clan had the fortune to aid the past Ducas Clan, the Morrison Clan was given the position of vassal to the Ducas Clan!

Yet the Morrison Clan seems cursed, for each Morrison Manor Lord dies without expanding the bloodline, unable to bear more offspring!

Not just males, but not a single female as well.

No matter how hard each Morrison Manor Lord tries, they never achieve positive results.

Of course, these manor lords include the current Aiden!

This is also why he constantly engages in physical activity.

Aiden felt a chill run down his spine, as even now, he doesn't have a single heir!

He's already thirty years old!

Aiden naturally knew that his physical condition was deteriorating.

The lengths of time are the best proof.

Could it be that the Morrison Clan is truly destined to end?

The next second.

Aiden threw this thought out of his mind.

It could never be his problem; it must be these women who are the issue!

Instantly, Aiden's gaze towards the young maid curled up beside him held a trace of disgust.

No!

He must acquire more younger maids!

To have them bear more offspring for the Morrison Clan, expanding the Morrison Clan's bloodline.

To purchase more maids, he needs more Gold Pounds.

Aiden's mind immediately conjured the outline of city walls!

This time, after going to Kakasong City to demand results, he not only obtained compensation from the Mercenary Guild.

But also discovered astonishing information.

Behind those city walls, there are salt mines.

And a salt factory capable of producing fine salt.

If he can claim that territory, then... the salt mines will be his, the salt factory will be his as well!

Aiden's vision was already filled with mountains of Gold Pounds.

If given enough time to operate, Aiden felt that in just a few years, he could develop a force that would shock the entire Karedi Empire.

Fortunately, not many people know about that territory yet, naturally unaware that behind that territory, there exists fine salt!

Now, what left him most at a loss is...

The Sword and Shield Corps of Marquis Duca are about to arrive in Morgan Town.

If Marquis Duca finds out, then all will turn to dust!

He's just a manor lord, the salt mine isn't even in his territory...

He will gain nothing!

Aiden knew he must figure out a way to conceal the existence of that territory!

Aiden's mind began to race with thought.

Meanwhile, downstairs.

In Justin's room, Ackman was venting the fury within.

Having borne Aiden's anger and threats.

Naturally, his anger found release upon Justin, whom Aiden was closest to!

If not for the room being too dark.

One could see on the high, pale expanse of Justin's back, the red marks from those swollen hand prints...

Chapter 360: Slaughterer

Three days passed in the blink of an eye.

After breakfast, Lynn was mingling among the townsmen, using the iron hammer in his hand to pound thick iron nails.

Fixing ten-meter-long wood tracks to the sleepers below.

[Construction Experience +1]

[Construction Experience +1]

[Construction Experience +1]

...

As he continually swung the iron hammer, amidst the steaming mist, his experience was rapidly increasing.

After laboring for several hours, Lynn stood up straight, his body radiating heat.

A thought crossed his mind, and he opened the "Heavenly Artifacts" panel for a look.

[Construction: Level 2 (301/500)] (+)

After this period of relentless skill enhancement, the Construction skill experience had finally reached over 300.

Unlike before, when Level 1 and Level 2 only needed a few days to upgrade.

After a glance, Lynn closed the panel and looked over the townsmen around him.

As the townsmen became proficient in their divided tasks, their work efficiency improved alongside the laying of the wooden tracks.

From only about a hundred meters of ground coverage three days ago, to now being able to cover nearly a thousand meters.

Of course.

The main reason is that Lynn's territory was originally on a barren wasteland.

The terrain is relatively flat, without large slopes and hills; at most, it's covered in weeds, stones, branches, and roots.

No need to spend too much technology and manpower to modify.

In Lynn's latest division of labor, 200 townsmen carrying sleepers and track wood were pulled out to start constructing the wooden double tracks.

Though the construction progress is somewhat slow.

Fortunately, everything is proceeding smoothly.

Watching the townsmen form a long line stretching into the distance made Lynn feel slightly wistful.

The labor force is still somewhat insufficient.

If there was more labor joining the construction of tracks, it would be quicker to complete the track assembly.

By noon, Lynn walked out of the wasteland.

As he returned to the small town, he began calculating the population of the territory in his mind.

The total population of the territory now has reached as high as 6,800 people!

Apart from essential positions in various workshops, he can now freely dispatch...

Which is the 800 townsmen currently constructing the tracks.

At the current pace, at least five or six more days are required to modify the road leading to the coal mine.

To assemble the wooden tracks, at least six or seven more days are needed.

It appears that even a few days still require a substantial expenditure of manpower and resources!

However.

Once the wooden track assembly is complete, Lynn can once again expand his armed forces!

The armed forces of the entire territory now only consist of 200 guards, 200 archers, and 500 soldiers.

For a territory with three mineral veins, if someone learns of this intel and starts coveting them.

The combined 900 armed soldiers are nowhere near enough to pose a threat.

Only more armed forces can protect this territory.

As Lynn pondered, he arrived at the Woodworker Workshop.

At Ai Woodworker Workshop.

Colin and Ehrelo, together with a few apprentices, were gathered together, finishing the assembly of the mining cart.

The wheels were fitted onto the axle, with fish oil applied at the junction between axle and hub to reduce friction.

Then the axle ends were set on the axle slots pre-installed on both sides of the chassis.

Further checks were made to ensure they were vertical and concentric, adjusting them to optimal status...

Then, the completion of installing the traditional components!

The final step involves tuning and optimization.

Standing on the mining cart operation platform, Colin tried rotating the hand crank to observe the movement conditions of the mining cart, checking for loose parts sounds, jamming, or abnormal shaking.

As Colin rotated the hand crank, the four wheels below the mining cart started to move slowly.

Because the Woodworker Workshop's floor was red brick ground, some pits were present.

Given it's only an initial test, the speed of the mining cart was not fast, even slower than a person walking.

But during the mining cart's slow movement, no loose sounds or shakes occurred!

A surprise appeared on the faces of Colin and Ehrelo.

Ehrelo said excitedly, "Buddy, we did it!"

"The hand-driven mining cart needed by Master is completed!"

Colin's face also had a smile, "Indeed, it's finally a success."

Among the dozens of apprentices observing and learning, words of admiration were spoken.

"Lord Colin and Lord Ehrelo truly are masters! They quickly understood the blueprints drawn by the Master and made it!"

"Study well, one day we'll also be able to do it."

"..."

Ehrelo was about to say more but noticed a young figure standing to their left from the corner of his eye.

Ehrelo immediately recognized that this was their Master Lynn.

He stepped forward, separating the apprentices surrounding him, and walked briskly toward Lynn.

Ehrelo spoke with evident joy in his words, "Master, the mining cart... the mining cart is completed!"

Lynn responded and walked to the completed mining cart.

He glanced at Colin, who had jumped off the cart, and then looked toward the cart.

A thought crossed his mind, and a text panel appeared before his eyes.

[Simple Single Person Hand-Driven Mining Cart]: Made of oak and iron, capable of loading 1,500 pounds, usable for transportation, etc.

Looking at the text prompt before him, Lynn nodded in satisfaction.