

System 611

Chapter 611: Iron Butcher _2

The weight of the barley on several long ships is as high as two hundred thousand pounds!

Although the transaction price has come to nearly two pence per pound.

But he still gritted his teeth and bought them all.

Master Lynn had promised him that as long as the market price of grain, he would take it unconditionally.

But this price is truly too expensive!

The most critical thing is.

Not only is Master Lynn scrambling to buy a large amount of grain.

There are others also making massive purchases.

If this batch of barley had not been decisively secured by paying the deposit immediately,

even a moment's hesitation would have resulted in losing it to others.

Two hundred thousand pounds of grain is enough for him to transport several times, especially since other merchants lack carts to purchase grain.

While Boer urged the workers of the Chamber of Commerce to quickly pack and load the carts,

a chamber guard hurriedly came to his side.

The guard spoke respectfully, "Sir, Frank Manor Guard Captain Joao Frank is in the Chamber hall."

"He says he has an urgent matter to discuss with you!"

Hearing the name from the guard's mouth, Boer's brow furrowed instantly.

He repeated the guard's words to confirm,

"Joao Frank?"

The guard answered, "Yes, sir."

Boer responded with a nod, "I understand."

He arranged for the workers to continue loading the carts.

While he stepped toward the warehouse hall, his mind pondered Joao Frank's purpose.

He used to be just a local crop trader roaming between villages.

He had only heard about Joao Frank in passing.

He was tall, strong, and burly.

Not only Joao, but even the entire Frank Manor.

The only interaction was the last time he entered Frank Manor through Holland's introduction.

He completed a trade of one million pounds of barley with Janet Frank.

Now people from Frank Manor have sought out his Chamber.

Could it be because of the skyrocketing barley price, and Frank Manor wants to reclaim the price difference?

Boer could not think of any other possibility.

While pondering, Boer passed through the Chamber building and arrived at the hall.

A tall, burly figure came into Boer's view.

An overwhelming aura enveloped his heart.

Without any movement or words,

just a glance at the back from afar exerted immense pressure.

It was no less than when he previously saw the leader of the Iron Blood Brotherhood Bandit Corps, Anthony!

Joao seemed to have heard Boer's footsteps, turned his burly figure, and looked over.

Joao glanced Boer's way from head to toe, inquiringly asking, "Mr. Boer?"

"I am Boer Hansen."

Joao nodded, continuing, "Mr. Boer, I am Frank Manor Guard Captain Joao."

"Lady Janet, the Manor Lord, wishes to invite you for a meeting."

Upon hearing the polite introduction and purpose of the visit,

Boer's heart eased slightly.

The fact that Janet, as a woman, became the Manor Lord of Frank Manor was naturally well-known throughout Morgan Town.

But what puzzled him was,

shouldn't Janet now be handling various inheritance matters among the Manor Lords?

Why would she want to meet with him?

Even if he were now the president of a local trading Chamber in Morgan Town,

his identity and status were far from enough to warrant a meeting invitation from a Manor Lord.

Suddenly.

A bold idea emerged in Boer's mind.

Janet's invitation wasn't because of his identity and status.

But because of the Master Lynn behind him!

Boer hesitated for a few seconds, then asked, "Does Lady Janet have urgent matters?"

"Apologies, Sir Joao, my Chamber has many matters that require my attention, and I may not be able to spare the time..."

Joao looked directly at Boer, interrupting him bluntly.

He said indifferently, "About the mysterious Lord behind the city wall!"

Boer's brow instantly furrowed.

Indeed, just as he had guessed.

Frank Manor already knew about Master Lynn's city wall and the location of his territory.

In their last meeting, Janet had tentatively probed him.

But it was only a light attempt!

Had she dispatched a large number of spies to conduct a large-scale search throughout Morgan Town?

Or during the last transaction, did Janet send out scouts who followed the cart convoy to Master Lynn's territory?

If it's the latter,

Boer was powerless.

The convoy of dozens of carts was far too conspicuous.

Anyone with intent could easily discover his destination with a bit of tracking.

This was an unavoidable reality.

Boer pondered for a moment, then addressed Joao, "Lead the way, please."

Joao nodded slightly and headed to the entrance of the Chamber.

Just as Boer was about to follow, a young woman with a plump figure and a reserved face stepped inside from outside.

Seeing the unfamiliar yet familiar face of the young woman, Boer raised his brow slightly.

"Miss Janet... no, Lady Janet."

Boer was somewhat surprised.

Unexpectedly, Janet, the Manor Lord, was waiting outside his Chamber.

Janet smiled, her words carrying a touch of respect, "Mr. Boer, long time no see!"

Boer slightly bowed, responding, "It indeed has been some time since we last met."

Given their disparate status, it was naturally unlikely they would meet often.

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Even if she sees him, Janet won't pay much attention to Boer.

The exchange now is more like a conversation without substance.

Janet's gaze swept the hall where strangers occasionally passed.

She spoke, proposing, "Mr. Boer, could we find a quieter place?"

Boer immediately understood, and led Janet and Joao to the second floor of the trading house.

They arrived at a room used for meetings, and Boer invited Janet to sit down.

Janet glanced at Joao, who sensibly went to stand guard by the door.

It was only then.

Janet no longer wasted words with Boer.

"Mr. Boer, I'll be straightforward."

"I want to reach a cooperation agreement with the mysterious Lord behind you."

Boer pretended to be puzzled as he looked at Janet opposite him and asked, "Lady Janet, I don't understand..."

His words hadn't even finished.

Once again interrupted by Janet.

"Mr. Boer, I think we're all smart people here, so isn't it unnecessary to hide anything?"

"Without specific intelligence information, do you think I would personally visit?"

"Mr. Boer, I am expressing my sincerity to you, as well as to the Lord behind you!"

Boer fell silent instantly.

Seeing Boer without words, Janet continued, "It's not that Mr. Boer acts indiscreetly."

"But rather, one convoy of carriages after another, wherever they go, naturally arouses curiosity."

"Especially in the Southern Border Land."

"Moreover, had Mr. Boer not approached me, spending a fortune to buy a million pounds of barley,"

"I would never have imagined that a Lord would be rapidly rising in a corner of Morgan Town."

Boer looked at Janet and spoke, "Miss Janet, what exactly do you need me to do?"

"To be honest, I'm just a merchant who can enter the walls."

"My sole purpose is purchasing goods, transporting them inside the walls and then putting them... away."

"That's all."

Janet nodded, "Having access beyond the walls, that's sufficient!"

"Mr. Boer, I need you to deliver a letter for me."

"As for the rest, there's nothing else you need to do."

"That's all."

Boer continued to stare at Janet, his voice calm as he asked, "Miss Janet, what if I refuse?"

There was no trace of embarrassment on Janet's face, rather a smile appeared.

"Your family is in Morgan Town, your business is in Morgan Town..."

"Even if my grandfather Jonas is no longer with us."

"I can still leverage his connections to reach out to the Merchant Guild of Kakasong City and hinder your trade activities."

Boer opened his mouth slightly, then slowly closed it again.

An expression of anger surfaced on his face.

Yet Boer did not erupt because of it.

As a merchant.

He knew very well that without strength, losing his temper would only make relations with Janet worse.

Janet continued to speak, "I think Mr. Boer will not refuse, will he?"

Boer took a deep breath, suppressing his anger as he said, "I will assist Lady Janet and deliver the letter mentioned."

A satisfied expression appeared on Janet's lips, "That's wonderful, Mr. Boer."

"If cooperation is reached, you'll realize how right your decision to agree is!"

Having finished speaking.

Janet rose from her chair, walked to the balcony of the second floor hallway.

Her delicate hands rested against the wooden railing.

Her gaze swept over the busy figures on the street below.

Full of emotion, Janet spoke.

"Mr. Boer, for Morgan Town to develop rapidly, the balance of the major manors must change!"

Boer said nothing.

Change it?

How to change?

Overthrow other manors and make Frank Manor dominate all of Morgan Town?

From a balance among several manors to Frank Manor's dictatorship?

Whether for merchants or Free People, it would be a nightmare.

Because, after someone monopolizes Morgan Town, they can only silently endure exploitation from Frank Manor.

And with no chance to resist or choose!

Tap, tap~

Listening to Janet's leather heels stomping on wooden floors as she walked away, Boer was filled with seriousness.

No matter how circumstances turn out, he must inform Master Lynn of this matter.

Otherwise, if anything happens, it's not something he can handle.

...

A few days later.

[Collection Experience +1]

[Collection Experience +1]

[Collection Experience +1]

[Your Collection skill has been upgraded to Level 3, unlocking: Backpack]

[Award Received: Talent Duplication Book ×1]

...

Looking at the suddenly appearing text panel before him, Lynn raised his eyebrows.

After tirelessly grinding skills during this period, his [Collection] skill finally leveled up.

However, this unlocked [Backpack]?

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

Indeed, a bag icon had appeared at the bottom of the interface.

Opening it, a grid interface, entirely vacant, was revealed.

Lynn instantly realized something.

He instructed Red to fetch water for him, and with a thought, the Two-Handed Axe previously in his grip instantly vanished.

Lynn looked at the grid interface of the backpack.

As expected, a miniature icon of a two-handed axe appeared within.

With another thought, the vanished Two-Handed Axe,

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The familiar feel and weight once again appeared in his hands.

After a simple attempt, Lynn understood.

As long as he focused his mind, he could place the items that belonged to him into the backpack.

Six horizontally and four vertically, totaling twenty-four slots.

At the bottom of the interface, there was also a weight limit of two hundred pounds.

In other words.

He could place twenty-four types of items, but the weight limit could not exceed two hundred pounds in the backpack.

Compared to unlocking other functions, Lynn felt the [Backpack] function was more practical!

An extra two hundred pounds of item placement.

He could completely place many items he needed but were inconvenient to carry into it.

For example, the [Fine] level scale armor with chain liner and greatsword forged by Flint for him.

They could be completely placed in it, ready to be taken out and worn when needed.

As for others seeing it and finding it unbelievable.

A ring engraved with a magic array and with storage capability already had legends in this world.

Lynn nodded with satisfaction.

Just then, Red also came to Lynn's side holding a water bottle.

"Master."

Lynn reached out to take it and took several large gulps.

The heat in his body felt slightly relieved.

He returned the water bottle to Red.

Lynn put down the two-handed axe in his hand and stepped toward the direction of the town to return.

Before leaving, Lynn made a round in the logging workshop for inspection.

It had been nearly three or four months since the last wooden track construction.

Excluding the shipyard making Noel Ships, which required some logs.

Plus, the main occupation on the territory before was open field planting labor.

Aside from making Noel Ships in the shipyard and large machinery in the woodworker workshop, some logs were needed.

The only large infrastructure project was the Weng City at the mountain pass, the watchtower, and the Outpost Fortress that had not yet started.

However, these infrastructure projects were all handled by Avery and the construction workers, chopping and collecting tree trunks from the mountain forest.

There was no workforce dispatched to the logging workshop to transport logs.

Mainly because the distance from the city wall to the logging workshop was too far.

Aside from different directions, the distance was no different from returning to the town from the city wall!

Rather than spending manpower and resources, it was better to arrange personnel to chop nearby.

Even though there were only two hundred people in the logging workshop engaged in chopping and log processing.

However, after accumulating a few months, a lot of logs had piled up.

But.

Using these logs to start building wooden tracks between the major industries in the territory was far from enough.

Not only were the logs insufficient, but the labor force was also limited.

Unless, as before, half of the labor force from other industries was reallocated to fully lay the wooden tracks.

Lynn felt.

Unless the territory developed and manufactured a steam engine, then applied the steam engine to the train.

Otherwise.

Even if wooden tracks were laid, it wouldn't significantly speed up the transportation capacity within the territory.

He could only temporarily postpone this idea.

Walking out of the logging workshop.

Lynn stepped onto the lime road, scraped off the dirt from his shoe soles, and removed the leaves stuck on him.

Under the gaze of the townsmen on both sides of the lime road, he returned to the town.

Sitting on a bench in the Lord's Square, his gaze turned afar.

In the distance where his gaze settled, carriages were moving along the lime road, heading toward the Lord's Square.

The current weather was getting better and better, and merchants coming to his territory were becoming more frequent.

It's only been a few short days since Hunter last came to his territory.

This was a good thing for him.

Only when merchants continuously came to his territory, bringing tens of thousands of pounds of grain.

Could his territory sustain until the summer harvest in July or August.

Under Lynn's watchful eyes, carriages kept approaching.

Finally, they stopped in front of Lynn on the open space of the Lord's Square.

Boer jumped off the lead horse and strode toward Lynn.

Approaching Lynn, Boer bowed and saluted, "Master Lynn."

Lynn continued sitting on the bench, with no intention of standing up to greet him.

Not that he was being overbearing, but because he was the lord of this land.

His status was far above Boer's!

Lynn responded, "Mr. Boer, the goods delivered to my territory this time are..."

Boer smiled, "Master Lynn, it is precisely the grain you need most."

"Fifty thousand pounds of barley!"

"These fifty thousand pounds of barley are just part of it."

"In my Morgan Town warehouse, there's still another one hundred and fifty thousand pounds of barley waiting for me to deliver to you, Master Lynn."

Lynn nodded with satisfaction.

Boer said with some difficulty: "But Master, the price of barley is becoming more and more outrageous."

"Now, it has reached two pence per pound!"

Lynn replied, "Mr. Boer, there's no need to worry."

"As long as it's market price, I will still purchase all of it!"

Boer, who had wanted to say more, closed his mouth immediately upon hearing Master Lynn's wealthy declaration.

Boer thought carefully.

The Master Lynn before him was a lord who owned three exploitable mines!

Among other things.

Just the price of fine salt at nine pence per pound could buy four or five pounds of barley.

It seemed the price of barley wasn't an issue at all.

Boer said, "Master Lynn, it's not just that the price of barley is rising."

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"The price of fine salt is the same."

"Right now, fine salt is back to nine pence per pound, just like in winter!"

"I feel that if the price of barley doesn't go down, the price of fine salt will be driven to ten pence."

"As a merchant, I naturally hope to earn more profit and margins."

"But Master Lynn, if you are still exchanging fine salt with me at five pence per pound... I feel guilty."

Indeed.

In Boer's view, he is making too much!

Not to mention that he bought barley from other merchants at a price already lower than the market rate.

Buying in bulk will naturally be lower than the retail price.

It's a well-known fact.

Just look at this batch of barley totaling two hundred thousand pounds!

Two pounds for one penny, which is one hundred thousand pence, nearly four hundred and twenty Gold Pounds.

If Master Lynn continues to give him fine salt at five pence per pound exchange rate.

He can obtain twenty thousand pounds of fine salt!

He then transports these twenty thousand pounds of fine salt to Kakasong City, selling them to his familiar salt merchant.

Even after deducting various city entry taxes, etc., he can still gain a pure profit of three pence per pound of fine salt!

That's sixty thousand pence!

Converted to Gold Pounds...

A whole two hundred and fifty Gold Pounds!

That's just too much!

Listening to Boer's words, Lynn couldn't help but smile.

"Mr. Boer, what is there to feel guilty about?"

"You are a merchant, a businessman without deceit!"

"The ultimate goal of a traveling merchant is to achieve maximum profit, isn't it?"

He truly did not expect Boer to suddenly say such a thing.

Could it be that he was indeed giving too much?

It's just fine salt at a price three or four pence below market rate for trading.

On second thought.

Lynn still felt that the problem lies with Boer himself.

Boer is too honest.

Grayson, also a merchant, never felt guilty.

Grayson wished Lynn could trade with him at even lower prices.

Seeing Boer's face filled with difficulty, Lynn continued speaking.

"Mr. Boer, let me say it again."

"Whatever exchange price I give you, that's my own matter!"

"What you need to do is transport large quantities of goods or grain to the territory, exchange and take them away, that's enough."

"As for how much profit you can make after taking them away."

"That's your own skill!"

Listening to Lynn's firm voice, Boer's eyes slightly wavered.

He responded resolutely, "Yes, Master Lynn!"

The deal was confirmed.

Lynn called for George, instructing him to arrange personnel to unload and load goods.

While waiting, the sky gradually darkened.

Lynn and Boer sat on a long bench, looking towards the Lord's Square.

There, groups of townsmen who had finished dinner sat around the bonfire.

While warming themselves by the fire, they engaged in chit-chat, enjoying their leisure time after work.

Watching this scene, Boer's eyes were full of envy.

This kind of life, it seems he has never enjoyed.

Even after beginning to trade and exchange with Master Lynn, earning substantial profits.

His wealth became abundant, identity and status enhanced.

He was still living in fear.

A merchant without personal armed forces for protection, even if wealthy.

Is merely a house pig raised by the Lord.

Can be slaughtered for meat at any time.

In contrast, Master Lynn's remote territory is the true paradise.

Boer raised his eyebrows, suddenly thought of something.

He turned to look at Lynn, and said, "Sorry, Master Lynn, I almost forgot to inform you about an urgent matter."

Lynn looked at Boer.

Boer moved his hand, took out a letter from his personal pocket, and handed it over.

Lynn reached out and took it.

Boer explained, "Master Lynn, Janet Frank sent personnel to track my caravan."

"She has already learned about your city walls, your territory."

"Janet even brought her Guard Captain to my chamber of commerce, threatening me to deliver this letter to you."

"She said she wants to establish a cooperation with you."

Saying this, Boer stood up from the bench, bowed deeply to Lynn.

"Of course, Master Lynn, your existence being known to outsiders is all Boer's fault."

"However, regarding any punishment Master Lynn gives Boer, Boer has no complaints."

After hearing Boer's words, Lynn wasn't too surprised.

More and more merchants are transporting goods to his territory.

If no one knew about it, even Lynn would find it strange.

"Stand up, Mr. Boer, you did nothing wrong."

Hearing this, Boer hesitated for a moment before finally standing upright.

Lynn's gaze turned to the letter in his hand.

The wax seal at the opening had a drop of red animal fat wax.

On the dry and hard wax seal, there was a circular shield emblem.

Clearly.

This circular shield is the emblem of Frank Manor.

With a movement of his hand, Lynn opened the envelope and took out a piece of letter paper.

After opening it, he started to read.

Boer, standing opposite Lynn, stayed silent, quietly waiting.

Lynn glanced over the contents and committed them to memory.

The letter's contents were simple.

Janet wanted to meet Lynn in person to discuss a collaboration to overthrow the remaining Three Great Estates of Morgan Town.

Lynn's gaze turned to Boer, noticing that he was still troubled.

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He couldn't help but speak, "Mr. Boer, the matter of the territory being known to outsiders has little to do with you, so there's no need to blame yourself."

"Then, there's something I need you to help me with."

Boer raised his head, his words full of conviction, "Master Lynn, please feel free to give your orders."

Lynn nodded, "I need you to find Janet Frank; tell her I agreed."

"There's no need to say anything else."

There was some doubt in Boer's eyes.

But since Master Lynn spoke this way, he naturally wouldn't ask anything else.

A little while later.

All the fine salt was loaded onto Boer's carriage.

After bidding farewell to Lynn, Boer took his carriage convoy and, under the cover of night, set out with torches held high, leaving the town.

Not only was he going to complete the task assigned by Master Lynn.

He also had to return to Morgan Town, to transport all the barley from the trading house warehouse to Master Lynn's territory.

Watching the torches of Boer's convoy disappear into the darkness.

Lynn withdrew his gaze and headed towards the castle.

His mind was still contemplating the next moves regarding Morgan Town.

Grayson's frequency of transporting slaves to his territory seemed to be getting slower.

Previously, he could deliver a batch of slaves in about a month or so.

Though the numbers weren't many, it still contributed to the labor force of his territory.

Now, the number of slaves delivered each batch has increased.

But correspondingly, the cycle has become longer.

Lynn speculated.

Perhaps it was related to the situation of the Portlands Empire.

Regardless of whether it's to complete the [task] or to obtain more slaves,

Morgan Town, he was determined to win!

Previously, it was because the number of armed soldiers in the territory was too few, lacking the armor and weapons needed by the soldiers.

Additionally, the spring plowing and planting for the development of the territory.

And a lack of understanding of the power of the armed forces owned by the Manor Lord in Morgan Town.

But now many of these problems are being solved.

The spring plowing and planting are completed, and have started to grow vigorously.

The armed forces of the Manor Lord in Morgan Town only have five hundred heavy cavalry and over a thousand leather armor or unarmored guard soldiers at Frank Manor.

Other manors also have some cavalry, but their overall strength is still not comparable to Frank Manor.

In his territory, he currently possesses nearly three hundred Badan Warhorse heavy cavalry, a thousand heavy troops and composite armor infantry, five hundred archers, and two hundred guards.

The strength possessed is far above Frank Manor!

Despite this.

Lynn needs to prepare for potential threats.

Without absolute confidence, he would never deploy his soldiers outside the territory!

As long as he has these two thousand armed soldiers, guarding his territory,

he can continue to grow steadily!

Even if the pace of development is slow, relying on Grayson's transport of slaves to his territory.

Suppressing the thoughts in his heart, Lynn returned to the castle.

In the guest hall.

Kuisi had already led a few maids by the dining table, arranging dinner for today.

Seeing Lynn, Kuisi hurriedly reminded, "Master, dinner is ready, you can eat now."

Lynn responded and came to the dining table.

Under the candlelight from the candelabra, the food on the table entered his view.

Pepper roast lamb, herb-fried bass, pork pea soup, wheat bread, and some vegetables...

Looking at these dishes, Lynn's brows slightly lifted.

After a day of chopping wood, he indeed felt somewhat hungry.

With Kuisi's service, Lynn began to enjoy the dinner.

After ten minutes.

A well-fed Lynn comfortably sat on the Lord's throne.

As he relaxed, his mind began to once again muse over future plans for the territory's development.

At this moment.

The sound of footsteps arose from a distance.

Lynn looked up.

Only to see Clive stepping across the guest hall, standing firmly on the stair platform before him.

Lynn remained seated on the Lord's throne, staring at Clive.

"Scholar Clive, so late, is there something you need?"

Feeling Lynn's gaze along with the accompanying pressure, Clive bowed slightly.

"Lord, I've been frequently visiting the Blacksmith Workshop, and have had in-depth discussions with Foreman Erelo and Master Flint."

"After this period of pondering, I've drawn up designs for the full-body armor for the soldiers and the vest for the warhorses."

As he spoke.

Clive took out a roll of drawings but didn't move forward, standing still, offering them to Lynn.

Waiting for Lynn's guard to step forward and receive the delivery.

Lynn glanced at Red, who instantly grasped his intent, took steps downwards.

He took the drawings from Clive's hand and returned to Lynn's side.

And handed the drawings to Lynn.

Lynn reached out to take them, spread them out, and began to scrutinize.

After glancing at them, Lynn's eyes brightened slightly.

On the first page of the drawing.

A burly cavalry figure, donned in padded armor, holding an alien-shaped spear.

The tall warhorse it rides is similarly clad in padded armor composed of armor plates!

Apart from the cavalry's hands and eyes, the warhorse's galloping four legs, and a small portion exposed.

Other areas were wrapped in metal under padded armor!

Lynn instantly recognized.

This depicted rider and horse, from a distance, looked like a moving mini iron tower.

Isn't this just an 'Iron Butcher'?

However.

Lynn carefully checked and found some differences.

Yet its function didn't vary much!

Seeing Lynn reviewing the drawings, Clive started explaining below.

"Lord, I heard from Foreman Erelo that you want to create a vest that can protect the warhorses."

"Therefore, I've combined the current forging process of armor plates and the weaving procedures at the Blacksmith Workshop and Textile Workshop."

"I've designed the overall padded armor and vest."

Lynn nodded and continued reviewing.

Clive continued, "However, Lord, these are still preliminary design drawings."

"To actually produce them, the cooperation between the Blacksmith Workshop and Textile Workshop is needed to achieve it."

Clive's drawings were very detailed, evoking the essence he once captured in designing siege equipment for Colin.

However, this precisely illustrated.

That after the previous experience, Clive invested considerable effort to design the armor drawings.

Lynn praised, "The armor and vest designed in the drawings are excellent."

"I'll hand these drawings to Erelo, allowing him to select a team of blacksmith apprentices to begin experimental forging and production."

"Certainly, you can also participate in guiding their forging."

"If a full set of padded armor and vest can be successfully crafted, and mass-produced."

"Then surely, a legion of elite armored cavalry that terrifies the enemy will be formed!"

Chapter 616: Janet Arrives

What does Iron Butcher mean?

Powerful defense!

Iron Butcher soldiers wear iron helmets, heavy armor, and neck guard armor.

The horses are also clad in heavy armor horse armor.

They can effectively resist attacks from arrows, swords, and other cold weapons.

At the same time, both man and horse are wrapped in thick iron armor, making them like moving steel fortresses on the battlefield!

Powerful impact!

As cavalry, Iron Butcher can utilize the speed of Badan warhorses to generate immense impact during a charge.

With the weight inertia of soldiers' heavy armor and horse armor, they can easily charge into the enemy's infantry formation!

Coupled with the five-meter-long winged spear, it further enhances the lethality during the charge.

The most obvious aspect of Iron Butcher is its tactical value.

Soldiers and warhorses clad in heavy armor will impose a strong psychological and sense of helplessness on the enemy!

Lynn is aware of the power of Iron Butcher.

But he also knows the drawbacks of Iron Butcher.

An entire set of Iron Butcher armor plates amounts to at least around one thousand eight hundred pieces.

The weight of the armor worn by soldiers is as high as seventy pounds!

Plus, horse armor requires about one hundred fifty armor plates, with a weight equally as high as fifty pounds.

In other words.

The combined weight of the armor, horse armor, soldier, and warhorse totals at least fifteen hundred pounds!

With both man and horse clad in heavy armor, the overall load is enormous, severely restricting the running speed of the horses.

On the battlefield, it is difficult to conduct long-distance raids, pursuits, or quick relocations of positions.

Similarly, due to the excessive weight, inertia is also large, making turning extremely difficult for Iron Butcher.

Of course.

In terms of forming an Iron Butcher army, there are also stringent requirements.

A large amount of high-quality iron is needed for forging heavy armor, which is not a problem for Lynn.

After all, he has an open-pit iron mine under development.

The most crucial is the requirement for soldiers and warhorses!

Soldiers need to be tall and fit, with strong physical qualities.

Otherwise, just wearing seventy pounds of heavy armor would be enough to make them breathless.

The warhorses must also be of large stature and strong endurance.

Badan warhorses are an extremely good choice, but they are limited in number.

The transportation cycle back and forth from the Badan Empire is too long.

However.

Even so, Lynn still needs a force of Iron Butcher capable of charging through the enemy lines.

In this world, the strength of cavalry can decide the outcome of a war.

It can even determine whether a war can be won!

Once the style of the armor was finalized, after discussing some details about the Iron Butcher with Clive.

Lynn dismissed him.

Next, it was necessary to wait for a complete set of Iron Butcher heavy armor and horse armor to be produced as a sample.

If there are not too many problems, the blacksmith workshop can be organized to modify the forging plates, and the weaving workshop can change the weaving method.

This would allow for large-scale production.

Iron Butcher heavy armor is also forged from armor plates and made by weaving.

Aside from some changes in style, there is not much difference from composite armor.

In other words.

Starting the forging and weaving of the Iron Butcher heavy armor will not affect or reduce the production efficiency of armor.

Watching Clive fade into the distance.

Lynn's gaze swept over the broad reception hall.

The high-oil lamps lining the wall flickered and emitted light as they burned.

Looking out through the glazed glass of the reception hall, outside the castle.

There, it was already dark.

The night was deep.

Lynn rose from the lord's throne and walked toward the master bedroom.

Lying on the comfortable large bed, he looked at the ceiling above and gradually fell asleep.

...

Early the next morning.

Lynn habitually woke up early.

After eating the nutritious breakfast prepared by Kuisi, he left the castle with Red.

Passing through the red brick houses of the small town, they just arrived at the Lord's Square.

Lynn saw Flint standing in front of Jode and his carving apprentices.

Though he didn't move closer, he could still hear Flint, from a distance, arranging the construction work details of the breeding farm.

Lynn did not disturb Flint.

Since Flint had already assured him that the breeding farm would be completed in at most half a month.

All he needed to do was wait quietly.

As Flint led a group of workers away from the town, heading towards the pasture.

Lynn could see from a distance, a team of soldiers marching with uniform steps along the lime road between the fields, approaching the town.

At the forefront, it was Rose!

The return of this squad of soldiers to the town naturally drew the attention of some townsmen who were working nearby.

Their eyes were full of envy and anticipation.

Rose seemed to have seen Lynn, and he stepped forward, running towards Lynn with large strides.

Coming before Lynn, Rose spoke respectfully, "Master."

Lynn responded with a sound, "Take them to the weaving workshop to receive the armor, as well as the blacksmith workshop's weapons."

"I've already instructed the two workshop foremen."

Rose answered with understanding, "Yes, Master."

He bent slightly, took a few steps back, then turned away, leading the squad towards the handicraft workshop district.

The composite armor in the finished product storage area of the weaving workshop is now less than four hundred sets.

For now, it cannot meet Rose's need for nearly five hundred sets of soldiers' armor.

However.

Chapter 617: Janet Arrives _2

Whether in the forging of the blacksmith workshop or the weaving of the textile workshop, overtime production has begun.

With the current production speed of the textile workshop, at most ten days to half a month, this gap can be filled.

Lynn withdrew his gaze.

Lynn stepped forward, heading towards the farmland outside the town.

Leaving the lime road behind, Lynn walked along the furrows that had been cultivated.

Lynn looked out and saw that on those ridged backs, clusters of plants had already sprung up!

While he worked with the carpenter apprentices building the Noel Ship and mastered the [Collection] skill on the forest edge.

The barley in the fields, having grown vigorously, has now reached the stem elongation and heading phase.

Barley stems emerged from the flag leaf sheaths, producing ears of grain!

It is now late May, the perfect time for barley to head.

Come June or July, the grains within the ears will begin to fill in, gradually plumping up!

This period requires sufficient light and appropriate temperature to ensure solid growth of the grains.

Lynn felt a surge of thoughts and opened the [Weather Forecast] for a look.

Although there will be a small rain in a few days, the temperature will remain at twenty degrees.

Suitable temperature for grain growth.

The incoming rain will conveniently provide some moisture for the barley's growth!

Lynn walked around the barley field, inspecting it once.

Confirming that the majority of the barley was in the heading stage, growing healthily, he nodded in satisfaction.

The barley is still in the initial heading phase; he cannot yet determine how many grains have formed on a barley stalk.

However, given the current growth trend.

The yield of barley will surely exceed one hundred fifty pounds!

By July and August, a harvest can surely be expected!

Outside the barley field, Lynn returned to the lime road and, after a short walk, arrived at a field surrounded by fences.

Lynn looked out.

Within the fenced field, the main stems of dozens of plant stalks, several centimeters high, were sprouting clusters of tender green buds.

Shaped like spheres or ovals, encased in layers of green sepals, tiny and firm.

Within this fenced field, [Emperor Potato] has been planted.

While working on Noel Ship with the carpenter apprentices.

He had already arranged for Gavin to lead the farmers in planting sprouted potato tubers into the fields.

After two months of growth, they have reached the budding stage.

The potatoes have reached the budding phase, indicating a shift from nutritional growth to a combination of reproductive and nutritional growth.

Simply put.

The potato plants begin to allocate some of their photosynthetic products to the growth and development of potatoes!

Come June, budding progresses from flowering, experiencing peak bloom, harvesting flowers, until the stems and leaves start to age.

The roots in the soil will then enter the tuber swelling phase.

From late June to July, from final flowering to the wilting of stems and leaves, growth stops.

Yet, under photosynthesis, organic matter is continually produced and massively transferred to the tubers, leading to significant tuber growth.

By mid-July, they can be harvested!

During this period, it is essential to fertilize, irrigate, cultivate the soil, and weed for the potatoes.

After observing the growth potential of the potatoes for a while, Lynn left the field.

Heading back towards the town.

Just as he returned to the Lord's Square.

A sound of orderly marching footsteps reached his ears.

Lynn turned his head to look.

Rose appeared, leading over three hundred soldiers clad in composite armor, wielding winged spears, as they stepped out from the Handicraft Workshop District.

Each soldier, stepping forward and treading on the ground, caused a slight clinking of armor components.

Heavy and carrying a metallic echo.

The composite armor was naturally black-gray; coupled with the fact that all soldiers wore full face helmets.

Their presence exuded a stern and murderous aura.

Seeing Lynn, Rose approached him once more to report.

"Master, I received three hundred fifty sets of composite armor this time."

"The remaining one hundred fifty sets, Foreman Yimini said can be collected a week later."

Lynn nodded, "Okay, I understand, continue training with them."

"Train them hard, with all the effort, just short of death."

"Whether cavalry, infantry, or archers led by Wesley, immerse them fully in rigorous training."

"It might not be long before a conflict arises!"

The rigorous training ground is better than facing death on the battlefield due to lack of physical readiness caused by lax training.

Listening to Lynn's words, Rose's face tightened.

Without any hesitation, "Yes, Master!"

Having dismissed Rose, who escorted the soldiers back to the city wall.

Lynn arranged for the guards to prepare fishing rods and bait.

He stepped forward, heading towards the dock.

He planned to continue fishing, earning more skills and energy stones!

Passing the shipyard.

Colin was leading a group of carpenter apprentices, processing logs, building the Noel Ship.

Seeing Lynn, Colin immediately bent over, bowed from afar, to signal his greeting.

Lynn nodded in reply before passing the shipyard and arriving at the usual fishing spot.

In a matter of minutes.

Two guards carrying fishing rods and bait hurriedly ran to his side.

Lynn reached out, adeptly unwound the Magic Deer Sinew Fishing Line, hooked the bait, moved his arm, and cast the line out.

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With a 'ding' sound, the bait fell into the river.

On the river's surface, there was only a piece of softwood float, gently swaying with the flow of the water.

While Lynn was focused, engrossed in fishing.

At the same time, on the other side.

Carriages, under the gaze of the town's residents, drove into Morgan Town.

Traversing the cobblestones, passing through the town, the carriages finally entered the high walled area behind a three-story building.

Boer dismounted from horseback, with a thoughtful expression on his face.

Through several corridors in the warehouse, he entered the trade hall.

Boer looked at the guard beside him and said, "Guard Captain, immediately ride to Frank Manor to find Lady Janet."

"Just say the mysterious Lord has agreed to meet her."

Receiving Boer's instructions, the Guard Captain responded without any unnecessary words, bending over, "Yes, Master Boer, I will go personally right away!"

Boer nodded.

Let the Guard Captain withdraw and handle it immediately.

Boer walked towards the second floor of the trade hall, thinking about its development.

But soon.

Boer brushed away the worries in his mind.

His fortune was entirely dependent on Master Lynn!

Buy goods to go to Master Lynn's territory, then exchange them for fine salt to sell and gain profit.

It can be said that he is attached to Master Lynn, and even willing to be the leech that lets him suck.

Or rather, he is like grasshoppers on the same string.

If anything happens to Master Lynn, and other lords occupy the territory behind the city wall.

He certainly would not be able to exchange for fine salt at such a low price anymore!

A bold idea emerged in Boer's mind—he must do something for Master Lynn!

From the recent exchanges, he certainly knows that what Master Lynn needs most now is grain.

He also knows the fundamental reason why Master Lynn needs grain—his territory has not yet produced grain on a large scale.

Of course.

As Master Lynn's biggest grain supplier.

Boer knows better than anyone that Master Lynn has already planted over two million pounds of seeds.

Now, he is only waiting for July and August for the summer harvest!

Then the grain problem on Master Lynn's territory will be resolved.

For transporting grain, he has already been making efforts.

However, due to transportation issues and the decrease of grain in the market.

The grain he can buy and transport is still limited.

How else can he help Master Lynn?

Thoughts quickly flashed through Boer's mind.

Climbing the stairs, he arrived at the second-floor corridor.

Boer stood in the corridor, with both hands resting on the railing.

Watching the busy figures hurry across the cobblestone road below.

In the next instant.

Boer's eyes lit up, "Got it!"

"Labor force!"

"Besides grain, what Master Lynn lacks most is labor!"

Since transporting grain won't lead to a significant increase in quantity.

He can fully employ the Free People in the town and send some labor to Master Lynn's territory!

Thus, he can help Master Lynn.

Boer suddenly recalled that Master Lynn had asked him to do this before.

But because there wasn't enough manpower, while purchasing grain from various places, he had to also transport it to Master Lynn's territory.

And at that time, it was during the busy farming season.

Most Free People had labor contracts with manor lords.

It was very difficult to hire many Free People.

Back and forth, he forgot about this matter.

But now, it's different.

Spring planting has ended, and many Free People who have voided their labor contracts with the previous manor lords have started looking for work.

Plus, with the favorable living conditions on Master Lynn's territory.

Boer believes that as long as he employs them in the name of the trade hall, there will definitely be plenty of Free People willing to go to Master Lynn's territory!

Thinking of this.

Boer didn't hesitate and sent someone to find Holland.

Holland came to the second floor and seeing Boer sitting on a wooden chair, he went forward.

"Master Boer, is there something you need from me?"

Boer cut straight to the point and said to Holland, "Mr. Holland, I need you to help me with something."

Holland raised an eyebrow, "Master Boer, please tell me."

Boer said, "Set up a hiring booth at the entrance of the trade hall and start recruiting Free People."

"I need to hire a large number of Free People!"

Holland, a bit puzzled, said, "Master Boer, please forgive my boldness."

"If I remember correctly, the staff within the trade hall should suffice for its operational activities."

Boer didn't mind, and said, "Holland, I know this."

"Just do as I say boldly."

"As for pay conditions, regardless of whatever position, all food and accommodation will be covered!
And salaries according to the base pay of the original role!"

Ordinary Free People, one penny a day.

Artisans, depending on ability, can earn two pence or one penny a day.

Food and accommodation will naturally be in Master Lynn's territory.

And he doesn't mind paying the Free People wage from his own pocket.

Even if he hires a hundred people, at an average of two pence per person per day, it will be two hundred pence.

In a month, it will be twelve hundred pence.

Chapter 619: Janet Arrives _4

Converted to currency, it's just his reduced profit of four hundred pounds of fine salt.

This small amount is nothing to him.

But for Master Lynn, he can gain a workforce of a hundred people!

With a hundred laborers, Master Lynn can have them produce more weapons and armor.

He can also have them engage in planting, yielding more food.

Furthermore, he can train them as soldiers to guard the security of the territory...

Holland's eyebrows suddenly raised.

Upon hearing this, he already understood Boer's intention.

Holland did not say anything else, responded briefly, and withdrew.

A short while later.

At the entrance of the chamber, Holland and his personnel erected an employment booth.

Two passing townsmen looked at the large word 'Employment' written on the linen cloth and approached curiously.

"Sir, are you recruiting workers for the chamber?"

Holland looked up at the reasonably robust middle-aged man in front of him and said, "Hiring for any position!"

"Farmers, craftsmen, clerks, stewards, and even some soldiers!"

Listening to Holland's words, the eyebrows of the two townsmen raised, piquing their interest further.

"Hiring so many?"

"Isn't this for the chamber?"

"What's the pay?"

Holland patiently explained, "It's consistent with the current market hiring rates."

"For a farmer, one penny a day, craftsmen are determined based on their ability, either two pence or three pence."

The initially intrigued two townsmen suddenly lost interest.

"Sir, don't you know? Food prices have gone up!"

"Yeah, the hiring rates are still the same as before, who would want to go?"

"Working hard all day, yet can't afford even a pound of barley?"

Holland remained unfazed, explaining calmly.

"The pences you earn every day... that's extra pay, the lord hiring you provides meals and accommodation!"

Upon hearing Boer's words.

The two townsmen who were about to leave halted their footsteps.

They widened their eyes, staring at Holland.

"Sir... you... no, you're saying that in addition to meals and housing, there's still daily wages?"

Holland nodded, "Yes."

"Three meals a day, including meat in the food, the residence is newly constructed red brick and gray tile houses."

"The lord will provide furniture, sheets, and clothing..."

Although Holland had never seen it with his own eyes, through Boer's continuous descriptions, he could recite it fluently.

Upon hearing this.

The hearts of the two townsmen began to pound faster.

Even without Holland mentioning the subsequent items, merely having meals, housing, a place to live, and wages.

Was enough to tempt them.

The robust middle-aged man took a step forward, standing firmly in front of Holland.

"Sir, my name is Nelson Fletcher, I've just completed a labor contract with Theodore Manor Lord, I am now free."

"I want to go to the place you mentioned and work!"

Holland nodded, "Certainly, Mr. Nelson."

"You can come to the chamber entrance to gather before starting work tomorrow morning."

"We will have someone take you to the territory where you'll work!"

Nelson Fletcher nodded heavily, "Thank you, sir."

Holland responded.

As for whether Nelson Fletcher would show up at the chamber entrance tomorrow morning.

He did not need to worry at all.

The employment agreements in Morgan Town are built fundamentally on verbal agreements.

Through face-to-face interactions, the work details, pay, work duration, and other terms are agreed upon.

These verbal agreements often rely on the reputation of both parties and local traditions.

Reputation is their sole capital for finding work and surviving.

The crucial point is that the vast majority of townsmen in the small town are illiterate, rarely needing written contracts.

Watching his companion establish the employment agreement with the silk-clad nobleman in front of them, the man beside him was also eager.

However.

He still cautiously asked, "Sir, are you just recruiting on behalf of other lords?"

"In other words, the person making the final hiring decision isn't you?"

Holland didn't hide anything and replied, "Yes, not me hiring."

"But the wages after employment will be distributed by our Chamber of Commerce President Boer Hansen!"

Upon hearing Boer Hansen's name.

The questioning townsman no longer had any doubts.

"Since Master Boer guarantees it, there's nothing to worry about."

"Sir, I also want to join the employment, and I want to sign up my brother and uncle together."

"Do you think that's possible?"

Holland smiled, "Of course, this hiring has few restrictions."

"As long as they're capable of working, even women, there's no issue."

The two townsmen, upon hearing this, were even more surprised.

"Sir, you mean, we can bring our wives along?"

"Though they aren't physically as strong as us, they can still work, and can cook meals!"

Holland nodded, "Certainly, gentlemen."

Standing on the second-floor corridor, Boer naturally saw the entire employment process unfold.

He looked down at Holland and the others and said, "Not just your wives, your children can also come along."

Upon hearing this sudden statement, Holland and the two townsmen looked up.

Chapter 620: Janet Arrives _5

Standing on the corridor on the second floor, Mr. Boer was dressed in the same silk and satin.

Upon recognizing Boer's face, the two townsmen hurriedly exclaimed, "It really is Mr. Boer!"

Boer continued speaking, "Even if your children are not of age and lack the ability to work, the Lord of the land you're going to will provide food for free."

"And, there will also be schools specifically to care for the children!"

Words of surprise echoed from the mouths of the two townsmen.

"That's wonderful!"

Boer continued speaking, "If you have friends or neighbors also looking for work, feel free to call them over."

The two townsmen, having fully understood the employment details, left under Boer's watchful gaze.

Boer pondered whether to inform the townspeople in advance of the favorable conditions on Master Lynn's estate.

Because the benefits on Master Lynn's estate were exceedingly generous.

It would certainly attract a large number of Free People to join Master Lynn's estate.

It might even impact the interests of other manor lords or the number of Free People they could employ.

But Boer thought again.

Master Lynn's estate had already been known to Janet, the largest manor lord.

Even if hidden further, it wouldn't make much sense.

Rather than such.

Why not start boldly recruiting Free People to increase the population of the territory?

However.

This matter still needs to be communicated to him as soon as he arrives at Master Lynn's estate with the grain transport.

Master Lynn had previously instructed him to recruit and lead Free People to his domain in Morgan Town.

But, Master Lynn hadn't said he could disclose the benefits of the estate to outsiders.

This time, he acted a bit on his own initiative.

...

As night fell.

Lynn, accompanied by Red, departed the dock, heading towards the town.

He spent a day fishing and managed to catch nine fish.

Along with obtaining eight hundred Energy Stones, he also acquired a [Woodcutting Mastery] Skill Book.

Lynn immediately chose to learn it directly.

He placed the fishing rod into his backpack.

Walking across the red brick pavement, passing by numerous red brick houses, Lynn returned to the castle.

At the dining table, Kuisi was already setting today's dinner.

No wars, no smoke.

Just a life of developing the territory, production, and Construction.

Essentially repeating every day.

However, Lynn didn't feel any boredom but was rather full of energy.

Apart from having stable living conditions.

He needed to work on different skill experiences every day.

He glanced at the [Heavenly Artifacts] panel.

There are still [Construction][Hunting][Breeding] skills that have yet to reach Level 3.

Deciding to close the panel, Lynn knew he could only progress slowly, step by step.

With a reminder from Kuisi, Lynn approached the table and sat in the main seat.

With Kuisi attending, he began to enjoy the evening meal.

While eating, he listened to Kuisi report on today's happenings in the territory.

Kuisi placed the precisely cut pork chop from the platter in front of Lynn.

She spoke, "Master, as per your instructions, I have arranged for a few female townsfolk to start dyeing the linen cloth red."

"It can be completed within a week at most!"

Lynn chewed his food and responded with a sound from his throat.

Kuisi continued, "However, the banner you requested, embroidering the territorial emblem 'Dragon' is quite challenging."

"The female townsfolk find it hard to accurately grasp and control the demeanor of a 'Dragon'..."

Swallowing his food, Lynn spoke, "First, make the warning flags needed for the watchtower."

"The emblem banner can come later."

Since fuel is needed for dyeing the fabric red.

One might as well dye plenty of linen to be used for territorial and military flags.

The presence of flags not only directs and coordinates soldiers in battle but also serves as identity signaling and affiliation.

Most importantly.

Flags embroidered with the 'Dragon' emblem represent Lynn's control and command over the territorial land and soldiers.

It's a symbol of power!

Listening to Lynn, Kuisi's heart slightly relaxed.

It's fortunate that Master Lynn is rather benevolent.

If Master Lynn insisted on having the 'Dragon' emblem flags immediately.

She would have no choice but to urge the female townsfolk to push forward with all efforts.

Kuisi's eyes moved as she continued to ponder.

A few seconds later.

She suddenly thought of something and added, "By the way, Master."

"Gavin and Wilbur approached me once."

Lynn responded, "It's about the shortage of manpower, right?"

Kuisi blinked, surprised, "Master, did they inform you?"

Lynn nodded, "Once, you can tell them I'll arrange for labor as soon as possible."

With limited manpower in the territory, he couldn't allocate more labor from elsewhere.

Kuisi understood and replied, "Alright, Master."

"Flint, with his squad of a hundred workers, has already started constructing the breeding facilities beside the ranch."

"Everything else in the industry is running smoothly, producing continuously."

Finished reporting.

Under the candlelight illuminating the dining table, Lynn, Kuisi, and Red enjoyed their dinner together.

...

In the blink of an eye.

Two days passed.

Outside the town, where Lynn had previously instructed Red to lead the Construction of the archer training ground.

After Wesley had taken over the training and leadership of the archers, they proceeded to the city wall.