

System 431

Chapter 431: Heroes Must Be Remembered _6

"Because of your diligence, using weeds to cover the wheat seedlings, the survival rate of the seedlings is at least above 95%."

"According to the previous increase in wheat yield, these 55,000 acres of arable land can harvest at least 8 million pounds of barley!"

A group of townsmen listened to the almost astronomical weight of barley coming from Master Lynn's mouth.

They couldn't help but widen their eyes, their eyes filled with shock.

Lynn's mind roughly calculated.

According to the current town population of 7,000, with each person consuming 3 pounds of grain per day, the daily consumption is 21,000 pounds of grain.

As long as this batch of barley is harvested, the 8 million pounds of barley obtained can be enough for the townsmen to eat for a year!

Even with the addition of poultry and livestock consumption on the territory, it can at least last for 300 days!

Moreover, this is only the winter barley that was planted.

With the arrival of spring, it will soon be possible to open up the land for this year's spring cultivation!

Even if a two-field system or three-field system is adopted later, making reasonable use of the land's fertility.

There will still be a continuous output of grain!

By then, there will be no worries about grain on this territory.

The most crucial thing is, he only considered planting barley under the premise.

If there are enough Energy Stones to exchange for the Emperor Potatoes...

With his memory of potato yields of at least 3,000 pounds per acre, 55,000 acres of arable land would be enough to produce over a billion pounds of potatoes!

This quantity can truly be described as terrifying.

However.

Lynn also understood that this was just his current idea.

The Energy Stones obtained from the Milestone and Fishing were all used by him to enhance himself.

He could only wait for his strength to increase before considering exchanging for Emperor Potatoes.

Even if 10,000 Energy Stones are used to exchange for 1,000 pounds of potatoes as seed potatoes.

It would still take more than five months to cultivate potato seedlings and expand the planting scale.

Coupled with the scarcity of Energy Stones, Lynn could only postpone the planting of Emperor Potatoes.

With Lynn's command, nearly 5,000 townsmen majestically walked towards the fields.

Just like before when they needed to cover the weeds, now they needed to retrieve them.

From the snowfall to the weed coverage, to now just entering early spring, it's only been about half a month.

It may seem like a waste of manpower and resources, but just like not caring for farmland and crops.

Then the land will show you what it means to reap nothing.

Farming has always been like this.

A team of townsmen entered the fields.

They bent their bodies and used their hands to gather handfuls of weeds from the ridges, bundling them into clusters.

Then placed them at the side of the lime road, for the responsible townsmen to pick up and transport to the wasteland for composting.

Despite the freezing low temperatures and moisture of the ice and snow.

These weeds could be re-verified for use as compost.

The freezing could kill insect eggs and bacteria in the weeds, and the moisture saves the labor of watering during fermentation.

Watching the busy figures, Lynn's mind began to plan for the upcoming spring plowing plan.

Firstly.

According to the efficiency during autumn plowing, this spring plowing can also clear at least 50,000 acres of farmland.

Due to the limitations of draft oxen and horses in the territory, to clear more land, they will have to wait until after spring when merchants can bring large numbers of draft animals.

Otherwise, limited by plowing tools, relying solely on manpower to clear land cannot achieve a significant increase.

Secondly.

The seeds needed for planting, be it barley or wheat.

All require a significant amount of crop seeds!

Lynn glanced at the Resource Management panel's grain storage, with tens of thousands of pounds of wheat and less than a hundred thousand pounds of barley.

It is simply not enough to meet the seed requirements for 50,000 acres of land.

To fully plant the cleared land, more seeds must be purchased from outside the territory.

Whether it be crop seed for barley, wheat, and oats, or industrial seed like linen fiber.

Even vegetable seeds like onions, peas, and beans.

Even though the land has not yet been cleared, it is natural to prepare in advance, as they say, make hay while the sun shines.

Otherwise, it will waste precious spring plowing and planting time!

As Lynn watched the townsmen working in front, deep in thought.

A sound of galloping horses reached Lynn's ears.

Turning his head, he saw Mori, the leader of the spies infiltrating Morgan Town, coming on horseback.

As he arrived in front of the lime road where Lynn was standing, Mori pulled the reins of his horse, the neighing sound fading as the speed gradually decreased.

A guard quickly stepped forward to hold the horse's reins.

Mori took big steps towards Lynn, bowed respectfully, and addressed him, "Master."

Lynn nodded, "Speak."

With Lynn's permission, Mori did not hesitate and began to explain.

"Master, the armed forces in Morrison Manor have been thoroughly investigated!"

"Because Aiden has recently been recruiting followers, the territory's followers already number over 500 people."

"With those maids, servants, enslaved peasants, and employed Free People, it's a total of at most 3,500 people!"

"However, as time goes on, the number of followers under him may continue to increase..."

Lynn nodded, "Have you discovered anything else?"

Mori hesitated and showed some reluctance.

Lynn directly said, "Just say it."

Mori responded, "Master, before I returned to the territory, I saw Aiden's Chief Attendant Ackman leaving the manor with a few followers."

"He didn't head towards Morgan Town, but left in the direction away from Morgan Town."

Lynn slightly frowned, "Which direction?"

Mori explained, "Because we eventually lost track of Ackman, we don't know the exact location they went to..."

"But, if I'm not wrong, they should have headed in the direction of Wind Hill!"

Before Lynn could inquire further, Mori quickly explained, "Master, Wind Hill is the location of Viscount Chambers' territory."

Mori was about to conclude, but then added, "By the way, Master, we also discovered a scandal involving Aiden's original wife..."

Lynn asked, "Scandal?"

Mori continued, "Every night, Ackman, who is Aiden's Chief Attendant, sneaks into Aiden's wife's room..."

"Although Ackman is very secretive, my members managed to uncover this..."

According to Mori's account.

Morrison Manor has a total of approximately 3,500 people, excluding the few hundred followers.

There are still at least 3,000 peasants, Free People, as well as maids and servants.

This is what Lynn currently needs the most.

Of course.

There are also the crops stored in Aiden's warehouse!

It is now already mid-February.

At most by early March, spring will arrive.

Even with the Boer-established local chamber of commerce, which has dozens of crop merchants.

Both purchasing and transporting would require a lot of time.

Acquiring crop seeds through purchase from merchants is one option.

The second is, plunder!

Invade Aiden Morrison's territory, obliterate his defensive armed forces, and seize all the slaves on his land.

Moreover, before they begin planting, seize all the crop seeds!

Even though Lynn doesn't know how much grain and seeds Aiden's warehouse contains.

But with over 3,000 mouths waiting to be fed on the territory, the stored grain must be considerable.

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Listening to Mori's words, Lynn's eyebrows couldn't help but raise.

Becoming the Chief Attendant and the original wife of the Lord?

It's a rather complicated relationship!

Upon reconsidering, Lynn found it quite logical.

Compared to Lynn's understanding of the fantasy world in his mind, it was nothing at all.

However.

This relationship could be used to advantage.

Once Mori had finished narrating the information he had gathered, Lynn dismissed him.

Lynn began thinking in his mind.

On Aiden Morrison's territory, there are over five hundred followers, and recruitment continues.

Even if Aiden temporarily recruits seven or eight followers, they're no different from ordinary people in terms of physical fitness and mindset.

It wouldn't be excessive to describe them as a disorderly crowd.

Naturally, they can't compare to the soldiers trained by Rose, the former deputy cavalry leader, and Wesley, who knows the complete training system!

These soldiers are fully committed to various training exercises.

Coupled with the sturdiness of standard plate armor, the sharpness and length of the winged spears, and the support of archers at long range.

Even if Aiden recruits a thousand followers, they wouldn't be opponents for the soldiers on Lynn's territory.

With the current weather and temperature, perhaps by the end of February, spring would begin.

At most by early March!

By then, he not only needs to organize the townsmen for large-scale cultivation again.

He also needs to buy and exchange a significant amount of crop seeds.

Even if Boer establishes a merchant guild with dozens of local merchants.

They can go to Morgan Town or other towns to purchase a substantial amount of crop seeds.

But whether for purchase or transportation, it takes a considerable amount of time.

Local merchant acquisition is one way.

Another is plundering!

Invalidate Aiden Morrison's territory, eliminate his armed defensive forces, and take away his free people and peasants!

Then steal the food and seeds stored in his warehouse!

Lynn does not know how many pounds of food Aiden's warehouse holds.

But being able to continue recruiting followers and setting up armed forces.

And besides the followers, there are at least three thousand mouths to feed.

The food storage is naturally not small!

Even if not much, Boer can transport most of the crop seeds, combining the two.

The only consideration is.

What methods and strategies should be used to seize Morrison Manor with minimal soldier casualties!

War entails sacrifices.

This is an immutable law.

While Lynn was pondering, the sky gradually darkened.

He stepped towards the direction returning to the town.

Just before returning to the town, a short and stocky figure approached him from the empty square where the Lord Statue stands.

It was Flint.

Coming in front of Lynn, Flint's face showed a smile, "Lord."

Lynn glanced down at him, asking, "Is there something, Lord Flint?"

Flint did not hesitate, with a touch of gratitude in his words, "Thank you, Lord, for the gin you gave this old man!"

"As a return, this old man is willing to forge a handy two-handed weapon for you!"

"As a Lord, naturally you should have your own two-handed weapon, a one-handed sword is only for decoration and self-defense."

"Do you prefer sword class, axe class, hammer class, or halberd class?"

"As long as the Lord can name it, this old man can easily forge it!"

Whenever it comes to forging, Flint exudes an aura of confidence.

Lynn pondered for a few seconds before speaking, "Greatsword."

"A greatsword weighing at least twenty pounds!"

The one-handed sword Flint forged previously, though of fine quality.

But be it weight or size, it's just too small and delicate for his enhanced self.

As Flint says, it's only for self-defense and decoration.

On the battlefield, a one-handed sword of just several centimeters can't even reach the enemy before being countered by long spears or halberds.

He needs a handy weapon that combines battlefield charge and combat.

A greatsword is most fitting.

It can display the noble identity of the Lord as well as his strength.

An ordinary greatsword is at least ten pounds.

The heavier ones are at least twenty pounds!

For ordinary people, occasionally holding it isn't difficult.

The challenge lies in continuously wielding the twenty-pound greatsword in battle, charging, and engaging the enemy!

Flint carefully sized up Lynn, seemingly determining the dimensions of the greatsword suitable for Lynn.

"Of course, that's possible."

"With your height and physique, Lord, the overall length should be around 1.8 meters, width ten centimeters, how does that sound?"

Lynn responds, "It's fine."

Receiving Lynn's confirmation, Flint's thick eyebrows raised.

"Then it's settled."

"Within a week, I'll have the greatsword delivered to the Lord's hands!"

"I guarantee you'll love it!"

Lynn nodded slightly, changing the subject, he asked Flint, "How are those apprentices you've been teaching progressing?"

"Are they ready to graduate?"

Flint's previously prideful face was instantly filled with a trace of frustration.

He replied somewhat discontentedly, "Just with them, wanting to forge high-quality scale armor with chain liner like this old man?"

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"Don't even think about it without ten or twenty years!"

Lynn couldn't help but furrow his brow.

The progress of those blacksmith apprentices seemed to be much slower than he imagined.

However, Lynn also understood.

Compared to the Dwarf Race, which had a natural talent for forging, humans were indeed inferior.

Flint sighed a bit and said, "It's just me, with the patience. If it were other dwarves, they would've jumped and started hammering people already."

"It's been a few months, and they've only learned a bit of forging from my hand."

"For them to graduate, they must at least forge a whole set of scale armor with chain liner armor that satisfies me!"

"Otherwise, they can obediently follow behind me, getting scolded and eating dust!"

Lynn nodded and said, "Sir Flint, is there a faster way?"

If these apprentices could forge armor of "fine" quality, that would be best.

If not, they at least need to forge "ordinary" level.

Only armor of the best quality can best protect those well-trained fine soldiers, creating a force that always follows through with commands!

Without any hesitation, Flint explained.

"There are never any shortcuts in forging. To improve ability, one can only rely on their persistent effort, hammering one strike at a time!"

"With my presence, I can save them many years of detours."

Lynn nodded, "Then it'll be hard on Master Flint."

After dismissing Flint, Lynn headed towards the castle.

Returning to the castle.

After eating the food cooked by Kuisi, Lynn once again entered the study, continuing to sketch the catapult diagrams.

Under the night sky.

In the Morrison Territory, on the third floor of the residence.

In a luxuriously decorated room.

A series of bodily collisions continued to sound.

Accompanied by unabashed moans of women.

Until half an hour later.

With Aiden's low voice, the room fell silent.

Ackman stood at the door, ears perked, listening to the sounds beyond the wooden door.

His heart couldn't help but race.

Despite the obstruction and concealment of the wooden door, with previous experiences of entering beyond it.

He had already memorized the appearance and contours of those twins.

Bodies well-proportioned without a trace of excess fat, with a visible vest line on their white abdomen.

Curvaceous, but not as plump as Justin, almost thirty-something women.

The key was, these enticing young women were twins!

If he could be fortunate enough to have them, it'd be wonderful.

While Ackman's thoughts wandered wildly.

The follower guarding the door softly reminded, "Chief Attendant, you can knock."

Ackman instantly came to his senses, reached out his right hand, and knocked rhythmically on the wooden door a few times.

"Master, Ackman has something to report to you."

After the words fell, Aiden's somewhat weary voice sounded from behind the door.

"Come in."

Ackman did not hesitate, using both hands to gently push.

The two wooden doors immediately opened inward.

At the moment of opening, a peculiar scent from physical exertion wafted from the room.

Ackman merely furrowed his brow slightly, then relaxed.

Entering the room, Ackman lowered his head, standing three or four meters from the big bed.

He respectfully said, "Master."

Lying on the bed, Aiden had his eyes slightly closed, letting two maids massage him.

He asked in great satisfaction, "What's the matter? Speak."

Though weary, the words carried a sense of contentment.

Hearing this, Ackman slightly straightened his bent posture.

He began explaining, "Master, with continuous recruitment these days, the followers in the territory have reached six hundred!"

"At most half a month's time, it will meet your requirement of having a thousand followers!"

"Additionally, there are only over two hundred free people willing to work on your territory."

Ackman's words had just fallen.

Aiden's unreserved voice immediately rang out.

"Half a month's time? Too slow!"

"I don't care what means you use."

"Within seven days at most, I want to see a thousand clamoring followers standing at the residence's entrance!"

"Otherwise, let someone capable take the position of Chief Attendant."

Ackman frowned tightly and responded, "Yes, Master."

Aiden's somewhat displeased curses sounded, "Get lost, I want to rest!"

Ackman dared not hesitate, retreating towards the room's exit.

At the moment of turning around.

Ackman, nearly uncontrollably, raised his head, eyes landing on Aiden lying on the big bed.

Sure enough.

The two stark naked white bodies, arousing his imagination, entered his gaze.

Retracting his gaze, Ackman exited the room, closing the wooden doors behind him.

Temporarily casting aside the twins' bodies from his mind.

Ackman began to ponder how to recruit more followers and free people.

Though he didn't know why Aiden sought to recruit so many followers.

But for him, wasn't it a good thing too?

The more followers recruited, the more armed soldiers on the territory.

And as Aiden Morrison's Chief Attendant, the more followers he could command, the greater his power.

Yet.

What method should be used to recruit more followers for Aiden?

The followers currently recruited, the vast majority are free people from Morgan Town and a few villages.

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But the total population of Morgan Town is only around three or four thousand people.

Among them, there are various workshops and Free People employed by other manors.

The salary of a follower is no different from that of a craftsman.

The reason hundreds of people can be recruited is that the status of a follower far exceeds that of Ordinary farmers and craftsmen.

Just as Ackman was pondering while walking into the reception hall on the first floor.

A slightly young voice entered his ears.

"Heard some new goods have arrived in the town?"

"New goods? Really?"

"Of course it's true! The lord's territory is not far from Morgan Town, and Morgan Town is just that big!"

"Whether it's true or false, just ask any of the colleagues going in and out of town to find out?"

"That's right!"

"It's a pity we don't know when the master will go to town! Otherwise, I'd definitely go and test the waters!"

"You think you can? Let's not mention your capabilities, but how could the newly arrived goods allow you to try first?"

"Yeah, the goods with good looks would already have been taken by those merchant Manor Lords."

"By the time it's our turn, only the less desirable ones are left."

The young man's voice rang out again.

"Then you just don't understand. The good stuff is naturally taken by those masters and rich men, but for what's left, as long as you're willing to spend money, isn't it easy to obtain?"

"An Ordinary courtesan for one night costs two pence, you give her four pence, and she'll naturally let you explore as you wish!

"She might even actively cooperate with you, letting you spend a comfortable night."

"If you've got the money, you could even arrange for a courtesan you like to serve only you every day, it's entirely possible!"

Listening to the words of the young man, the followers standing guard at the door showed expressions of anticipation and yearning on their faces.

They were originally the most grassroots Ordinary people, and apart from providing for their families, their only hobby with the money they earned was brothels!

Standing at the back, Ackman heard the young man's words and his eyes lit up slightly.

He instantly combined the young man's ideas with recruiting followers.

Spending money on courtesans and spending money to recruit followers, aren't they exactly the same?

As long as you're willing to spend more money on the salary of followers, won't you be able to recruit more followers?

Instead of the original two or three pence per day salary for followers, give four or five pence!

He didn't believe he couldn't recruit more followers.

Besides, Master Aiden just said it himself, regardless of what method he uses.

Spending a fortune on recruitment is naturally one of the methods.

Thinking of this, Ackman's heart eased a bit, and he cast an approving glance at the young man.

Thinking quickly, Ackman walked towards the few doorkeepers standing at the entrance.

The followers, who were quietly chatting to relieve their boredom, immediately shut their mouths upon hearing the footsteps.

Ackman spoke: "You can chat, but don't disturb the rest of the lord and lady in the manor."

"Otherwise, if Master Aiden asks for accountability, I can't protect you."

The followers gratefully said, "Yes, Chief Attendant!"

Ackman's gaze shifted to the young man who had been talking eloquently about the way of the courtesan.

"What's your name?"

The young man hurriedly responded, "Chief Attendant, my name is Gasper Nicholson."

Ackman nodded and continued, "Gasper, from now on, you're my assistant as Chief Attendant Ackman, and you won't need to do door guard duties anymore."

"You just need to follow me every day."

Gasper's eyes widened instantly, and he said in surprise, "Thank you, Chief Attendant!"

His body almost bent to a ninety-degree angle.

The other followers nearby, upon hearing this, were full of envy in their eyes.

Although they worked in shifts guarding the gate.

But a shift was for an entire night, plus the night was still cold.

Nightwatch wasn't easy.

After becoming Ackman, the Chief Attendant's assistant, Gasper no longer needed to do nightwatch.

He could even go to rest in the followers' quarters after Master Aiden and Chief Attendant Ackman took their rest.

With the change in job nature, Gasper's status also rose!

Seeing Gasper's expression of joy, and the envious gazes of the other followers.

As someone who had been promoted from a follower to Chief Attendant by Aiden, Ackman felt a sense of pleasure.

Ah, so this is what exercising power feels like!

The fate of the followers under him lay entirely at his whim.

He's just a Chief Attendant and already feels this way.

How much more power does Master Aiden, the Manor Lord, wield every day.

Ackman felt full of envy.

He pushed aside the increasingly irrelevant thoughts in his mind and continued: "Get some rest early. Tomorrow, come with me to Morgan Town."

Gasper had no hesitation, bowed and replied, "Yes, Chief Attendant!"

Ackman nodded, walking and patrolling around the manor.

After finishing his patrol on the first floor, he went to the second floor and continued his tour.

However, halfway through the second-floor patrol.

When passing Justin's room, seeing the partially open door, Ackman went in without hesitation.

The sounds he overheard outside Aiden's room had long piqued his curiosity.

Only a few minutes had passed.

Justin's low, suppressed voice emanated from the room.

Until an hour later.

The sounds in the room gradually ceased.

At this point, Ackman had buried his head deep in front of Justin.

Then.

Justin's soft and intermittent voice spoke: "I'm pregnant."

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Ackman's right hand, which was about to explore, instantly stopped.

The face illuminated by the faint candlelight beside the bed was full of shock.

"Pregnant?"

The next morning.

Having finished breakfast, Lynn headed straight to the Woodworker Workshop.

After several nights of drawing, the catapult's blueprints had been sketched and annotated by Lynn.

Entering the workshop.

Colin was leading the apprentices in the production.

The Woodworker Workshop currently had three hundred apprentices, directly divided by Lynn into three batches.

The first batch of one hundred was responsible for the production of the Wolf Fang Club.

The second batch of one hundred was responsible for the production of the Winch.

The third batch of one hundred and fifty was responsible for the production of the Semen Knife Car.

By assigning the construction of different defensive equipment, the steps they needed to learn were reduced.

Thus, speeding up the production efficiency and speed of different equipment.

As Lynn just entered the workshop, Colin stepped forward to meet him.

Looking at the blueprints handed by Lynn, Colin, without any hesitation, reached out his hands and took them.

As Colin spread them out to inspect, Lynn began to explain: "This is a catapult!"

"It is used to hurl large stones or other heavy objects at enemy fortifications or the attacking and defending enemies, for long-range attacks."

Listening to Master Lynn's explanation and looking at the blueprints on the table, Colin's eyes couldn't help but light up.

During this time, all the blueprints sent by the master were defensive machinery.

Wolf Fang Club, Semen Knife Car, Winch, and so forth.

This was the first large machine that could be used for both defense and offense!

Although Colin didn't know how Master Lynn sketched such exquisitely refined and destructive machinery.

But after spending so much time together, Colin already believed that the master he followed, Lynn, was no ordinary person!

Could an ordinary person learn so many formats and also personally craft them!

Would a person with such abilities be ordinary?

Not just Colin, but the vast majority of townsmen unanimously believed—Master Lynn was the embodiment of God, here to save the world!

After a detailed look at the blueprints, Colin spoke: "Master."

"The first finished Winch and Wolf Fang Club have been sent to the city walls and should arrive by this evening at the latest."

"Moreover, I arranged for several carpenters who know the operation to go with them and teach the soldiers how to use them."

Lynn nodded.

Colin continued: "At the current work efficiency, in seven days at most, no, in five days' time, a Wolf Fang Club can be produced!"

"The Semen Knife Car needs to be constructed according to the size of the gate under the city wall, and the Semen Knife Car for the gate under the city wall is under construction."

"But Weng City is still under construction, and we can only begin construction after the dimensions of the Weng City gate are measured or provided!"

The purpose of the Semen Knife Car is to be pushed into the city gate once it is about to be breached, forming an obstacle and a second line of defense.

Soldiers behind the Knife Car, taking cover, use bows and arrows and other long-range weapons to attack the invading enemy army.

Lynn acknowledged, "Then first proceed with the Semen Knife Car under the city wall."

"After it is completed, start making the catapult!"

With no hesitation, Colin responded: "Yes, Master."

After dismissing Colin to continue teaching the carpenter apprentices in production, Lynn walked through the workshop area.

A Wolf Fang Club's dimensions were about 1.6 meters long, 1.5 meters wide, and 10 centimeters thick.

Of course, this did not include the size of the very solid and sharp Wolf Fang Nail on the Wolf Fang Club.

With the city wall over a hundred meters wide, thirty Wolf Fang Clubs were completely sufficient.

Enough space must also be left for the catapult and the Crossbow Cannons to be produced later.

However, on the circular Weng City on top, one could install more Wolf Fang Clubs!

Primarily, the current labor force is still insufficient.

Five days to produce a Wolf Fang Club is not considered fast.

While inspecting the Woodworker Workshop, Lynn continued his rounds through the Workshop District.

Under Jode's leadership, the construction of the two workshops needed by the Textile Workshop had begun.

With Red Bricks from the Red Brick Factory, wooden boards from the lumberyard, lime, river sand, and other materials.

As long as there were enough construction workers, building them was not difficult.

And the expansion of the two workshops and the iron-smelting blast furnace needed by the Blacksmith Workshop was already in its final stage.

Just needing to make the iron tools required for Forging and other processes, they could then be put into production and use.

Lynn then went to Lex's Brewing Workshop, which was not very large in scale.

There was only one workshop there, with no more than dozens of Brewing apprentices.

However, under Lex's leadership, the apprentices worked in an orderly manner.

Dozens of people could also continuously brew wines, and after the distillation process, produce high-purity distilled spirits.

As Lynn was about to leave.

Lex stepped out of the Brewing Workshop and quickly caught up.

Running to Lynn's side, Lex said with anticipation in his voice, "Master Lynn, please take a look, is this what you referred to as alcohol?"

With these words.

Lex reached out and handed over a small transparent bottle capped with glazed glass.

Inside the small bottle was half-filled with a pale yellow liquid.

There were even small particles suspended on the surface of the liquid.

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Lynn's thoughts moved, and a text panel floated before his eyes.

[Low-purity Alcohol]: Distilled from liquor, with an alcohol concentration of 30%, it can be used for medical purposes, rituals, etc.

Although the alcohol concentration is only thirty percent.

It is still named alcohol!

Lynn directly said, "Yes, but the alcohol concentration is too low."

"This still contains water, sugar, and other impurities!"

Lex furrowed his brows, "It's still too low?"

He seemed to have thought of something and curiously asked Lynn, "Master, how can high-concentration alcohol be produced?"

Lynn pondered for two seconds in his mind and said, "First, the raw materials for brewing need to be high in carbon content for the raw materials."

"For example, grapes, honey, etc."

"Secondly, the distillation process needs a more precise distillation apparatus, a still, a condenser, and a clean collector."

"During distillation, multiple distillations and fractionations must be performed to continuously increase the alcohol concentration."

"Finally, you can use some additional methods."

"Add some fine salt to the distilled alcohol!"

"Fine salt can make the alcohol volatilize more, thereby increasing the distillation efficiency and concentration to some extent!"

Lex frowned, deep in thought.

He seemed to understand somewhat, but was more perplexed.

Lynn said, "Take it slow, Lex. You already know the principle of distilling alcohol."

"Achieving the distillation of highly pure alcohol is just a matter of time."

"Perhaps, during your continuous research, you will suddenly gain insight."

"And then distillation will no longer hinder you."

Getting affirmation from Master Lynn, Lex felt slightly relieved, "I understand, Master, thank you for your guidance."

Lynn nodded, letting Lex continue with his work.

He stepped out of the brewing workshop.

High-concentration alcohol is very important.

For disinfection and antiseptic, medicine production, becoming a new type of beverage, etc.

If Lex, under his guidance, can research a method to distill and produce high-concentration alcohol.

And then produce and manufacture it on a large scale.

Then it would undoubtedly trigger the rise of an entire new industry.

For example, the planting of raw materials, the production of distillation equipment, transportation, and sales, etc.!

A few minutes later.

Lynn arrived at the Glass Workshop.

The shelves on both sides of the workshop were already filled with various types of glazed glass products.

Designs, colors, even sizes, each were different.

Some of the glazed bottles even had patterns of flowers, grass, and animals on them.

Glancing over them, Lynn couldn't help but feel a little dazzled.

At that moment.

A light step approached Lynn's side.

The words were full of respectful address, "Lord."

Lynn glanced at Layla beside him, approvingly saying, "These glazed products are made quite well."

Layla shyly bowed, "It's all thanks to your good teaching, Master."

"Without you, we wouldn't have been able to make glazed glass."

Lynn inquired, "Where is Beo?"

Layla replied, "Master, he is inside making a glazed mirror. I will go and get him now."

Lynn nodded, watching Layla quickly walk into the workshop.

Ten seconds later.

Two figures walked out from inside the Glass Workshop.

Lynn noticed a discernible hint of excitement on Beo's face.

Arriving beside Lynn, Beo bowed with full apology and said, "Master, please forgive my rudeness for not meeting you immediately."

Lynn asked, "Layla said you were making a glazed mirror?"

Upon hearing this, the excitement on Beo's face became even more apparent.

He quickly explained, "Yes, yes, Master!"

"According to your words, I modified glass liquid by melting quartz sand in different proportions, then cooled and solidified it."

"By accident, I created two glazed pieces of different shapes, stacked together!"

"Master! Something amazing happened!"

"I discovered..."

Lynn spoke calmly, "You discovered the two stacked glazed mirrors altered the distance of objects in sight?"

"Objects that are barely visible to the naked eye, or very small in the distance, appear larger in the glazed mirror?"

Hearing Lynn's explanation, Beo's face was full of wonder.

"Master, how did you know?"

As soon as he said this, Beo realized he had asked a useless question.

It was Master Lynn who directed him to melt glass using different proportions of quartz sand.

How could Master Lynn not know?

Coming back to his senses, Beo handed the bamboo tube in his hand to Lynn.

"Master, I have continuously adjusted the two glazed mirrors and eventually came up with this."

Lynn reached out to take it and placed it in front of his eyes.

At once, a blurred and cloudy scene appeared before him.

But through the lens, he could clearly see and know the images in his eyes were nothing but glazed bottles!

He turned his body and looked outside the workshop.

The distant mountains and river and houses appeared more blurred than ever.

Due to a coincidence, Beo had invented the telescope!

However, due to limited ability and technology, the telescope could only see within a few hundred meters.

Lynn declared, "A telescope!"

"However, it needs continuous improvement; such a telescope doesn't have practical use and can damage vision instead."

Hearing Master Lynn's words, Beo's eyebrows slightly raised.

He kept repeating Lynn's words, "Telescope...telescope..."

After a few repetitions, Beo was nudged by Layla beside him and he instantly came back to his senses.

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Beo curiously asked, "Master, how should we make improvements?"

Lynn began to explain, "First, just like the convex and concave mirrors you inadvertently created."

"We need to make lenses with curvature, which can be difficult to make using a template."

"Second, is polishing and processing, using grinding stones and sandpaper to process the lenses, making them smoother and reducing light scattering!"

"Then, it's about installation, placing the finished lenses into the telescope tube, ensuring stability."

"Finally, it's about adjusting the focal length!"

"By changing the distance between the lenses to obtain a clear image..."

Lynn paused and said to Beo, "If you want to make a telescope, first, you need to understand what the principles of light are!"

"For example, the refraction of light, reflection of light, lens imaging, the reversibility of light paths, and even the diffraction of light..."

Upon hearing this.

Beo's face was stunned.

These words, he had never heard of them...

Not just Beo, Layla also looked equally confused.

Seeing the two of them look like they were listening to celestial books, Lynn helplessly smiled and said, "Then continue trying to make telescopes."

"But you must remember one thing—a lens thick in the middle and thin at the edges as the objective lens; a lens thin in the middle and thick at the edges as the eyepiece!"

Upon hearing this, Beo silently recited in his mind.

"Eyepiece thin in the middle and thick around, objective lens thick in the middle and thin around."

After instructing Beo, Lynn left the Glass Workshop.

Wanting to make a telescope, it's difficult to say whether it's hard or not.

Since Beo is interested in making telescopes, let him take his time to research.

After inspecting the artisan workshops, Lynn also conducted statistics in his mind on the labor shortage in the entire artisan workshops.

To increase the speed of weaving armor plates in the textile workshops and make twenty sets of composite armor every day.

At least an additional workforce of four hundred is needed.

The newly expanded two Blacksmith Workshops and the iron smelting furnace also need at least four hundred workers.

The Brewing Workshop can take fifty more people, and the Pottery Workshop can also increase appropriately.

Including the Fisheries Workshop and other miscellaneous workshops.

A total of at least one thousand people are needed!

However, with the current pace of development in the domain, he cannot find a thousand townsmen from other places to put into the workshop district.

Labor has always been a problem Lynn can't solve!

Leaving the artisan workshops, Lynn arrived at the open square in front of the town.

After building the Lord Statue on the square.

Lynn learned that the townsmen spontaneously named the square Lord's Square.

As his gaze looked afar at the stone road between the fields and the convoy of carriages traveling at a steady speed.

Lynn's eyebrows involuntarily raised.

A carriage merchant convoy?

When the convoy arrived at Lord's Square, pulled by the coachmen, it gradually stopped amidst the braying sounds.

A middle-aged man dismounted from the horseback.

Upon seeing Lynn, the middle-aged man wasted no time in coming before Lynn.

Boer saluted with a merchant gesture, straightened his posture, and smiled, "Master Lynn, long time no see."

Looking at Boer in front of him, Lynn returned the smile, "Indeed, it has been some time since we last met, Mr. Boer."

"However, Mr. Boer has come earlier than I imagined, I thought it would be after spring begins?"

Boer smiled helplessly and said, "Master, it's those cross-region and cross-country traveling merchants who start only after spring."

"For us local traveling merchants, we must start as soon as the ice and snow melt."

"Otherwise, when those merchants steer longboats into Gibraltar Strait arriving at Fisherman's Wharf, bringing lots of goods, all the profit will be snatched by them."

Lynn nodded.

It's only been a month or so since they last met.

Whether it's Boer's foresight or the demeanor in his words, there is a clear change.

After going through several bandit attacks, the trials of life and death, Boer has completely changed.

Lynn spoke, asking, "Mr. Boer, what goods have you brought me this time?"

Boer did not hesitate, explaining directly, "Wheat, Master Lynn, thirty thousand pounds of wheat, and twenty thousand pounds of barley."

Lynn understood and asked, "Mr. Boer, what is the current market price for fine salt?"

Boer recalled for a few seconds and said, "Eight pence per pound of fine salt, Master."

Entering winter, the Coastal Empire's fine salt cannot be sun-dried, reducing fine salt production efficiency.

Plus, longboats cannot reach inland, so the price of fine salt rising is quite reasonable!

Lynn quickly calculated in his mind.

A few seconds later, he spoke, "Mr. Boer, I can give you six thousand eight hundred pounds of fine salt!"

Boer just wanted to nod, his face slightly stunned, somewhat puzzled, "Six thousand eight hundred pounds?"

"Master Lynn, isn't that too much?"

Thirty thousand pounds of wheat is thirty thousand pence, twenty thousand pounds of barley is four thousand pence.

All combined is only thirty-four thousand pence.

Master Lynn instantly offers six thousand eight hundred pounds.

This can only mean Master Lynn has reduced the price of fine salt exchange for him once again!

Five pence per pound fine salt price.

Just taking this batch of fine salt out for sale to those salt merchants will definitely yield a huge profit!

Lynn calmly shook his head, "Mr. Boer, it's just five pence per pound of fine salt."

"Not only for this batch of grain, I want to discuss a big deal with Mr. Boer and your chamber of commerce!"

Boer looked at Lynn curiously, asking, "A big deal?"

Lynn responded, "Yes, I can give Mr. Boer a five pence per pound fine salt price for the exchange."

"In the future, all grains, I can give you at this price!"

"The more grains delivered, the better, no upper limit!"

"Of course, other goods are the same!"

Upon hearing this.

Boer's eyebrows raised.

All grains can be exchanged at five pence per pound of fine salt?

It seems like it's just from six pence per pound to five pence.

Only one penny difference.

But when the weight of the grains changes, it becomes entirely different.

Ten thousand pounds of grain is an extra ten thousand pence.

One hundred thousand pounds of grain is an extra one hundred thousand pence.

If, like the last autumn, delivering a million pounds of grain to Master Lynn.

That's an extra ten thousand pence!

An increase of over four thousand gold pounds!

Such calculation is an extremely terrifying existence!

Chapter 438: I Want to Survive

More crucially.

Master Lynn actually said the grain he wants to purchase can be unlimited!

Boer naturally knows that as the time for spring plowing and sowing approaches, Master Lynn requires a large amount of grain as seeds for planting.

But regardless of Master Lynn's intentions.

It has nothing to do with him as a merchant.

What he needs to do is gather all the local traders in his guild once again.

Go to all the small towns and villages within Kakasong City's vicinity to collect large amounts of grain and crop seeds.

Then drive the carts to transport all the grain and seeds to Master Lynn's territory.

Exchange them for the fine salt they need.

The transaction is complete!

Boer had no hesitation, bending respectfully and saying, "Master Lynn, thank you for your generosity."

"Even if you exchange at the market price of six pence per pound of fine salt, I, along with the members of my guild, will do everything we can to purchase various goods for you!"

As a merchant who made his fortune relying on Master Lynn's fine salt, Boer naturally knows what to do and what not to do.

Lynn stated firmly, "I need more merchants, not just your guild."

"As long as they can purchase a large amount of grain and transport it into my territory, they can exchange it for fine salt at five pence!"

Upon hearing this.

Boer became puzzled.

But not because Master Lynn lowered the price of fine salt for other merchants.

Rather, it's why Master Lynn needs so much grain.

Even if it's for cultivation or for supplying the daily needs of the townsmen in the territory.

With the transportation he and his guild members provide, it's already more than sufficient.

Just like the last large-scale transport of winter wheat seeds!

Despite Boer's doubts, he didn't ask anything.

As a lord, Master Lynn naturally has his reasons and purposes for doing so.

He only needs to operate according to Master Lynn's requests.

After unloading all the barley and wheat from the carts, six thousand eight hundred pounds of fine salt were loaded onto the carts again.

After bidding farewell to Lynn, Boer led the convoy out of the small town.

The sky gradually darkened.

Yet the below freezing temperatures of winter have already disappeared.

Wearing a thick wool coat instead brought a strange warmth.

Watching Boer's convoy drift away under the night sky, Lynn withdrew his gaze.

Under the observant eyes of the townsmen, Lynn returned towards the castle.

Boer's return indicated that he did not resent Lynn for not sending troops to rescue during the previous bandit attack.

Which also implied.

Godfrey's arrival with the knights wasn't Boer's betrayal.

Moreover, after Godfrey departed, Lawrence's army didn't press upon them; rather, they left.

This slightly reassured him.

Then what was the purpose of Godfrey coming to his territory?

No one could answer Lynn.

Suppressing the distractions and speculations in his mind, Lynn returned to the castle.

After dinner.

Lynn sat in the armchair by the fireplace, contemplating the development plans for the territory.

First.

Thus far, the basic construction needed in the territory has been tentatively completed.

The townsmen's needs, such as red brick houses, wells, bathhouses, kitchens, are all present.

Secondly, the development of handicrafts has taken shape.

The iron smelting furnace that refines iron ore into iron blocks can forge iron farming tools and weapons armor in the Blacksmith Workshop.

For weaving hemp rope or woolen rope into linen cloth and coarse wool robes, there's the Textile Workshop.

Now they're also engaged in the weaving of padded armor.

In addition to brewing beer and distilled spirits, the Brewing Workshop has begun distilling alcohol.

Besides making daily glazed glass items for the townsmen, the Glass Workshop can trade glazed products to Grayson.

The Fishery Workshop is processing the river fish caught in the Aladia River into longer storage smoked fish, and creating fish glue, fish oil, etc.

The Miscellaneous Workshop makes everyday miscellaneous items like candles.

However, with current production efficiency, they cannot forge a lot of armor; more labor is necessary!

Next, in agriculture and animal husbandry.

The fifty-five thousand acres of farmland have all been planted with winter barley.

Despite a freeze and snowfall, the seedlings have a high survival rate thanks to early precautions and protection.

In the pasture, cattle, horses, sheep, pigs, and chickens have entered stages of reproduction and expanding breeding scale.

Grain is the core of the stable development of the entire territory.

Even with substantial grain reserves in the warehouse, spring sowing and autumn harvest are efforts that must be fully pursued each year!

Then, regarding the territory's military aspects.

The territory has a total of one thousand one hundred armed forces.

Two hundred heavy cavalry, three hundred heavy infantry, one hundred light infantry, plus three hundred archers, and two hundred territorial guards.

With external warfare, the manpower may be a bit inadequate.

But relying on the sturdy and towering city walls, leveraging the defensive machinery under construction, at least seventy to eighty percent chance of successfully repelling an invasion by two or three thousand attackers.

However, this amount of military force is certainly insufficient for the impending battle for imperial authority.

More troop expansion is a must!

Finally.

Education and the formulation and dissemination of Territorial Law, the promotion system for townsmen, and the leadership management system in the territory.

Chapter 439: I Want to Survive (Part 2)

The immediate priority is to draft a comprehensive and perfect management system for the generals!

With the continuous expansion of troops, there are more and more soldiers in the territory, making it increasingly difficult to convey commands.

Only by drafting a perfect management system can the entire army remain united in purpose.

Promises must be kept, actions must have consequences!

Otherwise, no matter how large the army is, it's just a loose sandpile, unable to exert true strength!

As for education, territorial law, and the territory court, Lynn decided to continue postponing them.

Without enough armed forces in the territory and a reasonably established identity.

Even if he flawlessly executes the education and laws of the entire territory, it's merely a spiritual bubble.

Constant forward development and strengthening the hard power of the territory is the primary task!

After having dinner.

Taking a short break.

Kuisi walked beside Lynn.

She gently said, "Master, the hot water is ready. Would you like to soak now?"

Lynn responded, "Let's soak now."

Standing up from the armchair, Lynn walked towards the private room.

While walking, Lynn spoke to Kuisi, "Pass your work to another maid and give me a massage."

"I've been a bit tired lately!"

Kuisi felt inexplicably nervous but still responded, "Yes, Master."

Watching Lynn enter the private room, Kuisi hurriedly summoned Polia and explained all the tasks that needed to be completed later.

Under Yaya's perplexed gaze, Kuisi stepped into the private room.

Yaya pondered for a moment, eventually giving up the idea of transforming into Kuisi's appearance to enter the room and assassinate Lynn during his relaxation.

Even if she changed her body and appearance, she couldn't get close to Lynn at all.

It was as if Lynn could see through her soul at a glance!

How exactly could she get close to Lynn and harm him?

Yaya felt her mind was somewhat stuck for a moment.

However, after living in the territory for some time.

Yaya suddenly felt she had adapted here.

Even taking on the identity of an ordinary maid.

No whipping, no humiliation, nor the memory of being a bed tool for the Lord...

Here, as long as you labor, you can obtain food.

Moreover.

Even if she fulfilled her contract with Lynn and left this territory, where could she go?

Return to the Enchanting Forest and live alone again?

But now she didn't even know which direction the Enchanting Forest lay...

Suppressing the wild thoughts in her heart, Yaya retreated from the hall.

...

The next morning.

Morgan Town.

Winter is about to leave, soon entering the onset of spring.

The once somewhat quiet Morgan Town returned to its usual bustling state.

Free People or wealthy individuals walked back and forth on the streets of the town.

The trading area of the town was crowded with people, calls for sale echoed one after another.

Under a hastily erected wooden frame and canvas tent, Ackman sat on a chair.

He watched listlessly at the followers before him, recruiting new ones for Master Aiden.

"Name?"

"Eliot Davidson."

"Age?"

"30."

"Home address and family members?"

"In Morgan Town, with wife and children at home."

"You are now recruiting followers for Aiden Morrison's territory, and you will receive a daily salary of two pence and food to fill your stomach."

"Are you willing?"

"Of course I am, this earns much more than farming!"

"Very well, you can wait at the back now."

"Yes, sir."

Ackman casually glanced at the successful recruit.

Medium build, obviously one who has worked frequently in the fields.

Despite not having undergone weapon training, Ackman didn't mind.

Because this kind of man has a certain brute strength.

After recruiting a dozen or so people, Ackman couldn't help but yawn.

He glanced sideways at Gasper, "Got any money on you?"

Gasper, who was looking for suitable followers, was slightly taken aback and hesitated.

"I... I suppose so?"

Ackman immediately rolled his eyes, somewhat displeased, "What do you mean 'suppose so'?"

"It's either you have or you don't!"

"I see, you're worried I'll take your money, aren't you?"

"Relax, I just left in a hurry and my purse is at the estate, I'm just looking to borrow some!"

Upon hearing this, Gasper grinned, "No problem, I have money, Chief Attendant."

Ackman disdainfully rolled his eyes at Gasper.

Looking at the recruiting followers, Ackman stood up from his chair.

He instructed, "You all continue to recruit, make sure to ask clearly their home address and family members!"

"If there's any mishap with the followers recruited, Master Aiden will immediately cut you down."

The followers sat up straight, responding in unison, "Yes, Chief Attendant."

Ackman nodded contently and said to Gasper, "Let's go."

Before Gasper could respond, Ackman walked towards the outside of the trading area.

After walking several meters, Gasper asked curiously, "Chief Attendant, where are we going..."

Ackman turned and glanced at Gasper, "Didn't you say a batch of new goods arrived?"

"It's rare to get out of the territory, of course, I need to have a good time!"

"What? I'm borrowing your money to invite you out, and you're unwilling?"

Chapter 440: I Want to Survive (Part 3)

"Alright then, leave the money and you can go back. The saved money can be used for more fun!"

Gasper raised his eyebrows and quickly said, "How can that be? Chief Attendant, I've come all this way..."

Feeling the urgency in Gasper's voice, Ackman nodded with satisfaction, "That's more like it!"

"What type do you like? Big chest, big butt?"

"Or one with a waist that you can grasp easily?"

Gasper thought for two seconds and said, "Big ones!"

Ackman's face showed a hint of a smile, "Indeed, great minds think alike!"

As they spoke,

Ackman stretched out his arm and placed it on Gasper's shoulder.

Under the envious gaze of those around, they walked through the door of a three-story building.

Ackman's gaze wandered around the first floor, and when it landed on a voluptuous figure, he did not hesitate and walked over.

Amidst surprised shouts, Ackman hugged the voluptuous woman and walked into a room with an open door.

Ackman's eyes were filled with an eager glow, ignoring Gasper who was trailing behind.

A few women dressed as beauties came to Gasper's side, their long, fair arms slowly passing in front of him.

Neck, chin, even the base of the ear.

"Sir... you look so strong, do you want to choose just one of us or take all three?"

Seeing the high, white curves and deep clefts in front of the three women, and the rounded shape behind them.

Gasper turned his arm, wrapping it around the waist of one of the younger women.

"You, then!"

With a move, Gasper carried her like a princess, and under the envious gaze of the other two women, walked towards the room next to Ackman's.

In just a few minutes.

Sounds of uninhibited shouting came from Gasper's room.

In Ackman's room.

Seeing Ackman just sitting on the chair, drinking wine.

The voluptuous woman swayed her hips, came to him, and sat on his legs.

She extended her hands, started unbuttoning Ackman's clothes, and said, "What? You didn't just invite me to drink wine, did you?"

As she spoke,

The voluptuous woman's right hand reached down towards Ackman.

Ackman gulped down the wine from his cup, curling his lips, "Drink wine?"

"Soon I'll show you what happens when you provoke me!"

After a minute.

The sound of bodies colliding echoed in Ackman's room.

An hour later.

Ackman walked out of the room, deeply satisfied.

His gaze shifted, but he didn't see Gasper.

Just as he was about to look for him, the door next to him opened.

A blushing Gasper, wrapped in a robe, walked out of the room.

Inside the room, Ackman could clearly see a fair body trembling at the edge of the big bed...

Instantly.

Ackman cast a look of approval at Gasper.

Coming to Ackman's side, Gasper said a bit breathlessly, "Chief Attendant, I've paid the money, I can leave now."

Ackman nodded and said, "Good, once we return to the mansion tonight, I'll repay you!"

Gasper waved his hand and said, "Chief Attendant, there's no need. It's just a small amount, consider it a thank you for choosing me as an assistant."

Listening to Gasper's words, Ackman's sense of approval grew even stronger.

"Then as you said, Gasper, rest assured. Stick with me, and you'll be successful one day."

Gasper had no doubts, "Of course, Chief Attendant!"

As they spoke, the two walked shoulder to shoulder out of the three-story building.

Until evening.

Ackman and a few followers, along with the fifteen recruited followers, left Morgan Town on horseback.

They headed towards Morrison's territory.

As night fell, they returned to the mansion front.

Leaping off the horses, handing them over to the gatekeepers, Ackman looked at the fifteen people.

"From now on, you are Master Aiden Morrison's followers!"

"Master will provide you with weapons, food, and lodging rooms."

"And of course, you'll receive weapons!"

"Your duty is to obey Master Aiden's orders and protect his personal and property safety."

"No one can leave the territory without Master's permission!"

"Do you understand?"

The fifteen followers didn't hesitate, "Understood."

Ackman nodded with satisfaction, looking at Gasper, "You take them to the dorms for organization."

Gasper responded, "Yes, Chief Attendant."

Watching Gasper lead the followers away, Ackman finally entered the mansion.

In the reception hall.

On the dining table.

Aiden was enjoying dinner with the twins and Lady Justine.

Ackman dared not disturb and stood quietly some distance from the table, waiting.

Though no words were spoken, Ackman's gaze couldn't help but observe discreetly.

On Aiden's plump legs, the twins each sat on one.

They held tableware in their hands, continuously feeding Aiden various foods.

Sounds of chewing and swallowing like that of a feeding pig echoed from Aiden's mouth.

Aiden's hands were around the twins' slender waists.

As his hands slowly moved down, they wantonly kneaded the high curves on them.