

System 681

Chapter 681: Viscount Grayson

The comfortable and familiar sensation reappeared in his body.

Grayson opened his mouth, exhaling a breath of hot air, and couldn't help but exclaim, "So comfortable!"

"Master Lynn, ever since I drank the gin brewed in your distillery, other liquors taste like they're half adulterated with water, utterly flavorless!"

"I even feel that the taste of the gin from Cyan Pavilion Island can't compare to your Lexus Gin, Master Lynn."

Lynn chuckled, "Then Mr. Grayson, you should drink more."

"When you're ready to leave, I can also send a few barrels your way."

Grayson's eyes lit up, "Thank you for your generosity, Master Lynn."

With Red pouring the drinks, it wasn't long before both Lynn and Grayson had downed a few cups.

Putting down the glazed cup in his hand, Lynn spoke to Grayson, "Mr. Grayson, have you heard of Magic Ore?"

Grayson heard the words without much surprise.

He replied to Lynn, "I've heard of it, but only just heard of it."

"Magic Ore is typically only used by mages, alchemists, enchanters, and some rare races."

"Even I have only ever seen it once by chance."

Lynn frowned slightly.

Even as a member of the Brown Clan and a traveling merchant across regions, Grayson Brown had only ever seen Magic Ore once.

This indicates, just as he had speculated before.

In this world, extraordinary powers do exist.

But such individuals are not numerous!

In other words.

As long as he finds sulfur and creates matchlock guns or cannons.

He could deliver a devastating blow to all the forces in this world and the Empire!

Lynn picked up the refilled glass of gin from the coffee table, handed by Red, and extended it towards Grayson.

Grayson instantly understood and also raised his glass.

A light clink produced a crisp sound.

Lynn swallowed the gin in one gulp, staring directly at Grayson.

"Mr. Grayson, do you have a way to acquire Magic Ore?"

Grayson, having also downed his gin in one gulp, shook his head helplessly.

"Master Lynn, if it were slaves or grain goods, I might find a way to get them for you."

"But Magic Ore... Master Lynn, I'm truly powerless."

Grayson shifted the conversation, explaining, "However, Master Lynn."

"You can ask Zod Brown!"

"That guy is always tinkering with these strange things... "

"I heard he once captured an Elf!"

"Then sold it at a hefty price to a member of the Imperial Royal Family as a plaything..."

Lynn nodded.

It seems he still needs to wait for Zod to arrive at his territory.

The Elf Grayson mentioned... he wasn't that surprised.

After all, his territory already had Dwarves and Succubi!

Even if there were a race like Elves, it would still make sense.

Then.

Lynn and Red sat on the balcony, savoring the gin.

Admiring the distant sunset.

Until night fell.

Footsteps sounded behind Lynn and Grayson.

George came to Lynn's side, reminding him, "Sir, the grain from Mr. Grayson's carriage has all been unloaded."

"All selected glazed glassware has also been fully protected and loaded onto the carriage."

Listening to George's words, Grayson, lying back on the wooden chair, sighed and stood up.

He spoke with emotion, "Master Lynn, it seems I have to prepare to leave your territory again!"

Lynn also stood up, responding, "It's getting late. If you wish, you can also stay in my territory for a night."

"There are dedicated trade guild halls for visiting merchants to rest."

Grayson revealed a wry smile, "Master Lynn, that might not be possible."

"Just as you are rapidly developing the territory and enhancing its strength, Grayson must also strive harder."

"If I cannot become the Patriarch of the Brown Clan, unless I die, I will live in a nightmare."

"Like a walking corpse!"

Lynn nodded, "Then let me see Mr. Grayson off."

The two left the balcony, passed through the reception hall, and exited the castle.

Until they arrived at Lord's Square.

Lynn watched Grayson mount his horse, waving him goodbye.

Only then did Grayson set off with his caravan, returning the way they came.

Until the caravan disappeared into the somber night.

Only then did Lynn turn back towards the castle.

As he walked, Lynn instructed Red beside him.

"Red, arrange for the guards. I need to continue exploring the forest!"

Red's expression turned serious, quickly responding, "Yes, my lord, I'll arrange it immediately!"

The construction of the Red Brick House continued, unable to be completed in the short term.

The crafting and production in the blacksmith workshop and textile workshop also continued.

Even though they had been working overtime to rush production, the production efficiency had significantly improved.

But still, sufficient time is needed for accumulation and sedimentation.

The same goes for other industries.

In other words.

Now, he has plenty of time to go into the Primordial Forest and explore once again!

While pondering.

Lynn had already returned to the castle.

On the dining table, Kuisi was arranging tonight's dinner with a few maids.

A rich aroma of roasted meat wafted through the air, drifting into Lynn's nostrils.

No reminder was needed from Kuisi; he strode forward.

Sure enough.

On the dining table, half a side of golden, crispy roast pork was placed!

After a day's busyness, he did feel a bit hungry.

Waiting for Kuisi to carve and cut the pork with a knife and fork on his plate.

He invited Red and Kuisi to sit down and dine together.

Without any reservation.

He skewered a large piece of golden pork and placed it into his mouth.

After dinner, Lynn rested for a while in the main seat.

Then.

He asked Kuisi to prepare hot water for a comfortable soak and massage.

Only then did Lynn return to the master bedroom and fall asleep.

Early the next morning.

Lynn woke up early.

He took Red and thirty guards and chefs.

Under the watchful eyes of laboring townspeople, they rode horses, left the town, and headed towards the distant forest edge.

Chapter 682: Earthly Beauty

Rushing along the lime road, Lynn halted Mo Ying upon reaching the salt factory and open-pit iron mine.

Under Kuisi's management, he hadn't visited the three major mines for a long time.

Fortunately, everything was running normally.

Moreover, with more labor invested, the workers' techniques became increasingly proficient.

Production efficiency also improved.

Under the workers' attentive gazes, Lynn inspected around for a while.

Then he dismounted from Mo Ying's horseback.

With Red and more than thirty others, he ventured into the unpaved primordial forest.

It's already the end of May, approaching June.

The chilling cold within the depths of the forest remained unchanged.

Coupled with the occasional mountain breeze, and the surrounding sounds of strange beasts calling.

The forest's eerie tranquility grew even stronger.

Amidst this.

A team was weaving between trees large enough for several people to embrace.

Six men clad in composite armor, holding round shields with their left hands and iron spears with their right, scanned the surroundings vigilantly.

Clearing the way for their Master Lynn, searching for prey.

Walking in the middle, Lynn looked at the ground covered with layers of leaves and decomposing soil.

And the tree roots nearly thicker than his waist.

He couldn't help but furrow his brow.

From the open-pit iron mine to the natural soda and saltpeter, there are still dozens of miles!

The terrain ahead is so complex.

Wanting to pave the road means cutting down these towering ancient trees and digging out the intricate, enormous tree roots.

It's akin to forcibly leveling out a road within the primordial forest.

The difficulty is too great.

However.

To speed up the transportation of natural soda and saltpeter, this stretch needs to be fully paved.

Lynn and his group were hunting while constantly heading deeper into the forest as the day darkened.

Until before nightfall.

Lynn arrived near the natural soda beds.

Seeing the sky gradually darken, he summoned the guards to set up camp on the spot.

The last time they camped here, there was a fairly open space.

Even on the ground, there were signs of past fires.

With the support of the guards and cooks, a bonfire slowly ignited.

The bright light gradually dispelled the cold and darkness of the forest.

The flickering warm yellow flames danced continuously on everyone's faces.

Taking the wooden chair handed to him by Red, Lynn placed it by the fire and sat down, bending forward.

Today was all about traversing the forest, used entirely for traveling.

The main issue was the forest paths being too rugged.

This reinforced his conviction.

Once the expansion of the red brick house residential area is complete, he needs to immediately deploy a group of peasants to cut down trees and pave the road!

As Lynn contemplated this.

The guards set up the tents, and a few accompanying cooks began cooking dinner for the night.

Though the Ore Vein Detector did not detect any minerals.

Fortunately, they hunted a lone foraging wild boar.

After being handled by the cooks, it began roasting by the fire.

Lynn's gaze shifted, except for four or five guards patrolling the perimeter.

The remaining guards gathered around the fire, roasting themselves and chatting casually.

They were no strangers to following Lynn and Red into the forest to hunt and explore.

Hence, whether it was their expressions, tent setups, or guard patrols, they appeared at ease.

Regarding this.

Lynn had no objections.

In this forest, there wouldn't be any enemies.

The greatest danger was poisonous insects and fierce beasts.

Yet in front of nearly thirty fully armed guards, even a beast.

Could be effortlessly subdued!

They are not what they were before.

A herd of wild boars, a pack of wolves almost pushed them to the brink.

They even had to find a crack in the mountain to defend and counterattack, relying on the terrain.

At this moment.

A hand holding a wine cup stretched out before Lynn.

Turning to look, it was Red.

Red explained, "Master, drink a little wine, it'll warm you up."

"Camping in the forest at night, the dampness is heavy, easy to fall sick."

Lynn responded, taking the cup and drained it in one go.

As he swallowed, an immediate warmth and comfort spread through his body.

Lynn raised his eyebrows, subconsciously exhaled a breath of alcohol.

Seeing this, Red, needing no reminder from Lynn, picked up the bottle and refilled his cup.

As time slowly passed.

A rich aroma of meat permeated and spread throughout the camp, creeping into everyone's nostrils.

Lynn looked around.

The wild boar on the flame had been roasted to a golden brown.

One droplet of oil after another kept flowing out.

Reflecting unusual light under the fire's glow.

A few cooks worked together to take the boar down, placed it on the table, and began cutting it into pieces.

A few minutes later.

A cook came to Lynn with a plate.

He respectfully introduced it.

"Master, this is pork shoulder, fresh and juicy, neither dry nor tough; this is pork ribs, moist meat, savory and tender; this is pork hind leg..."

Lynn nodded, "Let them all eat. At noon, we only had some bread, they must be hungry."

Chapter 683: Peerless Beauty Part 2

The chef responded, "Yes, sir."

Following Lynn's instructions, the chef hurriedly retreated.

He began cutting and portioning the pork for the guards.

Looking at the platter of pork weighing at least five or six pounds, Lynn said to Red, "Let's eat together, the chef prepared too much."

Red didn't hesitate, "Yes, sir."

Illuminated by the campfire, the entire camp entered a dining atmosphere.

...

Under the night sky.

Inside a castle with a spire.

On the top floor of the castle, in a spacious bedroom.

A robust middle-aged man lay with his arms outstretched, with two young women on either side.

His breathing was heavy, and he stared blankly at the ceiling above.

His muscular chest rose and fell dramatically.

It seemed he had not recovered from the previous entanglement.

Until a few minutes later.

The middle-aged man's breathing gradually became even.

He slightly turned his head and saw the woman's eyes closed on his arm.

His gaze began to move.

From the woman's rounded, voluptuous whiteness in front of him, it flowed downward.

When he saw the clean whiteness of the woman's abdomen, the middle-aged man's lips curled into a smile.

The middle-aged man slowly withdrew his right arm, preparing to explore further.

A gentle knock sounded at the door.

Knock knock~

The middle-aged man's right hand, just placed on the young woman's abdomen, froze instantaneously.

He turned his head with anger and shouted, "Who is it?"

The two young women, who were resting with their eyes closed, were instantly startled awake.

Outside the master bedroom, a hesitant voice reminded him.

"Father, His Highness Mitchell is waiting for you in the reception hall..."

The middle-aged man's brow furrowed immediately.

His right hand explored while he said with displeasure.

"Mitchell? Which Mitchell?"

The voice outside the door continued, "Father, it's His Highness Mitchell Carolin."

Upon hearing this.

The middle-aged man's expression turned to shock, abandoning his finger's exploration immediately.

His entire body sat upright.

He repeated the words from outside the door, "Mitchell Carolin?"

"Why has he come to Praying Wind City?"

The middle-aged man yelled towards the door, "Didn't you tell Mitchell... His Highness, that I'm unwell?"

The voice from outside responded again.

"Father, I did say."

"But His Highness said he specifically brought a doctor from the Royal City to diagnose and treat you."

"He is waiting downstairs now."

The middle-aged man's brows furrowed even deeper.

The young woman, whose face reddened by the man's exploration, embraced him from behind.

The soft, rounded front of the young woman pressed against his back.

A gentle and coquettish voice sounded.

"Duke, you can't just stir my desires and then ignore me, can you?"

"Why not sleep a bit more?"

The young woman beside also sat up, holding onto Coleman's arm.

"Yes, Duke..."

At this moment, Coleman Cangyu was no longer distracted by the women's seductive bodies.

He admonished sternly, "Sleep more?"

"Hurry and dress me, I must meet His Highness Mitchell."

Sensing the severity in Coleman Cangyu's voice.

The two young women's expressions changed, and they quickly got off the large bed.

They couldn't even care about their nakedness.

Hurriedly, they fetched garments piece by piece and dressed Coleman.

Looking at the rounded and fair figures of the two women, Coleman had completely lost interest.

Once fully dressed, he promptly stepped out of the bedroom.

He opened the double wooden doors and strode out.

At the entrance, a tall and burly young man was waiting.

Seeing Coleman, he didn't hesitate and followed him.

The young man respectfully addressed him, "Father."

Coleman gave him a casual glance and directly asked, "Besides these, what else did His Highness Mitchell say?"

The young man, Mica, quickly replied, "That's all for now."

"But His Highness Mitchell insists on curing your illness at all costs, Father."

"Otherwise, he will invite doctors from everywhere to treat you!"

Upon hearing this, Coleman's mouth coldly snorted.

"Why I'm ill, does he Mitchell not know?"

Mica followed in silence, too afraid to utter a word.

Suddenly, Coleman thought of something.

He turned to stare directly at Mica, nearly interrogating.

"You wouldn't have told Mitchell that I called two women into my bed, would you?"

Mica's eyes widened, and he hastily replied, "Of course, not, Father."

Coleman continued his questioning, "Did I not tell you before not to call me father?"

"Remember, your mother was just a prostitute!"

"If not for the fact that you are my bloodline, you would never have had the chance to live in the Duke's Castle!"

Mica's pupils trembled, and he fearfully said, "I'm sorry, Duke Cangyu,"

Coleman snorted coldly, "That's better."

Walking on the carpeted corridor of the castle, he continued speaking, "Tell me."

"Besides Mitchell, who else is in the reception hall?"

Feeling the aura of Coleman dissipating.

Mica quickly explained, "There are also his personal guard team and a doctor."

"However, the doctor's attire is somewhat strange, wrapped entirely in a hooded cloak."

Coleman responded, "I see."

Seeing Coleman not ask further, Mica dared not speak any more.

Chapter 684: Peerless Beauty Part 3

Honestly following behind, passing through the corridor, descending the stairs, finally arriving at the ground floor of the castle.

When they were about to turn past a wide open double door, entering the guest hall.

Coleman immediately extended his left hand, suspended mid-air.

Mica understood at once and stepped forward, supporting him.

The two of them walked into the guest hall with slow steps.

Coleman's gaze shifted, looking forward, landing on the tall and imposing figure seated on the Duke's throne.

A look of surprise and joy appeared in his eyes.

His tone, which was previously strong and firm, became weak.

"Greetings... Greetings, Your Highness Mitchell."

As he spoke, Coleman quickened his pace towards Mitchell.

Before he even got close, Coleman was ready to bow in salute.

Mitchell hurriedly stood up, stepping down from the throne, gently supporting Coleman.

Mitchell said with concern, "There is no need for formalities, Grand Duke."

"The relationship between us is not ordinary, and there's no need to perform the formalities of ruler and subject like others."

Being supported, Coleman revealed a reminiscent smile, sighing, "Yes, yes, I did hold Your Highness in my arms when you were young..."

"Who would have thought that so many years would pass in the blink of an eye..."

Mitchell laughed, "Though many years have passed, the Grand Duke remains youthful."

"If unknown outsiders were to see us, they would definitely think we are brothers of the same age."

"Who would have thought that the Grand Duke is already over sixty now?"

Coleman nodded with a smile, "Yes, perhaps I am a bit carefree."

"Just focusing on tending to my small domain, without many thoughts, which might be why I appear young."

Mitchell slightly squinted his smiling eyes and continued speaking.

"Grand Duke, the last time I invited you for a dinner, you said you were unwell and unable to travel."

Coleman hurriedly explained: "Your Highness, I sincerely apologize, had my body not been weak, I would have certainly been there at the earliest..."

Mitchell quickly raised his right hand, stopping Coleman's apology.

"Grand Duke, you overstate it."

"Duke Cangyu, one of the Three Great Dukes of the Karedi Empire — the cornerstone of the nation!"

"Naturally, taking care of your health is of utmost importance."

"Therefore, upon hearing that the Grand Duke was ill, I immediately sought out a renowned physician to specially come and diagnose and treat you."

Coleman, upon hearing this, couldn't help but frown slightly.

But it was quickly smoothed out.

Before Coleman could speak, Mitchell shifted his body to the side, looking into the distance.

"Joyina!"

Hearing the name from Mitchell's mouth, Coleman looked over with some confusion.

Only to see.

A tall figure covered in a hooded cloak was stepping closer to the two.

Even though the figure was wrapped and covered.

The keen-eyed Coleman still took advantage of the wind that lifted the brim of the hat during movement.

He clearly saw a delicate and fair face under the hood.

Especially those moist and rosy light lips!

Coleman's eyebrows instantly rose.

He knew, under that hooded cloak must be a young and beautiful woman.

When the figure came beside them, Mitchell glanced over.

With a motion of his hand, he directly unfastened the hood covering the head and body.

In an instant.

A young woman appeared in the eyes of Coleman and Mica beside him.

With hair as black as a waterfall, casually draping over fair shoulders.

A face coldly beautiful, eyebrows like distant mountains, with long eyes, holding endless mysterious vortices in their dark pupils.

Wearing a form-fitting black robe that perfectly outlined her slender waist and shapely curves.

Especially those long, fair legs, revealing a peak from the slit of her robe.

Yet it still made people involuntarily take a second look, wanting to delve deeper into the mystery.

After glancing at the woman's body, Coleman once again turned to Mitchell with some confusion.

"Your Highness, this is..."

Mitchell smiled, "Grand Duke, this is Nadia Griffin, a physician in my castle."

"Her medical skill far surpasses that of some doctors at the Church."

"Hence, I specially brought her here to diagnose and treat you."

Mitchell moved his body to the side, looking at Nadia Griffin beside him.

A soft smile immediately appeared on her coldly beautiful face.

"Duke Cangyu."

Seeing Nadia Griffin's demeanor, neither humble nor arrogant, Coleman was instantly intrigued.

He responded calmly, "No need for formalities."

Mitchell continued speaking, "Grand Duke, since I have brought the person here for you, I will not linger any longer."

"As you know, the situation in the Empire is too complex and someone must stand up to control it."

Coleman's heart was somewhat surprised, "Your Highness, are you leaving already?"

"It's late, would you not rest here for a night before leaving?"

Mitchell smiled slightly and said, "Thank you for the kind offer, Grand Duke."

"However, I do have urgent matters to attend to."

With a wave of his hand, Mitchell bade farewell to Coleman, leading his guards straight out of the guest hall.

Watching Mitchell's back gradually recede, and the physician Nadia Griffin still remaining in the guest hall.

His amazement became more pronounced.

He initially thought that Mitchell's personal visit was to hold him accountable.

For not accepting the invitation to his dinner party?

But unexpectedly.

Mitchell not only did not hold him accountable but also considerately sent a doctor to diagnose and treat him?

Chapter 685: Peerless Beauty Part 4

What was even more unexpected was that the doctor was so young and beautiful.

Like a ravishing beauty!

Or perhaps.

Mitchell wanted to use a woman to win him over, to join Mitchell's camp.

Coleman couldn't think of another reason!

Since that's the case...

Coleman's gaze couldn't help but once again sweep up and down over Nadia in front of him.

He spoke, "Dr. Nadia, I've recently caught a cold, feeling a bit chilly, and my head feels swollen."

"I wonder how to proceed with the treatment?"

Nadia's voice was soft, reminding, "Duke, for diagnosis, you need to provide a quiet room for examination."

"Only then can the severity of the illness be determined and treated accordingly."

Listening to Nadia's words, Coleman nodded, "Of course."

His gaze shifted to Mica, instructing, "Help arrange a quiet room for Dr. Nadia as the diagnosis room."

"I need to receive Dr. Nadia's treatment!"

Mica, standing steady, immediately bowed slightly and replied, "Yes, Duke."

After the voice fell, Mica quickly left with big strides.

A few minutes later.

Mica returned quickly.

He came to Coleman's side, respectfully reminding, "Duke, the diagnosis room is ready!"

Coleman responded, "Lead the way."

Upon hearing this, Mica walked slowly ahead.

Coleman's gaze turned to Nadia beside him, "Nadia, please?"

Nadia nodded slightly, and the two walked side by side.

Turning a corridor, shortly, they arrived at the doorway of a room with double wooden doors open.

Led by Mica, Coleman and Nadia stepped inside.

Entering the room.

Coleman's gaze swept around.

It's more appropriate to call it a suite rather than a room.

Upon entry is the living room, with a heavy solid wood desk and several wooden chairs.

Next to the living room is a room for resting.

A washroom and other amenities are all complete.

Coleman asked Nadia, "Dr. Nadia, during your stay in Praying Wind City, you can live here."

"How do you find it?"

Nadia slightly nodded, "Of course, Duke, it's already a very nice room."

"If the Duke doesn't mind, Nadia can start your diagnosis now."

Coleman raised an eyebrow, "Certainly."

Both moved to the solid wood desk to sit.

Looking at Nadia in front, her hands brushed slightly from beneath the long skirt behind, making her seat more comfortable.

As a result.

Her graceful curve was displayed in Coleman's eyes.

Plus those exposed fair long legs...

Coleman's eyebrows couldn't help but raise again.

Nadia glanced at Mica standing not far away.

Without needing her reminder, Coleman spoke first.

"You can retreat to rest."

Mica hesitated, "But, Marquis..."

Coleman showed displeasure and said angrily, "But what but?"

"Dr. Nadia is personally brought by His Highness Mitchell, would she harm me?"

Mica's face showed surprise, quickly responded, and backed away.

He gently closed the double wooden doors.

Listening to the sound of the doors closing from behind, Coleman smiled slightly.

"Dr. Nadia, I think we can begin..."

...

Outside the room.

With the door's closing.

Mica's submissive demeanor instantly vanished.

Replaced by a calm, indifferent face.

Listening to the diagnostic conversation from inside, he stepped towards the reception hall.

Passing by a few guards bowing and saluting at the gate, he exited the castle.

Arriving at the courtyard, Mica directly straddled Duke Cangyu's carriage.

Under the coachman's urging of the horses, the carriage departed the Duke's Castle, traveling through the inner city of Praying Wind City by night.

Perhaps because they've reached deep night and a curfew was implemented.

In the inner city.

Except for a few patrolling soldiers in armor, there were no other pedestrians to be seen.

Even if the patrolling soldiers saw the carriage, they did not obstruct it in the slightest.

Because the carriage bore Duke Cangyu's 'Oak Tree' emblem.

The Cangyu Clan is the ruler of Praying Wind City!

The rights they hold are so high, even surpassing the Emperor of the Kaladi Empire!

The carriage traveled through the main road, turned at a corner up ahead, into an alleyway.

It wove around for more than ten minutes.

Finally, amidst the whinnying of horses, it stopped in front of a two-story stone building.

After the coachman opened the carriage compartment.

Mica stepped out, stepping down onto the bluestone ground via the movable wooden stairs.

Without any delay, he walked straight into the two-story building beside with the slightly ajar door.

With the sound of creaking hinges, the wooden door opened in response.

Mica stepped inside.

Suddenly.

A veil of darkness covered his view.

His gaze soon was drawn to the candlelight in front of the bar.

After Mica's pupils adjusted to the dark environment, he clearly saw a burly figure sitting in front of the bar.

Although the burly figure had its back to him, hiding the face.

He still knew the person's identity.

Mica stepped forward and stood behind the burly figure.

He bowed slightly, his words full of respect, "Your Highness!"

The man sitting at the counter turned his burly figure upon hearing this.

Chapter 686: Peerless Beauty Part 5

Mitchell revealed a knowing smile: "Master Mica..."

"I thought you weren't coming."

...

The following morning.

Lynn, sleeping on the wooden bed in the tent, was awakened by the flapping of wings from birds in the mountain woods.

After a simple wash, Lynn stepped out of the tent.

The campfire in the center of the camp, under the guard's watch, had burned all night long.

Not only was the campfire needed for illumination and dispersing the dampness, but also to ward off unknown beasts from the primordial forest!

Red, sitting by the campfire, saw Lynn and quickly stood up.

"Master, breakfast is ready."

Lynn acknowledged.

After the cook brought over a simple breakfast and he had finished eating,

Lynn immediately ordered the guards to pack up the tents and continue on.

As they passed by the natural soda mines and saltpeter caves, dozens of workers who were digging there jumped in surprise upon seeing Lynn and his entourage.

After all, the workers digging here were only a few of them.

They would go out using the Noel ship, transporting the mined soda and saltpeter back.

Almost no one else ever came here again.

However.

Upon recognizing their Master Lynn, admiration and reverence appeared on their faces.

They were originally just slaves.

Even though the digging work they were engaged in now was very tiring,

as long as they worked until dusk, they could finish.

It was their Master Lynn here who allowed them a full meal.

In the respectful calls of the digging workers, Lynn nodded in response.

His gaze swept around, and he couldn't help but frown.

There were eighty workers responsible for digging natural soda and saltpeter.

Forty were in charge of digging for soda, forty for collecting saltpeter.

But the living conditions here were extremely limited.

Because the distance to the town was too far, no red brick houses had been built here yet.

They could only live in simple wooden huts.

Using makeshift kitchens to cook food.

The living conditions of the digging workers must be improved as soon as possible.

Regardless of the current soda and saltpeter digging, or the other three major minerals.

Even if these places were used as sites for exiling and punishing misbehaving townsmen,

at the very least, their basic living conditions of clothing, food, shelter, and transport must be ensured.

He had no intention of allowing the digging workers' impoverished living conditions to cause envy of the townsmen's lives back in the town.

Leading eventually to all digging workers uniting in a rebellion war.

The most critical thing is.

Without providing good living conditions for the townsmen, their digging efficiency would lag!

However.

Lynn thought, even if he wanted to change their living conditions,

he would have to wait until the expansion of the red brick houses in the town was completed.

Only then could he free up six thousand laborers!

Surveying around, he let the workers continue digging.

Lynn, along with Red and his entourage, left the dig site under the gaze of the digging workers.

He had to continue deeper, continue exploring.

But Lynn noticed.

Even though he took Red and the others in directions they had never gone before,

on the [Ore Vein Detector], there was still no indication of any ore veins detected.

Lynn felt the two hundred meter mineral detection range might be somewhat too narrow.

Fortunately.

While searching for mineral detection, Lynn could continue to grind his [Hunting] skills through hunting.

[Hunting Experience +1]

[Hunting Experience +1]

[Hunting Experience +1]

...

Whew!

When Lynn released the arrow between his fingers, the Triangular Armor-Piercing Arrow whistled through the air, shooting out violently ahead.

In the blink of an eye, the arrow traveled over forty meters, accurately hitting a squirrel jumping on the tree trunk.

Under the power of the fully drawn longbow, the squirrel fell dead instantly without any pain.

Falling from the tree onto a patch of dead leaves.

Two guards, faces full of admiration, quickly stepped towards the dead leaves.

Searching for the prey Master Lynn had hunted.

Lynn nodded with satisfaction.

As he continued grinding his [Hunting] skills, his archery levels steadily improved.

Moreover.

He gained additional tracking and scouting abilities of a hunter, survival abilities in the wild, and adaptability to environments in his mind.

At this moment, a panel of text appeared in front of Lynn's eyes.

[Your hunting has upgraded to Level 3, unlocked: Battlefield Sand Table]

[Reward acquired: Talent Duplication Book ×1]

Looking at the panel in front of him, Lynn's eyebrows lifted.

After constant shooting and hunting over this period,

the [Hunting] skill had finally leveled up to level three!

A thought crossed his mind, and Lynn opened the [Heavenly Artifacts] panel, clicked on the [Battlefield Sand Table] interface, and began to peruse.

[Battlefield Sand Table]: Restores realistic terrain, allowing for the arrangement of current soldier size phantoms for simulation battles.

Each simulation battle consumes: 100 Energy Stones

...

Different from the [Holographic Map].

At this moment in his view, there were battle markers with 'crossed swords' icons.

The battle marker closest to his territory was the Frank Manor.

Beyond Frank Manor lay darkness.

Even the nearest Battle of Morgan Town marker was absent.

Lynn speculated that perhaps only the locations he had visited or seen would be unlocked on the [Battlefield Sand Table].

He clicked on the Frank Manor battle icon.

The building contours of Frank Manor Castle, the internal corridors and rooms, underground storerooms, and the terrain around the castle all appeared before him.

Chapter 687: Peerless Beauty (10,000 Words) Part 6

Looking at the scene before him, Lynn felt a bit surprised.

Although he couldn't see the soldiers from Frank Manor Castle in the scene, unable to know the opponent's formation and tactics.

But with the [Battlefield Sand Table], he could control and observe the overall situation, conduct a situational analysis for the upcoming battle!

Thus formulating a reasonable strategic plan to counter the enemy.

Minimizing the casualties of his own soldiers as much as possible!

Compared to the various functions unlocked before, the [Battlefield Sand Table] was more practical in warfare.

Although each simulation required him to use up a hundred Energy Stones.

But compared to the lost lives of soldiers, or the failure of the battle.

These hundred Energy Stones were insignificant.

If worst comes to worst.

He would spend more time, fishing several more times at the dock embankment.

Thinking of this, Lynn felt a wave of satisfaction in his heart.

He closed the panel and continued to lead Red and his guards further into the forest.

Five days passed by in the blink of an eye.

During this period, the [Ore Vein Detection Instrument] issued two alerts.

But both alerted locations of the mines were a hundred or two hundred meters underground!

Fortunately, they were just ordinary minerals.

If they had been Magic Ore, gold, silver, or the sulfur he currently needed the most.

He could only yearn in vain.

Because.

With the current mining technology in his territory, it was simply impossible to mine underground minerals!

Three more days passed.

Lynn still hadn't found natural sulfur, so he chose to give up.

Leading Red and the guards, he returned to the town first.

To form natural sulfur.

It often requires volcanic eruptions, where magma from deep underground brings sulfur and other volatile substances to the surface.

These sulfurs react chemically with other substances under high temperature and pressure conditions.

Ultimately forming sulfur.

Or.

In some sedimentary environments, microbial activity can also facilitate sulfur enrichment and sulfur formation.

However, it generally occurs in anoxic marine sediments or lake bottoms!

In the area where his territory is located, finding natural sulfur is truly not easy.

To increase the detection probability of the [Ore Vein Detector].

Lynn specifically arranged for Red and the others to return via unexplored and untraveled areas.

But even after doing so.

Two days later, Lynn and the others returned to the open-pit iron mine.

Still with no detection alerts regarding natural sulfur.

Lynn had to give up.

This forest exploration was considered a failure as no mineable minerals were detected.

Fortunately.

His [Hunting] skill rose to Level 3.

And during this time, they hunted six or seven thousand pounds of meat.

Riding Mo Ying, he nudged the horse's belly.

Mo Ying's front hooves rose high and then quickly fell, letting out a neigh, galloping along the limestone road ahead.

Red and the guards also mounted their horses, following closely behind.

At dusk.

Under the golden glow of the setting sun.

A group of dozens returned to the Lord's Square and passed through one red brick house after another in the town.

Lynn returned to the castle.

He climbed the stairs to the third floor and entered the reception hall.

Seeing several maids cleaning, he unhesitatingly instructed them to go to the kitchen to prepare hot water.

For eight or nine consecutive days, he hadn't taken a bath.

Going back and forth through the forest, each day exhausting a lot of physical strength, covered in sweat.

Lynn felt he was now emitting a sour stench.

Over an hour later.

After soaking and bathing, changing into a clean silk robe, Lynn comfortably stepped out of the private room.

By this time, the sky outside the castle had completely darkened.

Lynn turned his gaze to the dining table.

Kuisi, who had been out managing affairs, had already returned to the castle.

She was leading the maids in arranging tableware and food.

Seeing Lynn, Kuisi smiled at him.

"Master, your soaking time was just right; you can soon dine."

Lynn nodded, striding over to the dining table, and sat at the head seat.

As usual.

Kuisi was cutting the food for him while recounting events that occurred in the territory during his absence.

"Master, two days after you left the territory, Boss Hunter from the Kakasong City tavern came to your territory."

"He delivered a batch of meat and a hide."

"Since you weren't here, all transaction matters were handled by Mr. George."

Lynn chewed on the savory fried bread, acknowledging.

He wanted to discuss with Hunter about using his tavern to build an intelligence-gathering center.

But he still lacked key personnel.

Moreover.

Hunter would soon return wishing to acquire gin and beer.

There's no rush for the moment.

Kuisi continued with her report.

"Besides Boss Hunter, Clive came looking for you."

"He said the previously sketched Heavy Armor and Horse Armor samples have been forged and sewn."

"He wants you to inspect them."

Lynn, swallowing the food in his mouth, replied, "I know, I'll go see him tomorrow."

Kuisi acknowledged, "Alright, Master."

"The construction of the red brick residential area is still ongoing."

"However, a few newly arrived peasants had a physical conflict with the townsmen."

Lynn furrowed his brow and looked at Kuisi.

Kuisi immediately explained: "During a meal, a townsman spoke harshly to a peasant, which angered the peasant and led to a dispute."

"This escalated into a brawl involving over ten people with help from friends on both sides."

"I've already instructed the guards to detain these dozen people, waiting for you to handle the situation."

After listening to Kuisi, Lynn nodded and said, "In the future, matters regarding disputes among townsmen should be handled by Erin."

"Once she finishes drafting the "Territorial Law" and begins its implementation, I will appoint her as acting judge."

These minor disputes among the townsmen.

If it was just a few dozen people like before, it would be manageable.

He still had time to mediate and regulate them.

Now in the territory, there are over fifteen thousand people.

If everyone had disputes needing his intervention.

He wouldn't be able to do anything else all day.

He needed to delegate some power to trusted and capable people.

Let them help resolve these issues for him!

Kuisi acknowledged, "Alright, Master."

"Other than these matters, everything else is proceeding as usual."

"Yesterday, Lord Rose once again led his soldiers to the textile workshop, taking away three hundred sets of composite armor."

Chapter 688: Iron Butcher Heavy Armor Horse Armor

The next morning.

After breakfast, Lynn left the castle, walking among the Red Brick Houses, heading towards the Handicraft Workshop District.

He had explored the forest for eleven days, and the small town was still operating normally.

At first glance, there seemed to be no significant changes.

Amidst the townsmen's attentive gazes, Lynn arrived at the Handicraft Workshop District and went to the Blacksmith Workshop.

Lynn stepped in directly.

Ehrel, who was leading the Blacksmith Apprentices in forging armor plates, immediately saw him.

Ehrel promptly went to greet Lynn.

"Master, you have returned."

Looking at Ehrelo's face with a hint of a smile, Lynn nodded.

"I'm back."

"How is the current progress of the blacksmith workshop's forging?"

At these words, Ehrelo did not hesitate and quickly reported.

"Master, the current blacksmith workshop is the same as before, with a total of one thousand two hundred people."

"Excluding those involved in miscellaneous tasks like transporting iron ore and coal, as well as the twenty apprentices assigned to Scholar Clive."

"And two hundred people allocated for the forging and production of Winged Spears."

"However, the blacksmith workshop can still produce fifteen thousand armor plates daily!"

Lynn looked at Ehrelo in surprise.

Previously, he had tasked Ehrelo and the blacksmith workshop to forge fifteen thousand armor plates daily.

This was without the production of Winged Spears!

In other words.

The production efficiency of Ehrelo's led blacksmith workshop had improved again.

Lynn looked at Ehrelo approvingly and said, "Well done, Ehrelo."

"You have not let me down!"

Listening to Lynn's words, Ehrelo's face lit up.

He quickly bowed and replied, "Master, you flatter me."

"The credit does not belong to me alone."

"It also belongs to these forging workers, without their sweat, I couldn't have forged so many armor plates alone."

"It also belongs to you, Master."

"Without your support, providing food and shelter, we could not have fully devoted ourselves to forging."

Lynn nodded in response, then switched topics.

"However, Foreman Erelo, even so, you and the textile workshop's overtime rush work will not stop."

"Once the Red Brick House residential area is completed, I will expand and recruit more soldiers again."

"At least a thousand or more!"

"Therefore, I need the blacksmith and textile workshops to continue rushing production."

"To produce more Composite Armor and weapons to arm these soldiers."

"To face the unpredictable situation outside the territory!"

Ehrello promptly responded, "Yes, Master, I understand."

Lynn nodded, "Where is Scholar Clive now?"

Earlier, he had scanned the blacksmith workshop.

He didn't see the robed figure of Scholar Clive.

Ehrello also looked around and, after confirming he couldn't see him, said.

"He should be at the textile workshop."

"He just led the blacksmith apprentices to forge a set of Heavy Padded Armor and Horse Armor."

"He should now be at the textile workshop, doing stitching and testing."

Lynn acknowledged, instructing Ehrello to continue his work, then he left the blacksmith workshop.

He headed towards the distant textile workshop.

Arriving at the weaving workshop.

Many women sat at their workbenches.

Intently arranging and braiding the armor plates above them.

So focused were they that they didn't notice Lynn entering the workshop.

Lynn didn't mind, striding through the workshop, observing.

Indeed.

Time is the best teacher.

These women, through long hours of repetitive work.

Their stitching techniques had become exceptionally skilled.

One strand of leather thread passed through the punched holes in the armor plates, then tied tightly, moving to the next plate...

The whole process was seamless.

While Lynn was observing.

Respectful voices rose behind him.

"Master."

Lynn turned at the sound, seeing Rachel, the deputy of Yimini.

Before Lynn could inquire, Rachel asked, "Master, are you looking for Foreman Yimini?"

Lynn replied, "I'm looking for Scholar Clive."

"Foreman Erelo said he's here."

Rachel quickly responded, "Master, Scholar Clive is at the open space behind the workshop, testing the Heavy Padded Armor and Horse Armor."

"I'll lead you there."

Seeing Rachel gesture invitingly, Lynn deliberated for a moment, then followed her, heading towards the back of the workshop.

Passing through the textile workshop.

Before exiting the back door, the neighing of horses rang out continuously outside the workshop.

Stepping outside, coming to the open space.

A horse clad in full horse armor came into Lynn's view.

Aside from its ears, eyes, mouth, nose, limbs, and tail, its entire body was protected and covered.

The face shield protecting the horse's head, the crest protecting the horse's neck, protection for the horse's chest, and the maine protecting the horse's body...

Almost fully armed!

At this moment.

The horse, adorned in full armor, was being led by Clive and was walking slowly.

No matter how Clive urged the horse, its speed wouldn't increase.

Lynn, seeing this, stepped forward.

He called out to Clive, "Scholar Clive."

Hearing the somewhat unfamiliar yet familiar voice from behind, Clive quickly turned his head.

Seeing it was Lynn, he immediately handed the reins to the nearby guard.

Chapter 689: Iron Butcher Heavy Armor Horse Armor

Facing Lynn, Clive said with delight in his words, "Lord, you're finally back."

Lynn nodded, "From Steward Kuisi's words, I learned that Clive has completed the forging and assembly of the Heavy Padded Armor and Horse Armor."

"I came here early this morning."

Upon hearing this, Clive's face showed a trace of embarrassment.

He explained, "Lord, the Heavy Padded Armor and Horse Armor have indeed been forged."

"However..."

Lynn said, "Scholar Clive, if there are any problems, feel free to speak."

Receiving Lynn's affirmative response, Clive didn't hesitate anymore.

He directly stated, "However, Lord, the Heavy Padded Armor and Horse Armor are just too heavy!"

"I had a guard attempt an initial try to wear it."

"Once he put it on, the Padded Armor weighing seventy pounds greatly restricted his mobility."

"Not to mention running or walking, even turning his body and lifting his weapon faced significant challenges."

Lynn responded without interrupting Clive's continued words.

"Not only the Heavy Padded Armor but the Horse Armor is the same."

"Once the horse wore the Horse Armor, it seemed to be trapped in a quagmire, no matter how urged to accelerate, it only took steps to walk..."

At this point, Clive hesitated and said, "Lord, could it be that my design doesn't fit reality?"

"If we could reduce the Padded Armor's weight by half... no, even by a third!"

"Then soldiers and horses could move freely!"

Lynn said nothing, glancing at the Horse Armor on the horse led by the guard.

[Ordinary Horse Armor]: Made of iron materials, hard-textured, can effectively resist attacks from swords, guns, and arrows, providing reliable protection for horses, etc.

Sweeping his eyes over the text panel before him and then closing it.

Lynn's gaze turned to a guard behind him.

"Go fetch Red's warhorse!"

The guard responded and left the textile workshop, heading towards the castle.

Lynn's gaze shifted towards Red, "You try the Padded Armor!"

Red responded accordingly, "Yes, my lord."

Stepped forward to where a set of Heavy Padded Armor was stacked not far away.

With the help of a Blacksmith Apprentice, he began wearing it.

After finishing the instructions, Lynn's gaze turned to Clive.

"Scholar Clive, the Padded Armor must maintain a weight of seventy pounds, and the Horse Armor must also remain at fifty pounds!"

"Currently, the forging techniques are limited, unable to ensure the armor's hardness while reducing its weight."

"Therefore, only sufficiently thick Padded Armor and Horse Armor can effectively resist these attacks."

"Meanwhile, armored cavalry typically undertake the task of breaking through the enemy's front lines!"

"The heavier the Padded Armor and Horse Armor, the greater the impact during the charge!"

"Thus tearing open the enemy's defense lines, creating conditions for subsequent troop attacks."

Lynn continued speaking.

"Since ordinary horses can't adapt to the Horse Armor, let's switch to the Badan Warhorses trained for strength and size."

"If guards struggle to move in Heavy Padded Armor, then let soldiers more burly and robust, trained over a long period!"

Upon hearing this, Clive nodded in understanding.

"Lord, I understand."

With the assistance of two Blacksmith Apprentices, Red first took off the Composite Armor he was wearing.

Then began wearing the Heavy Padded Armor piece by piece!

A few minutes later.

The guard led a group of Badan Pure-blood Warhorses over.

In the busy work of several Blacksmith Apprentices, they began fitting Horse Armor on the warhorses.

Time swiftly passed.

Until half an hour later.

With two Iron Helmets, surrounded by fringes on all sides, only revealing the eyes, neck equipped with a Neck Guard, body covered by numerous armor plates sewn into Padded Armor, Red.

He walked heavily towards Lynn.

With each step, the fall of his feet was accompanied by the sound of armor parts rubbing and colliding.

Lynn merely glanced at him.

Red gave him an impression like an iron tower.

Sturdy and stable, indestructible!

After scanning Red from top to bottom, Lynn asked, "How do you feel?"

From beneath the two helmets, came Red's low voice.

"The sense of weight pressure is more apparent than Composite Armor, but still within my tolerance."

Red tried moving his body slightly, and the sound of collisions became more distinct.

He explained, "Limb movements are manageable, but overall agility is greatly restricted, requiring more effort."

Lynn nodded slightly.

Red continued, "Besides that, the breathability is poor."

"If engaging in excessive activities, there will be a lot of sweat, unable to dry and expel effectively, leading to stuffy discomfort."

"Maintaining this state for a long time will reduce combat effectiveness and physical condition."

Lynn responded, looked towards the guard behind him, and said, "Bring the warhorse over!"

The guard immediately led the warhorse forward.

The Badan Pure-blood Warhorse at this moment, also fully covered in Horse Armor.

Compared to the previous ordinary horse, its contour looked much larger.

But its steps were strong and even, not affected by the Horse Armor in the least.

There was no need for Lynn to remind him.

Red turned his heavy body, facing the warhorse.

He held the saddle with both hands, and placed his left foot on the stirrup.

As his left leg bent, exerting force suddenly, he flipped up, his right leg crossing the horse's back.

With the help of two guards, Red sat stably on the horse's back.

Chapter 690: Iron Butcher Heavy Armor Horse Armor

The heavy weight on his back only caused the warhorse to slightly move its steps.

It was only until then.

The superior quality of the Badan Pure-blood Horse was evident.

Despite being clad in horse armor and carrying Red who wore heavy padded armor, it remained steadily in place!

Lynn nodded in satisfaction and spoke to Red: "Test the speed of the warhorse's charge!"

Red's deep voice echoed from beneath his iron helmet: "Yes, my lord."

The voice fell.

Red pulled the reins with both hands, facing a stretch of open ground paved with red bricks.

Red slightly adjusted his body on the saddle.

His eyes gazed directly forward through the opening.

As he inhaled deeply and then exhaled, his legs suddenly squeezed the horse's belly.

Feeling the command to drive, the warhorse let out a few neighs and galloped forward.

Da-da~ da-da~

Every leap and fall of the warhorse's body made a clear and pleasant sound of hooves.

Lynn moved and followed the course of the warhorse, observing Red's state while riding it.

Initially.

Due to the weight of the heavy padded armor and horse armor, the warhorse's initial running speed was not fast.

After galloping several dozen meters, the warhorse began to accelerate.

Gradually, its speed increased.

Until finally, it stabilized at an average running speed.

About thirty kilometers per hour!

After racing nearly a thousand meters, the speed of the horse beneath Red gradually decreased.

Clearly.

Even for the Badan Pure-blood Horse, when clad in horse armor and carrying a heavily armored cavalry.

It could only run about a thousand meters at the maximum speed of thirty kilometers per hour.

In Lynn's mind, an answer was formed.

Watching the misting breath from the horse beneath him, streaming out of its nostrils.

Accompanied by heavy panting.

Red didn't urge the horse to continue galloping, but instead pulled the reins in his hand and walked towards Lynn.

With the help of several guards, Red slowly dismounted from the horse.

He removed the iron helmet from his head as he walked toward Lynn, finally standing firmly before him.

Seeing Red's hair soaked with sweat, Lynn directly asked: "Any different feelings?"

Handing the helmet to a guard.

Red took a deep breath, recalled for a few seconds, and explained.

"My lord, compared to normal riding, wearing heavy padded armor and the horse clad in armor—at full charge, I can feel a strong force pushing my body forward!"

"Even with the reins and stirrups, I still feel as if I'm going to leave the saddle and fly away."

"In addition, there is the bumping and vibrating sensation, along with a strong resistance."

Lynn nodded.

Red continued, his voice tinged with a hint of curiosity.

"Finally, charging while wearing heavy padded armor gives me an unusual feeling!"

Lynn raised his eyebrows and asked: "Tell me more."

Red hesitated, "After wearing heavy padded armor and the horse clad in armor, I feel a strong sense of security."

"That feeling, even if there were many cavalry and infantry ahead, I would just charge into them without hesitation, fighting bravely!"

Upon hearing this.

Lynn couldn't help but smile.

Clad in heavy padded armor, with the horse similarly armored like an iron barrel.

Gripping a five-meter-long winged spear as a charging weapon.

With a one-handed longsword hanging at the waist for close combat.

The armor can withstand enemy's ranged attacks, and the weapon can easily kill enemies.

There naturally comes a strong sense of security!

Lynn responded, "Aside from these, do you feel anything needs improvement?"

Red recalled briefly, "My lord, apart from the heaviness and constraint, there's nothing for now."

Upon hearing this, Lynn turned his gaze to Clive who had been standing beside him, showering him with compliments.

"Scholar Clive, your design of the heavy armor and horse armor is very good."

"I'll have the scribe note down a hundred military merits for you, which you can keep or exchange for a hectare of land."

Upon hearing Lynn's words, Clive smiled.

"Lord, you are generous; I don't need rewards of land."

"I am merely a scholar, being able to research without worries in your territory."

"That is already the greatest reward for me!"

Lynn replied, "I'll note down these hundred military merits for you; how you will use them, you can decide later."

Clive bowed, "Thank you, my lord."

While Lynn and Clive spoke, footsteps sounded from afar.

It was Ehrelo and Yimini, who had been summoned by the guards!

The two came to Lynn's side and spoke in unison.

"My lord."

Lynn glanced at Ehrelo and Yimini, "The heavy padded armor and horse armor designed by Clive have been tested and proven effective."

"From now on, each of your workshops will select a team of workers to be responsible for forging and assembling the heavy padded armor and horse armor."

"You arrange the selection of workers as you see fit."

"However, there is one requirement."

Upon hearing this, Ehrelo and Yimini's faces became solemn.

"My lord, please command."

Lynn nodded, "Within ten days, I want to see a set of armor and horse armor that can be equipped on soldiers and warhorses and the winged spear!"