

System 571

Chapter 571: Creator's Plow of Myth _5

He sold ten thousand pounds of fine salt at the price of eight pence to the salt merchants.

Various transportation costs and market taxes are calculated separately.

He could earn a price difference of three hundred thousand pence, which equals One Thousand Two Hundred and Fifty Gold Pounds!

Listening to Boer's flattering response, Lynn felt a wave of comfort.

It wasn't that Lynn liked others to praise him.

Rather, it was because Boer spoke to him candidly and laid out the objective facts.

Lynn replied with a word, "Mr. Boer, you're being too modest."

"Purchasing one million pounds of barley, you have also put in a lot of effort."

"The price you can sell the fine salt for, it's due to your own ability, and has little to do with me."

If others give me an inch, I give them a foot in return.

This is the principle Lynn believes in for conducting himself.

Upon hearing this, Boer felt full of gratitude, bowed slightly, and performed another courtesy.

A generous lord like Lynn, he had truly never met before.

Not to mention Master Lynn offered him a lower price.

Other Manor Lords were even eager to snatch away all the Gold Pounds in his pocket without giving him any goods!

Of course, Boer also understood.

This is where Master Lynn's boldness lies!

Boer straightened his posture and began to introduce the goods he had transported.

"Master Lynn, according to your previous instructions, you required an unlimited amount of grain."

"This time, I have transported thirty thousand pounds of barley, ten thousand pounds of wheat, and five thousand pounds of meat for you."

"However, Master Lynn, as you previously predicted, the price of grain has really started to rise!"

"The market price of barley in Kakasong City has already risen to one penny for three pounds!"

"The price of wheat has even risen to three pence for two pounds."

"Not only these, rye, peas, vegetables, and even meats have shown obvious price increases!"

Lynn said nothing, awaiting Boer's continuation.

Boer continued, "Despite many merchants, seizing the opportunity of rising prices, continually transporting grain to Kakasong City."

"But it's still in short supply!"

"Master Lynn, besides you, it seems like there are many others who are also purchasing large quantities of grain."

Lynn pondered for a while, looking directly at Boer, saying, "Mr. Boer, a grain crisis is about to occur!"

Feeling the seriousness in Master Lynn's words, Boer frowned.

He repeated Lynn's words, "Grain crisis?"

The next second.

Boer thought of something, tentatively inquiring, "Master Lynn, is it because of that heavy snowfall in the winter?"

Lynn nodded.

Boer, as if understanding, instinctively said, "So that's it!"

"Because of the freezing snow, the barley seedlings were killed, resulting in a lower barley yield for this summer's harvest!"

"Other Lords or Great Merchants began to realize this crisis and started preparing to purchase and stockpile large amounts of grain?"

Lynn replied, "Perhaps so?"

He foresaw these things, and other experienced lords or merchants could predict them as well.

As for the scale of the grain crisis caused by the winter snowfall, Lynn couldn't speculate.

However.

At that time, he could, within his territory, ascertain the scope and severity of this grain crisis through the increase in prices of items in the [Market and Prices].

Listening to Master Lynn's somewhat ambiguous response, Boer had nothing to say.

If someone else had said such words, he might have had some doubts.

But the one who said these words is Master Lynn!

Towards this young lord, he always maintained absolute trust!

The transaction had been confirmed.

Watching Master Lynn's townsmen start to transport the goods, Boer seemed to have thought of something.

He turned his head, saying to Lynn, "By the way, Master Lynn, have you heard about the major event in Morgan Town?"

Lynn said, "I know a bit, but Mr. Boer, you may as well tell me more."

"Mr. Boer, please sit down and wait."

Thinking of Master Lynn and his status, Boer hesitated for two seconds.

Finally, he bowed slightly and sat beside Lynn.

Boer continued, "Master Lynn, Morgan Town is about to change hands!"

"A few days ago, a shocking transformation occurred at Frank Manor!"

"Krueger, the sixth son of Jonas Frank, unexpectedly allied with the Iron Thorns Mercenary Corps of Kakasong City, collaborating from within and without, invaded the Frank Manor Castle!"

"The aim was to seize the position of Frank Manor Lord!"

Hearing this, Lynn became interested.

The information he received from Gasper was completely different from what Boer recounted!

Lynn reminded, "Go on, Mr. Boer."

Boer inhaled a breath of cold air, continuing the story.

"Because Krueger acted as the internal conspirator and opened the iron chain gate of Frank Manor Castle."

"The Iron Thorns Mercenary Corps, led by Lopez, almost without losing a single soldier, invaded the Manor Castle."

"Those mercenaries were inherently bloodthirsty killers; as soon as they entered the castle, they began a massacre."

"From Manor Lord Jonas to distant relatives with Frank Clan blood."

"No one was spared!"

Lynn listened intently to Boer's words.

Boer caught his breath, "Even more shocking, Krueger entered his father Jonas's room and suffocated his father to death."

"Such a beastly act! That's his biological father!"

Chapter 572: Creator's Plow of Myth _6

"Fortunately, Jonas's second son, Joao Frank, as the Territory Guard Captain, returned in time with soldiers to protect."

"Preventing the Frank Manor from being overtaken by the Iron Thorns Mercenary Corps..."

"However, now what's most talked about is that Joao Frank, Jonas's second son, did not succeed as the new Manor Lord of the Frank Manor."

"Instead, the eldest granddaughter, Janet Frank, became the new Manor Lord!"

"Such an event is not just unheard of in Morgan Town and Kakasong City."

"Even throughout the entire Marquisate and the whole Karedi Empire, it's quite unprecedented."

Lynn responded with a nod.

The version Boer recounted was clearly a victor's declaration to the outside.

Upon further reflection, Lynn thought it was quite normal.

Not just for the Frank Clan.

Even the entire Karedi Empire.

When rebelling from the Elfini Empire, it was under the pretext of unbearable taxes and servitude imposed by the Elfini Imperial Royal Family that the rebellion erupted!

Even now.

Within the entire Karedi Empire, it's rumored that the Carolingian Royal Family, leading a group of like-minded individuals, waged a great war for independence!

History is, after all, written by the victors!

As it has been since ancient times.

Boer shifted the conversation, "By the way, Master Lynn, I've heard some news."

"The newly appointed Lady Janet has invited three Manor Lords from Morgan Town, preparing for a Manor Lords meeting, said to discuss future development matters..."

"But as for the specific day, I am not yet informed."

Lynn said, "There's nothing strange about a Manor Lords meeting."

"After all, the newly appointed Manor Lord, aside from gaining more advantages from other Manor Lords."

"At the very least, must ensure that the existing estate interests aren't infringed upon by other Manors."

"It's both a roundtable and a demonstration of stance."

Boer nodded in agreement at Lynn's words.

From Lynn's calm tone, Boer realized that Master Lynn was already informed about the intelligence in Morgan Town ahead of time.

Nevertheless.

Boer did not mind.

With Master Lynn being the Lord, he would naturally have his own intelligence network.

An able Lord, while ensuring the rapid development of the territory, must also keenly observe all directions and listen attentively!

Foreseeing and averting potential territorial crises, and quickly devising responses!

Lynn continued, "Mr. Boer, my territory still requires a vast amount of food."

"Regardless of the market price outside, just go ahead and purchase boldly! Even if it's above market price, it's worth it."

"As long as you successfully transport the grains to my territory, I can still exchange them for you at the price of five pence per pound of fine salt!"

Listening to Master Lynn's words, Boer's eyes lit up.

He hurriedly said, "Master Lynn, as I mentioned earlier, some cross-regional merchants have noticed the rise in grain prices, and indeed they have transported grains to Kakasong City."

"Like barley, whose original market price wasn't high, along with the costs of water transportation by merchants and grain hoarding by Lords."

"The already low barley price skyrocketed quickly."

"Some merchants even quoted it at exorbitant wheat-like prices, one penny per pound, it's utterly terrifying."

"Now that I've heard your words, I'm relieved."

"As long as the prices are somewhat reasonable, I will unite all merchants in my association and make every effort to purchase grains for you."

Lynn nodded, "Then I shall trouble you, Mr. Boer."

Hearing this, Boer immediately stood up and bowed in salute.

"Master Lynn, you are too kind."

During the conversation between Lynn and Boer, time moved quickly.

In no time, it was evening.

The night already covered the entire sky.

With all the fine salt loaded onto Boer's carriage.

Under the illumination of torches held by Boer's guard team, Boer led the carriage team and left Lynn's territory overnight.

As he departed.

Boer spoke firmly.

To rush to Kakasong City to purchase a large amount of food for Master Lynn.

Until Boer's carriage team disappeared into the night.

Lynn, along with Red, returned to the castle.

After having dinner, he sat in the armchair, holding a small stone mill, continuing to grind [Medical] skill experience.

[Medical Experience +1]

[Medical Experience +1]

[Medical Experience +1]

...

In his mind, he was contemplating the current management staff of the entire territory.

The governmental institutions possessed by a territory generally include administrative management, judicial decisions, military defense, financial taxation, and the religious affairs that he doesn't need.

In administrative management, Kuisi acts as the steward, managing the daily operations of the territory for him.

From supervising the servants in the castle to managing material reserves, to the daily labor production in the territory outside the castle.

For minor matters beyond his capacity, he could completely entrust Kuisi to manage and handle.

What was still lacking, was someone who could be responsible for handling all kinds of clerical work, drafting, writing, and preserving legal documents within the territory, among other literary duties.

However.

Lynn already had a suitable candidate in mind.

It was Petra Davenport, a scholar passionate about literary creation and research!

Having her take on the role of clerk was most fitting.

Future changes in population in the territory, land transactions, and other significant information could also be entrusted to Petra to handle.

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As the population in the territory continues to grow, even with Kuisi and Petra, they are still overwhelmed.

However, they can be assigned a few suitable assistants for collaboration.

In terms of judicial sanctions, Erin Mills, who studies the law, is available.

Once she completes drafting the Territorial Law, it will be approved by him.

Afterward, a Territory Court will be established in the territory, with Erin Mills serving as the acting judge of the court.

To help him handle the complex daily affairs in the territory.

The Territory Court also needs to appoint law enforcement officers.

Responsible for enforcing court judgments and ensuring that violators are punished!

Twenty Guards can be assigned by Red for this purpose.

In terms of military defense, it is currently the least of his concerns.

With the Garrison System allowing military promotion, it adequately resolves the issues of soldier management given the current size of the territory.

Finally, there is fiscal taxation.

George, as the merchant steward, manages the trading and exchange activities in the territory.

Moreover, George is responsible for recording financial transactions to ensure funding sources in the territory.

The current territory still follows a communal living production model, not yet evolved into a period of land privatization.

Therefore, there are no issues regarding taxation.

However.

As the territory continues to develop, townsmen will own their own land.

Then, there will still be a need to appoint specialized treasurers and tax officials.

Even though various government agencies need to be appointed in the territory to assist him in managing it.

He remains the ultimate ruler of the territory, and he must firmly hold all power in his hands!

As Lynn deliberates in his mind.

A sound of footsteps arises from the distant steps.

Under Red's watchful eyes, a guard strides quickly, arriving in front of Lynn.

The guard reports: "Sir, Scholar Clive requests an audience outside the castle."

Lynn glanced at the guard: "Let him come up."

After the guard acquiesces, he quickly retreats.

Shortly thereafter.

Clive, dressed in a scholar's robe, ascends the steps, walks past the reception hall, and halts a few meters beside Lynn.

Clive slightly bows and respectfully says, "Lord, based on the 'Dragon' territory emblem you outlined, I've designed a draft armor sketch."

As he speaks, Clive hands over a rolled-up piece of paper.

Red steps forward, takes it from Clive's hand, and passes it to Lynn.

Opening the paper reveals a black-and-white design sketch depicting a soldier clad in armor, appearing before Lynn's eyes.

The overall visual of the armor is a combination of plate armor and chain armor.

The chest armor, shoulder armor, helmet, arm guards, back armor, etc., are all plate armor components.

Only at the joints and at the groin protection are chain armor used for connections.

This ensures protection without affecting the wearer's agility.

On the surface of the plate armor components, there are ridged patterns resembling dragon scales.

This transforms the previously monotonous plate armor into something more unique and prominent while enhancing the armor's visual depth and three-dimensional effect!

On the half-oval shield is a swirling dragon head pattern!

Looking at the plate armor, Lynn inquires: "Scholar Clive, the standard of this plate armor is indeed impressive."

"Imposing and domineering, it provides a strong visual impact."

"But, has Scholar Clive visited the Blacksmith Workshop?"

"Consulted with the foreman Ehrelo of the Blacksmith Workshop to see if their forging level and skills can create such complex ridged plate armor?"

Upon hearing Lynn's words, the initially proud expression on Clive's face turns serious.

After hesitating for a few seconds, he responds: "I apologize, Lord, I was too simplistic in my considerations."

"I should first understand the forging abilities of the blacksmiths in the Blacksmith Workshop..."

Lynn nodded: "Scholar Clive, research isn't just idle speculation."

"Research must meet practical conditions and be applicable in real life to be considered good research."

"Otherwise, no matter how exquisite the armor, it would only exist on paper."

"Scholar Clive, what do you think?"

Upon hearing this, Clive quickly bows his head, "Lord, you are correct."

Lynn continued: "Scholar Clive, if possible, I would prefer you combine the currently produced composite armor for pattern designs."

"The design does not need to be overly complicated; as long as it can distinguish between enemy identities and have some decorative aspect, it will be enough!"

Clive comprehends, "I understand, Lord, I will proceed with another design."

Lynn replied affirmatively, allowing Clive to retreat.

As a Lord, Lynn naturally hopes that soldiers in his territory are adorned with imposing and beautiful armor.

But everything requires the Blacksmith Workshop to have a sufficiently high technical level.

Just relying on Clive's design paper, unless Flint or he personally intervenes.

Otherwise, given the abilities of the blacksmiths and apprentices in Ehrelo's Blacksmith Workshop, they will never be able to produce such designs in their lifetime.

The design of the armor's appearance is important.

But even more critical is the performance of the armor!

Chapter 574: Monocular Telescope

The town of Morgan under the night sky.

In the three-story building where the manor lords gather to hold meetings.

On the table, the candle light from the animal fat candles in the candelabra, perhaps a breeze slipped through the window cracks.

The warm yellow glow gently flickering, illuminating several faces.

Their expressions were indifferent, even with a hint of disdain and impatience.

At this moment.

A slender, fair hand extended, clenched into a fist, and tapped on the table with the knuckles raised on the back of the hand.

The wooden table responded with a 'thud thud' sound.

As the figure reclined in the main seat leaned forward.

Janet's exquisitely beautiful face, from beyond the candlelight's range, came into the view of several people.

Janet's face was calm, her gaze sweeping over the three Morgan Town manor lords.

"Gentlemen manor lords, I'm sure you are aware of the upheaval that has occurred at the Frank Manor."

"I won't waste any words with you."

"My name is Janet Frank, the eldest granddaughter of Jonas Frank."

"From this moment on, I am the new manor lord of Frank Manor."

"If there are any disputes over manor interests, or if assistance is needed from Frank Manor, you can inform me!"

Seeing that no one responded, Janet's gaze again swept over them.

She impatiently asked, "Gentlemen, do you have any objections?"

Will Arnold responded, "Lady Janet, Arnold Manor has no objections."

Janet looked at Will, nodding in acknowledgment.

Theodore, with a round face, did not speak, instead moving his body to lean against the chair back.

Waiting for Barnaby's statement across the way.

Compared to Barnaby's composure, his temperament was much more irritable.

Barnaby spoke bluntly, "Objections?"

"Of course, there are objections!"

"Previously, I only lent Jonah the 3,000 acres of wasteland from Garnad Manor, claiming it was a temporary lease."

"But now five years have passed, and Jonah still hasn't returned the 3,000 acres of wasteland to me!"

"Now Jonah lies in a coffin with his eyes closed, how is this matter to be handled?"

Will and Theodore, after hearing Barnaby's words, both looked towards Janet in unison.

A barely noticeable smile appeared on Theodore's face, hidden in the darkness.

Janet remained expressionless, looking at Barnaby, asking calmly.

"Barnaby Manor Lord, of course, disputed matters need to be resolved."

"That's also why I've gathered the three of you."

Barnaby seemed a bit surprised, not speaking, waiting for Janet's follow-up words.

Janet continued speaking, "Barnaby Manor Lord, you mentioned lending my grandfather 3,000 acres of wasteland, is there corresponding lease documentation?"

Barnaby recalled for a few seconds, responding, "Because it was just wasteland, of low value, there was no written document."

Janet nodded slightly.

She looked directly at Barnaby, asking, "So, what Barnaby Manor Lord has said about the 3,000 acres of wasteland is merely a verbal promise?"

"And you only dare to demand this land after my grandfather has died?"

Barnaby's face stiffened, he quickly retorted, "But, that wasteland is within the territory of my Garnad Manor!"

"That is Garnad Manor's land!"

Janet raised her eyebrows slightly, speaking calmly.

"Sorry, Barnaby Manor Lord, I cannot return that land to you."

"Firstly, not mentioning the agreement you had with my grandfather."

"Secondly, since you have said it's wasteland, naturally it has been cultivated and farmed by my Frank Manor, thus Frank Manor has usage rights."

"Lastly, if you insist on reclaiming the wasteland, you should have gone directly to my grandfather Jonas to demand it, not me!"

Barnaby's face was filled with embarrassment, he suddenly stood up from his chair, glaring at Janet.

"This is outrageous!"

"Janet, I don't care if your Frank Clan lacks people, or whatever it may be."

"That's an internal matter of your family."

"But do you really think Jonas could control all of Morgan Town, and that you, a woman, can achieve the same?"

At these words.

Barnaby's words were forceful.

"Today, I, Barnaby, am stating clearly, if you don't return those 3,000 acres of wasteland, I will take them by force!"

After speaking.

Barnaby stepped out towards the meeting room door.

Reaching the entrance, he spread his arms, suddenly pulled open the wooden door.

As he stepped out of the meeting room, he slammed the door forcefully, the wooden doors clashed against the door frame with a resounding noise.

Janet's face remained calm, she looked at Theodore and Will seated.

"Manor Lords, is there anything else you wish to discuss?"

Theodore stood slowly upon hearing this.

His words were full of regret, "Lady Janet, the relationship between manor lords in all of Morgan Town is very delicate."

"Don't think just because the armed power of your Frank Manor is stronger, you can act recklessly."

"What if the other manor lords do not endorse your decisions and form alliances?"

"Can the strength of Frank Manor truly withstand the united force of all manor lords?"

Janet responded, "Thank you, Theodore Manor Lord, for your reminder."

Theodore said no more, likewise stepping out.

Soon.

The meeting room quieted down.

Leaving Janet in the main seat, with Lord Will.

Janet looked towards Will, but before she could ask.

Will spoke first, "Lady Janet, I am somewhat aware of the 3,000 acres wasteland affair."

Chapter 575: Monocular Telescope

"It was a long time ago when Barnaby Manor Lord offended Jonas Manor Lord, and the apology gift given to Jonas was without any written documents or the like."

"Now, with Jonas Manor Lord passed away, Barnaby is eager to reclaim the territory, obviously seeing that the wasteland has been fully reclaimed and put into planting."

"Three thousand acres of farmland can grow a lot of crops!"

Janet nodded in response.

Will continued speaking, "Moreover, Lady Janet, you must be careful."

"These three thousand acres of farmland are just an appetizer."

"Barnaby and Theodore are simply using this matter to test your attitude."

"If you're too weak, they will devour Frank Manor without hesitation."

"If you're too strong, they may unite against the Frank Clan."

"You need to control this matter yourself, Lady Janet."

"Just like Jonas Manor Lord before, he could subtly control the interests of all manor lords in Morgan Town."

"Even when Morrison Manor was attacked by unknown forces, the remaining farmland was well distributed to other manor lords by Jonas Manor Lord."

"Although Jonas took the lion's share, none of the other manor lords had any objections."

Will slowly stood up from the chair.

Janet looked at Will and asked, "Lord Will, if there is a change in Morgan Town, which side will you stand on?"

Will glanced back at Janet with indifferent words.

"I'll stand on the side of the winner!"

After saying that, Will waved his hand and walked out of the meeting room.

In the entire meeting room, only Janet remained seated at the head seat.

Janet's gaze was fixed on the flickering candle flame on the candlestick.

Staring intently, letting the warm yellow flame flicker in her eyes.

A few minutes later.

A sound of footsteps arose outside the meeting room door.

When the double wooden doors were gently pushed open, a nearly two-meter tall sturdy figure was standing at the entrance.

Joao glanced at Janet and walked into the meeting room.

Standing beside Janet, Joao asked, "Janet, are you okay?"

Only then did Janet come back to her senses.

She looked at Joao and replied, "Uncle Joao, I'm fine."

"Have they all left?"

Joao answered, "They've already left by carriage a while ago."

"Do they have any opinions?"

Janet nodded, but then quickly shook her head.

"Of course, they have opinions!"

"But, so what?"

"If you kill everyone who has an opinion, then no one will have an opinion!"

Joao did not speak.

Janet seemed to suddenly think of something.

Her words turned, and she asked Joao, "Uncle Joao, is there any further investigation on the unknown forces behind the city wall that I mentioned?"

During the prior sale of one million pounds of barley to merchant Boer.

She had arranged spies to follow Boer's carriage convoy.

Even though one million pounds of barley was split into two batches for transportation.

It still resulted in an extremely large convoy!

As long as one pays attention and sends personnel to follow.

It wouldn't be difficult to know Boer's destination.

Janet had already discovered where the person behind merchant Boer is hiding.

Over 150 miles from Morgan Town.

Behind a tall newly built city wall!

Joao shook his head and explained, "There is no progress yet."

"The lord behind the city wall is extremely cautious."

"A lookout tower of at least twenty meters tall has been built on the wasteland outside the city wall!"

"There are people on the lookout tower conducting 24-hour surveillance."

"According to your requirements for exploration without exposure, my arranged personnel cannot get close at all."

Janet acknowledged his words.

Possessing the armed force to attack and annihilate Morrison Manor.

And yet so cautious!

Also having merchant Boer willing to keep secrets for them!

She grew more curious about the identity of the lord behind the city wall!

Janet pondered.

To understand the lord beyond the city wall better, perhaps she could only find out through Boer, who enters and exits the wall.

However.

Compared to the lord behind the city wall, she is more concerned with the manor lords in Morgan Town!

...

The following morning.

After having breakfast, Lynn left the castle.

Walking down the wide and clean Red Brick road, he arrived at the Blacksmith Workshop.

Even before getting close, the crisp sound of Iron Hammer forging reached his ears.

As Lynn arrived at the workshop's entrance, the familiar hot feeling covered him once again.

After he spent a month with the Carpenter Apprentices at the shipyard building the Noel Ship.

It was now May.

The Blacksmith Workshop that was extremely comfortable during winter would soon turn into a furnace!

Under the gaze of numerous Blacksmith Apprentices, Lynn entered the workshop and began surveying.

Thanks to his previous detailed division of work, the current Blacksmith Workshop resembled an assembly line.

Transporting Iron Ore from the raw material storage area to the iron smelting furnace, refining it into iron, then heating at high temperatures for quenching and forging, then processing the forged Iron Plate into the necessary dimensions, polishing and drilling holes...

Finally, all organized Zha Armor Plate is packed into the baskets and transported to the textile workshop.

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The workers from the textile workshop are tasked with uniformly patching and producing composite armor.

The division of labor is clear and orderly!

Lynn felt a sense of satisfaction.

While observing, the foreman of the Blacksmith Workshop, Ehrelo, strode out from inside the workshop.

Ehrelo came before Lynn, bowed, and respectfully said, "Master."

Lynn glanced at Ehrelo and directly asked, "Ehrelo, do you know how many soldiers there are in the territory now?"

Ehrelo's expression showed a slight surprise.

A moment later, he hesitantly replied, "Master, is it one thousand five hundred?"

Lynn shook his head, "Soldiers plus guards, there are two thousand in total."

"However, up to now, at least six to seven hundred soldiers have yet to wear armor!"

"It's fortunate that no hostilities have broken out yet. If there were to be a battle, soldiers without armor protection would simply be sitting ducks!"

"At most, in a single charge encounter, they would perish tragically under the enemy's hooves..."

Ehrello fell silent, not daring to utter a word.

Suddenly.

Ehrello thought of something, and he resolutely stated, "Master, what do you need the Blacksmith Workshop to do?"

"Even if the Blacksmith Workshop has to work non-stop day and night with its twelve hundred people, we will give it our all to complete the task!"

Perhaps due to Ehrello's loud voice.

The group of Blacksmith Apprentices, busy in their work, curiously looked over.

Once they understood Ehrello's words clearly, their previously puzzled gazes turned resolute as well.

Seeing Lynn remain silent, Ehrello continued to shout, "Master, give the order!"

Lynn's gaze swept over everyone and finally returned to Ehrello.

Lynn asked, "What is the daily production of armor plates in the Blacksmith Workshop right now?"

Ehrello took a few seconds to recall and answered, "Master, the workshop has a total workforce of twelve hundred people, achieving an average of five plates per person."

Lynn nodded.

Ehreló's report this time seemed unchanged from previous reports.

It's still an average of five plates per person, producing six thousand armor plates daily.

But Lynn was well aware.

The size of the armor plates produced by the Blacksmith Workshop had changed.

From an initial width of ten centimeters to a width of five centimeters.

A forged iron plate originally only required three to five cuts, now needs at least six to ten cuts.

The Blacksmith Workshop has managed to maintain daily production while the workload has increased.

That's already quite commendable.

However, Lynn still spoke up, "I need the Blacksmith Workshop to produce even more armor plates daily!"

Upon hearing their lord's voice, Ehreló and the group of Blacksmith Apprentices held their breath instantaneously.

They widened their eyes, waiting to hear more.

Lynn said in a deep voice, "Beginning today, the Blacksmith Workshop will increase the workload."

"From eight in the morning until ten at night!"

"There will be a one-hour meal break in between."

"Your task is to go all out in production, spare no effort in forging!"

"I need the weight of daily production to reach fifteen thousand armor plates!"

Once his words fell.

A burst of synchronized shouting erupted from the Blacksmith Apprentices.

"Good! Good! Good!"

Each shout surpassed the previous.

Lynn raised his right hand, and the orderly shouts stopped immediately.

He continued, "I need to tell you upfront! This is not just about rushing to meet deadlines!"

"I need you to ensure the quality of the armor plates while increasing production."

"Because the armor plates you forge are used to make armor, to protect soldiers' lives!"

"Understood?"

Uniform shouts resounded again in the Blacksmith Workshop.

"Understood! Understood! Understood!"

Even the apprentices from the neighboring Flint Blacksmith Workshop were curious and stepped out to witness the scene.

Lynn lowered his right hand again, causing the Blacksmith Workshop to quiet down.

It was so quiet that one could hear the 'popping' sound of anthracite mixed with slight impurities in the iron smelting furnace.

Lynn continued, "Of course, as a reward for your efforts, your military merits obtained from daily labor will be doubled!"

Wow!

A wave of excitement surged throughout the Blacksmith Workshop.

They looked at their Master Lynn with incredulity written across their faces.

Confirming that Master Lynn was not mistaken, the atmosphere of excitement spread quickly among them.

They are Blacksmith Apprentices, who forge with freezing cold iron hammer and iron blocks in the bitter cold, which is their job.

In the scorching heat, where the workshop temperature reaches forty-five degrees, they still sweat profusely and swing the iron hammer.

Compared to their previous life in village towns.

Even if life now is harsh, they have no complaints.

At least they don't worry about hunger or coming home to find marauders have slain their wives and children!

The most crucial part is.

Their Master Lynn fulfilled the promise he made when they arrived in this territory.

As long as they work diligently according to Master Lynn's demands, they would never have to worry about hunger.

Therefore, they must also fulfill their promise.

Wherever Master Lynn arranges them, they will work accordingly.

But now.

When their Master Lynn told them their military merits from daily labor would be doubled!

Of course, they would be surprised and excited.

With military merits, they can acquire their own land!

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The crops grown on the land will be their own.

They can even use the surplus crops to barter or sell with other townsmen.

This makes their already carefree life even more blissful!

Owning their own land has always been their greatest expectation.

Looking at the faces of the blacksmith apprentices, including the people of Ehrelo, all beaming with joy.

Lynn couldn't help but smile.

Military accomplishment, to him, was merely modifying the [Merit] interface to show the military merits earned by the twelve hundred workers in the Ehrelo Blacksmith Workshop.

Don't mention earning two points of military merit through labor, even twenty points, two hundred points...

It's all but a thought.

Land!

It's the same.

The area of weedy wasteland currently within his territory is at least over twenty acres!

With nineteen thousand people, and ten acres per person, that's just a hundred thousand acres.

Not just within his territory.

Outside the city walls, there is also a large area of wasteland covered with weeds.

Though that wasteland is not within the boundaries of his territory.

But, as long as it's cultivated, as long as it's planted.

As long as the cultivated land hasn't caused disputes and conflicts with other lords and has received consent from the Great Lord.

The cultivated land will belong to him!

You should know this is the Southern Border Land of the Karedi Empire.

The wasteland is ubiquitous, and the population is sparse.

Even if Morgan Town has several large manor lords.

They also don't have enough free people peasants to come to Lynn's place to compete for this uncultivated wasteland with him.

The weedy wasteland outside the city walls, as long as he is willing to arrange personnel to cultivate and plant.

That land will belong to him!

In other words.

He has a large amount of land, which can be rewarded to the townsmen who achieve military merit on the territory!

Reward the manor townsmen with items that are already more than enough.

In this way, he increases their labor enthusiasm, improves labor efficiency.

Lynn feels there's no problem!

Pass the work system and goals to the Blacksmith Workshop.

Lynn also instructed Ehrelo once more.

While forging armor plates, pull out a group of blacksmith apprentices for forging winged spears!

Receiving Ehrelo's affirmative response.

Only then did Lynn leave the workshop amid the gaze of the blacksmith apprentices.

In Lynn's mind, he contemplated the rationality of the eight-to-ten work production schedule.

Thirteen hours working system...

Compared to the previous nine-to-five, it's indeed considerably increased.

However.

When Lynn thought of his previous work hours, he suddenly felt it was very reasonable.

Even if it's unreasonable, he's made compensations for these townsmen!

You should know that there are now far too few composite armors in the territory.

Armor and matching weapon gap for six to seven hundred soldiers, this is not a trivial number.

Moreover.

The number of times he recruits and expands the army will become frequent as the population competes in the territory.

If there are delays in the forging or textile workshop's production.

No matter how many soldiers he recruits, without weapons and armor, he cannot increase the armed forces on the territory!

Leaving the Blacksmith Workshop, Lynn turned towards the Textile Workshop.

Similarly.

He also changed the work hours of the textile workers to eight-to-ten!

Labor's daily military merit is the same as two points.

Otherwise.

The Blacksmith Workshop's production efficiency improved, but the Textile Workshop still maintained a standstill.

It's still impossible to fundamentally improve the production efficiency of composite armor!

Arranging the affairs of the Blacksmith Workshop and Textile Workshop.

As Lynn was about to leave, a shout came from behind.

"Master Lynn!"

Upon hearing the voice, Lynn looked back in confusion.

He saw Beo from the Glass Workshop striding quickly towards him.

Lynn stood in place waiting until Beo reached him.

A glance at Beo in front of him.

Compared to the previously disheveled Beo hiding in the workshop, refusing to leave.

Now, his face showed confidence and anticipation.

Beo bent at the waist and respectfully spoke, "Master, this is the telescope I just crafted."

"I'll need you to test it, please!"

In his words.

Beo extended his hands and handed over the tubular instrument.

Lynn glanced, reached out, and took it.

A thought elicited, and a text panel appeared before his eyes.

[Simple Single Tube Telescope]: Composed of a convex lens and concave lens combination, with magnification speed three times, usable for navigation, astronomical observation, etc.

Looking at the text in his eyes, Lynn couldn't help but raise an eyebrow.

Beo actually crafted a telescope using glazed lens he made?

Although, the telescope's magnification speed isn't high.

Yet, integrated memories in Lynn's mind reveal it's the first time hearing and seeing a telescope.

If nothing unexpected happens.

Beo's telescope is the first single tube telescope in this world!

With a motion of his hand, Lynn lifted the telescope to his left eye and aimed at the distance.

As Lynn gently closed his right eye, his left eye gazed through the lens towards the distance, and the image immediately appeared before him.

At the dock.

Dozens of unloading workers were using pulley sets, with assistance from Noel Ship crew, unloading various iron ores from the deck.

From his location, it's a walking distance of over ten minutes to the dock.

Chapter 578: Monocular Telescope

The distance was about three to four miles, and with the telescope in hand, one could clearly see the scene at the dock.

Lynn slightly shifted his body, looking further into the distance.

Beyond the town, in a stretch of wilderness.

The outlines of the ranch buildings also floated into his view.

He could see the general outline of the ranch, but to see it more clearly, the telescope he held was insufficient.

Lynn rotated his body again, looking in another direction.

The farthest distance he could see with his eyes was about the same as the distance to the ranch.

Nonetheless, compared to the previous telescope, this one was significantly better.

Taking down the telescope, Lynn approvingly said, "Even though it doesn't magnify the visual distance very much, at least it has been made."

"A very good telescope."

"With the telescope, the soldiers responsible for guarding the city walls and watchtowers can see further and be forewarned of impending dangers!"

Lynn shifted his words and continued.

"Beo, because your invention produced the telescope, I've decided to reward you throughout the territory."

"And, you are awarded an acre of land!"

Hearing Lynn's words, Beo was momentarily stunned.

Not just Beo.

Red, standing behind Lynn, and several guards were also stunned.

Their Master Lynn actually awarded Beo an acre of land!

As Master Lynn's close guards, they had seen him reward townsmen with many things.

Gold pounds, fine salt, wheat, meat, etc.

Land, for the first time!

Confirming he hadn't misheard Master Lynn's words, Beo bowed again.

He gratefully said, "Thank you, Master."

Standing straight, Beo's expression was neither haughty nor complacent.

The telescope, seemingly simple.

Just a shaped and polished wooden tube with a few convex and concave lenses.

Only Beo knew how much he had invested to make this seemingly simple telescope!

Lynn responded, "The telescope has been made, but it can be further improved!"

Beo immediately became interested, widening his eyes at Lynn, and inquired.

"Master Lynn, how can it be improved?"

The urgency in his voice surpassed even the land rewarded by Lynn.

Handing the telescope to Beo, Lynn explained: "This telescope does have the function of magnifying distant views."

"However, its magnification is too low, a distance of seven or eight miles is already its limit."

Beo nodded repeatedly.

Lynn continued: "High-magnification telescopes can even see tens or hundreds of miles away, even beyond the sky!"

"Then, you will find that as long as you stand at a height, you can see everything around through the telescope!"

Listening to Lynn's description, Beo's mind began to fantasize.

Fantasizing about the scenes Lynn described...

Lynn shifted his words: "To increase the magnification of the telescope, you can try changing the lenses."

"Create a plano-convex lens as the objective lens, and a concave lens as the eyepiece."

"Perhaps you will make a different discovery!"

"As for the refraction degree of the lens, you would need to experiment yourself."

"However, there's one thing I need to tell you in advance."

"Devoting yourself to researching the telescope is a good thing, but you need to do it while ensuring your health!"

The suddenly awakened Beo immediately recalled the last time.

Beo nodded and said, "I understand, Master, thank you for your instruction, last time I was indeed too stubborn."

Lynn responded, "Also, if you like researching telescopes, you can collaborate with the astronomer Xenophon who has come to the territory."

"I can build a workshop for your research and dispatch a team to assist you."

"As for the Glass Workshop, you can leave it to your wife, Layla, to manage."

"In managing the workshop, she is more attentive and responsible than you!"

A look of joy appeared on Beo's face, "That would be wonderful, Master Lynn."

After dismissing Beo, Lynn walked towards the outside of the Handicraft Workshop District.

The role of the telescope is very important!

Not to mention, it might be used for astronomical observation in the future.

It can now be completely used in maritime navigation, military reconnaissance, and even geographical exploration.

With the development of the territory, building longships for battle and developing the maritime transport industry is inevitable.

With the telescope, observing distant coastlines, islands, and other ships becomes much more convenient.

While improving navigational safety, it allows efficient route planning!

This is especially true in the military field.

Even though the current territory is still primarily focused on development.

With the telescope, when the enemy is still tens of miles away, their tactics can be detected from afar.

Monitor enemy troop deployments, fortifications, movement directions, etc.

Making effective tactical responses as if knowing them thoroughly!

In geographical exploration, it also plays a significant role.

Using a telescope to observe the terrain, mountains, rivers, surface buildings, and draw high-precision maps!

To effectively utilize the terrain for military deployments and tactics...

Of course.

It's not easy to create a high-magnification telescope.

It requires a long time for Beo and the astronomer Xenophon to experiment and create.

Chapter 579: Monocular Telescope

Leaving the Handicraft Workshop District.

Lynn once again arrived at the fishing spot near the dock.

After attaching the bait, he cast the line into the Aladia River.

With a 'plop' sound, only a piece of cork float remained, bobbing on the river's surface.

The cork float gently swayed along with the water's ripples.

After catching several river fish weighing a few pounds each and obtaining dozens of Energy Stones.

The night gradually turned dim.

Only then did Lynn, along with Red and the rest, head back towards the castle.

...

Nightfall enveloped the entire world.

In a city several hundred miles from Lynn Territory.

Figures were swiftly weaving through the streets between buildings.

They moved with slow expressions but quick strides, ordinary people making a living...

At the alley entrance of a dim street.

Scantily clad women, with exposed chests, leaned against the walls, waiting for passing men to take them away...

Teams of patrolling soldiers wearing Sword and Shield Badges walked by, and the women did not restrain themselves in the slightest.

Instead, they spread their arms and bodies to attract the soldiers' attention...

Though it was nighttime, it was just after dusk.

The outer city of Bordeaux was still bustling and noisy.

In contrast to the outer city where ordinary residents lived, the inner city was much quieter.

Carriages engraved with various patterns leisurely traversed the wide, clean streets.

Shops with lit oil lamps showcased luxury goods within, awaiting visits from noble lords and the wealthy.

People walked down the streets with composed expressions, dignified steps, and in luxurious attire...

Forming a stark contrast with the ordinary residents!

Inside Marquis Ducas's Castle.

Teams of patrolling soldiers traversed the corridors of the castle.

In just a short half-hour.

Two or three teams of patrol soldiers had already passed by.

The doctor of the Ducas Clan, with a scented medicine bag on his shoulder, walked with his head down at the corridor's edge.

With the patrol soldiers' gazes on him, he turned through corridors.

Finally, he stood in front of the double wooden doors guarded by four fully armed sword and shield soldiers.

Hewitt bent slightly toward the four soldiers, explaining, "I've come to change the medicine for the lord."

The leading captain of the four soldiers glanced at Hewitt.

Confirming nothing was amiss, he gently opened the double doors for Hewitt.

After bowing, Hewitt adjusted the medicine bag and entered Donovan Ducas's bedroom.

The opened double doors were gently closed.

Walking on the soft wool carpet, Hewitt went straight to Donovan.

As he walked, he reminded, "My Lord, it's time to change your medicine..."

From the large bed, Donovan's weak and ethereal voice sounded.

"Alright..."

Listening to Donovan's voice, Hewitt felt a slight sense of relief.

He reached the bedside.

Hewitt put down the medicine box on his shoulder, opened it, and began preparing the medicine powder for Donovan.

Lying on the bed, Donovan slightly shifted his body.

Just as he was about to speak, a sudden sharp intake of breath sounded.

Sss-ha~ Sss-ha~

Hearing the gasp, Hewitt was startled and hurriedly looked up.

Hewitt asked, "My Lord, are you alright?"

No response, as Donovan was digesting the pain on his own.

After a moment.

Feeling the pain gradually fade, Donovan mused.

"Don't worry... I won't die just yet..."

"Just pulled the wound is all."

Seeing Donovan's face, already pale and bloodless, turning even paler.

Hewitt quickly consoled, "My Lord, your body is fine!"

"As long as you rest and regularly change the medicine, you'll recover soon!"

Upon hearing Hewitt's words, Donovan actually let out a chuckle.

His voice full of sighs, "Hmph~ Hewitt, maybe only you would say something like, my body will soon recover."

"My good sons are all hoping I die on this bed!"

Hewitt immediately closed his mouth, not daring to continue the topic.

After preparing the medicine powder from the box, he reminded, "My Lord, you need to change position..."

Without a word, Donovan moved on his own.

Settling into that familiar position, he stopped and waited for Hewitt to change the medicine.

Hewitt extended his right hand, started lifting Donovan's clothing from his back, and unwrapped the intertwined linen gauze.

Once the last loop of gauze was removed.

Seeing Donovan's wound, a rotten odor assaulted Hewitt's nose, changing his complexion instantly.

A violent upheaval churned in his stomach, racing up to his throat...

Fortunately, Hewitt forcibly suppressed what was about to erupt.

Otherwise, the consequences would have been unimaginable.

Yet, even though he tried, Donovan noticed it lying on the bed.

An inquiry came from Donovan's mouth.

"The wound... is getting worse, isn't it?"

Hewitt quickly responded, "My Lord, the wound is like before..."

He originally wanted to comfort a bit, but thinking of the worsening of Donovan's wound.

Hewitt sighed, responding, "My Lord, it's my incompetence that I cannot heal your wound..."

Donovan said flatly, "Hewitt, that was an attack of witchcraft after all..."

"That you've kept me this far is quite something already."

Hewitt fell silent.

Donovan continued, "Go on with changing the medicine."

Only then did Hewitt resume his work.

Donovan's questions continued from his mouth.

"Hewitt, how long since Lawrence left Bordeaux City with my sword and shield soldiers?"

Hewitt recalled for a moment, then replied.

"My Lord, it should be about two months now?"

Donovan sighed, "Two months... two months..."

"Is there any intel on Lawrence sent back to Marquis Mark?"

Hewitt hesitated for a few seconds, unsure of how to respond.

Donovan continued, "Fine, after all, you're just a doctor..."

Hearing this, Hewitt felt slightly relieved.

Donovan mused to himself, "Mitchell truly has good means!"

"A casual instruction sent the bloodline of the Ducas Clan to labor in the Duchy of the Red Dragon for him!"

"Even disguising as the Duke Cangyu's Feiyu Army in such a despicable divisive manner."

Seemingly realizing something, Donovan's voice grew louder.

Even turned into loud shouting.

"Real strength crushes the enemy head-on!"

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Feeling the formidable aura emanating from Donovan.

Hewitt almost uncontrollably bent down his waist.

That feeling was like facing a lion proclaiming its sovereignty, ceaselessly roaring.

He could hardly imagine that Donovan, severely injured and bedridden for years, still had such a fierce side.

As if venting out the anger within his body, Donovan's voice once again became weak.

"But... I am old after all..."

"Not to mention facing the enemy, it's hard for me to even stand up now..."

A long sigh filled with endless regret echoed in the bedroom.

Hewitt still dared not speak, continuing to busy himself with administering medicine.

Until half an hour later.

Hewitt wound Donovan in linen gauze and covered him with a quilt.

He spoke, "Master, the medicine has been changed, rest well, I'll come again next time."

Donovan, lying on his side, did not speak but responded with a sound.

"I know, leave."

Hewitt responded, carried the medicine chest, and retreated.

After the sound of the double wooden doors opening and closing, the bedroom, which was already quiet, returned to silence.

Walking out the door.

Hewitt scanned around with his eyes, but he did not see that strange yet familiar figure.

Just as he was puzzled and about to leave, a slim and tall silhouette stepped out from around the corner ahead.

Even though Mark Ducas said nothing, Hewitt lowered his head and walked swiftly up.

Coming to Marco's side, Hewitt promptly spoke, "Marquis."

Mark slightly turned his head, glanced at Hewitt, and spoke calmly, "Doctor Hewitt, I feel slightly unwell, could you diagnose and analyze me?"

Hewitt raised an eyebrow and responded, "Of course, Marquis."

Seeing Mark stride forward, Hewitt quickly followed him.

After crossing several corridor corners, they arrived at an open-air balcony in the castle.

Mark stood at the edge of the railing, supporting himself with both hands, gazing into the distance.

Without needing Mark to ask, Hewitt began explaining.

"Marquis, during this medicine change for Master, his emotions fluctuated quite a bit."

Mark sneered from his mouth.

"Hem, let me guess... must be that old guy cursing me as useless, trash, only riding on coattails?"

Hewitt dared not respond.

Mark continued speaking, "Don't hold anything back, just repeat the exact words the old guy said."

Hewitt responded and began to repeat the words spoken in Donovan's bedroom.

Time ticked away, moment by moment.

Until Hewitt repeated Donovan's shout "A true strongman only crushes the enemy head-on."

Mark's face became covered in an expression of gloom.

He sneered again, "A true strongman... in front of the Three Great Dukes and the two Princes, does a small Duke-level Marquis like Ducas even qualify?"

"Crush the enemy head-on... relying on the Ducas family's tens of thousands of sword and shield soldiers?"

"Donovan Ducas is truly old!"

"Only able to live in times gone by..."

Standing behind Mark, Hewitt kept his head down, unwilling to have any reaction.

Finishing his words.

Mark, originally having his back to Hewitt, turned his body and faced Hewitt directly.

"Doctor Hewitt, did you use the medicine I prepared for the old guy in this treatment?"

"I suppose you wouldn't dare to defy a marquis's command, would you?"

Feeling the gazing of Mark, Hewitt's body instantly tensed.

He hurriedly explained, "Marquis, the medicine has been applied to Master."

"He... he did not notice anything unusual."

Mark nodded satisfactorily, "Remember, every time you change the medicine, make sure to add the medicine I prepared for him!"

"You may leave and rest now."

Receiving Mark's instructions, Hewitt was trembling with fear.

Quickly, he performed a departure salute and retreated.

Watching Hewitt step into the entrance of the dark corridor.

Only then did Mark turn his body to face the darkness ahead.

On the open-air balcony above.

Only Mark Ducas stood alone.

His hands still propped on the railing, gazing at the whole Bordeaux City covered by the night.

His eyes were full of flickering light.

As if silently opposing the vast dark sky.

After a short while.

Mark suddenly spoke to himself, "Any news of Lawrence?"

A soldier clad in sword and shield badge leather armor suddenly stepped out of the black night.

A deep voice sounded from the soldier's mouth.

"Sir, there has been no return of the envoy dispatched by Sir Lawrence yet."

"However, a month ago, a spy in the Duchy of the Red Dragon reported back that a remnant of the Feiyu Army fled from the Duchy of the Red Dragon and entered the territory of the Southern Border Land."

"Most likely, it is the remnant sword and shield soldiers led by Sir Lawrence."

Upon hearing this, Mark furrowed his brow slightly.

"Southern Border Land... is he thinking of returning the same way?"

Mark seemingly suddenly thought of something; he continued to ask.

"In the Southern Border Land, are there any Lords choosing Mitchell's side because of the Ducas family, betraying Ducas' rule?"

The soldier replied, "Sir, there have not been any rumors as of now."

"However, perhaps it is the struggle for Imperial Authority causing continuous friction among the Manor Lords in the Marquisate..."

Mark sneered, "A bunch of dogs raised by the Ducas family."

"They all want to seize more benefits and gain a larger domain as the situation becomes turbulent!"