

System 821

Chapter 821: Patricide for Power (2)

Getting closer to supreme power and status!

Thinking of this.

A fervent glow appeared in Simo's eyes.

He must return to Kakasong City as soon as possible to settle this matter as Lynn requested.

If too much time passes, Lynn may become unwilling to pay tithing.

With limited military power, he cannot impose military sanctions on Lynn.

The only thing he can do is hindrance in commercial transactions and moral condemnation...

However.

These actions are utterly inconsequential to Lynn.

The carriage speedily traveled along the red brick road between the grassy wasteland, heading towards the forest and Outpost Fortress ahead.

The soldiers at the Outpost Fortress, full of vigilance, opened the barriers and iron spike traps.

Allowing them to bypass the Outpost Fortress, enter the forest, and leave the area.

...

In the expansion area of the Mutated Wild Boar Farm.

Lynn held a red brick in his left hand and a plastering knife in his right, absorbed in wall construction.

[Construction Experience +1]

[Construction Experience +1]

[Construction Experience +1]

...

Little by little, the experience continued to increase.

Perhaps because these construction workers, with ongoing constructing.

Practice makes perfect.

The constructions of several Forest Pig farms also saw rapid improvement in speed.

Until dusk.

Lynn finally put down the plastering knife, coming to the edge of the expansion site.

He drank large gulps of mint tea prepared from the kitchen.

While observing the progress of the farm expansion.

At the current construction efficiency, perhaps in less than twenty days, the five Mutated Wild Boar Farms could be put into use.

However.

The number of forest pigs is limited now, so there's no rush.

Lynn glanced at the distant setting sun.

Instructed the guard to inform Jode and the construction workers that they could finish for the day.

Lynn stepped ahead, returning to the town.

The golden light scattered on the land like tiny flecks of gold.

On the vast green plants.

On the gray-tiled tops of each red brick house.

On the faces of simple and smiling townsmen.

Coupled with the smoke drifting from chimneys in town.

And the air filled with the faint scent of soil and budding flowers of crops...

Made Lynn feel a strong visual joy and sense of relaxation.

He couldn't help opening his mouth, comfortably breathing in the fresh air.

Before nightfall.

Lynn returned to Lord's Square.

He habitually sat on a long bench, watching the townsmen continuously returning.

Some townsmen, having finished dinner, came to Lord's Square on leisurely strolls.

Upon seeing Lynn, they cast reverent gazes.

Among these people were recent arrivals to Lynn Territory, Free People from Morgan Town, and Peasants from Frank Manor.

On being forcibly brought by Lynn.

They naturally had unease and panic.

Especially the Free People from Morgan Town.

Even after establishing various labor contracts with different Manor Lords.

They still retained the rights they deserved as Free People.

However.

What they never expected was.

The lord's territory they came to, both work and life were so leisure and comfortable.

As long as they worked diligently, they could acquire food, get new red brick houses furnished with furniture!

Even when it's not completely dark.

They could finish work, return to town, have dinner, and enjoy their free time!

This kind of life was unimaginable to them before coming to Master Lynn's territory.

Even hearing such rumors, it would be the same.

Their mindset has already been subtly transformed into mere work tools by past experiences.

During the time they've lived on Master Lynn's territory.

They finally felt.

What personal time truly meant to them.

What life truly meant.

Watching the townsmen with rapidly rising loyalty.

Lynn nodded slightly in response.

Not only these townsmen before him.

Lynn opened the Resident Information Column and took a look.

Nearly all the townsmen's loyalty was rapidly increasing.

Including some Blade Wind Corps mercenary prisoners, and Free People soldiers recruited from Frank Manor!

Even.

Some soldiers who have lived long in Frank Manor.

These people have been thoroughly integrated into the living and working mode of the territory under the townsmen's assimilation.

Next time he recruits soldiers to expand the army.

He can completely choose from among these people.

Because, whether Free People or mercenaries.

Their physical fitness far exceeds that of Peasants.

Given the same training time, their combat ability will naturally be stronger than Peasants.

As of now.

He has no further thoughts of expanding the army.

The soldiers and guards in the territory have already reached four thousand two hundred!

Currently.

The entire territory's residents are only about twenty-two thousand.

One must know.

All soldiers and guards on his territory are completely on full duty!

Daily food consumption is sustained through the continuous food deliveries by external traders.

If not for some food stored by Morgan Town residents and the grain in Frank Manor's warehouse.

Otherwise.

He truly couldn't supply food consumption for the existing twenty-two thousand residents in the territory!

His current thought is to wait for the planted grains to be harvested.

Chapter 822: Patricide for Power _3

After possessing a large storage of grain.

Then consider further military expansion.

Only when the warehouse has enough grain.

Dare he recruit soldiers on a large scale to enhance the military power of the territory.

Otherwise.

When the grain runs out, it will be the day the soldiers and townsmen riot on the territory.

Temporarily suppressing the thoughts in his heart.

Lynn got up from the bench and returned to the castle.

He passed through the town, walked along the red brick road, and returned to the castle.

Kuisi had already prepared today's dinner and was waiting.

...

Night fell.

Enveloping the entire world.

Praying Wind City.

In Duke Cangyu's Castle.

Wearing a thin silk embroidered robe, Coleman walked.

Slowly stepping down from the third floor.

Compared to the previous vigor.

At this moment, he was like a wilted eggplant.

His right hand gripping the stair railing, each step becoming cautious.

Afraid that a careless misstep might cause him to roll down the stairs.

Mica, who was walking from the bottom of the stairs, saw Coleman's movements and hurriedly approached.

With words full of respect: "Father, let me help you!"

Looking at Mica's outstretched arm.

Coleman raised his eyebrow, intending to reach out for support.

Something flashed through his mind, and he reproached impatiently.

"Presumptuous!"

"When has this Duke ever needed help to descend stairs?"

Hearing Coleman's rebuke, Mica was filled with terror.

He quickly replied: "Father, you misunderstood."

"Mica only wishes to do small tasks within his capability for father."

Seeing Mica bent, head down, trembling.

Coleman snorted coldly.

"Small tasks within your capability?"

"Is that really the case?"

The terror on Mica's face intensified.

His legs gave way, and he knelt before Coleman, speaking earnestly.

"Father, Mica admits his background is poor, and only with father's approval could he enter the Duke's Castle."

"To live a life without worry in the Duke's Castle is already a great blessing."

"Naturally, I dare not hope for more!"

Listening to Mica's words, Coleman coldly said: "It's good you understand."

"Were it not for the Duke's blood running through you, you'd be the child of a harlot."

"Even if you survived, you'd be sold as a peasants' wretch."

Mica's head bowed lower, almost touching the ground.

Coleman ignored Mica, stepping forward down the stairs.

Unnoticed by Coleman.

Mica's fists clenched tightly, turning white and pale.

Nails dug deeply into his palms.

Streams of blood slowly flowed from the wounds...

Descending the stairs, Coleman reached the first floor of the castle.

Turning past several corridor corners, he arrived at a suite with closed double wooden doors.

Coleman adjusted his silk robe, raised his right hand, and knocked on the doors.

Knock knock~

The clear sound echoed through the corridor.

Coleman coughed lightly, clearing his throat, and spoke.

"Dr. Nadia, this is Coleman, time for my treatment."

After a few seconds of silence.

Dr. Nadia's response came from behind the door.

"Duke Coleman, please come in, the door is unlocked."

With Nadia's reply, Coleman's eyes lit up and he answered.

"Alright, I'll come in now."

He reached out with both hands, slowly pushing the door open.

Familiar with the way inside, he entered the suite, locking the doors behind him.

Having done all this.

Coleman glanced around the suite.

Just like during previous visits.

The suite was dim.

Only a few lamps flickered faintly on the walls.

On the heavy walnut table was an exquisite incense burner.

Thin wisps of smoke floated out gently from the incense burner.

After just a few sniffs, Coleman felt an inexplicable comfort and relaxation.

He had once asked Nadia about it.

Nadia had told him it was a flower processed into an aroma that aids sleep.

But that wasn't the key.

The key was during the last treatment.

This heavy, spacious walnut table was the battlefield for Coleman and Nadia's passionate encounter.

That memory remained vivid.

As Coleman scanned the room, not seeing the figure he longed for.

He couldn't help but ask: "Dr. Nadia?"

After a moment, Nadia's gentle voice sounded from the depths of the suite.

"Duke Coleman, I'm in the room, please come in."

"Today's treatment is mainly on the bed!"

Upon hearing, Coleman's eyebrows raised instantly.

His mind conjured strange images.

Coleman responded: "Alright, coming now."

He stepped toward Nadia's room.

After a few steps, Coleman reached the doorway of the room.

Filled with anticipation, he gently pushed the door open.

The next moment.

A slender and graceful figure burst into Coleman's eyes.

The candlelight draped her skin like silk.

Her skin was dazzlingly white, pure as fresh snow.

Her arms rounded, no excess fat, lines fluidly extended to her slender wrists.

Chapter 823: Patricide for the Throne (4K)

Despite Nadia being clad in a thin silk robe,

it still couldn't hide her voluptuous, curvaceous body.

At this moment, Nadia, her knees bent, was kneeling on the large bed, and the rounded shape of her back was enough to set one's imagination ablaze.

Observing Nadia's kneeling posture,

Coleman's breathing accelerated.

He recalled that it wasn't the first time he had seen and enjoyed Nadia's body.

Yet every time he beheld it again, it gave him a strong visual impact.

He couldn't help but want to rush over, pin her beneath him, and fiercely lash out.

To extinguish the desire burning within him!

Nadia looked at Coleman standing at the door and smiled, saying,

"Duke Coleman, come in."

"Next, we'll proceed with a full-body muscle massage."

"It would be more convenient to do it while lying on the bed."

Coleman nodded and agreed, "Okay, Dr. Nadia, we'll do as you suggest."

Coleman walked into the room with measured steps,

his eyes fixed straight on Nadia's body, which was without a trace of excess flesh.

Nadia wasn't bothered by the desire-filled gaze from Coleman.

With Nadia's gentle support, Coleman laid prone on the large bed.

Just as Coleman was about to ask about the upcoming treatment,

a comfortable softness was felt on his back.

Nadia, who sat lightly on his back, spoke gently,

"Duke Coleman, I will now begin massaging your head, moving to your neck, shoulders, back, and limbs, providing a comprehensive massage therapy."

"There might be some discomfort during the process, so please bear with it."

Feeling the smooth, soft, warm, and comforting sensation on his back, Coleman's brows lifted as he replied,

"Of course, Dr. Nadia, you may begin."

Even though he couldn't see Nadia's expression at the moment,

he could still hear what seemed to be a hint of amusement in Nadia's words.

"Duke Coleman, if you feel tired, you can rest for a bit while lying down."

Coleman simply responded with a sound.

Sitting astride behind Coleman, Nadia extended her hands to his head, beginning a relaxing massage.

Nadia's massage technique was excellent,

skillful and rhythmic.

So much so that the already somewhat weary Coleman slowly closed his eyes, enjoying the massage from Nadia.

Unconsciously,

a slightly heavy snore sounded from Coleman's mouth.

Sitting on Coleman's back, Nadia did not stop her massage movements.

From the head to the neck, to the shoulders...

Until more than half an hour later.

Nadia stepped off the large bed, looking at the still-sleeping Coleman.

She spoke softly, "My lord Duke, you may continue to rest."

Coleman, lying on the large bed with his eyes closed, made no movement or response.

Nadia said no more, stepping out of the room.

Crossing the suite, Nadia arrived at the double doors that were locked from inside.

With a motion of her hand, Nadia unlocked the door.

With a movement, she pulled open the tightly closed room door.

A tall, burly figure immediately came into Nadia's view.

Standing in the doorway, the burly figure didn't cause Nadia any confusion or fear.

Instead,

her face remained calm,

as if she had long known that Mica would be waiting at the door.

Nadia glanced at Mica before her and spoke in a calm tone,

"He's asleep in the room."

Mica responded with a sound.

Without any unnecessary words, he took large strides and headed straight for the room.

Walking through the dimly lit suite living room, Mica arrived at the doorway to the room.

With a flick of his hand, he pushed open the slightly ajar door.

Prone on the bed, sleeping Coleman came into Mica's view.

Looking at Coleman, Mica's eyes were full of turmoil and apprehension.

A few seconds later,

his mouth slightly opened, letting out a breath.

As if making a decision, he stepped toward the bed where Coleman lay.

After a few steps,

Mica stood beside Coleman.

He slightly bent his body, whispering to Coleman, "Father, the massage is over. Do you need me to escort you back to your bedroom?"

Coleman, lying on the large bed, didn't respond at all.

Mica bent even lower, continuing to speak to Coleman, "Father, wake up, it's getting late."

Seeing that Coleman still made no movement,

Mica's eyelids narrowed slightly, his right hand slowly moved, and his fingers touched the hilt of a dagger at his waist.

Mica's voice gradually turned cold, "Father, if you don't wake up, I will send you on your way..."

With those words,

Mica abruptly drew the dagger from his waist.

After a sharp metallic scrape, under the candlelight,

that dagger, only ten centimeters long,

stabbed directly into Coleman's back on the large bed, piercing into his chest.

One stab, Mica seemed unsatisfied.

He yanked it out and stabbed into Coleman's body again.

After stabbing and withdrawing three or four times, Coleman, lying on the large bed, was already lying in a pool of blood.

One gush of fresh blood after another flowed from his body,

soaking through the bedsheets and mattress, flowing down the edges...

Throughout the whole process,

Coleman on the large bed didn't make any sound.

Seeing the bloody scene before him, Mica's breathing became rapid.

Chapter 824: Patricide for the Throne (Part 1)

The already tense face now revealed excitement and fierceness.

He looked at Coleman's corpse and couldn't help but grin.

"Haha~haha~"

"So what if you're a whore's son?"

"Having no title, so what?"

"As long as you're dead, I, with the bloodline of the Cangyu Clan, am the only heir to the title!"

"From now on, I am Duke Cang!"

"Haha..."

Immersed in excitement, Mica didn't notice at all the doorway of the room.

Nadia was watching him with a cold expression.

Suddenly.

A cold voice sounded from the dark corner of the room.

"You think you can become Duke Cangyu?"

Upon hearing this unfamiliar yet familiar voice.

Mica instantly woke up from his surprise and excitement.

He quickly turned his head and looked over.

Only to see in the dark corner.

A man whose features and body shape were exceptionally familiar to Mica, standing there.

As the man stepped forward into the range of the candlelight.

Mica finally saw the man's face clearly.

His eyes contracted, and he backed away in fear.

Because of excessive fear, he stood unsteadily and fell directly to the ground.

The man in the darkness was none other than Coleman Cangyu!

Mica's gaze wandered between the Coleman on the bed that he had killed and the Coleman who walked out of the dark corner.

Incredulous words came from his mouth.

"What...what's going on?"

"I...I clearly already killed you!"

As soon as he spoke.

Mica immediately thought of something, his eyes turned, looking at Nadia at the doorway.

Mica questioned angrily: "Nadia?"

"The order from His Highness Mitchell was for you to assist me in eliminating Coleman Cangyu!"

"What do you mean by this?"

"Did you betray His Highness Mitchell?"

Nadia standing at the doorway remained calm.

She spoke plainly: "Nadia will never betray His Highness Mitchell."

On Mica's face, anger emerged.

"Then what on earth is happening?"

"His Highness Mitchell clearly promised me that as long as I killed Coleman, he would support me in acquiring the title of Duke Cangyu."

"As long as I obtain the title, I can mobilize the entire Feiyu Army to support His Highness Mitchell."

"Isn't this the agreement we reached?"

Nadia directly ignored Mica on the ground, turned to Coleman, and spoke.

"Duke Coleman, the subsequent matters belong to your family affairs, I think I'll leave it to you to handle on your own?"

Coleman, full of indifference, responded.

"No problem."

"Please have Dr. Nadia convey to His Highness Mitchell..."

"In the upcoming battle for imperial authority, as soon as His Highness orders, the Feiyu Army will turn into a sharp blade, piercing the enemy's heart!"

Nadia nodded in satisfaction.

"Duke Coleman, from now on, your diagnosis is complete, I'll be leaving first."

Coleman waved his hand to signify.

Nadia did not linger.

Picking up the hooded cloak hung on the standing coat rack, she stepped out of the suite.

Mica on the ground saw this, trying to get up while calling out to Nadia's back.

"Nadia, what do you mean by this?"

However.

Before Mica could stand, a powerful right foot kicked him hard in the abdomen.

Under this fierce kick, his body rolled towards the bed.

Ultimately, he collided with the edge of the bed.

Near the bed, Mica endured the pain, wanting to stand up, catching sight of the corpse lying on the bed.

Until now.

Mica realized that the man's corpse on the bed was clearly different from Coleman.

But.

At the moment he entered the room earlier, his mind immediately identified this man as Coleman Cangyu!

Coleman's cold snort sounded, "Still asking what it means?"

"You, a waste birthed by a whore, still want to kill your father to ascend and become the new Duke Cangyu?"

"Are you worthy?"

...

As Nadia walked out of the room.

She brushed past several Feiyu Soldiers in leather armor rushing toward the diagnostic room.

Even though she was now wearing the hooded cloak.

All over, only half of her face was exposed.

But none of the passing soldiers wanted to stop her for questioning.

Nadia strode out of the castle's main hall, into the open-air courtyard.

A luxurious carriage pulled by four horses was already waiting in the courtyard.

On the carriage were notable insignias.

There was a giant long spear, gilded!

Nadia stepped towards the luxurious carriage.

With the coachman's assistance, she climbed aboard and entered the carriage.

The coachman returned to his seat to drive the horses.

He raised the reins in his hand, urging the four warhorses towards the Duke Cangyu's Castle's exit.

Seeing the robust figure seated in the carriage.

Nadia spoke with respect.

"Your Highness."

Seeing Nadia seated beside him on the leather bench.

Mitchell asked her, "Is everything done?"

Nadia nodded in response, "Done."

"Coleman Cangyu expressed gratitude for you exposing the traitor Mica."

"In future battles for imperial authority, he will pledge allegiance to you."

Mitchell nodded, "Very well done."

Nadia seemed somewhat puzzled, she frowned and asked.

"Your Highness, wasn't the initial plan to eliminate Coleman Cangyu and let Mica Cangyu become the duke?"

Chapter 825: Patricide for Power (Part 1)

"Thus, gaining the allegiance of Duke Cangyu and the support of military power?"

Mitchell sighed and replied, "Yes."

"The original plan was to use your special ability to overexert Coleman's body, weakening his physical functions."

"In this way, Mica, the sole heir with the Cangyu family's bloodline, would legitimately inherit the title of Marquis Cangyu."

Nadia nodded slightly in response.

Mitchell continued, "However, both you and I overlooked one point."

"Coleman Cangyu's authority and prestige in the entirety of the Duke's realm."

"Only Coleman can command the Feiyu Army of the Cangyu Clan!"

"The other lords in the Duke's realm will only respond to Coleman's summons!"

Nadia understood the implication of Mitchell's words.

She took up the topic and continued, "That is to say, even with my help, if Coleman dies a natural death and Mica inherits the Duke's title by succession."

"You would still be unable to gain the military support of the entire Duke's realm!"

Mitchell responded, "Although some changes occurred to the planned course."

"Fortunately, the result is the same."

"I still gained the allegiance and military support of Duke Cangyu."

Nadia nodded slightly.

Mitchell shifted his tone, "Moreover, I think this is the best outcome now."

"Although Coleman is cunning and wants to act as a fence-sitter in the imperial power struggle."

"He would join whichever side has the higher odds of victory..."

"Compared to Mica, who was raised by a courtesan, with ambition but lacking corresponding strength."

"Coleman is much stronger!"

"Moreover."

"A person who can kill his own father without a change in expression to gain a title."

"Who knows if one day he'll turn around and betray his owner?"

Nadia remained silent.

Mitchell's focus from beginning to end has been on how to obtain the support and allegiance of Duke Cangyu.

As for the discarded Mica, Mitchell cared nothing for what would become of him later.

She knew, in front of the present Mitchell Carolin.

There are no absolute enemies, only absolute interests!

No matter what kind of grievances or contradictions existed before.

As long as they could help him, anyone who joined his front could become his friend!

Because interests determine everything!

Mitchell was naturally unaware of Nadia's current inner thoughts.

But.

Even if he knew, he wouldn't care at all.

Feeling the bumping of the carriage in motion, Mitchell spoke to himself.

"Of the Three Great Dukes, both Duke Heiyao and Duke Cangyu have already stated willingness to join my ranks."

"But compared to the enormous Red Dragon Riders owned by Duke of Red Dragon, our strength seems still lacking!"

At this, Mitchell's words appeared somewhat wistful.

"What kind of power and charm does that damn Caesar have."

"To make Duke of Red Dragon follow him so devotedly?"

Nadia, next to him, explained.

"The intelligence I exchanged from my colleagues in the Rose Corps is..."

"Duke of Red Dragon plans to marry his granddaughter to Caesar, as his legitimate wife."

Mitchell raised an eyebrow, "Legitimate wife?"

"Caesar is already married, and his current legitimate wife is the daughter of Ruel Lawson, the Prime Minister of Charlemagne VI's Privy Council!"

"Is Caesar going to divorce his current wife to gain the support of Duke of Red Dragon?"

Nadia replied, "Caesar has already clearly agreed."

Mitchell's lips curled up, "Interesting."

"In such a way, the Prime Minister of the Privy Council, Ruel Lawson, becomes a figure that can be wooed!"

"Although Ruel Lawson has no military power, his eloquence is remarkable."

"He could be brought over to become my personal lobbyist."

Thinking of this.

Mitchell spoke to the coachman outside the carriage.

"Return to Triumph City!"

The coachman promptly replied, "Yes, Your Highness."

Under the coachman's urging, the carriage exited the gates of Praying Wind City.

After driving a few miles, a troop of cavalymen, stationed in a nearby forest, emerged.

They marched in neat formation, following behind the carriage.

Even though it was now nighttime.

It was still possible to make out the extended silhouettes of the cavalry by the moonlight.

Fully armed, wearing standard plate armor, with iron helmets and their horses clad in horse armor!

Their numbers were over three thousand!

...

In the blink of an eye.

Seven days passed.

Lynn spent all his time on the expansion of the Mutated Wild Boar Farm daily.

With a thought, Lynn opened the Heavenly Artifacts panel and took a glance.

[Construction: Level 3 (646/1000)] (+)

After seven continuous days of effort, he had only managed to increase his skill experience just over halfway.

The difficulty in further improving the skill level was visibly increasing.

However.

Lynn was not in a hurry.

As long as he had enough time, as long as he persistently continued.

Maxing out the Nine Great Skills would only be a matter of time.

Taking it step by step, slowly, was enough.

He worked from morning until the afternoon before finally leaving the expansion area of the farm.

Before leaving, he took a glance at the progress of the expansion.

Another six to seven days would be enough to complete the construction.

After that.

It would just need Flint to engrave and empower the small magic array at the farm, then it could be put into operation.

Returning to the town.

Lynn headed straight to the Handicraft Workshop District.

Upon arriving at the Textile Workshop.

He saw soldiers, under Rose's organized leadership.

Putting on the components of composite armor they were standing on.

Last night, while having dinner.

Kuisi had reported the progress of the Textile Workshop's production to him.

Today, the Textile Workshop could deliver three hundred sets of composite armor.

As he was observing the soldiers, Rose's gaze shifted, spotting Lynn in the distance.

He quickly stepped forward, walking briskly toward Lynn.

Coming before Lynn, Rose bent down and spoke respectfully, "Master!"

Lynn simply acknowledged and continued observing the soldiers donning the armor.

Lynn could clearly see the obvious joy and excitement on the soldiers' faces.

However.

Lynn thought it was reasonable upon reflection.

Only soldiers clad in steel armor would be considered qualified soldiers!

After observing for a while.

Lynn turned his gaze to Rose and asked.

"How's the training of the first batch of a thousand soldiers going?"

Rose responded without hesitation, "Master, they've initially completed the most basic instruction, weapons, and physical training."

"After you've assigned them, Master, they can proceed with specialized training."

Lynn nodded, "Very well done."

Rose bowed his head slightly, "Master, you flatter me."

"Because of your trust, you appointed me as the instructor of all the soldiers."

"It is my honor to train soldiers for you."

Chapter 826: The Soldier's Mission

Lynn pondered for a moment, then continued speaking to Rose,

"From these thousand people, assign three hundred to Wesley, to expand the scale of the archers."

"Assign another two hundred to join Red's territory guards to maintain order within the territory."

"The remaining five hundred will continue training under your leadership."

"Wait until there are enough warhorses and then train them as cavalry."

Before guns and cannons are developed and produced on his territory,

archers remain the most effective long-range killing weapon.

Upon hearing this, Rose slightly bowed and responded, "Yes, Master!"

Lynn acknowledged with a nod.

After giving Rose a few more instructions, he left the textile workshop.

Walking through the handicraft workshop district, Lynn passed by one workshop after another.

Whether it was the blacksmith workshop, carpentry workshop, or bow and arrow workshop, and so on.

All the workers were diligently working at their respective stations.

Forging iron, producing armor plates and weapons.

Processing grooves, producing large siege engines...

Even so.

Lynn walked past them from behind with Red and a few guards.

They did not react at all.

Lynn observed Jose's bow and arrow workshop for a moment.

Just as he was about to leave, Jose emerged from deep within the workshop and, seeing Lynn's back, quickly ran up to him.

"Master, my Lord."

Upon hearing the voice coming from behind, Lynn, who had not yet stepped out the door, stopped in his tracks.

Some of the apprentices working around, upon hearing Jose's shout,

curiously began to look around.

When they saw Lynn's unfamiliar yet familiar face, their eyes were filled with admiration.

Coming up to Lynn, Jose bowed slightly and spoke respectfully.

"Master, it's fortunate you visited the workshop, so I don't need to bother you and waste your time."

Lynn glanced at Jose's handlebar mustache and inquired.

"Do you have something to report to me?"

Jose nodded in response and said directly, "Master, according to the Zhuge Crossbow and design blueprints you had previously instructed."

"The bow and arrow workshop has already produced thirty crossbows."

"Should they continue to be stored in the workshop's finished goods storage area, or what should be done with them?"

Lynn's eyebrows raised slightly.

Since he started instructing Jose and the apprentices in the bow and arrow workshop on making Zhuge Crossbows,

it had just been over a month or so.

Unexpectedly, thirty crossbows were produced so quickly.

Lynn replied, "For now, store them in the finished goods storage area. Later, I will notify Wesley to come and collect them."

Thirty crossbows—not too many, not too few.

Although it's not enough to form a large-scale rain of arrows attack,

Wesley can completely take the first batch of crossbows.

Have him start preliminary training with the soldiers just dispatched there.

Jose quickly responded, "Yes, Master."

Lynn praised Jose, "Foreman Jose, the production efficiency of this batch of crossbows is quite good."

Hearing Lynn's praise, Jose grinned, his handlebar mustache twitching slightly.

Jose shyly commented, "My Lord, you flatter me."

"The greatest credit still belongs to your excellent guidance!"

"Without your demonstration and drawn blueprints of the crossbow, I also wouldn't be able to lead these apprentices in production."

Lynn smiled, "Foreman Jose, there's no need to be modest."

"Here, doing well earns praise and rewards."

"If not done well, there will be penalties."

The shyness vanished from Jose's face as he nodded seriously.

Lynn continued, "However, Foreman Jose."

"The quantity of thirty Zhuge Crossbows is still too few."

"Just now, I redeployed three hundred soldiers to Wesley's command, becoming archers."

"I hope you can quickly produce three hundred Zhuge Crossbows and form a team of crossbowmen for me!"

Jose's eyebrows instantly shot up in surprise.

"Three hundred!"

Lynn nodded, "As an experienced bow maker, I believe Foreman Jose understands the difference between Zhuge Crossbows and standard longbows."

Jose responded, "Standard longbows have a simple crafting process, but it takes a long time to train archers to use them."

"There's no shortcut in training, only practice makes perfect."

"The Zhuge Crossbow production process is complex, but the operation is simple."

"As long as one understands the operation principle, a month of training at most, and they can use it proficiently."

Lynn looked at Jose approvingly, "That's correct."

"Simply put, the existence of the Zhuge Crossbow shifts the training time of crossbowmen onto your bow and arrow workshop."

"By relying on production techniques to reduce crossbowmen's training time, they can quickly form a combat-ready squad."

It's not just Zhuge Crossbows.

Some other tools follow the same logic.

By leveraging technological progress, reducing investment and labor costs.

Freeing up manpower from repetitive labor industries.

Then placing them in positions that require more labor.

This is why he spares no effort in striving to improve science and technology.

Listening to Lynn's explanation, Jose nodded seriously.

"I understand, my Lord."

"I will do my utmost to produce the remaining two hundred seventy crossbows."

Lynn acknowledged, "Very well, carry on."

Receiving Lynn's instructions, Jose wasted no more words.

Chapter 827: The Soldier's Mission (Part 2)

After bending slightly, he retreated.

Lynn glanced one more time at the Bow and Arrow Workshop before turning and leaving.

Whether archers or crossbowmen, the number of soldiers for long-range attacks has begun to increase.

Given that they are all clad in metal armor, naturally, the more soldiers there are for long-range attacks, the more formidable the combat power!

Just like Duke Cangyu, one of the Three Great Dukes of the Karedi Empire.

His Feiyu Army alone has tens of thousands of archers!

What does this mean?

You should know.

Even Kakasong City only has a population of fifty thousand.

Duke Cangyu alone has over ten thousand archers.

With such a terrifying number, if these archers perform mass volleys in batches.

The areas covered by their rain of arrows would surely darken the skies, obscuring daylight!

If the volleyed arrows are armor-piercing arrows.

Even enemy heavy cavalry or heavy infantry clad in standard armor would be buried beneath the rain of arrows!

Even if they can't completely annihilate the charging enemy forces.

At the very least, it would reduce nearly half of the enemy's effective power!

Only then, dispatch heavy cavalry, light cavalry, and infantry to wrap up.

A war can be easily won!

Of course.

Not all Lords can, like Duke Cangyu.

Maintain such a massive archery force!

First of all.

Duke Cangyu's territory is in the mountainous regions on the edge of the Alarde Forest.

Because the arable land area in his territory is limited.

The residents of the territory have always relied on hunting as the mainstay, and farming as a supplement for a living.

After countless generations of development, nearly everyone is skilled in hunting and archery.

Secondly.

Because they are adjacent to the Alarde Forest, they can cut down a large amount of timber suitable for producing longbows and arrows.

Moreover, due to the high demand for bows and arrows, the industry for producing bows and arrows is thriving, with many craftsmen engaged in bow and arrow production.

Providing Duke Cangyu with favorable conditions for recruiting archers and maintaining bows and arrows afterward.

Also because of this,

Even though Duke Cangyu's cavalry power is not as good as the other two Great Dukes.

He can still firmly hold the position of one of the Three Great Dukes of the Karedi Empire!

Naturally, Lynn does not hope to have tens of thousands of archers like Duke Cangyu.

But at the very least.

To weaken the enemy's effective power with long-range weapons!

Suppressing his thoughts for the moment.

He walked out of the Handicraft Workshop District.

Passing by one red brick house after another, Lynn arrived at the Lord's Square.

He happened to see Rose, leading the squad of soldiers clad in composite armor, heading out of the town.

The soldiers were lined up neatly, their black-gray armor glistening coldly under the sunlight.

As they marched, the armor parts constantly clashed and rubbed against each other.

Emitting waves of metallic clanging sounds.

Clang~ Clang~

Wherever the squad of soldiers passed, the working townsmen, hearing the sound, couldn't help but turn their heads.

When they saw the neat marching squad, their eyes were full of envy.

Among these townsmen, some had raised their hands when Rose was selecting soldiers.

However, because their physical strength was too weak and frail.

They missed the previous rounds of soldier selection.

Nonetheless.

It couldn't extinguish their inner desire to become soldiers and change their status.

Watching the squad of soldiers, leaving the town, gradually going further away.

Only then did Lynn retract his gaze and return to the castle.

It's still early.

Kuisi, serving as both the castle steward and territory steward, was not in the castle.

Passing through the castle's guest hall, Lynn came directly to the open-air balcony, leaning back on a wooden chair.

Lynn gazed far into the distance, admiring the view as the setting sun slowly descended on the horizon.

He had Red bring a bottle of gin.

Tasting it while pondering the future development of the territory in his mind.

Regarding daily life needs, the basic furniture needed for houses, linen clothing, wood, and anthracite for burning...

Glazed glass products fired, simple iron tools...

And so on.

He felt that he has provided everything for the townsmen.

As for some special needs, given the current single nature of the territory's production.

It's definitely impossible to meet them all.

It's an unavoidable reality.

Because the time of accumulation and precipitation for this territory is quite short.

Everything is developed towards large-scale production.

In his view, only by ensuring the daily life of residents, there can be more time and energy to consider the diversity of life.

As long as they eat and drink well every day, stay warm, and sleep soundly.

Even the simplest life would leave them content.

The population of the territory is now around twenty-two thousand.

Compared to other Lords or cities.

This number is not too many.

But it's important to know.

This town, this population.

Is accumulated bit by bit from a territory originally with only a wooden house crowded with three people!

Moreover.

Lynn believes he never let any of the Free People or Peasants who joined his territory go hungry.

Waiting for the barley and vegetables planted to be harvested.

He will accomplish the initial food self-sufficiency for this territory!

Chapter 828: The Soldier's Mission _3

Lynn performed an estimation of the farmland he currently possessed in his mind.

If all three hundred thousand mu were fully developed and a three-field system was used for crop rotation,

then two hundred thousand mu of farmland would be available for planting grain crops on the territory.

Taking the previously harvested barley yield as an example, the output per mu was one hundred and fifty pounds.

The two hundred thousand mu of farmland could produce thirty million pounds of barley each year!

Assuming the average daily grain consumption per person is three pounds,

that would be one thousand and ninety-five pounds annually.

This is enough to meet the grain consumption of twenty-seven thousand people for an entire year!

If the population on the territory continues to grow in the future,

he could easily develop the weed-infested wasteland between the watchtower and outpost fortress outside the territory.

He could continue to expand the planting scale and obtain more grain.

Furthermore,

as long as he could gain recognition from the Church to make all the land in Morgan Town belong to him,

he would have an even broader area of farmland for development and planting.

Even because of the previous Manor Lord, who had been engaged in planting,

he could directly save the step of developing a wasteland.

The combined area of these lands is beyond what he can estimate.

He has never worried about the area available for farming.

The most crucial point is,

the grain output he calculated is based only on the basic crop, barley!

If he possesses enough Energy Stones,

he could completely conduct [variety improvement] on these basic barley plantings!

By improving the quality of barley seeds to increase the yield per mu of barley!

Furthermore,

once he plants [Emperor Potatoes] and has more seeds,

he could plant [Emperor Potatoes] across the entire land!

How much yield would the [Emperor Potatoes] planted by Gavin and the farmers produce per mu,

is still unknown so far.

However, according to his previous memory,

even in fields with medium soil fertility and ordinary climate and sunlight conditions,

the potato yield per mu could reach one to two thousand pounds at least!

If the soil fertility is higher and the planting management techniques are more refined,

the yield per mu could even reach around four thousand pounds!

If his territory's farmland, the wasteland outside the territory, and all the farmland in Morgan Town

were all planted with [Emperor Potatoes],

how much grain could be produced at that time?

Even he couldn't calculate it in detail!

Lynn understood in his heart.

These lands will be the foundation of large-scale military recruitment, providing soldiers with a stable grain supply!

Thinking of this,

Lynn felt a sense of anticipation.

Having a stable grain source is just the most basic step in territory development.

If he wants to continue enhancing the territory's strength and increase development potential,

he must comprehensively improve the townsmen's knowledge level.

Only when the townsmen's knowledge level improves can the production efficiency on the territory rise.

The scientific and technological level on the territory can continue to advance.

Just like the current Blacksmith Workshop.

If all the Blacksmith Apprentices had a sufficiently high level of knowledge,

they could directly engage in forging production,

eliminating the need for them to transition from knowing nothing as ordinary people to Blacksmith Apprentices and then to real blacksmiths.

The best method is to establish technical schools corresponding to the job skills within the territory!

He could have the townsmen who come to the territory, after an initial allocation, directly enter the technical school.

He could have them specifically learn the corresponding skills!

To motivate them to work hard at learning skills, graduate as soon as possible, and enter the workforce,

he could use the stable three daily meals, Red Brick Houses, and various welfare benefits on the territory as incentives.

To gain these benefits, they must do their utmost to graduate from the corresponding technical school!

With these thoughts in mind,

Lynn made a decision.

Compared to before, relying on a few foreign scholars to teach the townsmen in the territory literacy and writing,

it was indeed a drop in the bucket!

To enhance the knowledge level of the townsmen, a reward and penalty system must be established.

Lynn picked up the gin on the coffee table and took a sip.

He pondered how to proceed in his mind.

The first thing to do,

obviously, is to establish corresponding technical schools.

Initially, they can be divided into textiles and weaving, metal processing, pottery and glazed glass production, carpentry, leather processing, food processing.

If there are other technologies in the future, they can be added.

For the corresponding job skills, two or three skilled blacksmiths or apprentices could be dispatched from the existing workshops as teaching instructors.

It is not necessary for them to teach overly complex technologies.

As long as they can meet the initial job requirements and be integrated into production,

they can be considered graduates from the technical school.

As for those who have not yet graduated,

they could be provided with basic accommodation conditions.

A simple wooden house could be built, and two meals of barley bread could be provided.

In this way,

it not only alleviates the massive grain consumption and Red Brick House residential demand after the influx of labor into the territory,

but also significantly boosts their labor enthusiasm!

Moreover, it allows them to become familiar with the lifestyle and work rhythm of the territory during their skill studies at the technical school.

A win-win situation!

As for later,

the territory will have a military merits system, and townsmen wanting to acquire their farmland must commit to labor.

According to the military merits system, they appear to have to labor for several years to accumulate one hundred points of military merit to exchange for one mu of land.

This seems like drawing a pie.

Chapter 829: The Soldier's Mission _4

But.

These townsmen, upon learning about the military merit system, found out that they need to work for several years to earn a hundred points of military merit.

Not only did they have no complaints, but they were more excited and incredulous.

Because to them.

Even if their Lord does not set up the military merit system or reward them with land.

They still need to be unwavering in their work.

Land is an unexpected joy, an extra reward!

Thoughts in Lynn's mind slightly shifted.

Apart from the townsmen engaged in these handicraft positions.

The children in the territory still need scholars and knights to guide them specially.

Teaching them professional management knowledge and the Seven Skills of the Knight to promote their comprehensive development.

Teaching them to abandon the shackles of old thoughts.

Teaching them humility, endurance, and obedience.

Also, telling them that to live better.

They can only rely on their own hands and keep striving.

Lynn even thought, if he had enough free time.

He was prepared to transcribe all the military books in his mind.

For example, The Art of War, Wu Zi's Art of War, Six Strategies, Sima's Military Art, Three Strategies, etc.

Using these as military textbooks for children.

Thereby cultivating a large batch of excellent military talents!

In Lynn's view, a person's energy is ultimately limited.

Even if he has the Heavenly Artifacts panel.

Through the Holographic Map, he can see everything developing in the territory.

But.

Not everything needs him to handle it.

Like the current Morgan Town.

It is extremely important to him!

On a strategic level.

As long as he continues to hold Morgan Town.

Relying on Frank Manor Castle, dispatching troops for garrison.

Building Frank Manor into the first garrison of the territory!

If there is an invasion from outside, Frank Manor Castle and Morgan Town can become the first line of defense for this territory!

As a buffer zone, to delay the enemy's offensive speed.

To gain time for the defense of his territory.

At the same time.

It can also serve as a management center to control the surrounding areas.

Responsible for patrolling, checkpoint inspection, maintaining order.

Controlling the flow of personnel and goods entering the town and territory.

This is extremely important for his territory.

His current territory is the core.

As long as his territory maintains stable development, there are unlimited possibilities.

Therefore.

He needs to establish various defensive works outside the territory.

Setting up layer upon layer of defense lines.

To ensure his territory won't suffer any attacks.

From an economic standpoint.

The vast land of Morgan Town can be used for large-scale agricultural production.

Perhaps the soil fertility is limited.

But it can still be used to plant various cash crops and crops.

Although, all the labor in Morgan Town has been brought back to his territory.

Now in Morgan Town, except for the soldiers stationed like Earl.

And a few merchants like Boer.

There's no one else in the Morgan Town area.

Even the previous Kent Village, due to bandit roaming and attacks, the townsmen in the village have long left.

However, the labor shortage in Morgan Town.

He wasn't too worried.

As long as he can obtain the Church's recognition, as long as Simo acknowledges at the Church ceremony that Morgan Town legitimately belongs to Lynn's territory.

Then.

He has various ways to recruit a large number of laborers.

In this world.

As long as there is enough land, there is never a need to worry about insufficient labor.

Finally.

It's the development on the military side!

Thinking of this, Lynn couldn't help but frown slightly.

His territory's development time is indeed too short.

So much so.

Now, he is continuously digging and mining the three major mineral veins.

The Glazed Workshop and Brewing Workshop serve as additional economic income industries, helping him gain wealth and goods from different merchants.

But.

He still cannot acquire the warhorses needed for cavalry through purchase!

The only merchant who can deliver warhorses to him is Alan.

Since Alan last came to his territory, it was early spring.

Now it's already late June.

Alan hasn't delivered Badan Warhorse to his territory for three or four months!

Without enough warhorses.

He cannot forge a steel torrent of armored cavalry that terrifies the enemy!

If given more time.

He could sign in, purchase and replace magic ore from Zod, build various special buildings.

And after empowering with breeding and training, forge a unique steel torrent.

But.

Compared to directly purchasing warhorses, it is indeed too complex.

Impossible to conduct large-scale purchases and replacements from merchants.

Only relying on hunting teams to go beyond the territory for hunting and capturing.

This method works.

The only drawback is that the efficiency is too slow.

As for other areas, there are also many affairs needing development.

But it can only be taken step by step, slowly.

While Lynn was pondering, a gentle reminder sounded from behind him.

"Master, dinner is ready, you can enjoy it now."

Hearing Kuisi's familiar voice behind him, Lynn instantly regained his senses.

Looking ahead, it was already completely dim and dark.

Even.

The bottle of Lexus Gin on the coffee table had been unknowingly consumed by him.

Chapter 830: A Soldier's Duty

Lynn responded, rose from the wooden chair, and walked towards the dining table in the guest hall.

Upon reaching the dining table, after Janet pulled back the main seat,

Lynn sat down unceremoniously.

Looking at the dishes placed on the table and inhaling the aroma that wafted to his nose,

Lynn said to Kuisi and Red, "Let's eat together."

Kuisi and Red exchanged a glance and sat down on either side of Lynn.

Seeing this, Janet's expression only slightly darkened.

Daring not to utter a word.

Using a clean serving spoon, she served a bowl of fish head soup for Lynn.

Only then did Kuisi sit down and began to report the day's territory progress to Lynn.

"Master, the Red Brick House residential area is still proceeding as usual."

"The townsmen on the weedy wasteland, under Gavin's leadership, are also cultivating methodically."

Lynn, after sipping a mouthful of fish soup, casually responded.

Waiting for Kuisi to continue her report.

"The production efficiency of fine salt at the Salt Factory has increased somewhat, and we can now produce four thousand pounds daily."

Seeing that Lynn had no questions, Kuisi continued.

"By the way, while you were away, Scholar Erin came looking for you."

"She said she has found several townsmen capable of reading and writing, who can act as her assistants in the Territory Court."

"She wants to know from you when the Territory Court will commence operation."

Swallowing the fish soup in his mouth, Lynn nodded and said,

"I understand, tomorrow I'll find Scholar Erin and discuss it with her in detail."

If it were merely about constructing a house, that would be simple enough.

But, to build something symbolic of the lord's authority like the Territory Court,

it must not be done carelessly.

Hearing this, Kuisi responded, "Yes, Master."

"Apart from these, everything else is proceeding normally."

Lynn responded, "Hmm, let's eat."

His gaze shifted, looking at Janet standing not far away.

"Prepare some hot water; I need to prepare for a bath."

Silently waiting, Janet stood, a slight look of surprise on her face.

In her mind, she recalled the scene last time of Lynn embracing her waist in the bathtub.

A blush instantly crept over her fair cheeks.

Seeing no response from Janet, Lynn continued,

"Janet?"

Hearing Lynn call her name, Janet snapped back to reality.

She stammered, "Lord... Master, I... I'll get right on it."

Not waiting for Lynn to speak, Janet bent slightly, took a few steps back, then quickly turned and hurried away.

And because of this,

Janet's high, rounded hips swayed constantly.

Lynn glanced at it briefly and then withdrew his gaze.

Several minutes passed.

After dinner, Lynn sat on the lord's throne to rest.

Across from the throne, Kuisi, accompanied by three or four maids, was tidying up the tableware.

As Lynn awaited Janet's preparation of hot water,

a sturdy figure ascended the stairs of the guest hall.

Each heavy step resounded in Lynn's ears.

Lynn looked up.

He saw Wesley, clad in composite armor, striding towards him.

Wesley took large steps to the base of the throne's stairs.

He bent slightly, saluting respectfully.

"Master!"

Lynn responded, "At ease."

"Wesley, tell me, how was the harvest from this hunting trip?"

Following Lynn's instruction, Wesley straightened.

He looked at Lynn and began to explain.

"Master, not to disappoint!"

Lynn's eyebrows raised, waiting for Wesley's continued account.

"This trip, I led out a hundred and fifty people in total."

"One hundred cavalry, forty infantry, and ten support staff."

"During this trip, we discovered a herd of wild boars!"

"After some effort, we captured a total of twenty wild boars!"

"However, unfortunately, six of the twenty wild boars are just a few months old."

Listening to Wesley's account, Lynn comforted him,

"There's nothing unfortunate about it."

"With proper feeding, the young boars will eventually grow up."

"Capturing twenty wild boars alive is quite impressive."

Wesley showed no sign of pride, his expression somewhat remorseful.

He opened his mouth to say, "Master, during the capture process..."

"A soldier was fatally gored in the chest by the tusk of an adult boar through a gap in the armor plate..."

Lynn's brow furrowed instantly.

He had considered the potential dangers soldiers could face when capturing wild boars.

However, he hadn't anticipated.

That even soldiers clad in composite armor might still lose their lives because of it.

Nonetheless.

Thinking of the fighting prowess of an adult wild boar, Lynn's frown slightly eased.

If they had opted to kill directly, such incidents likely wouldn't occur.

Evidently.

This was why Wesley chose to return to town overnight and report to him at the castle.

Lynn said solemnly, "Bury the fallen soldier as a warrior, honor his name on the stone slab under the Lord Statue."

"Inform his family that he was a warrior of this territory, a warrior of the Lord."

"And provide his family with compensation!"

As long as they are executing his commands, no matter the reason for their unfortunate demise,

he believes they can be viewed as warriors who sacrificed for the territory!

Bestowing them with the honor and rewards they deserve.

Only in this way,

won't his surviving soldiers, comrades, be disheartened because of it.