

System 361

Chapter 361: Slaughterer (Part 2)

Although this mining cart is just a simple standard version, it can only carry one thousand five hundred pounds.

But this is just the beginning of the mining cart production.

It can be continuously optimized afterwards.

The oak frame can be optimized into an iron frame, and the entire wheel hub and axle can be optimized into iron wheels...

Lynn looked at Colin and Ehrelo, and spoke, "How many mining carts can your two workshops produce in a day together?"

Upon hearing this, Ehrelo and Colin exchanged glances immediately.

There was some hesitation on their faces, as if they were pondering something.

Finally.

Colin explained, "Sir, the frame assembly and testing aren't difficult, the difficulty lies in the transmission mechanism of the mining cart..."

Ehrelo nodded in agreement, "As Colin said, the speed of mining cart production depends on the speed of the Blacksmith Workshop's production of transmission mechanisms."

Lynn acknowledged with a sound, "Today is January 5th, I need to see twenty hand-cranked mining carts by February."

"Does this pose a problem?"

Ehreló's eyes turned as he quickly contemplated.

Lynn's voice continued to rise.

"The importance of the mining cart, as the foreman of the Blacksmith Workshop, I don't need to elaborate, do I?"

Ehreló nodded quickly.

The four Blacksmith Workshops consume anthracite, which almost takes up half of the anthracite consumption of the entire territory.

He naturally understood very well.

"Finish producing twenty hand-cranked mining carts by February, and the penalties for the Blacksmith Workshop will be lifted!"

"Additionally, the Woodworker Workshop will also receive a daily wage of one penny!"

Upon hearing Lynn's words, Ehreló, who had his head slightly lowered, immediately lifted his head, his eyes filled with delight.

Not just Ehreló.

Colin and many Carpenter Apprentices also had noticeable joy on their faces.

The labor intensity of the Woodworker Workshop is certainly not less than that of the Blacksmith Workshop.

Yet the complexity of daily work in the Woodworker Workshop is no less than in the Blacksmith Workshop.

It's known that the Woodworker Workshop not only needs to undertake the production of all wooden furniture in the territory but also has to handle the work of stonemasons!

Often, when they arrive at the Woodworker Workshop, the labor in their hands never stops.

Only after the evening work is finished do they have their own time...

Lynn, who always assigns tasks to Colin and the Woodworker Workshop, naturally knows all this.

Seeing Ehrelo and Colin remaining silent, Lynn pretended to ask, "What? Unwilling?"

Ehrelo quickly replied, "Willing, willing, Sir, you misunderstood!"

"Old Colin and I assure you, we will definitely produce twenty hand-cranked mining carts by February."

"Otherwise, you don't need to banish me; I will go and dig coal myself!"

As he spoke, Ehrelo stood with his chest puffed out, his body upright.

Lynn shifted his gaze toward Colin.

Colin also spoke, "Sir, the Woodworker Workshop will spare no effort."

Compared to Ehrelo's straightforward and open character, Colin is more stable and humble.

Lynn nodded, then looked at Ehrelo again, "Producing mining carts is important, but producing Standard Plate Armor is even more important!"

"How to allocate labor for these two tasks depends on your decision."

Ehrelø stood straight and answered, "Yes, Sir."

After instructing Ehrelø and Colin for a while, Lynn stepped out of the Woodworker Workshop.

Walking past rows of Red Brick Houses, Lynn, accompanied by Red, strolled down the town's streets.

His mind was rapidly contemplating.

Lynn discerned clearly that the development of the territory was being restricted.

Almost all new labor projects were participated in and led by Colin and Ehrelø.

Because Colin and Ehrelø have always been involved in production and forging, they possess more experience, which is unquestionable.

But then again, when they are engaged in one project, other projects can only enter a waiting period being idle.

Lynn understood that more management talents must be cultivated!

As he pondered this, he had returned to the castle.

The cozy warmth from the burning anthracite enveloped him entirely.

Sitting on the armchair by the fireplace, Lynn directed his gaze toward a guard.

"Go to the edge of the forest to the logging site and bring Avery Dean, Lorenzo Reeves, and Jode Tek to meet me!"

Upon hearing Lynn's instructions, the guard promptly bent to respond, "Yes, Sir."

With those words, the guard bowed and withdrew.

Lynn shifted his gaze to another guard, "Go to find Rachel Richards, Pamela Arnold, Amber Allen, and Renée Richmond among the townsmen setting the track ground to meet me!"

The guard responded solemnly and likewise, bowed to leave.

Lynn once again filtering through the Resident Information Column, several information frames appeared before him.

"Find Brendan Xavier, Nora Ferguson, and Betina Nek..."

As Lynn continued issuing orders, five or six guards departed the castle, quickly heading to the locations he indicated.

These individuals were slaves transported by Grayson from the Portlands Empire.

They all possessed different Third-level Skills!

Compared to the townsmen who did not have any skill foundation, their value was naturally higher.

Half an hour later.

The first guard to leave brought four people to the castle's hall.

Looking at the spacious reception hall, the faces of the three townsmen were full of nervousness.

Especially upon seeing the young man sitting in the armchair and the burly man standing behind him.

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The hearts of the three of them grew increasingly uneasy.

A few meters ahead of Lynn, they stopped.

Bowing slightly, they nervously addressed him in unison.

"Master Lynn."

Lynn responded, saying, "Avery Dean, Lorenzo Reeves, Jode Tek?"

Upon hearing this, the tension on their faces instantly turned to surprise.

As the Lord of six to seven thousand townsmen, he could remember their names so precisely?

A faint sense of surprise and excitement spread through their hearts.

Avery glanced at the two beside him from the corner of his eye and saw they were silent.

He sighed inwardly and responded, saying, "Lord, I am Avery, he is Lorenzo, and this is Jode..."

Seeing Avery explain for the two of them, they both relaxed a little and nodded in agreement.

Lynn looked at Avery, who had spoken, and asked, "Tell me, before coming to this territory, what work did you do?"

Avery bowed slightly and continued explaining, "Lord, construction of houses, the three of us were responsible for helping the Lord build houses."

Lorenzo and Jode nodded again in agreement.

Lynn responded, "What kind of houses? Tell me in detail."

Avery seemed to perceive the intention in Lynn's words.

Without any hesitation, he directly said, "Like some cellars, castle residences, residential areas, and even monasteries, we all have construction experience."

"Moreover, it was us three who took charge, leading construction workers for on-site construction and building!"

He spoke clearly and succinctly.

Lynn nodded in satisfaction, "Very good."

"Do you have experience in constructing watchtowers, outpost fortresses, or Weng Cities?"

Listening to Lynn's words, Avery seemed to be recalling something.

Two seconds later.

He spoke, "We could try with watchtowers and outpost fortresses; it shouldn't be much of a problem."

In his previous territory, the lord had them construct watchtowers.

He had also seen many outpost fortresses; if there are enough laborers and materials, construction is not difficult.

Avery said somewhat awkwardly, "But as for Weng City... I don't know what you mean, Lord..."

Lynn, without any reservation, directly began to explain to them.

"The defensive principles of Weng City... First, alter the enemy's attack rhythm and direction; the Weng City gate and the main city gate are not on the same line, so when the enemy breaks through the gate, they can't advance straightforwardly."

"Second, create crossing fire; soldiers on the Weng City walls and the main city gate walls can shoot from multiple directions; the enemy flooding into the Weng City will face attacks from several directions."

"Third, close the gate and catch them like dogs; after the enemy rushes into the walls, you can drop the heavy portcullis, cutting off their rear and escape routes, etc..."

"Overall, it's similar to the first floor of the castle where you're standing now."

"You can use it as a reference to build the Weng City!"

Avery said nothing, lowering his head in thought over Lynn's words.

Half a minute later.

Avery raised his head, his face full of confidence, "Lord, I understand."

"As long as you provide enough construction workers and materials, I guarantee to construct the building you want!"

Lynn stared straight at Avery, "Are you sure you understand the structural principles of building a Weng City?"

Avery, without any guilt, shook his head, "Lord, not yet."

"But, I firmly believe that as long as I study, there is no building I can't construct."

"No matter how intricate a building's structure is, it's just an inanimate object!"

"Since others can build the Weng City you need under the castle, I can surely construct a Weng City elsewhere!"

Seeing Avery's determined gaze, Lynn said approvingly, "Very well!"

"I need a Weng City built within the city wall to strengthen its defenses."

"At the same time, I will appoint you as the foreman of the stonemason workshop, and Lorenzo and Jode will become your assistants. It will be up to you to lead the construction workers to build the watchtowers, outpost fortresses, and Weng City."

"Do you think you can do this?"

As the words fell, Lynn's gaze locked onto Avery.

Facing Lynn's gaze, Avery remained steadfast, "I can do it, Lord!"

Lynn nodded, "Very well, from now on, you are the foreman of the stonemason workshop. Currently, the labor force is limited, so construction workers cannot yet be allocated to you."

"What you need to do now is go to the city wall, select a suitable site to build the stonemason workshop, and choose construction sites for the watchtower and outpost fortress!"

Avery answered confidently, "Yes, Lord, we will go at once."

Amid the sound of Avery and his companions taking their leave, the three of them exited the reception hall.

Compared to when they came, Avery and his companions' previous unease and nervousness were gone.

Now their steps were steady, each step bringing a gust of wind!

Just as Avery said, he may not know how to build a Weng City, but he has the confidence to construct one.

Moreover, with the reference of the Weng City under the castle for guidance.

Even if he doesn't succeed, Avery can return to the castle to inquire and ask for guidance.

This attitude is much stronger than the stammering Lorenzo and Jode beside him.

Even if they had the ability, Lynn wouldn't consider them for the role of foreman of the stonemason workshop.

Avery is the kind of talent he desires.

As for whether the three of them would seize the opportunity to escape when looking for sites for the watchtower or outpost fortress outside the city walls...

Lynn has never worried about that.

Not to mention, after appointing Avery, his loyalty is above 88%↑.

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Given the treatment provided on the territory, unless one is a fool, they wouldn't consider escaping.

Under the guard's guidance, Avery and the other two observed the Weng City's construction on the first floor of the castle.

Though it was somewhat dim, Avery still strained to find the unique features of the Weng City.

After a round of inspection, the three of them left the castle and headed towards the mountain pass.

They were now going to select a site to build a stonemason workshop.

With a stonemason workshop, they could use it as a base to construct various infrastructures, extending their reach further.

All materials needed for provisions had to be transported back and forth from the town, taking several rounds—the vegetables would have wilted by then.

The three walked along the lime road in the farmland.

Lorenzo watched the figure striding ahead, his eyes filled with a hint of envy.

He quickened his steps and came up beside Avery, "Avery, you're in luck! You've been appointed as foreman by the Lord himself!"

Jode also strode up, "Yes, being a foreman means you're a manager of the territory!"

"Moreover, if the Lord assigns you a few hundred construction workers... wouldn't that be a sudden rise to prosperity?"

Avery's brows furrowed slightly, but he didn't show anger and spoke calmly: "Just lucky, that's all."

Jode agreed, saying, "You indeed hit the jackpot; age-wise, I'm above both of you, and experience-wise, I have thirty years of construction experience..."

"It seems our Lord is also a bit short-sighted!"

Smack!

Just as Jode finished speaking, Avery's steps suddenly halted.

Without any hesitation, he turned his body and slapped Jode's face hard.

Perhaps from using too much strength, Jode's chubby and stubbled face twisted and quivered, and blood with shattered teeth spewed from his mouth.

Jode's entire body fell sitting on the ground.

He looked at Avery in disbelief, "Damn, have you lost it? You actually hit me?"

As he spoke, Jode tried to stand up.

He barely wriggled a few times before a powerful right leg stepped onto his chest!

Jode widened his eyes staring at Avery, struggling to move Avery's right foot away.

But no matter how he exerted his strength, he couldn't move it an inch; a strong sense of gravity and pressure pressed down on him.

Jode questioned: "Avery, have you gone mad? What exactly are you trying to do?"

Avery smirked, retorting to Jode, "I've gone mad?"

"Is it me who's mad, or is it you who's lost it?"

Avery bent over, looking down at Jode from above.

"You were sold to this land by slave traders, that's right."

"You can resent the slave traders who sold you here, you can also say I've risen to success..."

At this point.

Avery began twisting his right foot on Jode's chest.

The sudden wave of pain made Jode inhale sharply, sweat pouring from his cheeks.

"But, you shouldn't eat the Lord's food, live in the Lord's house, and speak ill of him behind his back!"

"After more than half a month's sea transportation, it seems you still haven't recognized your status and position..."

"The Lord is willing, he can treat you as his townsman; if he's unwilling, you're merely his slave!"

"Your life and death are within his thoughts, understand?"

"This time, consider it a warning; if there's a next time, I won't hesitate to bind you and present you to the Lord!"

Jode's face turned pale, hurriedly replying: "Avery, I... I understand, I understand..."

Avery's brow furrowed, "What did you call me?"

Jode quickly changed his tone, "Master Avery, it's Master Avery!"

Avery's gaze shifted to Lorenzo, who stood by, and Lorenzo promptly addressed him, "Master Avery."

Only then did Avery remove his right foot from Jode's chest, gasping heavily with his mouth wide open.

Looking at Avery standing by, Jode even felt that for a moment, Avery might actually have killed him!

Avery glanced at Jon, "Get up, let's go accomplish what the Lord has tasked us with!"

Jode struggled to get up, clutching his cheek, "Yes, Master Avery."

Under the distant gaze of the guard, the three of them headed toward the mountain pass.

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Inside the castle.

Lynn was still seated in the armchair by the fireplace, with a small dish of wild blackberries on the side table next to him.

[Ripe Wild Blackberries]: Tastes sweet and sour, high in vitamins, can be eaten raw or used in baking, etc.

Lynn picked up a few cleanly washed blackberries and put them in his mouth.

As he softly chewed, the sweet and sour taste spread throughout his entire mouth.

Swallowing the blackberries in his mouth, Lynn looked across from him.

The four middle-aged women had anxious expressions on their faces, their hands incessantly wringing in front of them.

Noticing the tension among the four, Lynn spoke, "Tell me, what kind of work did you do before?"

Closest to Lynn, Rachel, with her black mid-length hair, was the first to speak, "Lord, we all used to do weaving for the old Lord..."

"When there was a shortage of clothing, we would weave and produce linen or wool garments."

"At other times, we'd weave armor plates, using hemp or leather cords to weave pieces of iron into armor plates..."

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The three women nearby nodded in agreement to show their response.

Listening to Rachel's words, Lynn's eyes couldn't help but sparkle.

If all four of them can weave armor plates, then can't they start crafting padded armor?

In Lynn's view, whether a pure plate armor or pure padded armor, both have obvious drawbacks.

Just like the standard plate armor cast using the sand box mold now, the level of protection is one thing.

Being cast in one piece, the weight of all the plate armor components combined reaches over fifty pounds just by itself!

Wearing it for a long time will drastically drain a soldier's stamina.

The wearer becomes sluggish in movement, making agile actions like running and jumping impossible without a strong physique.

On the ever-changing battlefield, lack of combat flexibility easily leads to missed opportunities, and might even make it hard to dodge enemy's nimble attacks.

The production requires a large amount of iron, but for Lynn who has an open-pit iron mine that can be mined and smelted, it's not much of an issue.

However, smelting pig iron into wrought iron will consume a lot of anthracite fuel.

This wastes massive amounts of manpower and resources.

What's more crucial is that plate armor wraps the soldiers' bodies tightly, and is extremely conductive to heat.

Plate armor is as cold as ice in winter, and as hot as a branding iron in summer, easily leading to heatstroke and dehydration!

And pure padded armor has its drawbacks too.

Padded armor is woven from armor plates, and there are more or less gaps between the plates.

If faced with sharp weapons or crossbow arrows, it's very easy for them to pierce through the gaps, causing soldier casualties.

The production is time-consuming; every single armor plate needs to be made separately, from cutting and grinding metal to shaping, punching, and weaving, with complicated processes.

But!

He can completely combine plate armor and padded armor!

Use a sand box mold to make key parts like chest armor and helmet, cast them in one piece for higher defense performance.

Other areas like abdominal armor, shoulder armor, and even leg armor, which require high mobility, can all be replaced with padded armor.

In this way, it ensures soldiers' safety, reduces the weight of armor, and enhances soldiers' mobility!

Kill two birds with one stone!

Not only that.

The vest needed later can completely use padded armor.

A warhorse's run almost involves all its muscles in motion, making it impossible to use cast vests.

The most crucial thing is.

Once Foreman Yimini's textile workshop finishes processing the current linen cloth and coarse wool into bedding, they will enter idle time again.

Rather than letting them go to various positions for labor without any proficiency.

It's better to have them stationed at the blacksmith workshop to weave the prepared iron plates into armor plates.

This not only improves the efficiency and speed of the blacksmith workshop's armor production but also makes good use of the labor in the textile workshop.

An almost perfect arrangement!

Lynn looked at Rachel, "If I ask you to assist Foreman Yimini at the textile workshop, lead two hundred textile workers to start weaving armor plates, can you do it?"

Rachel's face showed a slight pause, but the next second, she spoke cheerfully, "Of course, Master Lynn! That would be fantastic!"

Working every day, Rachel naturally prefers to stay in her comfort area doing what she is skilled at.

Lynn nodded, "I'll have Guards take you to the textile workshop. Weaving armor plates work won't start right away; for now, assist Foreman Yimini in making coarse wool bedding."

Rachel and the four others bent over nearly ninety degrees, with words full of gratitude, "Thank you, Lord."

After sending them off, Lynn had Guards lead them to the textile workshop.

A reform of the standard plate armor is necessary.

The initial production of standard plate armor was simply because of the lack of more technically skilled labor.

Moreover, facing external threats, it was necessary to create armed forces that could battle enemies in the shortest possible time.

But now, as labor force increases in the territory, and more personnel have various skills and abilities.

All processes, buildings, and equipment in the territory naturally need to advance day by day.

With this in mind.

Lynn couldn't help but marvel at the power of the Resident Information Column feature.

As long as they are townsmen in his territory, he can filter them to have various skilled townsmen.

No need to worry about overlooked townsmen leading to inefficient use of their abilities.

As Lynn marveled.

Two men and a woman, led by Guards, came to his front.

Lynn glanced at them, "Brendan, Nora, Betina!"

Just like Avery at the start, the three of them held a look of surprise on their faces.

Although they registered their house information before moving into the red brick house.

They never met the Lord individually, let alone introduced their names to the Lord.

Could it be Master Lynn, the Lord, actually reviews the registration information of those who moved into the red brick house?

Lynn continued, "Tell me about your previous work."

Listening to Lynn's words, the three exchanged glances.

Ultimately.

Betina, with short golden hair, began to speak.

"Master, we previously worked on the ranch of the former Lord."

Level 3 Breeding skills, if you mention another job.

Lynn wouldn't mind dragging them out for execution.

"Continue."

Although feeling puzzled, Betina still honestly recounted, "Master, our job roles are somewhat different."

"I am responsible for livestock breeding, collecting milk, and caring for progeny and younglings."

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"Nora is responsible for grazing, while Brendan is in charge of livestock patrols and transporting some feed..."

Lynn nodded slightly, "Very good work."

"Many Coatsworth Sheep on my ranch are pregnant, and it happens that we need more ranch workers with breeding experience."

"Are you willing to work on the ranch?"

Listening to Lynn's inquiry, Betina raised her slender eyebrows.

The three of them had already learned from other townsmen that there was a large ranch on this land.

They were thinking about how to meet the Lord and convince him to let them work on the ranch and make their contributions.

They didn't expect the Lord would accurately and promptly find them first.

Betina glanced at Brendan and Nora on either side, and said happily, "Lord, we are very willing!"

Lynn's words were calm, "What I need to tell you is that starting next year, there may be more poultry or livestock entering the ranch."

"During this time, you need to teach those ranch workers who aren't very skilled in breeding the techniques."

"Outside of feeding livestock and poultry, this is your most important task."

Betina didn't hesitate, "Yes, Lord!"

Lynn responded, "Go report to Guy. He's the foreman of the ranch and he will help you get familiar with the environment."

Under the guard's guidance, Betina and the others left.

Afterwards.

Another few groups of townsmen with various Level 3 Skills were assigned to different suitable positions.

Level 3 [Forging] went to Ehrelo's Blacksmith Workshop, Level 3 [Medicine] went to Old John's hospital, and so on.

All the townsmen with Level 3 skills were assigned appropriately, and the sky outside the castle gradually darkened.

Dozens of maidens in the castle began their daily tasks — illuminating the entire castle.

The gas with a strange odor slowly spread within the castle.

Lynn stepped to a nearly five-meter-high glazed window.

Through the pale blue glass glaze, his gaze looked towards the far outside.

Teams of townsmen were walking back along the lime road towards the town's defensive line.

Lynn's gaze looked farther away; there lay the direction of the city walls.

...

Among cultivated fields where winter barley had been planted.

Figures riding horses walked along the gravel paths of the farmland.

Behind dozens of horses was a somber metallic sound.

Swish, swish, swish~

The orderly sound of footsteps accompanied the clinking of armor, echoing under the increasingly darkening night sky.

Soldiers were lined up in ranks of six, the rear almost extending beyond sight.

They wore metal helmets, clad in dark blue-green armor. A Greatsword with a hilt longer than the head was strapped on their back.

The left arm wore a black elliptical long shield, sharp at the bottom.

If met with a cavalry attack, they could immediately plant the long shield into the ground to form a defensive front.

On the Round Shield and their armor was a distinct emblem.

An emblem of crossed Greatsword and Shield.

This was the Ducas Clan's family insignia used for nearly hundreds of years!

Among them, soldiers held flagpoles five or six meters tall, with blood-red flags embroidered with black Greatswords and Shields.

As the cold wind blew, the flags flapped, making a rustling sound.

In the vanguard of the marching army.

A young man riding a strong warhorse turned to look at the rear.

The orderly marching army, adorned in armor, inspired fear. The young man smiled with satisfaction.

Beside him, a middle-aged man said with a smile, "Master, the Marquis Duca greatly values you."

"Otherwise, he wouldn't have dispatched so many soldiers to this frontier to eliminate bandits!"

Lawrence glanced at Godfrey with slight disdain, "Of course he values me; I'm his half-brother."

"Before Mark inherited the title, I chose to pledge loyalty to him, never to betray!"

"The key point is that our father favored both him and me..."

"Which means, if I were to contend for the title, I would have a chance!"

Godfrey chose silence, not daring to discuss the internal matters of the Ducas Clan.

He knew exactly what to say and what not to say.

Otherwise.

Former Marquis Donovan wouldn't have entrusted his younger son to him for training and refinement.

Seeing Godfrey respond, Lawrence hummed softly and looked forward.

He continued, "How far are we from Morgan Town?"

Godfrey moved slightly, pulling out a map from his bosom. After a moment of examination, he explained, "Due to the cold weather, the march is slow. It'll take at least four more days..."

Lawrence glanced at Godfrey impatiently.

"It's getting dark; find a place ahead to rest."

"If not for that damned Mark, I should be lying in the Wooden Brothel on Evelyn's bosom."

"Those bandits even more damned!"

"Don't they know this is the Ducas Clan's territory? Dare to keep raiding villages and towns!"

"Also, the local vassals are damned!"

"Using Ducas Clan's lands, enslaving so many peasants, yet unable to deal with a mere bandit group!"

Suddenly.

Lawrence's gaze shifted to Godfrey, questioning harshly, "Why are you not moving? Want to let me freeze to death here?"

Godfrey quickly responded, "Yes, master, I'll arrange it right away."

Lawrence said nothing further.

Watching as Godfrey called a few soldiers to arrange to find a site ahead for the army to camp.

In just a few minutes.

Cavalry scouts returned, and Godfrey arranged for logistics soldiers to go ahead and start setting up camp.

Yet even so.

Lawrence's brow still slightly furrowed, as if carrying endless resentment.

Soldiers passing by dared not slack off, fearing to anger this Slaughterer!

While in the Bordeaux City Wooden Brothel, displeased by other customers interrupting his affair.

Lawrence butchered all eighty-one members of that customer's family, with none spared!

Since then, Lawrence was known by a nickname—Slaughterer!

Chapter 366: Good Wife

Two days later in the early morning.

The sky started to drizzle, making the already cold winter even more bone-chilling.

Standing on the balcony, Lynn glanced at the density of the rain outside the window.

Minus two degrees, plus the rain that can soak a person through in about half an hour, the whole body would be frozen stiff.

Lynn directly ordered the guards to issue a command.

Wait for the rain to stop, then proceed with outdoor labor.

The development of the territory is indeed somewhat urgent, but compared to a large number of townsmen getting sick or injured, which would cause the territory's posts to be completely paralyzed and unable to develop later,

he would rather keep these townsmen in the town.

However.

Resting is certainly out of the question.

The nine-to-five work schedule is enough to keep them excited.

Lynn reassigned all the townsmen who needed to work outdoors to the various workshops.

Now every workshop is rushing production, which happens to make up for the labor shortage in the short term.

Retracting his gaze, Lynn stepped towards the first floor of the hall.

As he arrived at the entrance of the castle, Red somehow fetched two black hooded cloaks and draped them over him.

Red placed the hood on Lynn's head and reminded him, "Master, it's raining a bit."

Smelling the faint oily scent on the hooded cloak, Lynn responded.

"Alright."

Fully dressed, Lynn stepped out of the castle.

Red, also wearing a hooded cloak, closely followed behind.

A little while later.

Lynn arrived at the Handicraft Workshop District.

Entering the textile workshop, there were at least three to four hundred townsmen inside!

Former textile workers plus one or two hundred people assigned here due to the rain...

Although it seemed a bit crowded, under Yimini's arrangement, they were working in an orderly fashion.

They wouldn't use the spinning wheel, so Yimini had them perform transportation tasks or assist the textile workers.

Yimini, who was patrolling the workshop, saw Lynn at the door and quickly stepped up to greet him.

Reaching Lynn's side, Yimini bent slightly and respectfully called, "Master."

Lynn nodded, "Has the linen cloth and coarse wool been utilized?"

Yimini didn't hesitate, "It's about seventy to eighty percent done; according to your instructions, Master, the two thousand sets of coarse wool robes that were finished first have already been handed over to Steward Kuisi and distributed to the townsmen."

"The linen cloth and coarse wool bedding are also about to be completed."

"I've estimated that it should meet the demand for bedding for about seven thousand people."

Lynn gave Yimini a satisfied glance, "Well done."

Yimini showed a slight smile, "Master, you flatter me."

Lynn continued, "After this batch of bedding is completed, the working direction of the textile workshop will change. Did the new Rachel tell you?"

As he spoke, Lynn's gaze shifted to look behind Yimini.

Rachel was striding quickly towards them.

Noticing Lynn's gaze, Yimini turned slightly and took a look.

Seeing it was Rachel, Yimini replied, "Master, Rachel told me that during the idle time in the textile workshop, they will do the weaving of armor plates."

At this moment, Rachel happened to reach Yimini's side; she didn't interrupt Yimini but bowed to show respect.

Lynn responded, "Right, later the textile workshop needs to do the weaving of armor plates. As for the specifics, Deputy Rachel will assist you."

Both Yimini and Rachel bowed and answered, "Yes, Master."

Lynn, with the two following him, took a tour around the textile workshop before stepping out.

Walking on the red brick road in the workshop district, because of the rain, there were few silhouettes on the street.

Even if there were, they were hurriedly passing townsmen.

After all, it was simply too cold.

A few minutes later.

Lynn arrived at the Blacksmith Workshop, with at least eight to nine hundred people across the three workshops!

Seeing Ehrelo standing on a workbench, loudly assigning tasks to the townsmen, which made his face red and neck bulge,

Lynn couldn't help but shake his head.

Lynn and Red's different attire naturally immediately caught Ehrelo's attention.

He leaped off the workbench and came to Lynn's side, calling, "Master."

Seeing Ehrelo panting slightly, Lynn spoke, "It seems the Blacksmith Workshop doesn't need this much labor force."

Ehrelo's eyebrows instantly twitched, and he quickly spoke, "Master, how could it be unnecessary?"

"Even if these people don't have the slightest forging skills, even if they are just temporarily helping, they can still improve the workshop's production efficiency!"

"They can completely help us transport anthracite, transport iron ore, and if not, sweeping the workshop clean isn't bad either!"

Lynn shifted the topic, "The armor production in the Blacksmith Workshop needs some changes."

Ehrelo's expression became serious, waiting for Lynn's instructions.

Lynn continued, "The performance of the standard plate armor is not very good, with obvious drawbacks."

Ehrelo nodded.

Although he hadn't worn standard plate armor, each plate armor component was forged by blacksmiths.

He naturally knew at least the pros and cons of standard plate armor.

"Standard plate armor, except for the chest armor which is cast using a sand box, the other components are all woven together with iron plates."

"Simply put, it's a combination of plate armor and padded armor."

Ehrelō's eyebrows slightly raised, "A combination of plate armor and padded armor?"

"Master, if it's just a single casting of the chest plate and forging of padded armor iron plates, it will surely greatly improve the Blacksmith Workshop's work efficiency."

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"The production work has been simplified, and all the apprentices in the workshop have learned to use the Iron Hammer to forge Iron Plates!"

Ehrelō hesitated for a moment, "But..."

Lynn took over Ehrelō's words, saying, "However, your Blacksmith Workshop doesn't have enough personnel to piece together Iron Plates into Armor Plates."

"You don't even know how to piece them together!"

Ehrelō awkwardly bowed, "Just as you said, Master..."

Lynn calmly stated, "The matter of piecing them together will not trouble your workshop anymore; I've already arranged for Foreman Yimini and Rachel's assistant from the weaving workshop."

As Lynn continued to speak, a look of surprise appeared on Ehrelō's face.

"All the forged Chest Armor components, as well as the Iron Plates with holes opened, will be transported to the weaving workshop, where they will handle the assembly."

"After that, both of your workshops will work together to produce... Composite Armor!"

Hearing the last few words from Lynn's mouth, Ehrelo couldn't help but repeat them.

"Composite Armor... Composite Armor..."

A very fitting name.

Ehrelo showed his white teeth and promptly responded, "Yes, Master!"

"I knew Master Lynn values the Blacksmith Workshop the most!"

Lynn's expression was calm as he looked straight at Ehrelo.

"Ehrelo, war is approaching. If we cannot produce more Armor to arm the soldiers, this land will eventually be crushed by the wheels of war."

"By then, not only you, but everyone on this land will return to their previous way of life!"

Hearing this, Ehrelo fell silent instantly.

He recalled the days before, working day and night forging farm tools just to earn a few extra pence.

Despite his best efforts, his family barely had enough to eat.

Lynn walked into the forging area of the Blacksmith Workshop with measured steps.

"Come along, I will teach you how to forge the Armor Plates for Padded Armor."

Ehrello snapped out of his thoughts and quickly followed.

Lynn, rolling up his sleeves, walked to the Anvil under the gaze of the Blacksmith Apprentices.

He selected an egg-sized piece of iron, picked it up using a long pair of iron tongs, and placed it in the kiln for heating.

When the kiln door was opened, a warm and soothing heat wave instantly gushed out, drying the rainwater on Lynn's body.

His whole body felt warm and comfortable.

It's no wonder the Townsfolk had no complaints about being assigned to work in the Blacksmith Workshop during such a cold winter.

Using the high heat produced by Anthracite, the iron ore in the kiln had been burned to a fiery orange as Lynn prepared the necessary forging tools.

Lynn picked it up and placed it on the Anvil.

With his left hand, he used a pair of short iron tongs to fix the iron block, while his right hand, holding the Iron Hammer, began to rhythmically hammer it repeatedly.

Clang~

Clang clang~

Every strike of Lynn's right hand caused a shower of sparks to erupt from the glowing red iron block on the Anvil.

[Forging Experience +1]

[Forging Experience +1]

[Forging Experience +1]

...

As his experience increased gradually, the knowledge and memories of making Composite Armor emerged in his mind, quickly integrating.

Composite Armor, not only could it be used for heavy cavalry and heavy infantry, but it could also be used for other special units.

For instance, assault soldiers for sieges, climbing Cloud Ladders to breach the city walls, holding a Battering Ram to breach the city gates.

It could withstand the Rolling Wood and Stones hurled down from the city and resist close-range enemy Crossbow fire.

Because it combined Plate Armor components with Padded Armor, it not only provided protection but also offered great flexibility.

Its reduced weight allowed the soldiers more stamina to carry out the Commander's orders!

Lynn's Iron Hammer's movements did not pause as he continued to rhythmically forge.

The hammering forged the iron block into a flat shape resembling Armor Plates and started to deform it into a rectangular shape.

Since it was just a demonstration for Ehrelo and the Blacksmith Apprentices, Lynn forewent using the Forging Water Wheel in the process.

Once Ehrelo and the others became familiar with the Armor Plate dimensions and forging methods, they could fully use the water-powered Forging Water Wheel.

Large iron blocks could be placed under the large iron hammer of the Forging Water Wheel, using the Acadia River's water power for large-scale forging.

With Lynn's repeated hammering and heating, a rectangular Iron Plate was successfully forged.

Then.

Lynn swapped to a smaller Iron Hammer, gently hammering along the edges of the Iron Plate to make it more regular, facilitating the subsequent armor plating.

This step also required great patience; too heavy a blow and the Iron Plate would deform, too light and shaping would not be achieved.

Under the gaze of everyone in the Blacksmith Workshop, an Armor Plate measuring ten centimeters long, three centimeters wide, and about one millimeter thick was completed.

A one-millimeter Armor Plate could be used for light cavalry or scouts.

Armor Plates of two to three millimeters could be used for heavy cavalry or heavy infantry, offering stronger protection.

Holding the Armor Plate, Lynn went to the workstation in the processing area.

After determining the hole locations on the Armor Plate, he took the punch and Iron Hammer from the workstation and started punching the holes needed for lacing.

Clang clang clang~

After a few crisp sounds, under curious gazes, four round holes appeared on the Armor Plate.

Lynn didn't stop there; he picked up a file to smooth the edges of the holes.

To prevent the twine from being worn and broken during subsequent lacing.

Chapter 368: Good Housewife _3

Then Lynn returned to the furnace and began the heat treatment and quenching.

Compared to the previous forging and shaping heating, this time the heating temperature needed to be more strictly controlled.

Without a thermometer, temperature control relied entirely on the experience of the blacksmiths, which was the core skill of blacksmith forging.

Only blacksmiths who can accurately control the temperature can become qualified blacksmiths.

When the armor plate was once again heated to the appropriate temperature, Lynn took it out and swiftly submerged it in the well water.

Bubbling~

The scant well water in the bucket immediately began to boil and emit steam.

The iron plate, after the quenching process, could increase the iron plate's hardness to become armor plates stitched into padded armor.

This was the most critical step in determining the performance of the armor plate.

After the armor plate was quenched, Lynn picked it out from the bucket.

The iron plate, originally somewhat silver-gray, had now turned black.

The reason being partly the oxidation skin on the surface of the armor plate, and partly from the iron ore extracted and mined...

Lynn used a grindstone to polish off the surface oxidation layer, revealing a black and gray metallic sheen on the armor plate, which he coated with a layer of grease using a linen cloth.

This increased the rust prevention capability of the iron plate, thereby extending the lifespan of the armor plate.

Looking at the smooth armor plate in his hand, Lynn nodded in satisfaction,

After forging and hammering, the egg-sized lump of iron turned into an armor plate weighing about fifty grams.

If used for light cavalry, excluding the need for standard chest armor and helmet, only about two hundred armor plates would be required.

The weight of the padded armor was only about twenty pounds.

Along with the helmet and chest armor... it would be at most around thirty pounds.

Perfectly suitable for light cavalry or light infantry use.

Even if used to equip heavy cavalry, the thickness of the armor plate is forged to two millimeters, with each plate weighing eighty grams.

Adding the standard chest armor and helmet, it would roughly translate to just over forty pounds!

Compared to full-body standard plate armor, it reduced the weight by at least ten pounds.

While reducing the weight, it enhances the comfort and flexibility for the soldiers!

This is the significance of composite armor.

The most crucial part is,

He used an iron hammer, forging a piece of pig iron into an armor plate suitable for stitching into padded armor, spending just over three hours!

The strength of the forged armor plate naturally cannot be compared to cast armor.

Moreover, it doesn't require the blacksmith apprentice to have too much forging skill!

Sensing the temperature during quenching, even using timed heating to control...

Before Lynn could speak, Ehrelo approached and respectfully said, "Master."

Lynn handed the armor plate to Ehrelo, speaking, "Take a close look."

Ehrelo honestly reached out to take it and began to scrutinize it seriously.

Lynn's words of explanation rang out, "The size of the armor plate is ten centimeters long, three centimeters wide, one centimeter thick, weighing about fifty grams."

"Regardless of whether it's dimensions for openings or size and weight, all are to be produced according to this piece."

"Later, there will be some square armor plates, and some that fit the body's curve with a unique shape..."

"I will forge sample molds, and you can create accordingly using the molds."

Unlike standard plate armor, once cast, besides the possibility of minor adjustments, it's hard to make substantial changes.

The armor plates in padded armor can be freely adjusted as they are woven, and can be adjusted with rope based on the wearer's body.

It allows the padded armor to fit the wearer more closely.

Listening to Lynn's explanation, Ehrelo dutifully responded, "Yes, Master."

His eyes continued to focus on the armor plate in his hand.

Within Ehrelo's heart, he couldn't help but marvel again at Lynn's forging skill.

A bold thought emerged in Ehrelo's mind.

If... being able to invite Master Lynn into the blacksmith workshop, to engage daily in armor forging, would undoubtedly greatly improve forging efficiency!

Under the gaze of the apprentices in the blacksmith workshop, Lynn began forging once again.

Ordinary padded armor plates, as long as blacksmith apprentices know some forging techniques, can be forged.

However, unique shaped plates are much more complex to fit the human body.

Armor plates in half-moon shapes are commonly used at the waist and hips to prevent the wearer from being injured by the armor plate.

But as long as the forging technique is mastered, forging unique shaped armor plates is not difficult.

Ding~

Ding ding~

Ding ding ding~

The sharp sound of hammering resounded again in the blacksmith workshop.

However, when the apprentices saw Master Lynn's initially clumsy technique, they were stunned.

They even questioned whether their Lord could actually forge armor plates?

Only Ehrelo and some apprentices who had witnessed Lynn's forging.

They had no doubt; rather, their faces were full of anticipation.

Here it comes!

Master Lynn's unique forging technique, from not knowing to knowing, and then to skillfulness...

As time quickly passed, an armor plate designed for the hip appeared on the anvil.

Along with Lynn finishing the quenching, followed by grinding and polishing, coating it with protective animal grease.

A half-moon shaped armor plate appeared in Lynn's hand.

Looking at the unique shaped armor plate in his hand, Ehrelo couldn't help the mixed emotions in his heart.

What kind of forging technique is this?

Creating something out of nothing?

Until evening.

Lynn finally completed all the sample molds for the unique shaped armor plates needed for padded armor.

Chapter 369: Good Wife (4)

Subsequently, we only need to forge enough normal armor plates, transport them to the textile workshop, where the textile workers will stitch them together, then create appropriate linings that combine with the chest armor.

Thus, a set of composite armor can be completed.

Watching the sky quickly darken outside the workshop, Lynn instructed Ehrelo and explained some details of the padded armor production.

Only then did Lynn dismiss the blacksmith apprentices and townsmen who came to lend a hand from the workshop.

It was uncertain when that happened, but the drizzle outside had already stopped.

However, the temperature was too low, and the red brick pavement had already iced over with a thin layer of ice. Because it was so thin, just a step would crush it into fragments...

Walking along the ground with crushed ice, Lynn's gaze fell towards the front, where groups of townsmen were headed in the direction of the town's cafeteria.

Today, apart from a few workshops still maintaining production labor,

construction of tracks, forest tree felling, and so on, outdoor labor had almost completely halted.

However.

Lynn did not mind, as that day could be regarded as a rare day of rest for the townsmen without issue.

Development temporarily stalled, but the loyalty of the townsmen had increased considerably.

Watching the townsmen enter the cafeteria one by one, Lynn, with Red, returned to the castle.

The sky was dim, the temperature too low, the ground ice-covered.

Lynn could not arrange labor for these townsmen.

Rather than having the townsmen engage in inefficient labor that would decrease loyalty, it was better to have them return early to rest and warm up.

Back at the castle.

The familiar oil lamp glow and the warmth from burning anthracite enveloped Lynn.

Lynn unceremoniously sat before the fireplace, enjoying the warmth emanating from the burning anthracite.

With a thought, Lynn opened the Weather Forecast to check.

Tonight, the temperature will drop even lower, reaching minus seven degrees! It may even snow!

This weather will persist for a week!

Lynn could not help but furrow his brow.

The increasingly cold weather was both a blessing and a curse for him.

The benefit is that the colder the weather, the slower the march speed of Marquis Ducas' army heading to Morgan Town.

Lynn did not know how many soldiers Ducas' army would have.

But the more soldiers, the more considerations there are.

Considerations of terrain, selection of marching routes, and supply routes for food and water...

Only suitable routes can provide the army with a good marching direction.

Moreover, logistical support during marching tasks is paramount!

The reserve of grain and grass, weapons and equipment, and camping materials must all be guaranteed.

Especially in such cold, harsh weather, if the soldiers cannot keep warm and rest assured, even if they march to the designated location, they'd be nothing but scattered sand.

Not only the soldiers.

The riding warhorses, the carts transporting supplies, etc., also need resting camps.

If supplies and rest cannot be guaranteed, at best, they would be advancing boldly to the tiger's den.

At worst, it would be a risky long trek!

Cold weather can slow Ducas' marching speed while providing more time for his territory to develop.

The downside is that the weather is simply too cold!

At minus five degrees, the planted wheat seedlings can still resist.

But if it drops below minus eight degrees, the water content within the seedlings would freeze, ultimately withering and dying.

This would severely impact next year's winter barley harvest.

Without a bountiful harvest, his territory would always be dependent on purchasing food from outside!

Moreover.

The ground icing, river areas icing over, traveling merchant longboats cannot reach the Fisherman's Wharf of Kakasong City.

Merchants also cannot transport more goods to his territory.

Warhorses, slaves, even food and meat, etc.

These are all things he desperately needs.

Furthermore, Lynn felt, as this weather continues to develop.

Before spring arrives, Grayson obviously cannot bring a batch of slaves to his territory.

The townsmen of the town cannot work due to extreme cold, hindering development speed...

While Lynn was contemplating in his mind.

Kuisi's voice arose from behind Lynn, "Master, dinner is ready, you may dine."

Lynn responded and stood up from the armchair, heading to the main seat at the dining table.

While eating the food on the plate, Lynn spoke to Kuisi seated on the right, "Are the families of the deceased soldiers settled?"

Kuisi nodded in response, "It has been arranged, Master."

"There were twenty soldiers who died; their families were assigned to relaxing positions in the kitchen and similar areas."

"The dependents of the soldiers have also been registered. Upon having relevant job skills, they will be prioritized as managers of various positions."

"Additionally, each family was subsidized with a hundred pounds of wheat and a hundred pounds of fine salt."

Lynn enjoyed the roasted lamb in his mouth and responded.

He took a sip of distilled spirits; the comfortable sensation instantly filled his body.

Swallowing all the food, Lynn continued asking, "Did Rose report to you who killed the most enemies in the defense of the city?"

Kuisi recalled for two seconds and explained, "Master, the report has been submitted."

"He is Earl Mendes, who killed fifteen bandits in the campaign!"

Upon hearing this, Lynn, while eating, triggered a thought and opened the Resident Information Column panel.

As Lynn input Earl Mendes' name, an information panel emerged before Lynn's eyes.

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[Name]: Earl Mendes

[Age]: 16 years old

[Ability]: Planting Level 2, Level 2 Production, Collection Level 2

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

[Talent]: Life Burning — After entering a frenzy state, at the cost of burning life energy, increase all attributes by 100%

[Skills]: None

...

Looking at Earl's full-body photo and the information panel, Lynn's eyebrows slightly raised.

The sixteen-year-old Earl did not have a tall build, about one meter sixty-seven or so.

Yet he possesses a burly frame not inferior to Rose, and those eyes are full of bright light!

Moreover, his talent is somewhat interesting, actually using life energy as a cost to enhance all attributes by 100%.

With such a skill, perhaps he can play an unexpected role when facing a desperate situation!

Now Earl is only sixteen years old, maybe he can be specially trained by Rose.

Closing the panel, Lynn spoke: "Let the guard notify him, return to the dining hall before dinner tomorrow, I will conduct an award ceremony for him."

Kuisi was a bit surprised, but she had no doubts, answered: "Alright, master."

The matters needing to be explained were finished, Lynn, Kuisi, and Red entered into a quiet meal.

Half an hour later.

After finishing the meal, Lynn sat once more in the armchair beside the fireplace.

As he was planning the future development of the territory in his mind, a sound of footsteps came from the distant red brick steps.

Lynn and Red turned to look, only to see a guard running over quickly, stopping five or six meters from the armchair.

The guard bowed and explained: "Master, Jeremy is waiting at the castle gate, saying there is important news to report."

Lynn's eyebrows slightly raised, "Let him come up."

The guard answered and hurriedly retreated, going to call him.

A few minutes later, the guard brought Jeremy to the second-floor hall, stood before Lynn.

Perhaps due to excessive cold, Jeremy's voice was trembling.

"Master... I have... intelligence to report."

Looking at Jeremy's shivering body, the clothes had bouts of dampness.

Lynn spoke: "Approach the fireplace and warm up, no rush."

Listening to Lynn's words, Jeremy felt slightly moved in his heart.

He almost rode a horse back to the territory overnight, because the road was slightly icy, the running horse fell twice!

Not to mention him riding on horseback.

Jeremy's speech still trembled, he walked to the fireplace, warming up his damp clothes.

After a few minutes, a burst of steam rose from his clothes, Jeremy's face was full of embarrassment.

Naturally, Lynn saw this scene, said nothing.

Jeremy continued warming his body and clothes by the fireplace, while speaking: "Master, Marquis Duca's army has arrived at Morgan Town."

"I inquired, they came to Morgan Town to suppress bandits."

Lynn's eyebrows were slightly furrowed, "What else did you hear?"

Jeremy slightly shifted his body and continued speaking, "The camp of Duca's army is built ten miles outside Morgan Town, the number of troops... is at least above three thousand."

Lynn responded, "Go on."

Jeremy recalled for a few seconds, "However, the commander who led the army to Morgan Town is not Marquis Duca."

"They said it was... Marquis Duca's brother, Lord Lawrence Duca."

Jeremy wasn't sure about Lynn's relationship with the Ducas Clan.

Addressing Lawrence as Lord would surely avoid any errors in title.

Lawrence Duca?

Lynn's mind contained some memories concerning Lawrence Duca.

Killing was his vice, yet he liked residing in brothels, the previous marquis's second son.

Lynn had heard of Lawrence's deeds, yet Lawrence did not know of his existence.

After all.

People like him, Donovan Duca naturally didn't want more exposure.

Especially when his mother is a textile workshop worker.

To Lynn, this was a good thing.

Lynn continued asking: "Anything else?"

Jeremy recalled: "After Lord Lawrence arrived in Morgan Town, Jonas Manor Lord along with several other manor lords, immediately arranged a banquet at the tavern to welcome him."

"However... I heard some tidbits of news..."

Lynn raised an eyebrow, "Tidbits of news?"

Jeremy nodded, he spoke hesitantly, "As soon as Lord Lawrence entered the tavern, he drove several manor lords out!"

"Moreover, he had Jonad Manor Lord find four or five voluptuous women."

"And they were those nearing thirty or forty years old..."

Lynn's face showed no change.

Regarding Lawrence's notorious deeds, he was more than clear.

Age twenty-two, average build, strong and robust, doesn't fancy young beauties, prefers married ones!

Seeing Lynn silent, Jeremy explained: "The intelligence I gathered, is mostly that."

Lynn responded, "Thanks for your effort."

Jeremy felt a wave of gratitude, "Master, your words are too kind, this is our duty."

Lynn nodded, turning his gaze to Kuisi, "Take Jeremy to the kitchen for a meal, then fetch out one Gold Pound for him."

Kuisi, waiting nearby, did not hesitate, "Yes, Master."

"After the meal, go and reunite with your family for a while, the departure time is up to you."

Hearing this, Jeremy felt even more grateful.

"Thank you, Master Lynn, you are a considerate and understanding lord!"

Looking at Jeremy's nearly 95%↑ loyalty, Lynn spoke: "If you gather more intelligence, I need you to send it back to the territory promptly."