

System 541

Chapter 541: Catapult

Under Kuisi's massage, the fatigue from outdoor exploration vanished completely.

Only then did he return to the master bedroom, lay down on the big bed, and fell asleep.

...

Early next morning.

After breakfast, Lynn, accompanied by Red and several guards, left the castle.

Headed straight for the Handicraft Workshop District.

Passing through one red brick house after another, Lynn arrived at the Glass Workshop.

In the workshop, Layla was leading a team of glassmaking apprentices, placing the freshly molded glazed glass products on wooden racks.

Seeing Lynn, Layla instructed the apprentices briefly, then approached Lynn.

Standing before Lynn, Layla spoke with great respect, "Master Lynn."

Lynn scanned the workshop but did not see Beo's figure.

Before he could inquire, Layla thoughtfully explained, "Master, Beo... hasn't eaten or drunk for two days..."

Lynn's eyebrows furrowed slightly, "Why is that?"

Layla's face was filled with difficulty, but she still said, "Beo is immersed in the production of lenses."

"However, he found that no matter how he tried to create different lenses, he still couldn't improve the quality of the glass."

Upon hearing this, Lynn understood.

"Where is he now?"

Layla quickly explained, "Master, he's inside, I'll take you to him."

Lynn responded and followed Layla into the depths of the workshop.

As the glassmaking apprentices paid their respects, Lynn passed through the workshop.

He arrived at the entrance of a separate room at the back.

As Layla pushed open the door, a voice of impatience came from inside the room.

"Didn't I say not to disturb my research?"

Layla's face was full of helplessness, she quickly reminded, "Beo, Master Lynn is here."

Beo's somewhat flustered voice sounded, "Master Lynn?"

As the sound of items falling echoed, Beo quickly emerged from the room.

Standing before Lynn, Beo spoke with great guilt, "Master, I apologize, I may have let down your trust..."

Seeing the unsolved sediment on Beo's face and his thick dark circles.

Lynn couldn't help but frown, "What's going on?"

Beo sighed and spoke, "Master, I overestimated myself."

"Even though the time spent on producing glazed glass combined doesn't exceed a few months."

"How can I have the ability to create an unheard-of telescope?"

"Those lenses seem to only need molding and then polishing to achieve production."

"But, extremely precise grinding tools and instruments are required."

"A slight mistake could easily crush and scratch the fragile lenses..."

Upon hearing this.

Lynn understood.

His gaze shifted to Red.

Red instantly comprehended and took a linen bag from the hands of the guard behind him, handing it to Beo at the front.

Beo, somewhat puzzled, accepted it. Before he could speak, Lynn explained.

"Inside are natural alkali minerals! You can add them to the raw materials for burning the glazed glass."

"Compared to continuously extracting alkaline substances from plant ash and water mixtures, this will save many complex processes."

"Moreover, it can greatly lower the melting point of the glass, enhancing the forming rate and quality!"

Beo's eyebrows rose, and he quickly opened the linen bag in his hand.

Layered crystal rocks entered his view.

Lynn continued speaking, "With this, if you follow the correct proportion, it should make the risk of cracking and scratching the lenses during grinding less likely."

Beo nodded repeatedly, his previously dejected face now full of excitement.

"That's wonderful, Master Lynn!"

Lynn further said, "The workshop will still need alkali minerals later, I will specially assign a team of workers for excavation and transport."

"There's no need to worry about shortages."

Beo nodded again, "Of course, Master!"

After instructing Beo a few words, Lynn then left the Glass Workshop.

A small open-pit alkali mine holds at least tens of millions of tons.

More than enough to satisfy the entire territory's consumption for decades.

However, he needs to arrange specially assigned workers for excavation.

Given the open-pit mine lies at least eight or nine leagues from the town, the water power of the Aladia River must be utilized for transportation.

As for saltpeter.

Without obtaining sulfur first, Lynn stored it in the castle's warehouse.

Then.

Lynn took steps to arrive at the woodworking workshop.

Just stepping into the workshop.

A large-sized machine placed at the center of the workshop caught his eye.

Thick lever arms are the core part of the enhanced catapult.

The lever arm is divided into two parts, the long arm is used to hang the projecting equipment on the stone pocket, the short arm connects the torque system!

At the center of the lever wall, there is a large stand, serving as support to ensure the lever wall's stable operation.

This is a torsion device catapult.

Using heavy objects for power, during launch, it rapidly pulls the torque cord, causing the block to swiftly fall.

The pull of the torque under the effect of the lever wall propels the stone in the pocket at high speed.

Achieving long-distance attack results!

The catapult has strong attack power and a wide range.

Not to mention crashing into the crowd.

Even crashing against the city wall will cause dents and looseness!

Showing its great power.

Whether used for siege or defense, it has enormous value.

But relatively.

Where there are advantages, there are limitations.

The catapult's size is large, making movement and deployment difficult, it's hard to quickly change positions, with very low flexibility on the battlefield.

Moreover, the catapult's attack is influenced by many factors.

Wind force, the weight, and shape of the projectile, etc.

Making it harder for precise target hits, usually only able to conduct a roughly directional attack.

Finally, the difficulty of operating the catapult.

Being a large apparatus, it often requires multiple soldiers working together to conduct a single stone launch!

Despite having many drawbacks, Lynn still needs such large devices on the city wall as defense tools!

He doesn't care about its lack of flexibility.

It's fine to mount it on the city wall, just for defense purposes.

He doesn't care about its poor accuracy.

It's fine to make more catapults for simultaneous launches, achieving widespread attack coverage!

As Lynn's gaze scanned the catapult, Colin approached him.

Colin bowed, speaking respectfully, "Master, you are back from your trip!"

Lynn responded, inquiring, "Was this catapult tested?"

Colin replied, "Yes, Master, it has been tested."

"With this catapult's lever arm, it can carry up to two hundred pounds of stones!"

"The maximum firing distance can reach one hundred and fifty meters!"

"If launching thirty kilograms of stones, it can reach a range of two hundred and twenty meters!"

Upon hearing this, Lynn's eyes lit up.

His mind had estimated the firing distance, only forty meters more than Colin explained.

For Colin to achieve such results based solely on the blueprint Lynn sketched out met his expectations!

Lynn praised, "Very well done, Old Colin."

"According to what I said earlier, I need ten of such catapults!"

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The capability of a single catapult is naturally limited.

But what about ten catapults?

If ten catapults are still not enough, then what about adding ten crossbow cannons?

Crossbow cannons can not only launch spherical stone projectiles but also crossbow arrows and long spears, even incendiary bombs!

A well-performing crossbow cannon can easily hurl a fifty-pound stone projectile over two hundred and eighty meters away!

If launching long spears, the range can reach around five hundred meters!

Operations can be conducted entirely outside the range of enemy archers.

With a hundred-meter city wall at the mountain forest pass, combining catapults and crossbow cannons for coverage attacks on the outside of the wall.

At least.

It can greatly reduce the enemy's attack power.

Instructing Colin to arrange personnel to continue production, Lynn stepped out of the woodworker workshop.

After inspecting the entire handicraft workshop circle and confirming there were no anomalies.

Only then did Lynn leave the handicraft workshop.

Walking along the red brick road between the small towns, Lynn arrived at the Lord's Square at the front of the town.

Gazing into the distance.

There, densely packed townsmen were still undertaking land reclamation.

With a thought, Lynn opened the [Holographic Projection] to check.

It was just as Kuisi reported to him.

The previously set goal of fifty thousand acres of cultivated land had already been planted by the townsmen.

There were still six days until April.

Lynn estimated that this round of reclamation and planting could reach sixty thousand acres!

Apart from planting vegetables, potatoes, as well as other crop lands like cotton.

The land designated for planting barley seeds was over a hundred thousand acres.

If calculated at an output of one hundred and fifty pounds per acre, the harvest in July and August will yield fifteen million pounds of barley!

Completely sufficient for any potential food crisis.

At this thought.

With a thought, Lynn opened the [Market and Prices] panel.

To check the grain prices in various regions.

He glanced roughly; whether barley, wheat, or other grain prices,

there was no significant fluctuation.

Lynn speculated that there were two possibilities.

First, there was an excess of grain on the market previously.

Second, many noble lords, even the populace, haven't realized that this year's summer harvest will see a significant reduction!

It happens that now, while there is still a large amount of grain on the market, purchases can be made.

Currently, he just needs to continue purchasing grain through merchants.

Transition into the summer harvest before the ripening and harvesting of the hundred thousand acres of barley.

Await the harvest of these more than one hundred thousand acres of barley land.

Even if a food crisis arrives, it won't have too much impact on his territory.

Moreover, taking advantage of the food crisis, he can massively take in refugees without food from outside the territory!

Seize the opportunity to expand the labor force on the territory!

For noble lords, a food crisis might indeed be a crisis.

But for Lynn, it's an opportunity to greatly increase the territory's population!

Taking a deep breath, he temporarily pressed down his thoughts in his mind.

With steady steps, Lynn headed toward the pastures outside the town.

Walking on the lime road between the farmland.

Lynn's gaze scanned the surroundings.

As the number of townsmen increased, the demand for grain planting land became ever larger.

What were once patches of weedy wasteland have now turned into farmland.

On each of the ridges that have been dug and cultivated, sprouts of green wheat seedlings emerged.

Having endured the cold erosion of winter, protected by the cover of weeds, they not only didn't die, but their life energy became stronger.

Lynn felt that the yield per acre of this batch of winter barley planted would definitely exceed last year's one hundred and fifty pounds!

Turning his gaze, watching the vegetation sprouting in the cracks of the soil by the ditch along the lime road, similarly growing with its stems.

Soon, these wild grasses would bloom with wildflowers.

Crossing the lime road, Lynn arrived at the pastures.

As soon as he walked into the pasture, he saw Guy leading a team of pasture workers, transporting hay.

Seeing Lynn, Guy let the workers continue while he strode over to Lynn.

Guy bowed slightly and said respectfully, "My Lord."

Lynn responded affirmatively and continued on, passing by the enclosures of the pastures' boron houses.

Watching the forest pigs feeding within the enclosures, Lynn asked, "How many of these forest pigs were impregnated last year?"

Without hesitation, Guy explained.

"My Lord, because it was winter last year, not many forest pigs were mated and impregnated, only about fifteen."

"According to the gestation period of forest pigs, roughly one hundred and twenty days, in no more than half a month, these fifteen forest pigs will give birth to the first batch of piglets."

Lynn nodded slightly.

Guy continued, "However, forest pigs are a lean type, suitable for semi-wild rearing, with a relatively slow reproduction speed."

"Even with feeding pea fodder, they generally only have about five or six piglets..."

Lynn responded, "I know this too."

Seeing Lynn's non-continuation, Guy went on.

"Fortunately, winter has passed, entering spring with suitable weather."

"The forest pigs you purchased are all adult forest pigs and soon enough will enter estrus."

"I've done some preliminary calculations, among these one hundred and fifty forest pigs, at least fifty sows will become pregnant."

"Which means, by August or September, the number of forest pigs in the pasture will at least triple."

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One hundred and fifty forest pigs, tripled is four hundred and fifty.

It seems like a huge increase in numbers, but it still requires time.

It takes at least nine months for the piglets to grow to meet the suitability standards.

This growth cycle is extremely long.

Despite this, to achieve self-sufficiency in pork and leather on the territory, such a process is necessary.

Only with a large number of poultry and livestock bred on the ranch, his territory won't be swayed by the market of the territory.

As long as the city walls and fortifications remain unbroken, life on his territory can continue leisurely and without the flames of war.

After listening to Guy's explanation, Lynn continued to step forward, arriving at a chicken farm.

The sight of countless hens with chicks in front of him made Lynn's eyes light up.

Without a word from Lynn, Guy began to explain on his own.

"Sir, these are the eggs preserved after consumption, hatched after a winter incubation by the hens."

"A total of five thousand!"

"According to the production speed and egg-laying habits of chickens, four months later, around July or August, these grown chicks will enter their egg-laying period."

Hearing this, Lynn couldn't help but nod.

Although it takes four months for the chicks to grow.

But after four months, these chicks will grow and start laying eggs.

By that time, perhaps all the townsmen of the territory will be able to enjoy eggs and chicken meat.

Only if the townsmen intake enough protein and nutrition, their bodies will become stronger.

They will have great power to devote to production, construction, or daily physical training!

Under Guy's guidance, Lynn went on to inspect the Coatsworth Sheep pen and the Warhorse stable.

Whether it's Coatsworth Sheep or Warhorse, there's a phenomenon of conception and pregnancy.

However, to enlarge the scale, a growth cycle is also needed.

Especially for Warhorses!

Guy has a lot of experience in poultry and livestock breeding.

However, working on breeding warhorses is clearly a bit lacking.

It's important to know that cultivating a highly performant warhorse is a complex and lengthy process.

It covers many aspects such as selection, raising, and training.

It's not as simple as just feeding warhorses until they're full!

Starting with breed selection, you need to choose tall, muscular, and strong-boned stallions as studs.

The best naturally comes from Badan's purebred horses.

Regarding mares, they must also be strong in stature and have good endurance and a docile temperament, among other qualities.

This ensures breeding quality offspring that can conceive multiple times and give birth to healthy foals.

In breeding, selecting the appropriate season is crucial.

Foals, after a six-month growth and weaning period, need to start some basic training!

For example, getting foals familiar with human contact and command, training them to wear bridles, reins, and other simple equipment.

As they grow into young horses, further cultivation is necessary!

Sports training, physical training.

And various combat skills training, endurance training, etc., after maturity.

Only through long-term training from a young age and reaching the standard can a horse become a quality warhorse!

This time frame is at least over five years!

Thinking about this.

Lynn became more determined in his thoughts.

A stud farm dedicated to breeding warhorses must be built!

Otherwise, to form an equipped elite cavalry of tens of thousands, the number of warhorses needed.

Relying on merchants constantly purchasing outside and transporting to his territory is simply impossible.

However.

With the current manpower and the number of warhorses available on the ranch.

Trying to conduct large-scale breeding and cultivation still presents great difficulty.

Lynn could only temporarily put this thought on hold.

After giving some instructions to Guy, he left the ranch, heading back toward the town.

Instructing the guards to fetch fishing gear, Lynn, along with Red, was the first to proceed to the dock, preparing to continue fishing.

A few minutes after Lynn sat on the wooden chair.

Several guards, holding fishing rods and carrying a jar of bait, came to Lynn's side.

Reaching out to take the rod, baiting the hook, Lynn skillfully cast the fishing line into the river.

He quietly waited.

[Emperor Potato]He has already exchanged for nine hundred pounds, the next step is to wait and expand the potato planting scale through planting.

As for using energy stones to exchange more [Emperor Potato] seeds, Lynn directly chose to give up.

First of all, he doesn't have that many energy stones.

Secondly, given more energy stones, he'd rather use them to exchange for other items or to enhance his own attributes!

Watching the soft cork float on the river surface, swaying slightly with the river's current.

Lynn's eyebrows furrowed, thoughts filling his mind.

In the face of the crisis outside the territory, for Lynn, the considerations are indeed too many.

Opening up land for planting, basic construction, armed forces, the health and nutrition of townsmen, technological development, and even the promotion system for townsmen, etc.

Townsmen only need to work well, while having the premise of food supplies and housing, they also can gain access to a promotion system for private land ownership.

Their lives are much easier.

However, he also understands.

The development of the territory is not a game with accelerated progress or a one-click completion.

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Everything requires a time cycle!

Thinking of this.

Lynn exhaled a breath of warmth, the tension and urgency in his heart gradually calmed down.

This is it.

The cork fishing float he was gazing at suddenly vanished beneath the river surface.

Lynn gripped the fishing rod tightly with both hands, a massive weight transmitted through the line appeared in his grasp!

Lynn's brow raised, and he couldn't help but shout, "Big fish!"

"Red, prepare the net!"

Red, who had been waiting silently behind him, tightened his grip on the net handle and responded solemnly, "Yes, Lord."

The guards further back also showed a similar readiness on their faces.

Lynn stood up and paced back and forth along the riverbank, continuously maneuvering against the river fish in the water.

Until over ten minutes later.

Lynn finally felt the strength on the fishing rod gradually weaken.

He lifted the fishing rod repeatedly with his hand to draw the fish closer.

A few minutes later.

The river fish in the water finally exhausted its strength.

With a swift motion of his hands, Lynn lifted the large fish out of the water.

A broad silver-white figure swiftly approached the riverbank from the water surface.

Having heard Lynn's earlier words, Red almost needed no further reminder.

He stepped to the edge of the riverbank, extended the net, and quickly captured the river fish in it.

Red leaped onto the riverbank and set the net down on the grass.

Looking at the river fish seemingly too weak to struggle, Lynn felt a rush of information.

This carp weighs at least over ten pounds!

If it weren't for exhausting its strength, it wouldn't have been so difficult.

A textual panel also appeared in his vision.

[Hint]: Obtained ordinary fish: Carp x1, Reward: Skill Book: Shield and Sword Mastery

[Shield and Sword Mastery]: Proficiently using a shield for defense while attacking with a sword

[Hint: Obtained Shield and Sword Mastery, do you wish to learn?]

Seeing the series of prompts before him, Lynn's thoughts shifted.

"Learn!"

As his resolve settled, a massive memory emerged in his mind and quickly integrated.

A few seconds later, the process completed smoothly.

Lynn nodded in satisfaction.

Engaging in [Fishing], big fish yield skill book rewards while small fish can offer energy stone rewards.

Not to mention whether he needs a skill, the more skills the better!

If one day he faces a desperate situation on the battlefield, battling enemies, anything can happen.

The more adept he is with weapons, the better his chances of survival!

As for a small fish weighing a few pounds, gaining ten energy stones...

It's almost his main source of energy stones now!

The achievements in [Milestone], as they continue to be completed and claimed, require increasing difficulty.

As for [Task], not even a hint remains.

It even made him hallucinate—had tasks appeared, but he forgot them?

A thought moved, and Lynn somewhat reluctantly opened the [Task] panel for a glimpse.

Empty.

With a soft sigh, Lynn was about to close it.

A text prompt appeared in his vision.

[Task: Conquer Morgan Town!]

[Reward: Depends on completion level.]

Looking at the panel ahead of him, Lynn couldn't help but raise an eyebrow.

A task has arrived!

And it's asking him to conquer Morgan Town!

A thought moved, and Lynn closed the [Task] panel.

His mind began analyzing and contemplating.

Conquering Morgan Town holds little significance for him at this moment!

Firstly.

Morgan Town is far from his territory, over one hundred fifty miles away.

A fully loaded carriage would take three days to reach.

Even at full gallop, a warhorse would require at least half a day.

Given his current ability, even if he managed to seize it, he couldn't fully control it.

Secondly.

He still has over twenty thousand acres of wild grassland in his territory, waiting for him to arrange for townsmen to cultivate and plant.

Right now, he doesn't need that much farmland.

Then.

There's the manor lord in Morgan Town.

Until now.

He appointed Gasper, the spy leader in Morgan Town, yet hasn't brought back detailed information on the armed forces of various manors.

Lastly.

His current armed soldiers are limited.

The lack of training, weapons, and warhorses, as well as composite armor, remains in production.

He needs more time to accumulate and develop.

The only allure in Morgan Town is those few thousand free people and livestock and poultry.

Iron goods?

He has an open-pit iron mine under development, along with six iron-smelting blast furnaces and blacksmith workshops.

Farmland?

The entire territory comprises over thirty thousand acres of wasteland, along with a barley yield of one hundred fifty pounds per acre, enough to sustain a large population.

Meat?

The meadows are home to forest pigs, Coatsworth sheep, and household chickens and livestock, capable of maximum reproduction for two cycles.

His territory will no longer lack meat.

Moreover, the entire territory backs the Aladia River, which has almost inexhaustible fish resources.

Population?

The total population within the territory has reached nine thousand.

As long as no war arises, they can enjoy a safe and leisurely life in the territory.

Lynn feels.

With night-time entertainment lacking, the population within his territory could double within a few years!

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As for the other salt factories, textile workshops, paper mills, schools, hospitals, and so on...

His territory, apart from the relatively short development time, cannot match Morgan Town, which has existed for an unknown number of years.

In other respects, it far exceeds Morgan Town!

Even so.

Except for population and the tax economy brought by the population.

And except for the armed forces not matching Kakasong City, other aspects are not even beneath a small city.

The labor force of the Free People in Morgan Town, and the peasant labor force in the hands of the four manor lords, are naturally what Lynn desires.

However, to conquer, one must have absolute assurance.

A sufficient armed force that can easily, even with minimal casualties, capture manors one after another.

And a chance to attack is needed!

Not to mention if the four manor lords are unaware of his territory's location.

If they know and merely choose to ignore it, allowing him to develop, it would be ideal.

If he rashly sends troops, it will only provoke a united resistance from the four manor lords!

Even a counterattack.

That would be more loss than gain.

With everything he possesses now, at least in the short term, there is no need to consider external expansion and plundering!

Even when facing the impending battle for Imperial Authority.

What he should do more is to close the city and accelerate development!

While ensuring the development and construction of the territory, vigorously develop the existing science and technology!

Improve forging techniques to produce more solid and superior protective armor;

Weapons with greater sharpness that can cut through ordinary armor.

Arrows with longer shooting range, even capable of penetrating plate armor.

And so on.

At a critical moment, deliver a lethal blow to the enemy with a punch!

Suppressing the slightly eager inner heart, Lynn continued to immerse himself in fishing.

One by one, river fish were pulled out of the water by Lynn and placed into the fish creel.

The extra reward brought to Lynn was one hundred and fifty Energy Stones.

As the sky gradually darkened, Lynn then abandoned fishing and returned in the direction of the castle.

Back at the castle, after eating a dinner cooked by Kuisi.

Lynn sat in the armchair, holding a small stone mill, continuing to grind the Skill Level in [Medicine].

With a thought, Lynn opened the [Heavenly Artifacts] and glanced at it.

[Medicine: Level 2 (419/500)] (+)

The exploration of the forest for several days delayed the progress of the [Medicine] skill.

However.

In at most two to three days, it can be upgraded to Level 3.

Dusk descended once again, enveloping the entire Karedi Empire.

Like the transition from winter to spring, never influenced by anyone.

...

On the other side of the night.

A secluded corner of Kakasong City.

Inside a church with tightly closed doors.

A monk and a nun were cleaning the prayer hall of the church.

The monk gripped the broom tightly with both hands, sweeping the sparse dust on the wooden floor.

His gaze occasionally swept towards the nun in front of him.

The nun's face was quite youthful, appearing to be around twenty years old.

Despite wearing a loose gray robe, as the nun bent to wipe the tabletop.

The rounded and prominent area behind her was clearly visible to the monk.

Especially when the nun faced the monk, wiping the table, revealing a glimpse of white cleavage swaying back and forth.

Perhaps sensing the monk's pause, the nun looked up in confusion.

She followed the monk's gaze to herself.

The nun asked in confusion, "Simone, is there anything wrong?"

Hearing the nun's inquiry, Simone Frank quickly retracted his gaze.

His somewhat pale face showed an awkward expression as he hurriedly explained, "Jiwa... I wasn't looking at anything..."

The nun known as Jiwa raised her eyebrows, as if thinking of something.

Setting down the linen cloth in her hands, Jiwa walked towards Simone.

Standing before Simone, Jiwa looked up, gazing at Simone, who was a head taller than her.

The query once again emanated from Jiwa's lips.

"Simone, were you looking at my body?"

Hearing this, Simone, who had just made eye contact with Jiwa, immediately lowered his head.

He spoke with full apology, "I'm sorry, Jiwa."

"You are just too beautiful, and I couldn't help but glance a few times..."

"Please forgive me, and I will also ask God to forgive my sins."

Upon hearing Simone's words, there was no anger on Jiwa's face.

Instead, a hint of joy appeared.

Jiwa suddenly stepped forward, spreading her arms and hugging Simone tightly.

"Simone, actually... I've been observing you as well..."

Originally filled with guilt, Simone felt the comforting softness from the front of his body.

His expression immediately became stiff.

Simone had expected censure and anger from Jiwa.

Yet he hadn't anticipated...

The broom in Simone's hand fell to the ground.

He lightly inhaled the faint fragrance emanating from Jiwa's body in front of him.

Simone's arms, originally hanging by his sides, gently began to move.

From a light sway to a lift after half a minute, embracing Jiwa's waist.

Feeling Jiwa in front, not only was there no sensation but she tightened her embrace.

The softness in front became more pronounced and deformed.

Simone's right hand, resting on Jiwa's waist, unconsciously started to move.

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Just a few short minutes.

A moaning sound came from Jiwa's mouth.

Stimulated by that sound, Simoni suddenly shuddered.

He slightly pushed Jiwa away and looked at those rosy lips, just as he was about to lean in for a kiss.

Knock knock~

The sound of knocking on the church door echoed from a distance.

Simoni and Jiwa furrowed their brows simultaneously.

Who would knock at this time?

Suppressing his rising anger, Simoni called towards the direction of the door, "The time for confessions has already passed!"

"Please come again tomorrow."

As Simoni's words fell, the knocking sounded once again.

Knock knock~

The knocking not only didn't cease but became even more persistent.

Simoni's right hand emerged from under Jiwa's robe.

He spoke, "I'll go have a look."

Jiwa reluctantly released her embrace, reminding him, "Be careful."

"The priest left early; it's only the two of us in the church tonight."

Listening to Jiwa's words, Simoni naturally understood the underlying meaning.

He nodded expectantly and walked towards the entryway.

Upon reaching the door, before he could speak, the knocking resounded once more.

Knock knock~

Perhaps due to his proximity to the door, or perhaps the person outside had turned knocking into pounding.

The sound was deafeningly loud.

Simoni frowned, "Stop knocking!"

"Confession time is over, come back tomorrow!"

Knock knock~

The pounding resumed.

Instantly.

A surge of anger rose in Simoni's heart.

He reached out and directly unlatched the locked door.

As soon as he pulled the door ajar, Simoni saw a figure in a hooded cloak standing outside.

Before he could utter a word, a flash of silver streaked by.

His eyes widened as it pierced straight into his chest.

Confirming the dagger plunged into Simoni's chest, the cloaked figure didn't hesitate, turned, and fled at full speed.

Watching the figure disappear into the sparsely populated street, Simoni wanted to cry out.

But he found that no matter how he tried to open his mouth and vocalize.

The dagger embedded in his chest was like an invisible hand, gripping his throat.

He could make no sound.

In the church, Jiwa noted Simoni hadn't opened the door, greeted the visitor, or closed the door to return by her side.

Jiwa called out in confusion, "Simoni?"

At her voice, Simoni stood motionless at the door.

Jiwa's curiosity grew stronger.

She took steps toward him.

As she walked, Jiwa murmured, "Probably a drunk from town?"

"There were drunks before who came to the church door!"

"Simoni, just chase them away, as the priest has always commanded."

Despite Jiwa's words, Simoni remained still.

It wasn't until Jiwa approached Simoni that she moved his unresponsive body to face her.

Only then did she see the sharp dagger embedded in Simoni's chest.

Crimson blood gushed from the entry point of the dagger, staining Simoni's monk robe...

"Ah!"

A terrified scream instantly echoed throughout the church.

Even.

Some nearby wood cabins that had long extinguished lights and retired awakened, lighting lamps and rising.

...

Time was swiftly passing by.

In a blink, it was already the end of April.

Lynn stood on the limestone road, gazing at the townsmen in the final stages of land clearing and planting.

From the onset of spring in March to the end of April now.

Through the relentless efforts of five thousand townsmen, just as he expected.

The townsmen cleared and planted sixty thousand acres of farmland!

The next step for this farmland is standard field management.

Excavate ditches, create additional irrigation waterwheels, introduce Aladia River water for irrigation.

Weed removal, pest and disease control.

And based on barley growth, apply fertilizer and thin out seedlings.

These tasks will be handled by mobilizing enough farmers to entrust to Gavin and Wilbur.

Let them lead the farmers in taking care of everything.

Meanwhile, the five thousand townsmen freed from the farmland returned to their respective positions.

The handicraft zone, papermaking workshop, red brick factory, and others alike.

Resume production in all major industries!

Of course.

There's also Lynn's long-awaited military expansion!

Standing on the limestone road for a moment, Lynn returned to the town.

His gaze shifted and fell on Kuisi nearby.

Lynn immediately instructed the guard to summon Kuisi over.

Kuisi bowed slightly and respectfully spoke, "Master? Do you need me for something?"

Lynn acknowledged and said, "Arrange for the chef to prepare a bonfire dinner celebration for the successful spring plowing and planting—a Cultivation Success Feast."

"Also, have them go to the brewing workshop and bring out a thousand pounds of beer."

Kuisi raised an eyebrow and bowed in response.

Lynn continued, "Also, transport five thousand pounds of fine salt from the warehouse. Everyone involved in the clearing and planting can receive a pound of fine salt."

Kuisi quickly responded, "Understood, Master, I will arrange it right away."

Lynn nodded and watched Kuisi as she departed.

Five thousand pounds of fine salt, given the current production of three thousand pounds per day from the three salt factories.

A mere drop in the bucket!

Despite.

Last time, Boer led a large convoy, transporting one million pounds of barley for exchange.

Chapter 547: Assassination

The warehouse is nearly emptied of fine salt.

Over the past month-plus, Hunter has been arriving at his territory periodically, conducting trade exchanges.

But Hunter wasn't exchanging fine salt; instead, he was trading gin and beer!

The fine salt naturally kept accumulating in the warehouse.

Now, it has been stored again up to one hundred thousand pounds!

Giving out five thousand pounds to the townsmen as a reward to boost their work enthusiasm is reasonable.

At this moment.

The sound of galloping hooves entered Lynn's ears.

He turned and looked, only to see the figure riding a horse rushing closer from afar.

A few minutes later.

With the rider pulling on the reins, amidst the horse's loud neighs, it stopped about ten meters in front of Lynn.

Gaspar moved his body, flipping off the horse's back.

Handing the reins to a guard, Gaspar strode up to Lynn.

"Lord!"

Looking at the somewhat travel-worn Gaspar before him, Lynn spoke, "Captain Gaspar, has something major happened in Morgan Town?"

Gaspar was a bit surprised. He had received the news first-hand and returned immediately.

Master Lynn knew even before him?

But Gaspar didn't ask anything and explained, "Lord, Jonas Frank Manor Lord's fifth son, Simoni, has been assassinated!"

"Killed at the church's entrance!"

"According to the nun at the church, since it was nighttime, she didn't clearly see who it was..."

Lynn's expression remained calm, without any surprise.

Just as he had previously anticipated.

The Frank Manor has been embroiled in a power struggle since Jonas's fourth son died last time.

Not only Jonas's fifth son Simoni.

More of Jonas's offspring will die due to the contention for the manor lord position!

These matters seem to be the Frank Clan's family affairs.

But they are closely related to him.

The largest manor in Morgan Town, Frank Manor, is embroiled in a family self-consuming power struggle.

Neither Jonas nor the other manor lords will focus on matters outside of Morgan Town.

This undoubtedly grants him a peaceful time for development.

Even if other manor lords want to take advantage of the weakened power struggle at Frank Manor, looking to invade.

He can also forcibly insert himself, exploiting some labor force!

Of course, this is just a thought of Lynn's.

Lynn responded, "Besides this intelligence, is there anything else?"

Gapas had no hesitation, continuing, "Jonas Manor Lord, upon learning Simoni was assassinated, was furious!"

"Probably due to the rage, he directly fainted in the manor's hall."

"He even brought doctors from the monastery in Kasong City overnight for diagnosis and treatment..."

Hearing this, Lynn was somewhat surprised.

If Jonas just fainted, it's not significant.

If he is gravely ill and eventually passes away, it would be the same.

Perhaps the entire situation in Morgan Town would change with the new manor lord's appointment.

Seeing Lynn ask no further, Gasper continued speaking.

"Lord, as per your request, the personnel of Morgan Town scout team have infiltrated among the four manor lords."

"I will report the intel obtained back to the territory first thing, to you, Lord."

Lynn nodded, "Very good. If there's nothing else to report, step down and rest."

Gasper's mind worked quickly. After a few seconds, confirming nothing was forgotten, he responded and stepped down.

Watching Gasper mount the horse and slowly ride away.

Lynn felt a slight relief.

Currently, he still doesn't know the other manor lords' stance toward his territory.

Naturally, the more chaotic Morgan Town is now, the more beneficial it is for his development!

Retracting his gaze, he sat down at an empty bench.

Lynn's gaze observed the townsmen passing by.

Perhaps they had heard from Kuisi about the bonfire event to happen in the evening.

Their faces clearly bore smiles.

Especially upon seeing him sitting on the bench, the townsmen stopped their steps, bowing in greeting to Lynn.

Only when Lynn nodded in response, did they depart one after another.

In such chaotic times, townsmen's demands for life weren't high.

Having food to fill their bellies, a house to shelter from the wind and rain, along with family beside them to avoid bandit attacks.

Such life was completely sufficient for them.

If, in this simple and ordinary life, they can also have Master Lynn's feast prepared for them.

It couldn't be better!

Time moved slowly forward.

The kitchen assistants moved the square tables from the dining hall to the Lord's Square.

Arranging them in a circular fashion around the bonfire at the center of the square.

Awaiting the chefs to cook the food from the kitchen, to place on the tables.

Beside the dozens of logs erected for the bonfire, several whole pigs mounted on iron racks were being charcoal roasted!

Even though a few dozen meters away, Lynn, sitting at the square's edge, could still smell the full aroma of meat.

Lynn looked around.

The Lord's Square in front of the town needs expansion.

With the town's population constantly increasing, what used to seem spacious could now at most accommodate six or seven people for simultaneous feasting.

If everyone in the territory gathered, the townsmen would have to stand in the fields.

Until nightfall.

Pots of barley meat porridge, plates of barley bread, along with various roasted fish, vegetables, and more.

Were carried out by the chefs in concert and placed on the tables.

During the chefs' busy efforts.

The five thousand townsmen who had been planting began tidying their tools and driving cattle and draft horses out of the fields.

They walked on the lime road, numerous yet orderly.

A short while later.

A group of townsmen returned to the town, eyes gleaming at the overfilled tables of food.

Their gaze emitting beams of excitement.

Their Master Lynn truly had prepared a feast for celebrating the completion of the planting expansion for them.

As the townsmen gradually returned, eventually gathering at the Lord's Square.

Sitting on the bench, Lynn stood up.

Under the gaze of everyone, Lynn strode toward the platform over a meter high at the Lord's Square.

Even though he hadn't spoken to quiet the townsmen.

The townsmen standing across the Lord's Square had already stopped their chatter voluntarily.

Even a group of children, aged several to teenagers.

Their eyes wide open, full of admiration and respect.

Lynn nodded in satisfaction.

He naturally knew that these townsmen could do this because of their heartfelt loyalty and reverence!

Lynn's gaze swept over the townsmen, inhaling deeply, he spoke in a deep voice.

"Gentlemen, I am the lord of this territory—Lynn!"

Upon hearing their Lord's unfamiliar yet familiar voice.

Upon hearing the unfamiliar yet familiar name spoken by the Lord.

The townsmen, their eyes already shining, became even more excited!

Lynn, this name.

To them, he is the lord of this territory, the hope for their survival!

Moreover, he is the god they have always followed!

Chapter 548: Territory Emblem: Dragon

Feeling those scorching gazes, those faces full of anticipation.

Lynn's words did not stop.

"From this moment on, with everyone's collective effort, this year's spring plowing and planting has concluded."

"The winter barley sown and the batch of spring barley, if all goes well, will yield a bountiful harvest in July and August!"

"The yield per acre will be at least one hundred and fifty pounds!"

The townsmen, upon hearing this, widened their eyes involuntarily.

Those like Gavin and Wilbur, who have been part of the territory for a long time and have experienced a harvest, know this yield per acre.

However, the majority of the townsmen heard this for the first time.

Yield per acre of one hundred and fifty pounds!

Above!

Such a yield per acre exceeds their previous barley planting by nearly forty to fifty pounds!

Lynn paused for two seconds and continued speaking.

"This means that the cultivated and planted farmland will yield at least fifteen million pounds of grain during the summer harvest!"

The townsmen, upon hearing this, widened their eyes further, momentarily forgetting to breathe.

Lynn swept his gaze over them, "Of course, all the harvested grain will be available for consumption by everyone in the territory!"

"To reward everyone's hard work over the past two months, as seen by all, a Tillage Completion Celebration will be held."

"You may eat and drink as much as you like, with one condition: no wastage."

"You all know even better than I do, the difficulty of acquiring food!"

"Moreover, everyone involved in cultivating and planting will receive a pound of fine salt!"

The townsmen's eyes widened, their gazes turned to the corner of the platform where Master Lynn was standing.

There were dozens of bulging linen sacks piled up there.

Even without guessing, they naturally understood that it was the fine salt mentioned by Master Lynn.

The townsmen remained silent, nodding in agreement.

Clearing wasteland seems only to involve removing weeds, branches, and stones, then driving draft horses to pull the wheel plow for cultivation.

Afterward, planting can begin.

But the dangers involved, without personal experience, are never truly known.

Lynn inhaled and continued solemnly, "However..."

The townsmen, still reflecting in their hearts, heard this turn in the conversation, and looked at Master Lynn with curiosity and anticipation.

"However, before the Tillage Completion Celebration, I need to conduct a recruitment and expansion ceremony!"

The townsmen's eyes lit up.

Indeed, as they had guessed.

Their Master Lynn was again going to expand the army.

"The soldiers in the territory are still too few!"

"To ensure the territory has more armed soldiers to protect our homeland amidst these turbulent times."

"Therefore, I have decided to expand the army once more!"

"This time, I need five hundred strong men to join the ranks of Lord Rose's troop."

"Under the leadership of Lord Rose, undergo various training until they become qualified soldiers capable of charging into battle!"

At this moment, Lynn's gaze swept over a townsman again.

His words rang out sonorously.

"Who wishes to charge into battle for this territory?"

A loud call in response echoed among the crowd in the Lord's Square.

"I wish to!"

Lynn looked approvingly at a middle-aged man and continued to call, "Who wishes to fight valiantly for their family?"

Three burly men raised their arms in response.

"I wish to!"

Lynn nodded and continued to call, "Who wishes to become my soldier?"

"Where the sword points, there is the battlefield!"

A chorus of burly men raised their arms and called out loudly.

"I wish! I wish! I wish!"

Because the shouts are from their hearts, it started chaotic but gradually converged into unison.

Until finally.

Like waves, rising and falling in the Lord's Square.

Listening to the roaring in his ear, watching the arms and fists raised high, then lowered, then raised high again.

Even Lynn couldn't help but feel his hair stand on end, his heart filled with shock.

These people, before becoming slaves brought to his territory.

May have been farmers, or craftsmen, or perhaps family members of minor noble families.

Perhaps they never participated in any war.

Even more so, perhaps, they trembled and didn't dare to look directly at the troop passing by on the road.

But at this moment, when faced with his call to expand the army, these ordinary-born people showed no hesitation or retreat.

Furthermore, they were filled with anticipation to become soldiers.

Perhaps because of the military merit promotion system's establishment and publication, they were filled with anticipation to achieve military glory.

It's not just Lynn.

Standing in the Lord's Square were middle-aged women and innocent children.

Watching this scene before them, their eyes were filled with curiosity and aspiration.

But they know.

Their Master Lynn needs a force of men who can wear full armor, wield weapons, charge into battle, and guard the city walls!

And they only need to complete the production tasks within the territory as required by Master Lynn, and that will be enough!

Of course.

If facing an enemy attack, when the territory faces crisis.

As long as Master Lynn gives the order, they too will unhesitatingly join the ranks of the soldiers.

Even if it means exchanging two for one or three for one, they will feel no fear.

Only by guarding this territory can their children have a pure land to continue surviving!

Lynn slightly raised his right hand.

The rising and falling shouts gradually quieted down.

Chapter 549: Territory Emblem: Dragon (2)

All eyes were fixed on Master Lynn, awaiting his next words.

Lynn began to speak: "Next, Lord Rose will conduct an initial selection for you."

"Those who qualify will start training from tomorrow."

"Those who do not qualify, do not be discouraged."

"I once said this—this is not the first recruitment, and it will certainly not be the last!"

The townsmen nodded in understanding.

Lynn's gaze shifted, looking at Rose who stood beneath the platform.

Rose bent down in acknowledgment, responding in kind.

Immediately, he called on Earl and a team of soldiers to enter Lord's Square to begin the selection of soldiers.

One by one, men were selected, their faces full of excitement.

At this moment, Lynn uttered no words.

He awaited the selection of one soldier after another.

After an hour, five hundred sturdy and robust men were chosen, standing at the far right of Lord's Square.

Under the watchful eyes of the townsmen, the five hundred men stood resolute yet with a tinge of shyness.

It must be known that an hour ago, they were no different from the other townsmen.

But now, they had become the chosen soldiers.

They would no longer need to participate in the production work within the territory, only needing to train and guard this land.

They also knew that one day, they might perish on the battlefield.

More importantly, they knew.

Even if they fell on the battlefield, their Master Lynn would not forget them.

Their names would be engraved under the Lord Statue, and their families would be favored!

All matters were arranged and completed.

Lynn looked towards the townsmen and spoke: "After the banquet, line up to receive your fine salt."

"Thus, the celebration feast for cultivation success begins now!"

Upon receiving Master Lynn's instruction, the townsmen eagerly moved towards the tables laden with food.

After a day of planting, they were already famished.

Without reservation, they picked up barley bread and pea soup from the table, consuming them heartily.

Cheers and laughter rang continuously across the entire square.

Despite the large crowd at Lord's Square, making it appear slightly chaotic.

Yet there was order amidst the chaos.

Lynn also sat down at a square table, enjoying the golden roasted pork brought over by Kuisi.

After taking a bite of the roast pork, he drank a sip of gin.

A comfortable and fiery sensation instantly spread through his body.

At this moment,

a voice filled with reverence sounded from behind him.

"Lord."

Lynn turned to see a middle-aged man in a robe standing behind him.

It was none other than the scholar researching painting and sculpture art, Clive Rich.

Lynn spoke: "Ah, Scholar Clive, I've been wanting to find you but haven't had the time."

"Come over and sit, and tell me in detail about the armor designs you discussed with Steward Kuisi."

Clive was surprised by Lynn's invitation.

After hesitating for a few seconds, he followed Lynn's instruction and sat opposite him at the long table.

Without needing Lynn's command, Kuisi, standing by, poured Clive a glass of gin.

Looking at the glazed bottle in Kuisi's hand and the glazed cup on the table, Clive was not overly surprised.

Having lived in this territory for some time,

the mode of life here under the Lord had already overturned his previous perceptions.

The Lord provides the townsmen with uniformly made linen and coarse woolen clothing, standardized housing, anthracite for winter heating, and expensive paper that only the nobility can afford...

These were not even worth mentioning!

He also saw a notice posted on the bulletin board, stating that as long as one reached the standard in military merit,

the Lord would reward the townsmen with land—privately owned land!

Not only he,

but Erin, who had studied Church law, was even more astonished!

Rewarding land to townsmen, such a practice was unheard of by them!

Clive downed the gin in the glazed cup, exhaling a breath of warmth.

"Lord, you also know my research is in painting, sculpture, and other arts."

Lynn nodded, picking up a piece of pig rib and placing it in his mouth.

Chewing, he listened to Clive's narrative.

"Through my observations during this period, I found that the armor style of the guards and soldiers on your land, Lord, is too simple!"

"If I could have your permission, I'd like to design patterns or even emblems for the armor, that could represent the entire territory."

Lynn's chewing did not cease.

Coat of arms...

He had thought about it before.

Only those with fiefdoms or family heritages have unique emblems.

The soldiers and guards under them also use this emblem as an identification mark.

It not only signifies identity but also boosts the morale of the guards and soldiers, uniting the army's spirit.

An elegantly crafted emblem also showcases the craftsmanship of the territory.

Various exquisite patterns can further transform armor into expensive works of art.

However, up until now.

He had not yet decided on the design to use as the emblem for this territory.

Lynn said to Clive: "You can first help design patterns for the guards and soldiers on the territory."

Clive nodded, not waiting for him to speak.

Lynn's gaze shifted to Red, who was standing guard behind him, "Red."

Hearing his name called, Red approached Lynn.

Chapter 550: Territory Emblem: Dragon

Red bent down and bowed.

Lynn continued speaking: "As the Guard Captain of the territory, what kind of emblem do you want on the guard team?"

"Or, in other words, what title would you use to describe yourselves?"

Red didn't hesitate and immediately responded: "Master, you can decide."

Lynn acknowledged, contemplating in his mind.

A few seconds later, his eyes lit up, and he looked at Clive and spoke.

"Scholar Clive, have you ever heard of a 'dragon'?"

If there must be an emblem that belongs to him, belonging to this territory.

The first thing he thought of was—the dragon!

Clive was stunned upon hearing this, "Lord... I haven't heard of it..."

Lynn wasn't surprised; he explained: "The dragon I speak of is—features like the antlers of a deer, head like a camel, eyes like a rabbit, neck like a snake, belly like a clam, scales like a fish, claws like an eagle, palms like a tiger, and ears like an ox."

As he listened to Lynn's description, Clive's eyes widened involuntarily.

So similar to so many animals?

What kind of existence is this?

Clive's heart was filled with anticipation.

Lynn continued speaking: "If you can't, I'll find time to sketch it out for you and you can make it known."

"On the murals of buildings, the armor and helmet worn by the guards within the territory, and the stone carvings used for decoration in the town, etc."

"In the future, the territory's emblem will be—the dragon!"

He originally had this sudden inspiration.

The dragon is a unique existence in this world.

Used to distinguish identity, and his original identity...

Using it as the emblem of his territory couldn't be more appropriate.

Clive responded: "Yes, Lord."

After instructing Clive a few more times, confirming there were no other matters, Lynn dismissed him.

Rose, who had been waiting and standing at a distance, saw Clive leave and then stepped forward.

Rose bent down and respectfully called out: "Master!"

Lynn nodded, "What is the current composition of the soldiers you lead?"

Rose didn't hesitate and immediately explained: "Due to the limited number of warhorses, there are still two hundred heavy cavalry, three hundred heavy infantry, and four hundred light infantry."

"The four hundred archers taught by Wesley."

"Adding these five hundred soldiers, making a total of 1,800!"

Eighteen hundred soldiers at the city wall barracks, and two hundred interior guards, this is the entire armed force of the territory.

Lynn recalled for a moment in his mind and said: "These five hundred soldiers will continue to be trained by you."

"Then draw one hundred soldiers to join Wesley's archers."

If five hundred well-trained archers perform a barrage of arrow rain with powerful bows, it would surely produce a miraculous effect!

The reason he always selected from the soldiers trained by Rose.

Was to ensure that even after the archers' barrage, they still have stamina and strength, and can grip weapons to charge into battle and fight to kill the enemy.

Just simply acting as archers for long-range attacks?

Only in a siege defense.

Otherwise, such a battlefield environment would not exist.

The archer's position will always be the primary target for enemy cavalry to charge at first!

Rose bent down again and responded: "Yes, Master!"

After sending Rose off to be with his brother Charles, Lynn continued drinking the gin from the glazed cup.

Watching in Lord's Square, a group of townsmen holding hands, forming a huge circle, jumping and spinning around the bonfire.

Smiles, joy, and frolic almost completely occupied Lord's Square.

At that moment.

A group of children broke away from the formation.

They ran to Lynn's side.

Seeing the familiar faces of Sienna and the other children, Lynn instantly understood their intention.

He said: "Just go play, I'll rest here."

However.

Sienna didn't give him any chance, stepping forward quickly, she clasped Lynn's right hand with both of her small hands.

A slight tugging sensation emerged.

Lynn smiled and was about to speak when seven or eight children surrounded him at once.

Urging voices echoed continuously.

"Lord, come play with us, it's so much fun."

"Yes, yes, it's much warmer by the bonfire than here with you, Lord."

"It's only fun playing with the lord!"

"..."

Seeing those innocent and pure faces, Lynn responded: "Let's play together, play together!"

Amid the children's cheers, Lynn was pulled into the group spinning around the bonfire.

Outside the crowd.

Red's eyes remained fixed on Lynn.

As soon as anything unusual happens, he would charge into the crowd without hesitation.

Kuisi's voice reached Red's ear.

"Don't worry, within this territory, even without your guards, there will be no danger to the master."

Red turned his head toward Kuisi, who was walking towards him.

"How do you know?"

Kuisi gave Red a sidelong glance and explained: "That's because these townsmen all know that the wonderful life they have now is thanks to Master Lynn."

"Only with Master Lynn alive can they continue to live as they do."

"Only with Master Lynn can they have food, houses, and even if they go to work, there are schools to educate their children..."