

## **System 781**

Chapter 781: Can't You Be a Little Gentler?

Desperate to do my best to please.

From Janet's stiff body and awkward movements.

Lynn could clearly feel it.

It was Janet's first time being so close to a man.

Feeling Janet's whole body become hot, Lynn no longer hesitated.

With a slight movement of his body, he embraced her and stood in front.

Janet frowned tightly, her originally bent body suddenly sat up straight!

Gradually.

The once cold and quiet lord's bedroom became heated.

...

Early the next morning.

Lynn slowly awoke from his slumber, the warmth beside him made him glance slightly.

He saw Janet's fair face still carrying an unresolved blush, with faint tear stains at the corners of her eyes.

In front of him, there were still some traces left from last night.

Lynn raised an eyebrow slightly, recalling the scenes from last night.

He couldn't help but shake his head silently.

After some reinforcement and enhancement, his physical condition had greatly improved, his energy becoming more exuberant.

Unexpectedly, this made Janet somewhat unable to bear it.

Lynn sighed softly.

Gently got up, put on a decent silk robe, and stepped out of the bedroom.

On the large bed, Janet was awakened by the sound.

Looking at Lynn's back, her eyes were filled with resentment.

She tried to get up and leave, but the weakness between her legs made her stumble and almost fall.

"Bastard!"

Janet muttered softly, with a bit of reproach and resentment in her voice.

"Can't you be gentler?"

...

Walking out of the room.

Lynn's gaze turned to the reception hall.

Kuisi was already standing by the dining table, waiting.

Upon seeing Lynn, Kuisi smiled slightly and reminded him,

"Master, breakfast is ready, you can eat now."

Lynn casually replied and strode towards the dining table.

After Red pulled out the main seat chair, Lynn sat down directly.

With Kuisi's service, he began to enjoy today's nutritious breakfast.

Lynn noticed something.

Today's breakfast unexpectedly included a few more eggs.

Lynn's gaze turned to Kuisi standing nearby.

Before he could ask, Kuisi explained first,

"Master, eating eggs for breakfast can replenish your body."

Lynn, upon hearing this, couldn't help but give Kuisi a glance.

It seems that because of the familiarity of their relationship, she dared to joke with him.

However.

Lynn did not mind.

If everyone kept a rigid attitude towards him.

Such a life would be too dull.

After finishing breakfast.

Lynn directly took Red and left the castle, heading towards the town.

As for what happened yesterday, he didn't need to explain anything to anyone.

He is the lord of this land!

And Janet, whom he brought back, is his war prisoner, his trophy.

He can dispose of his spoils at will.

Including using them as a maid to warm the bed and serve around him!

Crossing through the Red Brick residential area.

Lynn paced towards the Handicraft Workshop District.

Before getting close to the blacksmith workshop, a series of crisp and melodious metal forging sounds reached his ears.

Amidst the salutes of a group of blacksmith workshop apprentices,

Lynn walked into the blacksmith workshop, inspecting the production progress of these blacksmith apprentices.

Before walking far.

Ehrela strode up to meet him.

Coming to Lynn, Ehrela respectfully called,

"Master."

Lynn glanced at Ehrela and responded,

"How is the forging progress of the armor?"

Ehrela replied quickly, "Master, the forging progress is going smoothly."

"Daily we can forge fifteen thousand armor plates without fail!"

Lynn nodded.

As of now.

The soldiers in his territory still have a gap of over a thousand sets of armor.

This is without him recruiting more soldiers for expansion.

If he recruits more soldiers, the shortage of armor will only increase more.

Lynn continued to walk in the blacksmith workshop, inspecting the surroundings.

"Not only composite armor, but also the winged spears, round shields, longswords needed by the soldiers should not be neglected.

Ehrelø bent slightly and responded: "Of course, master."

"Waiting for Lord Rose to lead the soldiers to the textile workshop to collect the armor."

"The blacksmith workshop can ensure to equip them with appropriate weapons."

Seeing Ehrelø's confident expression, Lynn nodded in acknowledgment.

He wasn't too surprised.

It's known that the blacksmith workshop now has seventeen hundred people!

Even though some blacksmith apprentices were just transferred here.

And lack this forging experience.

But as time goes by, they become more skilled in the forging technology.

Overly complicated forging techniques are not yet considered.

Ordinary fold-forging learning is not complicated for blacksmith apprentices.

By continuously studying and practicing forging every day, they could learn it within one or two months at most.

Until then.

These blacksmith apprentices can start performing iron forging and begin crafting various weapons.

When passing by the 'Iron Butcher' heavy padded armor and horse armor forging area, Lynn stopped his steps.

Following alongside, Ehrelo quickly explained.

"Master, because the current forging focus is not on heavy armor and horse armor, not much labor is invested."

"But rest assured, master."

"Most of the composite armor plates currently forged in the blacksmith workshop can be used for stitching heavy padded armor and horse armor of the Iron Butcher."

"Which means, all special heavy padded armor components need to be re-forged; others can be fully disassembled from existing composite armor plates, and re-stitched!"

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Lynn nodded, "I know this."

When he previously asked Scholar Clive to make design modifications, he had already explained this issue to him.

Composite Armor consists of stitched armor plates and cast Standard Chest Armor along with Iron Helmets.

The Iron Butcher's Heavy Padded Armor and Horse Armor can completely use the current dimensions of the armor plates as prototypes.

Design a corresponding stitching plan.

This can significantly reduce the laborious process of remelting and reconstructing the armor.

Lynn's gaze looked at the thirty Blacksmith Apprentices arduously forging parts for Heavy Padded Armor ahead.

He asked Ehrelo, "Given their current forging efficiency, how many days will it take to forge a set of Iron Butcher?"

Ehrelo heard this and a look of embarrassment appeared on his face.

He hesitated a bit and said, "Master, if calculated based on forging a complete set of Iron Butcher under Scholar Clive's guidance..."

"It would take at least a month!"

Soon after.

Ehrelo changed his tone.

"But if we use the armor plates we forge, and they are only responsible for forging special components."

"It would take at most a week to forge a complete set of Iron Butcher, Heavy Padded Armor, and Horse Armor plates!"

"As for how long it takes for Foreman Yimini to stitch them into shape, it depends on their stitching efficiency."

Lynn pondered again.

If it requires a reduction in the production of Composite Armor as a cost.

He would rather delay the production of Heavy Padded Armor and Horse Armor.

The Heavy Padded Armor and Horse Armor of the Iron Butcher are naturally extremely important for the heavy cavalry.

However.

Getting all soldiers equipped with armor is more important.

Only by wearing armor can the soldiers survive better on the battlefield.

Lynn nodded again.

"The forging focus of the Blacksmith Workshop remains on Composite Armor."

"Report back to me once the Composite Armor required by the soldiers is fully forged."

Ehrello said, "Yes, master."

After inspecting the six Blacksmith Workshops, Lynn stood in front of one of the iron-smelting high furnaces.

He sent Ehrello away to continue busying himself.

Looking at the iron-smelting high furnace before him, Lynn began to ponder.

Compared to the previous earth kilns for iron burning, the production efficiency of the iron-smelting high furnaces is greatly improved.

As long as there is a sufficient amount of iron ore and fuel, the furnace can produce iron continuously, obtaining iron blocks.

Moreover, the iron-smelting high furnace is highly adaptable.

It can handle various grades of iron ore, suitable for large-scale pig iron production.

This is also why, after finding and mining iron ore, he led the townsmen to construct the iron-smelting high furnaces.

He needs a large amount of iron ore to forge and produce iron farming tools and weapons and armor.

For production, for arming the soldiers and guards in the territory, and for ensuring the safety of the territory.

However, while the iron-smelting high furnace has its advantages, it also has its drawbacks.

Currently, these six iron-smelting high furnaces turn iron ore into molten iron, which cools and solidifies into pig iron.

The high carbon content and relatively more impurities.

Although it increases the hardness of the pig iron blocks, the toughness and ductility are poor, making it brittle and hard.

Therefore, if one wants to use pig iron to forge weapons and armor.

It must undergo heating and repeated hammer forging.

To refine out the carbon and impurities, so it can be shaped into the required armor and weapon forms.

It requires wasting a lot of manpower and resources, as well as forging time.

However.

If he can optimize these six iron-smelting high furnaces.

Allowing the iron ore in the furnace to burn fully, he could produce high-quality steel!

Compared to pig iron, steel has a lower carbon content, usually less than a percent.

If he can further find some other metal elements, like chromium, nickel, molybdenum, and so on.

He can significantly improve the performance of steel.

Steel also has good toughness, ductility, and strength.

Through various different methods, such as quenching and tempering processes, steel can achieve high strength and good toughness.

Not only for forging the armor worn by soldiers but can be widely used in various fields.

Construction, machinery manufacturing, shipbuilding, etc.

Even for various mechanical parts, pipe fittings...

The most crucial point is.

The matchlock guns and cannons he plans to develop in the future all require steel!

Therefore.

For him, the optimization of the iron-smelting high furnace is imperative.

But how to optimize the nearly ten-meter-high iron-smelting high furnace before him...

Soon.

An idea surfaced in Lynn's mind — the steel-making process known as "stirring steel method"!

The stirring steel method is basically the same as the previously used "stirring iron method".

Both are processes for turning pig iron into steel or wrought iron by using a blowing and stirring method.

When building the stirring iron furnace previously, the corresponding construction technology and knowledge had already fused in his mind.

What he now needs to consider is which stirring steel process to use.

The stirring steel processes in his mind come in three varieties.

Namely, single-chamber stirring, reverberatory furnace stirring, and tandem stirring.

First, there is the single-chamber stirring, where metal smelting and combustion occur in the same furnace chamber.

During operation, first, put the furnace charge in the chamber, then ignite, blow air, and seal the entry.

As the workers continually stir, the carbon content constantly decreases, the melting point of the metal rises until it finally forms a spongy solid block.

Then use the forging process to eliminate impurities and obtain a certain amount of steel.

The single-chamber stirring's advantage is simple equipment.

But its disadvantage is also apparent.

The amount of steel produced is not much.

The iron ore and fuel directly contact each other, resulting in many impurities.

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Next is the reflection furnace roasting, with fuel combustion and metal smelting each occupying an independent space.

The high-temperature flames produced by fuel combustion pass over firewalls into the smelting chamber, further heating the metal.

Since iron ore is separated from fuel, fewer impurities enter the metal.

However, the disadvantage is that reflection furnace roasting equipment is relatively complex.

If he adopts the reflection furnace roasting method, he will need to dismantle the entire iron-smelting blast furnace.

To reconstruct a double-chamber reflector furnace!

Finally, there's tandem roasting!

After the pig iron comes out of the furnace, it flows directly into the square pond for roasting, eliminating the need for reheating the pig iron.

The advantage of tandem roasting is saving labor time and reducing costs.

Workers don't need to reheat the pig iron, increasing production efficiency while reducing coal required for secondary combustion heating.

However.

To use tandem roasting, it's necessary to optimize and rebuild the existing six iron-smelting blast furnaces!

The blast furnaces need optimization while also constructing a roasting furnace next to them.

In Lynn's mind, he pondered for a moment.

Ultimately, he decided to use tandem roasting.

Compared to single-chamber roasting and reflection furnace roasting, tandem roasting saves time and effort!

However.

Even with a clear idea in mind.

He wouldn't immediately stop all blacksmith workshops.

At least he needs to wait until the blacksmith workshops have forged and woven all the composite armor required by the soldiers.

Lynn kept the future planning of the blacksmith workshop in mind and stepped towards the textile workshop not far away.

Entering the textile workshop.

Lynn's gaze swept around.

The current textile workshop is mainly divided into two parts.

Most of the embroiderers are sitting at workbenches, swiftly embroidering various composite armor components.

While the other group of workers is tirelessly making linen robes and linen pants.

Perhaps because the previous task given to Yimini was too heavy.

As a result.

Lynn entered the textile workshop with Red, noticing that few workers paid attention to them.

Everyone was engrossed in their work.

After Lynn's inspection, Yimini hurriedly came from the back of the workshop.

Coming before Lynn, Yimini bent down and spoke respectfully.

"My apologies, Master. I have been busy counting at the back and could not greet you in time. Please forgive me."

Lynn replied, "No problem."

"What is it that you were counting?"

Without hesitation, Yimini explained.

"The textile workshop has just completed 300 sets of composite armor, and Rachel and I are counting and inspecting them."

Hearing this, Lynn couldn't help but praise.

"Very nicely done."

"Once inspection is complete, and no issues are found, arrange personnel to inform Rose."

"Let him lead the soldiers to collect them."

Yimini responded, "Yes, Master."

"Besides these composite armors, workers have also made a batch of linen robes and pants."

"Should I arrange personnel to deliver them to your castle warehouse?"

Lynn replied, "Leave these tasks to Steward Kuisi to handle."

Yimini responded again.

Subsequently.

Following Yimini, after Lynn clearly understood the progress of the textile workshop.

He then stepped away from the Handicraft Workshop District.

Lynn originally wanted to go to Jose's Bow and Arrow Workshop.

And to inspect the progress of Beo and Xenophon in producing telescopes.

But neither the Zhuge Crossbow nor the telescopes are things that can be made overnight.

He chose to give up.

Leaving the Handicraft Workshop District.

Lynn was contemplating whether to go Fishing to acquire skill books, or should focus on skill experience.

George came over searching.

Upon seeing Lynn, George's eyes clearly brightened.

Even his steps quickened a bit.

Coming before Lynn, George hastily bowed and reported.

"Master, Mr. Boer has come."

"Mr. Boer says that you have confiscated all the merchant's wealth from his guild..."

Lynn nodded, "I will go over now."

George remained silent.

Several people followed behind Lynn, walking on the red brick road, heading towards the Lord's direction.

A moment later.

Lynn arrived at the Lord's Square.

Boer, dressed in a satin robe, was pacing back and forth in front of the carriage convoy.

His face full of urgency.

Upon seeing Lynn from afar, Boer hurriedly came to meet him.

Close to Lynn, Boer hurriedly bowed.

After bowing, he stood upright and spoke respectfully.

"Master Lynn, thank you for resolving the crisis in Morgan Town and breaking the dictatorship of Frank Manor."

"If it weren't for you, not only I but all the merchants and townsmen of Morgan Town would be living in dire straits!"

Lynn smiled slightly, "Mr. Boer, you overstate."

"Nicely put, I destroyed Blade Wind Corps and Frank Manor."

"Allowing Morgan Town's Free People and the peasants of Frank Manor to no longer suffer oppression."

"Poorly put, I'm no different from Janet."

"Didn't I bring them back to the territory, starting their governance under me, becoming labor for my territory's development?"

He can enhance the soldiers' morale by attributing external warfare with the title of liberation war.

Simultaneously, for the townsmen within the territory to wholeheartedly labor.

He can draft the Territorial Law, construct the Territory Court, and also issue a military merit promotion Garrison System!

However.

Lynn deeply understands, he is just a lord!

Essentially, a feudal landowner and regional ruler.

Relying on Free People and peasants for labor cultivation, economic development, army building, and even external warfare.

Everything he does is solely to enhance the territory's strength and preserve his governance!

Of course.

He differs slightly from those who know only personal indulgence.

In the process of enhancing the territory's strength.

He doesn't mind sharing a portion of the benefits with the townsmen of the territory.

Even if it's just a very small portion.

It's enough to make these townsmen offer loyalty and life to him.

Listening to Lynn's words, Boer hurriedly shook his head.

"That's different, Master Lynn."

"Though you are a lord, you never treat your townsmen as slaves."

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Looking at Boer's serious expression, Lynn smiled slightly.

And no longer continued to talk nonsense with him.

Lynn's gaze shifted to the carts full of goods behind Boer.

"Mr. Boer, is this another batch of grain being delivered for me?"

Boer followed Lynn's line of sight and replied.

"Yes, Master, it's another fifty thousand pounds of barley transported from Kakasong City!"

"But it's still the same price as before, consistently at two pounds per penny."

Lynn nodded with understanding.

Despite a heavy snowfall during winter, which greatly affected the winter barley planted by the Karedi Empire.

The Karedi Empire's vast territory.

Would not let the winter barley in all regions be frozen by the snow.

Furthermore, because of the price increase, a large number of merchants transported grain from other regions to the Karedi Empire.

The price of two pounds per penny might have reached the upper limit of barley's value.

Lynn spoke: "No problem, Mr. Boer."

"As previously mentioned, as long as grain and goods are delivered to my territory, if it's at market price, I'll buy it all!"

Lynn's words continued.

"Furthermore, the gold pounds, grain goods, and personnel owned by the merchants under your name."

"I can return them to you entirely."

Hearing this.

The slight frown on Boer's brow instantly relaxed.

He surprisedly asked, "Master, is what you said true?"

Boer truly did not expect.

In just a few days of transporting a large batch of fine salt to Kakasong City for sale.

The Lynn before him had led soldiers to suppress and destroy Morgan Town and Frank Manor!

If not for Master Lynn's soldiers remaining stationed in Morgan.

And informing him of the whole story.

He would have thought there was something strange.

That wiped out the entire town's flesh and blood!

He even more did not expect.

That Master Lynn would even be willing to return the seized gold pounds to them.

Lynn responded: "Of course, Mr. Boer."

"To me, the gold pounds collected are not much."

"But for you, it is nearly a lifetime of savings."

"You need the gold pounds as capital to continue buying and selling goods, to conduct trade."

Listening to Lynn's calm words, Boer's heart was filled with gratitude.

He quickly said, "Then thank you so much, Master."

"Your conduct has deeply impressed Boer."

Not to mention the current Master Lynn, who is the sole lord of Morgan Town, with a powerful army.

Even before.

If Lynn had wanted to seize his goods, it would have been as easy as pie.

However, Master Lynn has never done so.

Indeed, he was willing to exchange for the transported goods with fine salt below market price.

Lynn chuckled: "Mr. Boer, no need to be so polite."

"We are partners, after all, I still need you to continue purchasing various goods for me."

Boer nodded heavily, "Of course, Master Lynn."

"I will follow your orders completely."

Lynn smiled slightly and called over George, who was waiting nearby.

To have him oversee the verification with Boer of the gold pounds and goods seized from the merchants.

With the scarcity of various goods on his territory.

All have been transported back to the territory, it's no good to send them away again.

Grain and goods, naturally, will be directly exchanged for gold pounds.

While George and Boer patiently proceeded with the verification.

Lynn headed towards the direction of the pasture outside the town.

Upon arriving at the entrance of the pasture.

He clearly saw six or seven groups of figures busily moving back and forth within.

Some of the poultry and livestock from Frank Manor and Morgan Town joined the pasture.

Making the pasture, already diverse and numerous, even more bustling.

The daily work of the pasture workers has become increasingly busy.

However.

This is the scene he most wanted to see.

Only with abundant poultry and livestock in the pasture, can the workers be busy without a pause.

Only with abundant poultry and livestock, can the pasture provide the territory's residents with ample meat and leather!

Only then can it meet the residents' daily needs for meat.

Only then can it completely solve the large shortage of leather needed by the territory.

If the pasture's labor truly becomes too heavy, the foreman Guy, naturally would like last time.

Request him for more manpower.

Since the pasture is in operation, it is obviously within their tolerable range.

It's important to note, now the pasture has more than two hundred people!

Retracting his gaze.

Lynn went to the next-door [Mutated Wild Boar Farm].

The forest pigs that had just been fed were lying on the slightly cool ground, snoring amid the swaying of somewhat curly tails.

Looking at their plump bodies covered with bristle-like pig hairs, Lynn couldn't help but click his tongue.

Due to the empowerment of a small magic array and magic ore.

These forest pigs' sizes seem to change almost daily.

Lynn roughly estimated.

The weight of the adult forest pig before him reaches at least seven to eight hundred pounds!

Their size and weight appear to be less than adult warhorses.

However, these forest pigs have been bred for how long?

It's essential to know that waiting for these forest pigs to empower and complete breeding could reach a weight of three thousand pounds!

Even heavier than some top-quality purebred warhorses from the Badan Empire!

The only regret Lynn felt.

Was that his territory does not have many forest pigs.

Only one hundred and fifty heads.

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We must find a way to purchase more Forest Pigs from beyond the territory!

Soon.

Another idea emerged in Lynn's mind.

He has a vast Primordial Forest, as well as extensive farmland and woodlands in Morgan Town.

He can completely arrange soldiers to form hunting parties to capture wild boars!

This can make up for the shortage of Forest Pigs needed for the empowerment in breeding.

At the same time.

He can also have merchants search for more Forest Pigs and transport them to his territory.

Two methods combined.

If there's a Wild Boar Knight Corps composed of a thousand mutated Forest Pigs.

Given the huge size and weight of the Forest Pig, and the thickness of pigskin.

Perhaps, without crafting armor for them, it would suffice to resist ordinary arrow shots!

With the addition of the Forest Pig's hard and sharp tusks.

Once it directly charges at enemy cavalry or rushes into the enemy infantry's formation.

It would deliver a devastating blow to the enemy!

Lynn looked at the guard behind him, "You go back to town and tell George."

"Ask him to relay to Mr. Boer to pay attention to Forest Pigs while purchasing grain."

"As long as they can be transported to my woodland, I am willing to buy at a high price!"

The guard quickly responded upon hearing this.

Without any unnecessary words, he turned and left the farm, running towards the direction of the town.

After observing the Forest Pigs around the farm, he walked to the back of the farm.

Under Flint's guidance, several Mutated Wild Boar Farms are being constructed.

Within days, the foundations have been excavated.

Building workers are laying the red brick walls.

Sitting in the shadowed corner, Flint seemed to sense something.

His gaze shifted to Lynn not far away.

Flint quickly stood up and walked towards Lynn with large strides.

Coming before Lynn, Flint spoke, "Lord, you're here again."

Lynn nodded, and responded, "Lord Flint, waiting for these five farms to finish expanding."

"Perhaps, I will need you to continue leading them for construction."

In Lynn's hand, five Magic Ores appeared.

Seeing the Magic Ores appearing out of thin air, Flint's eyes widened instantly.

In shock, he said, "Lord..."

"Is this... Space Magic? How is this possible?"

Compared to the Magic Ores in Lynn's hand.

Clearly, Flint cares more about the suddenly appearing Magic Ores.

Lynn smiled indifferently without any response.

He naturally knows Flint is referring to the 'backpack' he unlocked not long ago.

Seeing no response from Lynn, Flint curiously watched Lynn.

He couldn't help asking, "Lord, are you really just an ordinary lord?"

"We won't even talk about the Small Magic Array used for empowering wild boar breeding."

"But Space Magic... it should have been lost long ago!"

"Even some Great Mages I know and some hidden Magic Clans don't know how to perform Space Magic!"

"You are..."

Lynn smiled mildly and spoke.

"That's a secret, Lord Flint!"

Listening to Lynn's words.

Flint couldn't help but sigh, not continuing to question further.

Taking the Magic Ore from Lynn's hand, Flint explained.

"Lord, there are far too many Magic Buildings to be constructed."

"Coupled with the limited construction speed of these workers."

"To continue expanding the farm will take a long time..."

"Moreover, the blacksmith apprentices in the Blacksmith Workshop need my teaching." "The promised Defense Reinforced Armor has yet to begin forging."

"I can't stay here all the time..."

Previously, just managing the Blacksmith Workshop.

Flint felt the daily labor was fairly relaxing.

But.

Since Lynn requested him to construct special buildings, build magic arrays.

Flint felt every day was full of endless tasks.

Indeed, getting gin from the lord is not so easy!

Lynn nodded and spoke, "Lord Flint, you can manage the progress yourself."

"The construction progress can be a bit slower but must not stop."

Whether it's the blacksmith apprentices in Flint's Blacksmith Workshop.

Or the special building construction before him.

They are all crucial to him!

Receiving Lynn's affirmative instruction, Flint responded.

"Okay, Lord."

After talking with Flint for a while.

Lynn walked to the building workers laying walls under Flint's gaze.

He took the plastering knife from the building worker's hand with his right hand, and picked up a piece of lime mortar, holding a red brick in his left hand.

Plaster, place, level alignment, knock it firm...

Lynn skillfully began the labor of wall-building.

[Construction Experience +1]

[Construction Experience +1]

[Construction Experience +1]

...

Time quickly passed.

Piece by piece, the skill experience slowly increased.

Lynn found that by imagining the required items for production or construction in his mind.

It's just limited to creating ordinary items, constructing buildings, or scientific technologies.

Like the Empowerment Magic Array in the current construction of the Mutated Wild Boar Farm.

Until now, no memory or knowledge related to it had emerged or fused in his mind.

However, Lynn doesn't really mind.

As long as there are Heavenly Artifacts.

As long as he can imagine the needed items and gain corresponding memories and knowledge through continuous labor.

That's enough!

Even if this world has elves, sea sirens, witches...

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He could completely rely on scientific technology to produce muskets and cannons.

Blast them into the roar of steel and gunpowder!

Even if special constructions required knowledge related to magic,

He could have Flint or personnel knowledgeable in magic to do it for him.

Suppressing the thoughts in his heart.

Lynn devoted himself entirely to the construction and wall-building before him.

Until the afternoon.

He finally took steps towards the expansion site of the "Mutated Wild Boar Farm".

Walking on the red brick road back to the town.

Lynn's gaze scanned the vast fields on both sides.

Under the sunlight full of heat and warmth, the crops appeared vibrant and colorful.

After walking for a while, Lynn stepped off the lime road and stood at the edge of a winter barley field.

His gaze surveyed the winter barley before him.

At this time, the heads of winter barley gradually emerged from the leaf sheaths.

Some of the better-growing barley had even entered the grouting stage.

Each grain began to grow and get full.

And gradually transitioned from the milky ripeness stage to the wax ripeness stage over time.

During this period, the weather condition was crucial for the growth of barley.

Adequate sunlight and suitable temperatures were more conducive to the plumpness of the grains and the accumulation of starch.

Lynn's thoughts moved as he opened the "Weather Forecast" panel for a glance.

In the coming half month, no rain or cooling was expected.

This is the advantage of a temperate maritime climate.

No severe cold in winter, no extreme heat in summer.

The climate is mild and suitable for agriculture and animal husbandry development!

These winter barleys, by July or August, will enter the maturity period.

The grains gradually harden, and the color changes from yellow-green to golden yellow, with the ears and stalks gradually wilting.

Until the grain moisture content reduces to a certain level.

He could organize the farmers to begin harvesting this winter barley!

Lynn continued to step forward, walking along the lime road.

Soon.

He arrived at the planting area of spring barley.

Unlike winter barley planted throughout the winter.

Currently, spring barley was in the heading stage.

With the care of Gavin and Wilbur,

Additional fertilization, watering, irrigation, weeding, and so on,

The growth of these spring barleys was still very good.

After the flowering and grouting period of July and August,

Around September, these spring barleys would also enter the harvesting period.

There is a one-month time difference between the maturity of winter barley and spring barley.

Just right, providing farmers in the territory with time to harvest.

After harvesting winter barley, they can directly engage in the harvest work of spring barley.

Looking at the row upon row of barley swaying like waves in the breeze.

Lynn nodded with satisfaction.

This barley is the hope of the territory.

Only waiting for these barleys to mature, harvested, and stored in the warehouse,

The daily grain needs of the townsmen in this territory can be temporarily resolved.

Until then.

No matter what kind of war the Karedi Empire beyond the city walls was undergoing,

As long as his walls didn't fall, his Weng City remained unbreached.

This territory could always continue to develop peacefully.

Lynn continued to walk by the fields filled with crops.

The potato plants grew vigorously, with dense leaves and thick vines.

The height had already reached thirty to forty centimeters.

Additionally, the plants were already beginning to store nutrients for tuber growth.

But to wait for the potatoes to mature would take more time.

Under suitable growing conditions and sufficient fertility.

They needed to go through the crucial potato tuber swelling period in July and August.

Until September.

The leaves of most potato plants would turn yellow, and the vines would wither.

By then, the potatoes would be essentially mature and ready for harvest.

Walking on the potato ridge for a round of inspection.

Confirming the potatoes were growing normally, Lynn then moved to the next field.

Arriving at the cotton field, plants with triangular buds came into Lynn's view.

Lynn stepped in, finding the buds were cylindrical with a layer of fuzz on the surface.

At this time, the cotton plants were growing rapidly, entering the budding stage.

By July and August, cotton would enter the flowering and boll stage, then go through the maturity stage in September.

Around October, cotton could be harvested!

Neither cotton nor potatoes.

Can be marketed and bought on a large scale like barley from outside the territory.

It relied entirely on him using the Energy Stone to exchange at the "Special Seed Store".

Therefore.

Cannot conduct large-scale farming production in the short term.

Can only rely on several plantings to obtain more seeds.

To increase seed scale.

Even though the time cycle required is somewhat lengthy.

Two years or three years.

But compared to the large consumption of Energy Stones needed.

Lynn felt it was worth the wait.

Then.

Lynn inspected a large area planted with vegetables.

Confirmed no pests or diseases were present, then walked out of the field, stepping onto the lime road.

Under the glow of the setting sun, heading back towards the town.

And behind Lynn.

The townsmen, after finishing a day of work, were also leaving various industries, heading in the same direction towards the town.

Returning to the Lord's Square.

The cart team brought by Boer was nowhere to be seen.

Clearly.

Boer had completed the trade exchange with George, and sorted out the soldiers' collected grain and Gold Pounds from merchants under his guild's name.

Chapter 787: I Am the Duke Cangyu (Part 4)

Lynn did not stop walking and headed straight back to the castle.

Amidst the salutes from the townsmen.

Lynn returned to the castle.

Inside the reception hall.

One by one, the tall oil lamps had already been lit by the maids.

Kuisi, who was setting the dinner, respectfully called out.

"Master, you're back."

Lynn, gradually walking in, replied casually.

His gaze slipped past Kuisi and looked at Janet standing at the back.

Janet's eyes were brimming with resentment as she quickly lowered her head and softly called out.

"Lord... Master."

Lynn stepped past the two of them and walked directly to the lord's throne, comfortably sitting atop.

Kuisi followed and reminded, "Master, you'll need to wait a while for dinner."

"Do you need me to prepare hot water for you?"

Lynn nodded in response, "Go ahead, I've been busy all day and I'm covered in sweat."

Kuisi smiled slightly, "Okay, Master, I'll go arrange it now."

Kuisi's gaze turned towards Janet.

Standing aside, Janet's face instantly froze.

But soon.

She understood and responded.

"I'll... I'll go now."

As the words fell, Janet quickly retreated.

Seeing how quickly Kuisi had guided her into becoming a maid.

Lynn couldn't help but praise, "Kuisi, you've taught well."

"From now on, all the maids will be managed by you."

Kuisi, hearing this, was just about to respond,

a big question surfaced in her mind.

Maid in the future?

The ordinary maids who serve daily life.

Or like Janet, those who also warm the bed?

Or 'all the maids'?

Would there be many, many?

Without Lynn saying more, Kuisi naturally wouldn't ask more.

Kuisi answered, "Okay, Master."

Lynn pondered for a moment and said nothing further to Kuisi.

With a thought, he opened the Resident Information Column and began screening through it.

Even though he knew Morgan Town's free people and the peasants of Frank Manor were engaged in the simplest planting or breeding.

Lynn still wanted to select people with Talent, Skills, or those of high levels.

Talent is the most precious human resource at any time.

As thoughts swirled in Lynn's mind.

From the Nine Great Skills to the Seven Skills of the Knight, then to Talent, Skills, and even high Attribute levels.

He did not overlook anything.

Even so.

From these six thousand people, Lynn only managed to select eight with Third-level Planting, five with Third-level Breeding, nine with Third-level Cooking, among others, talents only.

Add up to less than fifty people!

Apart from those with third-level skills as talents.

There were over three hundred with second-level skills.

They could actually be transferred from their current positions and assigned to the corresponding positions.

Initially, Lynn thought.

Among these personnel, there were quite a few soldiers from Frank Manor and mercenaries from the Blade Wind Corps.

Some systematically trained knights.

To systematically teach children in the territory school the Seven Skills of the Knight.

Especially within some mercenary corps.

Often, there would be some knights desolate from losing their territory or familial decline, or those eager for wealth and honor.

Hoping to use the power of the mercenary corps to restore their past glory.

After a round of screening and searching.

Lynn was not at all surprised by what he found.

Neither the mercenaries of the Blade Wind Corps nor the soldiers of Frank Manor.

Were nothing more than ordinary folks.

Finding another knight like Wesley from a fallen noble family.

Certainly, it's not easy.

Only step by step can it be done slowly.

As Lynn was screening, Kuisi had already led the maids to start setting up today's dinner.

Kuisi walked to the steps below the lord's throne platform and reminded.

"Master, you may have dinner now."

Upon hearing Kuisi's reminder, Lynn responded.

With a thought, he closed the Resident Information Column.

Standing from the lord's throne, he walked towards the dining table.

Seated at the main seat of the dining table, under the service of Kuisi and a few others, Lynn began to enjoy today's dinner.

Outside the castle.

The sky turned into a black curtain that enveloped the entire world.

...

Meanwhile, elsewhere.

Praying Wind City.

Inside Duke Cangyu's Castle.

In the duke's master bedroom.

Supported by two maids in thin robes.

Coleman Cangyu, bare-chested, stepped out of the private chamber.

No command needed from Coleman, as two maids held clean silk cloths to wipe the water droplets from his body.

Their movements were light and meticulous.

Because the robes on the maids were too loose.

With every arm movement, the round whiteness in front of them flickered faintly.

Despite the whiteness being something he had long been accustomed to and played with many times.

Yet this fleeting view still stirred his inner unrest.

His eyes fixated on the alluring snowy scenery.

After watching for a few minutes.

Coleman could no longer suppress the agitation within him.

He stretched his arms and wrapped them around the waist of the maid beside him.

The maid, more than understanding, leaned her body in closer.

Feeling the softness of the maid's front imprinting on his chest.

Coleman's eyebrows couldn't help but lift upward.

His right hand slowly moved from the maid's waist downward to the prominent curves.

Chapter 788: I Am Duke Cangyu

Gradually.

The maid's face turned rosy, her breath quickening!

The maid's body shifted, her head resting on Coleman's shoulder, as she gently said.

"Grand Duke, it's getting late, how about we serve you for your rest?"

Hearing the maid's words.

Coleman immediately withdrew his right hand that had slipped under the maid's robe.

Despite the maid's body becoming hot and feverish.

He smiled and declined, "Not today."

"Dr. Nadia Griffin specifically instructed that on this day every week, I must visit her office for a health diagnosis and recovery."

The faces of the two maids were filled with disappointment.

"So that's it, no wonder the Grand Duke is going for a bathing ritual."

Coleman nodded, responding, "Of course."

"Being diagnosed by the doctor is a dignified and serious matter, naturally, it calls for a bath."

Seeing the reluctant expressions of the two maids.

Coleman once again reached out his right hand, giving a slap on the maid's hot behind.

A crisp sound echoed in the bedroom.

Coleman grinned mischievously, "What? Just one night without sleeping with you two, and you look so disappointed?"

"Can't bear to be away from me?"

The maid who got slapped instantly turned beet red.

Her eyes filled with flickering and desire.

Coleman comforted, "Alright, alright, help me get dressed quickly."

"Don't delay Dr. Nadia's treatment time."

The two maids responded promptly and hurried to help Coleman dress.

A few minutes later.

Under the watchful eyes of the two maids, Coleman walked out of his bedroom.

He walked through corridors and down stairs.

Heading towards Dr. Nadia's diagnosis and treatment room on the first floor.

As he walked, Nadia's curvaceous figure appeared in Coleman's mind.

Unlike the two maids who tend to his daily needs and warm his bed.

The two maids were gentle and attentive, leaving no detail overlooked.

But Nadia Griffin was like a lotus, visible but out of reach!

Moreover, Nadia's status was somewhat special.

She was a doctor personally brought by Mitchell Carolin.

Which further filled Coleman with anticipation for Nadia.

More than what was within easy reach, he favored women who required effort and scheming to obtain.

Arriving on the castle's first floor.

Coleman headed straight to Nadia's diagnosis and treatment room.

Standing at the suite's door, Coleman extended his right hand and knocked on the wooden door.

Before he could speak to identify himself.

A calm voice from behind the door said from Nadia.

"The door's unlocked, come right in, Duke Coleman."

Coleman's eyebrow arched, as he pushed the double doors gently with both hands.

With a creaking sound, the wooden doors slowly opened under Coleman's push.

Only the sight of the room lit by a few oil lamps entered his eyes.

Coleman stepped into the suite, closing the doors he had just opened.

And he deftly latched the door, locking it from the inside.

Coleman turned, surveying the suite once again.

The light wasn't particularly bright.

On the contrary.

Several corners of the suite were outside the oil lamp's glow, shrouded in darkness.

Yet the contrast between light and dark gave Coleman a sense of a unique environment.

On the table, there were three candles on a candelabra.

The warm yellow light flickered continuously.

A palm-sized incense burner was burning at that moment.

A wisp of fragrance after another floated out continuously.

Coleman instinctively took a few sniffs.

The aroma was rich, with a hint of sweetness.

Coleman guessed correctly.

What was burning in the incense burner would be frankincense often used in religious ceremonies.

However.

Coleman looked around but did not see the figure he wanted to see in the suite's main hall.

He couldn't help but call out, "Dr. Nadia?"

Just as Coleman's voice fell.

The figure he'd been longing for stepped out from a nearby room.

Still wearing cascading black hair, draped over her fair shoulders.

Her coldly beautiful face, brows like distant mountains of ink.

Wearing a tight-fitting off-white robe.

It perfectly outlined her slender waist, amplifying her front and back curves.

Especially under the candlelight on the table, it accentuated her mysterious aura.

Seeing Nadia this way, Coleman couldn't help but swallow.

As one of the Three Great Dukes of the Karedi Empire.

It's said that no one but the Emperor of the Empire has a more exalted and noble status than him.

And because of this.

He had tasted many women.

Some from noble families, poised and graceful young ladies.

Or elegant and enchanting palace dancers.

Or even the simple, innocent farm girls...

As long as he wished.

He could indulge in the tenderness these women offered him.

However.

A woman like Nadia before him, this was the first time he had seen.

Nadia glanced at Coleman, speaking in a calm and confident manner.

"Good evening, Duke Coleman."

"If you're ready, we can start the diagnosis..."

Coleman inhaled the comfort of the frankincense, responding.

"Of course, I'm ready."

"Just not sure how Dr. Nadia would like me to cooperate for the diagnosis?"

Nadia began to step towards Coleman, eventually stopping beside the table.

She extended her elegantly long arm, explaining.

Chapter 789: I Am Duke Cangyu

"You can lie down on this chaise lounge."

Coleman followed her gaze and finally noticed a walnut chaise lounge placed there.

Coleman nodded and said, "Of course, Dr. Nadia."

He took a step and walked over to the chaise lounge, bent down to sit.

Then leaned back, lying on the wooden chair.

At that moment.

Coleman's line of sight changed.

From bottom to top, he looked at Nadia standing beside him.

The roundness tightly wrapped in front of Nadia, along with the flat abdomen, showed a significant rise and fall.

Almost ready to burst forth.

Nadia stood beside, seemingly unaffected by Coleman's gaze.

She turned her body, facing away from Coleman, to retrieve diagnostic tools placed on the table.

Watching Nadia bend her waist, the noticeably high arched area at her back grew even more pronounced.

Coleman's body gave a slight shiver.

Although Nadia's movements were simple.

The visual impression it left was far beyond that of a maid cloaked in a loose robe, with her figure faintly visible.

A gentle voice emerged from Nadia's lips.

"Duke Coleman, today I will be applying the Fire Jar for you."

"By utilizing changes in the temperature within the Fire Jar, it will cause local blood stasis on your skin."

"This can help in unblocking meridians, balancing blood and energy, alleviating pain, and treating certain ailments."

"Furthermore, I will be massaging your body for relaxation, aiding your sleep."

Observing Nadia's curvaceous silhouette, Coleman smiled and said.

"Dr. Nadia, proceed with the diagnosis and treatment as you see fit."

Nadia responded, "Alright, I need you to wait a moment."

Coleman responded with a quick "Of course, Dr. Nadia, the night is long, we can take our time."

Providing ample time for Coleman to indulge in admiring Nadia's figure.

A short while later.

Nadia finally turned around.

"Duke Coleman, I need you to remove your clothing for the application of the Fire Jar."

"Would you like to do it yourself, or shall I assist you?"

"You might find it a bit awkward."

"But I must remind you, I am a doctor."

"Everything done now and afterwards is for your diagnosis and treatment."

Seeing Nadia's calm expression, Coleman laughed, "Certainly, Dr. Nadia."

"I have always respected the medical profession! And I respect you as well, Dr. Nadia."

"Then please, trouble yourself, Dr. Nadia."

Nadia, her expression unchanged, nodded in response.

"No problem."

Her voice fell.

She bent down, stretched out her arms, and began removing Coleman's clothing.

Because Coleman was lying down, Nadia had to lower her body.

As a result.

Nadia's long black hair fell from her shoulders.

Continuously brushing lightly against Coleman's cheeks.

With Nadia so close, Coleman's eyes were fixated.

Compared to the previous six or seven meters of direct view.

Now, it was less than fifty or sixty centimeters!

Coleman could even hear the slight breathing from Nadia's nostrils.

And smell the fragrance from Nadia's body, a scent he had never encountered before.

Watching the mild trembling of Nadia's front due to her bodily movements.

Coleman's breathing involuntarily accelerated.

His right hand moved slightly, subtly placed beside Nadia.

As Nadia untied the silk robe from him.

His hand kept brushing against Nadia's right leg.

Feeling the softness and comfort on the back of his hand, Coleman's heart rippled.

Such a feeling was truly delightful!

A few minutes later.

The robe on Coleman was finally removed.

Nadia placed it on the table surface.

Seemingly unaware of Coleman's little actions, she said.

"Duke Coleman, next, I'll apply the Fire Jar for you."

"This process will involve some pain, and you'll need to endure it."

Hearing this, Coleman nonchalantly remarked.

"Dr. Nadia, I am the Duke Cangyu!"

"Though my title is inherited, I once fought alongside Charlemagne VI in battle."

"Not to mention the Fire Jar, even knife and sword wounds wouldn't make me blink!"

Nadia responded, "That's excellent, Duke Coleman."

Coleman casually made a sound of agreement.

Nadia once again turned her back to Coleman, busying herself on the nearby table.

As a piece of paper was set alight, the previously dim suite saw its brightness slightly increase.

Nadia turned around, cautioning.

"I'll begin now, Duke Coleman."

Seeing the flaming ceramic jar in Nadia's hand, Coleman's heart tightened.

"Go ahead, Dr. Nadia!"

Nadia nodded and without hesitation, pressed the Fire Jar on the waist.

Feeling the intense burning pain from the fire on his waist and the distinct pulling sensation.

Coleman's eyes widened instantly.

His mouth just parted before he closed it urgently, biting hard on his molars.

Even a moment's delay.

A cry of pain would echo in the suite.

Nadia beside him didn't pause, continuing to speak earnestly.

"Duke Coleman, a total of six Fire Jars are required for effective treatment."

Coleman forced a smile, "Dr. Nadia, just proceed."

"What could a Fire Jar possibly feel like?"

Nadia gave no reply, lighting the paper inside the Fire Jar once more.

Watching Nadia prepare to press the Fire Jar on his body again, Coleman's eyes widened.

Fortunately, the suite was somewhat dim.

Otherwise, the grimace on his face would surely be noticed by Nadia.

As Coleman forced himself to endure.

The application of six Fire Jars finally completed.

Coleman involuntarily opened his mouth, breathing heavily.

Nadia reminded him, "Duke Coleman, the Fire Jars contain some medicinal powder, it will take ten minutes for the effects to enter your body before they can be removed."

"Only then, can the treatment be effective."

"During this ten-minute wait, I'll begin a localized massage from your hands and arms..."

Coleman's brow arched instantly.

Compared to the Fire Jar treatment.

A full-body massage from Nadia was what he anticipated most.

Chapter 790: You Can Be Even Bolder

Under the scrutiny of Coleman Cangyu's gaze.

Nadia took out a small porcelain bottle, opened the lid, and slowly poured it with her right hand.

A stream of nearly transparent liquid flowed from the porcelain bottle, landing in Nadia's fair left hand.

As the transparent liquid appeared,

a fragrance more intense than the spices burning in the incense burner continuously swirled in the suite.

It was like lavender, yet like rosemary.

While pondering in his mind, Coleman heard Nadia explain with a calm voice.

"Duke Coleman, this is lavender essential oil made by soaking lavender in oil."

"Using it for auxiliary massage can moisturize the skin, enhance treatment effects through skin absorption, relieve pain, and relax muscles."

Watching Nadia's moist red lips continuously open and close, Coleman responded.

"No problem, Dr. Nadia."

Nadia reminded, "Then I will begin, Duke Coleman, please forgive my intrusion."

As the words fell,

Nadia bent down and slowly sat on a small wooden chair beside Coleman.

Her hands rubbed against each other repeatedly.

In this way, the lavender oil in her hands was spread more evenly.

At the same time,

also making her hands warmer.

After half a minute,

Nadia reached out her hands and gently held Coleman's right hand.

She then began a rhythmic and purposeful massage.

Feeling the warm, comfortable, and soft touch, Coleman's eyebrow lifted slightly.

Is this what it feels like to touch Dr. Nadia's hands?

Softer than he imagined.

However,

Coleman said nothing, his eyes simply locked onto Nadia.

Watching Nadia wholeheartedly massage his palm and arm.

Watching Nadia's delicate and fair face.

Watching as Nadia's arm movements caused that full and round curve in front to sway back and forth.

Watching as Nadia's curve became increasingly prominent behind her from sitting on the wooden chair, almost bursting out.

And feeling the comfort from his body and arms.

Coleman lay with complete enjoyment on the wooden chair, gently closing his eyes.

Nadia's gentle voice softly reminded him in his ear.

"Duke Coleman, if you're tired, just rest for a while."

Coleman did not open his eyes, only replied softly.

Uncertain how much time had passed,

Coleman slowly opened his heavy eyelids.

Looking up at the unfamiliar ceiling.

And feeling the surface he was lying on, which clearly wasn't the lounge.

With a start, Coleman sat up with sudden awareness.

His eyes scanned around quickly.

He found himself in a room both unfamiliar and familiar.

The familiar decorative style, the familiar scent, and the familiar déjà vu...

Coleman realized he was still in Duke Cangyu's Castle.

However,

he forgot which room this was.

But soon,

his mind was filled with puzzling thoughts.

Wasn't Nadia treating him with the Fire Jar and massage?

Did it end so quickly?

Why wasn't he awakened and brought to a room?

Where did Dr. Nadia go?

Full of confusion, Coleman pondered.

Suddenly, a sound of rippling water came from behind a nearby door.

Splash~ Splash~

Like a hand stirring the water, continuously falling.

He was very familiar with such sounds,

having often watched maids frolic in hot water in the bathtub.

Was someone bathing behind the door?

Perhaps from sleeping too long, Coleman's mind was filled with dizziness.

This dizziness was peculiar, not unpleasant or uncomfortable.

Instead, more like the light-headed joy after a little too much to drink, a very pleasant feeling.

Standing up from the bed, Coleman walked slowly towards the nearby closed door.

As he was about to reach for it, perhaps due to a draft,

the closed door swung open on its own.

The scene outside the door gradually came into Coleman's view.

In the center of the suite's living room, illuminated by oil lamp and candlelight, stood a large bathtub.

Within the tub, a fair figure was soaking.

Perhaps because of the steam from the hot water in the tub, it lightly misted the exquisite face of that fair figure.

Under the glow of light, it sparkled with a crystal sheen.

As the arms continuously raised and lowered, droplets of water fell from the air, splashing into the tub's surface.

Creating a crisp sound of water splashes.

Meanwhile,

the rounded and fair curves at the front shimmered mysteriously beneath the veiling steam.

The cascade of long hair was casually let down.

Either soaking in the water or draped over the body...

This fair figure was, of course, Nadia Griffin.

Coleman, stepping out of the room, took in such a scene.

His Adam's apple moved, and he couldn't help but swallow.

Nadia in the bathtub also noticed Coleman.

However, she showed no fear or shock.

Instead, with a smile, she extended an invitation to Coleman.

"Duke Coleman, you fell asleep during your treatment."

"To ensure you slept comfortably, I brought you back to the room."

"Now... would you like to join me for a soak?"