

System 411

Chapter 411: Slaughter Until Darkness Falls (Part 4)

The melting of the snow requires the absorption of a large amount of heat, marking the coldest period of the entire winter.

Once the snowmelt period is over, the temperature will gradually begin to rise, slowly transitioning into spring.

It must be noted that it is already late January now.

There are only a few days left until the arrival of February.

In the Karedi Empire, which has a temperate marine climate, signs of spring will appear by the end of February.

By early March, spring will fully arrive, and all things will be revitalized.

That is to say.

In order for the winter barley planted during this snow to enter spring and show any signs of vitality.

This snowfall's arrival would be a devastating blow to other planters!

They don't have the function of checking the weather with the [Weather Forecast].

Nor have they figured out a way to salvage crops spread by planting from adverse weather!

They completely rely on nature's favor to earn their meals!

If the weather is good, they can harvest a batch of crops and grains from the land.

If the weather is bad, they won't harvest anything, and they'll have to rely on reserves.

Thinking of this, Lynn's brows immediately furrowed.

If this is indeed the case, the entire Karedi Empire will fall into a food crisis!

There might even be starvation everywhere!

Keep in mind, the entire population of the Karedi Empire is at least over 200 million people!

This figure doesn't include the population consisting of slaves.

Slaves are slaves, and they aren't counted as population.

Among these, only a few people own their own land.

They might have reserved grains in recent years.

Ordinary free farmer citizens, who work diligently every day, can at most grow food to meet the just necessary rations for their family.

They can't possibly have any grain reserves.

They even need to do other work to buy food.

This means that after this snowfall, winter barley planted in winter will significantly reduce its yield in autumn.

Relying solely on the food planted in spring, with a two-field system of farming, is far from enough to support the vast population's grain consumption of the Karedi Empire.

They... including Lynn, may not be able to purchase a large amount of grain from outside!

What does a lack of grain mean?

It means famine, it means a sharp decrease in population.

It means social unrest, it means increased crime rates!

It means a rapid economic decline.

People might even wage plundering wars for a bite of food!

A crisis is coming!

As for the scale and extent of this crisis.

It depends on how many young shoots of winter barley can spring up and thrive after spring begins!

When the temperature starts to rise, and merchants return to the territory, Lynn will immediately request them to transport a large amount of grain to his territory.

Even if it's above market prices, he wouldn't hesitate!

Only by stockpiling more grain can this territory survive in chaotic times.

With starvation, unable to provide the townsmen with enough food.

Even a Divine Apostle would betray their faith in God!

And besides.

With more grain, he can take in more migrants from the chaotic times.

As Lynn continuously speculated, his inner self gradually became excited.

For others, it's troubled times, no doubt.

But for him, how isn't it an opportunity?

Others can't provide food for migrants, but he can.

Naturally, migrants will continuously converge towards his territory.

As long as the population on the territory continues to increase, the territory will develop explosively!

With the sharp population increase, rapid development speed, it's natural.

However.

Lynn also understands that to accommodate a large number of migrants, the territory must have enough armed forces to suppress them!

Otherwise.

It's extremely easy for these starved, frenzied migrants to counterattack!

Lynn let out a breath of hot air, temporarily suppressing in his mind the development and plans for later.

Even though he can already speculate on what will happen in a few months, there's still some distance before then.

Development needs to come step by step, don't wish for instant success.

As Lynn returned to the town, his mind moved, and he opened the [Holographic Map] to check.

After a night of heavy snowfall, almost all outdoor work positions came to a halt.

The excavation of the three major veins has long been brought to a standstill.

Lynn directly ordered the guards to call them back.

Rather than staying on the veins alone, enduring the cold.

It's better to return to the town to shovel snow and restore the wheat sprouts!

Only the Salt Factory continued with production and making.

The efficiency of mining rock salt is higher than the Salt Factory's consumption, so there are dozens of tons of rock salt waiting for the Salt Factory to continue using.

Low temperatures cause the daily output of the Salt Factory to drop, which is unavoidable.

The Salt Factory's method of making salt is through evaporation and crystallization, the higher the temperature, the faster the evaporation speed.

Conversely, it will reduce.

Even if the output of fine salt drops to only two thousand pounds a day, Lynn has no intention of stopping it.

After spring begins, he will need a large amount of fine salt to trade with the merchants coming to the territory, for a large number of slaves and grain!

Afterward.

Lynn checked the ranch and Papermaking Workshop, among others.

After confirming that everything was normal, Lynn closed the [Holographic Map].

He stepped forward towards the Blacksmith Workshop.

Upon entering the Blacksmith Workshop, a wave of heat mixed with the smell of Anthracite instantly enveloped Lynn.

Chapter 412: Slaughter Until Darkness Falls (Part 5)

Indeed.

The blacksmith workshop in winter can be considered a sanctuary from the cold!

Seeing Ehrelo approach, Lynn directly dismissed him.

He went to the forging area on his own, took off his hooded cloak, and immersed himself in the forging of Zha Armor Plates.

With his left hand, he held a glowing red-orange iron piece with tongs, and with his right, he swung the iron hammer.

As his arm kept swinging, the iron hammer rhythmically struck the iron block.

Ding~

Ding ding~

Ding ding ding~

In the rhythmic clashing of metal on metal, every bit of experience steadily increased.

[Forging Experience +1]

[Forging Experience +1]

...

Time flew by quickly.

By evening.

Lynn put down the iron hammer in his hand.

With a thought, he opened the Heavenly Artifacts panel and took a glance.

[Forging: Level 2 (321/500)] (+)

After tirelessly grinding for quite some time, the forging skill had finally exceeded three hundred experience points.

At most, another four or five days of grinding, and it would level up to Level 3!

Once the Nine Great Skills are all upgraded to Level 2, he will unlock most of the functions.

What features will be unlocked at Level 3?

Hope and anticipation filled Lynn's heart!

He put on the hooded cloak that Red handed to him.

His whole body burning hot, Lynn stepped out of the blacksmith workshop.

The moment he stepped out of the workshop, a blast of cold air hit him.

Lynn immediately wrapped his hooded cloak tighter around himself.

The temperature inside and outside the workshop felt like two different worlds.

Walking the streets of the small town, children in twos and threes were rolling snowballs, playing and having fun.

Among these children was Gavin's son.

Compared to when he first arrived, he was noticeably much sturdier.

Their cheeks were plump and flushed, clearly from sufficient food.

On their innocent and simple faces, there was no trace of worry.

It's only here in his territory.

They need not toil for a living, nor worry about going hungry, and even have such good conditions to receive education.

Outside the territory, as children of free people or slaves.

They would have long been sent to various posts to labor.

To get food, they would need to work, or else face hunger.

The lord wouldn't care how old a child is; in the lord's eyes, they were just like human livestock, akin to cattle or horses!

Seeing Master Lynn passing by, the children immediately stopped.

Not even realizing the cold snowball tucked into their pants just moments ago.

A few children stood upright and said in unison to Lynn, "Lord."

Their voices weren't loud, but were filled with respect.

In their eyes, you could even see admiration and adoration.

Lynn didn't need to ask to know.

Such actions and expressions naturally came from their parents teaching them how to behave when they saw the lord.

Lynn nodded slightly, withdrew his gaze, and walked past them.

Seeing Master Lynn move away with Red, clad in armor.

A somewhat youthful voice rang out from one of the children.

"One day, I'll become a man like the lord!"

Another child replied, "Did you forget what Scholar Taylor said?"

"This continent will only have one Master Lynn, how does that saying go?"

"Unparalleled and unique!"

"Yeah, that's it."

"Then... I want to become a man like Red, the Guard Captain following Master Lynn!"

"That goal might be achievable..."

...

Crossing through the town.

Lynn arrived at the open square.

Night fell.

Groups of townsmen, finished with their day's work, orderly emerged from the fields and returned to the town.

Chatting and laughing, their expressions relaxed.

Despite a day's work in the icy snow, there was no hint of complaint to be seen.

And in that crowd, Lynn spotted a familiar face.

It was Colin!

Colin was followed by a group of apprentices from the Woodworker Workshop.

Under Lynn's gaze, Colin stepped forward to him.

Colin bowed slightly and said, "Master, the moat and chevaux-de-frise outside the city walls have been dug and completed."

"I had people test it; if cavalry falls into the moat, chances are high both horse and rider would die within."

"Even if by luck they aren't impaled by stakes, the trench height makes it hard to escape."

Lynn nodded, "Well done, go have a meal at the canteen and have a good rest tonight!"

"There are more important tasks awaiting you all."

Colin gratefully bowed again and led the three hundred carpenter apprentices towards the canteen.

Whether it was digging trenches, setting trap stakes, or making chevaux-de-frise.

With enough labor, iron tools, and all carpentry apprentices.

Finishing it all in a few days isn't too fast, nor is it slow.

The reason it seemed rushed before, needing Colin to take the group immediately, was due to Lawrence leading three thousand Sword and Shield Corps eyeing them intently.

Now that the Sword and Shield Corps had left, the crisis was temporarily averted.

Moreover, snow was everywhere, the ground icy, the temperature around freezing.

In such harsh weather, if an enemy were to attack...

To breach the walls, they'd need at least eight to ten times more soldiers than his domain's army.

And even then, ample logistics support would be necessary!

Otherwise, he had no fear.

Relying on the walls and harsh weather, they could at least stalemate the enemy until spring!

Chapter 413: Killing Till Darkness Falls (Part 6)

He had plenty of time to arrange personnel and produce more siege equipment.

Even construct a Weng City.

Led by Colin, the carpenter apprentices made siege equipment; Avery led the construction workers to build Weng City.

Two-pronged approach!

Watching the gradually dimming sky.

Lynn, accompanied by Red, headed toward the direction of the castle.

Returning to the castle, after dinner.

Lynn leaned back on the armchair by the fireplace.

Compared to the lord's throne in the reception hall above, he preferred sitting by the fireplace to warm himself.

From the wooden coffee table beside, he picked up the stone grinder and continued grinding herbs.

[Medical Experience +1]

[Medical Experience +1]

...

Under the cover of night.

In the vast city territory.

Atop buildings several stories high, a blanket of white covered the rooftops.

Despite it being night, the city streets still showed figures moving, carriages driving past.

Either traveling merchants, city residents, or hired soldiers and wandering poets...

The glow from candles or oil lamps seeped through wooden windows, illuminating the trampled, muddy snow.

Despite evening temperatures dropping to minus two degrees.

It couldn't deter their busy pace.

All to ensure their families had food to keep hunger at bay.

In contrast to the hurried city residents, Marquis Ducas's castle was far more calm and leisurely.

Patrolling soldiers in plate armor walked through the castle, safeguarding its interior.

Male servants and maids bent their waists carefully, not daring to glance around as they walked with heads lowered in corridors.

Going to their respective master's rooms to prepare for their masters' bedtime.

On the second floor of the main castle area, in a quiet and spacious bedroom.

Several oil lamps flickered, shedding light.

Perhaps because of insufficient lamp oil, the entire bedroom remained unlit.

Especially along the corners, darkness prevailed...

Wisps of smoke gently wafted out of the censer, filling the room.

Inside the fireplace.

A cluster of glowing red embers continued to emit heat.

Warming the entire bedroom thoroughly.

On the walnut-made large bed, a bloated figure lay sprawled.

Hoo~ Hoo~

One breath after another emerged from the figure's mouth.

Sporadically, each breath accompanied by uncomfortable groans.

After several rhythmic knocks.

The tightly closed double wooden doors pushed open, the territory physician walked in with a wooden medical box and approached the walnut bed.

Doctor Hewitt looked at the bed, where Donovan Ducas lay resting with closed eyes.

He softly called, "Sir, it's time to change your medicine..."

Donovan, with closed eyes, suddenly awakened, alertly scanning his surroundings.

But upon seeing the familiar Hewitt beside him and the room's familiar environment.

Donovan's expression relaxed slightly, "Oh, it's you, Hewitt."

"Time to change my medicine again? Have I grown forgetful?"

"I remember you changed it for me not long ago, was it only a few days before?"

Hewitt bowed and replied, "Yes, sir, it's been a week since the last change."

Donovan sighed, "The passage of time... is truly swift."

In his words.

Donovan turned his body slightly, exposing his back to Hewitt.

Instantly, a familiar and decayed smell reached Hewitt's nose and mouth.

With a furrowed brow, Hewitt slowly lifted Donovan's garment from his back.

It was still a nauseating sight of mangled flesh...

Without uttering a word, he opened the medical box beside him and began changing Donovan's bandages.

Donovan's voice, filled with nostalgia, broke the silence.

"Hewitt, I just had a nap and dreamt of the first campaign following Charlemagne into battle."

"Facing the Elfini Empire's fifty thousand troops with just twenty thousand soldiers!"

"That battle was truly... blood flowed like rivers, earth turned to darkness!"

"Corpses piled high covered the ground, making it hard to find a firm foothold."

"Charlemagne VI and I stood atop the corpse hills, entrusting our backs to each other."

"We slew troop after troop of charging Elfini soldiers!"

"Even the edge of the two-handed knight's sword became blunt!"

Hewitt's expression remained calm as he responded, "Sir, I have heard of that battle - The Blood Red Battle!"

"The Karedi Empire and Elfini Empire engaged in battle on the southern Fox Plain, with combined troops of over seventy thousand."

"This battle lasted for over half a month!"

"The combined casualties reached fifty thousand."

"The spilled blood turned the yellow earth of Fox Plain into red."

"From then on, Fox Plain was renamed Blood Red Plain!"

"Also from that time, the Karedi Empire completely captured Titan Pass, keeping the Elfini Empire troops blocked outside the Titan Mountain Range."

"Utterly shattering the Elfini Empire's centuries-long ambitions to occupy the Karedi Empire!"

These words were sentiments Donovan often expressed in his solitude, with Hewitt hearing them so often he remembered.

Listening to Hewitt's detailed account, Donovan's voice was filled with emotion.

"Yes, then the Ducas Clan was like a blazing lion, never shying away from any challenge!"

"But now..."

At this point.

Donovan's tone shifted, turning from excitement to a touch of melancholy.

He continued, facing away from Hewitt, asking, "How long has it been since Lawrence took 3500 soldiers of the Ducas Clan and left?"

Hewitt pondered for a few seconds before responding, "Sir, it's been over half a month!"

Donovan fell into silence.

After a while.

Donovan sighed, "Hewitt, I feel... the Ducas Clan's path is reaching its end..."

Hewitt said nothing, quietly applying herbal medicine to Donovan.

Donovan's voice continued, "The imperial succession struggle means endless remains of the fallen."

"It requires countless followers to battle, to slaughter, to courageously sacrifice their blood."

"Mark chose to stand with Mitchell, who's already powerful... it's indeed a good choice."

"But he's a bit too hasty."

"Wanting too much to display his capabilities and gain others' recognition often comes at a great cost..."

"The Ducas Clan might very well be the first sacrifice in the imperial power struggle!"

Donovan spoke and fell silent.

It was then Hewitt finally spoke, "Sir, since you passed the title to Marquis Mark, surely his capabilities and prowess have your endorsement."

Uh... uh-uh... uh-uh-uh...

Eerie laughter erupted from Donovan's mouth.

With each burst of laughter, his body shuddered again and again.

"Endorsement?"

After a few seconds, Donovan's laughter ceased.

"Did I have a choice?"

Chapter 414: Seven Skills of the Knight

Hewitt, who was in the final stages of applying the medicine, didn't dare engage with Donovan's topic.

It was true that he was Donovan's doctor, but he was also a servant serving the entire Ducas Clan.

He naturally knew which words should be said and which shouldn't.

The room fell into silence.

For half an hour.

Hewitt began packing the medicine box, saying, "Master, the medicine has been changed. You still need to continue resting..."

Donovan responded with a deep voice, "I understand, you may leave."

Hewitt bowed slightly, took a few steps back, then turned to walk towards the double wooden doors ahead.

Before reaching the doors, he heard Donovan's murmurs drift into his ears.

"Do I have a choice?"

"I have no choice left..."

"..."

Hewitt did not linger; he opened the wooden door and gently closed it again.

Creak~

The faint sound of the wooden door closing echoed.

Hewitt had just turned around, ready to leave.

A deep male voice rang out behind him.

"Hewitt!"

Hewitt's heart tightened, and he quickly turned to look.

There.

In the shadow to the right of the double door, a tall and slender figure leaned against the wall.

With just one look, Hewitt could identify the figure in the shadow.

Hewitt quickly bowed in salute, "Marquis!"

Mark Ducas stood upright, stepping forward towards Hewitt, his fair face gradually illuminated by the wall-mounted lamp.

"Dr. Hewitt, care for a chat?"

Hewitt's eyes shifted slightly, and he replied, "Of course, Marquis."

Mark continued his strides, heading towards the stairs leading down to the second floor of the castle.

Hewitt adjusted the medicine box on his shoulder and hurriedly followed.

They reached the ground floor garden courtyard.

Above, snowflakes continued their gentle descent.

Compared to the snowfall during the day, it had decreased significantly.

The night air, coupled with the gusts of chilly wind, remained bone-chilling.

Following behind Mark, Hewitt dared not inquire about the topic Mark wished to discuss.

Yet, vaguely, he could already speculate a few things.

After walking for a few minutes.

Mark's steps didn't halt, and he spoke, "Dr. Hewitt, you've been with the Ducas clan for over twenty years, right?"

Upon hearing this, Hewitt quickly responded, "Yes, Marquis, it has been twenty-five years!"

Mark nodded, "You are considered a core member of the Ducas Clan... so I won't beat around the bush."

"Once I inherited the title of Marquis of Ducas, I became the master of this marquisate!"

Hewitt bowed, "Of course, Marquis, all the citizens of the marquisate regard you as their master."

Mark continued, "Very well. From now on, I need you to recount, word for word, the topics you discuss with my father during your treatments."

Hewitt frowned, momentarily unsure how to respond.

Did Mark want to know what Donovan discussed with him?

Even though he had just spoken a few flattering words.

But if he truly did this.

Wouldn't it be a betrayal to Donovan, who had been a lifesaver to him?

But if he didn't comply with Mark Ducas's request, the consequences...

Seeing Hewitt's silence, Mark turned to glance at him, speaking calmly, "What is it? Dr. Hewitt... is there a problem?"

Hewitt was about to speak, but Mark continued, "Dr. Hewitt's son, isn't he almost seven?"

"There are quite a few knights looking for a squire. If it's suitable, I could introduce your son."

Hearing this, Hewitt's eyes lit up, but indecision lingered in his mind.

As Mark mentioned, his son was already seven.

Due to the inability to find a knight willing to take his son along, he was still practicing swordsmanship at home.

Hewitt naturally understood that with the medical skills he mastered, serving as the doctor of the Marquis's Castle was the pinnacle of his life.

Regardless of what he did, it wouldn't change his fate of serving others.

Therefore, he could only pave the way for his son to the path of a knight, hoping for achievements to change their status.

Both he and his son desperately needed this path.

Thinking of this.

Hewitt tentatively asked, "Marquis, it's just recounting the conversations with the master, right?"

Mark affirmed, "Of course, Dr. Hewitt."

"Simply recount the conversation; nothing else is required of you."

"And this matter will remain confidential between us!"

Hewitt nodded resolutely, "There is no problem at all, Marquis."

Appreciation flickered in Mark's eyes.

"Dr. Hewitt, could you please share what topics were discussed during today's treatment?"

...

Early February morning.

The sky was a vast expanse of misty white.

The snowy weather had passed, leaving the ground covered in thin layers of snow.

Moreover, as days went by, the snow was gradually melting.

The ground was covered in a thin sheet of ice.

Even with a gentle step, the ice would crack like a mirror with a cracking sound.

Lynn stood on the open square at the front of the town, his gaze directed toward the vast fields ahead.

A gust of cold wind blew in, and Lynn wrapped himself more tightly in the woolen robe.

Though the snow had stopped two days ago, it would take at least six or seven more days for it to completely melt.

Chapter 415: Seven Skills of the Knight (Part 2)

These six or seven days mark the coldest period of this winter!

With Lynn's current physical condition, coupled with the thick clothing, he can still feel the intense chill.

When people are cold, they can warm up through labor or even wearing clothes by the fire.

The wheat seedlings in the fields rely on the compost spread during plowing, along with the fertility unearthed by deep plowing, to provide them with energy.

The cold and snow serve as a form of training for the wheat seedlings.

Low temperatures increase the soluble sugar content in the cells of the wheat seedlings, helping them to build their own cold-resistant structures.

Moreover, the low temperature from ice and snow can kill off some pests and pathogens...

As long as they survive these coldest days, the wheat seedlings will grow even stronger afterwards!

Taking a few steps, Lynn walked into the fields.

Bending down, he reached out to shake off the weeds dusted with a bit of snow.

Through the gaps among the weeds, he could clearly see the yellow-green wheat seedlings, exuding vitality.

Fortunately, he previously arranged for four thousand townsmen to hurry and cover all the barley fields with weeds.

Although it slowed down other industries' production, it was all worth it.

Grains are the foundation of a territory's development!

After walking about dozens of meters in the fields, Lynn found that more than ninety-five percent of the wheat seedlings were in a state of halted growth but still alive.

He nodded in satisfaction.

The next step is to wait for the arrival of spring, the rise in temperatures, and these wheat seedlings will continue to sprout and enter the growth period.

Standing up, Lynn stepped onto the lime road between fields.

Looking around, in this vast field, only these over two hundred farmers continued to toil.

The four thousand townsmen dispatched have already returned to their respective positions.

The crisis of the wheat seedlings is temporarily resolved; other positions need to quickly resume production.

With strides, Lynn headed back towards the town.

At the open square.

Jode was still leading the stonemason apprentices, working on carving.

After these days of meticulous craftsmanship.

Lynn could already see the outlines and details of the armor and the folds and twisted shapes on the cloak in the stone sculpture.

Lynn felt that it wouldn't be long before this stone sculpture would be completed!

After glancing at it.

Lynn stepped and headed directly to the Handicraft Workshop District.

In the accustomed gaze of the blacksmith apprentices, Lynn began to grind his [Forging]技能技能经验.

Ding~

Ding ding~

Ding ding ding~

The crisp and pleasant sound of metal collisions rang rhythmically, merging with the other forging sounds in the workshop...

Bit by bit, the experience continuously increased.

[Forging Experience+1]

[Forging Experience+1]

[Forging Experience+1]

...

Even though he became the Lord of over seven thousand townsmen, and if Lynn wished, he could command a large number of people to do what he wanted.

But, Lynn has never slackened.

Because Lynn understands that the territory's strength is still too weak now!

Not to mention, just Lawrence leads a Sword and Shield Corps of over three thousand soldiers to arrive.

Lynn felt a tremendous crisis.

These over three thousand Sword and Shield Corps soldiers are merely one-twentieth of the Ducas Clan's Sword and Shield Corps.

The Ducas Clan has sixty thousand family soldiers!

This doesn't even count the vassal forces sealed off by the Marquis.

If all the vassal armed forces were counted... it's at least over a hundred thousand.

In such a comparison.

One can intuitively know the insignificance of the armed forces on his territory.

Of course.

The reason Marquis Ducas has so many armed forces is due to the continuous accumulation of generations of Marquis Ducas, establishing the family foundation.

As long as he is given enough time.

Lynn has absolute confidence to surpass these so-called Great Lords and trample them fiercely beneath his feet!

In the afternoon.

Lynn completed the forging of an iron plate on the anvil, about forty to fifty centimeters wide.

A forty-centimeter iron plate can be sawed into the required size for armor plates using an iron saw.

Lynn put down the iron hammer and walked out of the blacksmith workshop.

Walking in the Handicraft Workshop District, the textile workshops have already started expanding.

Two hundred construction workers were equipped with fired red brick and lime, and tools for fixing iron nails...

The required tools and materials are all available in the territory.

The two textile weaving workshops may not need until the end of February, perhaps half a month's time, to be completed.

After scanning around, Lynn walked into the woodworker workshop.

Seeing Lynn, Colin came to him, bowed slightly, and said: "Sir."

Lynn nodded and asked, "Have you produced the first Wolf Fang Club yet?"

Colin, a bit embarrassed, said: "Sir, not yet... it might need until evening to produce the first Wolf Fang Club."

Lynn didn't speak but looked at the busy carpenter apprentices.

A few days ago, he had already handed over the blueprint for the Wolf Fang Club to Colin.

To let him lead the carpenter apprentices in researching the production method of the Wolf Fang Club.

He even described the production process of the Wolf Fang Club to everyone in the woodworker workshop.

After several days, the woodworker workshop and Colin, with three hundred members, still haven't made a single Wolf Fang Club.

The production efficiency is indeed somewhat too slow.

Compared to other city-defense machinery like crossbow cannons, catapults, and Semen Knife Cars, the Wolf Fang Club is the easiest to produce.

Chapter 416: Seven Skills of the Knight (Part 3)

Thereafter, it will still be necessary to produce winches for operating the wolf fang club, and so forth...

Lynn once again explained to Colin how to construct a wolf fang club.

Select sturdy wood for the production of the board, use iron nails and mortise-and-tenon joints to make a rectangular main frame from the wood.

On top of the board, at certain intervals and layout, nail wolf fang nails onto the board.

Expose the appropriate length of the wolf fang nails to ensure the lethality of the wolf fang club.

Around the board, embed blade knives, using wooden wedges to tightly bind the blade knives to the board.

As long as the wolf fang nails and blade knives are nailed and embedded, the wolf fang club is complete.

Afterwards, simply use ropes, threading through the reserved round holes in the corners of the wolf fang club, and link them to the winch placed on the city wall.

When the enemy uses the cloud ladder to lay siege, the soldiers on the city wall can use the winch device to lower the ropes.

The wolf fang club, weighing over a thousand pounds, under gravitational acceleration, smashes onto the enemy, instantly delivering a deadly blow to multiple foes.

Even if the enemy wears armor and helmets, under the weight of the wolf fang club and the sharpness of the wolf fang nails, they would be instantly smashed to pieces!

Not only that,

the weight around the wolf fang club's blade knives can destroy the enemy's cloud ladder!

The immense impact can easily cut or break the cloud ladder, hindering the enemy's attack efficiency.

The most critical is...

The descent of the wolf fang club into the crowd, instantly causing massive casualties and gore.

It will instill great psychological terror into the enemy!

Until half an hour later.

Lynn saw a look of realization on Colin's face.

When Lynn's words ended, Colin quickly said,

"Master, I understand."

Lynn nodded, "As long as you understand, then you all may continue."

Colin, without saying any nonsense, walked into the woodworker apprentices and began issuing orders.

The carpenter apprentices, after listening for a brief moment, once again immersed themselves in their busy work.

Lynn walked around the woodworker workshop, strolling through it.

Until an hour later.

A finished wolf fang club was placed in front of Lynn.

[Wolf Fang Club Awaiting Installation]: Made from wolf fang nails, blade knives, and wood, it can be used for city defense equipment, etc.

Colin, with the carpenter apprentices, produced a wolf fang club almost identical to what he had drawn on paper.

Lynn stretched out his right hand, attempting to lift the wolf fang club.

But the wolf fang club, weighing one thousand five hundred pounds, allowed him to only slightly lift it a little bit.

Lynn nodded in satisfaction.

Only with such weight, together with wolf fang nails and blade knives, can the siege enemies be swiftly slain.

Lynn looked at Colin and said, "I need fifty pieces of these standard wolf fang clubs!"

Not only on the city wall of the first line of defense, should winch wolf fang clubs be arranged, but the yet-to-be-built Weng City wall should also be equipped with winch wolf fang clubs!

Moreover, when the wolf fang club smashes enemies, there will be more or less damage.

The more wolf fang clubs, the better!

Receiving Lynn's order, Colin responded, "Yes, master."

After giving instructions, Lynn left the woodworker workshop, heading towards the castle.

In a vacant room.

Several lit oil lamps brightened the room.

A nearly three-meter-tall but empty bookshelf.

On a heavy walnut table, two meters wide, five meters long, candelabra candles burned steadily.

The flame flickered upwards alongside trails of grey smoke.

That was because, with glazed windows, the study was well-sealed.

The faint yellow light from the candles illuminated Lynn's face and the sheets of paper spread out on the table.

Lynn sat in a heavy seat, holding a feather pen in his right hand, occasionally sketching on the paper.

In these snowy days, he had already extracted all the knowledge he needed about producing the wolf fang club, winches, and semen knife cars.

And it had been integrated with the memories in his mind.

Just the fact that Lynn learned how to produce doesn't mean much.

If it's just ordinary single productions, like wooden huts, fishing cages, or even carts and waterwheels, he could easily make them himself.

But now, what needs to be created are structures that are complex and require teamwork only to be completed – the winch!

He could personally make a complete winch, but the time it would require is too long.

He needed to transcribe the knowledge fused in his mind onto paper in a straightforward and understandable way.

Sketch and write on paper.

This way, more townsmen will learn the production methods.

Only by distributing the component production of the winch, spreading out the time required for production to each and every carpenter apprentice,

can they break it down into smaller parts.

Then, they can achieve their goal in the shortest time.

As the feather pen moved across the paper, one maroon trace after another was left.

The maroon ink was made by boiling madder.

Though plant-based ink fades easily in sunlight,

given the current conditions, it was the easiest ink solution Lynn could think of for writing.

Later on.

Plant ink would surely develop into carbon ink or iron gall ink.

Accompanying the rhythmic knocking outside, as Lynn dipped his pen into the inkwell, sounding from the doorway.

Knock knock~

Lynn, without lifting his head, said, "Enter!"

The wooden door to the study was pushed open, and Kuisi stepped inside.

Chapter 417: Seven Skills of the Knight (Part 4)

A few meters beside Lynn, Kuisi reminded, "Master, you can have dinner now."

Lynn shifted his gaze.

Outside the glazed window, it had already turned pitch black.

Lynn responded briefly, placing down the feather pen in his hand, and stepped out of the study.

Kuisi followed closely behind.

Sitting at the head of the dining table, with Kuisi's service, Lynn began having dinner.

A bite of the golden roasted pork belly, filled with oil and meat aroma, instantly spread in Lynn's mouth.

Seasoned with fine salt and spices, this food gave him a strangely familiar feeling.

While eating dinner, Lynn asked Kuisi, "Besides the dispute and fight during the coal mine excavation last time, did anything else happen?"

Kuisi swallowed a sip of pea soup, thought for two seconds, then replied, "Master, not for the time being."

"However, there's one thing I forgot to tell you. Last night, the town welcomed its first newborn!"

Lynn looked at Kuisi with some surprise.

Before Lynn could inquire further, Kuisi began to explain, "It's the newborn of Ollie Carter's family. Ollie is a farmer, and his wife Suwa is a textile worker."

"Last night, Suwa's water broke. Since it was their first child and they had no experience, they called Old John for the delivery..."

"Fortunately, mother and child are safe."

Lynn nodded, "From now on, for three months, Suwa doesn't need to work anymore. Let her peacefully stay at home and take care of the child."

"After three months, arrange some light manual work for her."

"Starting today, deliver an egg each day to every family with a pregnant woman to supplement nutrition."

"Not just Suwa, all women who give birth can follow this standard in the future."

Nearly a year had passed.

The territory finally had its first newborn.

Lynn had doubted if this land was cursed by some God — never to have a newborn.

Apparently, Lynn overthought.

Lynn understood that only when people feel a safe and comfortable environment, they choose to procreate.

This is not just for humans; even animals are the same.

Almost an instinct engraved in the body.

Anyway, having the first newborn also means that these townsmen consider this territory a safe and comfortable environment!

In the future, a continuous influx of newborns will come to his territory, becoming the new blood of the land.

Kuisi looked at Lynn with wide eyes, responded, "Yes, Master."

Master Lynn seems to regard children and infants highly...

Kuisi continued, "Master, Ollie asked if you could give a name to his son."

"He said, Master, you are their family's savior..."

"If it were another lord's territory, his wife wouldn't have given birth smoothly."

Lynn repeated Kuisi's words, "A name..."

"Fujian."

Hearing the name Lynn uttered, Kuisi was taken aback, "Fujian Carter?"

"Master, does this have any special meaning?"

Lynn calmly explained, "Rich nation, strong people!"

Finished with dinner.

Lynn returned to the study, sat at the desk, and continued sketching the outlines of various parts of the winch and annotating the outlines.

It's known that those carpenter apprentices are free people; they are slaves who are illiterate.

Among the seven thousand townsmen in the territory, Lynn felt that fewer than ten were literate!

Their learned skills all came from oral transmission, or perhaps they relied on their eyes to observe and imitate to finally learn.

Despite the annotations being extremely troublesome, to enable apprentices to learn quickly, Lynn could only use such a local method.

Night gradually deepened.

Even though Lynn was sitting in the enclosed study, he could still hear the piercing 'woo-woo' sound of the cold wind outside the glazed windows.

Until midnight.

Lynn finally set down the feather pen in his hand and stood up, stretching lazily.

A cracking sound of bones echoed within his body.

After stretching, Lynn glanced down at the desk.

On the paper, the materials required for a winch, the parts needing production, how to make them, and even the number of iron nails required...

Everything was written down.

A thought instantly emerged in Lynn's mind.

The printing press!

Since the papermaking workshop has been built, producing paper, naturally, there should also be a corresponding printing workshop.

Create matching metal movable type, use rosin, wax, and paper ash, etc., to make adhesive.

Then, according to the required characters, arrange them for printing.

After the adhesive cools and solidifies, the needed printing template is completed.

Afterward, lay sheets of paper, and it can mass-produce the required textual or drawing content!

However.

Implementing it isn't simple.

It can only be treated as a future development direction for planning.

Because.

Even now if he sets up a printing workshop, these townsmen never received education and still can't understand the writings.

It's essential to start with the most basic education of literacy.

Rolling up the blueprint and placing it aside, Lynn was about to leave the room.

Knock-knock~

A knocking sound echoed outside the study door.

"Master, the hot water is ready."

As soon as Kuisi's words fell outside, Lynn opened the door.

As he walked towards the private room, he said, "I'll soak for half an hour first; later you can come in and massage my shoulders."

Chapter 418: Seven Skills of the Knight (Part 5)

Kuisi, who was following behind Lynn, looked around with keen perception, not seeing anyone. Hopefully, no one heard.

Kuisi responded somewhat apprehensively, "Yes, Master."

After speaking, Kuisi quickened her pace, arriving at the private room's entrance, and opened the door for Lynn.

Watching Lynn enter the private room, Kuisi breathed a small sigh of relief, somewhat nervously.

...

The next morning.

After Lynn finished his nutritious breakfast, he took Red directly to the carpenter workshop in the craftsmanship zone.

Even though it was only about seven or eight o'clock, three hundred carpenter apprentices were still busy producing Wolf Fang Clubs.

The Wolf Fang Nails and Blade Knives needed for the Wolf Fang Clubs could be directly fetched from the blacksmith workshop.

Lynn called Colin over and handed him the winch blueprint he had in his hand.

Colin opened the blueprint with both hands and began to examine it.

From the overall contour of the winch to each iron nail, and the sizes of every plank...

All the necessary annotations were included.

Such exquisite and detailed depiction ability, Colin had never heard of it!

Colin exclaimed in surprise, "Master, is this winch blueprint drawn by you?"

As soon as he spoke, Colin realized he was asking a redundant question.

In the entire territory, who else but their Master Lynn could have such incredible ability?

Colin said apologetically, "Sorry, Master, I was just too surprised..."

Lynn didn't mind at all, "The parts needed for the winch and the detailed production methods, along with corresponding annotations, I've written it all on there."

"You can take it with your familiar blacksmith apprentice to study it. If there's anything unclear, feel free to ask me directly!"

Colin bowed slightly, "Yes, Master, I'll go right away."

Watching Colin bring a dozen apprentices to stand around a square table, beginning a research discussion.

Lynn withdrew his gaze, picked up an iron saw not far away, and started sawing planks.

Instead of standing in place waiting for Colin and the others' research, it was better to invest in gaining skills and experience.

Lynn held the iron saw in his right hand, placing the saw cut on a raw wood, both his left hand and left leg pressing on it.

Keeping the raw wood stable, Lynn stroked the iron saw.

Amidst the buzzing sounds, the sharp saw blade sank into the raw wood.

[Production Experience +1]

[Production Experience +1]

[Production Experience +1]

...

Bit by bit, as the experience accumulated...

The experience and knowledge of producing the Semen Knife Car emerged in Lynn's mind.

The sensation was like an impending rain, each drop following another onto the parched ground.

As Lynn continued to stroke the iron saw, the production experience and memory, like raindrops, became denser.

Until the end.

The arid ground was soaked through, submerged by accumulated rainwater.

Several hours later.

The production experience and knowledge of the Semen Knife Car were entirely integrated in Lynn's mind.

At this time.

Colin brought the apprentices before Lynn.

Lynn, putting down the iron saw in his hand, glanced at Colin and the others, and spoke, "Any questions?"

Colin spoke respectfully, "Master, according to what you said earlier about making the pulley block..."

"Using the pulley block can change the force size needed and the direction of force when pulling the Wolf Fang Club with the winch."

"Applying it to the winch couldn't be more suitable, and the creation of the film and building the support, I understand those."

"But what I don't understand is..."

"Master, what does it mean to install the handle perpendicular to the winch axis...?"

Lynn responded, "Change the direction of force, making it easier to operate."

Colin pondered for a few seconds, appearing to understand.

Immediately.

Lynn started designating tasks for the apprentices in the carpenter workshop.

Among the carpenter apprentices, there were a total of three hundred.

One hundred apprentices among them were tasked with fully producing the Wolf Fang Club.

The Wolf Fang Club does not require much technical skill; as long as the production method is understood, even the apprentice carpenters could collectively produce it.

The remaining two hundred, Lynn had Colin lead them to start attempting to produce the winch, and Lynn walked away from the carpenter workshop.

The winch involves many parts, needing the aid of the blacksmith workshop and textile workshop.

More personnel are naturally required.

After instructing Colin with a few words, telling him if there's anything unclear to go directly to the blacksmith workshop to find him.

Lynn walked out of the carpenter workshop and into the blacksmith workshop.

He called Ehrelo, informing him of the requirements for the necessary iron rings and chains, and metal triangle supports.

The specification for the iron rings and chains was simple.

Dispatching thirty apprentices skilled in forging to cooperate with the carpenter workshop was sufficient.

Receiving Lynn's orders, Ehrelo didn't hesitate and turned around to arrange the blacksmith apprentices.

Lynn scanned the workshop once and continued to gain [Forging] skill experience.

...

Cling~

Clang clang~

Clang clang clang~

The crisp and pleasant sound of metal collisions echoed in the blacksmith workshop without end.

[Forging Experience +1]

[Forging Experience +1]

...

[Your forging has increased to Level 3, unlocking: Seven Skills of the Knight]

[Reward Obtained: Talent Duplication Book ×1]

Seeing the prompt before him, Lynn couldn't help but raise his eyebrows.

After this period of relentless skill gaining, finally reaching Level 3!

One might say.

Except for daily arrangements and meals and rest, he spent all his time toiling away in the blacksmith workshop.

It was all worth it in the end.

Looking at [Seven Skills of the Knight], a speculation emerged in Lynn's mind.

With a thought, he opened the [Resident Information Column].

Sure enough, there was an additional line of information on the townsmen's information column.

Chapter 419: Seven Skills of the Knight (Part 6)

[Name]: Red Harper

[Age]: 26 years old

[Abilities]: Hunting Level 3, Planting Level 2, Construction Level 2

[Seven Skills of the Knight]: Hunting Level 3, Horse Riding Level 1, Swordsmanship Level 1

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

[Talent]: Focus - When using a bow and arrow, calm down and enhance accuracy

[Skills]: None

...

Looking at Red's attribute panel, Lynn nodded to himself.

Indeed, it was as he had guessed.

The nine great skills of planting encompassed almost all industries.

The Seven Skills of the Knight include horsemanship, swimming, archery, swordsmanship, hunting, chess, and poetry reading.

It included combat skills, survival skills, social skills, and cultural skills.

With the [Seven Skills of the Knight] as a supplement to the [Resident Information Column].

Lynn could more directly see the abilities each townsman possessed.

He could assign them to suitable posts.

Closing the panel, Lynn looked at the [Talent Duplication Book].

[Talent Duplication Book]: Can copy others' talents.

As simple as the introduction of the skill duplication book.

However, gradually, those seven words made Lynn's heart start to beat faster.

The skill duplication book had already made Lynn feel its power.

Now there's a talent duplication book!

That means, if there are no restrictions, he could copy anyone's talent?

If so, that would be excessively powerful!

The first thought in Lynn's mind is Earl's talent.

Life Burning - Upon entering rage mode, at the cost of burning life energy, increases all attributes by 100%

It seemed like burning ascension was the cost, yet it could increase all attributes by 100%!

Whether facing a crisis, needing a breakthrough, or fighting enemies to the death.

This talent made a lasting impression on Lynn and shocked him.

This is the talent Lynn most wants to duplicate at present!

As for the talents of the born witch Sienna's [Dark Energy Absorption], Old John's [Instruct], and Yaya's [Charm].

He wasn't interested.

Satisfied, Lynn nodded, and with a thought, used it directly.

[Would you like to consume a talent duplication book and learn Earl Mendes's Life Burning talent?]

Lynn silently thought, "Yes!"

[Learning successful]

Instantly, Lynn felt something different inside him...

That feeling... like magma was about to erupt from the volcano.

If, as with the previous rewards of the [Memory Pearl] [Skill Duplication Book], all skills upgraded to level 3 would reward a [Talent Duplication Book].

Would that mean, apart from the talent [Heavenly Artifacts], he would also have the nine great talents?

A bold idea surfaced in Lynn's mind.

Now that he had the [Life Burning] talent, could there be a day when he could duplicate a lifespan-increasing talent from someone else?

If he could, that would be unimaginable.

Anticipation spread through Lynn's mind.

Suppressing the emotions in his mind, Lynn comfortably exhaled a breath of hot air.

Just as they left the blacksmith workshop with Red, a soldier dressed in armor approached.

It was Earl, Rose's deputy!

As a deputy, he didn't need to deliver messages each time unless the information was crucial.

Arriving before Lynn, Earl bowed and greeted him, his words slightly breathless.

Clearly, he had been riding his warhorse all the way from the town walls.

"Master."

Lynn responded, "What is it?"

Earl didn't hesitate at all and said, "Master, Jeremy... is dead!"

Lynn immediately frowned.

Earl continued his words.

"It's not just Jeremy; the entire unit of soldiers who infiltrated Morgan Town vanished without a trace."

"Rose sent another few spies, infiltrated Morgan Town again, and learned all of this."

Lynn nodded, "Did the second batch of spies uncover how Jeremy and his companions died?"

Earl's chest heaved a little, and he spoke, "Master, they were captured by Aiden Morrison and brought back to his territory, and..."

Lynn asked, "And what?"

Earl's words carried anger, "And they were executed and fed to the Greyhound they raised in his manor!"

"Only Jeremy's fate remains unknown..."

Crunch!

When the words were finished, Earl's large hands clenched tightly, making a crunching sound.

Lynn's eyes narrowed slightly, and he spoke to Earl, "I understand; you can return to the walls."

Earl raised an eyebrow, somewhat puzzled, "Master, aren't you... aren't you planning to do something?"

"Aiden... Aiden killed our five soldiers!"

Lynn's eyes met Earl's, his words calm, "I don't like saying things twice."

Feeling the aura emanating from Lynn, Earl instantly returned to his senses from anger.

He hurriedly lowered his head, full of remorseful pleading, "Sorry, Master, I impulsively offended you; please forgive me."

Lynn looked at Earl, "Tell Rose to have his spies investigate why Aiden captured and killed them."

"I need an accurate answer!"

"Dismissed."

Seeing Lynn had no intention of punishing him with his words.

Earl offered no more useless talk, retreated a few steps, and returned to the street he had come from.

Watching Earl's silhouette gradually fade away.

Lynn's brow furrowed again, and his mind quickly began to ponder.

Only a few people knew Jeremy and his companions had infiltrated Morgan Town.

Yet what good is knowing?

Without his permission as Lord, they could never leave this territory.

Moreover.

With Rose stationed and training as a trainer, naturally, there wouldn't be any cases of nighttime infiltration or escape.

The merchants trading in the territory couldn't possibly recognize the ordinary, nondescript people.

Let alone expose all these spies.

The only possibility is... the spies themselves were caught by Aiden while being overly cautious!

Next moment.

Another question arose in Lynn's mind.

Why did Aiden capture the spies he sent out?

Want to learn about his territory's armed forces?

Or is there a secret in this territory they want to investigate?

No one could answer him.

According to Lynn's habit of calculating with the worst intention.

Captured spies, under severe torture, could naturally reveal everything they want to know!

The existence of this territory may have already been learned by several people in Morgan Town.

If they also discovered three mineral veins on this territory...

They could very likely face the united attack of several manor lords in Morgan Town!

Speeding up the construction of Weng City and the production of siege equipment is a must.

Chapter 420: Are You Playing Me?

Walking on the red brick road of the town.

Lynn opened the [Holographic Map] panel and began to check.

With a thought, the scene before him shifted to the mountain forest.

One carriage after another transported various goods, traveling on the lime road towards the city walls.

Because of the slightly slippery ground, the carriages moved slowly, and the coachmen walked while leading the horses by the reins.

In the mountain forest, over a hundred construction workers were felling the logs by the sides of the lime road.

With the continuous swinging of axes, tree after tree fell, eventually having their branches cleaned up by the workers and transported near the city walls.

A Stonemason Workshop was being constructed there.

After continuous construction over this period, the Stonemason Workshop was already nearing its completion phase.

Construction workers climbed to the top of the built workshop and nailed planks onto the laid-out gable wooden top.

They just needed to finish nailing all the boards and lay the gray tiles lined up beside them.

The Stonemason Workshop would be completed.

Watching Avery methodically directing the construction workers, Lynn nodded slightly.

With Avery's demeanor combined with his having Level 3 [Construction] skills, appointing him as the foreman of the Stonemason Workshop was indeed a good decision.

At most, one or two days were needed for the Stonemason Workshop to be completed, and it could be integrated into the construction of the Weng City.

When Avery returned to the town last time, Lynn had already instructed him.

Once the Stonemason Workshop was completed, he was to immediately begin constructing the Weng City.

Compared to the Outpost Fortress and the watch towers, which required the deployment of soldiers to garrison, thus spreading thin the already limited soldiers in the territory.

Lynn preferred to first enhance the defensive strength of the territory.

The construction of the Weng City placed great importance on structure and facilities.

When the first ten-meter high city wall gate was breached, a second line of defense must be organized.

In that case, the Weng City would serve as this second line of defense.

Its importance was not even less than that of the city walls of the first line of defense.

Lynn had also instructed Avery on the defense facilities of Weng City.

The city gate within the Weng City must have a slot for a portcullis, and Lynn even considered using a whole iron gate for constructing the portcullis to enhance the fortification of the Weng City.

Previously, when constructing the city walls, Lynn had overlooked this point.

However, at that time, iron was limited, and the territory could not provide enough iron for a portcullis iron gate.

But now, it was different. With an open-pit iron mine and six iron blast furnaces and a blacksmith workshop, he could lavishly use iron.

He aimed to transform the entire forest passage leading to the territory into an impregnable large-scale fortification!

As long as enough manpower and time were available, he could even arrange construction workers and carpenters to build various mechanisms and traps.

Besides the portcullis, defensive towers needed to be built as well.

The towers needed to protrude beyond the city walls to provide the defending soldiers wider views and shooting angles.

The final components were the gentle slope and passageways of the Weng City, as well as the drainage system.

With Avery's Level 3 [Construction] skills, combined with his experience from constructing several castles and city walls before,

Avery already had his own experiences and techniques in his mind.

As Lynn guided Avery through the basic Weng City on the first floor of the castle, Avery roughly understood how to construct the Weng City.

He couldn't help but be amazed at Lynn's encyclopedic knowledge and memory.

How could one person know everything and remember it all?

After observing the construction of the Stonemason Workshop through the [Holographic Map] for a few minutes.

Lynn shifted his view to the bottom of the city walls with a thought.

Below the city walls.

Squad after squad of soldiers was exhausting their strength in physical training.

In such cold weather, Rose was leading five hundred soldiers, training bare-chested and swinging their winged spears.

Despite the cold weather, even though Lynn couldn't hear the shouts from their mouths.

From each swing, Lynn could see their mouths moving in unison, see their flushed skin and bulging muscles.

And above the city walls.

Wesley was leading three hundred archers and over a hundred soldiers, teaching in batches.

Evidently, after the previous first castle meeting.

Both Wesley and Rose remembered Lynn's words and conducted city defending training for the soldiers.

However.

Now the territory's soldiers and guards already numbered eleven hundred.

Among them, two hundred standard plate armor heavy cavalry, three hundred heavy infantry, and a hundred light infantry were managed by Rose and Earl.

Three hundred archers were managed by Wesley.

And two hundred territorial guards under Red's command.

The managing officers for the soldiers were truly too few.

Not to mention Rose and Earl, just for Wesley alone to manage the entire three hundred strong archer unit, it was estimated that relaying commands to each soldier required half an hour of running back and forth.

An immediate comprehensive and complete officer system must be drafted!

Lynn wanted to take a look outside the city walls, where Colin led his apprentices in digging trenches and setting up chevaux-de-frise.

But outside the city walls, it was pitch black, and Lynn could only give up.

Then, Lynn quickly scanned through the three mines, the Salt Factory, and the pastures, along with several major industries.

After confirming there were no anomalies, Lynn nodded in satisfaction.