

System 481

Chapter 481: God's Incarnation _6

Lynn remained silent, lost in thought.

Seconds later.

Lynn spoke, "No problem, Scholar Tate. I will send guards and horses to escort you to Triumph City!"

Tate naturally understood Lynn's intentions and was completely unbothered, "Thank you very much, Master Lynn."

"If no unexpected events occur, I will return from Triumph City in just over a month!"

Lynn nodded, "Okay, then it's better early than late, let's depart tomorrow morning."

"However, Scholar Tate, remember to return swiftly, as these students still need your continued teaching!"

"Once a teacher, always a father!"

Hearing Lynn's words, Tate was momentarily stunned.

He softly whispered, repeating Lynn's words.

"Once a teacher, always a father..."

A short while later.

Tate spoke, "Master Lynn, even if I die on the road, my corpse will be escorted back by the guards!"

Lynn nodded.

He instructed Tate to retire and prepare the items for return.

As Lynn returned to the castle, he assigned Red to organize six guards to travel with Tate.

As for Tate's departure potentially sowing rebellious thoughts and leaking information about the territory...

Lynn had no concern.

Tate was a scholar!

Almost completely devoted to agricultural planting technology reform.

Apart from time dedicated to teaching lessons and taking meals and rest, all of Tate's time was spent in the fields.

One could even say he spent more time than the majority of farmers.

Understanding the production of waterwheels, irrigation canal methods, the reclaiming and planting technology, understanding the wheel plow...

Plus, Tate showed a loyalty level of up to ninety-five percent.

Should Tate rebel, Lynn would be speechless.

Then the accompanying guards could fulfill their role.

After instructing Red a few sentences, Lynn paced towards the Lord's Square in front of the town.

The townsmen finishing their labor were orderly returning to the town.

A day's work ended once more.

Lynn observed for a short while before returning to the castle.

After eating the dinner prepared by Kuisi, he continued writing about the garrison system for military promotion!

The garrison system has many advantages.

The self-sufficiency of the farming system, a complete hierarchy management structure, unified administration, and the stable military resources of hereditary households.

But on the contrary, the garrison system has great deficiencies.

Soldiers engaged long-term in farming lack training, leading to decreased combat effectiveness.

Serious corruption, where officers embezzle military funds, withhold soldier benefits, and the system's rigidity lacks flexibility.

Yet, the garrison system has not yet been drafted or implemented.

It can be crafted into an almost perfect system!

Firstly, cancel the hereditary household system, adopt a recruitment system, where soldiers enlist via selection, and upon service completion, can retire or be promoted!

The dual evaluation system of military service promotion and farming efficiency allows for promotion through military merits or agricultural contributions, or land rewards.

This enhances soldiers' combat effectiveness and farmers' labor enthusiasm!

Secondly, the garrison's portion of farming output can be traded in the garrison market or recycled into his territory.

The revenue from trade and recycling can be used to improve soldier living conditions.

Then, separate military and administration!

Garrison commanders and farming civil authorities will have separated powers, supervising each other to prevent officers from seizing land power.

Next, the area surrounding the garrison can include free people or even peasants, encouraging them to reclaim barren land and plant.

As long as they first pay taxes to the garrison, they may also receive guidance on planting techniques.

Finally, addressing soldiers' combat ability.

An elite field unit can be established directly under his command to address large-scale warfare.

A local garrison security force can be set up within the garrison for routine defense and farming.

Annual collective military training at fixed times...

If executed, it ensures the garrison system's military-civil unity advantages and mitigates later system shortcomings!

Achieving both ends!

...

At the same time, elsewhere.

Inside a small castle.

In the reception hall.

Several figures sat at both sides of a long table, quietly dining under the maid's service.

Perhaps due to wind gaps in the castle's corners, white candle flames on the table sputtered continuously.

Wisps of gray-black smoke drifted, emitting a faint burnt odor...

But this did not affect the dining of the Frank Clan.

Metal knives and forks, slicing meat, culminating in a screech on ceramic plates, repeatedly sounding.

As maids bustled back and forth, the men and women finally completed dinner.

At the head of the table.

Jonas picked up a silk handkerchief warmed and moistened by a maid, wiping his mouth.

Putting it down, he stood leisurely, Janet beside him hastily stood, extending arms to support Jonas.

Janet's gentle voice sounded, "Grandfather, I'll escort you to your room!"

Jonas glanced at Janet, replying, "Okay."

Under the gaze of dozens at the table, Janet swaying her hips, supported Jonas towards the staircase nearby.

As they ascended, Janet's swaying became even more pronounced.

And Jonas's left hand, just at the waist above those hips...

At the table side.

A somewhat overweight middle-aged man watched Janet's back climb the stairs, eventually vanishing around the corner.

Only then did he reluctantly withdraw his gaze.

His eyes held a clear tinge of reverie.

"What a pity..."

Opposite the middle-aged man, another short-haired middle-aged man witnessed everything.

The short-haired man looked directly at the overweight man, speaking, "Eduardo, what do you mean by that?"

With his voice, some preparing to rise men and women looked over confusedly.

They all focused on Eduardo.

Eduardo raised an eyebrow, unconcerned.

He retorted, "Chase, what did I say?"

Short-haired man Chase, eyes wide, continued to question, "What do you mean by 'what a pity'?"

Chase instantly understood and smirked, "It's exactly what you think it means!"

"I believe not only you and I, but everyone here, and even the entire Frank Clan knows what it means!"

Chase's eyes were filled with anger, he slammed the table, rising from his chair.

Eduardo remained fearless, leaning back in his chair.

He continued speaking, "Our biological father, and his eldest son's biological daughter..."

Before Eduardo finished, a steaming kettle crashed over him.

Hot water swiftly poured, soaking Eduardo's clothing.

A shrill pig-like scream echoed in the reception hall.

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On the corridor laid with coarse wool carpets.

Jonas and Janet naturally heard the scuffling and cursing from below, along with the crisp sound of pottery shattering.

The two of them paid no heed, still supporting each other as they arrived in front of a pair of wooden doors.

After Janet pushed open the door, she supported Jonas as they walked into the bedroom.

Upon entering the bedroom, Jonas removed his left hand from Janet's waist.

Janet placed Jonas into a walnut armchair.

After completing all this, Janet returned to close the double wooden doors.

Returning to Jonas's side again, Janet picked up an animal hide and covered Jonas's legs.

"Although it's spring, it's still a bit chilly at night, easy to catch a cold."

Jonas did not speak, staring directly at Janet squatting in front of him.

Even though Janet's ample and snowy white bosom and deep cleavage were exposed in front of Jonas as she squatted.

Jonas didn't pay any attention.

As Janet was about to finish covering him with the hide and prepared to leave.

Jonas finally spoke: "Thank you for your hard work, Janet."

Janet, squatting on the floor, suddenly froze, her hands stopping mid-air.

After a few seconds of recovery, Janet lifted her head, puzzled, "Grandfather, what do you mean by this?"

Jonas sighed, "After your parents left, only you were left."

"Your uncles and aunts... they are nothing but useless loafers, their minds are either filled with money or the insignificant matters in their pants!"

"You have to take care of my daily life and endure their strange gazes... you've had a hard time."

Janet showed a smile, saying, "It's nothing, Grandfather."

Jonas's eyes revealed an appreciation, "Good child!"

"I've always thought highly of your father, just as I think highly of you now."

"If possible, I would even want you to inherit this manor, but you know, you have too many uncles and cousins."

"If I forcibly give the manor to you, it might end up fragmented!"

"Moreover, it might bring about a fatal disaster to you..."

Janet listened to Jonas's words, not interrupting him.

Jonas continued, "Therefore, only by letting you stay by my side, widening your connections, and getting to know more noble lords, constructing a force of your own..."

"Only this way, Janet, can you possibly become the master of this manor!"

Janet nodded, "This method is good."

Jonas also agreed, "Yes, this method is indeed good."

"It not only gives you room to develop but also allows me to protect you in my name."

"However... the only downside is that they will think I have an indecent relationship with you!"

"Haha, there's not a single part of my body that can become hard, I'm almost in the grave, yet their imagination is quite rich..."

Janet's face showed a determined expression, saying, "Grandfather, let them talk, I don't care."

Jonas appreciated, "Yes, as long as there is enough power, everything will be rewritten!"

"Only the victors have the right to rewrite history!"

A moment later.

Janet walked out of Jonas's room.

A guard standing at the door followed behind Janet.

Walking through the corridor, Janet reached the platform of the staircase below.

Looking over, Janet saw the parlor, which was clean and tidy when she and Jonas left.

Now it was in chaos.

Fallen wooden chairs, scattered pottery, even the candlesticks on the tables were thrown into the corner.

Seeing the maids tidying up the mess, Janet couldn't help but frown.

She stepped down the stairs.

Passing through the parlor, she quickly arrived in the open courtyard outside the manor.

Janet's gaze passed through the darkness, surveying the large tract of cleared land shrouded in night.

A night breeze swept through, blowing her long hair and the remaining length of her skirt.

Janet instinctively wrapped her arms around herself.

Thus, the round, snowy whiteness in front of her became even more pronounced.

A moment later.

Janet, lost in thought, returned to consciousness.

Still staring at the cleared land ahead, she spoke, "Boger, have you contacted the Iron Thorns Mercenary Corps?"

The guard, Boger, with his head lowered behind her, quickly responded, "Yes, Miss."

"They've set up an ambush on the road to Kakasong City."

"As soon as Eduardo appears, they will kill him!"

"There will be no leaks!"

After Janet finished listening, a barely audible hum sounded in response.

Boger hesitated, "Miss, the only variable now is... whether something unexpected might happen when Eduardo heads to Kakasong City..."

"If he doesn't leave tonight, I'm worried the Iron Thorns Mercenary Corps will leave early..."

As soon as he spoke, Janet immediately said.

"There will be no accident!"

Of course, there will be no accident.

Because Eduardo is going to Kakasong City to take over a highly trafficked shop owned by Jonas in Kakasong City!

As long as he takes over the shop, even without any changes, letting the staff run it on its own.

There is an income of dozens of Gold Pounds each month from the sale of leather.

Greedy and lustful as always, would Eduardo resist earning the shiny Gold Pounds?

Boger, with his head bowed, "Yes, Miss."

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The voice of response had just fallen.

Several footsteps sounded from behind the two of them.

Before Janet and Boger could turn around to look, a strong smell of alcohol wafted into their noses.

Words full of curiosity sounded from behind.

"Janet, why don't you come with me to Kakasong City for a few days?"

Janet turned around and saw the bulky figure stepping forward, with a round face.

Her face did not show any sign of disgust, rather a simple smile appeared instantly.

"Uncle Eduardo... I thought you had gone back to your room to rest..."

Gulp~

Eduardo came to Janet's side and burped without any hesitation.

The nauseating smell of alcohol sprayed on Janet's face, making her frown slightly.

Eduardo was utterly unaware, casually placing his right arm on Janet's shoulder.

Guard Boger wanted to stop him but was halted by a glance from Janet.

Boger had no choice but to keep his head down, waiting aside.

"Don't call me uncle, just call me Eduardo. There's not much age difference between us."

Eduardo slightly lowered his head, glanced at Janet's front, and felt even more at ease.

"I'd love to rest, but there's nothing I can do. The old master insists I go to receive that leather shop..."

At this point.

The arm Eduardo had placed on Janet's shoulder slightly loosened, sliding down from the shoulder.

It came to Janet's waist.

Feeling the slender waist, Eduardo asked expectantly, "Janet, what do you think of my proposal just now?"

"Come with me to Kakasong City for a few days?"

"Don't worry, whatever you want, I will certainly satisfy you and entertain you comfortably!"

Janet raised her eyebrows, and her snake-like waist gently swayed.

Eduardo's right hand, originally placed on Janet's waist, directly moved to the high curve behind.

The rounded and elastic feel instantly appeared in Eduardo's hand.

Eduardo's eyebrows instantly raised.

Smelling the unidentified fragrance emanating from Janet, Eduardo's heart swayed.

Before Eduardo could speak, Janet regretfully said, "Uncle Eduardo, this manor does indeed seem somewhat boring to me..."

"I also want to go to the city to take a look, but... I need to serve my grandfather..."

"He doesn't want anyone other than me to serve him."

Feeling the comfort brought by the rounded sensation under his palm, Eduardo wanted to grasp it slightly.

But he found Janet stepped a few steps away, separating from his right hand.

Eduardo was filled with resentment, thinking: "Damned Jonas!"

"Is it impossible for ordinary maids to take good care of you?"

"Must you occupy Janet?"

However.

Eduardo did not press on, took a few steps, trying to catch up with Janet.

Smelling the aroma on his right hand while rubbing his nose, he spoke.

"Never mind, Janet."

"When I have sorted out the shop, there will be plenty of time to visit Kakasong City in the future."

Janet responded regretfully, "Guess it'll be like this, Uncle Eduardo!"

Eduardo nodded, took Janet's right hand, placed it in front of his mouth, and deeply kissed it greedily before reluctantly releasing it.

After saying a few words of goodbye to Janet, Eduardo licked his lips while leading seven or eight guards, and walked out of the open-air courtyard.

Along with the sound of smacking lips...

After a series of horse neighs, seven or eight guards holding torches escorted a carriage, galloping towards the darkness outside the manor.

The smile on Janet's face gradually softened, eventually turning into indifference.

"I told you, nothing unexpected would happen!"

Boger behind her bent his waist even lower, not daring to utter a word.

Time quietly passed by.

The courtyard planted with various green plants was already devoid of any human figures.

Except for the guards guarding the castle gate and those responsible for patrolling.

Not a single figure could be seen.

The entire Frank Castle seemed to be asleep.

In Jonas' master bedroom.

Janet lay on the table in front, covered with a wool blanket, slowly opened her eyes.

She vaguely heard a sound of hooves rapidly galloping from outside the castle.

Janet still maintained her prone position, showing no anomaly.

Letting that more distinct sound of hooves draw closer to the castle.

As the sound of hooves fell silent, soon the sound of doors opening, footsteps rushing, sounds of ascending third-floor stairs, and running through corridors erupted...

In just two minutes.

The guard's voice was heard outside Jonas' double-door wooden bedroom.

"Boger, urgent report, I request to see Master Jonas!"

On the large bed, it seemed Jonas was awakened by the sound outside the door.

A low voice came from his mouth.

"Come in."

Only then.

Janet slowly sat up straight, heading towards the double wooden door.

Reaching out her hands, opening the cumbersome latch on the wooden door.

After a sound of friction, the wooden door was opened.

A guard hurried into Jonas' master bedroom, after taking a few steps, his footsteps stopped abruptly.

Without any hesitation, he knelt on the carpeted ground, despairingly gazing at the large bed.

"Master... Young Master Eduardo has been attacked!"

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Lying on the large bed, Jonas was so shocked that he suddenly sat up without needing Janet's support.

Jonas stared at the guard kneeling, questioning, "Attacked? What kind of attack?"

"Didn't Eduardo take the guards to Kakasong City?"

The guard on the ground quickly explained, "Master, we encountered bandits! Many bandits!"

"They killed Master Eduardo!"

Jonas furrowed his brow tightly, "Can you identify which bandits did it?"

The guard thought for a few seconds and suddenly said, "They claimed to be the Iron Blood Bandit Corps."

Jonas's eyes narrowed slightly, "The Iron Blood Brotherhood Bandit Corps?"

The guard nodded repeatedly, "Yes, yes, Master, it was the Iron Blood Brotherhood Bandit Corps!"

Jonas's slightly narrowed eyes opened slightly, "I understand, go down and rest."

The guard bent down, stood up, and prepared to leave.

Jonas's voice sounded again, "Boger, see him out."

The guard Boger, who was waiting at the door, bent over and left the bedroom with the guard.

With the wooden door closing.

The entire spacious room resumed its silence.

Jonas glanced at Janet and said, "Your good uncles and family elders can no longer endure the restrictions."

"Finally, they couldn't hold back from taking action against their own brother!"

Janet stepped over and sat by Jonas's large bed, somewhat incredulously asking, "Grandfather, do you mean it wasn't the bandits who killed Uncle Eduardo?"

Jonas shook his head, "I don't know."

"But I know that any one of them has been coveting my position for a long time..."

"Because I've lived too long, sixty-two years... If your father hadn't had an accident, he would now be over thirty or forty years old..."

"If your father were here, with his talents and abilities, the Frank Clan wouldn't have such a chaotic end!"

Janet fell silent.

Jonas continued, "But it doesn't matter."

"As long as I'm not dead, they don't dare do anything to me, and Janet, you are also safe."

Janet lowered her head, "Yes, Grandfather."

...

The following day.

The reclamation work in the fields continued without pause.

With the addition of the dozens of draft cattle transported by Hunter, the speed of development increased significantly.

After having lunch, Lynn also joined in the sowing and planting efforts.

With a simple clay pot in his left hand, Lynn continuously scooped handfuls of barley seeds from the pot with his right hand, scattering them into the dug and fertilized furrows.

The townsmen following behind used iron hoes to cover the furrows, burying the barley seeds under a thin layer of soil.

[Planting Experience +1]

[Planting Experience +1]

[Planting Experience +1]

...

Bit by bit, the experience increased rapidly.

During these five days.

Boer led the local Merchant Guild he established, bringing their carriages to his territory once.

Nearly sixty carriages, under the cover of night, with torches blazing, entered his territory like a majestic train.

Since each carriage was drawn by a single draft horse, each carriage could carry only about two thousand pounds.

But with sixty carriages combined, the weight of the barley exceeded a hundred thousand pounds.

This was a bit short for planting fifty thousand acres of farmland, but better than nothing.

With an additional hundred thousand pounds of barley seeds, he could get these townsmen to plant an additional five thousand acres of barley farmland.

Calculating at a minimum yield of one hundred and fifty pounds per acre, this could produce an additional seven hundred fifty thousand pounds of barley!

As Lynn continuously bent his waist back and forth for several hours, sowing seeds, the day passed in an instant.

After tirelessly laboring for several hours, Lynn handed the clay pot to the townsmen and stepped out of the fields wearing his mud-stained leather boots.

Coming to the roadside to clean off, Lynn stood on the limestone road, gazing around.

Five thousand townsmen, divided into groups, were working fervently.

They didn't even need Lynn to assign guards to supervise them.

They were all diligently reclaiming land of their own accord.

For them, planting barley seeds was sowing the seeds of hope.

Only by reclaiming and planting could they avoid starvation.

This was exactly what Lynn wanted to see most.

He was the lord of this land and the master of these townsmen.

He could completely adopt a command and pressure approach to drive or even force these townsmen to reclaim and plant for him.

But such methods were naturally less efficient than instilling self-awareness and allowing them to labor voluntarily.

After a satisfied gaze, Lynn called a guard to find Gavin.

With dirt-streaked cheeks, Gavin jogged over to Lynn's side.

With respect in his words, he addressed, "Master."

Lynn acknowledged and asked, "Can you still find the cotton seeds collected earlier?"

Gavin raised an eyebrow and quickly explained, "Of course, Master."

"We have a total of one thousand eight hundred seeds, which I've kept stored well."

Lynn nodded, "Very good, select ten people from these townsmen to plant cotton."

"Around the cotton fields, set up fences to distinguish them!"

Gavin bent down, "Yes, Master, I'll do it right away."

With Lynn's permission, Gavin turned and left, gathering a group of townsmen before heading to another field.

To prepare for the cotton planting.

Planting cotton was crucial for Lynn and even more so for this territory!

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If large-scale planting and processing into cotton can be achieved, the impact on both the economy and the development of territorial armed forces would be enormous.

According to Lynn's current memory, the entire Garonia Continent's textile materials mainly rely on linen and wool!

As for silk, its production is extremely rare, expensive, and often only available to the royal nobility.

Given the long growth cycle of wool and the complex processing of linen, if cotton can be planted on a large scale, with its short seed cycle and easy processing characteristics.

It will definitely greatly reduce textile costs!

It might even surpass the production of fine salt from the Salt Factory, becoming the largest economic industry in the territory.

Keep in mind.

It's not just Lynn's territory that has salt mines.

Not to mention the entire Garonia Continent.

Even throughout the Kaadi Empire.

There are quite a few lord territories with salt mines.

Plus.

The Coastal Empire can produce a large amount of fine salt through sun drying.

This is why, even though fine salt is meticulously produced, it usually costs just six pence per pound.

However.

If he could plant and process large amounts of cotton in this territory, it would be different.

He can utilize the panel of Heavenly Artifacts to make a manual cotton gin, accelerating the separation efficiency of cotton fibers.

He could even build a water-powered spinning workshop!

With cotton's advantages over linen and wool such as wide planting adaptability, high yield, easy spinning and weaving, good warmth retention, and durability.

Before long, cotton will become adored by everyone.

Naturally, Lynn's territory will create a tremendous wealth of value!

Not only in terms of economy.

The military aspect will also undergo a brand new upgrade!

Lynn could use cotton to make large quantities of cotton uniforms for soldiers!

Compared to linen and leather, cotton cloth is lighter, significantly improving marching mobility.

The strong warmth retention of cotton-padded clothing could even replace some fur and become winter military supplies.

Not just clothing, but tents for open-air camping, marching bags, and even preparations for future gunpowder bags!

In terms of crossbow cannons and catapults, cotton fiber woven ropes can completely replace hemp ropes!

With higher strength and better corrosion resistance!

Looking further ahead, they can be used as igniting materials for matchlock guns, sails of long warships!

Lynn thought about it and realized that to plant cotton seeds widely in the territory would still take a few years!

After last year's cotton planting, only 1,800 cotton seeds were harvested.

Even with this year's planting, according to the calculation of cotton seeds harvested last year.

One cotton plant can grow six bolls, and each boll contains thirty seeds.

That means, even if the survival rate of the cotton seeds to be planted immediately is a hundred percent, at most 324,000 cotton seeds could be obtained this year.

According to the normal planting density of cotton, these seeds can only plant forty acres of land.

The produced cotton, at most only ten thousand pounds!

Indeed, it's too little.

However.

As long as he's given enough time to continuously plant cotton seeds.

He will have a large amount of cotton seeds!

Next year, there will be tens of millions of cotton seeds.

The year after that, there will be billions of cotton seeds...

An explosive exponential increase!

Pushing aside distractions from his mind, Lynn strode towards Gavin and his group who had brought the cotton seeds.

Coming to Gavin's side, Lynn looked at the bag filled with cotton seeds.

Seed by seed, full and glossy deep brown seeds were piled inside.

Accompanied by Gavin and his group, they began the initial selection.

Until one bag of cotton seeds was screened, only a dozen seeds showed slight damage and signs of being shriveled.

With over 1,700 cotton seeds available, only half an acre of land can be planted.

By dusk.

All the cotton seeds were planted.

Lynn once again instructed Gavin to cut some branches first thing in the morning and protect this half-acre cotton area.

Only then did they finish work and walk towards the town.

As they walked, Lynn noticed Gavin beside him hesitating.

Lynn directly asked, "What's the matter, just say it straightforwardly."

The other townsmen nearby curiously looked at Gavin.

Hearing Lynn's words, Gavin no longer hesitated and said, "Master, my wife Connie is three months pregnant..."

"Can I apply to let her rest at home?"

"But rest assured, I can finish her share of work in the evenings!"

"Is... is this okay?"

After saying this, Gavin cautiously looked at Lynn, filled with anticipation in his eyes.

Lynn nodded and said, "I mentioned it to Kuisi before, pregnant women don't need to participate in any work after three months into pregnancy and can rest at home without worry."

"While enjoying the normal welfare of the townsmen, egg and chicken meat benefits will also be provided."

"You can directly go to Kuisi and explain."

Gavin's face was filled with delight, "That's wonderful, thank you, Master Lynn, you are the rebirth parents of our family!"

Lynn smiled slightly.

Even though Gavin did not know about the instructions given to Kuisi, Lynn didn't mind at all.

With territorial laws and regulations only given verbally, not just Kuisi and these townsmen.

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Even he sometimes couldn't remember what he had done before.

No matter when.

There were too many things in the territory waiting for him to decide and issue orders, and arrange personnel to execute them!

However.

After waiting for a while, after he completes the drafting of the Garrison System for military merit promotion, along with some laws and regulations for the territory.

These management policies will be announced to the townsmen.

Back to the town.

Let Gavin and the others arrange their own time, Lynn took Red back to the castle.

By now.

Kuisi had already completed the cooking of today's dinner and was waiting with the maids who were setting the plates.

Seeing Lynn and Red, Kuisi spoke: "Master, you are back just in time to have dinner."

Lynn responded and came to the dining table.

The tall maid previously pulled open the armchair's main seat for Lynn again.

Lynn glanced at her casually and sat down unceremoniously.

Kuisi began to cut the meat on his plate, Lynn spoke: "Is this red deer?"

Kuisi explained with some surprise: "Yes, master."

"It was foreman Garcia from the lumberyard who sent a mature red deer, saying they accidentally saw it while cutting trees."

"They gathered seven or eight people and put in a lot of effort to capture it."

During the conversation.

Kuisi placed the cut venison on Lynn's plate.

Lynn picked up the fork, brought it to his mouth, and swallowed it, chewing.

The familiar wild taste of venison flooded his mouth once again.

Although a bit tough and chewy, it was still good meat!

While eating dinner, Lynn began to think in his mind.

Spring has already arrived, the season of renewal.

He could consider entering the forest again for exploration.

While hunting to improve his [Hunting] experience, he could find needed materials in the forest.

For example, soil containing nitrate, and ores containing sulfur...

Whether it's for grinding into gunpowder.

Or making explosives, to solve the waterfall's obstruction to territorial development.

He needs to enter the forest again for exploration.

Of course.

It is still just a thought of his for now.

Field cultivation is not yet finished, and planting seeds needed have not been purchased and exchanged.

Weng City is still under construction.

The territorial armed forces expansion to fifteen hundred men is not yet carried out.

Even the military merit promotion Garrison System he is currently drafting has not been completed.

The forest exploration plan can only be postponed.

After dinner.

Lynn rested in the chair for a while before heading to the study.

The drafting of the Garrison System must be accelerated.

Time is passing bit by bit.

As Lynn buried himself at the desk, the sky outside the castle grew darker.

Even though spring has arrived.

Kuisi still instructed the maids to light the anthracite in the room for him.

To maintain temperature and dispel the room's moisture.

Until late at night.

Lynn, having completed part of the work, stood up, stretched lazily, and walked out of the study.

He was about to call Kuisi when the tall young maid bent over before him.

After the maid's greeting, she spoke: "Master, Steward Kuisi went out of the castle on some matter."

"She said... to let me attend to you for soaking..."

Lynn glanced at her and said: "Alright."

Upon hearing Lynn's response, the maid's face slightly relaxed.

"Master, please follow me."

Led by the maid, Lynn walked into a nearby private room.

As the maid pushed open the door, a fog formed by steam floated from the room.

With the maid's help, Lynn's robes were removed piece by piece, placed in a wicker basket aside.

Lynn stepped towards the wooden steps, finally reclining in the bathtub.

Warm and comforting hot water instantly enveloped him.

Taking the linen cloth handed over by the maid, Lynn wet it with hot water, wrung it dry, and covered his eyelids with it.

Lynn could clearly feel the fatigue from overusing his eyes gradually easing.

The maid standing to the side, without receiving Lynn's instructions, awaited with her head bowed.

And yet.

Her eyes intentionally or unintentionally sneaked glances at Lynn's body.

Whether out of nervousness, or because of shyness.

The maid's hands occasionally tugged at her hem...

Watching Lynn's expression of enjoyment, the maid's face was full of conflicted emotions.

Until a few minutes later.

Just as the maid was about to take a step forward, to approach Lynn.

Lynn's voice sounded from his mouth.

"Do you know how to massage?"

The maid appeared stunned, hesitated and said: "Master, I can try."

Lynn replied: "Then give it a try."

The maid stepped slowly toward Lynn with small steps.

The distance once deemed unattainable seemed so close at this moment.

She could even see the pulsating artery beside Lynn's prominent Adam's apple on his wheat-colored neck.

The maid slightly opened her mouth, exhaled a breath of hot air, and placed her pale bony hand in the nearby bucket of hot water to soak.

Waiting for her hands to heat up before massaging Lynn.

After heating her hands in the water, as the maid tried to stand up to massage Lynn.

Lynn's voice sounded again.

"Compared to before, this time approaching is much more natural and unrestrained."

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The maid's face froze, and she asked in confusion, "Sir, what do you mean by this?"

Lynn removed the linen cloth from his eyelids, which had lost its warmth, and continued, "As a maid, you naturally need to do what's expected of a maid."

"Just like when you first appeared as a maid, starting by serving me wine."

"I don't know how you joined the castle."

"But with this identity, you've stayed in the castle for such a long time without doing anything out of place..."

"It shows you already know different identities have different responsibilities, what should be done with each identity without appearing out of place."

The tension and shyness on the maid's face disappeared instantly.

She stared straight at Lynn, saying, "Just as you said, I haven't done anything."

"How did you know this body is my transformation disguise?"

Yaya's heart was full of bafflement.

She spent a winter in the castle with the transformed body and identity of Polia!

This was to make Kuisi, who is responsible for the castle, the guards, and even Lynn familiar with her.

This winter, she nearly did whatever Kuisi arranged for her.

Serving tea, washing clothes, cooking meals.

Of course, her familiarity was one reason.

The second reason, she didn't want to keep hiding her identity outside in the cold winter...

Yet despite this.

She finally found a time when Kuisi was out, and she could slip away from Red, the personal guard, to face Lynn alone.

Even potentially fulfilling the contract they had previously established.

However, Yaya didn't expect that when she hadn't done anything yet and was just preparing to approach.

Lynn discovered her true identity in advance?

How?

Lynn's words were calm, "You're too impatient!"

"Private room, soaking, the moment when a person's defenses are most relaxed."

"Especially many Great Lords or Royal Nobility, how could someone in such a position be ordinary people?"

"They're always those who've fought bloodily with strength or intelligence among numerous family siblings to sit in such a position!"

"Such people have heavy precautions."

Yaya remained standing, silent and without moving closer to Lynn.

Lynn continued speaking.

"In a situation where you're unfamiliar, no Lord would let a stranger enter and approach him at such a time."

"Of course, except for lustful thoughts."

There was a movement in Yaya's hand, and a sharpened iron table knife appeared.

Lynn continued to speak, "After being discovered, indeed, fighting with your life to complete the task might offer a chance for survival."

"But... you should know the real strength of the target you're ready to fight to the death!"

Swoosh~

At the moment Lynn's words fell.

The screeching sound of a sword blade scraping against the sheath echoed in the private room.

Yaya hadn't even reacted yet.

Lynn, who was lying in the bathtub, had already stood up.

His right hand drew the one-handed sword from its sheath, the cold shining blade resting against her neck.

Yaya could even feel a chill emanating from the blade.

Yaya understood, as long as Lynn was willing.

In the instant he drew the sword, she was already dead!

With a flick, Lynn sheathed the one-handed sword.

"Regardless of your gender or racial identity."

"Force is not your strong point... think carefully about how to use your ability!"

Lynn lay back in the warm water of the bathtub.

Watching Lynn once again wring the warm linen cloth and place it on his eyelids, an inexplicable trace of anger welled up in Yaya's heart.

She looked directly at Lynn and asked, "Then what do you mean by this?"

"Is it training?"

A calm voice echoed from Lynn's mouth.

"Of course, this is training!"

Listening to those two words, a blush instantly spread across Yaya's face.

As a succubus, Yaya naturally understood the meaning of "training."

From her awakened memory, humans would control succubi through magic, contracts, and other means, conducting training.

Making succubi serve as followers to humans!

To satisfy their desires.

If rules were broken, humans would impose magical or physical punishment on succubi...

Other Lords, upon acquiring a succubus, would eagerly use methods to control.

Restrict succubi from arbitrarily absorbing essence, then satisfy their desires.

However, Lynn in front of her was not for his own desires.

But was training her to become a spy?

This is something Yaya couldn't understand!

Or is it...

Lynn is entirely uninterested in her body?

Otherwise, in front of any normal man, not to mention seeing her true, enticing and desirable form.

Even seeing her transformed form, he would be attracted by the charm and presence of a succubus emanating from her...

Only Lynn, showed no reaction!

When Lynn stood up earlier, she had observed Lynn's entire body.

The next second.

Yaya denied both conclusions.

No!

Surely it's because the human body is overly ordinary!

If she appeared before Lynn in her succubus form, he would certainly be attracted!

After Lynn called Red, the transformed Yaya was sent away from the castle.

The private room returned to tranquility.

Only the rising water vapor from the bathtub subtly lingered and drifted around the room...

...

The next morning.

After breakfast, Lynn sat at the armchair by the dining table.

Gaspar bent his waist, standing about four or five meters away from Lynn.

"Sir, the night before last, there was a bandit attack!"

Lynn's eyebrows raised, "Bandit attack?"

Since he previously eliminated the Iron Blood Brotherhood Bandit Corps and the Storm Mercenaries in the siege defense.

He hadn't heard any information about bandits for a long time.

Gapas continued, "Yes, Sir."

"Jonas Manor Lord's fourth son, Eduardo Frank, was intercepted by a bandit corps while heading to Kakasong City!"

"His horse and all valuables were stolen."

"Even the silk clothes Eduardo wore were stripped bare..."

Lynn pondered for a few seconds and asked, "Have we identified which bandit corps?"

Gaspar explained, "A guard who luckily escaped brought back the details to the Jonas Manor during the interception."

"The guard said... it's the elusive and missing Iron Blood Brotherhood Bandit Corps, which has returned to Morgan Town."

Hearing this.

Lynn's eyebrow raised involuntarily.

Iron Blood Brotherhood Bandit Corps?

If Anthony knew, would he erupt from his buried grave, leading his members to storm Jonas Manor?

While alive, it was bearable.

Dead, he still had to bear the blame?

Chapter 488: Patricide and Regicide

Many people know that Morrison Manor was seized and looted by an unknown armed force.

However, few know that the Iron Blood Brotherhood Bandit Corps was nearly annihilated by him.

In Lynn's mind, he contemplated that Jonas's four sons were intercepted and killed by the so-called 'Iron Blood Brotherhood Bandit Corps.'

Surely someone wants to use the name of the Bandit Corps to cover their tracks.

The need to cover tracks stems from two possible reasons.

Internal strife and external threats!

External threats, armed forces not as strong as Jonas, yet harboring ideas against Jonas's status or the manor.

Internal strife naturally points to a power struggle within the manor!

No matter what the possibility is, it's good news for Lynn.

As the largest Manor Lord in Morgan Town, Jonas holds a substantial number of employed free people, land, and peasants.

Naturally, he also has a large number of guards, even soldiers!

If he unites with other Manor Lords in Morgan Town, gathers all the armed forces, and comes to lay siege.

Lynn cannot guarantee whether the city wall will withstand.

But now, with Jonas's four sons being intercepted by bandits, a storm is sure to ensue!

He'll have more time to develop his territory!

Suppressing the notions in his mind.

Lynn looked straight at Gasper and spoke: "Gasper, from now on, you are the intelligence captain of Morgan Town."

"I will have Rose allocate five more people for you to form a ten-man squad."

"And you'll be given five gold pounds per month for daily contacts and expenses, as well as two warhorses from Badan!"

Standing before Lynn, Gasper slightly bowed without speaking.

But waited for more words from Master Lynn.

From a five-man squad to forming a ten-man squad.

Along with five gold pounds and warhorses!

Such generous contributions from Master Lynn naturally come with his demands.

Indeed.

As he guessed, Master Lynn's voice soon continued.

"I need you to build an outstanding intelligence team in Morgan Town."

"I don't ask for you to catch wind of everything in Morgan Town and report it to me."

"At least... I need to know immediately about major events happening in each manor in Morgan Town."

"As for how they infiltrate each manor, you are in charge of it."

Upon hearing this.

Gapas no longer kept silent, bowing even lower, his words full of respect and sincerity.

"Yes, Master."

Gapas prepared to leave; something instantly came to mind.

"Master, there's something I've forgotten to inform you about."

"Morrison Manor has been taken over by Jonas, with at least five hundred peasants and nearly a hundred guards sent there."

Lynn nodded, "I understand, you may leave."

After dismissing Gapas, Lynn remained seated in the armchair.

He previously considered taking control and occupying Aiden's manor territory.

Despite using broadcasting techniques for planting.

At least there are several thousand acres of cultivated and planted farmland.

No matter how low the yield of barley and wheat per acre, a morsel is still meat...

However.

Upon considering the geographical environment of Morrison Manor, he chose to abandon it.

Perhaps due to better cultivation in the past, Morrison Manor was located in a wide-open area without any cover.

It can be said.

Enemies interested in the Morrison Manor estate can choose any direction to attack!

The risk factor is too high.

Moreover.

With spring upon them, his territory has plenty of wasteland needing cultivation and planting.

There's absolutely no need to think about Aiden's thousands of acres of farmland.

Most critically.

With the current armed forces in his territory, he wouldn't think about dividing troops to control Morrison Manor.

If Morgan Town's Manor Lords detect and initiate an attack...

With over seventy miles from his territory to Morrison Manor, reinforcing from his territory would be impossible.

Lynn can only temporarily abandon that piece of land.

Waiting for when he has more armed soldiers before considering again.

Rising from the armchair, Lynn walked out of the castle.

Walking past the red brick buildings, he arrived at wasteland a few miles away from the town.

Five thousand townsmen transformed into different teams, still methodically working on cultivation.

In front, weeds, stones, and tree roots are being cleared, followed by draft horses and wheel plows driving the ox.

Townsmen follow behind, clearing stones and tree roots from the soil and breaking up large clumps of earth.

Another team of townsmen uses iron hoes and iron rakes to level the soil and dig grooves for barley seeds.

Following behind are townsmen responsible for fertilizing and seeding.

Finally, there are townsmen responsible for covering barley seeds' soil.

Up to this step, the farming process is complete.

Afterwards, just determine whether to irrigate based on soil humidity and moisture content.

Each townsman has different roles.

Even if initially they are unfamiliar or inexperienced in farming.

After division of labor and repeated practice, in just a few days they can proficiently complete their planting tasks.

With a thought, Lynn opened the [Holographic Map] to observe.

Based on the current pace of cultivation and planting by the townsmen.

If enough barley seeds are delivered to his territory, in a maximum of two months.

By the end of April, at least fifty thousand acres of farmland can be cultivated and planted!

Nodding contently, Lynn moved his body again, stepping onto the open ground and joining the planting team.

Chapter 489: Patricide and Regicide

[Planting Experience +1]

[Planting Experience +1]

[Planting Experience +1]

...

Time was swiftly passing by.

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

Lynn, slightly sweaty, stepped out of the farmland.

With a thought, he opened the [Heavenly Artifacts] panel.

[Planting: Level 2 (251/500)] (+)

Through these days of continuous clearing, his [Planting] skills were finally more than halfway there.

In just six or seven more days, it would be upgraded to Level 3!

Lynn's gaze shifted, looking towards the distant mountains.

There, over a dozen carriages were moving steadily towards the direction of the town.

Perhaps because he had lowered the price to barter fine salt, or maybe because he had told Boer he was willing to exchange food for above-market prices.

Now, almost every three or four days, local traders under Boer's trading firm would transport carts of food onto his territory.

Though each carriage was drawn by a single draft horse, with limited carrying capacity, at most around fifteen hundred to two thousand pounds.

But little things add up!

In the absence of barley seeds for planting, he could only accumulate bit by bit.

Due to the frequent trades, Lynn directly handed over the transactions to George.

Being originally a local trader of crops, he was more than adept at such transactions.

Lynn walked back to the town.

In the Lord's Square at the front of the town, more than a dozen children, only three or four years old, were playing leisurely.

In their hands, blocks of damp yellow clay dug from the ground were being continuously molded as they kept throwing them...

Unlike those older children, they couldn't wield wooden swords and spears or draw the longbow.

They could only play with mud here.

Compared to children outside the territory, they were fortunate.

They didn't have to worry about hunger, nor about the safety of their lives being threatened by bandits at any moment.

Tate had already left the territory a few days ago.

Accompanied, naturally, by the guard Lynn had arranged through Rose.

If Tate returns, the territory will have more scholars knowledgeable in various subjects.

There's no need for them to teach these students philosophical thoughts.

Lynn only needs them to have these children, the townsmen in the territory, learn to read and write!

And according to different divisions of labor, learn different skills for different jobs, and undergo preliminary on-the-job training.

That would be enough.

As Lynn was watching the children playing in the Lord's Square.

Old John came walking over from a distance.

Lynn turned to look, speaking to Old John: "Is there something you need?"

Coming beside Lynn, Old John bent down a bit.

"Master, if you don't mind, during the time Scholar Tate is away, I can take over the teaching tasks for these children..."

Lynn gave Old John a surprised glance.

Before he could ask, Old John explained: "Master."

"The hospital isn't very busy now; apart from some small scrapes and bruises among the townsmen, there's no other treatment work to be done."

"The only thing is, you had the guard send over more than a hundred pounds of herb seeds, which are being planted now."

"After all, idle hands are the devil's workshop..."

Looking at Old John, who seemed hesitant to speak, Lynn nodded and said: "Of course, if you're willing to take over temporarily, that would be the best!"

Receiving Lynn's response, a hint of happiness appeared on Old John's face.

Lynn continued: "Once the scholars and teachers at the school, as well as the curriculum, are complete."

"We can arrange a weekly or daily class on herbal treatment for these students!"

Perhaps because Old John saw these children as his redemption to continue living.

Or perhaps, Old John simply liked to see children.

To people, it doesn't affect anything.

Arranging herbal treatment courses for these children is also increasing their independent survival ability.

The wrinkles on Old John's face became more pronounced, "Thank you, Master Lynn."

Lynn nodded.

After letting John retire, he walked deeper into the town.

With a thought, he opened the [Holographic Map] and began to patrol.

It was already early March.

The ice and snow had long melted.

Moreover, the Aladia River was already in its normal flowing state.

As soon as spring arrived, Lynn had the fishermen from the fishery workshop maneuver the skiff boats onto the river to start fishing.

As there was no large-scale breeding of meat poultry and livestock on Guy's ranch, fish meat was still the main source of meat on the territory.

The fish swim bladders and fish oil from the river were processed and had other uses.

However, the fishery workshop had only ten skiff boats and twenty fishermen assisting in fishing.

Given the river's width and depth, and the never-before-exploited fish resources in the river water.

Surely, it wasn't enough.

The scale of the fishery workshop must be expanded.

At least thirty skiff boats and sixty fishermen need to go down the river at the same time, to fish together.

The workers responsible for processing fish oil and gelatin also need to increase in number.

Whether for future bookbinding or weapon repair and production, fish gelatin is needed for adhesion.

With a thought.

The scene before Lynn's eyes moved to the mountains, behind the city walls.

Teams were busily working around the city wall.

They had thick and long ropes on their backs, using the assistance of pulley systems set up that stood upright, to hoist up rocks weighing thousands of pounds that had been excavated.

Chapter 490:: Patricide and Regicide (Part 3)

Under the pull of several dozen other construction workers binding the stone, the rock moved slowly.

Eventually, it landed atop another large stone.

After adjustments, and with lime and sand acting as adhesive, they became tightly joined.

Not just here.

Teams of construction workers, one after another, continuously transported massive stones to pile them up.

With these massive stones, they constructed the walls of Weng City.

Such walls, unless faced with a giant catapult cannon or the arrival of an Extraordinary person.

Otherwise, the walls of Weng City would be impregnable!

Watching these construction workers methodically carry out the construction, Lynn saw Avery walking through Weng City.

Despite being busy with spring tilling and planting during this period.

He didn't pay too much attention to the construction of Weng City behind the walls.

But with Avery's presence, he didn't worry too much.

Everything was proceeding smoothly.

Lynn scanned the area, and given the current construction speed and efficiency, perhaps in another month, it would be completed!

Meanwhile, in the forest.

Rose and Earl were organizing the soldiers, in pairs, carrying logs and running quickly towards the city wall of Weng City.

Upon reaching Weng City, the soldiers put down the logs and returned along the same route to continue transporting the logs...

In this way, building efficiency in Weng City could be improved.

And also allow the soldiers to undergo physical endurance training.

Two birds with one stone!

Wesley, on the other hand, was leading soldiers in precise archery training.

The entire forest was a hive of activity as well.

With his thoughts running again, Lynn's gaze swept over the various industrial facilities on the territory.

Apart from the three major mines and the Salt Factory operating at full capacity.

The other industrial facilities, due to half the manpower being diverted, were now only functioning normally.

That's enough.

Compared to cultivating and planting, other production activities were supplementary.

Without food, everyone would face hunger!

After checking around on the [Holographic Map] and confirming there were no abnormalities.

Lynn closed the panel.

Glancing at the sky, it was still early.

Lynn spoke to Red, saying, "I'll take you fishing!"

Red raised his eyebrows, responding, "Yes, Master."

After speaking, Red arranged for the guards to prepare fishing gear for Lynn.

Lynn, without any unnecessary words, strode towards the direction of the dock.

Walking along a limestone road, under the worshipful gazes of townsmen responsible for hoisting Iron ore at the dock.

Lynn passed through the dock, arriving at the fishing spot he had used before.

In just a few minutes.

Two guards came running, carrying Flint-forged fishing rods and some chicken offal.

Sitting on a wooden chair, Lynn skillfully hooked the lure, and with a move of his hand, threw the bait into the waters of the Aladia River.

With fishery workshops and fishing boats.

The entire territory was hardly short of fish for consumption.

The reason he fished was, of course, to obtain more rewards.

Whether it was Energy Stone or various different Skill Books.

Compared to Skill Books, Lynn now wanted Energy Stone more.

With more Energy Stones, he could exchange for various special blueprints, as well as special crop seeds.

What Lynn anticipated most was the [Emperor Potato].

While Lynn engaged in [Fishing] and obtained Energy Stones.

At the same time on the other side.

In Morgan Town.

On the second floor of a wooden building, in a spacious yet simple room.

Six figures sat around a round table.

In the chief seat, Boer's gaze swept across the six merchants before him.

He spoke, "How much barley have been purchased in total so far?"

The brown-haired man on the right quickly spoke up to remind, "Lord Boer, about six hundred thousand pounds!"

Boer furrowed his brows, speaking solemnly, "It's still not enough!"

"I need more grain, as much as possible!"

The five merchants before Boer immediately lowered their heads.

Boer's voice continued, "You six have visited beyond the city wall with me, you know what this means."

"This was instructed to me directly by that Lord."

"If you lose the favor of that Lord, not just you, even I, the road of being a traveling merchant will end here."

The faces of the five merchants were full of heaviness.

They naturally understood the implication in Boer's words.

Although they transported goods to Master Lynn's territory for barter trade.

They could speak frankly.

Because of Master Lynn's presence, those originally at the lowest level local crop merchants reaped substantial profits and wealth.

They shed their remaining linen clothes, dressed in silk brocade, and donned rings of agate and jade.

When traveling, they rode in carriages, accompanied by guards for protection.

Even their homes underwent earth-shaking changes.

They added servants, bought furniture, acquired clothing, and their dining tables were filled with abundant and nutritious food.

And all of this came from the lord behind the city walls—Master Lynn.

Seeing no one speaking, Boer's face darkened, tapping the right hand placed on the table.

Thud thud~

The five merchants who had their heads down suddenly lifted them.

Boer stared at them, questioning, "I brought you here to think of solutions!"

"Not to play dumb!"

The brown-haired man who had just answered Boer hesitated for a few seconds before speaking up.