

System 421

Chapter 421: Are You Playing Tricks on Me? (Part 2)

After entering winter, he rarely went to these industries for on-site inspections.

But after these industries were each assigned their own foreman and management personnel,

even without his inspections, everything was still proceeding in an orderly manner.

Closing the [Holographic Map], Lynn arrived at the open square in front of the town.

Jode was still there with the stone mason apprentices, carving the stone sculptures.

Just climbed down from the wooden frame, Jode saw Lynn not far away, and he quickly put down the tools in his hands.

Hurriedly walking to Lynn's presence, Jode bent his waist slightly, respectfully saying, "Lord."

Lynn looked at the increasingly clear statue, "Did you come up with this pose yourself?"

Following Lynn's gaze, Jode glanced over and quickly explained: "Lord, of course not."

"I asked many townsmen and Steward Kuisi what their deepest impression of you was."

"They said the deepest impression was you riding a horse, taking advantage of the night, rushing towards the city wall."

"They told me that on that night, a large group of bandits came to attack the city wall, and you personally led the guards and soldiers to defend on top of the wall..."

Jode paused, continuing, "Because the townsmen did not participate in the battle to defend the city, they only saw you riding a horse, wearing black armor and a cloak, leaving. So..."

Lynn nodded, "Very good."

In his view, not only was Jode's carving skill excellent, but the choice of concept was equally commendable.

As a Lord, he personally led the guards, taking advantage of the night to rush to the city wall to fend off bandits.

Whether in the eyes of the guards and soldiers or the townsmen of the town, his image was instantly elevated!

Even the Lord dares to go into battle to kill the enemy, personally protecting this territory and ensuring their safety.

As townsmen, what complaints can they have?

Hearing the praise, Jode's face showed a shy smile, "Lord, you... you flatter me, this is just part of our job..."

Looking at Jode's somewhat round face, Lynn continued, "When the sculpture is completed, take them to construct a carving workshop with you as the workshop foreman."

"I need you to carve sculptures or murals that fit the characteristics of this territory in various places."

"Can you do it?"

Hearing this, Jode's face showed an expression of joy.

He didn't hesitate, "Lord, I can, without any problem."

Lynn acknowledged, "Then continue."

After dismissing Jode, Lynn glanced at the sky and then walked toward the direction of the canteen.

After [Forging] upgraded to Level 3, obtaining the [Talent Duplication Book] again greatly motivated Lynn to develop skills.

Amidst the accustomed gazes of the cooks, Lynn took over two cleavers and began to chop freely on the cutting board.

With a chop, a cleaned radish was sliced into several sections.

With a flick of the cleaver in Lynn's left hand, the radish was precisely thrown into a large Iron Pot.

Without stopping, Lynn placed a pile of pork ribs on the cutting board and continued chopping.

Crunch~ Crunch~

The sound of the Bone-Cutting Knife breaking the pork ribs continuously resounded in the kitchen.

Lynn's wide and bold actions made the surrounding cooks show looks of horror, unconsciously stepping back a bit.

The feeling Lynn gave them was like chopping off enemy heads on the battlefield!

[Cooking Experience +1]

[Cooking Experience +1]

[Cooking Experience +1]

...

Bit by bit, the experience increased.

Once the ratio of radish to pork ribs reached a suitable level,

Lynn grasped the Iron Pot's ears with both hands, lifting it onto the stove.

Then, Lynn went to the water supply area, bringing back two large buckets of well water, pouring it in two trips.

Confirming there was enough well water in the Iron Pot, Lynn covered it with a lid, letting the Anthracite burning below the stove simmer and cook.

Without stopping, Lynn continued to the chopping area, resuming chopping radish and pork ribs.

It's important to realize, they were now preparing the town townsmen's dinner.

When night falls, the townsmen working outside would return to the town, come to the canteen, and begin enjoying their dinner.

Naturally, several pots of food were needed to meet the demand of nearly three to four thousand diners.

Besides Lynn, there were at least thirty to forty cooks and fifty to sixty helper chefs in the entire kitchen, cooking simultaneously.

Until an hour passed.

Several large pots of pork rib radish soup were finished cooking.

Lynn reached out to uncover one of the round lids.

Instantly, a surge of steam carrying rich aromas of meat and radish rushed to the ceiling, spreading across the roof.

Other cooks who caught a whiff of this fragrance turned their heads to look with eyes filled with admiration.

Lynn picked up an iron ladle, scooping half a ladle of fine salt and a bit of seasoning, placing it in.

With the continued boiling of the broth in the Iron Pot, the seasoning melded in, intensifying the aroma.

Lynn made a move, using the iron ladle to pour into two bowls, looking at Red in the distance, "Want to try?"

Red hesitated for two seconds, "Sure, Lord."

Coming to the stove, Red picked up one of the bowls, gently tasting it.

The scorching heat instantly hit, but the next second, Red's eyes suddenly brightened.

"Lord, it's a very good taste."

Lynn raised an eyebrow, "Of course!"

Chapter 422: Are You Playing Games with Me? (3)

The surrounding chefs asked about the aroma and watched Lynn and Red drinking the soup. Their mouths watered uncontrollably, and they couldn't help but swallow.

After finishing the soup in the pottery bowl, they noticed the increasing number of townsmen gradually returning to the cafeteria.

Under the watchful eyes of the chefs and townsmen, Lynn led Red away from the cafeteria.

Just as Lynn had guessed.

Outside the cafeteria, the sky was already gradually darkening.

More and more townsmen returning from their labor walked on the lime road, forming a long line heading back to the town.

Despite the temperature being very low, minus two degrees.

It couldn't stop their desire to return to the town for a meal and to rest at home.

After watching for a moment.

Lynn started walking towards the distant castle.

While walking, Lynn spoke, "Red, do you feel fortunate now that I didn't let you leave back then?"

Red hesitated for a few seconds and said, "I have felt fortunate. Kuisi has mentioned this topic to me no less than ten times."

"She said that if it weren't for your kind heart letting me heal here, staying on your territory."

"Perhaps I would have died at the hands of bandits or been exploited by other lords already..."

"Master, I can survive in the forest, in the mountains."

"But Kuisi..."

Listening to Red's outpouring of grievances, Lynn didn't mind at all.

On the contrary, once Kuisi was mentioned, Red began to speak more.

Kuisi is his younger sister, naturally the person closest to him.

Lynn responded, "Mm, stay here in the future!"

Red looked straight at Lynn and replied firmly, "Yes, Master!"

Crossing the red brick ground, Lynn returned to the castle.

As usual, Kuisi had already prepared dinner.

After dinner, Lynn once again sat in the study illuminated by candlelight.

Now, the designs for the Wolf Fang Club and Winch were completed and annotated.

He still needed to draw the design for the Semen Knife Car and needed to use the most straightforward language for annotations and explanations.

Otherwise.

Even if Colin could read, he wouldn't understand some specialized jargon.

...

Below the city wall.

A squad of soldiers exchanging meals began swapping positions.

Despite the previous snowy weather, layers of snow pressed down on them, making them shiver.

Their task of guarding the city wall never stopped.

Let alone now, when it was just a cold wind blowing.

After dinner, Earl stepped onto the tower stairs, but a shout came from behind him.

"Earl."

Seemingly deep in thought, Earl didn't notice at all.

He continued walking, and the next second, the shout grew louder and reached his ears.

"Earl, Mendes!"

Earl was startled and came back to his senses instantly.

He turned to look behind, where Rose was standing, looking at him.

Earl dared not delay any longer, and quickly retreated down the stairs, jogging towards Rose.

Earl bowed, saying, "Instructor Ross!"

Rose stared straight at Earl and asked, "What happened? You're not required to guard the night today."

Earl hesitated for two seconds before explaining, "Instructor Ross, when I returned to town today to report information about the spies to the Lord..."

"I inadvertently contradicted Master Lynn..."

Rose furrowed his brows, "Explain more clearly."

Earl continued, "Instructor Ross, Jeremy was the first person I met after coming to the territory."

"He's a good person with a wife and son...even before I became a soldier, he invited me to his Red Brick House as a guest."

"Besides the food given to me by the Lord, he was the one who brightened my days the most."

"But now, Jeremy has been taken back to his territory by Aiden..."

"Although it's very likely he was killed like other spies, the spies sent out again have not gathered any information on him..."

"His fate remains uncertain."

Rose acknowledged with a sound, "Continue."

Earl proceeded, "So... I subconsciously asked the Lord, are we really doing nothing?"

"The Lord said he doesn't like to repeat himself."

"Instructor Ross, I've probably disappointed the Lord, let him down..."

Knowing that a few days later, the Lord publicly praised and conferred honors upon him in front of many townsmen.

Rose stared at him, frowning, "Why didn't you mention this when you reported to me this morning?"

Earl lowered his head, "I thought... it wasn't important."

Rose replied powerfully, "It is important!"

Hearing this, Earl's body trembled sharply, not daring to utter a word.

Rose continued, "According to the return message from the spies who gathered information, Jeremy indeed has a chance of survival!"

"However, after being caught by the enemy, even if he's still alive, he must die immediately under the conditions that allow it!"

Earl immediately raised his head, his eyes full of disbelief.

"Why? Instructor?"

Rose said solemnly, "Being captured by the enemy means facing torture, a life of utter misery."

"Until finally, forced to divulge the information the enemy wishes to hear."

"For him, it might be the only way to stay alive, but for the territory, for the Lord, and even for his family, it's betrayal!"

Earl remained silent.

Rose continued, "Moreover, the information within Aiden's territory remains unknown."

Chapter 423: Are You Playing With Me? _4

"A master who is always cautious, how could he possibly let his soldiers step into unknown dangers?"

"What if what's waiting are thousands of fully armed enemy troops, encircling them tightly?"

"By then, it won't just be Jeremy's small squad that dies."

"It could be hundreds, thousands of people!"

"What about the families of these soldiers?"

Earl Mendes fell silent.

It was only now that he realized how naive his previous thoughts were.

Rose continued speaking, "Once Jeremy and the others agreed to become infiltrating spies, they already knew their outcome."

"Collect valuable intelligence outside the territory and bring it back to inform the master."

"Even if it means dying outside the territory in the end."

"This is their duty!"

"Only in this way can this territory, their families, and comrades like us have a better chance of survival."

Upon hearing this.

Earl's body was uncontrollably trembling.

He bowed his head, dared not meet Rose's gaze, feeling even more guilty in his heart.

He had hidden part of the conversation with the Lord from Rose.

He even questioned Master Lynn's inaction as the lord.

Rose seemed to notice Earl's thoughts, reaching out his right hand to pat Earl's shoulder.

It was firm and strong.

"Rest assured, if you had angered the master, you would already be buried now."

"The fact that you're alive means the master doesn't care."

Earl raised his head, looking at Rose, "Is that really so?"

Rose nodded, "Of course."

"However, just because the master chose not to punish you, doesn't mean I won't."

Rose's tone suddenly became serious, and he shouted, "Deputy instructor Earl Mendes, for concealing the lord's conversation, as a first offense, you are sentenced to run five kilometers with full armor!"

"Any objections?"

Earl immediately stood up straight, responding loudly, "No!"

As Earl's words fell, Rose watched Earl's back as he ran towards the forest behind.

Rose shook his head somewhat helplessly.

He naturally understood, this was because Master Lynn saw the exceptional qualities in Earl and appointed him as deputy.

On one hand, it was to assist in managing so many soldiers, on the other, to train Earl.

Only sixteen, Earl had an extremely strong physique and physical attributes.

While other soldiers wearing full standard plate armor could only walk.

After adapting, Earl was able to run and jump!

Understand that, full plate armor, plus a five-meter long winged spear, weighed nearly sixty pounds!

It could only be said that Earl had some kind of extraordinary talent.

Perhaps it was because the master noticed Earl's exceptional talent, he decided to utilize and train him.

However, Earl's thinking was too rigid and inflexible.

If one had to describe Earl's character and thinking...

Reckless fool!

That's the only feeling Rose had.

Perhaps Earl could become a vanguard charging into battle.

...

Under the night.

In a three-story mansion, the light from oil lamps and candles shone through the gaps in the windows onto the ground outside.

The double doors of a room on the third floor opened, and Aiden with his bulky body walked out of the room.

Ackman glanced greedily at the intertwined, snow-white bodies of the twins.

But noticed that the twins gave him a playful and eerie smile.

Not only that, the twins began to slowly reveal their bodies...

Ackman panicked, withdrew his gaze, and quickly followed them out.

Passing through the second floor to the first floor, he walked towards the dungeon under the fearful gazes of followers and maids.

Upon opening the wooden doors, a damp and corrosive stench immediately hit them.

Ackman couldn't help but frown.

He quickly handed a piece of linen cloth to Aiden ahead, softly calling, "Master?"

Aiden merely glanced at him, and after the two followers lit torches, directly walked in.

Ackman saw this, hurriedly put away the linen cloth in front of his face, and followed in.

In the dim, humid light of the torches, one could clearly see tremendously fat rats scattering in a panic upon hearing noises.

The excessively wet and slippery ground was not stained by ordinary colors but was dyed a dark reddish-brown by blood...

After passing a few empty cells, Aiden and his entourage stood in front of a cell door.

Because of the barred structure of the cell, even though the door wasn't open, one could see through the gaps the emaciated man slumped inside.

The cell wasn't large, only about a meter high and a meter wide.

To call it a cell, it was more aptly described as a dog cage.

The gaunt, sunken face was filled with vacant eyes, and the lips, long deprived of water, were wrinkled and cracked.

The low temperature in the dungeon had his near-dehydrated body uncontrollably trembling.

When a follower held a torch up to the cell, the man, accustomed to the dark dungeon, quickly closed his eyelids.

He wanted to raise his hand to shield himself but was too weak to do so.

Aiden lifted his right foot and kicked the cell door hard, causing the cage to shake continuously.

It emitted a series of clattering collision sounds.

Chapter 423: Are You Playing With Me? _4

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Chapter 425: Are You Playing With Me? _6

So that's how it is!

Aiden was sure in his heart that this was definitely a genuine response.

It was absolutely not something Jeremy made up randomly.

Not to mention whether the number of fully armed soldiers behind the walls was accurate.

At least, the whereabouts of the Iron Blood Brotherhood Bandit Corps and the Storm Mercenary Corps were confirmed.

Watching Jeremy slowly walk in the woodshed, Aiden began to ponder in his mind.

It seemed that Jeremy indeed knew some intelligence information about the territory.

To quickly grasp more information, he had to carefully think it over before asking again.

Aiden looked at Jeremy and asked, "What do you mean by fully armed soldiers?"

Jeremy stretched his body slightly and said calmly, "Fully equipped with standard plate armor, holding a five-meter-long winged spear, riding a Badan warhorse!"

Upon hearing this.

Aiden's mouth opened slightly, involuntarily taking a sharp breath.

Before Aiden could speak, Ackman standing beside him impatiently said, "Utter nonsense."

"Four thousand eight hundred men wearing standard plate armor and riding Badan warhorses?"

"Do you know how much iron that requires and how much the horses consume daily?"

Aiden gave Ackman an approving look.

This was the first time he heard such a sensible response from Ackman.

Jeremy walked a few more steps, without answering at all.

Aiden questioned Jeremy, "Why don't you answer?"

Jeremy raised an eyebrow and said, "Second answer, I don't know."

Upon hearing Jeremy's words.

Both Aiden and Ackman were stunned.

Not know?

The second answer is not knowing?

Aiden suddenly stood up, "Are you toying with me?"

Jeremy's face showed no trace of mockery, and he seriously said, "Master, since I agreed with you, I want to survive."

"Then of course I will tell you the intelligence information I know."

"Knowing is knowing, not knowing is not knowing, it's that simple!"

Upon hearing this, Aiden's face slightly darkened.

He felt that what Jeremy said seemed to have some truth to it?

Aiden glared angrily at Ackman, who quickly lowered his head.

Sitting on the chair, Aiden's mind quickly pondered.

A few seconds later, he continued to ask, "What is the name of the owner of that territory?"

Jeremy raised his eyebrow, without hesitation, and blurted out, "Lynn!"

Just as Aiden was about to ask about Lynn, he noticed Jeremy suddenly stride towards him.

The speed was so fast, the steps so steady, the expression so determined.

Where was the look of someone about to die earlier?

Seeing Jeremy just a few steps away from rushing in front of him, Aiden hurriedly shouted, "Guard, guard!"

Just as Aiden's shout fell, a figure stepped out, blocking in front of him.

At the same time, a scimitar swiftly swept from beside him, stabbing towards the oncoming Jeremy.

Swish~

A flash of cold silver light penetrated Jeremy's chest, piercing him.

The bloodstained tip of the scimitar protruded from Jeremy's abdomen.

Ackman had no hesitation, lifting his right foot to kick Jeremy.

Under this force, the scimitar inside Jeremy was pulled out directly.

He powerlessly fell backwards, heavily hitting the ground, instantly losing all signs of life...

Ackman couldn't help but curse, "Useless, knew you were not good, was wary of you."

Ackman's words seemed to complain about Aiden's previous glaring.

He moved away, sheathed the scimitar, and said to Aiden, "Master, it's okay now."

Aiden's bloated chest heaved rapidly, his breath huffing heavily.

A few seconds later.

Aiden stood up from the chair, walked a few steps, and came to Jeremy's corpse, seriously scrutinizing him.

Streams of blood flowed from Jeremy's chest and back, slowly spreading on the woodshed floor.

In his hand, he held a sharp wooden stick the size of a pinky!

Being pierced through the neck's major artery by the sharp stick would surely result in death!

His wide-open eyes were filled with colors of resentment and disappointment.

Aiden could sense that the look in Jeremy's eyes wasn't resentment towards dying.

It was disappointment and dissatisfaction from failing to kill him!

Aiden's heart was filled with gloom.

Jeremy was just a ordinary soldier, or a spy at most.

Yet he managed to cleverly escape captivity and still fought to death attempting to assassinate him.

What interested Aiden was, what kind of Lord could make an ordinary person like Jeremy...

Be fearless of death!

Withdrawing his gaze, Ed strode out of the woodshed.

"Take him to the kennel and feed him to the Greyhounds, don't waste it."

Ackman quickly replied, "Yes, Master."

Speaking, Ackman glanced at several followers.

The followers knowingly bent to signal.

Walking down the corridor.

Aiden's mind was rapidly chewing over Jeremy's few answers.

His footsteps suddenly halted, anger inexplicably rising within him.

Aiden realized that Jeremy's answers held practically no value for him!

The eradication or survival of the Iron Blood Brotherhood Bandit Corps didn't affect his plans at all.

Fully armed soldiers behind the territory walls...half-truths.

With too little information, he couldn't judge accurately.

The only somewhat valuable piece was the name of the Lord behind the walls—Lynn.

To determine who the Lord really was from this name, he could only go to Bordeaux City's Marquis's Castle.

To inquire Donovan Ducas!

When he first went to that woodland, the Lord he saw already had territorial documents.

This means that Donovan Ducas must have knighted that territory!

Aiden kept repeating Jeremy's words, "Lynn... Lynn..."

But soon, Aiden felt something amiss.

If Jeremy agreed to cooperate merely to lull him into complacency, to assassinate him.

Then the name 'Lynn' could very likely be false!

Meaning he endured the stench to visit the dungeon, even provided food for Jeremy.

In the end, only the extermination of the Iron Blood Brotherhood Bandit Corps seemed true?

Thinking about this.

Aiden's heart was inexplicably filled with anger.

He suddenly turned to look behind, where Ackman had a cheerful face.

He was already fantasizing about how Master Aiden would reward his protective deeds.

Aiden couldn't help but scold, "Useless, I asked you to protect me, not to kill him!"

"Now no vital information was extracted!"

Looking at Aiden's twisted face and insults, Ackman was astonished.

But he still dared not show any disrespect towards Aiden.

Only after Aiden returned to the third floor and locked the door did Ackman go to the second floor, entering Lady Justine's room.

Soon.

Sounds of suppressed moans and bodies colliding echoed...

Chapter 426: Heroes Must Be Remembered

Time was moving fast.

In the blink of an eye, the Karedi Empire had already reached mid-February.

After breakfast, Lynn walked through the town inspecting it.

Although it was still early, the townsmen had already left the town and gone to their respective jobs to work.

Seven days passed, and most of the thick snow on the ground had already melted.

Only a thin layer remained, revealing the ground or soil beneath.

In just a few more days, this snow would completely melt away.

When the temperature warms up, the coming of spring will be upon us.

Still wearing a thick wool robe, Lynn arrived at the open square in front of the town.

Seeing Jode and the group standing by the statue, he stepped forward.

Before he could get closer, Jode also saw him.

Jode quickly greeted him, and upon reaching Lynn, he respectfully said, "Master, it's good you're here, there's something I'd like to report to you."

Lynn did not stop his steps, "What is it?"

Walking beside Lynn and Red, Jode quickly explained, "Master, the Lord Statue has been completed, please come and inspect it."

Lynn acknowledged and approached the statue, about ten meters high.

On the ground, there was a granite platform, eight meters wide, six meters long, and three meters high, steady and firm.

It could serve as a fixed platform for the Lord Statue above or be used to engrave the names of the fallen soldiers.

On the platform was a finely carved and lifelike equestrian stone sculpture.

The body of the sculpted horse was full of linear tendons, raising its hooves as if stepping forward, its tail mane lifted and parallel to the ground.

On its thick and powerful neck, the mane seemed to wave lifelike, and its large eyes were filled with intelligence.

Above the horse was a tall figure clad in black scale armor with a chain liner.

The armor bore starry embellishments and streamlined patterns.

A helmet was worn on the head, with the faceplate tilted upward, revealing a firm and handsome face.

Behind him, the cloak seemed to lift as if truly running, parallel to the ground.

Lynn felt that the statue bore at least a ninety-five percent resemblance to him.

After a moment of careful observation, Lynn approvingly said, "The carving is very well done."

"The wooden scaffolding can be dismantled."

Hearing Lynn's approval, Jode felt inexplicably relieved inside.

Not only him, but a smile also appeared on the faces of the hundred sculpting apprentices not far away.

After all, this was carved with their efforts amid wind and snow, enduring the cold, hammer by chisel.

Of course, if Lord Lynn was dissatisfied, they would continue to modify it.

Jode bowed and said, "Yes, Master, I will now arrange for personnel to dismantle and clean it."

Lynn gave a response.

Seeing Master Lynn silent, Jode quickly stepped towards the sculpting apprentices not far away.

Arranging the dismantling in an orderly manner.

Lynn's gaze shifted, scanning the surroundings.

The statue's location was at the very edge of the town's open square.

The direction of the galloping warhorse was towards the distant mountain forest pass, directly facing the city wall's direction.

This both displayed the statue's intended purpose and welcomed and bade farewell to all townsmen and visitors coming and going...

Clearly, it was the result of Jode's thoughtful consideration and design.

Watching the wooden scaffolding next to the statue being completely dismantled and starting to be cleaned up.

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

[Would you like to attach the ability of the Lord Statue to the stone sculpture?]

Lynn silently thought, "Yes!"

[Attachment successful.]

With the reappearance of the text panel, Lynn looked at the Lord Statue once more.

Compared to before, the outline of the Lord Statue hadn't changed at all.

But now, Lynn felt a more apparent sense of realism, authority, and solemnity from the Lord Statue!

Lynn's mind recalled the abilities of the [Lord Statue].

Enhancing the lord's authority, keeping townspeople respectful and reducing conflicts within the territory.

It indeed had excellent effects.

And it wasn't just Lynn.

The group of apprentices cleaning seemed to feel something too.

They looked up at the stone sculpture, feeling a sense of complexity in their hearts.

That feeling was as if the Lord was truly riding on the warhorse, observing them from the side.

After finishing arrangements, Jode returned to Lynn's side once more.

Bending slightly, he asked somewhat puzzled, "Master, what's the work plan for the Woodworker Workshop afterward..."

Lynn glanced at him and said, "First go to the Handicraft Workshop District to construct a carving workshop, for making carving tools and storing some materials."

"You can choose the location yourself."

"Then help expand two workshops for the Weaving Workshop. What kind of format the workshops need, you can ask Yimini and Rachel."

"Afterward, you can, according to your ideas, carve various patterns and murals in the town."

The current town is still too monotonous.

Red Brick House residential areas, Red Brick House Workshop District, Red Brick House Castle, even the ground is paved with Red Brick...

There needs to be all kinds of cultural arts to embellish it.

Even if it doesn't have too much artistic style or carry significant connotations.

Listening to Lynn's calm words, Jode's heart was full of gratitude, and he quickly bowed ninety degrees, "Thank you, Master, for your trust."

Lynn acknowledged with a hum, then stepped away from the open square.

Chapter 427: Heroes Must Be Remembered _2

Arriving at the Handicraft Workshop District.

Lynn went straight to the Textile Workshop.

In the Textile Workshop, the textile workers were diligently engaged in embroidery work.

Despite continuous learning and repeated embroidery during this period, their techniques had started to become faster.

Rachel stepped forward, arriving in front of Lynn, explaining respectfully: "Master."

"Foreman Yimini is arranging matters in the back, I'll go call her now."

Lynn said: "No need, let her keep busy."

Yimini nodded.

Lynn asked: "According to the current work efficiency, how many sets of Composite Armor can be produced in a day?"

Without any hesitation, Rachel responded: "Master, eight sets!"

"Currently, there are fifty sets of Composite Armor in the finished products storage area."

Lynn nodded slightly.

From the initial five or six sets to the current eight sets, although production hasn't increased significantly, it is indeed speeding up.

The most crucial point is that the process of embroidering Armor Plates consumes a lot of manpower and time.

Lynn acknowledged and stared directly at Rachel.

"Starting today, the Textile Workshop must produce ten sets of Composite Armor every day before they can finish work and go to the canteen for meals."

Rachel's mouth slightly opened, before she could speak.

Lynn continued: "This is not a request, it's an order!"

"Only with more Composite Armor can we ensure the soldiers survive on the battlefield."

The snow melts, indicating spring is imminent.

The arrival of spring also means Lynn's previously devised external invasion and plunder plan has to be put on the agenda.

As for the target, naturally, it's Aiden Morrison, who's been coveting his territory for a long time!

Therefore.

He needs more Armor to fully arm the soldiers and Guards on his territory.

With the least loss, eliminate Aiden, and bring back all the Peasants and grain from his territory!

Rachel felt the seriousness and awe in Master Lynn's words.

She responded: "Yes, Master."

Lynn replied: "Go on, keep busy."

Dismissing Rachel, Lynn took a round in the Textile Workshop.

Amidst the astonished gazes of the surrounding female workers, he sat down at a workstation.

With a move of his hand, he picked up several polished and trimmed Armor Plates on the table and began to embroider them using hemp ropes.

At first.

Lynn's technique was stiff, and it was obvious that he did not know how to embroider.

Whether it was the posture of holding the Armor Plate or the gestures of threading the hemp rope, everything seemed oddly awkward.

But as time slowly passed.

Under the secretive gazes of the embroidering workers sitting beside Lynn, a look of curiosity appeared.

In just over ten minutes.

Their Master Lynn's technique became skilled.

Whether it was the gesture of holding the Armor Plate to avoid being scratched or the precision of threading the hemp rope, there were noticeable improvements.

Until another half an hour passed.

These embroidering workers noticed that their Master Lynn's embroidery speed and skill level had clearly matched theirs.

It should be known, they had been learning and getting hands-on with embroidery since Rachel arrived at the Textile Workshop, nearly half a month in time.

Their Master Lynn... did not ask anyone, nor did he even glance at their embroidery techniques; he just focused on embroidering on his own.

Compared to the embroidering workers, Rachel, who silently watched this scene from behind, was even more shocked.

To Rachel, who knew embroidery techniques, embroidering Armor Plates wasn't complicated.

But Master Lynn's learning speed... suggesting it can be described as terrifying!

Just as Rachel's heart was shaking, Yimini entered through the wooden door from behind, coming to her side.

Yimini was about to speak but noticed Rachel's gaze fixed straight ahead.

Confused, Yimini looked over.

Seeing Master Lynn embroidering Armor Plates faster and more skillfully, Yimini instantly understood.

When Master Lynn had finished embroidering a piece of Padded Armor Shoulder Guards and placed it aside.

Rachel finally came back to her senses, and she couldn't help but sigh.

Following the sigh, Yimini's voice sounded from beside her: "What's the matter? Feeling powerless?"

Rachel quickly turned her head to see it was Yimini, her face slightly relaxed.

When Lynn asked her questions before and Yimini actively looked at her and prompted her to explain.

Rachel's affection for Yimini greatly increased.

Though Yimini's understanding of embroidery couldn't compare to hers, this was a fact.

Yet, as a foreman, Yimini could completely prevent her from having the chance to perform in front of the Lord.

From that moment, Rachel understood that Yimini was an incredibly kind person.

The relationship between the two also became closer.

Rachel teased Yimini, saying: "What's this about feeling powerless?"

"I'm merely admiring Master Lynn's ability to learn..."

Yimini snorted, her tone a sigh, and said: "Master's learning and hands-on Ability are indeed formidable."

"Even the Spinning Wheel in the workshop was made by Master Lynn himself."

"I think it's called... Saxon Spinning Wheel!"

Rachel's eyes widened slightly as she turned her gaze towards the tool storage area at the back.

A few days ago, she had already seen that refined and complex standardized Spinning Wheel.

Her current work is embroidering Armor Plates, but she was previously a textile worker as well.

She had never seen such a Spinning Wheel, nor did she think it was made by Master Lynn!

Chapter 428: Heroes Must Be Remembered _3

Rachel suddenly thought of the command Lynn had given her, and she quickly explained it to Yimini.

A short while later.

Yimini nodded solemnly and said, "Since it's the Lord's command, we must work tirelessly to fulfill it!"

She had already experienced such commands before, like when crafting rough wool robes.

Rachel similarly nodded.

Both of them joined in the work of stitching armor plates.

Time passed quickly.

In the blink of an eye, it was afternoon, and Lynn stood up from the long bench.

On the table before him was only a pair of semi-finished padded armor shoulder guards.

They still needed leather lining to be cut and integrated with the complete set of composite armor.

Producing on a large scale certainly posed some difficulty.

However.

Even if it was difficult, Lynn was determined to continue.

Composite armor far surpassed standard plate armor both in hardness and performance.

If necessary, he would invest more manpower into the stitching and production.

He temporarily set aside his thoughts.

Under Yimini and Rachel's watchful gazes, Lynn, accompanied by Red, headed towards the blacksmith workshop.

After several days of continuous construction in the blacksmith workshop.

Two new workshops were already expanded; once the two iron smelting furnaces were completed, and more manpower was invested.

More iron blocks could be smelted, and more Zha Armor plates could be forged.

Afterwards, Lynn went to Flint's separate blacksmith workshop.

Compared to the bustling activity in the four workshops of Ehrelo, Flint's workshop was much quieter.

Now, he was still in the process of instructing apprentices.

Beginning with forging techniques and then explaining the key points of forging scale armor with chain liners.

Up to now, Flint walked around the workshop, overseeing his apprentices as they began forging components...

Months passed, and the two hundred apprentices were still in the midst of studying forging techniques.

Even though the entire artisanal workshop required a large workforce.

Lynn never considered reassigning Flint's blacksmith apprentices to other work.

Flint Fire Furnace!

A Level 4 [Forging] skilled and talent-endowed dwarf blacksmith.

He was even recognized as a 'Master Blacksmith' by textual panel information!

Lynn naturally would not waste Flint's talent and abilities.

As long as these two hundred blacksmith apprentices continued to follow Flint in learning forging techniques.

If one hundred of the two hundred blacksmiths... no, even if fifty could advance their [Forging] skills to Level 3.

Then his domain would never lack blacksmiths capable of leading apprentices.

If these blacksmiths could learn to forge [Fine] grade scale armor with chain liners.

It would be a huge profit!

Under Lynn's watchful gaze, Flint, who was inspecting the apprentices, noticed Lynn.

However, he merely glanced and then withdrew his gaze.

Lynn was slightly surprised.

Flint actually ignored him?

After a brief moment of thought, Lynn quickly realized the problem.

It must be due to the warning he had given Flint last time.

Causing Flint now to harbor resentment towards him.

Lynn looked at a guard behind him and said, "Go to Lex's brewing workshop and bring a jar of gin."

The guard, without any hesitation, turned and headed towards the distant brewing workshop.

In just a few minutes.

The guard, holding a pottery jar, cautiously came to Lynn's side.

"Deliver it to Flint."

The guard responded affirmatively and walked into the blacksmith workshop.

Before walking in a few meters, Flint, who had been noting the commotion outside the workshop, quickly spotted the guard carrying the pottery jar.

His broad nose twitched slightly, and he instantly detected the scent of gin amidst the burning anthracite smells.

Flint's eyes lit up, and he approached the incoming guard without hesitation.

Due to his short legs, Flint even quickened his pace and started running.

Amidst the surprised gazes of the surrounding blacksmith apprentices, he arrived beside the guard.

Flint inquired, "Young lad, is this the gin from the brewing workshop?"

The guard lowered his stature, handing the pottery jar to Flint, and explained, "Yes, Master Flint, this was sent to you by the lord."

Flint's thick black eyebrows instantly raised.

He leaned sideways, looking past the guard's body towards the door of the blacksmith workshop.

The spot where Lynn and Red had been standing was already empty.

Flint reached out to take the pottery jar and asked the guard, "Did the Lord say anything else? Think carefully."

After a few seconds of thought, the guard replied firmly, "Besides sending you the gin, the Lord said nothing else."

After confirming nothing else was said, Flint dismissed the guard.

He himself, however, began pondering.

Previously, the lord had cautioned him to control his drinking and even warned him.

Now, delivering a jar of gin voluntarily?

What does this mean?

In the next second.

Flint decided to dismiss the thoughts altogether.

Indifferently, he said, "Whatever, as long as I teach these two hundred blacksmiths for the Lord, and they can forge high-quality armor and weapons."

"I don't believe he would throw an old man like me into the dungeon!"

...

After surveying the entire artisanal workshop, Lynn finally walked out.

The entire artisanal workshop, whether the blacksmith workshop, textile workshop, pottery workshop, or even the fishery and miscellaneous workshops.

Chapter 429: Heroes Must Be Remembered _4

A large population is needed to fill the labor shortage in each workshop.

But now.

It is still winter, and there is at least half a month until the beginning of spring at the end of February or early March.

Moreover, even after spring arrives, and the ice and snow melt.

Grayson will take the merchant ship to the Portlands Empire and return to the Karedi Empire, arriving at Fisherman's Wharf in Kakasong City, and then transport to his territory.

That is to say.

Without any surprises, if he wants to increase his labor force again.

It will take at least a month.

It's truly too long!

This snow and ice accumulation will inevitably lead to a sharp reduction in grain yield during the autumn harvest across the Karedi Empire and even neighboring empires.

It's highly likely to cause a rebellion war due to food scarcity.

Rather than waiting for starvation and death, everyone's actions will become extreme.

Even Lynn feels that the brewing imperial power struggle will be ignited due to this food rebellion war!

For ordinary people, they don't care who becomes the Emperor of the Empire.

What they care about is which Emperor of the Empire can let them eat and have enough to eat!

Therefore.

He must build enough armed forces before the imperial power struggle.

Whether for self-preservation during later turbulent times.

Or to declare war on the Ducas Clan!

As the sky gradually darkens, Lynn strides toward the castle.

Once he returns to the castle, he sits in his familiar armchair by the fireplace, and two urgent horse hoof beats sound on the red brick ground outside the castle.

Now, the ice and snow have mostly melted, and riding is no longer affected.

Not only that.

The wooden rail from the outdoor coal mine to the town has been cleared and has entered into transportation.

The barges on the Aladia River have also started transporting iron ore.

With the river's flow rate and width, a few days' snow is not enough to affect it.

However.

Due to the cold weather, even with the transport began, the efficiency is not high.

A few minutes later.

A guard enters the hall to report to Lynn.

"Master, Earl's deputy brought someone to see you."

Lynn, holding a stone mill grinding herbs, responds, "Let him come up."

"From now on, anyone with a position doesn't need to be reported, just let them come directly."

The guard responds and quickly retreats.

In the sound of several steps, Earl leads a man into the hall.

They stop five or six meters before Lynn.

Earl bends slightly, respectfully instructing, "Master, the spy who went out to gather intelligence has returned, and has important information to report to you."

Lynn turns his gaze to the middle-aged man beside Earl.

[Name]: Morry Burke

[Age]: 34 years

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

[Seven Skills of the Knight]: Swordsmanship Level 1, Hunting Level 1, Horsemanship Level 1

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

[Talent]: None

[Skills]: None

...

Looking at the middle-aged man's information panel, there's nothing unusual.

Feeling Lynn and Earl's gaze fall on him.

Morry quickly bends, speaking respectfully, "Master Lynn."

"I am Morry Burke, a spy from the second group sent to Morgan Town..."

Lynn nods slightly, "Tell me, what intelligence have you gathered?"

Morry doesn't hesitate, continuing.

"Master, after days of continuous investigation, we have discovered the missing Jeremy..."

"He was captured by Aiden Morrison, and imprisoned in the manor for several days, tortured with starvation and thirst."

"On the last day, Jeremy compromised, and Aiden prepared food and water for him, promising him two maids if he cooperated with Aiden..."

"Jeremy agreed, and they established a condition to answer five questions every day..."

Lynn remains silent, quietly listening.

Morry continues, "Jeremy ate and drank, but this was merely his deception towards Aiden..."

"When answering the third question, Jeremy rushed at Aiden, attempting to kill him, but ultimately failed."

"Jeremy was killed and fed to the greyhounds in Aiden Manor..."

Lynn's expression is solemn.

Earl's fists are clenched tightly, making a cracking sound.

A few seconds later, Lynn asks, "Is this information true?"

Morry's words are firm, "Master, this intelligence is all true, gathered from one of Aiden's followers."

"Moreover, Morrison Manor is recruiting followers, and we already have two members infiltrated!"

Lynn nods, saying, "Very good. From now on, your task is to gather any information related to Aiden Morrison while ensuring safety."

"Whether it's whom he meets or who meets him, the guards and followers he sends out..."

"The number of armed soldiers, slaves, horses in Morrison Manor, and so on!"

"I need to know everything about Morrison Manor."

Morry bows quickly, loudly responding, "Yes! Master!"

Lynn says, "You may leave now."

Morry dares not linger, and withdraws promptly.

Chapter 430: Heroes Must Be Remembered _5

Lynn's gaze turned to Earl, and he spoke, "This time, are you still going to ask me why I'm doing nothing?"

At this moment, Earl was still echoing Mori's words.

Upon hearing Lynn's voice, he loosened his clenched fists, bent down, and respectfully said, "Master, Earl dares not, last time I was too reckless, please punish me, master."

Lynn looked at Earl with surprise.

He naturally could think of the unusual relationship between Jeremy and Earl.

However, compared to the last time when life and death were unknown, now it's settled.

Earl actually managed to control his emotions from anger.

Obviously, after the last time, Rose had been instructing him.

Lynn responded, "Punishment is necessary, but not now!"

"No matter the reason for Jeremy and the others being captured, I will have their names engraved on the granite platform beneath the Lord Statue."

"Their families will be treated well!"

"For the territory, they are heroes, they are warriors!"

"Heroes need to be remembered!"

Listening to Lynn's calm words, Earl's body trembled uncontrollably.

He said gratefully, "Thank you, master."

Lynn replied, "Go down, your current task is to constantly train under Rose's guidance and become stronger!"

"Someday, you will achieve your wishes."

Earl lifted his head, looking firmly at Lynn, and responded loudly, "Yes, master!"

Only then did Earl finally understand Master Lynn's thoughts.

Master Lynn was neither indifferent nor unconcerned.

As a lord, he couldn't act based solely on emotions like Earl could.

Master Lynn needed to consider from all directions, the number of soldiers, the configuration of soldiers' equipment, how to deploy attack strategies...

As a lord, Master Lynn needed to consider the lives of his soldiers!

Watching Earl leave, Lynn retracted his gaze.

His mind was quickly pondering.

The current situation in Aiden Manor is still unknown, he absolutely won't deploy troops rashly!

Even if the current military forces surpass those possessed by Aiden, Lynn still needs to think carefully.

To minimize the loss of the plundering plan!

Moreover.

As a vassal of the Marquis Duca, if Aiden wants to dispatch troops, he must find a suitable opportunity.

Only with a justified cause, can he avoid being criticized and attacked by others.

The fall of a manor, no matter how flawlessly executed, there are no walls completely without leaks in this world.

It's only a matter of time before outsiders learn of it.

Just like in his domain, as long as outsiders come to his territory or its vicinity.

Sooner or later, they will know that this land is rapidly developing.

However, even so, he still needs to buy time, allowing the territory more time to develop and become stronger.

While Lynn was pondering.

Kuisi's reminding voice sounded behind him.

"Master, dinner is ready, you may dine now!"

Lynn responded, stood up from the armchair, walked towards the dining table, and began to dine.

Outside the castle.

The sky had completely darkened.

After dinner.

Lynn rested for a while, then went to the study again.

Sitting at the walnut writing desk, he continued sketching a new siege weapon— the catapult!

The Wolf Fang Club, the winch, and the Semen Knife Car, under Colin's leadership, had already begun production.

Though it was their first time seeing such equipment, and the production was extremely slow, at least they had started making them.

As long as they are given enough time, producing enough siege machinery will not be difficult.

As Lynn continued to sketch the catapult, the night grew deeper.

But the weather was not as bitterly cold and biting as in January.

The temperature was beginning to rise, the onset of spring was not far away!

...

Time quickly passed day by day.

In the blink of an eye, it was the end of February.

The snow on the ground had completely melted, and there was no longer a trace of snowy white.

Having eaten breakfast, Lynn walked on the red brick road of the town.

A warm breeze blew, making Lynn feel inexplicably comfortable.

This was the southern wind!

The Karedi Empire was about to enter the spring season.

Passing by one red brick house after another, Lynn arrived at the open square in the town.

In the square, four or five thousand people stood in neat rows.

They had taken off their coarse wool robes, wearing only their linen robes and trousers.

The temperature, around ten degrees, made them feel inexplicably refreshed and comfortable.

Under the bright and curious gazes of the crowd.

Lynn stepped onto a wooden platform that had been set up.

He swept his eyes over the densely packed townsmen, breathed in fresh air, and called out to the crowd, "Everyone, spring is coming, the time for everything to revive is approaching."

"This land will once again enter a new round of cultivation and planting!"

"Are you... ready?"

As Lynn's words fell.

Initial chaotic responses sounded, gradually, the chaotic responses converged, becoming orderly.

"Ready!"

"Ready!"

"..."

Lynn extended his right hand, and the unified response instantly disappeared.

"But before starting the cultivation, I need you to collect all the weeds covering the wheat seedlings, stack them up, for use in subsequent composting!"