

## **System 971**

### Chapter 971: Swearing Allegiance (Part 2)

"Lord, Tyrone Ramirez and a group of captured soldiers have gathered at the Lord's Square early this morning."

Lynn's eyes narrowed slightly, waiting for the guard to continue speaking.

"Tyrone Ramirez says he has organized the Iron Guard of Pan Yan City, awaiting your approval, my Lord!"

Lynn replied, "I understand."

Tyrone Ramirez is very capable.

Whether in personal strength or in leadership and management of soldiers.

If Tyrone can rally the seven hundred ninety-nine captured soldiers, to be revitalized and willing to fight for his territory.

That would be ideal.

Eight hundred mature soldiers with combat and city defense experience!

No need to provide them with a large amount of high-nutrition food to improve their physical fitness.

Nor is there a need to spend a lot of time on basic instructions and physical training for them.

Just fill their stomachs and equip them with suitable armor and weapons, and they can charge into battle and fight the enemy!

It would significantly enhance the military strength of his territory.

With steady steps, Lynn continued toward the Lord's Square.

Just turning the corner of a Red Brick House.

On the Lord's Square.

The outline of a neatly formed lineup came into view for Lynn.

Even though they were not wearing armor, even though they were just in coarse linen shirts, with fabric worn and faded.

They meticulously tucked their shirt corners under their waistbands.

Their eyes stern, gazing intently at the empty speaker's platform ahead.

Though townsmen and patrols occasionally passed by, giving them curious glances.

They still stood firmly, waiting.

Waiting for the arrival of the lord they pledged allegiance to.

Perhaps due to a reminder, or perhaps an eagle-eyed soldier.

When Lynn appeared on the edge of the Lord's Square.

Many eyes turned and fell upon him.

Including Tyrone Ramirez, standing at the forefront of the lineup.

Lynn naturally felt their gazing eyes.

He appeared calm, his steps steady as he ascended the platform facing the eight hundred captured soldiers.

Lynn's gaze moved, meeting the eyes of all the captured soldiers, sweeping over each of their faces.

Under Lynn's watchful gaze.

The captured soldiers felt great pressure and unwittingly shifted their gaze, daring not continue eye contact.

They could clearly feel that the young lord standing on the platform was exuding a powerful aura from head to toe.

As a result.

When Lynn's gaze swept over their faces.

The soldiers all turned their gaze away, lowering their heads.

Lynn looked at the forefront, Tyrone Ramirez, and spoke.

"Tyrone Ramirez, tell me the purpose of your gathering."

Upon hearing Lynn's words, the gaze of all the captured soldiers turned to Tyrone Ramirez, waiting for his response.

Tyrone suddenly lifted his head, his face marked with vertical scars shaped like the character '𐄌' facing Lynn.

In a loud and solemn voice, he spoke.

"I, Tyrone Ramirez, from this moment vow allegiance to Lord Lynn Blake!"

"I will serve you with my life, my honor, and all my power, obey your commands, defend your rights, and oppose all enemies."

"Should I break this vow, may I fall into endless Purgatory, my soul forever tormented by flames!"

As the last words fell, Tyrone, who had been standing upright, bent his knees and knelt down.

Then.

Behind Tyrone, the voices of seven hundred ninety-nine captured soldiers echoed with the same vow.

"I, Casio Benitez, from this moment, pledge allegiance to Lord Lynn Blake..."

"I, Leo Heik..."

"I, Jonathan Robinson..."

The sound of the pledging echoed continuously across the Lord's Square.

Even.

Some townsmen working outside the town were drawn to this loud shouting.

Despite their different names, until the last words fell.

All captured soldiers, as if by agreement, bent their knees, kneeling on one knee on the ground.

Their eyes wide open.

Gazing intently at the young lord standing on the platform, awaiting his response.

Seeing Lynn standing on the platform with no response.

Kneeling on one knee at the forefront of the lineup, Tyrone called out again.

"Please, Lord, accept our allegiance!"

Tyrone's voice fell, and the captured soldiers echoed in unison.

"Please, Lord, accept our allegiance!"

Seeing the excited expressions on their faces, eyes filled with eager anticipation.

Lynn spoke to the crowd: "I can accept your allegiance."

"I can also provide you with fine food and barrack accommodations."

"And even equip you with armor and weapons!"

Hearing Lynn's words, the faces of the captured soldiers lit up with delight.

Just as Tyrone had informed them last night.

Lynn's words took a turn: "However!"

"In return for these I offer you, what can I expect?"

"In the face of the enemy's assault, can you meet them head-on at the earliest moment, fighting with your lives?"

Tyrone responded solemnly, without hesitation: "We can!"

His troops of captured soldiers behind him equally exuded high spirits.

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Sure, here is the translated text:

"We can!"

Lynn continued, "Faced with the enemy's charge, will you be able to use your bodies to halt their advancing steps?"

Tyrone spoke decisively, "We can!"

The soldiers in the back responded loudly.

"We can!"

Lynn said solemnly, "Faced with a wall about to be breached, can you hold your ground until the very last moment?"

"Even if it means fighting to the death? Shedding every last drop of blood?"

Tyrone's mouth slightly opened, the words he was about to speak paused abruptly.

He understood that Lynn's question referred to Pan Yan City.

Although the final fate of Pan Yan City was that they would be defeated due to the overwhelming difference in strength, even if they didn't surrender.

But for the Lord they now pledge loyalty to, it was the greatest obstacle.

It is even described as a feeling of choked bitterness, and there's nothing excessive about it.

A group of war prisoners who chose to surrender to save their lives...

How could they easily earn anyone's trust?

Tyrone comprehended why the Lord hasn't fully accepted them yet.

But!

Tyrone raised his head high, his eyes resolute, he shouted at Lynn.

"We can!"

As his voice fell, the prisoners behind him also shouted in unison.

"We can!"

Perhaps the prisoners sensed the doubt and distrust in Lynn's words.

The shout this time was several times louder than before.

Like a thunderbolt, it pierced the skies, echoing in the heavens.

Only after a few seconds did it gradually dissipate.

As the sound dissipated.

Lynn nodded and said to the prisoners, "Very good!"

"I, Lynn Blake, accept your loyalty!"

"Stand up!"

Upon hearing Lynn's words, Tyrone raised his eyebrows with a hint of surprise.

Not only Tyrone.

The prisoners behind him shared the same sentiment.

In their joy, there was a trace of confusion.

After exchanging glances, they slowly stood up.

Under Tyrone's lead, a uniform voice rang out.

"Thank you, Lord!"

Lynn nodded and continued speaking.

"The organization of Pan Rock Iron Guard will remain, and I appoint Tyrone as Commander to manage you fully."

"From this moment on, you are no longer the eight hundred Iron Guards of Pan Yan City! But the Pan Rock Iron Guard of this territory!"

The joy in the prisoners' eyes became even more evident.

Lynn scanned them once more, saying.

"Loyalty is not merely a promise given with words."

"I look forward to your future performance!"

Sensing the nearly cautionary tone in Lynn's words, their expressions became resolute.

"We will never betray the Lord's trust."

Lynn nodded, thought to himself, and began to examine their personal information panel.

Perhaps because of their loyalty.

Or maybe because he trusted these prisoner soldiers.

Their loyalty value was rapidly increasing.

Lynn turned his gaze to the guards below the podium and spoke.

"Remove the handcuffs and shackles from everyone."

"From this moment, they are no longer prisoners, but townsmen like everyone else!"

Under the gaze of the prisoner soldiers, he walked down from the speaking platform.

Lynn looked at Tyrone not far away.

Without Lynn having to speak, Tyrone perked up and ran forward.

Tyrone bent his waist, speaking respectfully, "Lord."

Lynn replied, "From now on, you are the Commander of the Pan Rock Iron Guard!"

Tyrone's bow became even more profound.

"Thank you, Lord. Tyrone will never betray your trust."

Lynn said solemnly, "I already mentioned that actions speak louder than promises!"

Tyrone's expression became serious, no longer filled with any promise words.

Lynn continued speaking: "You don't need to engage in production labor anymore."

"Perhaps what you see of the territory is peaceful, with townsmen living and working in peace and contentment."

"But outside this territory, undercurrents are surging, with many crises approaching."

"If there is a war, I'll deploy the Pan Rock Iron Guard to join the battle first."

"Thus, I need you to lead them, resume the training according to your previous methods, and restore their combat ability!"

Tyrone's tone was firm, "Yes, Lord."

Lynn said, "Regarding the place for training and residing, as well as the armor and weapons for the soldiers, I will arrange them for you promptly."

Tyrone bowed again, "Thank you, Lord."

Lynn nodded and let Tyrone step down to arrange the organization of the prisoner soldiers.

He paced towards the craft workshops.

As he walked, he pondered in his mind.

Thinking about the subsequent arrangement of these eight hundred Pan Rock Iron Guards.

By establishing the Pan Rock Iron Guard in the territory, he naturally wanted these soldiers to have a strong sense of honor.

Moreover, to denote his respect for the soldiers' past.

Also.

This decision was evidently correct.

The loyalty value of the eight hundred Pan Rock Iron Guards was continuously rising!

Of course.

He also considered that the formation of the Pan Rock Iron Guard might lead to the emergence of military factions within the territory!

Rose's cavalry unit, Wesley's archery unit...

He even considered the friction and conflicts between military groups.

However.

Even if such a situation arises, he doesn't care.

The existence of military groups has both advantages and disadvantages.

The benefit is.

Firstly.

It can prevent the excessive authority of a single leader, reducing the risk of a mercenary mutiny and seizing power.

Additionally, it can strengthen his control over the soldier units!

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Secondly.

It can bring out the expertise of the generals.

Rose, who once served as the deputy commander of the cavalry detachment, is naturally more suited to lead the cavalry.

Tyrone, with talents and skills related to heavy infantry, is obviously more suited to command the infantry!

Different generals leading different soldiers can bring out the combat strength the soldiers deserve.

Lastly.

It can provide checks and balances.

Generals can act as checks and balances on each other, supervising one another.

He can fully utilize this balance to better manage the soldier units and ensure the army follows his commands!

A balance of power, using both grace and might—this is the core strategy of the Emperor's Art!

Of course.

Where there are benefits, there can be drawbacks.

The existence of multiple military teams within the territory might lead to coordination difficulties, resulting in internal friction.

In dealing with problems, they might evade responsibility, leading to low decision-making and execution efficiency.

They might even form cliques for personal gain, threatening his rule!

However.

This is simply not a problem for him.

With the loyalty value function in existence.

He can easily see the loyalty value of each resident at a glance.

If there are signs of decline or rebellion, he would simply cut them off ahead of time.

Lynn, after some thought, finally decided to settle the eight hundred Pan Rock Iron Guards within the territory.

As former soldiers, they have combat experience and instincts.

But after being defeated and captured, their combat beliefs and desires have significantly diminished.

Because in their view, nothing seems worth fighting and bleeding for anymore.

Therefore.

While Tyrone organizes their training and physical recovery, increase their interaction with the townsmen.

This will enhance their familiarity and sense of belonging to this territory and its people.

Only in this way can their combat beliefs and desires be rekindled.

Most crucially.

The Blacksmith Workshop and Textile Workshop have yet to forge and produce enough armor and weapons.

Unable to equip these eight hundred soldiers at present.

The idea currently in his mind is...

To utilize Tyrone's abilities, using these eight hundred Pan Rock Iron Guards as the foundation to gradually form a steel heavy infantry!

Helmets on their heads, heavy armor on their bodies, heavy shields in their left hands, long halberds in their right!

In advance, they can push forward in dense formations after the cavalry charges, expanding the battlefield advantage.

In retreat, they can interlink heavy shields to form a sturdy shield wall.

Facing enemy cavalry charges or distant attacks from arrows.

The shield wall can provide effective protection, thereby reducing soldier casualties.

However, this is just a preliminary idea for now.

To form a heavy infantry of thousands.

Not only does it require the forging of a large amount of heavy armor and shields, but it also requires plenty of robust soldiers!

Without a strong enough physique, the soldiers are simply incapable of carrying almost one hundred pounds of shield armor and weapons.

While Lynn was pondering, he had already entered the craft workshop and arrived at the entrance of the Blacksmith Workshop.

Before even approaching the Blacksmith Workshop, Ehrelo, who had been waiting, immediately came to greet him.

Coming before Lynn, a noticeable smile appeared on Ehrelo's face.

In a respectful tone, he said, "Master, you have arrived!"

Lynn nodded and asked, "The one thousand sets of composite armor plates, standard helmets, and chest armor, are they completed?"

During dinner last night.

Kuisi had reported to him that the Blacksmith Workshop had completed the forging of the armor plate components.

Ehrelo answered without hesitation, "Yes, master."

"They are already forged and all the armor plate components have been transported to the Textile Workshop."

"Now, we only need to wait for Foreman Yimini and her workers to proceed with the linking and production."

Lynn nodded and said, "Well done."

"Nearly half a month earlier than the task deadline I set for you!"

At that night's meeting, he had assigned the Blacksmith Workshop and Textile Workshop the task of completing one thousand sets of composite armor in two months.

It is still early August now.

Ehrello and the blacksmith apprentices have already completed it.

Ehrello smiled and said, "Master, you overpraise us."

"To finish early, it's all thanks to your investment of a large workforce into the Blacksmith Workshop."

"The Blacksmith Workshop now has two thousand four hundred people!"

"Even excluding those teams currently making tools and heavy armor, there are over fifteen hundred apprentices for forging work..."

Lynn remained noncommittal.

With limited forging technology, to improve workshop forging efficiency, the only option was to increase labor input as a trade-off.

Lynn spoke, "Since the production is complete... the Blacksmith Workshop will enter into rest starting today!"

Upon hearing Lynn's words, Ehrello's face blossomed into an even bigger smile.

Since joining Master Lynn's territory to forge and produce farming tools, he hadn't rested.

Working from dawn till dusk almost every day!

Now receiving Master Lynn's affirmative directions, how could he not be happy and excited?

Not only Ehrelo.

The blacksmith apprentices standing afar couldn't hear their lord's conversation with Foreman Ehrelo.

But seeing Ehrelo showing a toothy grin, they could already guess the result.

Surely Master Lynn had agreed to the previous promise!

Looking at Ehrelo's somewhat excited expression, Lynn even felt a touch of reluctance to say the next words.

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His words turned, "However..."

Ehrelo's smile froze instantly, and he spoke somewhat bitterly.

"Master, however what..."

Lynn no longer stirred Ehrelo's feelings, and said calmly.

"I need to draw a thousand apprentices to construct six Double-chamber Reflector Furnaces!"

"Furthermore, you need to supervise and command on-site!"

Initially, he planned to use the six existing blast furnaces and improve them into Double-chamber Reflector Furnaces.

But finally realized, due to the different internal structure of blast furnaces.

Attempting to modify them is as challenging as directly demolishing the blast furnaces and rebuilding them!

Feeling the calm and serious tone of Master Lynn, Ehrelo's complex expression gradually settled.

As the foreman of the Blacksmith Workshop, he naturally understood the importance of improving the blast furnaces as mentioned by Master Lynn.

It concerns the future development of Master Lynn's entire territory!

Ehrelo responded, "No problem, Master."

Lynn glanced at Ehrelo with satisfaction and continued speaking.

"This is one of them."

"Once the new Double-chamber Reflector Furnace is completed, I will draw part of the workforce from the Blacksmith Workshop to join the soldiers' ranks!"

"Not just your blacksmith practice, but also Yimini's textile workshop."

The combined workforce of the two workshops reaches five thousand people, which is indeed too much!

Ehrelo slightly bowed his head, "Ehrelo follows your instructions."

Lynn nodded, "Then, you can proceed with arranging the personnel."

"Leave a thousand laborers for the upcoming construction, the remaining personnel can withdraw to rest."

"During the rest period, as long as they don't violate the territorial law, they can do whatever they want."

"Once the Double-chamber Reflector Furnace is completed, the workers will be summoned to return to work."

After listening to Master Lynn's instructions, Ehrelo bowed again and retreated.

But a few minutes later.

Cheers erupted from deep within the Blacksmith Workshop.

Clearly.

Ehrelo was conveying his recent instructions to the blacksmith apprentices.

Following that were shouts of doubt and surprise.

But soon.

Through explanations and persuasion from Ehrelo, the shouting was suppressed by him.

Minutes later.

Ehrelø, with a group of apprentices, passed through the Blacksmith Workshop and approached him.

Lynn looked towards Ehrelø's back.

A number of blacksmith apprentices stared at him with wide eyes from afar.

Although their eyes were full of reverence and admiration.

There was a noticeable hint of disappointment on their faces.

Clearly.

They were willing to work overtime to construct the blast furnaces for the Blacksmith Workshop.

But they wanted to rest more.

Ehrelø slightly bent, saying somewhat helplessly, "Master, the thousand workers have been arranged."

"However, they..."

Before Ehrelø finished speaking, Lynn interrupted him directly.

"I know."

Lynn's gaze passed Ehrelø, once again looking at the apprentices.

He began, "I know, you all think that as your lord, I have broken my promise to you."

The blacksmith apprentices dared not look Lynn in the eye, lowering their heads in unison.

Lynn continued speaking: "But you need to know what the tasks ahead of you mean!"

The apprentices, upon hearing this, lifted their heads in doubt, awaiting further words from their lord.

Lynn spoke in a deep voice: "This concerns the future development of the entire territory!"

"The Blacksmith Workshop can only forge higher quality steel, to produce better steel products!"

"With higher quality steel armor and weapons, soldiers can more easily achieve victory in battle."

"With higher quality steel tools, the development of the territory can be accelerated!"

"Although in the eyes of outsiders, you are merely forging iron, or being called 'a bunch of mere iron-beaters'!"

Upon hearing this, the apprentices showed indignant expressions, as if hit by an arrow.

Lynn continued speaking: "In my view, agricultural production is the foundation of all development."

"But with your handcrafted forging and production, agricultural production is accelerated."

"If soldiers are heroes defending the territory, then you're warriors making the territory thrive!"

"Your presence is critically important to both the territory and to me!"

Listening to Lynn's words, the apprentices who were initially full of reluctance and helplessness turned into excitement.

Just as their lord said.

Although they receive double military merit income daily.

Because every day they work overtime tirelessly in forging and production.

They have been mocked by workers from other industries in the territory as 'mere iron-beaters'.

But they never realized that their presence was of such importance to Master Lynn and this territory.

Even receiving the title 'warrior' from their lord!

Once they were merely the lowest of Free People or Peasants.

How could they have received such direct praise from a lord?

In an instant, all reluctance within them vanished.

Looking at the eyes full of Power among the apprentices in front, Lynn kept speaking.

"Even during the construction of the Double-chamber Reflector Furnace, you can still earn double military merit."

"And you don't need to work overtime like during Forging."

"You can dine on a batch schedule like other workshops, and rest once it's time!"

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Upon hearing this.

The eyes of the apprentices widened, their excitement evident.

No need for overtime, just building during normal working hours.

And they would also receive double military merits!

They naturally were willing to stay and continue working.

Not only the apprentices, but Foreman Erelo was also somewhat surprised.

Because Master Lynn hadn't informed him of these things earlier.

Seeing the eager expressions of the apprentices, Lynn continued speaking.

"Moreover, rest assured everyone."

"I will personally lead you in the construction of the Double-chamber Reflector Furnace!"

The respect and admiration in the eyes of the blacksmith apprentices towards Lynn became increasingly evident at these words.

Having finished his instructions, Lynn no longer wasted any words.

He began assigning tasks to the thousand apprentices for the dismantling of the existing six iron-smelting blast furnaces!

The first batch of four hundred was responsible for dismantling the external structures of the furnaces.

Four hundred blacksmith apprentices were divided into groups of sixty-seven, going to each of the six blast furnaces.

Their task was to dismantle external auxiliary facilities such as stairs, platforms, and chimneys.

The second batch of four hundred was in charge of dismantling the furnace bodies.

Four hundred blacksmith apprentices were also divided into groups of sixty-seven.

They used cross pickaxes and iron hammers to break down refractory bricks and other heavy materials in the blast furnaces.

If there were overly large bricks and heavy materials, they could use the town's idle pulley assemblies for lifting and transport.

To minimize the apprentices' physical exertion and prepare for the subsequent construction.

The third batch of two hundred formed the transport team.

They were responsible for moving the dismantled furnace parts and waste to designated locations for sorting and storage.

While transporting, they also ensured that the dismantling site was cleaned promptly.

To ensure the dismantling site's cleanliness and ease of movement.

Once Lynn had completed assigning tasks to the thousand, he gave the command.

Teams of blacksmith apprentices, gripping their tools tightly, headed towards the six blast furnaces.

In no time.

With the collaboration of a thousand townsmen, the dismantling work began.

Standing beside Lynn, Erelo watched as bricks and components were dismantled one after another.

He felt a bit dazed and moved.

These six blast furnaces had been personally constructed by Master Lynn, guiding them by hand.

Thanks to these furnaces, the territory could produce so many iron products.

From the initial cross pickaxes and iron hoes to the later wheel plows and various armors and weapons...

A questioning voice suddenly entered Erelo's ears.

"What? Reluctant to part?"

Hearing the familiar words, Erelo was jolted back to reality.

He quickly turned his head and saw Lynn looking at him.

A touch of embarrassment appeared on Erelo's face, and he said apologetically.

"I'm sorry, Master Lynn, for making you laugh."

"It's not really reluctance, just that I've grown attached over time."

"After all, I've been learning ironwork and forging from my elders since I was young..."

Lynn nodded slightly, "Rest assured, once the Double-chamber Reflector Furnace is built and high-quality steel is produced."

"You'll understand the necessity of dismantling the current blast furnaces..."

Erelo bent his waist slightly in acknowledgment.

There was no need for Lynn to give further instructions.

He stepped forward, joining the dismantling team.

Lynn shifted his focus, surveying the fervent and dusty dismantling scene ahead, his mind deep in thought!

The dismantling of the blast furnaces had finally begun!

Based on the efficiency of a thousand blacksmith apprentices.

To completely dismantle the six blast furnaces and clean up everything.

It would take at least seven days!

In seven days, Lynn planned to personally lead the blacksmith apprentices and demonstrate the construction of the Double-chamber Reflector Furnace.

Lynn considered.

Detailing the construction of the Double-chamber Reflector Furnace on paper.

Letting Erelo and Clive, who are adept at construction design, study the blueprints for the construction.

Ultimately, he abandoned this idea.

Because compared to the previous construction of ordinary blast furnaces, building the Double-chamber Reflector Furnace is more complex and intricate.

From the ground preparation of the foundation, to the building of the support structure.

From the construction of the combustion chamber, heating chamber, and partition walls of the furnace body.

From the construction of the furnace roof and the installation of the fuel supply system, to the creation of the cooling system equipment...

And finally, the debugging and perfection.

If it weren't for the presence of "Heavenly Artifacts."

Unless the craftsmen had rich experience and professional skills in building Double-chamber Reflector Furnaces.

Otherwise.

It would be challenging to build an efficient, stably operating furnace capable of smelting steel with an extremely low carbon content!

Instructing Erel to continue leading the blacksmith apprentices in the dismantling work.

Lynn stepped away from the Blacksmith Workshop, heading towards the distant Textile Workshop.

With the blast furnaces being dismantled, the forging at the Blacksmith Workshop had come to a halt.

This was an unavoidable situation.

Fortunately.

He had ordered the Blacksmith Workshop to complete the production of a thousand sets of composite armor plate components.

Besides the armor and weapons needed by the Pan Rock Iron Guard.

In the short term, he didn't have many additional iron product requirements.

With the current workforce he possessed.

He could indeed rebuild a Blacksmith Workshop in the back of the Handicraft Workshop District.

But the consumption of manpower and materials was beyond his means.

Most critically, the waste of time!

The extra thousand manpower could be fully utilized in the ongoing summer planting.

It must be known.

Outside the town, over a hundred thousand acres of land awaited Wilbur and the farmers for cultivation and planting.

He needed to constantly manage labor allocation optimally.

So the territory's development wouldn't be overly constrained by labor shortages.

This was indeed not easy for a lord.

Fortunately.

Lynn had the "Heavenly Artifacts" interface!

The dismantling of the blast furnaces naturally drew the attention of many in the Handicraft Workshop District.

Outside the Textile Workshop.

Rachel, standing at the doorway, saw Lynn approaching and quickly ran inside.

After a few seconds.

She waited at the entrance with Yimini.

As Lynn approached, Yimini and Rachel called out in unison.

"Master Lynn."

Lynn looked at the two as they bowed and greeted him directly.

"Foreman Erelo informed me that he has delivered all the armor plate components for the thousand sets of composite armor to the Textile Workshop?"

Yimini, the workshop foreman, quickly responded.

"Yes, sir, they've all been delivered."

Lynn nodded, continuing to ask, "How long does the Textile Workshop need to complete the sewing and production?"

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Yimini thought for a moment before responding.

"Master, the assembly can be completed by mid-August at the latest, and the remaining armor can be delivered to Lord Rose."

The Blacksmith Workshop forges the armor plates needed for Composite Armor.

These are then assembled and produced by the Textile Workshop.

This is why he is willing to allow the apprentices in the Blacksmith Workshop to take a rest.

Because even though the Blacksmith Workshop is focused on the construction of the Double-chamber Reflector Furnace,

Composite Armor is still being produced at normal rates!

Lynn said, "Alright, try to speed up the process as much as possible."

"Apart from Composite Armor, how is the progress on the linen robe and pants and straw weaving?"

This time, Kuisi did not hesitate; she explained.

"Master, the linen cloth in the raw materials storage area has already been depleted."

"Now we are using newly harvested linen, and after the retting process, we can continue..."

"So far, four thousand sets of linen robe and pants have been produced."

Lynn said, "That's not enough. While not affecting the production of Composite Armor,"

"you can allocate an appropriate amount of labor to join the production of robes and pants."

"You know, now it's August, and in a little over half a month, autumn will come."

"The residents of the town are increasing day by day; they need more clothes to withstand the autumn cold."

Yimini replied earnestly, "Master Lynn, I understand."

"I will immediately adjust and allocate labor within the workshop to strive to produce the necessary clothing as soon as possible."

Seeing Lynn had no more words, Yimini continued to explain.

"Master, the weaving of straw products is ongoing every day."

"Apart from the straw mats, the straw hats and shoes you instructed have been weaved into a thousand sets and delivered to Wilbur."

Lynn nodded knowingly.

A few days ago,

he saw the farmers working outdoors, wearing straw shoes and hats.

Coupled with the mint water specially brewed by the canteen chefs,

and the instructions he issued to adjust the outdoor work hours,

even in the heat of current weather,

there will never again be a large-scale incidence of heatstroke.

Glancing at Rachel, who was listening on the side, Lynn continued to speak to Yimini.

"Quickly complete the remaining Composite Armor production; the subsequent assembly of armor may change."

Yimini nodded slightly, without saying much.

In this world dominated by cold weapons,

wearing Metal Armor is always the best defense for soldiers.

Because of the existence of Metal Armor, soldiers can better protect themselves, allowing them to charge into battle and kill the enemy.

With the increase in labor force in his territory and the continuous advancement of forging technology,

the quality of armor weapons produced in the Blacksmith Workshop is also steadily improving.

At first, it relied solely on sand box casting to produce Standard Plate Armor.

Due to the standardized smelting of iron ore into molten iron, many bubbles and impurities are present in Standard Plate Armor.

Its hardness is high, but the material is brittle.

A fully cast set of Standard Plate Armor weighs as much as seventy to eighty pounds.

This severely affects the wearers' mobility and increases their energy consumption!

During the teardown and reconstruction of the Blacksmith Workshop,

he needs to optimize and redesign the armor in his territory.

Design different armor for different soldier roles.

Heavy infantry armor: The outer layer should use high-quality steel refined by the Double-chamber Reflector Furnace for crafting chest armor, back armor, and leg guards.

Ensure it can withstand attacks from enemy heavy weapons.

The middle layer uses Chain Armor, covering areas such as soldiers' underarms and the sides of the neck that are prone to attack.

Enhance the comprehensive protection of the armor.

The inner layer is fitted with thick leather and coarse wool as lining.

As a cushioning layer, while also improving wearing comfort.

The weight of the armor should be evenly distributed on the chest and back, and dispersed throughout the body with wide shoulder straps and thick leather belts at the waist.

Use thinner steel components for areas such as the legs.

Thus, reducing the weight burden of the soldiers' armor.

Light infantry armor will mainly use leather, unlike the current Composite Armor they wear.

Clearly, they are light infantry without warhorses, yet they also wear Composite Armor weighing dozens of pounds.

This severely impacts light infantry flexibility.

Besides leather, small steel plates can be added to key areas like the chest armor, abdomen, and head.

Specially treated cowhide is tough and has a certain elasticity.

The steel plates are lightweight and have some protective capability.

Use soft linen cloth as the lining.

The entire set of leather armor is overall lightweight, with its weight mainly concentrated on the upper body, and relatively light protection for the legs and arms.

This allows light infantry to move quickly on the battlefield and fight flexibly!

Apart from heavy infantry and light infantry,

the cast Standard Plate Armor worn by now three hundred heavy cavalry can similarly be optimized.

It is the 'Iron Butcher' that he instructed Clive to draw!

When the construction of the Double-chamber Reflector Furnace is complete, and high-quality steel with low carbon content is smelted,

Steel can be used to forge the necessary full-body Heavy Armor Plate and Horse Armor for 'Iron Butcher'.

Light cavalry armor: Utilize the labor advantage of the Textile Workshop to assemble lightweight Chain Armor,

or wear the Scale Armor that Flint is leading apprentices to forge and produce!

Chapter 977: I Want to Start a War (Part 2)

The scale armor plates overlap each other, which can resist slashing and piercing from swords, as well as long-range attacks like arrows.

With the comprehensive coverage provided by the scale armor, it offers excellent defense.

Like the scale armor with chain liner forged by Flint for him, the total weight of the entire armor set is only about thirty pounds.

This ensures that the light cavalry can ride quickly, turn, and carry out surprise attacks.

Even in reconnaissance, pursuit, and harassment tasks, it provides a significant advantage.

The most crucial point is that the scale armor is easy to repair and replace!

If the scale armor is damaged in battle, you only need to replace the damaged armor plate components.

However, if it's like plate armor, large-scale damage requires the entire component to be reforged!

The archer's armor also needs to be optimized!

The five hundred archers in his territory also wear composite armor.

Though it's only half-body armor.

But for archers who need agility and flexibility, it is a heavy burden.

The archer armor can be made using a combination of leather and soft armor.

Leather is used to make chest, back, and leg guards.

Soft armor can be made from multiple layers of linen and coarse cotton, covering parts like the archers' arms, neck, and waist.

In critical areas like the center of the chest and the head, steel armor plates can be added to enhance defense.

The combination of leather and soft armor cannot compare to standard plate armor, scale armor, or chain armor.

But it can provide a certain level of defense while ensuring archers maintain mobility and shooting ability.

If this can be achieved, it is enough.

Yet they have just begun dismantling the iron-smelting furnace.

By the time the newly constructed double-chamber reflector furnace is completed and starts being utilized for steel smelting production, it will be at least a month later.

He has plenty of time to design and optimize the armor.

Through Yimini's words, he learned about the progress of the textile workshop.

Lynn directly dismissed Yimini and Rachel, leaving them to continue their work.

He strode through the textile workshop.

His gaze swept over the workers fully engrossed in their labor.

Confirming there were no abnormalities, Lynn then walked out of the textile workshop.

Arriving at Lord's Square, Lynn was ready to continue gaining experience with [Cooking].

On the lime road between the distant fields, a cavalry figure was galloping quickly towards him.

"Make way!"

"Move out of the way carefully!"

The speed was so fast, the sound of galloping hooves was loud.

And the man riding on the horse kept shouting.

Lynn couldn't help but stop his steps, standing still, awaiting the cavalry's arrival.

Two minutes later.

The cavalry entered Lord's Square.

Spotting Lynn ahead, he quickly reined in his horse, letting out a few 'whoa' sounds.

Amid the neighs of the horse, the man dismounted swiftly and walked towards Lynn.

Seeing Gaspar approaching, looking hurried, Lynn frowned and asked.

"Is there an urgent report, Captain Gaspar?"

Stopping a few meters in front of Lynn, Gaspar quickly bowed and spoke respectfully.

"Master, I have two urgent reports from Kakasong City."

"I need to report them to you immediately."

Lynn responded, "Speak."

Regaining his breath evenly, Gaspar spoke without hesitation.

"First, I have gathered information on Viscount Jon Zack's military strength."

"Apart from his two thousand armed soldiers, the combined number of soldiers from his eight supporters exceeds five thousand."

"In other words, if Viscount Jon Zack initiates a call, he can assemble an army of over seven thousand soldiers."

Lynn nodded slightly to indicate he understood.

The intelligence gathered by Gaspar was identical to what Guard Captain Samuel had told him.

The difference was.

Gaspar did not mention that Viscount Jon Zack's title was personally conferred by the former Marquis Ducas.

Lynn thought it over and didn't mind much.

After all, there is a significant difference in status and position.

Gaspar, who was once just an ordinary farmer,

was already performing well by effectively gathering intelligence for him.

Seeing Master Lynn's calm and indifferent expression, Gaspar felt a bit surprised.

But soon Gaspar understood something.

It must be that Master Lynn has other intelligence gathering channels.

Gaspar took a deep breath and continued speaking.

"Master, besides, I have also discovered that Viscount Jon Zack gathered his eight supporters for a night meeting!"

Upon hearing this, Lynn immediately showed interest, "Gathered eight supporters for a night meeting?"

"Tell me the detailed information you gathered."

Gaspar nodded and continued, "Master, it's exactly what I previously informed you."

"I arranged for different spies to go to the towns where several of Viscount Jon Zack's supporters reside."

"To gather intelligence, I let them, under conditions that ensure safety, join the supporter manors."

Lynn watched Gaspar, waiting for him to continue his account.

"Two spies successfully joined the manors of Zock and Bertrand."

Lynn raised an eyebrow and asked, "Zock Connally?"

Gaspar showed a hint of surprise on his face and responded.

"Master, you... how..."

"You know Manor Lord Zock Connally?"

Chapter 978: I Will Start a War (Part 3)

Lynn shook his head. "I wouldn't say I know him."

The reason he was surprised,

was because he hadn't expected the spy Gaspar sent out

to have happened to infiltrate the very Manor that was dispatching spies to gather intelligence on Morgan Town.

Lynn went on, "There is something I need to inform you of, and you can pass it on to the spies you've planted, so that information can be shared between you."

"Zock Connally has sent a team of spies into Morgan Town, and they've already been captured and imprisoned by the soldiers."

"If the agents you sent in were to lose their lives over such a minor matter, that would be far too tragic."

Gaspar finally understood.

So this was why Master Lynn had been surprised.

Gaspar bent slightly at the waist, and said respectfully, "Master, thank you for your warning."

Gaspar felt

that the Master Lynn before him cared more about their lives than they themselves did.

If it were any other Lord, they would never have told him this kind of intel!

Toward the Master Lynn before him, Gaspar's heart once again filled with a few more degrees of admiration and loyalty.

Gaspar continued, "The reason the spies I sent were able to join their Manor..."

"is because, after those Manor Lords responded to Viscount Jon Zack and returned to their own Manors, they immediately began recruiting and expanding their armies!"

Lynn's brows knit slightly.

Gaspar kept talking.

"As for the content of their meeting, I haven't yet received any feedback."

"But Master Lynn, what I can be certain of is that the Manor Lords' recruiting and expanding their forces must be tied to the meeting they attended!"

Before returning to Master Lynn's territory, he had still been guessing why those Manor Lords had suddenly started a major expansion.

But now, from Master Lynn's own mouth, he learned

that Zok Connelly Manor Lord had actually dispatched spies to infiltrate Morgan Town.

It was obvious!

Their target was Morgan Town—was Master Lynn's territory!

A vague sense of crisis rose in Gaspar's heart.

Even though he and those spies were now assigned by Master Lynn to operate outside the territory,

and unless they had intelligence that had to be sent back, they basically could not return home.

This was to avoid exposing their identities, and also to protect them.

Even so,

their families were still living on Master Lynn's land.

This territory was their homeland!

Now that he knew a powerful external force meant to attack their homeland, how could he not be nervous?

As soon as he finished speaking, Gasper stared wide-eyed, waiting for Master Lynn's orders.

Seeing Gasper's grave expression, Lynn consoled him.

"Captain Gaspar, there's no need to be so tense."

"The territory is very strong now—so strong it will astonish you."

"Even if Viscount Jon Zack leads a great army to storm Morgan Town,"

"they will never set foot beyond the walls and Weng City!"

Hearing the firmness in Master Lynn's voice,

Gasper's previously uneasy heart instantly became steady.

He nodded seriously, opened his mouth slightly, drew in a breath of air, and went on.

"I'll investigate the content of Viscount Jon Zack's meeting with the Manor Lords as quickly as possible."

"Aside from this urgent report, there is another."

Without needing Lynn to prompt him, Gasper continued speaking.

"Master, Marquis Duca and Marquis Polk have gone to war at Spirit Reef Port!"

A trace of surprise once more surfaced in Lynn's eyes.

"Go on."

Gasper nodded. "I learned this piece of intelligence from a Longship Merchant who had just left Spirit Reef Port."

"Marquis Polk's tens of thousands of soldiers took advantage of the night to reach Spirit Reef Port."

"The torches, almost joined into a sea of fire, lit up everything outside Spirit Reef Port."

"Under the glow of the torchlight was rank upon rank of soldiers in Steel Armor!"

"They wore Armor, Iron Helmets on their heads, weapons in their hands, and stood in ordered square formations."

"Heavy cavalry, heavy infantry, Archers, and a series of massive siege engines..."

"The army drawn up in square formations completely encircled the outskirts of Spirit Reef Port, leaving not a drop of water to pass."

"Even the harbor of Spirit Reef Port was shut and barred, to prevent soldiers sent by Marquis Polk from forcing their way in."

"That Longship Merchant happened to finish loading his cargo and sail out just before the harbor closed, and he happened to witness that scene."

"He said millstone-sized stone projectiles arced through the night and crashed into the crenellations, shattering them with a roar."

"He said fireballs wrapped in greasy tar trailed long tongues of flame as they fell into Spirit Reef Port."

"He said waves of thick smoke and agonized screams surged up from within Spirit Reef Port, piercing the night sky..."

Listening to Gasper's account,

even without having experienced it personally,

Lynn already had a brutal vision of large-scale war unfolding in his mind.

Stone shots and fireballs tore through the night, smashing into the walls; the walls buckled and collapsed, crashing into the city, bringing houses down in burning ruin.

Countless tongues of flame burst from one building after another, the raging fire swaying wildly as if intent on devouring everything.

The figures of the defenders on the walls flickered in and out in the glow of the flames.

Their faces were solemn and grim, their features tight with tension and fear...

Or else,

under the blanket volleys of Arrow fire, under the shards spraying out from exploding stone shot...

they became one corpse after another, faces twisted in agony, lying on the ground, bodies drained of all warmth...

At the foot of the walls, bodies piled up like black hills; some survivors crawled through the pools of blood, dragging their mangled bodies.

Chapter 979: I Will Launch the War (Part 4)

Or perhaps.

Thrown down from the city wall, buried under rolling wood and stones...

Tens of thousands of soldiers could be described as countless, like a meat grinder, not an exaggeration at all.

Thinking of such a scene, Lynn's breathing inadvertently quickened.

His emotions became restless.

Through war, he could quickly accumulate a massive amount of capital!

Food, wealth, manpower, resources.

At the same time, it could allow him more expansive land, higher honor!

Ultimately, to become a ruler of a region.

Even to achieve the throne!

But soon.

Lynn forcibly suppressed his somewhat agitated emotions.

Compared to the military strength of these great lords, with tens of thousands of fully armed soldiers...

The power he currently possessed was still too weak.

His territory was on the edge of the Karedi Empire.

Lack of manpower, backward productivity, barren land, far from the economic center...

Southern Border Land.

In the eyes of those great lords, it held no value.

Otherwise.

Once these great lords launched an attack on him.

Even if he relied on Manor Castle and built garrisons.

And formed a pincer movement with Morgan Town, becoming the first line of defense for his territory.

In addition to his existing outpost fortress, city walls, and Weng City.

He still couldn't resist the army of soldiers from the great lords.

The gap in soldier numbers and overall quality was simply too immense!

However.

Relying on the [Heavenly Artifacts] he had, as long as he had enough development time.

Catching up with these so-called great lords wasn't a fantasy!

But to achieve all this.

He must solidly advance step by step!

Lynn's gaze turned, looking once more at Gasper in front of him, and he asked.

"Besides these two matters, is there anything else to report to me?"

After a brief deliberation in his mind, Gasper spoke.

"No, sir, not at the moment."

Lynn responded, "Then step down and find Steward Kuisi to receive Ten Gold Pounds for future intelligence gathering expenses."

Gasper bent slightly and said respectfully, "Thank you, sir."

Without any further words, Gasper took his leave.

Watching Gasper depart.

Lynn stepped toward the nearby canteen.

Immersing himself in the kitchen, continuing to accumulate [Cooking] skills experience.

[Cooking Experience +1]

[Cooking Experience +1]

[Cooking Experience +1]

...

Through his continuous culinary labor.

Little by little, his experience rapidly increased.

As for the war between Marquis Duca and Marquis Polk beyond his territory.

With tens of thousands of soldiers, using large siege equipment in their battles.

It was too distant for him.

Rather than worrying about these, he immersed himself more in maximizing his skills.

However.

The outbreak of war between the two marquises slightly eased his always-tense heart.

As long as the Ducas Clan engaged with Marquis Polk.

They would definitely not deploy the Sword and Shield Corps soldiers to Kakasong City in the Southern Border Land to militarily aid Jon Zuck!

As long as no other armed forces provided military aid to Jon Zuck.

The variables he worried about in his heart could be directly dismissed!

With the armed forces he currently held, it was sufficient to confront Jon Zuck!

Waiting for Yimini to lead the laborers to complete the remaining composite armor assembly and production.

He would then have 4,200 fully armed soldier guards!

Plus the 800 newly incorporated Pan Rock Iron Guard.

Once they were equipped with armor and weapons.

His territory would boast 5,000 genuine soldiers!

Although in numbers, it couldn't compete with the combined forces of Viscount Jon Zacks and the various manor lords.

But.

He had the advantage in armor!

Such an advantage was enough to completely erase the not-so-significant numerical disparity!

Lynn even felt that his strength might be far above Jon Zuck's camp!

With this in mind.

As he awaited the simmering pig bone pea soup on the stove, Lynn.

Turned his gaze to Red, who was always at his side.

"Dispatch guards to the city wall barracks and notify Rose."

"Aside from the soldiers stationed at the wall, have the remaining soldiers gather promptly before nightfall!"

"Await my orders for any deployment!"

Upon hearing Lynn's sudden words, Hai De raised his brow.

Without any inquiries, he immediately responded.

"Yes, sir, I'll make the arrangements now!"

As Master Lynn's personal guard.

Beyond ensuring Master Lynn's personal safety.

He didn't need to ponder over any other orders.

He only needed to act according to commands, which sufficed!

Watching as Red left the kitchen to instruct the guards, heading to the wall to deliver his directive.

Lynn did not mindlessly rush out.

Instead, he continued waiting for the pot of pig bone pea soup simmering on the stove...

He had already formulated a strategy to deal with Viscount Jon Zuck in his mind.

But due to the Ducas Clan's Sword and Shield Corps soldiers and the ongoing crop harvest in Morgan Town.

He had to wait.

Since the variables had vanished, waiting was no longer necessary!

Instead of idly waiting for a lurking crisis to knock on his door.

It was better to take the initiative!

Directly quelling the crisis in its infancy!

As long as the entire Jon Zuck camp was annihilated.

The Free People of Morgan Town would have plenty of time to gradually harvest the crops in the farmland.

Chapter 980: I Am Going to Wage War \_5

Even so.

Recruit more Free People from Kakasong City for the autumn planting of Morgan Town's land!

Half an hour later.

The pea soup with pork bones simmering on the stove was finally cooked through.

Lynn used thick linen gloves to take it down.

Under the watchful eyes of a group of chefs, Lynn walked out of the kitchen with steady strides.

Lynn's words of instruction to Red were naturally heard by them.

They knew.

Their Lord was going to lead the army of soldiers away from the territory to wage war against outsiders!

Outside the dining hall.

Red was already standing at the entrance, holding Mo Ying, brought from the castle's stable, and waiting.

Seeing Lynn approach, without needing Lynn to inquire, Red began to explain.

"Master, half an hour ago, the guard had already gone to the barracks on the city wall and given your orders to Rose."

Lynn nodded, without a word, took the reins of the warhorse Mo Ying from Red's hand.

Left foot on the stirrup, right leg exerting a little force.

Lynn agilely flipped over and sat astride the saddle.

Perhaps it was as if Mo Ying sensed the aura from Lynn.

Mo Ying let out bursts of excited whinnies.

Its front hooves continuously lifting and landing.

Lynn suddenly whipped the reins in his hand and shouted 'Hyah'.

Mo Ying, already in an excited state, let out a rapid whinny, reared up, its front hooves leaping, suspended in mid-air.

Sitting atop Mo Ying, Lynn was now in a leaning posture.

Two seconds later.

Mo Ying's front hooves landed, took swift, powerful strides down the lime road leading to the mountain forest pass.

Clop-clop~ clop-clop~

The speed was fast, the steps steady, and as they landed on the ground, a crisp rhythm echoed.

Seeing this, Red did not hesitate, led ten guards on horseback to follow.

It was dusk now.

Patches of light like shattered gold scattered down from the sky.

Lynn and the guards behind him were bathed in a golden glow.

The bodies of the warhorses and men were covered in gold.

The cavalry galloped by, and townsmen returning to town stood to the side of the lime road, bowed and made way.

Until the silhouettes of their Lord and guards vanished at the edge of the mountain forest, they slowly withdrew their gaze.

Crossed large harvested fields, passed through forest roads obscured by the setting sun's rays.

A moment later.

Lynn gazed afar.

A city built of stone.

As Mo Ying galloped under him, it gradually emerged from behind the mountain and trees.

Though still some distance away, Lynn could still see.

Beneath the city walls, phalanxes of soldiers ready and waiting.

Lynn's brow slightly raised, legs exerting force, clamped the horse's belly.

Mo Ying understood and quickened the gallop.

Though there were figures ahead, it showed no fear as a top warhorse.

Galloping through, Lynn passed by the phalanxes of soldiers.

The soldiers saw on the warhorse, the familiar yet unfamiliar silhouette and face.

Their restless eyes immediately lit up.

Admiration, envy, and more than that, awe.

As the soldiers looked at him, Lynn also scanned these phalanxes.

Whether mounted cavalry or heavy infantry holding shields, or infantry wielding longbows and long spears.

All soldiers were clad in black-grey iron armor!

Even in the sun-blocked mountain forest, armor gleamed with a cold, hard glow.

Though most soldiers' faces were hidden by iron helmets.

Through the helmets' visor slits, Lynn could still see eyes filled with excitement and eagerness.

In the soldiers' salute.

Lynn moved from the back of the phalanxes to the front.

Just as Mo Ying halted, Rose, clad in standard plate armor, strode up beside him.

Rose bowed, speaking respectfully, "Master, as per your directive, the soldiers have been assembled."

"Five hundred heavy cavalry, nine hundred light cavalry, two hundred heavy infantry, three hundred archers, one thousand one hundred light infantry!"

"A total of three thousand soldiers!"

Hearing this, Lynn looked from the front cavalry to the rear light infantry archers.

The three thousand soldiers lined up in formation, nearly stretching over two hundred meters long!

Seeing Lynn remain silent, Rose continued.

"The remaining soldiers have been assigned to guard the city walls."

Retracting his gaze, Lynn nodded, just about to speak.

From the back of the formation came orderly footsteps.

Swish swish swish~

In the otherwise quiet, echoing mountain forest, it sounded particularly distinct.

Not only Lynn.

Red, Rose, and several soldiers turned their heads in confusion.

They saw.

Bodies in neat ranks, uniform steps in a rectangular formation.

Marching from the back of the soldier formation.

Though they wore a thin, worn linen robe.

It couldn't suppress the steely determination and aura emanating from their eyes.

This squad was the newly recruited Pan Rock Iron Guard!

Lynn's brows furrowed slightly, looked to Red beside him, and asked, "Did you instruct the guard to summon the Pan Rock Iron Guard?"