

System 381

Chapter 381: Target: Duke of Red Dragon

They widened their eyes, staring straight at Aiden.

"Aiden, what do you mean?"

"Are you suggesting that we invited the Bandit Corps? So that's why our lands haven't been attacked by bandits?"

"..."

Facing the rebuke from several Manor Lords, Aiden showed no fear, "Manor Lords, I have never said such words."

"You are falsely accusing me in front of Lord Lawrence!"

The words of the Manor Lords suddenly softened, and they turned to look at Lawrence.

Sure enough, his expression turned grim, and they hurriedly shut their mouths.

Lawrence extended his right hand, gently massaging his temples to relieve minor headaches.

He murmured to himself, "So, where did the Bandit Corps go?"

The Manor Lords had no words, lowering their heads.

Jonas also frowned slightly.

Standing in place, Aiden spoke up, "Lord Lawrence, could it be that due to the fear of your army, the bandits fled Morgan Town early?"

"Bandits usually roam around..."

Lawrence seemed not to hear his words and continued speaking, "Since we've arrived at this frontier town, let's wait and see."

Upon hearing this.

Jonas seemed somewhat restless, raising his head to speak, "Lord Lawrence, since the bandits have fled, there's no need for you to endure hardship here."

"We assure you, if the Bandit Corps attacks Morgan Town again, we will unite and exterminate them!"

The Manor Lords glanced at Jonas perplexedly.

They had no understanding as to why Jonas would suddenly speak like this.

Lawrence's eyebrows raised in a taunting manner, "Now you know how to unite for extermination? What were you doing before?"

"Or is it that my 3,500-strong army has come to Morgan Town for just a few days and already made Old Jonas Manor Lord uncomfortable?"

"If that's the case, I will call upon the tax collector to carefully review whether Morgan Town's annual tax payment is accurate!"

Jonas lowered his head and explained, "Lord Lawrence, I didn't mean it like that, I..."

Lawrence waved his hand, interrupting Jonas's words.

Somewhat displeased, he said, "Alright, alright, we'll end it here for today, dismiss."

Jonas and the others heard this, stood up, respectfully bade farewell to Lawrence, and walked out of the meeting room.

In the meeting room, only Lawrence and the middle-aged knight Godfrey, who had always stood behind him, remained.

Lawrence rubbed his temples with both hands, speaking coldly, "Godfrey, what do you think?"

Godfrey stepped forward from behind, entering the candlelight of the room.

He recalled for two seconds and said, "Perhaps they really don't know the whereabouts of the Bandit Corps..."

"Some people must know other hidden truths, but they don't want to tell you, master."

Hearing more ambiguous words, Lawrence exhaled two breaths from his headache.

Lawrence stood up, walking towards the door of the meeting room,

"Godfrey, you can deploy the soldiers as you wish, I give you one week to investigate clearly."

"If after a week, you still can't find the Bandit Corps, we'll leave Morgan Town."

Godfrey spoke up, "Return to Bordeaux City?"

Lawrence stopped in his tracks, looking back at Godfrey, "No!"

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Godfrey's pupils instantly contracted.

Attacking the Duke of Red Dragon?

Coming to Morgan Town to exterminate bandits was just a guise?

The true target is the neighboring Duchy of the Red Dragon?

This...

If not for Lawrence telling him this information, he would be completely unaware of the real objective of this outing!

Godfrey pondered for a moment, it all made sense!

If it's just to eliminate a gang of roaming border bandits.

As Marquis Mark Ducas, he only needs to issue a few orders to unite the Manor Lords around Morgan Town for a joint bandit extermination.

Mark Ducas didn't do this, instead, he sent Lawrence and a 3,500-strong army.

Everything makes sense!

As for why this would happen...

Godfrey thought briefly, vaguely guessing some reasons.

Perhaps it is related to Mark Ducas attending Princess Yuna's coming-of-age ceremony!

If Marquis Ducas's soldiers, without permission, directly press forward...

War, is about to begin!

...

Downstairs in the three-story building, five figures stepped out the door.

In an instant.

Numerous biting cold winds blew against their bodies.

Several of the followers quickly approached their masters by the carriage, wrapping them in a thick wool cloak.

Aiden tightened the cloak Ackman put on him, just about to head towards a distant carriage.

A sharp voice sounded from behind.

"Aiden, what do you mean by what you just said?"

Aiden's steps instantly halted, turning to look behind him.

A middle-aged man with short hair and beard was glaring at him with wide eyes.

Aiden stared directly at the middle-aged man, "Theodore, whatever meaning you think I said, that's what I meant!"

Theodore's expression was cold, "Aiden, do you really think I don't dare to act against you?"

"With the strength of your manor, I could level it within a single night!"

Aiden stared back fearlessly.

A few seconds later, he turned his head to look at Jonas walking in the distance, speaking, "Sir Jonas, kindly leash your dog..."

"I think Lawrence wouldn't mind earning more merits for Marquis Ducas!"

Theodore shouted, "Aiden!"

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Jonas's hoarse voice rang out, "Lord Theodore, it's getting cold, you should head back early."

Listening to Jonas's words, Theodore glared at Aiden a few times before withdrawing his gaze and walking toward a distant carriage.

The other two manor lords also glanced at Aiden and, supported by their followers, headed to their respective carriages.

With the sound of carriages being driven away, five carriages left the three-story building and vanished into the night.

On the gravel road outside the town.

The carriages were moving at a steady pace.

Inside the carriage, an oil lamp emitting a faint glow swayed continuously.

The creaking sound of swaying echoed constantly within the carriage.

At this moment, Aiden's face was full of coldness.

His eyes looked through the swaying curtains into the distant darkness.

Until ten minutes later.

He called out to the outside of the window, "Ackman!"

Ackman, who was riding on a horse in front, heard this and quickly slowed down the horse, coming to the right side of the carriage.

Ackman's voice was full of respect, "Master?"

This time, Aiden actually called his name correctly.

Aiden wasted no words, directly saying, "Once we return to the manor, I need you to send a letter to Viscount Chambers's castle at Wind Hill!"

Ackman's eyebrow raised, he quickly responded, "Yes, Master."

...

In a blink, three days passed.

Lynn habitually woke up early.

After eating the nutritious breakfast prepared by Kuisi, he stepped out of the castle.

Walking across the red brick ground, through the lime square, and along the extending lime road.

Lynn arrived at the site where the wooden tracks were being constructed.

Watching the busy townsmen, Lynn's gaze looked into the distance.

From where he was standing, the open-pit coal mine was only about two miles away.

He could even see the workers at the foot of the open-pit coal mine breaking up coal chunks!

As expected.

The more labor force, the faster the efficiency of work.

By dusk today, the wooden dual tracks from the town's entrance to the open-pit coal mine could be completed!

An inexplicable sense of anticipation rose in Lynn's heart.

Amidst the curious gazes of the townsmen, he stepped in and joined the track construction team.

[Construction Experience +1]

[Construction Experience +1]

[Construction Experience +1]

...

Sleepers were laid on the ground and fixed.

Tracks were nailed onto the sleepers.

Time was passing swiftly.

In the blink of an eye, it was already afternoon.

At this time, Lynn was already less than a hundred meters from the open-pit coal mine!

Piles of sorted and crushed coal were stacked not far away.

Each pile was nearly three to four meters high, with a total of sixteen or seventeen piles!

As long as the track cars could run smoothly, it wouldn't take long to transport all this coal back to the town!

Fundamentally solving the issue of insufficient transport capability.

With the final few curved tracks nailed and secured, a twenty-mile long wooden dual track was finally completed!

Next, what remained was the final testing.

Colin walked briskly to Lynn, and asked, "Master, shall we start the test run now?"

Lynn glanced at the twenty hand-cranked mine cars that had been brought over, "Begin the test run!"

Colin respectfully bowed slightly, "Yes, Master."

With Lynn's permission, Colin immediately began arranging for workers to lift the hand-cranked mine cars onto the tracks.

Several workers worked together to shovel coal into the mine cars until the carriages were completely loaded.

As a carpenter apprentice climbed onto the mine car and continuously turned the hand crank, the power was transmitted to the car wheels through the drive mechanism.

With the axle assemblies in place, it reduced the driver's required force direction and saved half the effort!

Therefore.

Even for a carpenter apprentice, they could handle the fully loaded mine car and transport it back to the town.

Under the carpenter apprentice's cranking, the mine car began moving slowly.

Furthermore, its speed began to increase, becoming faster and faster.

Along the lime road, four carpenter apprentices jogged alongside.

If an accident happened, they would immediately perform a rescue.

The scene was reminiscent of learning to ride a bicycle for the first time.

Under Lynn's gaze, the mine car rolled over tracks, heading towards the town.

The speed was smooth, driving steadily, and could accelerate on slight downhill slopes.

Colin's gaze also followed the mine car as it moved away.

There was a clear look of hope and tension on his face.

This was his first time making a track mine car, and naturally, Colin didn't want to end in failure!

Especially since Master Lynn specifically drew the production blueprints for them.

Until the front mine car gradually disappeared from view.

Lynn spoke to Colin, "Continue!"

Hearing Lynn's instruction, Colin continued to arrange for an apprentice to lift a mine car onto the track.

After the carriage was fully loaded with coal, an apprentice climbed onto the mine car again to operate and drive it.

These mine cars were crafted by the joint effort of the carpenter workshop's apprentices.

Compared to construction workers, they were more familiar with the operation of the mine cars.

One after another, the fully loaded mine cars drove towards the town.

Quickly, Lynn noticed several issues with the mine cars.

Firstly, the starting speed of the mine cars was too slow.

To use the drive mechanism to start a car loaded with fifteen hundred pounds of coal, required the driver to exert a lot of energy.

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If there is a propulsion device, the starting efficiency can be improved.

Secondly, there is a strong friction between the mine car and the wheels, which results in weakened power of the mine car.

Although the wheels and track wood have been polished with an iron planer, the problem of excessive friction still cannot be solved.

Perhaps only by replacing all the track wood and wheels with iron can we see improvement.

Finally, transporting coal requires the combined efforts of several people.

The workers loading the coal, the workers operating the mine car, the workers at the town who need to unload the coal, and the workers responsible for track maintenance...

A reasonable shift system must be implemented.

As Lynn pondered, a reminder voice reached his ears.

"Be careful, if something happens, it won't be a joke!"

Lynn's gaze shifted to a point not far behind him.

There, a relatively strong man was helping a thin man who had fallen to the ground to stand up.

As the thin man gratefully thanked him, the burly man continued, "Thankfully you weren't injured, be more careful next time."

Lynn's mind moved, and a panel appeared before his eyes.

[Demi Hek]: Loyalty 90%↑, Planting Level 2, Production Level 2, Construction Level 2

No talent or skills, and even the skill level isn't very high.

Closing the panel, Lynn directly called out, "Demi Hek."

Upon hearing his name called, Damien immediately turned his head to search.

After searching around, Demi found Lynn looking at him, and his heart tightened instantly, stepping quickly to Lynn's front.

Demi bowed and said, "Lord, did you call me?"

Lynn nodded and said, "Yes, it was me who called you."

Demi became even more nervous, with a hint of shock in his heart.

Master Lynn actually knew his name!

Lynn looked straight at Demi: "I need you to become the foreman managing the transport of wooden tracks."

"Responsible for the workers' shift rotation system and maintenance of the tracks."

"Can you do it?"

Listening to Lynn's words, Demi's chest fluctuated more and more noticeably.

He quickly said, "Lord, although I have never been in management, I am willing to try."

"If I can't do it, I'll report and resign to Steward Kuisi first thing!"

Lynn gave Demi an approving look, "Alright, from now on, you are responsible for managing track transport as the foreman."

"I don't want to see any issues in track transport due to your personal desires, understand?"

Demi stood very straight, "I understand, Lord."

Among the townsmen who also lacked management ability, Lynn naturally chose a stout, tall man to act as a temporary manager.

At least under the pressure of his physique, many townsmen who like to slack off will behave themselves.

After instructing Demi, Lynn withdrew his gaze and continued looking at the wooden tracks ahead.

Two hours later.

The first mine car transporting coal returned to the departure point.

Filled with hope, Colin quickly asked, "Were there any problems along the way?"

The carpenter apprentice who was asked was somewhat out of breath, "Master Lord, sir... there weren't any major problems with the transport."

"The only issue is that the unloading efficiency is too slow, we can only use iron hammers and iron shovels to shovel it off one by one..."

"It took more than ten minutes just to unload it. If we could unload it all at once, it would definitely improve efficiency!"

Lynn looked at the carpenter apprentice with surprise, not expecting him to have such innovative thinking.

This problem, he had naturally thought about as well.

But with the current conditions, Lynn could not make a mechanical unloader...

He could only leave an opening door method to improve coal loading and unloading speed.

Colin also furrowed his brows, thinking for a short moment but finding no clues.

Lynn said, "As long as there are no problems, that's good."

Soon.

One mine car after another returned to the coal loading point.

After inquiring one by one, they also felt no problems.

Thus.

The track mine car can officially be put into use for transport!

Lynn looked at Demi and said, "I will assign one hundred townsmen to you, and you will coordinate them for coal transport!"

"How to arrange shifts is up to you."

"However, I need to see sixty cars of coal transported back to town every day!"

There are twenty hand-cranked mine cars in total, each transporting three trips daily, that makes sixty cars.

Each mine car can carry a coal weight of one thousand five hundred jin...

That means ninety thousand jin of anthracite can be transported back to town every day!

Ninety thousand jin of anthracite is not much.

Just by making dozens more mine cars, compared to a carriage, it can reach a critical mass!

As for further increasing transport capacity, as long as we create metal tracks and mine cars, it can be achieved.

Immediately.

Lynn assigned one hundred people from the townsmen building wooden tracks to Demi.

What needs to be done, how it needs to be done, Lynn has already explained to Demi.

What remains is to wait for the transport workers to load these screened and sorted anthracite onto mine cars and bring them back to town.

With the mine car arrangements complete.

Lynn turned his gaze to the open-pit coal mine.

One after another, bodies were continually swinging the cross pickaxes in their hands, vigorously digging out the coal in front of them.

The workers currently digging coal have already reached more than seven hundred people.

Five hundred workers in charge of digging and two hundred twenty bandit captives...

As bandit captives, they were merely refugees conscripted by the Iron Blood Brotherhood Bandit Corps...

The territory's need to expand handicraft development lacks anthracite as fuel.

The arrival of these captives just fills the gap Lynn wants in expanding coal mining.

As for whether there will be grievances in letting them dig?

Lynn has never been worried!

The kitchen at the foot of the coal mine provides three meals timely, along with warm, airtight red brick houses for them to live in.

In terms of warmth, there are coarse wool long robes and blanket cushions.

With such good treatment, if they still harbor thoughts of resistance,

he would have no choice but to execute them one by one.

Even though the current total population of the territory has reached seven thousand four hundred people, Lynn still feels short on labor.

Unless absolutely necessary, Lynn is unwilling to waste this labor force!

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There are many things that need to be arranged by Lynn, things that need to be done by these townsmen.

First, the Weng City.

Currently, Lawrence has brought an army of over three thousand to Morgan Town, and they could launch an attack on this territory at any moment.

To increase the success rate of defending the city, it is essential to construct a Weng City that can enhance offensive directions.

Second, siege machinery.

The Woodworker Workshop needs to produce various large-scale siege machines.

Then, chevaux de frise, ditches, watchtowers, beacon towers, and outpost fortresses, etc.

With chevaux de frise and ditches, they can delay the speed of enemy cavalry attacks, preventing them from charging directly in;

Watchtowers can increase the field of vision, occupying a visual advantage.

Beacon towers and outpost fortresses can set roadblocks on the necessary paths through the territory.

To attack the territory, they must first resolve the outpost fortresses to delay the enemy's formation setting for the territory!

Next, the wooden tracks leading to the salt mine Salt Factory.

Only by using track transportation throughout can draft horses be completely liberated, enhancing transport capacity.

Finally, armor!

Currently, the soldiers in the territory number eleven hundred.

But only five hundred soldiers under Rose are equipped with full armor.

The Guards and Archers are still only wearing chest armor and helmets.

The production efficiency of armor must be accelerated!

In Lynn's continuous planning in mind, he had already, with Colin, passed through the woods and arrived under the city wall.

Colin quietly followed behind Lynn, afraid to disturb him in any way.

Until Lynn's gaze turned towards him, he quickened his pace to Lynn's side.

Colin responded, "Master."

Lynn spoke, "Produce ten more hand-pulled mine carts, then have the Woodworker Workshop change direction and start manufacturing siege machinery!"

"Start with simple siege machines and fortifications, make chevaux de frise and dig horse-resistant ditches."

"As for the Wolf Fang Club, Semen Knife Car, Qianjin Gate, and pushing the Cloud Ladder, those can be done gradually."

The newly appointed Stonemason Workshop Avery needs to build various houses and buildings.

The excavation work can only be handed to Colin's Woodworker Workshop.

Lynn looked at Colin again, "Old Colin, I know your Woodworker Workshop has been working non-stop, with barely any rest."

"But you also know that not only have you not rested, but many townsmen have been working continuously for the development of the territory."

Colin bowed slightly, his words full of respect, "Master, I understand!"

Lynn nodded, walking into the tower under the gaze of soldiers undergoing physical training, and climbing onto the city wall.

Instantly.

A cold wind carrying a chill blew from the open wasteland ahead, stirring his hair and the robe he wore.

Lynn's gaze scanned in a circle and continued speaking: "The ditch should be set fifty meters outside the city wall, extending into the distance."

"The width of the ditch is about five meters, and the depth is about three meters!"

"There might be more rain in the winter and spring, and some planks and branches can be used for reinforcement."

"Sharp stakes can be set at the bottom of the ditch!"

Such ditch dimensions can effectively obstruct enemy attacks.

Especially cavalry units!

After the last direct cavalry charge that reached the foot of the wall, Lynn had learned his lesson.

Colin responded with a "Yes, Master."

Lynn continued speaking, "As for chevaux de frise... the prepared chevaux de frise can be placed on the outside of the ditch, forming the first line of defense."

"The interval between placements can be about two meters."

"However, to prevent the enemy from easily pushing the chevaux de frise away, they need to be reinforced."

"It's best to drive in stakes first, then use ropes to bind the stakes to the top."

Colin responded again, "Understood, Master."

Listening to Master Lynn's detailed explanation, a different feeling arose in Colin's heart.

Their Master Lynn spends almost all his time on territorial construction!

Master Lynn is indeed the busiest and most continuously working person in this territory!

After confirming there were no omissions, Lynn said to Colin, "I will allocate one hundred more laborers to you, how to dispatch them will be up to you."

Colin's eyes lit up, "Thank you, Master."

Lynn said, "Go ahead and get busy."

After dismissing Colin, Lynn looked at Red and said, "Call Avery over, he's near the city wall."

Red responded, looking at a Guard to start making arrangements.

After a few words from Red, that Guard quickly left, running down the city wall.

Lynn once again looked at the far-off wasteland outside the city.

Whether it's the near Morgan Town's Lawrence or the distant Marquis Mark Ducas, or even the impending Imperial Authority war...

With the armed forces he currently has, there's no way to contend against them.

Although his territory has a population of seven thousand four hundred, seemingly large in number.

But the actual fighting force is only about eleven hundred people.

In front of three thousand systematically trained soldiers, wearing armor and wielding weapons, they're just a disorganized mob!

Perhaps a single charge would result in over half being killed or wounded.

If Lawrence really comes to breach the city.

He can only prepare chevaux de frise in advance, dig the ditches well, and rely on the city walls for the fight!

Preparations for an impending battle must be well made.

At this moment.

A sound of footsteps arose from the rear.

Lynn turned to look and saw the Guard who had just left, bringing Avery over to him.

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Coming before Lynn, Avery hurriedly bent at the waist, bowing deeply.

He spoke respectfully, "Lord."

Looking at Avery in front of him, Lynn replied, "Avery, has the task I assigned to you begun?"

Avery didn't dare lift his head, responding, "Lord, after these days of searching, we believe that the location for the watchtower should be outside the city walls..."

Lynn said, "Continue."

Avery continued to explain, "The position of the city walls is good, but apart from being able to observe the vast area directly ahead, the views on both sides are blocked by peaks."

"Only by constructing outside the city walls can the entire outside environment be in full view!"

Lynn turned his head for a glance, "Okay, then let's construct the watchtower outside the city walls."

Upon hearing Lynn's affirmative response, Avery's heart slightly relaxed.

He continued, "Lord, because the terrain outside the city walls is relatively flat, a height of twenty meters for the watchtower is sufficient."

"However, right now, we only have three people, our power is limited, and we need you to allocate some labor forces..."

"I need to use these labor forces to construct a stonemason workshop behind the city walls for storing materials transported from the town, and it can also be used for producing some tools!"

Lynn nodded, "I will allocate four hundred people to you. How you use them is up to your discretion."

"If you need any materials, you can go directly to the town for transportation. If you need some special tools that need production, you can tell Steward Kuisi."

"Steward Kuisi will assist you in coordinating and handling it."

At this point, Lynn paused his speech.

"These labor forces are not just for the construction of the watchtower."

"I also need you to go outside the city walls, find a suitable place, and construct an outpost fortress with a beacon tower on top!"

This is something he urgently needs right now.

Be it using wolf smoke as a warning or having sentries return on horseback to report.

He needs to know immediately if enemy troops are approaching the territory, to arrange soldiers and make defensive deployments in advance.

Avery quickly responded, "Yes, my lord."

After arranging Avery's matters, Lynn stood on the city walls for a while and observed.

Then, Lynn stepped down from the city walls.

Underneath the walls, groups of soldiers continued various training exercises.

Perhaps noticing Lynn's gaze, Rose handed over the training to Earl, and he ran to Lynn's side.

Rose spoke respectfully, "Master."

Lynn replied, "Colin and Avery will subsequently go outside the city walls to build defense fortifications."

"Arrange the soldiers well and take care of them."

Rose bowed his head and responded, "Yes, Master."

Letting Rose continue his tasks, Lynn stepped towards the direction of the town.

It wasn't just the soldiers under Rose's command.

All the archers Wesley trained were also near the city walls.

The city walls are the first line of defense for the territory, and also the most important one.

As soldiers, they naturally have to stand firm at the forefront!

This time.

Lynn did not ride a horse but walked back on foot.

Red, with a few guards, followed closely behind.

Lynn's gaze occasionally swept over the mountains and forests on both sides.

The forests near the city walls have already been cleared, constructing red brick houses and military camps.

The sides of the lime road at the back are still all timber forests.

However, this happens to be suitable for the upcoming construction of defenses.

Make use of local materials to improve work efficiency.

Reaching the forest's exit, at the territory's edge, Lynn halted in his steps.

Looking at this gourd-shaped forest exit, ideas flashed in Lynn's mind.

If there were more labor forces, another city wall could be constructed at the forest exit as a second line of defense!

Of course, for now, this is just a thought.

Currently, aside from fixed positions within the territory, there aren't many townsmen available for flexible deployment.

In Lynn's mind, a plan for the use of labor forces began to form.

When felling trees, there were sixteen hundred townsmen available for flexible deployment.

Later, Grayson sent six hundred slaves, bringing the number of deployable townsmen to twenty-two hundred.

Apart from the two hundred apprentices in the Woodworker Workshop, there are also two thousand townsmen.

Two hundred townsmen were assigned to Garcia, letting him continue to harvest logs, providing raw materials for the two hundred workers in the Wood Workshop.

Logs were processed into sleepers and rail timbers, with the stripped bark used in the Papermaking Workshop for paper production.

One hundred townsmen were dispatched to Demi, tasking her with leading the transportation of coal mines.

Then, one hundred townsmen were separately dispatched to Colin, and four hundred to Avery...

Until now, only eight hundred townsmen can be deployed!

The Blacksmith Workshop needs to expand in scale, requiring more population investment.

The excavation of the Open-pit Iron Mine also requires expansion and population investment.

The Textile Workshop is soon to engage in the weaving of armor plates, which also needs an increase in labor forces.

Eight hundred labor forces are far from enough for Lynn to utilize.

Moreover.

The weather is becoming increasingly colder.

Grayson transporting more workforce to the territory must wait until after spring!

It's necessary to wait for almost two months!

Fortunately.

All other places needing labor forces, he has already secured completion.

Chapter 386: Preparations Before Battle (Part 3)

Out of the eight hundred workers, three hundred were allocated to Ehrelo's Blacksmith Workshop to construct two more Blacksmith Workshops and a blast furnace.

Smelt iron ore, cast chest armor, and forge Zha Armor Plates.

Two hundred were allocated to the open-pit iron mine to increase iron ore production.

One hundred were allocated to the weaving workshop to have them embroider padded armor.

One hundred were distributed under Rose's command for physical and military training to expand the armed forces!

With twelve hundred armed soldiers, if trained rigorously, relying on defenses and city walls.

They might stand a fighting chance against nearly three thousand regular troops!

Time.

What he needs most now is time.

As for the remaining one hundred, Lynn needs them to go to the edge of the mountains, quarry large stones and transport them back to the town.

To build a statue!

As Lynn was about to walk back to the town, a combined group of seven hundred townsmen approached in a grand procession.

Driving draft horse carriages, laden with all kinds of iron tools.

It was Colin and Avery leading the apprentices and townsmen, preparing for the construction of defenses ahead of the city walls!

Upon seeing Master Lynn, they all saluted in respect.

Lynn nodded in acknowledgment.

The distance from the town to the city walls is also twenty li.

Although it takes a lot of time on the way, due to the lack of horses, they can only walk.

Until the high-powered rail cars are built from the town to the city walls, this problem can be resolved.

High-powered rail cars...

Apart from magic-related ones, it can only be steam engines!

However, with the current metal smelting and manufacturing technology, it's impossible to make pistons and cylinder devices.

Nonetheless.

It could become a direction for future territory development.

If steam engines could really be made, it would mean a revolutionary change in production methods!

From relying on traditional manual and animal power to a variety of machinery and equipment.

Mining and metallurgy would also see tremendous advancement.

The problem of insufficient transportation capacity would also be completely solved, allowing for the direct production of steam locomotives, even steam trains!

By then, the entire territory will enter the industrial age!!!

Lynn only mused briefly before dismissing the thought; it was a bit too far-fetched.

Back to the town.

Lynn began organizing the remaining eight hundred idle townsmen, assigning them to different positions.

Lynn led three hundred townsmen to the Blacksmith Workshop.

The continuous forging sounds ebbed and flowed within.

One by one, the blacksmith apprentices swung their iron hammers uncertainly, hammering a piece of iron plate on the anvil before them.

The forging of iron plates needed for padded armor does not require much skill.

Keep hammering the red-hot iron block into square iron sheets, then process them into the required size of armor plates using an iron saw.

After quenching, trim, perforate, and polish to complete an armor plate.

Almost every blacksmith apprentice can participate in the making of armor plates.

As Lynn surveyed the Blacksmith Workshop, Ehrelo strode up quickly to greet him.

He spoke with utmost respect, "Master."

The next moment.

Ehrelo's gaze shifted past Lynn to the rear.

Seeing these figures, a look of delight appeared on his face.

Ehrelo quickly inquired, "Master, are these townsmen sent to the Blacksmith Workshop?"

Lynn nodded, "Yes, the four hundred townsmen you wanted, I can't fully provide for you at the moment, so I can only give you three hundred first."

"From now on, they are all at your disposal and command."

"Whether for constructing the Blacksmith Workshop or forging armor plates, you decide."

Upon hearing this, Ehrelo's delight became more apparent.

For the production of Zha Armor Plates, apart from the apprentices casting chest armor and helmets, the rest were all dedicated to forging armor plates.

The process of forging armor plates is not complicated, but the quantity needed is vast!

As per Master Lynn's instructions, a set of padded armor requires at least several hundred plates.

Such a large quantity requires more labor.

The three hundred laborers brought by Master Lynn could completely alleviate his urgent need!

Ehrelo's voice became excited, "Thank you, thank you, Master."

Immediately.

Ehrelo called over a middle-aged man, none other than Alton Berry, who also possessed Level 3 Forging skills.

Previously, Lynn appointed him as Ehrelo's deputy to collaboratively manage the entire Blacksmith Workshop.

Not only that.

Lynn also instructed Ehrelo to select a squad leader from among the apprentices working in the same type of post in the Blacksmith Workshop.

The squad leader would manage the apprentices on the same post, and Ehrelo would oversee these squad leaders.

This way, the entire Blacksmith Workshop could be managed more orderly.

Otherwise, with Ehrelo managing alone, it often becomes prone to oversights.

One's energy, after all, is limited.

After Alton took the three hundred townsmen into the Blacksmith Workshop, Lynn turned his attention to Ehrelo.

Even before Lynn could inquire, Ehrelo spoke up first.

"Master, with these three hundred blacksmith apprentices, the total number in the Blacksmith Workshop reached one thousand one hundred!"

"The hundred or so people who first followed me still find it a bit challenging to graduate, but at least they've learned the basics of forging."

Chapter 387: Preparations Before Battle (Part 4)

"They can start assisting in teaching blacksmith apprentices without any experience..."

Lynn nodded, "Very good."

The scene Lynn had initially envisioned appeared.

A qualified blacksmith leading a team to learn forging techniques.

Once this team masters it, they will spread out and teach more apprentices the art of forging.

Given enough time, he could have a large number of blacksmiths.

With a large number of blacksmiths, they could forge a substantial amount of armor and weapons!

After Ehrelo bowed, he continued, "According to the progress with the previous eight hundred people, each person can forge four armor plates a day on average!"

"That means, in the blacksmith workshop of eight hundred, they could produce three thousand two hundred armor plates daily."

"The produced armor plates have already been transported to the textile workshop."

Lynn pondered for a few seconds.

In the situation where plate armor and helmets are cast using a sand box, each set of armor still requires two to three hundred plates.

In conversion, it's roughly ten sets of padded armor.

Even though these plates still require workers in the textile workshop to sew them into pieces of belly armor, back armor, shoulder armor, arm armor, and skirt armor, etc.!

However, producing three thousand two hundred armor plates a day is already a lot!

Adding the three hundred townsmen just joined, according to the average, they could produce four thousand four hundred armor plates daily.

Compared to casting using a sand box, the number of armors produced has decreased.

But the performance of composite armor is far superior to standard plate armor.

Lynn looked approvingly at Ehrelo, saying, "Very well done, but it's not enough yet."

"I still need more blacksmith apprentices who can forge, to forge more blacksmiths."

Ehrelo's face was resolute, speaking firmly, "Yes, my lord."

Lynn nodded, "Go ahead and get busy."

After dismissing Ehrelo to continue his tasks, he still needed to assign roles to the three hundred townsmen who had just arrived.

Lynn walked toward the neighboring blacksmith workshop.

In Flint's blacksmith workshop, it was much quieter.

There were no metal clashes, nor any noisy commotion.

All there was to be heard was Flint's stern teaching voice.

Due to his short stature, Flint had to stand on a wooden platform, holding a stick in his right hand, pointing back and forth at a completed set of black scale armor with chain liner.

This set of scale armor with chain liner had noticeable differences from the one Flint had handed over to him.

There were no flowing patterns like golden threads, nor the silvery white glimmer like stars in the dark for decoration.

With a thought, a string of text appeared in Lynn's eyes.

[Fine Lightweight Scale Armor with Chain Liner]: Forged by dwarf master blacksmith Flint, balancing defense and flexibility, exquisitely crafted, suitable for combat and defense, etc.

He glanced over it.

The armor of the same [Fine] grade had identical text descriptions.

But the appearances were markedly different.

Flint's words continued.

"First, to create well-made scale armor with chain liner, you need quality metal materials. The iron that the lord possesses is the most basic and common!"

"Better than iron, there's steel, and even magic ore!"

"Secondly, the chain armor part, usually consists of small chain links..."

"Then, the scale armor part, the plates of the scale armor are shaped like fish scales, presenting in oval and round forms, with the size of the plates determined based on actual needs, generally three to six centimeters long..."

"Both chain and scale armor require production, and next you need to combine the scale armor with the chain armor."

"..."

Opposite Flint, two hundred blacksmith apprentices listened intently, with wide eyes and attentive ears.

Even if these blacksmith apprentices couldn't fully absorb Flint's teachings.

As long as a few dozen or even ten apprentices with exceptional talent mastered it, such advanced forging techniques could spread continually.

Just as Ehrelo mentioned earlier, the initially trained batch of blacksmith apprentices had already mastered the forging techniques.

They could even start teaching other inexperienced apprentices.

This is how knowledge spreads!

Lynn did not disturb Flint's on-site teaching.

After watching for a few moments, he headed towards the distant textile workshop.

Upon reaching the textile workshop.

Lynn strode inside.

Inside the workshop, the three hundred textile workers were divided into three circles.

At the center of the circles were Rachel and three others, instructing on how to stitch the armor plates.

Seeing the scene before him, Lynn nodded in satisfaction.

Despite not having given the instruction to start the lesson, Rachel and the others had already begun on their own!

Such strong initiative even left Lynn a bit amazed.

Nonetheless.

After seeing the loyalty levels of these textile workers, Lynn found it reasonable.

Apart from some townsmen who had just arrived shortly, the loyalty levels of the rest of the textile workers were nearly all above 90%↑.

This high level of loyalty was all due to Lynn providing them with stable lives in such tumultuous times, with every meal they were fed helping to bring it about!

As the workshop was naturally carrying on with the labor, Lynn wouldn't forcibly interrupt the engaged workers just to assert his authority.

After watching for a few minutes, Lynn left the handicraft workshop district and moved to the front of the town.

In the open plaza.

Chapter 388: Preparations Before the Battle _5

A hundred townsmen each held a tool in hand, and were driving several draft horse carts.

Upon seeing their Lord leave, their eyes instantly gleamed with bright light.

Surprise, excitement, admiration, reverence...

Lynn glanced at them, taking in all their expressions.

He spoke, "Perhaps you don't know why I've chosen to leave you hundred people behind."

"What you're going to do next relates to the entire territory and to all the townsmen who have sacrificed and contributed to the territory."

The hundred townsmen grew increasingly puzzled.

Lynn continued, "I'm going to take you to the edge of the mountain range, to quarry large blocks of stone and create a monument statue!"

"The names of those unfortunate sacrificed townsmen will be engraved on the monument, to be remembered by the living and future generations!"

Upon hearing this, the doubt on the townsmen's faces instantly vanished.

They recalled what Master Lynn said that night in the dining hall.

It turned out that Master Lynn had never forgotten.

Their breathing became rapid and their chests started to heave quickly.

Lynn called to the crowd, "Set off! Destination, the edge of the mountain range!"

"Yes!"

The unified response resounded from the mouths of all the hundred townsmen.

With great momentum, those working and passing nearby looked on curiously.

Lynn also joined the crowd and headed into the distance.

Now the task of quarrying and transporting stone blocks was nothing like the initial work of making grindstones.

With only four people at the start, it was necessary to break the stones to a suitable size at the foot of the mountain before they could be transported by ox cart back to the village.

Now, a hundred sturdy laborers held expertly crafted Cross Pickaxes, Iron Hoes, and Iron Hammers, and even pulleys!

The ground was lined with smooth lime stone roads!

Both the difficulty of quarrying and transportation had been significantly reduced.

After more than an hour.

Lynn and the group arrived at the edge of the mountain range.

Despite reduced difficulty, to produce a statue nearly ten meters high, they could only adopt a block by block method to transport several tons of granite back to the town.

Then stack the granite and carve it...

Watching as each townsman found a whole stone and began separating it from the mountain,

Lynn didn't idle but joined the stone Collection himself.

Ding~

Ding Ding~

Ding Ding Ding~

Each strike of the Cross Pickaxe rang out with a clear and pleasant sound.

[Collection Experience +1]

[Collection Experience +1]

[Collection Experience +1]

...

After an hour.

A huge block of granite weighing almost ten tonnes began to loosen.

Voices of townsmen warnings resounded from above.

"Watch out for rolling stones, watch out for rolling stones!"

"Get further away, quickly move further away."

"..."

When the townsmen below retreated.

Lynn, with dozens of townsmen, pushed a dozen meters long iron rods wedged between the granite and mountain surface towards the rear.

The originally cracked granite block began to wobble.

Nearby, dozens of townsmen quickly threw granite pieces into the cracks.

Firmly wedging the granite to prevent it from reverting to its original form.

Lynn and the crowd again inserted iron rods into the base, exerting force to knock the granite again.

Repeatedly continuing the process.

Where Lynn and the crowd stood was nearly halfway up the mountain.

Pulley systems could not be set up.

Without the use of explosives, they resorted to the most primal mining methods.

Fortunately, with enough manpower, collaboration in mining was possible.

Otherwise, relying on a few people's power was impossible.

After half an hour more.

The separation angle between the granite block and mountain surface became increasingly apparent, nearing forty-five degrees!

Ready to roll down with just one final pry.

Lynn looked behind him at dozens of townsmen as they gasped for breath with mist endlessly emitted from their mouths and nostrils.

Even their cheeks bore the heavy beads of sweat.

Lynn spoke, "Hold on, one more pry and it's succeeded."

"Once transported back, I'll have Lex send you wine!"

At Lynn's words, the hundred townsmen's faces lit with surprise.

"Wine to drink?"

"Lord, we heard that Lord Lex produced gin, golden and bright..."

"Can we taste it?"

"Yes, yes, they say the gin is very potent..."

"..."

Lynn raised an eyebrow, looking directly at the few townsmen speaking, "Who did you hear this from?"

Seeing Lynn's gaze fall on them, the previously lively townsmen lowered their heads somewhat reluctantly.

They dared not look Lynn in the eye.

One townsman, unable to withstand the pressure, nervously said, "My Lord... it was Lord Flint bragging to us when we heard..."

Watching their cautious expressions, Lynn's lips curled up, "Yes, as long as you manage to transport this granite weighing over ten tonnes back."

"I'll let you all taste the gin!"

The townsmen almost unanimously raised their heads, exchanging glances of disbelief.

Chapter 389: Preparations Before Battle (Part 6)

After confirming they didn't mishear, they shouted in surprise, "Thank you, Master Lynn."

"Isn't it just a dozen tons of stones! We can definitely transport them back!"

Lynn smiled and said, "Had enough rest? Then let's continue!"

Seeing the smile on Master Lynn's face, the townsmen were filled with emotion.

It turns out Master Lynn is just like them, with a down-to-earth side...

A short interlude appeared, and the townsmen got rest, which heightened their enthusiasm for work.

With the sound of shouts, everyone kept pressing down the ancient iron bars in their hands.

Suddenly.

The force in everyone's hands lightened, and the giant stone on the verge of falling instantly rolled downward.

Every roll made the mountain slightly shake, causing a roaring sound.

After six or seven rolls, the granite struck down upon the wasteland.

Boom~

The momentum was so strong that it even scattered the surrounding withered grass.

The roaring noise spread towards the distance continuously.

As Lynn led dozens of townsmen down the mountain, standing on the granite boulder.

The sound of galloping hooves erupted from afar.

Lynn turned his head to look, and it was Rose leading a team of cavalry rushing over.

As Lynn and Red emerged from the crowd, Rose quickly dismounted.

Rose asked in confusion, "Master, what are you doing..."

The sound of the stone rolling down was incredibly loud.

Even the mountain wall at the forest gorge's entrance, perhaps due to the echo, was clearly audible.

Lynn calmly said, "Quarrying stones to build monument statues!"

Rose instantly realized something.

His master wants to quickly build monuments and engrave names for the fallen soldiers?

However.

Rose thought, his master always does what he says!

He sent Rose back to the walls to continue training and guarding.

Lynn turned to see a hundred townsmen looking helpless and troubled.

This granite boulder is at least fifteen meters in diameter, weighing at least over fifteen tons.

Expecting the hundred laborers and a few horses to pick up and transport it back to town is impossible.

Feeling the slight disappointment in their eyes, Lynn strode onto the granite boulder.

He looked all around and took a cross pickaxe from a townsman.

In the screeching 'sizzle', the hard head scraped across the granite, leaving a white mark.

Lynn spoke to them, "Along this white mark, use iron chisels to make holes."

"Then continuously drive your iron wedges into them."

Listening to Master Lynn, they exchanged glances.

Though they didn't understand the reason, they had no doubts.

Townsmen climbed onto the granite and started chiseling holes with iron chisels.

Clink~

Clink clink~

The crisp sounds echoed continuously with the mountain resonance.

Lynn directly divided the hundred townsmen into three groups for wedge splitting!

A few hours later.

Crack~

Crack~

Sound after sound of stone cracking echoed.

The nearly fifteen-meter-high granite split into six parts.

Each granite piece had neat cuts with only slight curves.

They could be built up and carved into statues.

Moreover, once granite split into six pieces, it could be dragged using draft horses and logs!

In the curious gaze of the townsmen, they kept busy.

Tying the thick ropes, one end to the granite, the other to the draft horse carriage frame.

A dozen townsmen took care of rolling logs back and forth, while others pushed from behind.

The nearly five or six thousand-pound granite moved on the lime road with everyone's combined effort.

Although the speed was not too slow, the distance meant transporting all six pieces back before nightfall was impossible.

After cycling three times back and forth, the night began to grow dim and dark.

Looking at the hundred townsmen in front, their faces clearly showed regret.

Lynn spoke, "Everyone go to the brewing workshop immediately, find Lex, and claim ten pounds of gin each!"

"Just say it's a command from me."

Upon hearing Lynn's words, the townsmen's regret turned to hesitation.

A man's voice rang out amongst the crowd.

"Master, we didn't achieve the goal we set ourselves, we're not worthy of receiving gin."

With that voice, echoing sentiments followed.

"Yes, Master, we only accomplished half of the task."

"Sorry, Lord, we betrayed your trust..."

"..."

Lynn glanced at the townsmen, speaking firmly, "If not finished today, then finish tomorrow."

"But one thing, obeying orders is your responsibility!"

"My orders shouldn't need repeating."

The townsmen's faces became resolute, standing straight, "Yes."

With that, they marched towards the brewing workshop.

Though still a bit anxious, Lynn could see their loyalty was rising.

A thousand pounds of gin, to Lynn, was trivial.

Lex had mastered distillation technology, simply providing enough liquid to distill gin.

But to these townsmen, it was their aspiration.

A thousand pounds of gin exchanged for increased loyalty, meeting their curiosity.

Why not enjoy it?

The night grew darker, and temperatures dropped more.

In the howling cold wind, a group of townsmen walked along the lime road, returning to the town.

Lynn glanced at the weather forecast. Though not completely dark, temperatures had dropped to zero.

By deep night, temperatures would drop further.

Which means.

He provided these townsmen with enclosed red brick houses, warm wool cloaks and bedding, and burning anthracite for heat.

If not for these, many townsmen might not survive the winter.

As night descended.

Lynn returned to the castle with Red.

Upon reaching the castle, climbing to the second-floor hall, the sky was completely dark, transforming into a black curtain over the world.

Maids had already lit all the oil lamps and candles in the hall.

The orange-yellow flames illuminated the entire hall brightly.

At the dining table.

Kuisi led a few maids in setting out dishes.

Seeing Lynn, Kuisi quickly bowed slightly, "Master, once the final carp soup is cooked, dinner can begin!"

Lynn nodded and sat down at the head of the dining table.

As Kuisi cut Lynn's steak in the dish, a maid pushed a wooden cart towards the table.

On the cart was steaming carp soup.

Kuisi looked at the maid pushing the cart past, puzzled.

Kuisi directly stopped her, "Leave the cart here, you can leave. I'll serve the master's meal."

The maid kept her head down, her gentle voice replied, "Yes."

Chapter 390: It Won't Hurt When You're Asleep

Listening to the maid's voice, Lynn paused with his fork in hand.

Kuisi, who had just served him soup, asked suspiciously, "Master, is the food not to your liking?"

Lynn withdrew his gaze from the departing maid and spoke, "No, don't bother. Sit down and eat with me."

Kuisi placed the bowl of soup in front of Lynn and sat down on his right side in response.

Watching Lynn chew on the food in his mouth, Kuisi began to report.

"Master, two hundred excavation workers have arrived at the open-pit iron mine and have been arranged to stay in the dormitory area. The excavation can begin tomorrow."

"Additionally, one hundred townsmen have been assigned to the textile workshop as you instructed and handed over to Foreman Yimini..."

Lynn swallowed the food in his mouth and asked, "How is the salt factory doing now?"

Kuisi recalled slightly and continued, "Now the three salt factories are producing three thousand two hundred pounds a day, an improvement over before."

"Could it be because of the cold weather, causing evaporation and crystallization to slow down?"

Lynn spoke, "Yes, evaporation and crystallization are affected by temperature; as long as growth can be maintained, it's fine."

Kuisi felt slightly relieved and continued, "Master, there's one more thing I forgot to tell you."

"At the open-pit coal mine, two captives from the fortress defense battle transformed a verbal argument with two townsmen into a fight..."

Lynn asked, "What was the reason? What was the outcome?"

Kuisi explained, "They all suffered more or less injuries."

"The reason was that the two newly joined captives were townsmen, muddling along and not obeying the squad leader's arrangements..."

Lynn responded, "The instigators will have their working hours increased by five hours, and those involved in the fight, regardless of reason, will have their working hours increased by two hours, to return to normal working hours after six months."

Engaging in a fight merits direct punishment.

He won't kindly lock them in the dungeon.

That would only allow them to idle away their time.

Whenever order is violated, directly increase working hours.

Kuisi understood and nodded, "Alright, Master."

After Kuisi finished her report, the dining table entered a quiet phase of dining.

Half an hour later.

Lynn finished his meal.

Outside the glazed windows, the cold wind blew, whistling.

Luckily, with the tightly sealed glazed windows, not a trace of cold wind could enter the hall.

Lynn sat by the fireplace, pondering the problems Kuisi had just mentioned in his mind.

Disputes among townsmen are unavoidable.

But it must be punished if disputes result in fights.

Fighting incidents have occurred several times already.

He has also considered custom territorial law and constructing a territory court.

But so far, he hasn't thought of implementing them immediately.

The territory crisis remains.

The nearby manor lords of Morgan Town, as well as the recently arrived Lawrence army.

The distant Empire imperial authority battle is looming.

And the unknown danger... a witch that can invade the soul.

The focus of territory development must remain on production and armed force.

Only by having sufficient armed force can a territory qualify to consider soft power development.

Suppressing the thoughts in his mind, Lynn closed his eyes for a brief rest.

The spacious reception hall was very quiet, quiet enough to hear the subtle crackling sound of anthracite burning with few impurities.

It was unclear how much time passed.

A light footstep echoed into Lynn's ear.

Not just Lynn, Red raised an eyebrow and turned to look.

A maid approached with a wooden tray, placing a bottle of gin and a wine glass on it, slowly walking towards Lynn.

Stopping five meters from Lynn, the maid's gentle voice followed, "Master, the gin you requested has been delivered."

Hearing this familiar voice, Lynn glanced at her then withdrew his gaze, speaking, "Red."

Red instantly understood, walked to the maid, and took the tray from her.

The maid stealthily glanced at Lynn, bent down, and retreated.

Walking through the slightly dim corridor, the maid's face was full of regret.

She couldn't help but curse under her breath, "That guy, isn't he being too cautious?"

"A maid brings him drinks, and he still needs a guard to transfer them?"

"Or is it... has he discovered my transformation and that's why he's so vigilant?"

Though the corridor was dim, it was completely unaffected for Yaya.

Stride steady and balanced, the darkness posed no hindrance.

Yaya's mind began to ponder.

"Where exactly did I expose my identity? Was it too obvious when delivering the carp soup?"

"Certainly not there; Kuisi instructed her to retrieve the carp soup, so both the act and timing of delivering it were correct."

"Then why is that guy so wary and vigilant?"

"Is it his natural disposition?"

Thinking of this, Yaya was increasingly firm in believing it was due to Lynn's character.

Otherwise, in such a secure castle, a person wouldn't have such strong vigilance.

Especially during the most relaxing dining time.

Walking to a dark corner, Yaya crossed her arms, continuing to ponder.

"With the maid's identity, there's no way to approach that man!"

"Must transform into someone's likeness and body..."

"The most reasonable way to approach him is by being Kuisi, the manager, or Red, the guard captain..."