

System 881

Chapter 881: Celebrities of Kakasong City _2

Striding out from the Lord's Square, he headed towards a vast expanse of arable land in the distance.

He stood still in front of a crop that had grown to nearly a meter high.

Lynn's gaze swept over the scene ahead.

In the gentle breeze, the plants swayed continuously, resembling golden waves.

The air was filled with a rich and distinctive aroma of barley.

He slightly lowered his head to observe the robust stalks in front of him.

On the stalks, yellowing leaves loosely clung to them.

Strings of mature barley grains, akin to smooth pearls, were embedded in the ears of grain.

Thanks to Gavin and Wilbur, who led the farmers in dedicated care.

Fertilizing, pest control, and irrigation.

Coupled with the heavy plow cultivation and the warm environment of the Karedi Empire.

The barley he planted matured earlier than he anticipated.

The barley is mature.

For him, and for this land, it is good news!

If only this field of barley can be harvested.

At least for a short while, his territory would no longer need to worry about food shortages.

Afterwards.

No matter how expensive the market prices become or how scarce food becomes, it would not affect his territory!

Lynn stepped carefully along the limestone road between the fields, continuously scanning the barley on either side.

Soon, he realized.

The mature barley was just the winter barley planted last winter.

The spring barley planted this year was still in the grain filling stage.

The transition from the grain filling stage into maturity, waiting for the barley grains to fully develop, would take at least half a month.

This timing conveniently allowed the winter barley harvest to be staggered.

Waiting for the farmers to finish harvesting the winter barley, drying it in the sun, threshing, using the grain winnowing machine.

After screening and pest-proof treatment, the barley could be stored.

By then, it would be mid to late July, and the farmers could be engaged in the harvest of the spring barley.

As he walked along.

Lynn noticed that aside from the winter barley.

The onions, garlic, carrots, lettuce, and spinach that were planted had entered the harvest period.

Seeing these mature crops, Lynn felt a slight relief.

These were the results of his and the townsmen's collective hard work!

After making a round through the fields, Lynn approached the townsmen who were engaged in reclaiming wasteland.

Very soon.

Another issue surfaced in his mind.

He needed to arrange for the free people recruited from Kakasong City to harvest the crops planted in Morgan Town's lands.

Simultaneously.

He also had to arrange the townsmen in his territory to harvest the winter barley and other crops planted.

His territory held over fifty thousand acres of barley fields.

Morgan Town comprised a total of one hundred and twenty thousand acres of land.

Even if some forested hills and pasture lands were excluded, the area seeded with crops still amounted to eighty or ninety thousand acres!

Leaving aside Morgan Town.

The fifty thousand acres within his territory alone required a substantial labor force.

Lynn's mind whirled with ideas.

A solution emerged.

Wilbur, leading the farmers caring for the fields, had two thousand people.

Gavin was leading the townsmen engaged in cultivation, boasting three thousand individuals!

Three days hence, cultivation of wasteland would cease.

He could completely gather these five thousand individuals and deploy them into the imminent summer harvest!

Five thousand people harvesting fifty thousand acres of barley—it was enough labor.

Furthermore.

He needed to consider how to enhance the efficiency of the townsmen's barley harvesting!

Improving the townsmen's harvesting skills in a short period was virtually impossible.

The only possibility lay in the barley harvesting tools.

With an exploitable open-pit iron mine, six iron smelting furnaces, and a Blacksmith Workshop, along with a large number of blacksmith apprentices.

Especially after the demise of the five manors on Morgan.

His territory was hardly lacking in iron tools.

However, he could modify those traditional sickles.

In his mind, a new type of modified sickle—the serrated scythe—was clearly remembered.

A short handle, thin blade, lightweight, with a serrated edge, extremely sharp.

Perfectly suited for harvesting straw barley and similar stalk crops!

While Lynn pondered, he had reached a front of reclaimed farmland.

Three thousand townsmen, divided into different batches, were diligently working in the grassy wasteland.

Even though it was now afternoon with the blazing sun overhead.

They remained unremitting, wholeheartedly plunging into cultivation work.

Standing on the limestone road, Lynn glanced around.

Under Gavin's leadership, the range of reclaimed grassy wasteland was vast.

As far as he looked, he could hardly see the boundary.

During Lynn's patrol, Gavin ran over from the field ahead.

Coming before Lynn, Gavin wiped the sweat from his cheek, respectfully addressing him.

"Master."

Lynn glanced at Gavin.

Perhaps due to the daily sun exposure.

Compared to their last meeting, Gavin's skin had darkened significantly.

At this moment, his trousers and shoes were stained with dirt.

Lynn acknowledged Gavin's presence with a nod and asked, "It's just three days until the end of June."

"How is the progress on reclamation?"

Upon hearing this, Gavin swiftly explained, "Master, so far, we've reclaimed at least thirty-eight thousand acres of farmland."

"With three more days, we should be able to reclaim around forty thousand acres!"

Lynn's brows slightly lifted.

The initial task he assigned to Gavin was to reclaim at least thirty thousand acres of farmland.

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Afterwards, twenty thousand acres were used for planting peas, and ten thousand acres for planting pasture.

Now that June hasn't ended yet, Gavin has already exceeded the task!

Of course.

Besides Gavin's leadership and management.

A big reason is that there are more plow oxen in the territory.

With more plow oxen, using the wheel plow for cultivation, naturally more arable land can be opened up.

Lynn approvingly said, "Well done."

"For the next three days, continue cultivating, and it's best to cultivate forty thousand acres of farmland."

"Afterwards, assign them to Wilbur, and once the winter barley is harvested, start planting peas and pasture."

Gavin was just about to reply when he seemed to think of something.

He asked somewhat puzzled, "Master, should we assign all the townsmen to Wilbur?"

Lynn nodded, "Yes, let Wilbur manage them."

"I need to assign you to Morgan Town to lead the newly recruited free people to harvest all the crops there!"

Gavin bowed his head slightly, without any words, seemingly pondering something.

Lynn asked, "Gavin, if you have any questions, you can speak directly."

Gavin responded quickly upon hearing this, "Master, you misunderstood, Gavin has no questions."

"Gavin will act according to your instructions."

Lynn acknowledged, "Both you and Wilbur have been with me for a long time, and I have observed your performances."

"As townsmen under the lord, the lord's instructions are commands."

"I originally don't have to explain to you."

"However, I'm still willing to tell you the reasons."

Gavin listened intently.

Lynn explained, "In agricultural production, you and Wilbur are the townsmen most familiar and knowledgeable with the planting methods I taught."

"I trust your abilities!"

"This is also why I appointed you as foremen, to lead and teach those new arrivals to the territory."

"Agricultural production in the territory is important, and so is the production in Morgan Town."

"In this territory I possess, the land area available for cultivation is large, at least three hundred thousand acres."

"But this large area is only relative."

"As time goes on and the population in the territory increases, even if I continuously improve the planting techniques in agricultural production."

"The amount of food that can be produced from these three hundred thousand acres of farmland will ultimately have a limit."

Gavin was silent, only nodding in agreement.

What Master Lynn said was not complicated.

Lynn continued, "Thus, if the territory wants to support more population and have more labor force, it has to have more arable land!"

"Compared to the wasteland outside the city walls, which requires a lot of labor for reclamation."

"The land in Morgan Town, which is already in cultivation, is obviously more suitable."

"Of course, the distance between Morgan Town and the territory is quite far, potentially facing unknown dangers."

"This is an undeniable fact."

"But for the territory to continue to strengthen and survive in chaos, it has to take this risk."

Gavin shuddered suddenly.

He looked up, directly meeting Lynn's gaze, and declared firmly.

"Master, Gavin is willing to go to Morgan Town, even if it means death, I will not retreat!"

Lynn smiled helplessly, "Rest assured, even if I send you leading a group of farmers to Morgan Town."

"I will also arrange a cavalry team to go together to ensure your safety."

"Besides, Earl is still in Morgan Town at the moment."

Hearing this, Gavin couldn't help but let out a breath of relief.

He gratefully said, "Thank you, Master."

Lynn responded with a nod.

He dismissed Gavin, letting him continue leading the townsmen in the next wave of cultivation.

He strode back towards the small town.

With the matters of harvesting in the territory and Morgan Town settled.

What he needed to do now was to arrange for the blacksmith workshop to improve the harvesting tools!

Returning to the small town, he entered the handicraft workshop district.

With attention from several blacksmith apprentices, Lynn walked into the blacksmith workshop.

Lynn directly called for the foreman Ehrelo.

Striding forward, Ehrelo approached Lynn somewhat puzzled, and called out, "Master?"

Lynn nodded, getting straight to the point, "Select two hundred blacksmith apprentices with some forging experience to learn my production of the Serrated Scythe!"

Ehrelo's eyebrows instantly rose, "Serrated Scythe?"

He was just about to continue asking when he noticed Lynn giving him a stern look.

Ehrelo said no more, promptly responding, "Yes, Master, I will arrange it now."

With these words.

Ehrelo immediately stepped back and began making arrangements.

After searching momentarily, Lynn strode to a comparatively tidy forging station.

He put on a thick leather apron and a pair of heavy gloves.

Grabbing a long-handled iron clamp nearby, he opened the kiln not far away.

In an instant, a surge of scorching hot air rushed over Lynn's body.

The intense heat and burning sensation abruptly struck.

This wave of heat was at least several hundred degrees!

Lynn simply furrowed his brow, swiftly moving his right hand to quickly grab a piece of glowing red-orange iron from the intensely burning kiln.

Placing the iron on the anvil, Lynn immediately shut the kiln's iron extraction gate.

Only then did the intense heat gradually subside.

But in just a few seconds, sweat had already soaked the back of Lynn!

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In the scorching summer, one still has to work by the kiln and engage in forging.

The work of a blacksmith truly can't be sustained without a robust physique.

As Lynn completes the preparations and starts to forge.

Ehrello approaches with a team surrounding him.

Ehrello bows to Lynn and says, "Master, two hundred apprentices with some forging experience have been dispatched here."

Lynn's gaze shifts to the space behind Ehrello.

There, several apprentices are staring at him with wide eyes.

Their faces are full of confusion and curiosity.

Facing the eyes of the blacksmith apprentices, Lynn's expression is calm, and he speaks with composure.

"Ehrelø has assigned you here to observe my process of producing serrated scythes."

"Once I finish production, you will need to start large-scale production."

"I need a large quantity of serrated scythes for the imminent summer harvest!"

Upon hearing this.

Both Ehrelø and the many blacksmith apprentices gain understanding.

Lynn does not waste words.

His left hand uses tongs to clamp the iron block fixed on the anvil, and his right hand picks up the iron hammer and directly begins forging.

Clang~

Clang~

Clang~

As Lynn's iron hammer falls, a series of crisp metallic collision sounds emerge.

Accompanied are bursts of impurities splashing from the iron ore.

[Forging Experience +1]

[Forging Experience +1]

[Forging Experience +1]

...

Bit by bit, the experience rapidly increases.

The memory and experience of forging serrated scythes also surface in Lynn's mind.

And begin to quickly merge.

The craftsmanship of creating serrated scythes is not considered intricate.

It can even be said that it differs little from crafting traditional sickles.

Select an appropriately sized iron block, heat it, and begin preliminary forging.

Through constant hammering, make the iron block deform evenly.

While removing impurities from the iron ore, increase the density of the iron block.

Forge the impurity-free iron ore into the shape of a blade, spine, and handle.

On the preliminarily formed sickle blade, use iron chisels and hammers to etch the outline of serrations at specific intervals and shapes.

According to the memory in his mind.

Lynn chisels serrations on the blade with an interval of 0.5 centimeters and a height of 1 centimeter.

Clang~ Clang~

Contrary to forging sickles, chiseling serrations is an extremely meticulous and time-consuming procedure.

Only sufficient patience and skill can ensure the serration's shape is neat, size uniform, and angle with the blade appropriate.

Only then can the serrated scythe efficiently harvest crops.

Under the gaze of many blacksmith apprentices.

Lynn's technique transitions from unfamiliar to skilled and natural...

Ehrelö found this nothing out of the ordinary.

Because in the year they've spent together, he's seen various skillful productions by Master Lynn as if performing arts.

However.

Even seeing it yet again, he couldn't suppress the excitement in his heart.

In Ehrelö's view, Master Lynn is practically a forging genius!

Not delving deeper into the forging industry is truly a shame.

Some blacksmith apprentices not so familiar with Master Lynn see him forging so expertly.

Moreover, within his forging, an unprecedented scythe gradually takes shape.

Their eyes toward Master Lynn become ever more admiring and reverent.

Other lords inherited titles or lands to become lords.

In their view, such lords, apart from having a bit of luck.

Their abilities might even be lesser than theirs.

Yet, Master Lynn is different.

Master Lynn can personally demonstrate and teach them to craft iron tools!

The loyalty value increases bit by bit.

Two hours later.

After chiseling out each serration, Lynn proceeds to the fine processing stage.

He first picks up a coarse grinding stone for initial polish, removing burs and unevenness left from forging.

Then uses a fine grinding stone for detailed polish, ensuring the blade edge and serrations reach ideal sharpness!

After polishing the edge, it's time for handle refining.

After polishing and refining, it's on to quenching and tempering heat treatment.

Quenching enhances the sickle's hardness and strength.

Tempering effectively reduces the brittleness of the serrated scythe, heightening its toughness.

The two complement each other.

Lastly, it's time for rust prevention treatment for the serrated scythe.

Lynn picks up a brush from the forging table, applies a layer of grease, and spreads it over the surface of the serrated scythe.

Using this to prevent rusting!

Only now is the entire forging process thoroughly completed.

Lynn finds a sturdy wooden piece of arm-width as the handle for installation and fixation.

Thus, a complete serrated scythe is produced.

Lynn slightly feels the weight of the serrated scythe, less than one pound, feeling virtually weightless.

But it's most suitable for reaping barley.

It can minimize farmers' physical exhaustion as much as possible.

With a thought, a text panel appears before him.

[Ordinary Serrated Scythe]: Crafted from iron ore, has decent toughness, hardness, and sharpness, usable for crop harvesting and more.

Looking at the text in front of him, Lynn nods slightly.

As long as it has been forged, the item will be of [Ordinary] grade.

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But it's perfectly adequate for the farmers to harvest crops.

Handing the serrated scythe to Ehrelo, Lynn asked the crowd.

"Have you learned it?"

Listening to Lynn's inquiry, the blacksmith apprentices exchanged glances.

A few scattered responses were heard from the crowd.

"We've learned it!"

"I know it too."

"..."

Frowning, Lynn continued, "So, none of you have learned it?"

Hearing Master Lynn's inquiry again, the blacksmith apprentices finally spoke up.

"We've learned, Master!"

"Master, your scythe compared to an ordinary scythe is just that it has serrated edges."

"Yes..."

Listening to the blacksmith apprentices speaking one after another, Lynn remained indifferent.

He directly said, "Since you are so confident, you can start forging production now."

"According to normal forging production efficiency, one person should be able to make two a day!"

"With your two hundred people, you can forge four hundred in a day."

"In total, over ten days, I need to see four thousand serrated scythes!"

As they heard Lynn's words, the eyes of the blacksmith apprentices widened instantly.

Seeing that none dared to speak, Lynn asked loudly.

"Any problems?"

Only then did the blacksmith apprentices understand that Master Lynn was giving them orders.

They straightened their expressions and quickly responded, "No problems!"

Lynn nodded, then turned his gaze to Ehrelo, speaking in a deep voice.

"Foreman Erelo, you will oversee the production of the serrated scythes."

The efficiency and progress of the barley harvest relate to the subsequent planting of peas and pasture, as well as the reclamation of the weed-ridden wasteland.

Matters concerning the development of the territory cannot be taken lightly by anyone.

Ehrelø quickly lowered his head in response, "Yes, Master."

Lynn acknowledged and stepped out of the Blacksmith Workshop.

The originally crowded blacksmith apprentices quickly moved aside.

Making a path for Master Lynn.

Ehrelø quickly followed behind.

Walking through the Blacksmith Workshop, Lynn observed the blacksmith apprentices working on forging armor plates beside each workstation.

He asked Ehrelø, "How is the progress on the armor plate forging needed for the Composite Armor?"

Following behind him, Ehrelø quickly replied.

"Master, as more and more blacksmith apprentices master the basic forging techniques, the quantity of forged armor plates is increasing."

"Currently, with six Blacksmith Workshops, nearly twenty thousand armor plates can be produced daily."

"Roughly, that translates to producing about twenty sets of Composite Armor a day."

"Of course, the Winged Spears and One-Handed Swords needed for soldiers are also being produced."

"I can guarantee that in the two months you requested, a thousand sets of armor and weapons will be forged!"

Listening to Ehrelo's confident response, Lynn nodded.

"Very good."

"Once this batch of armor and weapons is completed."

"The Blacksmith Workshop will undergo a comprehensive reform."

Ehrelo curiously asked, "Reform?"

Lynn replied, "Yes, I need to further improve the iron smelting blast furnaces of the six Blacksmith Workshops."

"The improvement will allow the smelting of sequential refining to produce low-impurity steel!"

The molten iron produced by the blast furnaces, once solidified, turns into iron ore with too many carbon impurities.

To use it, it must be hammered to obtain usable, quality iron blocks.

Instead of spending a lot of labor and resources to hammer away the impurities.

It would be better to solve the problem fundamentally!

Ehrelo nodded without any questions.

He naturally didn't know what the series refining furnace mentioned by Master Lynn was.

But he knows that every task or decision given by Master Lynn is an innovation.

For example, the Wheel Plow, the wagon frames with brakes.

Also, the waterwheels on the banks of the Aladia River...

Lynn continued, "When the iron smelting blast furnaces are improved, the apprentices in the Blacksmith Workshop can take a break."

Upon hearing this.

Ehrel's eyebrows instantly raised, he exclaimed with surprise.

"Master, are you serious?"

Lynn nodded, "Of course I am."

"Once the thousand sets of Composite Armor plates are completed, the break can begin!"

"You can also pass this news to the blacksmith apprentices."

Hearing Lynn's confirmation, an unmistakable expression of joy appeared on Ehrel's face.

Uncontainable joy.

"Thank you, Master Lynn."

"You truly are a lord who cares about the townsmen!"

Lynn, of course, understood why Ehrelo would have such an expression.

The harsh working environment and long overtime.

Coupled with the continuous rush to craft armors, weapons, tools, and farm implements...

Even with double-duty earn each day, they were already exhausted.

While improving the iron smelting blast furnaces, allowing the blacksmith apprentices to rest briefly.

After the break, they can invest better in the next phase of forging production.

It also provides an opportunity to boost the Loyalty Value of the blacksmith apprentices!

After exchanging a few more words with Ehrelo, Lynn stepped out of the Blacksmith Workshop.

However.

He hadn't taken but a few steps when Ehrelo's loud voice resonated from within the Blacksmith Workshop.

"Gentlemen, I have some information to convey to everyone."

"I have received clear instructions from Master Lynn."

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"As long as we can finish forging a thousand sets of composite armor plates, all of us – can start taking a break!"

"So, for the sake of rest, everyone give it your all."

His words had just fallen.

A thunderous cheer erupted from the mouths of the blacksmith apprentices.

"Long live the Lord!"

"The Lord is mighty!"

"..."

Listening to the cheers behind him, Lynn's brow arched slightly.

Without turning around, he headed towards the nearby textile workshop.

After a round of inspection in the workshop, Lynn understood the progress in crafting the armor.

Only then did he leave the Handicraft Workshop District.

The textile workshop's work involves waiting for the Blacksmith Workshop to finish forging the armor plates, and then transporting them to the textile workshop for the next step of crafting.

It's naturally impossible, like the Blacksmith Workshop.

Once the armor plates and accompanying weapons are finished, it's time to rest.

The textile workshop needs to continue crafting composite armor.

After that, they must also continue making linen robes, and even linen shoes!

It's currently July, with a burning sensation in the air.

Compared to wearing robes and pants, the townsmen preferred to work in just shorts, with bare chests.

It's only two months until September brings autumn, when the weather gradually cools.

The textile workshop currently has ample labor.

Even if hundreds of workers are diverted for different tasks, it still takes time!

The harvested flax needs retting, drying, breaking, scutching, and spinning:

This requires a long preparation time.

Even flax cloth transported by merchants requires various processing steps to be made into complete clothing.

He glanced at the calm Lord's Square and the distant Lime Road outside the town.

After confirming there were no caravans of traveling merchants,

Lynn threw himself back into the kitchen of the canteen, continuing to grind his Cooking skills' experience.

Thud thud thud~

Soon after.

The sound of a bone-cutting knife striking bone echoed continuously through the kitchen.

Cooking Experience +1

Cooking Experience +1

Cooking Experience +1

...

Until nightfall.

Lynn, who had been grinding experience all day, returned to the castle with Red.

Seeing the dinner already prepared, awaiting them, Kuisi greeted them.

Lynn walked towards the dining table.

Seeing Lynn and Red, Kuisi hurried to greet them.

Following behind her was a maid carrying a basin for washing.

Kuisi smiled, "My Lord, dinner is ready."

"Wash up, and you can start enjoying dinner."

"Also, when I passed by the canteen and saw you cooking in the kitchen, I specially prepared hot water for you."

"The sheets and bedding in your bedroom have also been changed to brand new ones."

At her words, Lynn instinctively turned his gaze to the not-too-distant Janet.

Janet quickly lowered her head, not daring to meet Lynn's gaze.

With a nod of approval, Lynn said, "Well organized."

After dining with Kuisi's service.

Lynn rested briefly in his main seat, then stood and headed to his private quarters.

As he passed by Janet, who was standing by, he spoke calmly.

"Enter the private room in ten minutes and give me a massage!"

Janet's eyes widened instantly, her face showing tension.

Even if she was nervous, Lynn's figure had already receded into the distance.

Obviously giving her no chance to bargain.

She felt it was a deliberate act of revenge by Lynn!

Three nights ago.

Lynn had asked her to get Kari, who was drunk, cleaned up and delivered to his room!

Janet could only reply softly, "Yes, my Lord..."

Time ticked by slowly.

At the private room door, after waiting for ten minutes, Janet reached out her right hand to knock on the double wooden doors.

Just as she was about to inquire softly, a deep voice from Lynn came from behind the door.

"Enter."

Hearing this, Janet took a breath of cool air, reached out and slowly pushed open the wooden door.

As soon as she opened a crack, a wave of warm steam hit her cheek.

Making her already somewhat flushed face even more hot and rosy.

Janet did not pause, entering the private room and simultaneously closing the door.

She glanced around at the dimly lit private room.

And the bathtub in the center of the room, where Lynn was soaking in hot water.

Janet quickly breathed a few breaths.

Trying to calm her nervous heart, reduce her racing heartbeat.

But after several breaths, Janet found no effect.

And.

As she drew closer to Lynn, the contours of Lynn's strong and muscular figure became more pronounced.

Her breathing and heart rate nearly uncontrollably sped up.

Crossing the flat ground, she arrived at the bathtub.

Glancing at Lynn's body submerged in the swirling hot water.

That barely visible silhouette, Janet quickly withdrew her gaze.

Her rosy, smooth lips parted slightly, asking.

"My Lord, should I begin your massage now?"

Lynn, with a warm linen cloth covering his eyes, responded casually.

Receiving Lynn's instructions, Janet stayed silent.

In a wooden bucket with some hot water, she soaked her hands until warm.

She spread her hands and slowly reached for Lynn's head.

"My Lord, I will start the massage now."

Following Lynn's previous hands-on guidance, Janet's long fingers began massaging Lynn's head and continued downward.

The temples, cheeks, neck, and then the shoulders.

Once she finished massaging his shoulders.

Janet now needed no instructions from Lynn.

She habitually approached the bathtub, slowly loosening her linen robe and placing it aside.

Extending her fair, slender right leg, she stepped into the bathtub where Lynn was soaking.

With the first step, Janet, filled with shyness, turned to glance at Lynn.

Noticing Lynn still had that linen cloth over his eyes.

Yet.

Her heart remained full of tension.

Janet raised her left leg, stepping into the tub, and crouched down, entering the hot water.

Seeing Lynn remained silent, Janet felt slightly relieved.

She extended her hands, gently lifted Lynn's right arm, and began massaging it.

After massaging both of Lynn's arms.

Janet touched her face, uncertain if it was sweat or condensation from the steam.

She continued massaging Lynn's legs.

When reaching his thighs after his calves.

Observing the change in Lynn's body, Janet's eyes widened instantly.

Before she could react, Lynn's arms wrapped around her waist.

In the next moment, a strong force emerged.

The crouching figure in the water was drawn tightly into his embrace.

Chapter 886: The Start of the Summer Harvest

The first day of July.

The Lord's Square was crowded with people.

One by one, the townsmen stood in neat and orderly queues.

Their bodies stood straight, their faces full of spirit, their eyes passing through the masses in the square, gazing at the Lord on the platform from afar.

Even though the sky had just begun to brighten.

Even though their Lord had not yet spoken a word.

But in this land without oppression, where information was nearly transparent.

Whether for the Lord on the platform or for these townsmen.

Today was an important day.

On the one-meter-high platform.

Lynn stood at the center, his gaze sweeping over the faces of the townsmen.

Seeing the flickering eyes of the townsmen, Lynn smiled softly.

Without any unnecessary words, he spoke directly.

"Gentlemen, I am your Lord—Lynn."

Listening to the Lord utter the name, both strange and familiar.

The eyes of the gathered townsmen, already bright, began to flicker.

That gaze was full of admiration and reverence!

Even awe!

Lynn continued, "I believe you all know why you have been gathered here on this square."

As the words fell, the townsmen unconsciously nodded slightly.

"Soldiers go to battle for honor, for home."

"There is bound to be death, bound to be sacrifice."

"Because, the battlefield is the destined place for all soldiers!"

"And the fields where 1.2 million pounds of winter barley seeds were sown last year are your battlefield!"

The expression of the townsmen gradually became solemn.

There was no movement, no whispers, just serious listening.

"Even in fields where only crops are planted, many dangers still exist."

"Heatstroke and dehydration, venomous snakes and insects, improper use of tools, accidental falls, even death!"

"But no matter how many dangers there may be, I still need you to grasp your sickles and Serrated Scythes tightly, and enter the fifty thousand acres of farmland."

"For this land, for yourselves, to harvest all the crops in the fields and bring them back for storage!"

"Do you have the confidence?"

Hearing Master Lynn's question, the townsmen's expressions turned solemn.

They opened their mouths and shouted in unison.

"Yes! Yes! Yes!"

"Yes! Yes! Yes..."

The shout of five thousand townsmen, so uniform, so loud,

echoed continuously throughout the Lord's Square.

Even the workers at the distant Handicraft Workshop District and even further at the Aladia River dock looked around in confusion.

Hearing this inspiring and powerful shout, Lynn nodded in satisfaction.

"Very good!"

"You will be divided into five batches to begin harvesting the barley!"

The first batch of three thousand people.

Responsible for using sickles and some newly produced Serrated Scythes to harvest barley.

These three thousand people will be divided into five groups, each group of six hundred people.

Then, divide the fifty thousand acres of barley field into five areas, each group responsible for harvesting ten thousand acres of barley field.

This is to prevent confusion and unnecessary labor duplication.

The second batch of a thousand people is also divided into five groups, each group of two hundred people.

They will be dispatched in teams to follow behind each harvesting group.

They will bundle the harvested barley into bundles.

Each group can further be divided into two-person teams.

One person is responsible for organizing straw, while the other uses grass rope to securely bind the straw, facilitating subsequent transport and storage.

The third batch of five hundred people is responsible for using draft horse carts and two-wheeled handcarts to transport the bundled barley back to the town.

Pile them up in the Lord's Square.

The fourth batch of five hundred people is responsible for utilizing the current fine weather to dry them in the Lord's Square.

The fifth batch of five hundred people is responsible for clearing debris, dust, and pests from the warehouse.

Preparing in advance for the subsequent storage of barley.

Bear in mind.

The winter barley sown last winter covers over fifty thousand acres.

Whether it will be a bountiful harvest aside.

Even under normal circumstances, with a yield of one hundred and fifty pounds of barley per acre.

The harvest will yield at least 7.5 million pounds!

So, the warehouse naturally needs to be organized in advance.

The sixth batch of five hundred people is responsible for sorting the dried barley, removing impurities, empty shells, and mildewed grains.

And then, pack the qualified grains into linen bags, transport them to the warehouse for neat stacking, referencing storage time for categorical storage.

As for some subsequent labor steps, they are yet to begin.

Lynn directly involved them in the initial harvesting.

Until all the townsmen were divided and their tasks assigned.

Five thousand townsmen, under the leadership of their respective team leaders, headed out of the Lord's Square.

Watching the departing backs of the dispersed townsmen, Lynn's tense heart still hadn't relaxed.

The summer harvest had finally begun!

The labor force responsible for harvesting barley had also been completely allocated.

But the barely processed barley in the fields, stored in the castle warehouse,

He still felt somewhat anxious.

Lynn felt that perhaps only once the full harvest was completed could he finally set his mind at ease.

Exhaling a breath of hot air, Lynn also stepped towards the fields outside the town.

Looking at the figures encircling the edges of the barley fields, almost like a line surrounding the barley.

Chapter 887: Summer Harvest Begins

Lynn's eyebrows involuntarily raised.

The worry in his heart was slightly alleviated.

His territory no longer needed to be like before.

He no longer had to transfer half of the labor force from other industries for planting.

This not only affected the production efficiency of other industries but also slowed down the planting due to the townsmen's lack of skill.

Now, things were different.

He currently had enough labor force.

He could completely designate the townsmen harvesting as fixed farmers!

Whether it was future planting or harvesting grain, these eight thousand farmers could handle it.

Lynn's gaze shifted to the tools in the hands of the farmers.

The majority of the farmers still held traditional sharp scythes for harvesting.

The efficiency of harvesting was naturally not comparable to the Serrated Scythes produced by the blacksmith workshop.

This was because the efficiency of producing Serrated Scythes in the blacksmith workshop was limited.

They could only produce four hundred a day.

Three days had passed.

The blacksmith workshop had only made twelve hundred.

It was far from enough to arm the farmers responsible for harvesting barley.

However, he was not overly anxious.

The apprentices at the blacksmith workshop were making Serrated Scythes only to speed up the farmers' barley harvesting.

As long as the barley was safely harvested and stored by July, he would be satisfied.

After a short while.

Wilbur, with rolled-up sleeves and pant legs, arrived before Lynn, slightly out of breath.

He respectfully said, "Master, did the guard say you were looking for me?"

Seeing Wilbur, with sweat on his cheeks and dirt and grass clinging to his clothes.

Lynn responded and asked, "Were you harvesting with the farmers?"

Wilbur didn't hesitate at all, "Yes, Master."

"Their harvesting speed can't even match mine!"

Hearing the joy in Wilbur's words.

Lynn nodded slightly and said, "Wilbur, as you know, Gavin is soon to be transferred to Morgan Town."

Wilbur didn't hesitate, "I know, Master."

Lynn continued, "Currently, you are the foreman of five thousand farmers."

"Perhaps, in your position, working with the farmers makes it easier to bond with them."

"But as a lord, I hope you can establish your identity as the farmers' foreman!"

"You are managing five thousand farmers!"

"No matter how hard you work, can you surpass five thousand farmers?"

Wilbur thought for a moment and shook his head.

Lynn said, "Then why did I appoint you as their foreman?"

Without needing Wilbur's response, he explained directly.

"This is because you and Gavin are the most familiar with the cultivation and planting techniques I taught!"

"Morgan Town has a large tract of farmland, requiring Gavin to lead the Free People in the harvest."

"And the fields within the territory can only be entrusted to you."

"All you need to do is exert your influence as a foreman and manage proficiently; that is enough!"

"Your tasks include managing captains in various labor batches, issuing orders, and urging progress."

"Then, let each captain convey your directions to every batch of townsmen, accelerating their harvesting efficiency!"

"This is the management skill a manager should possess!"

Wilbur's eyes widened.

He remained speechless, his mind continuously processing and reflecting on Master Lynn's words.

Seeing this, Lynn said, "Think carefully about it."

"By the way, it's too hot right now."

"Remember to assign personnel to fetch peppermint water from the kitchen to replenish them and cool them down."

With these words,

Lynn strode toward a vast barley field ahead.

Rolling up his sleeves and pant legs, he stepped in directly.

To the farmers' astonishment, he took a Serrated Scythe from one of them and joined the barley harvest.

Lynn bent over slightly, leaning forward, gripping a bundle of barley stems with his left hand while extending the Serrated Scythe in his right hand toward the barley stems close to the ground.

With a pull of his right hand, the sharp serrations of the Scythe swiftly severed the barley stems.

Compared to traditional sickles, the Serrated Scythe indeed saved more effort!

Lynn turned his body, placing the bundle of barley he held behind him.

[Collection Experience +1]

Instantly,

A text panel appeared in front of him.

After hiding the panel, Lynn moved forward a small step, repeating the bending, cutting, and piling actions.

Continuing to harvest the next bundle of barley...

Both the previous planting of barley and the current harvesting were repetitive tasks for farmers.

But upon further thought,

All work is like this.

As a lord, if he wasn't gaining experience, he was organizing townsmen for labor.

Or engaging in repeated trade activities with merchants visiting the territory.

After work ends, returning to the castle, enjoying the dinner Kuisi prepared.

In the private chamber, indulging in a comfortable soak and massage, he could then fall asleep holding the soft-bodied Janet.

Thus, a day's time passed.

Though each day seemed monotonously repetitive.

Yet his territory's development was progressing rapidly.

The cultivation and harvesting in the fields.

The accumulation in workshops: handmade goods, armor, weapons, crossbow machinery, and more continued to grow.

Chapter 888: Summer Harvest Begins (3)

The population and area of the town have grown increasingly large with the passage of time.

With the existence of the Heavenly Artifacts.

As long as he is given a safe environment and enough time.

The development of his territory is destined.

Even Lynn himself did not expect.

In just a year and a few months.

He could develop this overgrown wasteland to such a scale!

He temporarily pushed down the thoughts in his mind.

Lynn focused wholeheartedly on the barley harvest.

No matter what unknown dangers might come later.

Harvesting the barley now is the most important thing!

On the limestone road.

Wilbur, as if he had figured something out, had a look of understanding gradually replace the confusion on his face.

His eyes were full of clear and bright light.

Wilbur's gaze turned to Master Lynn, who was working with the farmers, full of admiration.

He naturally knew.

Master Lynn's earlier words were teaching him how to become a manager!

As for.

Even though Master Lynn said that a manager does not need to labor like a farmer.

Master Lynn still personally attended to everything...

Wilbur naturally would not make reckless guesses!

How could actions of a god-like Master Lynn be something he could imagine?

Retracting his gaze.

Wilbur called over a few farmers and asked them to push the wheelbarrows back to the town.

To the canteen, to bring over the mint water prepared by the cooks.

And he walked among the farmers at work, supervising and overseeing their progress.

...

It was not until the afternoon.

Lynn, heated and scorched by the sun, handed the serrated scythe to the farmer next to him.

He walked out of the farmland and stepped onto the limestone road.

Cleaning the mud off his shoes at the roadside, Lynn glanced at the barley harvest site.

As expected.

For the townsmen, division of labor is the best way to improve work efficiency.

Whether it's the farmers' harvest or the subsequent transportation, everything is proceeding in an orderly manner.

After surveying the scene, Lynn estimated roughly in his mind.

Three thousand farmers spent a day harvesting nearly six thousand acres of barley fields!

Approximately one farmer can harvest two acres in a day.

The speed of harvesting is neither fast nor slow!

If calculated according to the more than fifty thousand acres of barley fields.

In about ten days, three thousand farmers could complete the barley harvest!

Of course.

Lynn also understood.

Ten days is just the time needed for the initial barley harvest.

It still needs threshing, winnowing, drying, and sorting afterward.

Even with the current nearly twenty-degree favorable weather of the Karedi Empire.

At least another half a month is needed!

If this batch of barley yields a good harvest, with the limited drying area at the Lord's Square.

Lynn guessed that the time required would certainly be more than half a month.

Fortunately, with the Weather Forecast, he can know the weather conditions for each day ahead.

The coming month will be bright and sunny!

This is the advantage of a temperate oceanic climate.

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

Once the five-thousand-acre barley and vegetable harvest is completed in ten days.

At least three thousand farmers can be liberated to continue cultivating the overgrown wasteland.

To open up more arable land for future planting.

Retracting his gaze, Lynn was about to return to the town.

The pounding of hoofbeats was getting closer.

Lynn turned to see Avery riding towards him.

Avery on the horse naturally saw Lynn.

Not just because of Lynn's silk clothing, different from the ordinary townsmen.

But also because.

Of Lynn's tall and slender figure, exuding an aura of authority.

Avery used his arm strength to halt the horse beneath him.

Whoa!

Dismounting swiftly, Avery strode forward, stopping three meters in front of Lynn.

Avery bent his waist, speaking respectfully.

"Lord!"

Lynn responded, asking, "Returning to the town, is there something that requires attention?"

Avery wasted no words, answering directly.

"Master, the right side outside the city wall, near the forest and leading to Morgan Town, the Outpost Fortress and surrounding defense structures.

"On the left side outside the city wall, in the pile of rocks the Outpost Fortress and surrounding defense structures are completed."

"Please give the next instructions to the Stonemason Workshop."

Listening to Avery's report, Lynn activated the Holographic Map.

On the Holographic Map, a view of at least forty thousand acres of overgrown wasteland outside the city walls was unlocked.

Just as Avery described.

Although the two Outpost Fortresses and defense structures cannot completely block the areas near the city walls like a city wall.

They can choke off the enemy's advance like a constricted throat.

The enemy army must face the Outpost Fortress's obstruction to directly attack the city walls!

With a thought, Lynn closed the Holographic Map.

Lynn said to Avery, "How many personnel are currently in the Stonemason Workshop?"

Avery thought for a few seconds, then responded, "Master, still eight hundred."

Lynn nodded, "Yes, you need to draw two hundred from the eight hundred to produce stone rollers for barley threshing!"

Chapter 889: Summer Harvest Begins (4)

"The remaining six hundred people, prepare for the construction of the Outer City!"

Harvesting barley requires serrated scythes to improve the efficiency of the harvest.

The barley that is about to be harvested also needs improved tools for threshing.

Last year, the harvested wheat was not much.

Only the most basic threshing tool was made — a flail.

Made from a long handle and a movable flail board.

Simple in structure, easy to make, and not requiring much skill to operate.

But now it's different.

According to his rough estimate, at least seven million jin of barley can be harvested.

If the townsmen are allowed to use flails for threshing.

No need to mention whether it can be stored after a month.

To complete the threshing, the townsmen's arms will be ruined!

Tool innovation is the key to development.

That's why he just now ordered the Stonemason Workshop to start making stone rollers.

Indeed, the daily chores are so numerous that he forgot.

Every day, he has to manage experiences, arrange labor for the townsmen, and pay attention to the situation outside the territory...

Even though his physical fitness is still strong now.

He is still just one person.

The things he can think of in a day are ultimately limited.

Some trivial matters can only be thought of when they arise, and solutions can be found.

Just like the serrated scythes being made in the Blacksmith Workshop.

Although the harvest has already started, the serrated scythes are still being made.

But.

The use of serrated scythes in the subsequent barley harvest is still unaffected.

Moreover.

More serrated scythes can be transported to Morgan Town and given to the Free People to harvest crops!

Fortunately.

The harvest starts today.

The workers at the Stonemason Workshop can completely finish making dozens of stone rollers during the time the barley is being dried.

Once the barley is thoroughly dried, draft horses can be used to pull the stone rollers for crushing and threshing!

Everything is on schedule.

Avery was slightly surprised, "Outer City?"

Lynn nodded, "Yes, Outer City."

"Lookout towers can link the two Outpost Fortresses with the city walls."

"Building an Outer City can add another layer of defense at the mountain passage entrance!"

Outer City, city walls, and Inner City.

Three layers of defense!

He intends to block the forest entering the territory thoroughly.

With additional large siege defense machinery.

If an enemy force wants to siege, they will have to meticulously weigh whether they have the strength!

Lynn knows very well.

Constructing a Weng City requires at least several months.

During this period, a substantial amount of human and material resources needs to be invested.

If he doesn't build the Weng City, he could dispatch the workers from the Stonemason Workshop elsewhere.

For instance, expanding the territory's roads, which he always wanted to do.

Or, laying the wooden tracks to other mining areas within his territory.

Moreover, he could recruit soldiers to expand the army!

But compared to these constructions.

He prefers to use this labor force to build the Weng City.

Because, only if there are impregnable defensive structures.

His territory can develop rapidly.

If every day the townsmen live in constant fear.

Forget diligent labor.

If they can restrain their fear and not flee, they will already be doing more than enough.

Lynn continued, "The size of the Outer City doesn't need to be too large, just consistent with the Inner City."

"The remaining six hundred people can prepare the materials needed for Weng City construction first."

"Once the two hundred stonemason workers complete the stone rollers, I will bring them back to start the Outer City construction!"

Receiving Lynn's confirmed instructions, Avery no longer had any doubts.

He answered, "Yes, my Lord."

"Once I return to the Stonemason Workshop, I will immediately relay your instructions."

"Moreover, I will personally lead the workers to make the stone rollers."

Lynn nodded with satisfaction, "Very good."

Compared to other foremen who like to probe for answers, Avery is evidently much more stable.

Almost whatever instructions and commands he gives.

Avery will take them up and execute them without any mistakes.

This is one of the reasons why he appointed Avery as the foreman of the Stonemason Workshop.

After dismissing Avery, Lynn walked back to the Lord's Square.

At this time, the sky had already reached dusk.

Sitting on a bench at the Lord's Square, Lynn admired the gradually setting sun.

And the townsmen, finishing their work and preparing to return to town.

Shortly after.

Lynn was about to return to the castle.

A group riding horses and driving carriages appeared in his sight.

Lynn squinted slightly.

It was Gavin leading a group of farmers, leaving the town, heading to the distant forest wall.

When Gavin arrives at the wall with the farmers, they will join Wesley who is waiting at the wall.

Together, they will head to Frank Manor Castle!

Preparing to receive the Free People hired by Boer to start harvesting crops in Morgan Town.

Even though he still doesn't know how many Free People Boer can recruit in Kakasong City.

But to be safe.

He had Wesley lead two hundred light cavalry, two hundred archers, and two hundred light infantry to go together.

And keep a long-term residency at the Manor Castle.

If they encounter a small-scale enemy invasion, with Wesley there, they can completely lead and organize the soldiers to counterattack and repel.

Chapter 890: Summer Harvest Begins

Recruit soldiers at the Manor Castle once again!

While cultivating and reclaiming land, train more archers for him.

It also ensures the safety of Gavin and the farmers.

Achieve multiple goals!

Simply put.

He deployed Wesley to the Manor Castle, using the Manor Castle as a foundation to start the construction of the first Garrison outside the territory!

Watching Gavin and his group gradually depart.

Eventually disappearing into the shadows of the forest.

Only then did he retract his gaze, returning to the castle with Red.

After being served dinner by Kuisi, Janet, and several maids.

Lynn arrived at the Lord's seat at the back.

As he watched Kuisi and the others tidy up the tableware on the dining table.

His mind was rapidly pondering the development direction of the territory.

As the Lord of this territory, he must not only consider his own safety and standard of living.

But also consider the existing residents of the territory.

In work, apart from the Blacksmith Workshop and Textile Workshop, all other townsmen operate on a nine-to-five work schedule.

Allowing the townsmen who worked a day to have their own personal time.

In family matters, he encourages the townsmen to form families, become couples, and actively have children.

Female residents before and after pregnancy are entitled to rest.

The territory provides eggs and chicken for female residents and infants, supplementing them with more nutrients.

In this way, fundamentally increasing the population of the territory.

In education, minors can enjoy education, while adults are organized in batches for night school literacy campaigns.

Learn to read and write, improving the overall level of knowledge among the townsmen.

As long as the townsmen learn and pass the assessment set by scholars.

Each can receive one acre of privatized land!

As the territory continuously develops, with enough military strength to completely control the land between the two Outpost Fortresses outside the city walls.

Townsmen can go outside the city walls to cultivate and plant.

Beyond meeting their living needs, surplus crops can be taken to the completed market area to sell or trade.

Thus, promoting economic growth in the territory!

In terms of law, he also had Erin draft a Territorial Law to regulate townsmen's behavior in the territory.

Violations are strictly enforced according to Territorial Law, with no leniency.

Clive and Erin are discussing the construction style of the Territory Court.

Once they finalize the design, it will be submitted to him for review and confirmation.

Then the construction can begin.

In handicrafts, several Blacksmith Workshops are quickly producing.

Compared to production at other workshops.

His main attention is on the improvement of the iron-smelting furnace at the Blacksmith Workshop.

Transform the ordinary iron-smelting furnace into a Double-chamber Reflector Furnace.

During this improvement, it will certainly affect the efficiency of producing Armor Plates at the Blacksmith Workshop.

To achieve higher quality iron blocks with less carbon content steel.

Even if affected, it must be done.

This is not only related to the quality of the Armor and Weapons forged afterward.

It also involves items requiring high-quality steel.

Such as, his long-coveted Matchlock Guns and Cannons.

Such as, key parts of various industrial machines, crankshafts, gears, transmission shafts, and molds, etc.

Such as, railway tracks, steam engine boilers, cylinders, pistons, and flywheels, etc.

...

Only high-strength, high-toughness, and high-ductility steel can make these items.

This is why.

After finding saltpeter, he only had the idea of producing Gunpowder and Matchlock Guns.

He did not rush into action.

Because producing Matchlock Guns or Gunpowder is far more complex than imagined.

The mnemonic 'one saltpeter, two sulfur, three charcoal,' even without making black powder before, is already memorized fluently.

However.

The so-called mnemonic 'one saltpeter, two sulfur, three charcoal' is not precise.

Such black powder is only suitable for making ordinary fireworks.

It does not qualify as military propellant.

Aside from the modification of the iron-smelting furnace at the Blacksmith Workshops.

He also cares about the telescope that Beo and Xenophon are developing.

He doesn't expect them to make an astronomical telescope.

As long as high-magnification telescopes are made, capable of seeing dozens of miles away, he would be content.

With such a telescope, scouts taking high ground can gather insights.

Enough to spot enemy march routes or deployment strategies all in the field of view.

The telescope can also avert most enemy ambushes!

Finally.

In military affairs.

Up to this point.

He has a total of four thousand soldiers in the territory!

After Alan sent two hundred medium warhorses from the Badan Empire, he can fully assemble a squad of five hundred heavy cavalry!

Along with eleven hundred light cavalry, two hundred heavy infantry, eight hundred archers, and four hundred Territory Guards.

The remaining one thousand newly recruited soldiers are all light infantry.

Waiting for the Blacksmith Workshop and Textile Workshop to complete the Composite Armor assembly.

Four thousand trained and fully armed soldiers.

To those medium and small-sized Lords.

The quantity and strength of armed soldiers he possesses naturally surpass them.

No other Lords' territories contain exploitable Open-pit Iron Mines and coal mines.

