

System 931

Chapter 931: No Mercy for the Condemned (Part 1)

"If there is a lord who can annihilate all the manor lords of a small town."

"Then, this lord's military prowess is far superior to that of other manor lords!"

"If the manor lords of the two towns you mentioned have sufficiently strong power."

"Before I occupied Morgan Town, they would have seized Morgan Town."

Earl nodded in agreement.

Lynn continued: "Then let's switch our mindset and think about it."

"What does Morgan Town have that makes them go to such great lengths?"

Earl couldn't help but frown, he continued attempting to speak.

"The crops planted in Morgan Town?"

"No, that's not right!"

"Morgan Town does have a large tract of farmland, but just one piece of crops isn't worth a manor lord offending another lord."

As the voice fell, Earl fell silent, plunging into deep thought.

A few seconds later.

Earl's eyes lit up, he quickly spoke to Lynn.

"Master Lynn! Their target is not Morgan Town!"

"But the mineral resources on your territory!"

Lynn said nothing, continuing to wait for Earl's explanation.

"Because there have always been traveling merchants who come to your territory to exchange goods for fine salt."

"Plus, you pay your taxes to the Church Bishop who has publicized your deeds in Kakasong City."

"It's not difficult for them to probe that you have fine salt on your territory!"

After speaking, Earl looked at Master Lynn expectantly.

Waiting for Master Lynn to evaluate his analysis.

Lynn readily praised him: "Very good analysis."

Listening to Master Lynn's praise, a bashful expression appeared on Earl's face.

If someone else was flattering him, he could let it pass.

But now the person praising him is Master Lynn.

Earl quickly bowed his waist, expressing his respect.

Lynn's words shifted as he continued to speak to Earl: "However, there is another possibility."

Earl repeated in confusion: "Another possibility?"

Lynn nodded, "It is highly possible that they're being directed by someone else!"

"A manor lord in a small town who can ensure the stable development of the manor is already quite impressive."

"How could they have such fanciful ideas as occupying other lord's territories?"

"The most critical thing is, now is the end of July, the height of summer harvest and planting season!"

Earl nodded in agreement again.

Indeed.

Master Lynn's reasoning is more far-reaching than his own.

After explaining to Earl, Lynn spoke: "I've already heard about the matter of the unfamiliar cavalry."

"Just strengthen patrols afterwards, and report any unexpected situations immediately to Wesley."

"If Wesley is unable to make a judgment, retreat back to the territory and inform me."

Earl quickly nodded and responded: "Yes, Master."

"Then Earl will take his leave."

Seeing Master Lynn utter no words, Earl respectfully bowed and left.

He naturally knew that earlier, Master Lynn was deliberately nurturing him.

By inquiry and answer, teaching him to think about issues from different perspectives and directions.

Watching Earl ride away on horseback, only then did Lynn withdraw his gaze.

His mind was still pondering the questions from earlier.

If it's merely other town manor lords harboring covetous thoughts towards his salt mine.

With nearly four thousand fully armed soldiers, he had nothing to worry about.

He could even stand ready in Morgan Town.

Waiting for other manor lords to bring their soldiers to Morgan Town.

He would directly lead the heavy cavalry and crush them with overwhelming force.

Subsequently, seize all the labor and food goods from their manor and bring them back to the territory.

But if it's Viscount Jon Zuck from Kakasong City directing these manor lords to probe him.

The attitude to handle it would be somewhat different.

He needed to proceed with utmost caution.

As long as he could wait for Gavin and the farmers to complete harvesting and transporting the crops from Morgan Town's farmland back to the territory.

Even if Jon Zuck led a large-scale troop to attack Morgan Town.

He could easily have Wesley lead Gavin and a bunch of farmers to withdraw from Morgan Town.

Having land with no manpower, even if given to Jon Zuck, he wouldn't have the slightest loss.

Just wait for the Blacksmith Workshop and Textile Workshop to complete production of the remaining Composite Armor.

Wait until he has trained and armed the newly recruited soldiers.

He can dispatch soldiers to retake Morgan Town with no defenses.

With his heavy cavalry and light cavalry, in a plain area like Morgan Town, facing a frontal charge from light cavalry or infantry.

It can almost be described as crushing.

Suppressing the thoughts in his mind, Lynn turned his gaze, looking beyond the town.

There.

A golden sunset cast a layer of gold over the entire world.

On the red brick houses of the town, the handiwork workshops, the dining hall...

On the faces of the townsmen on the harvested farmland...

Retracting his gaze, Lynn rose from the wooden bench.

Lynn, along with Red, headed back towards the castle.

Passing through the red brick houses, Lynn returned to the castle.

Served by Kuisi and the maids, he finished his dinner.

Then relaxed in the private room bathtub for half an hour before returning to the master bedroom.

Just as he closed the double wooden door and turned around.

On the large bed, a graceful body lying there entered his sight.

Chapter 932: No Mercy in Judgment

Despite the fact that the body was turned away from him, and covered with a thin quilt.

Just from the curves and shape of the body.

He could immediately tell that it was Janet Frank lying on the large bed.

Lynn's brow involuntarily arched slightly.

This time, he did not ask Janet to give him a massage and warm the bed.

But Janet, as if by habit, had come to his large bed.

Lynn stepped closer with his steps.

Perhaps it was his footsteps that woke Janet on the large bed.

Or perhaps it was because Janet had been waiting for him, until she fell asleep.

As he stepped closer to the bed.

Janet's waist, curved as she lay on the bed, was gently swaying.

She did not notice at all, the thin quilt covering her slipped down.

Janet's pristine shoulders and spine came into his view.

Lynn's gaze moved slowly down Janet's spine.

That voluptuous fair ridge contrasted sharply with her waist.

Creating an alluring curve.

Her long, fair legs unconsciously crossed to make her lying position more comfortable.

Unaware of the deep scenery vaguely presented before Lynn.

As Lynn continued to approach.

Janet uttered some murmurs and her body shifted slightly.

From the sleeping position facing away from him to facing him.

The round fair surface in front of Janet suddenly struck Lynn's eye.

The voluptuous fair ridge, the slim waist, the flat abdomen with vest lines...

If not for hearing Janet's low breathing that only occurs in deep sleep.

Lynn would even think Janet was doing it on purpose!

But.

Whether or not it's intentional, it makes no difference to him.

He moved his feet, sat on the edge of the large bed, turned his body, laying on the bed.

At the same time, his right arm moved, wrapping around Janet's waist.

A feeling of body warmth instantly appeared in Lynn's hand.

Perhaps sensing Lynn's action, two murmur-like sounds of dreaming were heard again from Janet's mouth.

Looking at Janet's delicate face nearby, her rosy and thin lips, her gently closed eyes...

Lynn's lips arched slightly.

Meanwhile, the right hand that had been wrapped around Janet's waist began to wander slowly.

Moving from Janet's waist to the flat belly, continuing upwards.

Soon.

Reaching the round ridge.

As his right hand moved, he saw Janet's tightly closed eyes showing signs of opening.

Beneath her eyelids, the eyes shifted, and her long eyelashes trembled gently.

As Lynn's right hand grasped, Janet opened her moving eyes.

Looking at Lynn's face nearby.

Perhaps still waking up, her eyes were full of confusion.

...

Feeling the changes in her body, Janet finally snapped back to reality.

Her eyes widened, she opened her mouth, intending to say something.

But Lynn did not give her the chance.

His face drew near, pressed against Janet's rosy lips.

As Lynn continued to explore.

Janet gently closed her eyes.

Allowing Lynn's right hand to continue its exploration.

Seeing her close her eyes again, but due to tension.

The trembling of her eyelashes increased.

A smile involuntarily formed in Lynn's heart.

A moment later.

Lynn's arm moved, placing Janet flat in front of him.

Moving both arms, bending his knees to sit up.

In Janet's eyes full of movement, after a gentle searching touch, Lynn's body suddenly pressed closer to her.

...

The night deepened.

The water vapor, filled with soil and salty odors, enveloped the surface of the Seine River.

A gust of wind blew the vapor toward Spirit Reef Port where ships were moored.

Despite the ropes on the shore serving as guides and anchors.

Under the sway and impact of the river, the ships continued to sway uncontrollably.

Along with it.

The lamps for marking and illumination on ship masts flickered in the night wind.

Even though it was already deep into the night.

It could not stop the enthusiasm of workers unloading cargo at the docks.

They carried sacks over their shoulders, their steps crossing the wooden planks used for transport, creating a constant 'creak' sound.

They were the lowest in Spirit Reef Port.

To earn a few pence, to let their wives and children at home have a bite to eat.

They had no choice but to come to the port late at night, selling their physical strength.

In contrast to their employers, the traveling merchants were.

Before the night fell, they had already entered brothels.

Now, they were lying on the bellies of the prostitutes, enjoying the pampering by these voluptuous women.

At Spirit Reef Port's city walls.

A middle-aged man wearing black leather armor stepped, climbed the stairs, and came to the top of the walls.

Danke, who was instructing the soldiers to stay alert, heard footsteps and turned to look.

As the flames from the brazier revealed the man's face.

He hurriedly ended his conversation with the guarding soldiers and walked toward the middle-aged man.

Reaching him, Danke bent slightly, speaking respectfully: "Sir, why have you come to the walls?"

Chapter 933: Execute Without Mercy

"It's getting late, you should go rest."

Godfrey glanced at Danke, explaining.

"No need to persuade me, I want to sleep, but I just can't."

Danke bowed his head slightly, not daring to offer any more words of persuasion.

He naturally knew why Godfrey couldn't sleep.

This morning, they received a carrier pigeon message from Marquis Mark Ducas.

Marquis Polk has gathered vassals and a large number of soldiers and is marching towards Spirit Reef Port.

The number of soldiers is at least over thirty thousand!

And within three days at most, this army of thirty thousand will reach Spirit Reef Port by night!

At such a time, let alone Godfrey as the Knight Commander.

Under such immense pressure and sense of oppression, any soldier is bound to be unable to sleep.

Although in terms of the number of soldiers, the twenty-seven thousand of the Sword and Shield Corps are not much different from the thirty thousand gathered by Marquis Polk.

However.

Nearly sixty thousand gathered, for the battle.

It can completely be described as grand in scale and even cruelly bloody!

They have the city walls of Spirit Reef Port as fortifications for defense.

But Spirit Reef Port is a part of the Marquisate of Polk, and Marquis Polk can dispatch siege equipment from nearby cities!

This is also why, despite occupying Spirit Reef Port for several days.

Marquis Polk's army has not yet besieged the city.

As long as Marquis Polk transports siege equipment.

Then the advantage of having city walls will vanish!

Once the gate of Spirit Reef Port is breached, what awaits them will be a naked bloody melee!

After the words.

Godfrey suddenly thought of something.

He asked Danke, "Is Lord Lawrence still in Siren's Nest with those two Sea Sirens?"

Danke hesitated a bit, but finally replied, "Yes, my lord."

"Since we took Spirit Reef Port, Lord Lawrence has never left the bro... Siren's Nest."

Godfrey's expression instantly sharpened.

"You didn't tell him Marquis Polk's army is on the way to attack?"

Danke replied helplessly, "My lord, your orders, Danke never disobeys."

"The moment you gave the instruction, I personally went to inform Lord Lawrence."

"But Lord Lawrence... he said..."

Godfrey frowned and asked, "What did he say?"

Danke sighed, "He said, to only tell him when Marquis Polk's army is at the gates."

"Before that, anyone who interrupts him will be punished severely."

"He also said, finally finding some different women, he must indulge!"

Upon hearing Danke's last words, Godfrey's face stiffened.

In the next second.

He almost instinctively cursed, "Women, women!"

"At a time like this, still thinking about fooling around with women?"

"With such progeny from Donovan, it's no wonder the Ducas Clan is heading for decline and ruin!"

Danke's face changed dramatically, he quickly turned to look around.

After confirming no one heard, Danke cautiously said.

"My lord, be careful, the walls have ears!"

"If Lord Lawrence hears, or if the Marquis back in Bor City learns, the consequences would be unimaginable."

Godfrey snorted coldly, choosing not to continue speaking.

He walked forward.

Arriving at the edge of the city wall, standing in a gap in the parapet, his gaze pierced through the Black Night, looking into the distant darkness.

Godfrey took a deep breath of air, then slowly exhaled.

After a moment.

His mood filled with anger gradually became calm.

Godfrey focused his gaze on the distance, continuing to speak.

"Are the fortifications outside the city wall constructed yet?"

Danke nodded in response, "My lord, following your instructions, the fortifications are under construction."

"In two more days, it will be completed."

"The parts of the city wall burnt and collapsed by the wildfire have been reinforced."

"The previously destroyed city gate has also been repaired."

"And many rolling stones, timber, and golden juice have been collected."

"Unfortunately, the wildfire inside the city was completely consumed by the previous defending army."

Danke continued, "Besides these, a large amount of grain has been collected from the city."

"Even if the subsequent battle turns into a prolonged one, there's no need to worry about the lack of food."

Godfrey nodded slightly.

Danke shifted the topic, "However, my lord, the moat you mentioned might not be feasible to dig."

"Spirit Reef Port is almost like built on a pile of rocks, tens of centimeters below the soil are solid rock."

"Using soldier's cross pickaxe, the digging speed is extremely slow."

"Perhaps it's precisely because of this reason."

"That Spirit Reef Port, adjacent to the Seine River, has no moat dug..."

Godfrey furrowed his brows, speaking in a deep voice.

"Then abandon the digging, turn to producing chevaux de frise and barricades!"

If the moat cannot be dug, the difficulty of defending Spirit Reef Port will greatly increase!

Danke responded, "Yes, my lord."

After his inquiry, Godfrey's eyes shifted to the distant port.

Clouds of dense gray-white mist were passing over the docks, drifting towards the buildings inside the city.

...

The following morning.

Lynn habitually got up early.

With the help of the unclothed Janet, he donned a clean robe.

He exited the bedroom, heading to the dining room.

After finishing the breakfast prepared by Kuisi, Lynn, accompanied by Red, walked out of the castle.

As he passed through the Red Brick House and arrived at Lord's Square.

A long line of townsmen were forming, heading towards the outside of the town.

Among these figures were many prisoners of war just transported from the Portlands Empire.

Lynn's mind stirred as he opened the Resident Information Column to review.

Seeing the Loyalty Value of these prisoners of war, originally only at 3% or 5%, had now risen to around 10%.

His eyebrows slightly raised.

Indeed.

Even prisoners called Pan Rock Iron Guard.

After living for a period of time, they gradually become assimilated.

As long as their basic living needs are met.

No one would want to destroy a safe and stable living environment.

That's also why.

When Grayson transported a large number of slaves and prisoners of war from the Portlands Empire to his domain.

He had no worries.

Because.

He can offer them things the Portlands Empire cannot provide.

Chapter 934: Rare Spiritual Guardian Armor

Standing in Lord's Square, Lynn observed for a short while.

Lynn walked towards the cafeteria in the distance.

The harvested winter barley in the territory was still being dried.

On the farmlands, Gavin was leading the farmers in cultivation.

In the Handicraft Workshop District, each foreman was leading the apprentices in intense production.

The Territory Court had already entered the phase of foundation excavation and construction.

Other mineral excavation, ranch breeding, and so on.

Everything was progressing in an orderly manner.

With Kuisi and the various foremen managing, as long as no unexpected situations arise.

Essentially, he need not worry too much.

This is the advantage of hierarchical management!

As the Lord, he was responsible for the highest level of strategic decisions.

Mid-level managers handled communication and departmental coordination.

Grassroots managers were responsible for specific task execution and implementation.

Each level had clear authority and professional scope.

Coupled with specialized division of labor in different positions, workers labored in their respective posts.

Practice makes perfect.

It helps improve workers' efficiency and production quality!

Of course.

Due to limited management talent, the current hierarchical management system was not perfect.

But fortunately, it had already taken shape.

It can be developed step by step, slowly.

With such a system, Lynn had more time to himself.

He could go fishing, or gain experience.

Or settle down and think about future development plans for the territory.

Entering the cafeteria, Lynn picked up the kitchen knife placed aside and started cooking.

Thud, thud, thud~

In a moment.

The dull sound of the kitchen knife hitting the cutting board continuously echoed in the kitchen.

[Cooking Experience +1]

[Cooking Experience +1]

[Cooking Experience +1]

...

Little by little, the experience slowly increased.

Until noon.

Among the surprised gazes of the townsmen, Lynn finished his lunch in the cafeteria before walking out.

He sat on a shaded bench not far from the cafeteria, taking a few comfortable breaths of fresh air.

The constant burning of wood and anthracite, with the heat surging around, almost turned the entire kitchen into a kiln.

Even wearing thin clothing could not dispel the heat from his body.

Plus, the thick grease smoke easily clung to his skin.

As a result, he was now emitting the smell of grease and sweat from head to toe.

Most importantly.

The burning of firewood and anthracite would produce large amounts of carbon dioxide and carbon monoxide, among other harmful gases.

This could easily affect the health of the chefs!

It's not just the kitchen.

The dining hall of the cafeteria was even more so.

The open dining hall was broad, enough to accommodate thousands eating simultaneously.

Because of this.

The dining hall was also filled with the smell of sweat.

As those coming to dine at the cafeteria were townsmen who engaged in daily physical labor.

Combined with the current temperature of nearly thirty degrees.

Even after working for just half a day in the morning.

They were like drowned rats pulled from the Aladia River.

Sweat-soaked from head to toe.

For labor, he arranged for the chefs to make mint tea for the townsmen to relieve heat and cool down.

For heavy sweating, with his salt factory and the stable amount of fine salt produced daily, there was no need to worry.

Adding fine salt to the dishes was enough to replenish the salt lost by the townsmen through sweat.

Apart from dishes, the bread produced could also have an appropriate amount of fine salt added.

Not only does it regulate dough fermentation, but it also enhances the flavor of the bread.

Besides this.

He needed to find a way to change the dining and cooking environments of the cafeteria.

With a slight thought in his mind, Lynn had already made a decision.

The best way was to make hydraulic windmills and install wooden exhaust fans in the kitchen and cafeteria.

Harness the endless power of the Aladia River with a rotating water wheel to drive the hydraulic windmill, which in turn drives the exhaust fan.

Thus, promoting air circulation in the kitchen and cafeteria and improving their dining and working environments!

If it were previously, with the labor quantity and metal bearings needed for making the waterwheel and exhaust fan, it would have indeed been difficult.

But now it's different.

His territory already had an almost mature Handicraft Workshop District.

The Blacksmith Workshop could make the waterwheel, drive shafts, bearings, and gear systems, etc.

The Woodworker Workshop could produce fan blades and so on.

And with the labor numbers from the two workshops, reallocating twenty people for production.

It wouldn't affect the production efficiency of either workshop at all!

With this thought.

After a short break, Lynn stood up from the bench and headed towards the Handicraft Workshop District.

Due to the maturation of winter barley, he hadn't visited the Handicraft Workshop District for more than half a month.

Amid the townspeople's respectful gazes, Lynn arrived at the Woodworker Workshop.

Leading the carpenter apprentices in making large machinery, Colin saw Lynn entering the workshop through the apprentices' notification.

After instructing a few apprentices, he hurriedly walked towards Lynn to greet him.

Standing in front of Lynn, Colin bent slightly, speaking respectfully: "Master."

Lynn responded, walking through the workshop while his eyes scanned the workshop and the teams of apprentices.

He asked, "How's the progress on the large machinery production?"

Following closely behind him, Colin answered quickly, "Master."

Chapter 935: Rare Spiritual Guardian Armor Part 2

"Over this period of continuous production until now."

"Eighty Wolf Fang Clubs with winches, thirty torque-based catapults, and thirty crossbow cannons have all been transported to Weng City and set upon the city walls."

"The installation and securing have been completed, and the soldiers have been taught how to operate them."

Upon hearing this, Lynn nodded slightly.

One hundred and forty large machines in total.

Plus the rolling wood and stones, the longbow crossbows in the soldiers' hands.

And relying on the height of the city walls.

Even if the enemy has several times the number of soldiers defending the walls, they might not be able to breach them!

Colin continued, "With the current armament of the walls and Weng City, one hundred and forty large machines are sufficient."

"However, if we wait for foreman Avery to construct the outer city, more large machines will need to be produced..."

Lynn replied, "Then you should continue the production with them."

"Besides, I need you to dispatch a team from among them to cooperate with the blacksmith workshop to make a water wheel and an exhaust fan, to be installed in the canteen and kitchen."

"For the water wheel, just follow the pattern I taught you before."

"However, a corresponding transmission device needs to be created to drive the exhaust fan, for ventilation and air exchange in the canteen and kitchen."

Colin responded, "No problem, my lord."

"I will deploy the personnel for production shortly."

From the initial stone mill water wheel to the forging water wheel, bellows water wheel, and then to the pasture drinking water wheel, irrigation water wheel...

The number of water wheels produced by the woodworker workshop is countless.

As long as a few experienced apprentices are selected, and a dozen or so apprentices are arranged as assistants.

Creating a water wheel is not complicated.

Lynn nodded, "Arrange it as soon as possible."

After giving the instructions, Lynn took a tour around the woodworker workshop.

Once he confirmed there were no anomalies, he left the workshop under the gaze of numerous carpenter apprentices.

Just as he stepped out of the workshop, a loud shout rang out in the distance.

"Lord."

Lynn turned and saw.

It was Flint, standing a meter tall, striding rapidly toward him.

Lynn's brow slightly arched, and he asked Flint.

"Is there good news to share with me, Mr. Flint?"

With his bushy eyebrows raised, Flint replied with a hint of pride.

"Of course, my lord."

"The construction workers have completed the 'Pigeon Nest' and 'Wolf's Den' that you arranged to be built."

"Yesterday, I also completed the construction of the small magic array within."

"You can now enclose the animals you wish to breed and begin empowerment breeding."

Lynn raised a brow, a bit surprised in his heart.

But upon reflection.

Both the 'Pigeon Nest' and the 'Wolf's Den' are not large or complex.

While he poured his energy into the winter barley harvest and experience grinding.

Completing two breeding buildings in a month is reasonable.

Lynn nodded, "Well done, Mr. Flint."

"I will fulfill my promise of gin to you."

Hearing the word gin, a bright gleam immediately appeared in Flint's eyes.

Feigning indifference, Flint waved his hand and continued.

"What's this? There's something else I've yet to tell you!"

"The Defensive Empowerment Armor I promised you earlier has been forged."

Lynn's interest was piqued, "Take me to see it."

Without wasting words, Flint led the way to the blacksmith workshop.

Before they even got close, the clinking of metal hitting metal gradually reached Lynn's ears.

With Flint guiding, and with bows from the blacksmith apprentices, Lynn entered the blacksmith workshop.

Lynn's gaze swept around.

He observed.

At the workbenches of these two hundred blacksmith apprentices stood sets of half-finished scale armor with chain liners!

Clearly.

Through Flint's teachings, these blacksmith apprentices have developed the ability to forge armor independently.

Compared to the Defensive Empowerment Armor Flint spoke of.

The rapid improvement in these apprentices' forging skills was even more satisfactory!

As long as they completed the scale armor with chain liners on the workbenches.

He could use this light armor to form a highly mobile and flexible light armor cavalry!

Moreover, once these blacksmith apprentices complete their training.

He can freely allocate more labor, using these blacksmiths as the core to form more blacksmith teams.

To craft higher-quality armor and weapons!

Even future production of matchlock guns, cannons, and other metal products.

Lynn, led by Flint, arrived at the finished goods storage area deep within the blacksmith workshop.

Crossing the threshold and entering the empty room.

Lynn's eyes were immediately drawn to the armor arrayed from top to bottom.

The lighting in the room was not great.

But with the faint light shining in, he could clearly see the outline of the armor.

Perhaps due to the play of light, or perhaps due to the depiction of a defense magic array, streaks of golden glimmers flickered one after another.

The silver-white helmet, resembling the skull of a mythical beast, bore golden scale patterns on both sides, sparkling with a fierce cold gleam.

Lynn understood.

Those golden scale patterns were made with the Gold Pounds Flint had requested from him!

The slitted eye openings allowed the wearer to see clearly outside the helmet while providing protection.

Chapter 936: Rare Spiritual Guardian Armor

The chest armor full of linear patterns is broad, engraved with complex and mysterious runes.

Occasional fleeting glimmers dart across the runes.

The shoulder armor, tall and adorned with golden patterns, presents a tiered texture.

Coupled with intricately designed arm and leg armor, and skirt-like armor plates at the waist, along with that white cloak...

Even before wearing it, Lynn could feel a fierce sharpness.

With a thought, the text panel of the armor appeared before him.

[Rare Spiritual Guardian Armor]: Forged by Dwarf Master Blacksmith Flint, inscribed with protective magic arrays that can resist some magical damage, looks exquisite, suitable for combat and defense etc.

Reading the text introduction before him, Lynn's eyebrows inevitably raised.

Spiritual Guardian Armor!

And it's at a [Rare] level!

Indeed.

Flint's abilities far exceed the introduction on the text panel.

[Rare] level armor, Flint simply says he can forge it!

Watching Lynn admire the armor, Flint's heart was full of pride.

But his words were calm, "This is the defensive empowerment armor crafted by this old man."

"Due to the limited quantity of magic ores, compared to several magic armors I have crafted before, it indeed falls short."

"Yet for ordinary warfare, this empowerment armor is enough to protect you from some stray arrows and those mice hiding in the dark."

Flint's words turned, continuing.

"Want to try wearing it? This set of armor was forged according to last time's measurements."

"If there's anything unsuitable, modifications can be made."

Lynn nodded, stepping forward towards the armor.

Without needing any command from Lynn, Red followed him closely to help him don it.

Amid the crisp sound of metal clashing, piece by piece, the armor components were worn on him.

After about ten minutes.

Having donned a complete set of armor, Lynn paced in the empty room.

As he walked, Lynn felt the armor on him.

The weight of this [Rare Spiritual Guardian Armor] was far lighter than he imagined.

Lynn estimated that the armor weighs around thirty pounds.

Not much different from the scale armor with chain liner Flint forged for him last time.

With his current physique, the weight of thirty pounds in armor is almost negligible.

With a movement of his right hand, amidst the sound of metal friction, Lynn drew the one-handed sword from his waist.

Seeing this, Red and Flint hurriedly retreated several steps to the entrance of the storage area, to avoid being accidentally hurt by Lynn.

Lynn's right arm continually swung, a series of sword blades cutting through the air with whistling sounds.

The body donned in armor continually rotated as well.

After swinging the longsword for several minutes, aside from a slight sense of encumbrance brought by the armor, he felt no other discomfort.

Sheathing the one-handed sword, Lynn praised: "Master Flint, no further adjustment is necessary."

"The armor's size is very suitable for my physique!"

With this set of defensive empowerment armor, coupled with the greatsword Flint forged earlier, and the pure-blood warhorse Mo Ying transported from the Badan Empire.

Moreover, equipping Mo Ying with horse armor.

If charging at the enemy, surely invincible!

Listening to Lynn's words, Flint showed no surprise.

He spoke: "Of course, Master Lynn."

"With my sense of sizing... unless your body undergoes a mutation, otherwise there will hardly be any discrepancy!"

Lynn nodded, looking at Red.

Standing afar, Red promptly stepped forward, beginning to assist Lynn in removing the armor.

Removing the helmet, Lynn looked at Flint opposite him and spoke.

"Master Flint, is it possible to produce such armor on a large scale?"

Flint's thick eyebrows instantly raised, his voice shocked as he countered: "Large scale production?"

"Lord, are you kidding?"

Flint continued: "Not to mention the quantity of magic ores needed to forge this armor."

"Just obtaining high-quality steel alone took me significant time and effort."

"Besides, except for this old man, no one in your territory possesses refined forging skills and magic array inscription techniques."

"To think of large-scale production of defensive empowerment armor is simply dreaming!"

Listening to Flint's decisively firm words, Lynn's expression remained calm.

Even without Flint saying, he knew it was impossible.

If such empowerment armor could be mass-produced.

The world's warfare would not involve people wearing leather armor and chain armor, holding long spears and engaging in slaughter.

However.

He still couldn't help but harbor some wishful thinking.

Removing all the armor from his body, under the amazed gazes of Flint and Red.

Directly stored this set of empowerment armor into the [backpack].

Exiting the storage area, Lynn walked in Flint's Blacksmith Workshop.

Watching the apprentices busily working from behind, Lynn couldn't help but ask Flint.

"Master Flint, when will these blacksmith apprentices graduate?"

Flint followed Lynn's gaze, glancing.

He pondered for a moment and replied: "At least another half year!"

Chapter 937: Rare Spiritual Guardian Armor (Part 4)

"Of course, after half a year, they will only have mastered the most basic blacksmithing knowledge."

"To become a mature blacksmith who stands alone, a large amount of forging and accumulation is necessary."

Lynn nodded and asked no more questions.

Flint being able to train a batch of blacksmiths in just over a year is already a huge blessing.

Letting Flint continue teaching the apprentices, Lynn walked out of the Blacksmith Workshop with Red.

Then.

Lynn went to Ehrelo's Blacksmith Workshop and Yimini's Textile Workshop.

After understanding the forging and stitching progress of the composite armor, he walked out of the Handicraft Workshop District.

Even though he had Ehrelo draw a team of blacksmith apprentices to make heavy padded armor and vests,

and to produce the metal components like the water wheel transmission shaft currently,

Yimini had drawn personnel to weave grass hats, grass shoes, and grass mats,

and used linen cloth and harvested linen to make linen robes and pants,

it did not affect the progress of the two workshops producing composite armor.

On the contrary.

As the workers increased their forging and stitching, their work proficiency kept improving.

The thousand sets of composite armor he previously ordered for the Blacksmith Workshop and Textile Workshop.

Perhaps they will be completed by mid-August!

Arriving at Lord's Square.

Lynn glanced at the farmers who were still driving draft horses pulling heavy rollers for crushing and threshing, as well as using grain windmills for screening.

He was about to enter the dining hall to continue honing his Cooking skills.

Ahead.

Guy strode back towards the town.

Upon seeing Lynn, Guy's eyes lit up noticeably.

He immediately quickened his pace and came to Lynn's front.

Guy bent his waist and respectfully addressed, "Master Lynn."

Looking at the panting Guy before him, Lynn responded.

"What's the matter?"

Regulating his breath, Guy straightforwardly said.

"Master, I have brought back White Spirit Night and confined it in the newly constructed Wolf's Den."

"Along with White Spirit Night, there are twelve wild wolves."

Lynn's brows slightly raised as he asked Guy.

"Didn't you mention before that the wolf pack was afraid of the townsmen and only dared to linger at the forest edge?"

Guy smiled awkwardly, "Master, that was indeed the case earlier."

"However, I employed a little trick..."

Seeing Lynn Master looking directly at him.

Guy did not hesitate and continued speaking.

"During the night, I used chunks of meat to lure them into the Wolf's Den."

"I thought that even if White Spirit Night was familiar with my scent and wouldn't act aggressively,"

"the other wild wolves would become agitated and want to escape upon entering the Wolf's Den."

"But it seems the Wolf's Den has some kind of magic power."

"Not only did the wild wolves not show any signs of agitation or frenzy upon entering the Wolf's Den,"

"but they became much more docile, almost as if they were happy to stay within the Wolf's Den."

"It felt as if the wild wolves were returning to a den they built themselves!"

Lynn nodded understandingly.

Though the text description of the Wolf's Den did not mention effects like Guy described,

it is beneficial for him if the wild wolves can peacefully stay in the Wolf's Den and undergo empowerment breeding.

Only with these wild wolves entering the Wolf's Den can he have them empowered and bred.

Once these wild wolves are tamed, they can be equipped to soldiers, turning them into wolf cavalry!

Using the wild wolves' exceptional scent and tracking abilities to carry out scouting and patrols.

Even utilizing their stealth and agility to provide intelligence support or warnings to the army!

However, Lynn also understands.

Whether it's the empowered breeding wild boars, pigeons, or wolf packs,

they all require a professional trainer to manage, control, and conduct instruction training.

Lynn spoke to Guy, "Then keep them in the Wolf's Den for empowerment breeding."

"Meanwhile, make sure personnel are arranged for guarding."

"It's essential to prevent any situation where wild wolves harm townsmen, poultry, and livestock."

The wild wolves used for empowerment breeding are very important.

They're nearly a substitute for the warhorses his territory lacks.

But the townsmen in the ranch, as well as the poultry and livestock, are even more crucial.

Guy replied, "Master, rest assured, I've already arranged the personnel."

Lynn nodded, "Is there anything else to report?"

Guy thought for a moment and shook his head, "Nothing for now."

Lynn responded and directly dismissed Guy.

White Spirit and Black Night bringing back a pack of twelve wild wolves for him.

It is indeed an unexpected windfall.

Aside from being able to empower breed these wild wolves,

he can also rely on these wild wolves to expand their scale through breeding.

Ultimately crafting a unit of wolf cavalry!

Although, this is just a thought he has at the moment.

Not to mention expanding the scale of wild wolves in the future.

Even the current empowerment breeding and instruction training is a challenging task.

To this day.

Apart from the trainer of Old Simeon's warhorses brought by Alan, he doesn't have any training personnel.

The plan to train wild wolves, pigeons, and wild boars can only proceed one step at a time.

Watching Guy's back gradually disappear into the distance.

It was only then Lynn retracted his gaze and entered the dining hall kitchen again to continue developing his Cooking skills.

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[Cooking Experience +1]

[Cooking Experience +1]

[Cooking Experience +1]

...

Until evening.

Lynn finally walked back toward the castle, his steps heavy and his body weary.

He passed through the Red Brick Houses and returned to the castle.

Welcomed by Kuisi, Lynn sat at the head of the dining table.

Looking at the array of delicious and fragrant dishes on the table, his mouth watered.

Compared to the food from the canteen, the meals prepared in the castle's kitchen were clearly more exquisite.

Even so, to Lynn, the canteen's food was still quite good.

Barley bread made with fine salt, dishes stewed with pieces of meat, along with various vegetables grown in the fields.

Rich in nutrients needed by the townsmen after a day's work!

The key point is that the food was rich in oil and fat!

If the townsmen didn't consume enough oil and fat, they simply wouldn't have the energy for intense physical labor.

Such a life, though not as luxurious as the Lord Nobility's,

was still much more generous compared to other Free People and their past lives.

Having three meals a day, each with meat, was not something ordinary Free People and Peasants could dream of.

Under the service of Kuisi and the maids, Lynn began to enjoy his dinner.

After dinner, he washed away the grease and sweat from his body.

Lynn applied a slight force with his arm, holding Janet tightly in his embrace from behind.

Allowing the softness of Janet's backside to press against his front.

...

Under the night sky.

Outside Morgan Town, on a gravel road interspersed between harvested fields,

several cavalymen in armor, holding reins with their right hand and torches with their left, rode their horses along the road.

Despite the late hour,

there was a bright silver moonlight illuminating the harvested fields.

At the front of the cavalry team,

the patrol captain had already removed his helmet, enjoying the night breeze blowing from afar.

Cool, with an earthy scent.

It woke up his somewhat drowsy body.

Patrol captain Dorian glanced back, noticing that several soldiers looked almost identical to how he felt moments ago.

Dorian couldn't help but frown and spoke to the four,

"Keep your spirits up! We've just started patrolling, and you're already getting drowsy?"

"If you're feeling sleepy, stop and wash your face by the river."

"It's okay to patrol slowly, but if you let your mind wander and something goes wrong, that's a major dereliction of duty!"

"You all know there have been unknown cavalry sightings near the edge of Morgan Town..."

Upon hearing Dorian's words, the four initially nodding off soldiers straightened up.

"Yes, Captain Dorian."

Dorian acknowledged with a word, not continuing further.

His warning to his soldiers needed only to be brief.

Too much detail would only make them annoyed or resistant.

It's better to directly inform them of the stakes.

As for what to do, even without him saying, these four soldiers would know.

This was his little trick to get along with his subordinates.

As expected.

Just as Dorian said,

when the horses reached a small creek,

the soldiers reined in their horses, dismounted, crouched by the side, and began splashing creek water on their faces to stay alert.

Dorian's eyebrows slightly raised.

His gaze swept around the surroundings.

In the harvested fields, only the roots of the plants remained.

A large area of untouched barley swayed non-stop in the night breeze.

Like waves, rolling layer upon layer...

Looking further into the distance, apart from the dimness, nothing unusual could be seen.

Dorian felt a slight relief in his heart.

As a night patrol team, he naturally hoped that everything was normal.

At the outer bounds of Morgan Town where they currently were,

should anything arise, their squad of five light cavalry might not even have the chance to return alive to deliver the message.

A few minutes later.

Dorian glanced at the four soldiers by the creek and spoke,

"Just wash quickly, why dawdle?"

"There are still several points we need to patrol!"

Hearing Dorian's urging, a young man grinned, baring his white teeth.

"Captain Dorian, why don't you join us? This creek water is really refreshing!"

Another man echoed, "Yeah, it's not like anyone's here in the dead of night, why not take a bath?"

"Wearing armor every day in such hot weather, I feel like I'm getting all smelly!"

The other two also chimed in: "Yeah, Captain Dorian, you should wash up too?"

"Or why don't you wash first, while I keep watch on patrol?"

Seeing their eager faces, Dorian couldn't help but roll his eyes.

After another quick survey of the surroundings to ensure nothing was amiss,

Dorian said to the four, "If you want to wash, do it quickly, wash up and continue patrolling!"

Receiving Dorian's affirmative response, the four's faces broke into more apparent happiness.

They all answered in unison and quickly began undoing and removing their armor,

preparing to bathe beside the creek, less than a meter deep.

Watching them remove their armor pieces, revealing robes and pants nearly soaked with sweat,

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Dorian shook his head helplessly.

Even though it was now evening, and the temperature had dropped significantly compared to the daytime,

yet,

the weight of the composite armor they wore still made them sweat profusely.

Moreover, Master Lynn had once issued an order.

All soldiers and guards, except during rest, were not allowed to remove their armor at any other time.

Dorian naturally understood.

The reason Master Lynn gave such an order was to better protect the soldiers' safety!

Previously, within Master Lynn's territory, the city walls provided protection, ensuring life safety.

But now,

they were in Morgan Town, which Master Lynn had not yet fully controlled.

Furthermore,

unknown cavalry had previously approached the borders of Morgan Town.

Only by wearing armor uniformly could they avoid cold arrows from hidden enemies.

Without the protection of this armor, their flesh and blood would be no different from ordinary people.

This was also why, upon hearing the soldiers' desire to bathe, he hesitated.

Watching them use linen cloths from unknown sources, soak them in the creek, and then wipe their bodies,

Dorian felt a slight stir in his heart.

Ultimately, he gave up.

Dismounting from his horse,

Dorian paced, observing the surroundings.

Thus,

he could both avoid becoming a target by riding and set his body loose after sitting astride the horse for so long.

After waiting several minutes,

the four soldiers who had finished bathing donned their armor and approached Dorian.

The young man politely reminded, "Captain Dorian, won't you wash up?"

"It's still early, even if you finish bathing, we still have time to patrol."

Another soldier added, "Yes, Captain Dorian."

"The four of us can help you patrol!"

Dorian shook his head, "No need, let's wait until after the patrol."

After speaking,

he walked over to the horses chewing grass beside the road.

The four soldiers exchanged helpless glances and headed to their respective horses.

Mounting their horses, after a few prompts, the horses started moving steadily again.

Clip-clop, clip-clop,

the slightly disordered hoofbeats fell on the gravel road, creating a series of interwoven steps.

After washing, the four soldiers showed a noticeably improved mood.

Their eyes continuously scanned their surroundings, looking for any abnormalities.

The young soldier walking beside Dorian nudged his horse closer to him.

The young soldier seemed hesitant, wanting to speak but unsure.

Dorian glanced at him and asked, "Got something to say?"

The young soldier Du An grinned and quickly said, "Captain Dorian, is what the lord said true?"

Dorian looked at Du An in confusion, about to ask.

Perhaps realizing his words were unclear, Du An quickly explained.

"I mean what Lord Early conveyed after returning from the territory!"

"That every castle guardhouse soldier can be allocated fifty acres of farmland!"

"Moreover, as long as the soldiers complete their grain tax duties, the remaining crops belong entirely to them."

Upon hearing this, Dorian understood.

He nodded, saying, "Lord Early was personally appointed as Centurion by the Lord."

"His transmission of the Lord's directives is not false."

Du An's eyes shone brighter, and he continued to ask.

"Then Captain Dorian, can we, who were dispatched from the territory, also get fifty acres of farmland?"

Upon hearing this, Dorian hesitated for a moment.

"At the moment, I can't give you a definite answer."

"Once we finish patrolling and return to the town, I will inquire with Lord Early."

Dorian shifted his tone and continued,

"However, I feel you should be able to get the fifty acres of farmland!"

"Since when Lord Early conveyed the instructions, he mentioned becoming garrison soldiers meant farming during the busy seasons and training during leisure times!"

"In other words, soldiers have become both soldiers and farmers."

"Although we were transferred from the wall garrison, we are also part of the soldiers."

Du An's face was full of expectant anticipation as he listened.

Dorian turned to look behind him.

Not only Du An wore this expression, but so did the other three soldiers.

Dorian raised his eyebrows and asked, "What? Want to farm?"

Du An laughed, "Of course, Captain Dorian."

"Our family has been a farming family for generations, always relying on planting to survive."

"Captain Dorian, I don't know if you understand that feeling."

"It's like watching the barren land slowly sprout, transform into crops, mature into harvests, then be made into food to eat... the whole process."

"It's like witnessing the beginning and end of a life."

"Most importantly, this life grows under my effort!"

Dorian summarized, "You mean... the sense of harvest?"

Du An thought for a few seconds, "Sort of, but not entirely!"

"I can't fully describe that feeling..."

"But if we can get fifty acres of farmland and use the Lord's agriculture techniques, we will surely have a bountiful harvest!"

"Apart from the public grain taxes, the surplus crops can be stored."

"Only when we have food at home do we have the confidence to survive!"

Upon hearing this, Dorian slightly furrowed his brows.

He then remembered that Du An was from the southern part of the Portlands Empire.

Rumors said that because of the witch, what should have been a harvest season turned into half a month of continuous torrential rain.

The crops planted in Du An's village yielded nothing!

Coupled with military control and suppression,

Du An's family starved inside the house.

Dorian understood.

Only those like Du An, who truly experienced hunger,

understand the horror of extreme hunger and lack of food.

Dorian nodded and said, "Don't worry, you're now a soldier of the Lord."

"The Lord once promised that he wouldn't let his townsmen starve!"

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Du An's eyes were full of anticipation.

"Moreover, just as the Lord said, he truly achieved letting us not go hungry."

"The Lord is indeed an extraordinary Lord!"

Dorian had no words but nodded in agreement.

As one of the first recruited guard soldiers by Master Lynn, he almost witnessed the entire development process of the territory.

Especially in military prowess.

Who would have thought that the territory, which initially had only a ten-man guard squad, could develop into a force of four thousand soldiers?

From heavy cavalry, light cavalry, heavy infantry, and archers, and more.

Capable of charge, close combat, and ranged attack means.

Such strength.

Although not comparable to some Great Lords.

But relying on walls like mountain forest passes, or the Manor Castle.

Is enough to hold out for a long time, without being breached!

Relying on planting as the primary farming technique, the yield per acre of crops is extremely limited.

The number of soldiers held by most Manor Lords is not many.

Even if some Manor Lords have hundreds of soldiers.

They often farm during busy seasons and train during leisure times.

Thus, ensuring the full use of labor.

To cultivate a qualified soldier is extremely difficult.

Ordinary soldiers are like this.

Not to mention fully armed soldiers out of production.

However!

Master Lynn stubbornly developed their ten-man guard squad to its current scale.

Moreover, nearly achieving full armament!

Wearing armor and holding iron weapons.

Even as light cavalry, they are riding horses!

Though they don't compare to the heavy cavalry riding the warhorses of the Badan Empire.

These ordinary horses are enough for them, dressed in composite armor, to perform charge combat!

Of course.

Dorian also understands.

Master Lynn was able to develop the military strength because he discovered three mines in the territory.

Excavate salt mines, produce fine salt, for trade and exchange for other goods.

Dig coal mines to use as fuel for various industries in the territory.

Extract iron ore, smelt iron, forging armor.

Finding three mineral deposits simultaneously in a barren territory seems a bit incredible.

But it coincidentally illustrates Master Lynn's ability.

Discovering resources, organizing extraction, to be used in the territory's development and construction!

Dorian feels.

Even if Master Lynn were replaced by another Lord, that Lord would never, in such forging time, plan and develop that territory to its current depth.

Be aware.

Master Lynn's territory now not only has tens of thousands of labor forces, vast farmland, numerous armed soldiers!

There are also military merit promotion systems, Territorial Law, hospitals, schools, courts, canteens...

Whether in terms of law or livelihood, real implementation has been carried out.

It could even be said without exaggeration, Master Lynn solved their worries.

Even if one day war occurs, as soldiers, they fall in battle.

Master Lynn will take good care of their families!

That's why, whenever Master Lynn recruits soldiers, all the townsmen are eager to try.

Master Lynn created a home where they can live happily and stably.

And they must constantly strive for this home.

Even if they ultimately lose their lives, it will be worth it!

A night breeze laced with coolness gently blew by.

Penetrating through the gaps of the armor plates in the composite armor, entering his armor, making Dorian's somewhat restless heart gradually calm.

Pushing down the thoughts in his mind, Dorian's gaze continued to survey his surroundings.

In their vigilant patrol, the night grew deeper.

Except for the strange noises incessantly made by small beasts in the grass.

The rustling sounds of the night breeze blowing over the crop plants.

Occasionally shrill calls of strange birds from distant forests.

No other disturbances were heard.

Just when Dorian was about to withdraw his gaze, his eyes suddenly widened.

His head turned, staring directly several meters ahead.

Du An, next to him due to the close distance, noticed Dorian's actions.

Du An asked in confusion: "Captain Dorian, you..."

He hadn't finished speaking.

Dorian directly extended a finger towards him.

Seeing this, Du An furrowed his brows slightly and promptly closed his mouth.

Not only him.

The three soldiers behind them displayed expressions of confusion.

Under Dorian's lead, the four urged their horses forward.

But clearly, Dorian had discovered something.

His expression was serious, unknown since when his left hand began holding the reins, while his right hand grasped the grip of the Longsword at his waist!

The four immediately thought of something, gripping the sword handle with their right hand.

After the horses walked a few meters, Dorian reined them in.

Sitting on horseback, Dorian stared directly at the unharvested barley field ahead.

Originally supposed to be a flat barley field.

But now there appeared traces of fallen plants.

Adding to the significant footprints on the trampled ground...

Dorian's brows knitted tightly, immediately and solemnly spoke to Du An.

"Quickly return to town and inform Lord Earl, there is suspected espionage entering Morgan Town!"

"Ask him to organize personnel immediately for a night search around the town."

Du An naturally also saw the traces tramped in the barley field.

Upon hearing Dorian's low words, his expression intensified and responded promptly.