

System 581

Chapter 581: Urgent Report _2

"Once it's over, we'll settle accounts with them one by one!"

The soldier bent down to respond, "Yes, sir!"

...

In the blink of an eye.

Three days have passed.

After having breakfast, Lynn was squatting in a field planted with barley.

Lynn's gaze was fixed on a ridge in front of him.

In the soil of the ridge, seedlings have already sprouted.

Moreover, the seedlings have entered the stage of stem and leaf growth.

The leaves were growing, and the stems were elongating, clearly showing three to five true leaves growing on each barley seedling.

They gently swayed in the breeze.

The morning sunlight spilled over the leaves, reflecting bright rays of light...

Slightly rising, he moved to another field.

The barley seedlings were also thriving, full of vitality.

Lynn nodded with satisfaction.

Perhaps it was due to the heavy snow last winter that froze and killed old pathogens and pests in the land.

Whether it was the winter barley sown last year or the spring barley planted last month.

The growth was excellent.

Next, it's just a matter of field management. Depending on the growth of the barley, we need to carry out cultivation and weeding, fertilization and additional fertilization, watering and irrigation, as well as pest control.

By June or July, the barley will spike, bloom, and set grain.

Once it matures in August, it can be harvested.

Bear in mind, it's already early May.

There are just three months left until August.

A fleeting moment!

While Lynn was observing the growth of barley in the fields.

Gavin came running from a distant field with large strides.

Arriving in front of Lynn, he quickly adjusted his breathing.

"Master... Master..."

Lynn glanced at Gavin and spoke, "Apart from here, how's the growth of the other planted barley?"

Gavin didn't hesitate and answered directly, "Master, there are very few cases where the winter barley planted last year froze to death."

"After thinning and replanting, the impact is minimal."

"After our team checked the hundred thousand acres of barley farmland, similarly, very few seedlings were found to be infected by pathogens or pests."

"In short, the growth is unexpectedly good!"

As someone who has planted barley and wheat for at least twenty years, Gavin is a free person farmer.

He wasn't born into the nobility.

Once he had the strength to work, he immediately joined his father in the fields.

Yet, even as a seasoned farmer, working with Wilbur and a few hundred farmers.

Gavin was managing such a large expanse of farmland for the first time!

One hundred thousand acres of barley fields, various vegetables, along with never-before-heard cotton crops and potatoes.

Seeing the smile on Gavin's face, Lynn nodded.

Gavin and Wilbur both have the honest and straightforward nature typical of farmers.

They never hide anything in their hearts.

If the barley grows poorly, they frown; if it grows well and bears fruit, they're joyful.

Lynn nodded, "Very good."

"Pay attention to field management. Don't let any lapses in care lead to problems later."

Gavin spoke with determination, "It definitely won't happen, Master Lynn."

"I, Gavin, swear on my life!"

Lynn responded, then changed the subject, "I see you all are working on digging the canal?"

"Do you have enough manpower? If not, I can help you allocate some people."

With sixty thousand acres of cleared and planted farmland, it's naturally necessary to dig canals for irrigation.

Otherwise.

On such a wide expanses of fields, relying on transporting water from the Aladia River for irrigation is too wasteful of manpower, resources, and time.

Gavin raised his brow and quickly replied, "Master, I was just about to talk to you about this."

"The farmland is expanding, and the crops we're planting are increasing."

"Two hundred farmers are having trouble managing it; we need more farmers..."

Lynn frowned slightly.

As he suspected.

A hundred thousand acres of fields are indeed too vast.

Lynn pondered for a moment and spoke, "I understand, I'll think of a way to dispatch more labor to you as soon as possible."

Gavin quickly bent over in gratitude, "Thank you so much, Master."

As Gavin continued to dig the canal, Lynn stepped out of the field.

Walking back on the lime road to the town, he pondered where to dispatch the labor from.

But recalling the analysis he did earlier on the population distribution of nine thousand people across the territory.

There wasn't any idle labor left for dispatch!

Thinking of this.

Lynn couldn't help but sigh.

The labor force is still too small!

Even with nine thousand people in the territory.

It's still unable to meet the labor needs for all industries in the territory!

Plus, the need for continued military expansion.

There must be more labor forces!

There are only three ways to increase population in his territory.

First, similar to Grayson the slave merchant, transporting a large number of slaves from other places to his territory.

The advantage is, people are delivered upon payment, without risk.

The downside is, the transportation cycle is too long!

Second, warfare and plunder, starting external conflicts and seizing others' slaves, food, and various resources.

The advantage, it's the fastest and most direct way.

The downside, the risk is too high. Being too conspicuous may provoke the manor lord's attacks.

Third, the natural population growth from townspeople's reproduction.

The advantage, doesn't require much cost.

The downside, the growth cycle is too long, relying on reproduction to increase population is not very realistic!

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Thinking of this.

A decision was already forming in Lynn's mind.

While relying on the slave merchant to transport slaves to the territory.

Simultaneously seeking the right opportunity to wage war against the manor lords of Morgan Town!

Seize their slaves, plunder their food, and occupy their land!

And also complete the [Task]!

However, to launch an external plundering war.

An opportunity is needed!

And, at the very least, fully equip his current soldiers!

Lynn can only slightly delay this plan.

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

[Heavenly Artifacts]

[Name]: Lynn

[Age]: 16 years old

[Attributes]: Attack C(+), Defense E+(+), Speed F-(+), Constitution D+(+), Energy E-(+)

[Talent]: Heavenly Artifacts, Life Burning

...

[Ability]:

[Construction: Level 2 (338/500)] (+)

[Planting: Level 3 (51/1000)] (+)

[Collection: Level 2 (231/500)] (+)

[Production: Level 3 (85/1000)] (+)

[Hunting: Level 2 (215/500)] (+)

[Cooking: Level 3 (25/1000)] (+)

[Forging: Level 3 (46/1000)] (+)

[Medicine: Level 2 (469/500)] (+)

[Breeding: Level 2 (218/500)] (+)

...

Briefly scanning the panel before him, Lynn closed it.

Apart from [Forging] [Cooking] [Planting] [Production] which have been upgraded to Level 3.

The other major five skills still require him to keep working on them.

Yet, over this period of persistent effort, the other five major skills are not far from upgrading.

Especially [Medicine]!

Returning to the town, Lynn walked across the Lord's Square.

A figure was approaching him from ahead.

It was Avery, the foreman of the Stonemason Workshop.

Standing before Lynn, Avery bent slightly, and respectfully called out.

"Master Lynn."

Lynn responded, "Foreman Avery, is there any issue with the construction outside the city?"

Since appointing Avery as the foreman of the Stonemason Workshop.

The construction of Weng City, the outer watchtowers, and the Outpost Fortress, he hadn't visited them once.

The most recent time he went to the walls was due to leading the army to attack Morrison Manor.

Avery quickly replied, "Sir, the construction outside the walls is proceeding smoothly."

"I just wanted to report the progress to you."

"Over the past month, the thirty-meter-high watchtower has been completed."

"Furthermore, Instructor Ross has arranged for soldiers to guard it in shifts 24 hours a day."

Lynn nodded.

He remembered this matter, Ross had reported it to him before.

Originally a minor issue, he naturally wouldn't pay too much attention.

Avery continued, "Currently, eight hundred construction workers are under the protection of soldiers, already building the Outpost Fortress at the edge of the forest."

"Due to the distance from the walls and the territory, the road is rugged and full of rocky dirt, making it extremely difficult to transport stone and other building materials."

"Therefore, I want to request your permission."

"Could a red brick road be built leading straight to the edge of the forest before the Outpost Fortress?"

The meaning in Avery's words, Lynn naturally understood.

He nodded and replied, "No problem, Avery, the task of building the red brick road is also something you need to take over."

Be it constructing the Outpost Fortress or building the red brick road, in Lynn's view, they are positive tasks!

Although, paving the road will slow the construction speed of the Outpost Fortress.

A smooth road also has its advantages.

It can strengthen control over the Outpost Fortress outside the territory.

In case of an enemy attack, reinforcements can be dispatched immediately.

Or, it can speed up the transport of goods to the territory by foreign merchants, improving the speed and stability of carriage travel.

Most importantly.

Building roads can prepare for the future cultivation of the weedy shrub wasteland outside the walls!

Lynn continued, "However, Foreman Avery, there are no more labor forces in the territory to dispatch for your command."

Avery showed no concern at all, instead revealing a delighted smile.

"Sir, you've misunderstood, I'm not here to ask for more labor."

"As long as you agree, starting the road construction with the workers is already a fortunate thing."

"I heard from the townsmen that it was you who led them to build those lime roads..."

"You naturally know the difficulty of transporting heavy goods without a solid and smooth road."

"I just want to save some effort for the workers... Sir, I have no personal agenda."

Lynn replied, "Foreman Avery, you don't need to explain anything to me, just focus on your work!"

Hearing Lynn's affirmative response, Avery felt a surge of emotion.

He was a slave, sold by a slave merchant to Master Lynn's territory.

No matter what his previous status was, here, he is a slave!

However, not long after arriving at this territory.

Master Lynn had the guards find him, and after a round of inquiries, directly appointed him as the foreman of the Stonemason Workshop.

Furthermore, eight hundred construction workers were dispatched for him to command!

Despite, prior to this.

Master Lynn's territory didn't even have a Stonemason Workshop.

Even the tasks of a stonemason were handled by the Woodworker Workshop.

Avery naturally understood it was Master Lynn's recognition and trust in his ability.

Avery bowed deeply, speaking firmly, "Sir, rest assured."

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"Avery will never betray your trust."

Lynn acknowledged and said, "Very good."

"Apart from labor, if there is anything else lacking in construction, you can find Steward Kuisi."

"As long as it's something missing for the building work, you can have her arrange it for you at any time."

Avery bowed again, "Thank you, Master."

After completing the report and confirming that nothing was omitted, Avery then left Lord's Square.

With a team of construction workers pushing wooden wheelbarrows, loaded with a large number of iron tools for paving the red brick road.

Trowels, pickaxes, iron rakes, and so on.

Even though the spring plowing and planting had already ended.

The plow oxen and draft horses were freed from the fields.

However, there are so many places in the territory that require plow oxen and draft horses.

The open-pit iron mine, coal mine, and salt mine all require draft horses to pull the draught wagons.

The townsmen can only rely on manual traction to drag heavy loads.

However, compared to carrying loads with baskets, the efficiency and speed of the two-wheeled wheelbarrow are much faster.

It also maximizes the townsmen's physical energy savings.

Watching Avery gradually disappearing toward the distant mountains and forests.

Lynn withdrew his gaze.

Looking at the darkening sky, Lynn thought of the direction of the castle and walked away.

As he walked, Lynn said to the guard, "Summon Petra, La Ailin, and Xenophon to see me!"

The three guards responded and withdrew.

Returning to the castle.

Lynn sat on the lord's throne, waiting quietly.

Soon after the castle construction was completed, Colin and his men had crafted this lord's throne.

He had sat on the lord's throne less than ten times.

Mainly because he was not accustomed to it.

Sitting alone on the lord's throne, below the steps, were the persons in charge of various industries in the territory.

Everyone was watching him with wide eyes, waiting for his speech and inquiries.

He is the lord of this territory, the lord of all in the territory.

Those standing below the lord should be the ones nervous and fearful in the presence of Master Lynn on the lord's throne!

As Master Lynn, the lord can freely handle them and determine their lives and deaths!

Lynn also understood.

He must quickly adapt to the feeling of sitting on the lord's throne.

Because, once the territory's development stabilizes and a sound government structure is established.

He would no longer need to personally handle every affair like now.

He only needs to summon the relevant persons in charge, issue orders to them!

Rewards for completing the order within the required time.

Severe punishment for failing to do so!

This is what a true lord should be!

However, reaching this point requires a long time.

As Lynn acclimates to the lord's throne.

Footsteps sounded from across the hall, several tens of meters away up the stairs.

Lynn looked over.

Under the guard's lead, Erin, Petra, and Xenophon, the three scholars, ascended the stairs, passing through the reception hall, and headed towards him.

The three scholars stopped seven or eight meters in front of Lynn at the edge of the lord throne platform stairs.

In unison, they bent down in a scholar's salute, straightening up afterward, and their voices sounded uniformly, "Lord."

Lynn pondered for a moment, "Three scholars, we have met a few times, so I won't waste words with you."

"The guards summoned you here because there are significant matters needing your assistance."

Erin and the other two nodded, eyes on Lynn sitting on the lord's throne, waiting for him to continue speaking.

Lynn's gaze shifted to Erin standing at the edge.

"Scholar Erin, has the territorial law been drafted?"

Feeling Lynn's downward gaze, a hint of nervousness arose in Erin's heart.

Her words were filled with tension, "Lord... the territorial law is not yet completed, Erin needs more time..."

Lynn responded, "Alright, Scholar Erin, but I need a specific timeframe."

Erin's heart grew even more tense.

Previously, she had walked alongside Master Lynn.

At that time, she did not feel such a strong pressure from Master Lynn as a superior.

Erin quickly said, "Master, a month's time, I need one more month to submit the initial draft of the territorial law for your review!"

Lynn nodded, "Then it will be a month's time."

"There is one more thing, Scholar Erin."

"I need to establish a territory court on the land, temporarily appointing you as judge, handling some daily disputes on my behalf."

Upon hearing this.

Erin's face was momentarily shocked, she asked somewhat incredulously.

"Temporary judge? Master Lynn, you mean that I will?"

It wasn't just Erin.

Petra and Xenophon beside her also showed a look of envy.

Lynn replied, "Yes, Lady Aileen, temporarily as a judge, handling daily disputes according to the territorial law."

Hearing the same words again from Lynn's mouth, Erin took a few deep breaths to calm her somewhat rapid breathing.

A few seconds later.

Erin bowed deeply, making a grand salute, her speech full of respect, "Thank you for your trust, Master Lynn."

Though it is only temporary, for Erin, it's not just because she can become a manager.

But also because she herself specializes in the study of laws and regulations.

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She can shine and radiate warmth in the industry she is passionate about!

Lynn's gaze shifted and turned to the middle-aged man, Petra.

"Scholar Petra."

Hearing his name, Petra snapped out of his envy for Erin.

Quickly responding to Lynn's words, "Lord, Petra is present."

Lynn began, "In my castle, there is still a need for a clerk responsible for handling various documentation tasks, drafting, writing, and preserving legal documents within the territory."

"I wonder if you would be willing?"

Petra raised his eyebrows, and without any hesitation, he replied, "Lord, Petra would certainly be willing!"

Lynn nodded, "That's good."

"Besides daily work, in your leisure time you are free to do your creative work as you like."

"As long as it does not affect others, no one will stop you, including me as the Lord!"

Petra hurriedly responded, "Thank you, Master Lynn."

Afterwards.

Lynn's gaze turned to Xenophon again.

Before Lynn could speak, Xenophon bent over first.

"Lord, Xenophon is present."

Lynn replied, "Scholar Xenophon, do you enjoy astronomical research?"

For a moment, Xenophon did not understand the meaning in Lynn's words.

But he nodded honestly, "Yes, Master."

Lynn continued, "Beo from the pottery workshop is researching the production of telescopes."

"Although the current telescopes don't have enough magnification to see distant objects clearly."

"But as research continues, it won't be long before he can develop and produce astronomical telescopes."

"With astronomical telescopes, one can see countless stars beyond the sky."

"If you're interested, you can work with him on the research."

Surprise filled Xenophon's eyes as he asked, "Lord, to see stars beyond the sky?"

Lynn nodded.

Observing Lynn's determined gesture, Xenophon's body nearly trembled uncontrollably.

Xenophon quickly spoke, "Lord, I am willing!"

At a time when everyone was worried about how to feed themselves, he alone persisted in researching astronomy.

Even now, at nearly forty years old, Xenophon has never married or had children.

He is obsessed with his beloved astronomical research.

No matter how prosperous his family was, he faced family discussions and exclusion.

His family's inheritance rights were even handed over to his younger brother.

Xenophon had no interest in family management, which suited him perfectly.

However, after his brother inherited the family, the funds for his lifestyle drastically reduced.

His funds completely stopped before coming to Lynn's territory.

Upon learning from Tate that there was a technological revolution happening here.

Without any hesitation, he packed a few sets of clothes and research books and left Triumph City with Tate.

Before Master Lynn mentioned 'astronomical telescopes,'

Xenophon was still hesitant, wondering if he had made the wrong choice.

But Xenophon felt he had come to the right place!

Master Lynn actually mentioned that someone in his territory was researching telescopes!

Moreover, astronomical telescopes capable of observing countless stars beyond the sky.

Surprise, shock, disbelief.

His knowledge of astronomy always came from old books from many years ago.

No matter how much he searched and studied, the records about stars were always limited.

If it truly becomes possible to develop and produce astronomical telescopes.

He can become the first scholar to observe stars with the naked eye and conduct astronomical research.

Additionally, he can verify some astronomical patterns recorded by ancient people in old texts.

If he truly verifies those patterns, then he... will become the first astronomer in the entire Garonia Continent!

Thinking of this, Xenophon's breath became even more rapid.

Lynn naturally noticed Xenophon's change and said, "Scholar Xenophon, no need to be overly tense."

"Making an astronomical telescope is far from as simple as you imagine."

Xenophon returned to his senses and calmed his restless heart.

"Thank you, Master Lynn, I am willing to collaborate with Mr. Beo on research."

Lynn acknowledged with a nod, instructed a few sentences, then dismissed them.

His mind was still contemplating the earlier matters.

There's a need to quickly arrange personnel to construct a Territory Court in the town and a research room for the needs of scholars.

Petra, as the clerk, naturally must be conveniently housed in the residential area behind the castle for future record-keeping and summoning.

Fortunately, there are still plenty of houses and rooms available in the residential area behind the castle.

This doesn't require much additional thought.

As for the separation of scholars, weakening the teaching strength within the school...

This is something unavoidable; some sacrifices must be made.

"Master, dinner is ready."

As Lynn was contemplating, Kuisi's reminder rang in his ears.

Lynn came to his senses and looked at the dining table, where Kuisi had already arranged plates of food neatly.

"I understand."

Lynn responded and stood up from the lord's throne, moving toward the dining table.

As he moved and sat in the main seat of the dining table, he began to enjoy today's dinner with Kuisi attending him.

While eating the food on the plates, he listened to Kuisi's concise work report.

Kuisi spoke concisely, "Master, the town remains normal as always today."

"The only difference is that the Blacksmith Workshop and Textile Workshop have delayed their work hours, saying it's waiting for your instructions, changing work hours to eight in the morning to ten at night."

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While chewing on a piece of beef, Lynn responded.

With Master Lynn's response, Kuisi continued speaking.

"Other than that, there's nothing else."

"Oh, Master, there's one more thing."

"The daily fine salt output of the salt factory has increased. The three salt factories now produce three thousand three hundred pounds of fine salt daily."

Lynn nodded knowingly.

The salt making technique at the salt factory is not complicated in terms of procedure.

Excavation, crushing, sieving and cleaning, dissolution and filtration, crystallization and grinding.

As long as they become proficient in these tasks, production efficiency will naturally continue to increase.

Of course.

The number of workers at the salt factory is limited, and their working hours are also limited.

Without improving tools and technology, there will always be a ceiling.

But with the brewery, glass workshop, and salt factory currently in the territory, these three production lines are temporarily enough to support the economic needs of the entire territory.

After finishing dinner, Lynn sat in the armchair, both hands gripping the small stone mill, continuing to grind [medicine] skill experience.

It's nearly enough to level up to Level 3.

...

On the other side of the night.

In a patch of overgrown wilderness at least hundreds of miles from Morgan Town.

A team trudged through the grass and bushes, advancing with difficulty.

At the front of the team.

Only Lawrence remained, still riding on a horse.

As the warhorse stepped forward, his body swayed along with its movement.

Behind the horse was a team of defeated soldiers.

They looked exhausted, each step seeming to take all their strength.

The long spears and greatswords originally used to kill the enemy had now become walking sticks.

They didn't care about the swords' sheaths and spear tails getting damaged on the dirt and rocks.

This group of twenty or so people was walking under the night sky, with only the sound of cracking branches and the occasional neighing of horses breaking the silence.

Everyone was silent.

Following behind Lawrence on horseback, Godfrey stopped walking.

He glanced at Lawrence, who showed no sign of stopping.

Then he looked at the remaining twenty-five exhausted Sword and Shield Corps soldiers behind him.

Godfrey swallowed and called out to everyone, "Everyone, once we cross this overgrown field, we'll reach Morgan Town."

"Once we enter Morgan Town, there will be plenty of food and drink for you all to enjoy."

"Stay strong! Don't fall asleep and collapse!"

"If you fall, you'll stay here forever!"

"In Morgan Town's brothel, the girls are waiting for you to patronize their business, and your expenses will be on me, Godfrey."

Listening to Godfrey's taunts, the hungry and weak soldiers suddenly perked up.

A chorus of responses erupted from them.

"Knight Commander, that sounds great!"

"Haha, you don't know this, but the girls in Morgan Town's brothel are really... well-lubricated..."

"Oh, I just realized you weren't in your tent the night before we set off! You went to find women!"

"When I get back, I'm definitely going to have some fun!"

"I'm going for a young one... no, I want three!"

"..."

As the atmosphere of the long-silent team began to stir with life, Godfrey exhaled a hot breath.

After this period of running around, every one of them had already exhausted their food supplies.

Even some of the horses they rode had been used as food.

But the journey was long, and without a dedicated logistics team transporting food, even the horses would not suffice for sustenance.

Luckily, they had entered Marquisate of Dukas' territory.

They no longer had to worry about pursuit from the Red Dragon Riders under the Grand Duke of Red Dragon.

Now, Morgan Town was no more than a hundred miles away.

Nevertheless.

These hundred miles would be a deadly trek for their nearly exhausted bodies!

Without willpower, they could easily collapse on the verge of reaching Morgan Town.

But as long as they reached Morgan Town, everything would improve.

As for those three thousand Sword and Shield Corps soldiers who died... they would remain forever in the Duchy of the Red Dragon.

...

Two mornings later.

A text panel suddenly appeared before Lynn's eyes as he ground medicinal herbs.

[Your medicine skill has leveled up to Level 3, unlocking: Biological Atlas]

[Reward received: Talent Duplication Book ×1]

Seeing the text before him, Lynn's eyebrows rose slightly.

Biological Atlas?

Driven by thought, Lynn opened the [Heavenly Artifacts] panel.

A book-shaped icon appeared at the bottom of the interface.

Lynn opened it, and page after page filled with various illustrations appeared.

Each page was categorized, from poultry and livestock to some peculiar creatures.

Forest Pig, Coatsworth Sheep, domestic chicken, draft horse, and other illustrations were already illuminated.

Lynn flipped through the pages.

To his surprise, he found that the illustrations of dwarves and succubi were also illuminated!

Are dwarves and succubi considered fantasy creatures?

Illuminating ordinary livestock can reward ten Energy Stones.

While fantasy creatures can reward one hundred Energy Stones!

That is to say.

As long as they become his possessions, he can light up the corresponding illustrations to obtain Energy Stones!

Satisfied, Lynn nodded.

The unlocking of the [Biological Atlas] has added a new way for him to acquire Energy Stones!

Otherwise, relying solely on [Fishing] and [Milestone] and [Task] for a small number of Energy Stones.

Is simply too slow!

Driven by thought, Lynn collected all the Energy Stones from the [Biological Atlas].

With the Energy Stones previously obtained from [Fishing], he now had over four thousand!

This allowed for four ability enhancements.

Or perhaps some accumulation to exchange for other items?

Putting down the stone mill in his hands, Lynn walked towards the castle gates while thinking.

His mind was focused on what the territory needed most at the moment!

Aside from the shortage of labor, the territory also lacked food.

But neither labor nor food can be exchanged from [Heavenly Artifacts].

While high-yielding [Emperor Potatoes] had undergone preliminary exchange.

There was currently no need for further consideration.

There were many other special seeds available.

Banana seeds, olive seeds, dragon fruit seeds, white cardamom seeds, cinnamon seeds, Mother and Child Spirit Rice Seeds, etc.

Even seeds with special abilities like poisonous tendril seeds, chomping cabbage seeds, moonlight insect seeds, etc.

But these seeds did not provide any advancement for the territory's development now.

More labor would be needed for cultivation.

Whether they could grow or not was another matter.

Not worth the effort!

In contrast, the first exchange should naturally be the design blueprints from the [Special Building Library].

Whether it's the [Wolf's Den] or the [Mutated Wild Boar Farm], those are what he wants to exchange.

If successfully exchanged, he can use the mutant wolves and wild boars to change the current shortage of warhorses in the territory!

Their combat ability might even exceed that of the warhorse cavalry.

With a sigh, Lynn closed all panels in his mind.

Consider those Energy Stones saved for when they would be more needed.

Just as Lynn stepped out of the armchair and started walking towards Lord's Square outside the castle.

The pounding sound of hooves reached his ears.

Lynn could see clearly, as people called out warnings, moving to the side of the road to make way.

"Emergency! Make way, make way quickly!"

Chapter 586: You Can Marry Me

The horse rider seemed to have spotted Lynn in the Lord's Square and hurriedly pulled the reins in his hands.

Feeling the power transmitted from the bit in its mouth, the horse let out a series of urgent neighs, its front hooves rising high.

The townsmen nearby were startled and retreated continuously, sitting down on the ground.

Once the horse's hooves landed, Gasper quickly dismounted and ran towards Lynn ahead.

After covering dozens of steps, Gasper stopped a few meters in front of Lynn.

Despite the urgency, he didn't forget to bow in salutation.

"Master, urgent report!"

Lynn looked directly at Gasper and replied, "Speak!"

With Lynn's permission, Gasper hesitated no longer.

"Master, Lawrence Ducas has returned."

"He has now been settled in Morgan Town by the four Manor Lords!"

Lynn's brow furrowed slightly; he didn't speak, instead falling into thought.

A few seconds later.

Lynn asked Gasper, "Over three thousand soldiers from the Sword and Shield Corps brought back with him?"

Gasper responded, "Master, there are not three thousand Sword and Shield Corps soldiers."

"My people saw them entering Morgan Town with their own eyes, numbering no more than thirty people in total!"

Lynn nodded understandingly, "I see."

"Any other intelligence to report?"

Gasper said, "Master, that's all for now."

Lynn said, "Very timely intelligence, you may leave."

Gasper bowed in salute and withdrew.

He came to the horse held by a guard, took the reins, mounted again, and galloped away from the town.

The spies infiltrating Morgan Town and the four Manors were meant to gather intelligence for Master Lynn.

All they had to do was deliver the obtained intelligence to Master Lynn, which was enough.

As for how to respond and handle it afterward, that was for Master Lynn to consider.

Watching Gasper depart.

Lynn's furrowed brows still did not relax.

He was somewhat surprised that.

Lawrence, who infiltrated the Duchy of the Red Dragon with three thousand Sword and Shield Corps soldiers to loot and pillage.

Could still return from the Duchy of the Red Dragon!

He naturally hoped Lawrence would die in the Duchy of the Red Dragon.

Because, as long as anyone associated with the Ducas Clan appeared in Morgan Town.

The situation in Morgan Town would see many variables.

Making it even more dangerous for him.

If Lawrence wished to.

He could fully, under the name of being Marquis Duca's younger brother or even as the Sword and Shield Corps commander of the Ducas Clan soldiers,

Gather the armed forces of the four Manor Lords in Morgan Town to launch an attack on his domain!

This was the root of his concern!

Frank Manor, possessing five hundred chain armor cavalry and one thousand Leather Armor or Unarmored Guards.

Though the other Manors' armed forces would not surpass Frank Manor's, they would not fall too short either.

Combined, the four Manors' armed forces summed up to at least over five thousand!

Accustomed to preparing against the worst in any situation, he had to plan for countermeasures in advance.

However.

Thinking in another direction.

With the current resources available in his territory.

The methodology of response lay mainly in increasing the number of soldiers.

Enhancing their training.

Swiftly manufacturing composite armor and weapons to equip the soldiers.

And producing more large-scale siege defense apparatuses.

To cover with long-range firepower before the enemy approached, weakening their living forces, easing the difficulty of defending the city.

Lynn felt that as long as all the ideas in his mind were executed properly.

Reliable upon the height and sturdiness of the city walls, defending against five thousand enemy troops should pose no difficulty!

Thinking thus.

Lynn stepped towards the lumber workshop outside the town.

Rather than overthinking, he preferred to firmly grip the axe, freely sweat, diligently work, and earnestly grind his Collection Skills experience.

This not only trained his physique, maintaining his sense of strength, but also expedited the logging yield, accelerating the development of the territory.

A win-win!

Lynn's gaze fixed steadily on the base of a tree trunk over half a meter thick.

With both hands grasping the axe, he tilted his body and raised it over his head.

As his muscles tense and contract, the axe cleaved through the space, landing heavily at the base of the tree.

Thud~

A powerful and deep sound echoed, the sturdy and sharp axe blade embedding itself halfway in.

More than a dozen old woodcutters nearby were involuntarily filled with amazement in their eyes.

Their Master Lynn, regardless of axe-gripping movement, axe-raising posture, or swing speed and strength.

Could be described as perfect!

Especially the power with which it cleaved downwards, far surpassed theirs.

Indeed, it took them two to three swings to achieve the same depth as Lynn Master's single swing.

To think their Master Lynn, evidently possessing such a slender and tall physique...

Held such powerful strength!

Lynn naturally was unaware of the woodcutters' thoughts.

Even if he knew, he wouldn't care.

Having enhanced his Attributes several times, the strength contained within his body already surpassed that of ordinary people.

Tightly gripping the embedded axe blade, moving it to the front, and pulling it out.

Lynn once again raised the axe.

Upon reaching a suitable height, he swung down at the same spot he split earlier.

The axe blade embedded into the tree trunk again.

With powerful strength, rapid swings, and high accuracy...

[Collection Experience +1]

[Collection Experience +1]

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[Collection Experience +1]

...

As Lynn continued to wield his axe, felling one tree trunk after another on the ground.

Experience accumulated bit by bit, slowly increasing.

Several hours passed.

After cutting down seven or eight tree trunks, Lynn sat down directly on a fallen trunk, gasping for breath in large gulps.

Lynn found that even after several attribute enhancements,

whether it's [Attack] or [Constitution], they are far above the townsmen.

But in such high-intensity labor, he still easily faced physical exhaustion.

Due to an improvement in his physical attributes, he could lift the axe higher than the woodcutters, striking faster.

This also meant his rate of chopping was far above that of the woodcutters.

Often when the woodcutters made one chop, he had already chopped three or four times.

The energy consumed was naturally far above that of the woodcutters.

As Lynn was catching his breath, Garcia, the foreman of the lumber workshop, came in front of him.

Garcia handed the water bottle in his hand to Lynn.

He said earnestly, "Master, have some water."

Lynn glanced at Garcia, reached out to take it, but hadn't opened the bottle yet.

Garcia, seemingly worried that he wouldn't drink, quickly reminded, "Master, it's a new bottle, no one has used it yet, it's water from the town's well..."

Lynn said nothing, opened the bottle, and took a few sips.

Instantly.

A comfortable feeling spread within Lynn's body.

The heat and sweat were slightly alleviated.

Returning the bottle to Garcia, Lynn asked, "Foreman Garcia, is there anything in the logging and wood processing that needs my help?"

Since the last large-scale logging and processing of trunks into sleepers and track wood, he hadn't been to the lumber workshop for a while.

Garcia took the bottle, holding it in his arms, explained: "Master, the lumber workshop and the processing workshop now have a total of two hundred people."

"One hundred of them are divided into teams of four to carry out logging, with each team felling around four trees a day."

"That's a hundred trees in one day."

"The processing workshop also comprises a hundred people in teams of four, but since they haven't received your production standards, they're just processing the trunks into rough logs for stacking as backup."

"When other industries need it, they will also come here for transportation."

After explaining the daily output of the lumber workshop, Garcia further explained: "As for the needs, currently there is nothing that requires your help, Master."

The lumber workshop is not far from the town, only about three or four miles away.

Even after a large-scale logging operation pushed the forest edge back several hundred meters,

it doesn't affect their ability to enjoy meals in the mess hall at noon and dusk every day.

Moreover, there are dedicated personnel to transport drinking water for them.

When hungry, they go back to town to eat, when thirsty, they drink well water, and when tired, they can take a short nap at noon.

Even, every day's labor comes with military merits.

Military merits can be used for land exchange in the future!

Their logging work has no worries about the future, and there's an added anticipation of what's to come.

Lynn nodded, "Foreman Garcia, I need the processing workshop to resume processing sleepers and track wood starting today!"

The processing of sleepers and track wood is crucial for the future rail transportation of the entire territory.

Even in times of limited labor, it must not be slackened.

Without enough horsepower to pull carriages,

let alone producing a steam engine or steam train in the future.

Even a hand-cranked minecart needs tracks laid to each industry.

Only in this way can the transportation efficiency within the territory be greatly improved.

Upon hearing this, Garcia quickly responded: "Yes, Master, I will immediately deliver your orders."

Lynn nodded to let Garcia retreat.

Looking at the sky, there was still time.

He picked up the two-handed axe leaning beside him and returned to logging.

Thud~

Thud~

Thud~

One blow after another, the axe chopped into the trunk.

With each strike, the whole tree shook violently, as leaves fluttered down from the crown.

Until dusk.

Lynn told the woodcutters they could stop work and return to the town.

Amid cheers of surprise and joy, everyone put away their tools, lined up in formation, and headed back to the town.

Naturally, Lynn walked among the crowd with Red.

In the focused work, a simple and fulfilling day passed by in the blink of an eye.

For the townsmen, it was the military merits earned bit by bit in exchange for a full meal.

For Lynn, it was the rise in [Collection] skill experience.

And another day's rapid development accumulated for the entire territory!

Back in town.

Lynn habitually sat on Lord's Square, watching the town under the setting sun.

Teams of townsmen returning from various industries across the territory walked the lime-covered roads in the glow of the sunset.

Their steps were steady and orderly, with a touch of content and satisfaction on their faces.

Compared to their earlier arrival on this land as slaves, they had entirely changed.

Until night gradually fell.

Few townspeople were still returning to town, and Lynn, satisfied, got up and walked back to the castle.

After dinner, Lynn sat on the lord's throne, contemplating the future development direction of the territory.

Now, it was already early May.

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In terms of farming, besides planting some vegetable and fruit trees, there aren't many crops available for dry farming.

Vegetables are not a problem, during spring plowing all the seeds on the estate were planted, hundreds of acres in total.

As for fruits, he can exchange for some fruit seeds from the [Special Seed Store].

However, it takes at least several years for a seed to turn into a sapling and then grow into a mature fruit tree.

The best way to plant fruit trees is to transplant them with their roots and soil.

But even so, fruit trees that easily blossom and bear fruit with short growing cycles, like raspberries, take at least one to two years.

For pear trees and apple trees, you usually have to wait three to five years after transplanting...

The cycle is really too long.

Unless there are special planting and cultivation methods, one can only wait for the fruit trees to grow slowly.

Or, purchase from areas outside the estate that produce abundant fruit.

In terms of breeding, with Guy and a few townsmen with Level 3 [Breeding] skills, he doesn't need to worry much about poultry and livestock breeding and reproduction.

The only concern he has is the breeding and development of warhorses.

Until now, there is still no horse trainer with a warhorse breeding technique on the estate.

Lynn feels that if he wants a horse trainer with breeding techniques on his estate, he can only entrust Alan to hire from the Badan Empire?

This is one way to solve the shortage of warhorses on the estate.

Breeding warhorses also requires a very long time cycle.

As for other aspects, the forging of armor plates in the Blacksmith Workshop, stitching of Composite Armor in the textile workshop, development and production of telescopes in the Glass Workshop, high-purity alcohol in the brewing workshop, mining transportation, and so on.

All require time to settle and accumulate.

Only then can quantity change lead to qualitative change.

Also, schools, hospitals, and courts on the estate still haven't entered standardized operation.

Lynn's initial thought was to let the underage children start with the most basic education.

Be taught literacy and writing by scholars and unified knight training by knights.

All subjects must pass, and after adulthood, join the army to become officers and managers.

As for the slaves purchased by exchange or captured in battle, as long as they are physically fit, they would be treated as ordinary soldiers.

Physically frail slaves can be trained for different positions by the scholars.

Only after learning and passing the post-training assessment set by the scholars and obtaining job assignments can slaves be called town citizens.

Enjoy food while receiving a Red Brick House and participate in the labor military merit promotion system.

Otherwise, all slaves arriving at his estate are immediately assigned to various jobs.

In a short time, it doesn't contribute to improving production efficiency but rather affects the production activities of various industries.

Simply put, it's about providing job training for the newly arrived slaves!

Only in this way can all the townsmen on the estate receive standardized education.

He has such a plan in mind, but it's not easy to start executing it.

Talent!

He still lacks specialized talent.

From the scholar's side, Tate brought him six scholars.

But after assigning them to positions according to their abilities, there aren't enough scholars to be redeployed!

However, Lynn quickly thought of an alternative candidate.

Have the foremen of each workshop act as training teachers for each position!

As foremen of each workshop, they know what work is required at each position in the workshop.

Having them conduct training is perfectly suitable.

The only difficulty is making these foremen literate and able to use a quill to effectively write down the knowledge and skills in their minds.

Then systematically teach the slaves arriving at the estate from the basics to the complex!

Although it's quite challenging, this is Lynn's best thought-up solution that can be implemented immediately.

One must know that scholars in this world are too scarce!

Lynn even feels.

The six scholars that Tate brought exceeded more than half of the entire Kaldi Empire!

In terms of knights, the estate is similarly lacking.

Rose, the former deputy leader of the cavalry brigade, is just a cavalryman!

At most, he has experience in training and leading cavalry charges into battle.

Apart from him, the only knight with Extraordinary Power is Wesley!

He has the [Wind God's Blessing] talent and the [Wind Power] skill.

Personal Attributes, most of which are above D-level.

But.

Now Wesley needs to instruct and train archers.

He cannot spare the time to conduct full-time training of the [Seven Skills of the Knight] for the children in the school.

More knights are needed to divide the children in the school into classes or teams and conduct [Seven Skills of the Knight] instructional training.

Then realize the cultivation of a large-scale knight force!

Of course.

These would just be knights proficient in the [Seven Skills of the Knight] rather than extraordinary ones!

This idea Lynn can only temporarily postpone.

The opening of planting ten thousand acres, construction and expansion of the Handicraft Workshop District, division of labor, military merit promotion system, construction of military defenses, and external trade goods exchange...

Chapter 589: You Can Marry Me _4

Lynn pondered in his mind.

He realized that the basic operations of the entire territory were already taking shape.

Some parts have just begun, slightly weak, but still entering the drafting and execution phase, forming a certain prototype.

At this thought.

Lynn's heart felt a bit complex, somewhat sentimental.

From being alone at the beginning, standing on a barren land filled with weeds.

To now, becoming the Lord of a small town of nine thousand people, with the initial development of the territory taking shape!

Of course.

Lynn also understood.

This was only just the beginning.

One year only transformed him from a solitary figure into a Lord of a preliminarily formed territory.

That's all!

His territory was still plagued with internal and external problems.

Firstly, the food crisis was still unresolved.

After two large-scale tillages, his territory had planted one hundred thousand acres of barley fields.

But it's not yet the harvest time in July or August, the barley seeds planted haven't transformed into consumable stored grains.

He could only rely on merchants to buy and transport food from outside the territory, bringing it to his territory.

Secondly, there was still a shortage of armor and weapons.

The remaining few hundred soldiers were still unarmed.

Finally, the shortage of armed soldiers.

The total armed force of the territory was still just two thousand men!

External threats!

The four Manor Lords of nearby Morgan Town.

If they knew his territory had three major mines, they would certainly turn their aggression towards him without hesitation!

Salt mines, representing money.

Iron mines, representing weapons and armor.

Coal mines, representing endless fuel!

Even any Lord, upon hearing this, would be unable to suppress their inner greed.

Let's not mention having three mines, even possessing just one of them.

That would result in a rapid increase in the territory's strength!

Maybe even a chance for a foothold in the coming chaotic times!

Far away, Marquis Ducas in Bordeaux City.

And Lawrence, who just returned from embarrassment in the Duchy of the Red Dragon, currently residing in Morgan Town.

Although Mark Ducas had now inherited the title of Marquis Ducas.

It's uncertain what Mark Ducas's attitude is toward his existence.

But vengeance must be repaid!

Even further, there is the imperial power struggle!

Lawrence infiltrated the Grand Duke of Red Dragon's territory, under the guise of the Feiyu Army, engaging in plundering, which might ignite this imperial power struggle.

But aside from Audrey who came to the territory and shared some intelligence about Triumph City.

He hasn't received much information.

Even further away... the unknown Witch!

Until now.

Lynn still did not know the Witch's true purpose!

He could only take things one step at a time.

...

Under the cover of night.

Morgan Town.

A brothel.

Bodies moved constantly through the hall on the first floor.

Foul language filled with obscenities rang out from the mouths of both men and women.

"Catch me if you can, catch me... Then I'll let you do whatever you want!"

"Old man, I'm over here, right here..."

Soldiers tied with ribbons tried desperately to peer through the gaps in the ribbons, seeking out the scantily clad prostitutes.

"Alright, you all just wait for me! Once I catch you, I'll show you what it means to cry out in agony!"

"..."

The men seated at the edge of the hall listened to the soldiers' words and couldn't help but laugh.

While holding onto their wine jugs, drinking.

Meanwhile, their right hands wrapped around the prostitutes beside them, indulging in kneading that softness frivolously.

The whole brothel was permeated with a strong and low-quality fragrance of perfume and alcohol.

In the corner.

Godfrey sat alone, clutching a wine glass.

Watching the Sword and Shield Corps soldiers he brought back, his brow furrowed.

Moments later.

Godfrey downed the drink from his wine glass in one gulp.

They returned from the Duchy of the Red Dragon, survived.

But their souls still lingered in the Duchy of the Red Dragon!

Because.

True Sword and Shield Corps soldiers, even if they die on the battlefield, would never retreat or flee!

In that forest, with only a few hundred of them left, facing the Charge of the Red Dragon Riders...

They actually fled!

Not only the ones who proclaimed for the family, Lawrence feared.

Even he, the Knight Commander himself, was afraid too.

Afraid of dying anonymously under the iron hooves of the Red Dragon Riders, afraid of leaving no name in death, afraid of dying with someone else's identity...

Godfrey suddenly realized.

He, as a knight, suddenly lost his faith!

Loyalty?

As Lawrence's once-served knight, now his Knight Commander and advisor.

He had done many things behind Lawrence's back!

Not to mention the far side.

Just nearby.

The existence of the Lord behind the city walls, he never told Lawrence.

Moreover, he issued a strict order to Danke and other soldiers.

No one should disclose it.

Honor?

Fighting bravely, fearless of sacrifice, pushing forward, valuing words and deeds?

In this infiltration operation, aside from fighting bravely, he seemed to have failed at everything else.

In Godfrey's daze.

He felt a gentle hand passing through the hem of the dress he was wearing, slowly reaching towards the root of his thigh.

Instantly.

Godfrey snapped out of it, immediately extending his right hand, grasping the hand that was about to explore deeper.

At the same time, his gaze quickly shifted to the right.

Just seeing, a prostitute with only two thin silk strips over her body, barely covering her, looked at him in horror.

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Firmly grasped by Godfrey, the prostitute, ignoring the pain radiating from her wrist, spoke nervously in a broken manner.

"Sir... Sir, is something wrong?"

"Aren't you here to enjoy yourself in the brothel..."

Seeing the prostitute's expression, Godfrey's stern expression gradually softened.

He released the wrist in his hand and said with a hint of apology, "I don't need you. You can go and accompany them instead."

The prostitute immediately nodded, not daring to linger, and quickly left, shaking her fair and plump hips.

As a knight, he could no longer use knightly spirit and principles to justify his previous behavior.

But in refusing to seek the company of prostitutes, he remained consistent throughout!

Godfrey couldn't help but let out a bitter laugh.

At that moment.

A tall figure walked into the brothel.

Scanning the room, his gaze finally settled on Godfrey.

Danke walked over.

Upon reaching Godfrey's side, Danke sat down unceremoniously and explained.

"Sir, the soldiers have been arranged to return to Bordeaux City ahead of time to report to Marquis Mark."

Godfrey acknowledged with a nod.

Danke continued, "Sir, what should we do next?"

Godfrey shook his head, speaking in a slightly low tone, "Danke, I don't know either."

On the way back, he had boldly suggested all soldiers visit the brothel.

It was merely to lift their spirits and bring energy back to Morgan Town.

However, he did not expect.

Upon returning to Morgan Town, Lawrence immediately brought them to the brothel.

Lawrence even unceremoniously selected five plump middle-aged women to go to the third-floor VIP room.

No instructions or orders at all.

Even as the Knight Commander and strategist, he did not know what the next task was.

It must be known.

After their mission to the Duchy of the Red Dragon, the situation throughout the Karedi Empire was bound to undergo significant changes.

The wavering Grand Duke Feiyu between Prince Mitchell and Prince Caesar was certain to come under attack from the Grand Duke of Red Dragon.

Whether in meetings in Triumph City or in military strength.

Lawrence, as the origin of the event, was not thinking of returning immediately to Bordeaux City to discuss the next steps with Marquis Mark Ducas.

Instead, he lay atop a group of middle-aged women, squandering his stamina and sweat.

Even though he was once Lawrence's serving knight, he had no right to intervene.

Putting aside his thoughts, Godfrey said to Danke, "You can also choose a good-looking prostitute and go to an empty room."

"As long as there are more than enough plays, it's fine, after all, this brothel has already been booked by Commander Lawrence!"

Danke waved his hand and said, "Sir, you know, I'm never interested in these things."

Godfrey nodded, saying no more.

He picked up the already filled wine glass and downed it in one gulp.

As Godfrey and Danke drank, time passed swiftly.

The night grew darker.

In the hall on the first floor of the brothel, the playful soldiers had already taken the prostitutes back to their rooms.

Only Godfrey and Danke remained, continuing to drink.

In their ears, besides the sound of glasses clinking.

The rest was the sound of bodies colliding in claps.

And the unrestricted moans of men and women...

For the first time, Godfrey felt.

He was so out of place in the environment he was now in.

...

In the blink of an eye.

Seven days passed.

Apart from the daily routine, Lynn's time each day was spent on the edge of the forest.

Every day he wielded a two-handed axe, mechanically felling trees.

As his "collection" skills rapidly improved.

He pondered in his mind how to increase the efficiency and speed of logging.

First, there's fire attack.

The current weather was becoming increasingly sunny and dry.

But the method of using fire to clear large areas could be adopted.

At the base of the logs, flammable materials like weeds and dead branches could be piled up, then set aflame.

The burning heat would make the wood brittle and easier to break.

But as soon as this idea appeared, he dismissed it.

The fire attack method was completely beyond his control!

Even if a firebreak was cut in advance to prevent the flames from spreading, consuming the entire primordial forest.

No one could ensure that unexpected events wouldn't occur during the burn!

Even a few flying sparks on branches could easily set the entire forest ablaze.

He wanted to construct wooden tracks throughout the territory, indeed needing more logs to produce track wood and sleepers.

But compared to the forest resources, it's still more important.

Even if he recklessly felled logs for the territory's rapid development,

at most, the forest vegetation would recede a few kilometers inward at the edges.

It wouldn't cause irreversible ecological damage to this forest!

As long as this forest exists.

This fluvial alluvial plain of the Aladia River he was in would never experience flooding, leading to soil erosion.

And thus, the territory's area would not continuously decrease.

Moreover, he would continually obtain resources such as wild animal resources, herbal resources, and timber resources from the forest.

Secondly, there's the aid of livestock.

Using large livestock like oxen and draft horses, through ropes and pulley devices, to pull down or uproot tree trunks one by one.