

System 461

Chapter 461: Nothing but Corpses (4)

The amount of fine salt produced in his territory is not enough for exchanges!

After distributing all the townsmen, the crowd gathered at the Lord's Square gradually dispersed.

Two thousand townsmen seemed like a lot, but when divided into various workshops and positions, it only increased the labor force by a few hundred people.

However, this could significantly enhance the productivity of the territory.

Although the hidden threat of Aiden Morrison has been eliminated.

Lynn understands that more unknown threats are waiting for him.

The struggle for royal power, Marquis Mark Duca, the mysterious witch, and Viscount Chambers whose connection with Aiden is unknown!

And the remaining four manor lords in Morgan Town!

These entities, more or less, are all linked to him.

However.

Lynn also understands that compared to external crises, what he needs most urgently to focus on now is the upcoming spring plowing and planting!

Throwing aside the chaos in his mind, Lynn's thoughts turned to open the [Resource Management] panel.

He began to review it.

The warehouse now already has two hundred wheel plows.

If it's just like the autumn plowing, cultivating fifty thousand acres of farmland is indeed enough.

But if he wants to cultivate more farmland, not only are the wheel plows insufficient, but the adult oxen and draft horses used for pulling are also not enough!

However.

He must take advantage of the spring plowing and planting to grow more food!

Immediately, Lynn stepped towards the handcraft workshops.

The addition of the labor force made the already crowded workshop area even more bustling.

Passing by the entrance of each workshop, Lynn could see the surging figures.

Lynn did not intend to further allocate these townsmen into specific positions.

How these townsmen are utilized is left entirely to the foreman of each workshop to arrange!

Appointing them as foremen was meant to relieve him of worries and difficulties, handling these miscellaneous affairs.

Arriving at the blacksmith workshop.

Under Ehrelo's arrangement, four hundred newly arrived blacksmith apprentices were already settled.

Under the guidance of many apprentices with forging experience, they began to familiarize themselves with the work environment of the blacksmith workshop.

As long as no unexpected events occur and no more important work distribution arises, these apprentices in the blacksmith workshop will remain here from the beginning to the end after joining.

Forging skills are about accumulating over time. The longer one works in blacksmith forging, the more proficient their skills become!

It's not just the blacksmith workshop.

The same goes for other workshops.

In the blacksmith workshop, looking at the increasing number of apprentices, Ehrelo's face was full of joy.

Now the number of apprentices in the blacksmith workshop has reached twelve hundred.

Six blacksmith workshops, six iron smelting furnaces can all be put to use and production.

Such a scale can already be described as enormous.

As long as he's given enough time, he can lead these blacksmith apprentices to forge and produce a large number of Zha Armor Plates, chest armor, and helmets for Master Lynn!

Ehrelo's heart was full of emotion.

In less than a year.

He has transformed from a blacksmith forging farm tools alone to a foreman managing a large blacksmith workshop with twelve hundred people!

However.

Ehrelor naturally knows that all this is because of the existence of Master Lynn.

All of this was given to him by Master Lynn!

Ehrelor turned his gaze, glancing around.

In the next moment, his eyes widened as the familiar figure entered his view.

Without the slightest hesitation, Ehrelor took large strides towards him.

Coming to Lynn's presence, he bent slightly, his words respectful as he addressed: "Master Lynn."

Lynn glanced at Ehrelor, speaking, "I've already arranged all the apprentices you need."

Ehrelor's face revealed a smile, "Thank you, Master, for your great concern. Ehrelor will certainly do his best and not repeat the mistake made last time."

Although Master Lynn has never mentioned it, Ehrelor knows.

Among all the blacksmith workshops, Master Lynn has always placed the greatest importance on the blacksmith workshop.

Because the blacksmith workshop not only carries the responsibility of making various iron products for labor in the territory but also shoulders the responsibility of crafting armor and producing weapons for soldiers.

Working iron products are crucial to the cultivation, planting, and development of Master Lynn's territory.

While armor and weapons are vital to the security of the entire territory!

Lynn nodded, continuing, "With the current twelve hundred apprentices, how many Zha Armor Plates can be forged for assembly each day?"

Listening to the inquiry, Ehrelo began to think.

A few seconds later, he replied, "Master, if we calculate according to the apprentices who know forging..."

"If you count the workers in iron smelting, transportation, miscellaneous work, and average, it's roughly five pieces per person."

"Twelve hundred people would make six thousand pieces!"

Speaking until here.

Ehrelo suddenly remembered something, and his words turned as he inquired of Lynn.

"Master, I had a discussion with Master Flint a few days ago, and he proposed some suggestions for the blacksmith workshop's production of Zha Armor."

Lynn replied, "Let's hear it."

Ehrelo explained, "Master Flint said that the armor plates we forge have some meaning, but the area of each plate is too large."

"It would affect the original flexibility that Zha Armor should have."

"He suggested that each plate be sized around three to five centimeters."

"Smaller and denser plates could increase flexibility while ensuring protection for soldiers."

"We could also forge the plates into various shapes, diamond, rectangular, fish-scale, or other shapes, even matching into patterns and shapes..."

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"We can grant soldiers some special titles."

Ehrello continued, "However, there is one thing, I am not sure if Foreman Yimini and Deputy Rachel have experience in assembling different armor plates..."

Listening to Ehrello's explanation, Lynn was slightly surprised.

Obviously, Ehrello had gone to seek advice from Flint in his spare time.

Lynn responded, "The Blacksmith Workshop is responsible for forging, the Textile Workshop for weaving, you can communicate face-to-face before execution."

"Once the armor style is confirmed with me, as long as the protective performance of the armor is ensured, you can start executing."

Just like Beo in the Glass Workshop and Lex in the Brewery, he only provided them with a development insight.

It seemed somewhat mystical, but after continuous exploration, the two had already begun research.

Although the process is somewhat slow, scientific research inherently progresses slowly.

Receiving Lynn's affirmative reply, Ehrelo respectfully bowed slightly, responding, "Yes, my lord."

"After the feasibility is confirmed, Ehrelo will present the armor specifications to you."

Lynn acknowledged, and he began to speak about the purpose of this trip.

"Ehrelo, spring is about to arrive."

"I need you to lead some Blacksmith Apprentices to continue making Wheel Plows!"

"And maintain the Wheel Plows made before."

Ehrelo raised an eyebrow; maintaining the previous Wheel Plows, he understood.

Clearing land for farmers is akin to a battlefield!

And tools like the Heavy Plow and Iron Hoe are their weapons.

After a month-long cultivation, many plows showed signs of component loosening.

This is quite normal.

Maintenance isn't difficult.

But Ehrelo expressed some doubt, "My lord, we've already made two hundred Wheel Plows, aren't they enough..."

Lynn nodded, "Not enough, I need more plows!"

Now, 55,000 acres of farmland have been cultivated, not even one-sixth of the wasteland on his territory!

After felling forests and uprooting stumps, they can also be used for planting.

It's only just the beginning, starting to develop agriculture.

Manpower and animal power are both limited.

With continued development, the labor force on the territory and the draft horses, oxen used for cultivation continue to increase.

These hundreds of Wheel Plows are certainly insufficient.

Lynn continued, "Fifty more, to be prepared for any future needs!"

Previously, he had told Grayson about needing to introduce a large number of draft oxen and horses for tilling and towing.

To achieve this spring's cultivation, and clear more wasteland.

Only Grayson's procurement from outside the Karedi Empire could bring a large number of draft oxen and horses.

Ehrelod nodded in agreement, "Yes, my lord."

Lynn, after inspecting the six interconnected Blacksmith Workshops, instructed Ehrelod a few more words.

He then stepped out of the Blacksmith Workshop.

Subsequently, Lynn visited several other workshops, carefully inspecting them.

Lynn left the craftsmanship workshops and headed straight into the canteen.

Preparation area.

Lynn firmly gripped the knife in both hands, slashing down repeatedly onto the cutting board.

Vegetables were chopped into slices and eventually placed by Lynn into the Iron Pot.

[Cooking Experience +1]

[Cooking Experience +1]

[Cooking Experience +1]

...

As Lynn kept tossing and turning, his experience gradually increased bit by bit.

Until night gradually descended.

Lynn, covered in the smell of oil and smoke, stepped out of the kitchen.

With a thought, he opened the Heavenly Artifacts panel.

[Cooking: Level 2 (295/500)] (+)

To progress to Level 3, Lynn still needed to accumulate experience!

Sitting on the long bench, Lynn looked at the distant lime road as teams of townsmen began returning, and his heart slightly eased.

As long as he provided these townsmen with stable food and life, they would continue to work without complaint.

Hence.

As they continued working, allowing the territory to develop, Lynn could continually provide them with food.

It's a mutually beneficial existence!

This is.

A breeze swept over, blowing through Lynn's black hair and face, an inexplicable comfort instantly filled him.

The Karedi Empire's spring was approaching ever closer.

...

Time swiftly passed.

In the blink of an eye, the end of February had arrived.

Every day's temperature was clearly rising.

Walking through the territory, Lynn with a thought opened the Weather Forecast panel.

The daytime temperature had already reached ten degrees!

A gentle, warm breeze swept across the entire territory.

Up in the sky, the grayish color belonging to winter had long since faded.

Despite the lack of intense sunlight, the blue sky and white clouds were clearly visible!

Lynn stepped through the Lord's Square, arriving in front of the farmland.

Without hesitation, he walked into the soil.

Lynn crouched down, carefully inspecting the ridges, where the dark green yellow-tinged wheat seedlings were renewing with life, transforming into vivid green!

At the center of the leaf axis, a tiny new leaf emerged!

Not only the few wheat seedlings seen by Lynn.

All around, dozens of ridges' wheat seedlings had all sprouted new buds!

Lynn nodded in satisfaction.

Fortunately, the continuous snowfall during winter hadn't caused significant damage to these wheat seedlings.

Standing up, Lynn gazed into the distance.

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He clearly saw that not only the wheat seedlings, but also some roadside weeds began to grow again, with buds of wildflowers scattered around the farmland.

Everything is growing!

Further away, several birds flapped their wings up and down, making chirping sounds as they flew by from a distance.

Obviously, the winter of the Karedi Empire has passed.

From this moment on, spring has arrived!

As Lynn was observing.

Gavin and Wilbur strode in from afar.

Standing beside Lynn, the two said in unison, "Master."

Lynn glanced at the two and said, "Spring has come, you will be getting busy."

Besides the extensive covering and protection of wheat seedlings with weeds and snow removal.

The two hundred townsmen led by Gavin and Wilbur had to check for any disease on the wheat seedlings and remove it.

The only labor involved was the maintenance of the iron tools.

Gavin and Wilbur exchanged a glance and responded, "Master, rest assured, we will certainly take good care of these wheat seedlings."

Lynn nodded, "That is just one thing."

"Secondly, I need you to lead the townsmen to reclaim more land!"

"With the current labor force, tools, and draft horses in the territory, in a month's time, we need to reclaim at least fifty thousand acres of farmland!"

Gavin and Wilbur were slightly taken aback, but quickly recovered.

Gavin was the first to respond, "No problem, Master."

"When do we start?"

Lynn pondered for a few seconds and then said, "March 1st!"

"That would be tomorrow."

Lynn had already checked the weather before, although there would be some rain, it won't hinder their reclamation efforts.

Gavin and Wilbur responded twice in agreement.

After preparing the necessary tools for the reclamation, Lynn dismissed them.

Not only should tools be arranged, but also the townsmen for reclamation and the draft horses and cattle needed for transportation.

In the absence of enough cattle, he could only use draft horses as supplements and substitutes.

Walking back toward the town, Lynn issued orders to a guard.

"Go to the pasture and tell Guy that before breakfast tomorrow, I need to see all usable draft cattle and horses assembled in the open square."

"Also, I need half of the workforce from the pasture to join the reclamation."

"Yes, Master."

He turned to another guard, "Go to the Red Brick Factory and the Papermaking Workshop, deploy half of the workforce to participate in the reclamation."

"You go to the workshop district, excluding the Blacksmith Workshop, Textile Workshop, Woodworker Workshop, Stonemason Workshop, and Salt Factory, deploy half of the workforce from the remaining workshops and positions!"

"Tell them to gather in Lord's Square before breakfast tomorrow — to start the reclamation!"

Receiving Lynn's instructions, the guards went off in different directions.

Reclamation naturally requires leveraging the power of the entire territory.

Aside from necessary positions, the remaining workshops must allocate half of their labor force while ensuring normal operations.

Only this way can more farmland be reclaimed.

After all instructions were given.

Lynn returned to the dining hall to continue gaining Cooking Experience.

After these constant intense efforts for days, his Cooking Skills were on the verge of leveling up to Level 3.

Lynn held a Bone-Cutting Knife tightly in his hand, constantly chopping the pig bones on the cutting board.

With each chop, the pig knuckle would be neatly severed without any gaps.

This knife technique not only incorporated Cooking Experience.

It also involved the use of One-Handed Weapon Mastery.

How to use force to cut through bones, how to sever the wrist of soldiers wearing armor...

[Cooking Experience +1]

[Cooking Experience +1]

[Cooking Experience +1]

...

The experience kept increasing.

Until noon arrived.

A text panel appeared in Lynn's view.

[Your Cooking has leveled up to Level 3, unlocking: Market and Prices]

[Reward received: Talent Duplication Book ×1]

Seeing the prompt in front of him, Lynn's eyebrows raised slightly.

With a thought, he opened the Heavenly Artifacts interface.

At the bottom of the interface, a scale with disks hanging on both sides appeared.

In an instant.

Rows of text boxes filled with item attribute descriptions appeared on it.

[Fine Salt: Kaka market price: eight pence/pound, Bordeaux City market price: nine pence/pound, Triumph City market price: nine pence/pound v...]

[High-quality Iron: Kakasong City six pence/pound, Bordeaux City market price: six pence/pound, Triumph City market price: six pence/pound...]

[Wheat: Kakasong City one penny/pound, Bordeaux City market price: one penny/pound, Triumph City market price: one penny/pound...]

...

Lynn scanned through and roughly understood the Market and Prices function.

Simply put.

He could see the prices of various goods in cities across the Karedi Empire!

Indeed useful for now when a bulk exchange with merchant goods is needed.

He could clearly know the prices of various goods outside the territory, thus well-prepared to exchange goods with merchants.

Lynn nodded with satisfaction, it's quite a good feature.

With a thought, Lynn looked at the Talent Duplication Book, this was his second one obtained.

As the Nine Great Skills advance, leveling up quickly becomes increasingly challenging.

Lynn needs to wait for the right opportunity, encountering strong and suitable talents to then proceed with duplication.

He closed the panel.

Lynn looked at the darkening sky and headed back towards the castle.

After dinner, Lynn leaned back in an armchair to rest.

Kuisi, who had prepared hot water, came to his side and asked caringly, "Master, the hot water is ready, you can soak your body now."

Lynn responded and walked towards his private chamber.

As he walked, Lynn said to Kuisi, "Give me a massage, my body feels tired again."

Kuisi, following behind him, didn't refuse, responding, "Yes, Master."

...

Under the night sky.

In Morgan Town.

Inside a room of a three-story building.

Four figures were sitting around a round table.

On the round table, four candles inserted into a candelabrum were slowly burning.

Perhaps due to being airtight, the flames and black smoke from the burning candles rose straight up.

The pale yellow light illuminated the faces of the four.

At the main seat.

A thin middle-aged man leaned forward, his gaze sweeping over the three to his left and right.

In a hoarse voice, he said, "Gentlemen, the information is confirmed, Morrison Manor has been breached!"

"In the entire manor residence, only an empty shell remains."

"The peasants, free people, poultry and livestock, even the greyhounds have vanished!"

Listening to the thin man's words, the three on either side had their expressions darken slightly.

The thin man continued, "About a few hundred meters from Morrison Manor, a newly dug pit was found."

"When my men dug it open, inside... it was full of bodies!"

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Sitting opposite the skinny man are three lords, upright and with expressions moved.

Before they could speak, the raspy voice of the skinny man continued.

"After counting, the total bodies in the pit number over five hundred!"

"Either pierced by Arrow or Long Spear wounds..."

"But if my guess is correct, they were covered by a hail of arrows and then charged and overwhelmed by a cavalry unit!"

Hiss~

The clear sound of gasping resounded in the room.

It seemed to be shock, tension, disbelief.

A middle-aged man looked at the skinny man, cautiously curious, "Jonas, could you be mistaken?"

"Besides a foreign military force, how could Morgan Town have a regular army?"

Another man responded immediately, "Right, except for a large barren land, what other resources does Morgan Town have?"

"How could it afford to raise a cavalry and archers capable of breaking enemy lines?"

Jonas glanced at the two, said nothing, but looked at the last man.

With a raspy voice, he asked, "Lord Will, what do you think?"

Will Arnold looked at Barnaby Gardner and Theodore Foster Manor who spoke earlier.

Feeling somewhat troubled, he said, "Lord Jonas, I think we need to investigate further..."

The words hung in the air.

The three's gaze once again fell on Jonas.

Jonas said serenely, answering rhetorically, "So... do you think I'm deceiving you?"

Will's eyes widened, quickly saying, "Lord Jonas, you've misunderstood, I never thought that."

"I can solemnly swear to you by God!"

The other two echoed, "You've misunderstood. Misunderstood indeed."

Jonas cast a glance at Will, then stared directly at Barnaby and Theodore, continuing.

"So you'd rather cover your own eyes with your hands than believe a military force exists within Morgan Town?"

"Unwilling to believe a regular army broke into Morrison Manor, killed Morrison, and plundered everything?"

Will and the others fell silent.

Jonas' somewhat cold gaze swept across their faces.

"Because you're afraid, like Aiden, that territories inherited over generations could be plundered by outsiders!"

"Yet you lack the courage to organize armed resistance, preferring to bury your heads in the sand like ostriches to avoid reality?"

Will and the others still did not speak.

Feeling the atmosphere in the room grow confrontational, Jonas withdrew his hands from the tabletop.

His posture, previously poised aggressively forward, leaned back, resting against the chair.

Only then did Will and the others feel somewhat relieved.

Barnaby let out a sigh of relief, hesitantly asking, "Jonas, have you found the source of that regular army?"

Theodore, his face round and curious, inquired, "Yes, Jonas, if you've found it, we can discuss with the army's owner!"

"For instance, establishing a non-aggression pact between manor lords."

"Just like the one we established before, everyone eventually settled down without incident?"

Seeing Jonas silent, Theodore continued.

"As long as it doesn't affect our territorial interests, Morgan Town has plenty of uncultivated land he could develop to expand his own territory scale."

Will hesitated for a moment, wanting to speak.

Ultimately, the words were unsaid.

As soon as Theodore's words ended, Jonas' previously reclined posture leaned forward again.

A cold voice issued from his mouth.

"Foolish!"

Under this raspy voice, the hearts of Will and the others involuntarily tensed.

Theodore frowned slightly, "Jonas, what do you mean?"

Barnaby also asked, "Actually think Theodore's suggestion is quite good!"

"No one likes war; isn't living well enough?"

Jonas sneered, saying, "Two manor lords, not everyone can just sit back and enjoy the fruits brought by their ancestors like you two."

"Only knowing to cower within the manor, savoring the benefits of prior generations."

Barnaby and Theodore's faces changed, about to retort, but Jonas' words overshadowed them.

"If the army's owner wanted peaceful development, why not come to Morgan Town to gather us for discussion?"

"Instead, unleashed thunderous measures, completely sweeping Morrison Manor away in our absence?"

Barnaby and Theodore exchanged glances, full of puzzlement.

Their previous anger had vanished.

Sitting opposite them, Will pondered for a moment, cautiously speaking, "Is it because Aiden's manor holds something he wants?"

Jonas took over, approving, "Exactly!"

"You might consider, to develop a territory in this borderland like Morgan Town, what's most critical?"

Barnaby answered without hesitation, "Grains, meat, vegetables."

Jonas nodded.

Theodore said, "Money!"

Jonas continued nodding.

Will spoke frankly, "It's labor force!"

Jonas and the others, hearing him, gave Will an approving glance.

They both had valid points, but evidently Will's answer was more on point.

Jonas spoke, "Yes, it's labor force!"

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"With manpower, you can have grain, meat, vegetables, and even money!"

"Manpower is also what we desire to employ."

"As you said, if the other party is willing to negotiate, willing to swear by God and make an oath never to invade, I, Jonas, am willing to accept!"

"I'm old now, and I no longer wish to fight. I just want to spend my twilight years at home with my grandchildren..."

The three men nodded slightly.

Now, Jonas is already seventy-eight!

At this point,

Jonas's tone changed.

"But what if they are unwilling?"

"They can rely on the might of the army to breach Aiden's manor and plunder everything Aiden has."

"They can equally break into our territory, our manor!"

"And then, they can seize the fruits and achievements we've painstakingly cultivated for generations..."

The three men opposite Jonas fell silent.

Jonas continued speaking, "Therefore, we must take proper precautions!"

"We must form a defense alliance, working together to resist foreign threats."

"What do you think?"

Banaby and Theodore exchanged a glance but did not answer immediately.

Will also remained silent.

Not until half an hour later did the four men step out of the room.

Their expressions varied, with not a single word of farewell.

Descending to the first floor, Jonas watched as Theodore and Banaby got into their respective carriages, escorted by several guards, and headed out of the town.

Retracting his gaze, he looked at Will beside him.

"Why didn't you side with me just now?"

Facing Jonas's questioning, Will's face tightened, hurriedly explaining.

"Master Jonas, you've misunderstood."

"The power of your manor is too strong, and if I overtly align myself with you, it will surely arouse Banaby and Theodore's suspicion."

"Morgan Town needs balance, or else, trouble will ensue..."

Jonas's eyelids narrowed slightly, his words somewhat ambiguous.

"Balance, hmm?"

"So that's how it is."

"I thought it was because you'd forgotten it was I, Jonas, who helped you become the Manor Lord of Arnold Manor!"

"It was I who secretly arranged for someone to eliminate your father and your two brothers!"

"Otherwise, you'd still be clearing wasteland now!"

Listening to Jonas bring up past events once more, Will's body bent over, his head bowed respectfully as he said, "Naturally, I wouldn't forget, Master Jonas."

"You have bestowed upon Will the grace of creation!"

Jonas said nothing, pacing towards the nearby carriage.

Just as Jonas was about to step into the carriage, his calm voice sounded.

"It's good that you remember."

"Lord Will Manor, this grace must be repaid!"

Will's bowed head lowered even further.

Until the sound of horses' hooves and wheels gradually faded.

Only then did Will lift his face.

At this moment, on Will's still fairly handsome young face, it was filled with a ferocious expression.

Even, in those light blue eyes, streaks of blood appeared.

...

Outside Morgan Town.

Escorted by over twenty guards, a four-horse drawn carriage was traveling at a steady pace on the gravel road.

Beside Jonas, a slender young woman with a delicate face sat cross-legged on a silk cushion.

Maybe because of the road's bumps.

The young woman's curvy body was slightly swaying.

Such that the snow-white area in front of her was bobbing like waves.

The young woman looked at Jonas, softly inquiring, "Grandfather, they didn't agree to your request?"

Jonas, who had been looking out the carriage window at the night outside, retracted his gaze.

He glanced at his granddaughter, Janet, and sighed, "Yes, Janet, they said they needed to consider it."

On Janet's delicate face, a hint of coldness appeared.

"They need to consider?"

"Since when did a group of animals, driven by their lower bodies, grow a brain?"

Jonas said nothing.

Janet continued, "Grandfather, didn't you explain to them the disadvantages of not forming a defense line?"

"If that Lord leads his army to invade each of their manor territories, who can withstand it?"

"Even Grandfather's manor, under the guard of so many soldiers, might only barely fend off the attack."

"But what about them?"

"The armed forces in the territories, combined, only number around fifteen to sixteen hundred, right?"

Jonas responded affirmatively.

Janet's gaze shifted slightly, and after a few seconds, she seemed to think of something.

"Grandfather, since we temporarily can't find the owner of that army, I think we can do something ourselves?"

Jonas inquired confusedly, "Do what?"

Janet spoke, "Naturally, to promote the unification of Morgan Town!"

"Grandfather, have you forgotten?"

"It was you who always taught us that to achieve great things, we must be unscrupulous."

"And Morgan Town is just the starting point for the Frank Clan."

"The real goal of the Frank Clan is to replace Marquis Duca and become a Great Lord!"

Jonas quickly nodded, "Janet, I haven't forgotten!"

Hearing Jonas's firm response, Janet showed a smile.

She opened her arms and hugged Jonas's arm, carelessly letting the softness in front of her twist and deform.

Janet said joyfully, "Hehe, I knew it, Grandfather is different from those pig-like Lords."

...

The next morning.

Chapter 466: I'm Willing to Increase the Offer

Lynn woke up early and, after having a nutritious breakfast, stepped onto the Lord's Square at the front of the town.

On the Lord's Square.

A large group of tightly packed figures had already lined up in an orderly fashion.

Their whispered discussions quieted simultaneously upon seeing Lynn stepping forward.

Standing on a one-meter-high platform, Lynn gazed at these townsmen.

Perhaps because they already knew Master Lynn's purpose for calling them together.

Their eyes sparkled, and there was a noticeable look of expectation on their faces.

At this moment.

Kuisi walked up to Lynn.

She bent down slightly and explained respectfully.

"Master, according to your requirements, several important workshops have not had their manpower withdrawn."

"In other places, half of the manpower has been withdrawn and incorporated into the upcoming cultivation."

"I conducted a tally, with a manpower total of five thousand people, and two hundred wheel plows!"

Lynn nodded slightly, "I understand."

Kuisi said no more useless words, stepped back a few steps, and stood beside Lynn.

As the steward of the territory, she only needs to execute the tasks and orders arranged by the master and then carry out the tally.

As for how to arrange it, naturally, it is up to Lynn, the lord, to decide.

Lynn surveyed the crowd and addressed them.

"Everyone, I am the lord of this land, Lynn!"

"Perhaps many of you already know why you've been withdrawn from your posts!"

"It's because now we've entered spring! This land is about to undergo a major cultivation plan!"

"Only by having more land that can be used for farming can we cultivate a large amount of food so that you have something to eat!"

"This is not just for me, the lord, but also for you, the townsmen, and for your children!"

"Last year's autumn plowing opened up fifty thousand acres of farmland!"

"This time, more people, more tools, and more animal power are involved in the cultivation."

"I hope you can open up more farmland, only then can you not worry about hunger!"

Listening to Lynn's resonant words, the townsmen were moved, and some were eager.

Lynn's words continued.

"Do you see that stretch of barren land full of dry grass in the distance?"

"There, that's the battlefield for all of you!"

"You will be like soldiers charging into battle, driving the cattle and horses, pulling the heavy plow, galloping across that battlefield recklessly."

"Wield the iron hoe and iron shovel in your hands, clear a piece of farmland to survive on!"

"Do you...have confidence?"

Neat shouts rose in response within the crowd.

"Yes! Yes! Yes!"

The responses surged like waves.

Suddenly.

A text panel appeared in Lynn's sight.

[Notice: The Commander's Roar skills activated successfully, boosting the morale of the whole army, increasing soldiers' attack power and defense by 10%, duration: 1 hour]

Seeing the text before him, Lynn was a bit surprised.

However, thinking again, he considered it normal.

These are not just townsmen, but also people who naturally benefit from skills.

Lynn nodded with satisfaction.

Perhaps, to these townsmen, their lord's words made them excited and filled with strength.

But part of the reason is due to Lynn's Commander's Roar skills!

Then.

Lynn began to divide tasks among these townsmen.

With last year's farming experience, not only Lynn, but many townsmen also gained experience.

Looking at the vast crowd of two thousand people before him, Lynn divided them into four batches.

Similar to last year's summer plowing and autumn plowing.

The first batch of two thousand people is responsible for clearing weeds, tree roots, and stones first.

The second batch of one thousand people drives the cattle pulling the wheel plow for cultivation, with additional personnel for assistance and rotation.

The third batch of one thousand people follows behind the wheel plow to break large soil clumps using hoes, spread them evenly, and collect stones and tree roots from the soil.

The fourth batch of one thousand people is responsible for digging ridges in the soil and placing fertilizer!

After everyone was divided into tasks, with a command from Lynn.

Five thousand townsmen marched grandly outside the town.

A few miles outside the town, nearly a stretch of endless wild grass awaits their cultivation.

All iron tools, cattle with heavy plow yokes, and draft horses have already been taken there.

Lynn, along with Red, walked at the back of the team.

As the townsmen stepped into the farmland, they began using sickles, clearing weeds, and piling them up.

Lynn relaxed slightly in his heart.

The spring plowing has finally begun!

Not to mention whether these townsmen can open up more farmland.

As long as they can open up fifty thousand acres like last year's autumn plowing and sow barley seeds.

With his improved planting technology, each acre can yield one hundred and fifty pounds.

Come the summer harvest in July or August, at least fifteen million pounds of barley can be produced from forty thousand acres!

If each person consumes three pounds of food daily, fifteen million pounds of barley can feed ten thousand townsmen for at least one and a half years!

Even though crop rotation and fallow systems will follow, as long as cultivation continues.

The entire territory need not worry about hunger!

Chapter 467: I'm Willing to Pay More (4)

If he later exchanges for the [Emperor Potato], the potato yield could only be described as frightening.

Lynn feels there might even be a situation with a grain surplus.

However.

Lynn knows that for now, exchanging for the [Emperor Potato] is somewhat unrealistic.

The pressing task at hand.

Is how to quickly purchase and exchange for more barley seeds for the upcoming planting.

With a thought, Lynn opened the [Resource Management] panel.

After raiding Morrison Manor, over six hundred thousand pounds of barley and hundreds of thousands of pounds of wheat are already stored in the warehouse.

However.

Both barley and wheat are part of the daily grain consumption of the townsmen.

Even with the balance of peas, barley, and meat vegetables.

The daily consumption of barley is at least ten thousand pounds.

This amount of grain storage barely sustains the townsmen until the next time merchants transport grain to the territory.

Even if a team with ten wagons could transport grain, it would at most be fifty thousand pounds in one go.

Unless.

Boer can once again bring nearly a hundred wagons, like a train, to transport large quantities of barley to his territory.

Regarding other merchants.

Lynn no longer holds many expectations.

Even like Alan, who has a grain warehouse in Kakasong City.

The last time he could transport large amounts of grain was because of accumulated grain over a few years, totaling such an amount.

If it were any other merchant, even if they came from another Empire, the purchase and time spent coming and returning.

And the limit of horse transport capacity from Kakasong City's Fisherman's Wharf to his territory...

Is far inferior compared to Boer, a local agricultural trader, who arrives much faster!

Unfortunately.

The winter barley planted similarly requires harvesting in July and August.

Otherwise, with the yield of the already planted fifty-five thousand acres of barley, it would completely suffice for the spring barley seed requirement.

Achieving seed cycle farming.

Just as Lynn was contemplating.

Red, standing behind Lynn, reminded, "Master, there's a merchant caravan."

Lynn snapped out of his thoughts and looked into the distance.

There.

Fully loaded wagons, under the guidance of drivers, escorted by soldiers in standard plate armor, headed towards the town.

As the wagons came closer, Lynn saw the man on the foremost horse.

It was indeed Boer Hansen!

Boer, on his horse, saw Lynn on the limestone road, quickly halted his horse, and dismounted.

Approaching Lynn, Boer bowed with a merchant's courtesy.

"Master Lynn."

Lynn nodded with a smile, responding, "Mr. Boer, I was just thinking of you, and here you are!"

Boer stood up straight, smiling, "Of course, Master Lynn needs barley seeds, and as Master Lynn's business partner, I must do my utmost."

Boer wasted no words, directly beginning his explanation.

"Master Lynn, according to your previous requirements, I have already instructed my guild."

"Even if it's above market price, we must gather large quantities of grain and seeds from all over."

"Master Lynn, rest assured, the excess price will be my return to you."

Not to mention that barley itself is five pounds per penny, even above market price, it's at most four pounds per penny.

With Master Lynn's rounding and nullifying in every transaction.

This penny amount is nothing at all.

Moreover, with Master Lynn's generosity and magnanimity, even if he paid, Master Lynn would make it up to him in another form.

Lynn slightly nodded, "Then I'll trouble Mr. Boer."

Boer quickly bowed, "Master Lynn, you are too kind, without you, there wouldn't be a Boer today!"

"I will remember it for a lifetime!"

With these words.

Boer's gaze shifted to the carriage team behind him.

He began his introduction, "Master Lynn, this time I've allied with eight local agricultural merchants."

"They still have some last year's barley in their warehouses, originally intended for high-priced external sales."

"But upon learning it was you who needed it, they contributed without hesitation..."

"I've checked carefully, and with my wagons, there is a total of twenty wagons, carrying a total of one hundred thousand pounds of grain."

"And four hundred pounds of various crop seeds, including cabbage, onions, radishes, and spinach..."

Lynn nodded, inquiring, "Very good."

"I'll take all of these."

"What is the total cost?"

Boer didn't hesitate, immediately replying, "This batch's price is also at market price, barley at five pounds per penny, and vegetable seeds at one penny for two pounds!"

In Lynn's mind, he quickly calculated, "I can trade you four thousand one hundred pounds of fine salt!"

"How does Mr. Boer find this offer?"

Upon hearing Lynn's words, Boer's face lit up with joy, immediately responding, "Of course, Master Lynn."

One hundred thousand pounds of barley, plus four hundred pounds of vegetable seeds, totaled only twenty thousand two hundred pence.

Yet Master Lynn was willing to offer him four thousand one hundred pounds of fine salt!

Not only calculated at five pence per pound of fine salt but also rounded up.

After confirming the price, Lynn had the Guard lead the wagon team into the town to unload the goods.

Lynn continued to stand where he was.

Taking in a deep breath of the unique grassy bitterness after the grass was cut, Lynn continued speaking.

Chapter 468: I'm Willing to Pay More (5)

"Mr. Boer, transporting tens of thousands, or even hundreds of thousands of pounds of grain each time is still far from enough."

"I need at least as much as last time, like one million pounds of barley."

"Otherwise, it's impossible to plant all the reclaimed land they have opened up."

Boer's eyebrows furrowed slightly and he said, "Master Lynn, the last time we were able to purchase and transport such a large amount of winter barley was because the autumn harvest was not long past."

"Whether it was some Free People or some Manor Lords in the small towns, they were quite willing to sell their stock of barley."

"However, Master Lynn, you also know, from autumn tillage to summer planting, there is a long period, spanning nearly eight or nine months."

"Moreover, with the heavy snowfall last winter, many Manor Lords and Free People are worried that this year's summer harvest might not be good."

"Therefore, they are not very willing to sell their stock of grain..."

Lynn understood and nodded.

Heavy snowfall, such adverse weather, is visible to all.

Lynn knew this, and other Farmers or Free People with Planting Experience could also predict it.

Lynn calmly spoke, "I'm willing to increase the price!"

Listening to Lynn's words, Boer's face showed surprise.

After hesitating a few seconds, Boer tentatively inquired, "Master Lynn, how much are you willing to increase?"

Without any hesitation, Lynn replied, "If five pounds for one penny doesn't work, then two pence, and if two pence still doesn't work, then three pence!"

"Surely the price of one pound of barley can't be the same as that of wheat, right?"

Boer quickly responded, "Master Lynn, certainly not. Wheat is indeed a superior grain, and only the Lord Nobility has the power to use it."

"If barley and wheat had the same price, then it would be quite outrageous, wouldn't it?"

Lynn agreed, "Go boldly to collect, Mr. Boer."

"As long as the price of barley doesn't exceed the price of five pounds for three pence, you can certainly buy it all."

Seeing Lynn's determined expression, Boer hastily replied, "Okay, my Lord, I understand!"

"With this price, I think no Manor Lord would be unwilling to sell barley."

The price of five pounds for one penny of barley is already the most normal market price.

Even having been a crop merchant for so many years, he has never seen a price of five pounds for two pence!

That's because barley's value is only that much!

Relying only on scattering Planting techniques, without irrigation, without fertilization, mostly just using an Iron Scythe to clear weeds in the fields.

Barley harvested depending on the weather could hardly fetch such a price!

Lynn nodded, "That's for the best, I need a large amount of grain."

Boer bowed and replied.

After the Townsmen cleared a plot, another group of Townsmen began driving draft horses and Oxen, starting to open up the land.

Under the pull of two Oxen, the Heavy Plow's sturdy and sharp plowhead directly reached the deep fertile soil, turning over row upon row of soil...

Seeing the land being opened up by the Heavy Plow for the first time, Boer couldn't help but widen his eyes, with a look of shock emerging on his face.

This method of plowing...

Isn't it too terrifying!

Previously, Boer had always been curious about the plowing and planting method on Master Lynn's territory.

Now, seeing it suddenly, he was indeed shocked!

Compared to those who use the Iron Hoe to dig or those Manor Lords who plow with the Light Plow...

This is true plowing!

Boer couldn't help but ask, "Master Lynn, may I be bold enough to inquire about the yield per acreage of your planted barley?"

Lynn didn't hide, "One hundred and fifty pounds."

This yield is just the initial yield of Lynn's wheat planting.

No composting, only using decomposed forest soil as fertilizer.

As for the yield of this batch of winter barley planted with compost, Lynn himself didn't know.

But Lynn could be sure of one thing, with the nourishment of compost and the fertile soil turned by the Heavy Plow, the summer harvest of barley would definitely exceed this yield.

Boer, upon hearing this, raised his eyebrows instantly.

One hundred and fifty pounds?

An increase of nearly forty to fifty pounds?

This is truly farming!

Others' methods of planting are not just wasting seeds, but also wasting land!

With all irrelevant thoughts discarded from his mind, Boer followed behind Lynn, heading towards the small town.

Now he only needed to wait for Master Lynn's Townsman to transport all the grain down.

Then, load the fine salt onto his carriage and he could return.

Walking along the limestone road, Boer looked around at everything.

In his heart, Boer couldn't help but once again feel admiration for Master Lynn.

He clearly remembered that at that time, the territory only had a few wooden houses...

After a short time walking out.

Boer thought of something and said, "Master Lynn, there's a rumor circulating in Morgan Town!"

Lynn didn't stop walking.

"Let me hear it."

Boer began explaining, "The Aiden Morrison Manor was taken over by an unknown armed force!"

"They killed at least five hundred followers, plundered everything from Aiden Manor's estate, and even Aiden himself is missing..."

Lynn still did not stop but turned his head to look at Boer, asking, "Mr. Boer, what do you think, who did it?"

Looking at Lynn's back, Boer hesitated for a few seconds before finally saying, "Master Lynn, I don't know..."

As a merchant in Morgan Town and having registered a local Merchant Guild in Morgan Town.

He naturally has a lot of intelligence information in Morgan Town.

He clearly knows that besides Master Lynn ahead, Morgan Town is equipped with the military-like armed forces.

Chapter 469: I'm Willing to Pay More (6)

Other manor lords simply cannot possess such strength!

However, even if he's aware, he doesn't dare to casually guess Master Lynn's thoughts.

To speak nicely, he is Master Lynn's partner merchant.

Responsible for purchasing and transporting the necessary goods from outside to Master Lynn's territory.

To put it unkindly, he's just a leech attached to Master Lynn!

Completely reliant on Master Lynn's favor for his achievements today.

Boer continued speaking, "However, Master Lynn, my people happened to discover that some manor lords in Morgan Town have met."

"The discussion seems to be about Aiden!"

"But I haven't heard what it specifically is yet..."

"However, if I find out more later, I can inform Master Lynn immediately."

Lynn responded but didn't pursue the topic further.

Shortly thereafter.

Lynn and Boer returned to the Lord's Square in front of the town.

The townsmen had already unloaded all the grain from the carts.

Currently, they were carrying bags of fine salt upwards.

After half an hour, all the fine salt was moved up.

George came to Lynn and Boer, explaining, "Sir, the four thousand one hundred pounds of fine salt are all loaded."

Boer, standing next to them, spoke, "Master Lynn, should I take my leave then?"

"The total amount of grain you need is quite large, I need to find more local crop merchants to purchase from various towns!"

Lynn nodded, "Then I must trouble Mr. Boer."

Boer bowed slightly to show respect, stepped back a few steps, then turned and left.

Watching Boer lead the carriage convoy away, Lynn finally withdrew his gaze.

As for the intelligence information Boer mentioned...

It was within his expectations.

The ruin of a small manor, drawing extensive attention, would naturally be known by those related to Morrison.

Traveling merchants who usually deliver goods to Morrison Manor, or Free People with employment ties to Aiden, etc...

As soon as he goes to Morrison Manor, he can immediately sense something unusual.

The network of interpersonal relationships, like a large net.

He naturally cannot completely remove it from this net!

All he can do is accelerate the development of the territory and enhance its military power.

Only with solid strength can he fend off invaders or wage external battles!

Suppressing his thoughts, Lynn returned to the area being reclaimed.

Rolling up his sleeves, he stepped into the wasteland and began clearing weeds and tree roots...

[Planting Experience +1]

[Planting Experience +1]

[Planting Experience +1]

...

In Lynn Territory, the reclamation was in full swing.

Time passed day by day.

With the concerted efforts of five thousand people, areas overgrown with yellowing weeds were cleared into patches of empty land.

All that was needed was to drive the Wheel Plow pulled by oxen and draft horses for plowing.

Afterwards, it could be used for planting barley!

After continuous plowing for five days, Lynn drew two hundred people from the plowing team.

To sort and soak barley seeds in the warehouse.

Even though the warehouse's barley seeds cannot satisfy the planting for fifty thousand acres of farmland.

They'd plant as many as possible!

Fortunately, with the presence of the grain windmill, sorting plump barley seeds from the barley wasn't complicated.

Even townsmen with no experience could easily use the grain windmill after a brief learning period.

Sorted barley seeds needed to be soaked in saltwater to disinfect and sterilize, also promoting seed growth.

After several days of plowing and preparation of barley seeds.

As Lynn organized the townsmen to start planting...

On the distant Sea of Vortex from Lynn Territory.

Two longships were swiftly sailing under the sea breeze.

Due to large waves, every time a wave was crossed, the longships oscillated fiercely.

The sails made of linen cloth were now blown full and round, making 'pup pup pup' vibrations.

In the longship's cabin.

Grayson walked on the path between slaves bound by iron chains or ropes.

Watching those faces, pale and thin from hunger.

He shouted loudly, "I know you're very hungry!"

"But there's no way, I'm a slave trader, even if you starve to death on the transport route, I only feed you once every three days."

"It's the rule for transporting slaves!"

"To make a foothold and earn buckets of money here, one must adhere to this rule!"

Feeling the eyes filled with resentment.

Grayson naturally knew that without guards protecting him, these slaves would want to tear him apart.

That's why Grayson never sympathizes with these people.

He is but a slave trader.

He merely buys slaves from selling lords or big figures and resells them to those needing lords or big figures.

He only makes a profit from the price difference.

Where there's buying, there'll surely be selling.

Grayson always believes he's done nothing wrong.

Grayson shouted again, "Rest assured."

"Since last year, none of the slaves passing through Uncle Grayson Brown's hands have been unappreciative of me."

"You're surely curious, why is that?"

"Because these slaves have all been sent by Uncle Grayson to a magical territory!"

"There, they live in clean and tidy Red Brick Houses!"

"Those are newly constructed Red Brick Houses, airtight, with coal distributed for heating during winter..."

"Three meals a day, with meat in the dishes..."

"Even, the Lord provides them with clean and tidy new clothes!"

The previously lost and terrified slaves heard this and their eyes showed a glimmer of hope and longing.

But soon, they felt it unrealistic.

They were just captive slaves, what qualifications did they have to enjoy such superior conditions?

Grayson continued speaking, "If you had any money right now, I'd even charge an entrance fee to Master Lynn's territory from you!"

Sadly shaking his head.

He climbed the wooden stairs and reached the deck of the longship.

Grayson's gaze searched and finally settled on the figure at the bow, tall and slender.

Under the constant sea breeze, snow-white hair swayed rapidly...

Chapter 470: Military Merit Promotion

It's not just her hair, but also the black leather armor she wears and the short sword at her waist that are constantly swaying.

Even though it's just a silhouette, Grayson only needs to watch from afar to feel the powerful aura and pressure emanating from her.

His heart races with nervousness and his breathing becomes rapid.

Grayson takes a deep breath, suppresses the tension in his heart, exhales a warm breath, and steps towards the woman ahead.

Tap-tap~

The sound of leather boots stepping on the wooden deck reaches the woman's ears.

The woman doesn't turn her head at all, as if she already knows that the person approaching is Grayson.

Cold words emanate from her mouth.

"Are the slaves appeased?"

Grayson walks beside the woman and responds, "Appeased, Audrey."

Audrey slightly turns her head to glance at Grayson, her words remaining cold.

"Grayson, how old are you this year?"

Grayson raises his eyebrows in confusion, momentarily unsure why Audrey would ask such a question.

However, he still responds truthfully, "I'm seventeen this year..."

Audrey shakes her head, "Still too immature. Someone like you can't manage the entire Brown Clan!"

Faced with Audrey's doubts, Grayson doesn't resist or refute.

Audrey continues to speak, "Slaves are slaves!"

"If there aren't enough, go capture more. Once captured, sell them. Selling them accumulates capital!"

"If slaves misbehave during transport, then just kill them off."

"As long as you possess enough power, slaves are everywhere."

Upon hearing this.

Grayson's face turns solemn, and he agrees, "You're right, Audrey."

If someone else said such things, Grayson would've scoffed at them.

What power, what rank?

Dare to speak such arrogant words?

But now, the person speaking is Audrey!

She single-handedly intervened in the imperial power struggle of the Portlands Empire.

Even though the Portlands Empire is currently in a stalemate, each side summoning vassals and soldiers.

But Audrey supports the Imperial Grandson Chronos's side, controlling the entire Royal City, holding a significant advantage.

Complete victory is just a matter of time.

Basically, once the war is won, if Audrey wishes to take vanquished soldiers and Free People as slaves.

She would have countless slaves to trade!

Audrey's words make perfect sense!

And as Audrey's caring clan sibling, he can conveniently act as a means of transport for her.

Perhaps due to their natural sibling dynamic pressure.

Grayson and Audrey soon fall into silence.

Grayson hesitates for a few seconds, just about to speak when Audrey speaks first.

"How much longer until we reach that wasteland?"

Without a moment's thought, Grayson responds, "If the river ice inland melts, we'll reach Kakasong City of the Karedi Empire in no more than ten days, and then..."

Before finishing his sentence, Grayson raises his eyebrows and immediately begins to explain.

"Audrey, I've explained to you that Lynn's territory is no longer a wasteland!"

"The city walls... right, you've already seen them!"

"In just a few short months, his territory has undergone tremendous change!"

"Dining halls, pastures, over a dozen workshop areas, hospitals, schools, even a castle, have all been completed!"

"His town has at least four to five thousand red bricks used for the daily living and residence of the townsmen!"

"The key is that Lynn's territory possesses three major mines!"

"Salt mines, iron mines, and coal mines."

"Put simply, given enough time, Lynn's presence will definitely become a force not to be underestimated by the Karedi Empire."

Listening to Grayson's uninterrupted praise and introduction of that Lord, Audrey slightly furrows her eyebrows.

"It seems you really think highly of that Lord?"

Upon hearing these words, Grayson is taken aback.

He slightly recalls; Audrey merely casually referred to it as a 'wasteland,' and he unwittingly started defending it.

Even wishing to forcibly instill his views into Audrey's mind.

Grayson doesn't refute or counter but openly admits, "Yes."

"Lynn is the most unique existence I have ever seen."

"Other Lords use force and pressure to make Peasants work laboriously."

"But Lynn tells his townsmen that their work isn't just for the territory and Lord but also for themselves."

"Other Lords want slaves to work without wanting to feed Peasants."

"But Lynn provides his townsmen with plenty of food to improve their physical condition, thereby increasing labor efficiency!"

"Other Lords never consider building schools and hospitals on their land, even if there're scholars and doctors, they're solely for them."

"But Lynn thinks about building good schools so more people can learn to read and write, gain more knowledge and skills."

"..."

Grayson's words are plain, without embellishment, merely sharing his observations from Lynn's Territory.

Through his mouth, narrating them for Audrey.

After listing several examples, Grayson looks at Audrey.

"Such a Lord, I believe, has never existed from ancient times to present, right?"

"I think what Lord Lynn has done can even be compared to you, Audrey!"