

System 111

Chapter 111: The Brown Clan's Motto

[Name]: Alan Brown

[Age]: 18 years old

[Ability]: Level 3 Trade, Level 3 Oratory, Level 3 Decision-making

[Attributes]: Attack F, Defense D+, Speed F-, Constitution E+, Energy F-

[Talent]: Multi-language Communication - Mastery of multiple languages, enabling communication with different races

[Skills]: Eloquence - The skillful use of words to handle various situations, persuade others, or strongly defend one's viewpoints

...

Looking at the words in front of him, Lynn sighed inexplicably.

Is this the Brown Clan's talent as merchants?

Whether it's Audrey or this Alan before him!

They all possess three Level 3 abilities, talent, and skills.

Suppressing the sigh in his heart, Lynn looked ahead, and Alan was already coming toward him with a round belly.

Alan's gaze pierced through the slits of his eyelids, looking straight at Lynn, "You must be the lord of this territory, Master Lynn?"

"I am Alan Brown, Grayson's brother..."

As he spoke, a... cute smile appeared on his rounded face?

Lynn nodded, "I am Lynn."

Upon hearing Lynn's affirmative response, Alan was thrilled, "Great! Finally, I've met you, Master Lynn. If I had waited a few more days, the pork in the carriage would have gone bad, haha..."

Lynn's eyes narrowed slightly.

Waiting outside the city walls for two days, not only without any complaint but still able to maintain a smile with others.

Just by using the topic of food to remind, he had been waiting outside the city walls for two days.

These near-instinctual exchanges demonstrated Alan's uniqueness.

Alan smiled and continued, "Master Lynn, I was recommended by Grayson, saying you need various goods?"

Lynn had no reservations, "Yes, any goods can be exchanged with me!"

Alan furrowed his brows slightly, "Exchanged?"

On the way to the village, he saw many wondrous things.

For example, the wide furrows in the fields, the towering waterwheels, and the city walls that had kept him out!

But no matter how it seemed, this territory was still in its development stage.

What goods could such a territory have to exchange with him?

Lynn directly said, "Fine salt!"

Upon hearing the two words coming from the lord's mouth in front of him.

The originally narrow eyes suddenly opened wide.

No wonder Grayson is currently frantically purchasing slaves everywhere, transporting them to Kakasong City, this small city.

No wonder Grayson would rather have his business confiscated than continue to contest for the position of the Brown Clan patriarch...

So, that's the reason!

Owning the border territory of the Karedi Empire, it's apparent that the lord in front of him is an illegitimate child at best, perhaps even a bastard...

Yet, he found a salt mine here and has a way to turn rock salt into fine salt.

Calculating this way, is it good luck or misfortune?

Dragging back his wandering thoughts, Alan smiled broadly and said, "Master Lynn, I brought you five thousand pounds of barley and ten thousand pounds of wheat!"

"If possible, I'd like to exchange them all for fine salt."

Lynn nodded coolly, "I can give you three thousand five hundred pounds of fine salt."

Upon hearing this, Eira's mind quickly spun to calculate.

At the highest market price, five pounds of barley is one penny, one pound of wheat is one penny, so five thousand pounds of barley and ten thousand pounds of wheat equal twenty thousand pence.

At the lowest market price, fine salt is six pence a pound, so the exchanged fine salt would only be three thousand three hundred thirty-three pounds.

However, the lord in front of him actually gave him three thousand five hundred pounds directly.

This is a difference of four gold pounds!

Alan certainly understood that because he had been kept outside the city, Lynn was showing a token of goodwill.

But...

Master Lynn is too generous, isn't he?

You know, as merchants, they'd argue for a long time over half a penny.

Even though the expenses for their gatherings are in several or dozens of gold pounds...

But, it's a completely different nature.

In an instant.

Alan's face was full of smiles, "Let's go with what you said."

Lynn glanced at Kuisi, and Kuisi instantly understood.

She called a team of villagers to start organizing the unloading.

Watching these villagers carry the goods, Alan's eyes moved, and he tentatively asked, "Master Lynn, how much more fine salt do you have? I'd like to buy some fine salt..."

Lynn looked at him casually, "Not for sale!"

Alan was taken aback, "Uh?"

What does that mean?

Lynn explained, "What I need is goods, any kind of goods can be brought over to exchange with me!"

Upon hearing this, Alan immediately understood.

Indeed, this is a developing territory!

What is needed is various goods and materials.

Gold pounds are of no use here.

Ten minutes later.

The grain from twelve carriages was finally unloaded.

Watching the sacks of goods being loaded onto the carriages by the villagers, Alan's attention was instantly drawn over.

His assistant directly opened one of the bags, and the crystal-like whiteness illuminated his face under the sunlight.

Seeing the assistant nod inconspicuously, Alan felt instant relief.

He looked at Lynn and asked, "Master Lynn, are you saying any kind of goods can be exchanged?"

Lynn said, "Yes, apart from salt, grains, meats, textiles, metals, spices and herbs, even slaves..."

Listening to Lynn list all kinds of items, Alan became somewhat excited.

He was already eighteen years old!

Since the age of fifteen, he had left the Brown Clan, venture through various countries on the continent, developing his own business.

Kakasong City, though a small city, is one of the cities he often visits!

Because here he can buy a large amount of crops at the lowest price.

Transport these crops to the Northern Empire, where food production is difficult, for sale.

Seriously earn a profit from the price difference!

And thus.

After this summer harvest, he came to Kakasong City.

Coincidentally, he met Grayson, who was preparing to leave...

Unlike Grayson, who had just left his family and started to seek a business venture abroad.

He had set up several large warehouses in Kakasong City for storing the purchased grain!

Crops like barley, wheat, and peas, as long as kept dry and ventilated, can be stored for a long time.

Just like the grain he just transported, it's part of the acquisition from last autumn's harvest...

Originally, he planned to transport all the stored grain to the Northern Empire in the winter.

But now it seems unnecessary!

If he can sell at the place of origin, why bother transporting to the distant Northern Empire?

Even if the profit from a pound of barley is not much, Alan is willing to make a small profit quickly.

The saved time and transportation costs allow him to earn more gold pounds.

As for why Alan would not want to sell slaves like other members of the Brown Clan...

He has his reasons.

Alan believes it's something only the Devil would do.

Even slaves are people, not goods!

Alan took a deep breath, "Alright, Master Lynn, I understand."

"My warehouses should still have three hundred thousand pounds of barley, a hundred thousand pounds of wheat, and a hundred thousand pounds of peas, what do you think..."

Lynn's eyes lit up, "Hmm, send them all over!"

If Alan transports all this grain over, as long as there isn't an explosive growth in the number of slaves afterward.

This food will be enough to ensure that all his villagers and livestock won't worry about hunger for a short time.

The cost of this food amounts to only three hundred seventy-five gold pounds.

Just fifteen thousand pounds of fine salt.

With Lynn's affirmative response, Alan smiled even more happily.

"Then, Master Lynn, I'll take my leave first!"

Alan couldn't wait to return to Kakasong City and have all the stored grain in the warehouses transported over.

Not only that.

He could also purchase all the stock from every merchant he knows!

Because it's stock, he can even press down their prices.

And fiercely earn another price difference!

Unfortunately, this place is not on the ship's sailing route.

Otherwise, he would unceremoniously load his several longboats into Lynn's territory.

And pour all the goods into it...

As the village became more distant, Alan couldn't help but look back.

He knows, with the presence of the salt mine, this place is destined to rise like a new star!

To become a rising power.

However...

What does this have to do with a merchant like him?

The Brown Clan's family motto: Seek profit within the law, win within the rules!

Buy goods at the lowest price, sell at the highest price, earn the price difference fiercely.

As for waging war for plunder...

They, being from a family of merchants, disdain such actions forever!

...

Watching Alan's carriage convoy gradually depart, Lynn withdrew his gaze.

He glanced at the [Resource Management] panel, with the addition of the grain just delivered, there are now ninety thousand pounds of barley and thirteen thousand pounds of wheat.

Based on an average consumption of three pounds of grain per person per day, it's enough to feed everyone for more than half a month.

Taking a casual look, Lynn closed the panel; there are still many things waiting for him to organize.

With large strides, Lynn walked towards the distant blacksmith shop.

Arriving at the entrance of the blacksmith shop.

Lynn found that Ehrelo was still directing the blacksmith apprentices in crafting iron spears and round shields.

Because Lynn had previously instructed him, unless there were special arrangements, to forge combat iron spears and round shields exclusively!

"What are you doing? Who taught you to heat it this way?"

"These are quality iron! Different metals and uses require different temperatures..."

"You! Did I teach you to quench like this before?"

"The purpose of quenching is to alter the hardness and toughness of the metal! It emphasizes vertical speed to ensure the quenching effect is uniform..."

"..."

While admonishing the apprentices, Ehrelo seemed to sense the apprentices' strange gazes.

He turned his head in confusion.

Only to see Master Lynn, who hadn't visited the blacksmith shop for several days, standing there.

Ehrelo's expression instantly became more amiable, "Master Lynn, you're back?"

As he spoke, Ehrelo stepped out of the blacksmith shop.

Lynn directly asked, "How is the progress of the war spear and round shield production?"

Ehrelo showed no hesitation, "The war spears and round shields you instructed have been completed and handed over to Instructor Ross."

"Currently, we're manufacturing according to your request, and both the war spears and round shields have a reserve of over a hundred..."

Lynn responded, "I need you to allocate twenty people to focus on making iron cross pickaxes, iron hoes, and iron shovels."

Ehrelo looked at Lynn with some confusion, "Do we still need to make cross pickaxes?"

The cross pickaxes he crafted numbered at least three to four hundred.

He hadn't even included the iron hoes and iron shovels.

Isn't this enough?

It's not that he's questioning Master Lynn's orders.

He just felt using such quality iron for crafting farm tools was too wasteful.

It's known that a cross pickaxe for digging requires nearly ten pounds of iron just for the pickaxe head!

Lynn nodded, "It's not enough; I need a large quantity of cross pickaxes for iron mining!"

Ehrel's eyes suddenly widened.

Chapter 112: Sampans

Ehrel looked at Lynn in surprise and exclaimed incredulously, "An iron mine?"

"Master Lynn, did you find an iron mine on your trip?"

Lynn nodded calmly, "Yes."

Receiving Master Lynn's affirmative answer, Ehrel's heart began to race.

It's really an iron mine!

According to Master Lynn, it can be directly extracted!

That obviously means an open-pit iron mine.

With an open-pit iron mine, it means Lynn's blacksmith shop will have endless, inexhaustible iron ore!

Thinking of this,

Ehreló's breathing became rapid.

Without hesitation, he quickly replied, "Master Lynn, I'll immediately arrange personnel and start forging iron products."

"Three days, in three days, I can deliver you three hundred cross pickaxes!"

If it were before, Ehreló wouldn't have dared to agree rashly.

But now, he has nearly fifty blacksmith apprentices.

Moreover, after his teaching during this period, these blacksmith apprentices have already learned the most basic forging and quenching.

Using them to forge simple iron products is entirely sufficient.

Lynn nodded and gave a few more instructions before leaving the blacksmith shop.

Excavating iron ore isn't easy.

Lynn must complete all the preparation.

The principle of sharpening the tools before doing any work is clear to Lynn.

As he walked out of the blacksmith shop, he saw Colin approaching from afar.

Colin arrived and explained, "Master Lynn, according to your instructions and requirements, I've built six waterwheels, one of which is empty and can be used as a spare."

Lynn nodded, "Well done, but there are two more things I need you to do next."

Colin bent slightly, "Master Lynn, just give the orders."

Lynn was direct and to the point, "I found an open-pit iron mine, but it's far away, at least forty miles."

Colin's eyes also showed a hint of surprise.

However,

compared to Ehrelo as a blacksmith, Colin was much steadier.

Lynn continued, "The best and easiest method is to produce punt boats."

Colin understood what he meant and asked, "Master Lynn means for me to produce the punt boats?"

Lynn nodded, "Yes, I need at least twenty medium-sized punt boats."

The approximate size of a medium-sized punt boat is eight meters long and two meters wide, with a carrying capacity of around two thousand pounds.

They are very suitable for transporting goods over slightly longer distances on inland rivers.

Colin's face showed a trace of helplessness, "Master Lynn, I've never made boats... I'm afraid..."

Lynn replied with a smile, "Neither have I, but... I will soon! Let's go to your carpenter's shop first."

Despite feeling a bit puzzled by the master's words,

Colin had no doubts.

Lynn and his group headed towards the carpenter's shop.

Colin's carpenter's shop was simpler compared to Ehrelo's blacksmith shop.

The main focus was the saw racks and various iron tools for making things.

As they approached, the rich scent of raw wood filled Lynn's mouth and nose.

It was the smell of resin.

Without hesitation, Lynn picked up a nearby iron saw and began sawing the raw wood.

Buzzing sounds!

The deep and continuous noise kept echoing in the carpenter's shop.

[Production Experience +1]

[Production Experience +1]

[Production Experience +1]

...

Bit by bit, the experience increased.

Bit by bit, fragments of shipbuilding knowledge appeared in Lynn's mind and quickly merged.

After a short while,

the complete knowledge of shipbuilding had already merged with Lynn.

The carpenter's shop stored a lot of oak wood, used for making items requiring hard materials.

It's perfect for making transport punt boats.

Under the watchful eyes of Colin and more than ten carpenter apprentices, he began making boats.

The punt boat dimensions were already decided by Lynn beforehand.

Now he could directly start constructing.

The hull of the punt boat is roughly divided into the keel, ribs, and planking, with oars and rudder as well as sealing and waterproofing treatment.

The keel is the foundational skeleton of the punt boat, as crucial as the spine of a house.

Lynn had four apprentices bring over a longer and sturdier raw wood and processed it according to the memories in his mind.

Using iron saw and planer, he made it smooth and curved, transforming it into the shape needed for the punt boat.

The shape of the keel basically determined the overall direction of the hull.

Time passed little by little.

An hour later,

A finished keel appeared before everyone.

Lynn did not pause, continuing with his busy work.

Spacing along the keel, he began installing the ribs.

The purpose of the ribs is to support the sides of the hull and enhance the structural strength of the boat.

Simply put, the strength of the ribs determines the loading capacity of the punt boat!

Due to the hardness of oak, Lynn had to use fire to assist in processing raw oak into appropriate curves.

The ribs gradually accumulated with the help of Colin and others.

Hours later,

Lynn began installing the ribs.

The ribs were inserted and fixed into the keel.

Like fishbones sprouting fish spines.

With the ribs installed, Lynn started installing the planking!

There were already many sawed raw wood planks in the carpenter's shop.

After Lynn's processing, they could be used.

As Lynn continuously hammered, assisting with iron nails, plank after plank was installed.

The small skiff gradually started taking shape in everyone's eyes.

Colin, who had seen Master Lynn build a waterwheel with his bare hands, thought it was alright.

Those newly joined carpenter apprentices had expressions full of shock on their faces.

Master Lynn actually managed to create a small skiff!

Lynn still didn't stop, and began installing the oars and rudder.

He selected a thin log as thick as a thigh, nailed two planks onto it, turning it into the rudder.

Then he selected some fine logs and planks, making them into oars.

Lynn stood up, and just as Colin wanted to step forward, a figure strode in.

Red came, holding a clay pot, and walked up to Lynn.

"Master Lynn, the resin you requested has been cooked!"

Lynn nodded, took it from Red, grabbed a pig bristle brush, dipped it in the resin, and began waterproofing the skiff.

Until night fell.

A fully completed skiff was displayed before everyone's eyes.

All that was needed was for the resin to dry, then the skiff could be launched!

Lynn looked at Colin and the others, and asked, "Have you learned?"

Colin didn't hesitate at all and responded quickly, "We've learned, Master Lynn."

After a demonstration and operation by Master Lynn, if he, as an old carpenter, couldn't learn, then he might as well change his profession!

Lynn nodded in satisfaction, "Then get going, twenty skiffs in five days!"

The making of the skiff seemed somewhat complicated, but it wasn't too difficult to make.

If there must be something difficult and complex, Lynn felt the toughest part was the resin used for waterproofing the skiff.

The territory doesn't have cattle or sheep yet, so there's no animal fat for waterproofing materials.

Linseed oil and tung oil are even more out of the question.

To get resin, one must go into the forest to find pine trees and then collect it.

However, the edge of the forest has plenty of pine wood!

It's enough to make the skiffs.

After instructing Colin.

Lynn then walked out of the carpenter shop with heavy steps, under the admiring gaze of the carpenter apprentices.

By this time, the sun had already set.

Lynn sat on the bench in front of the wooden house, letting the fragmented golden sunset rays sprinkle over his face.

Beyond that.

The distant fields, the waterwheel by the river, the Acadia River, and even the majestic mountains beyond...

All were tinted a shade of gold by the sunset.

Lynn straightened slightly, enjoyed the view for a while, and continued planning the excavation of the iron mine in his mind.

The tools for transportation and excavation were already resolved.

The most important issue now was solving the labor problem.

The population of the village reached 2,200, but Lynn felt everyone had their respective roles.

Mining the salt mines required labor, as it was crucial for the survival and economy of the territory.

Mining coal required labor, which was crucial for the territory's basic development.

The only solution Lynn could think of was deploying the 500 slaves Grayson brought a while ago to the iron mine!

With a thought, Lynn opened [Resource Management].

[Red Bricks]: 250,000 pieces

With these quantities of red bricks, let alone rebuilding the entire territory.

It's not even sufficient to build a large red brick factory!

Lynn couldn't help but sigh internally.

The current labor force was still too small.

It was barely enough to support the development of large industries in the territory.

He needed more labor force!

...

The next morning.

Lynn still woke up early.

Long periods of early rises had already formed a habit in his biological clock.

After leaving the wooden house, he ate the wheat bread and meat porridge Kuisi personally cooked for him.

Lynn called over a burly man.

A string of text appeared before Lynn's eyes.

[Name]: Garcia Paul

[Age]: 35

[Ability]: Collection Level 2, Level 2 Production, Planting Level 2

[Attributes]: Attack F, Defense F+, Speed F-, Constitution E, Energy F-

[Talent]: Planning - Possesses certain planning abilities

[Skills]: Two-Handed Axe - Lumber efficiency doubles when using a two-handed axe

...

Looking at the exceptionally sturdy burly man barely standing at 1.5 meters tall, Lynn was slightly surprised.

Not because he resembles a goblin's stature.

But because of his talent and abilities.

Paul was one of the few Lynn had seen among the slaves with skills and talents.

Lynn looked directly at Paul and spoke, "Paul, I need your help!"

Hearing Lynn's solemn words, Garcia was stunned.

But in the next second, Garcia's expression turned solemn, and he spoke deeply, "Lord, feel free to command, no matter if it costs my life Garcia is willing."

"Just please take care of my wife and eighteen-year-old daughter..."

Lynn couldn't help but chuckle, "You've misunderstood, I mean I need you to lead thirty men into the depths of the forest and clear a wide path for paving a lime road later!"

Garcia relaxed his expression slightly, "Lord, there's no problem with clearing."

Lynn nodded.

He instructed Kuisi to select thirty relatively sturdy villagers from those making red bricks.

Equipped with harvesting tools and daily necessary living materials along with a chef.

They headed into the depths of the forest under the escort of two guards.

There's a three-mile distance from the open-pit mine to the Acadia River, and the thirty or so of them needed at least several days to complete the clearing.

The logs in the depths of the forest were not like the ones at the edge; those pine woods were only two to three centimeters thick.

In the coming days, they'll be living in the forest depths!

Before leaving, Lynn instructed Garcia to start from the open-pit iron mine and choose the closest, flattest direction for clearing.

This was all for the convenience of paving roads later, saving the labor of ox carts and horse carts for transporting iron ore.

Chapter 113: Departure (3K)

Whether it's the Blacksmith Shop or the carpenter's workshop, both are preparing for iron ore mining.

With Ehrelo and Colin, Lynn doesn't have to worry too much.

In the fields, there are Gavin and Wilbur.

In the brewing workshop, there is Lex.

Kuisi oversees the Salt Factory and coal mines.

Rose is in charge of training soldiers and guarding the city walls.

Old John educates children in reading and writing.

If there is any unknown danger, there's Sienna, the little witch, for early warnings...

Lynn feels that his team is gradually coming together!

The presence of these people, more or less, shares some of his work burdens.

Lynn understands that it should be like this.

An individual's energy is limited.

Not just now, but it will always be this way.

Lynn only needs to propose a general development direction and then assign relevant planning tasks to the appropriate personnel to execute and complete.

Lynn's gaze shifts, looking towards the distant horizon.

There, dozens of figures are busy on the wasteland.

They are the people led by Guy, planning and building ranches.

Making Red lead the horses, Lynn mounted and headed towards Guy.

Soon after.

Lynn arrived at the ranch site.

Dozens of carpenters and stonemasons are constructing shelters for the livestock.

Seeing Lynn arrive, Guy quickly came forward, "Master Lynn."

Lynn dismounted and glanced at a water wheel not far away and a few villagers digging a well.

The original weed-filled wasteland has now been cleared a large area.

The progress of the ranch construction is quite fast.

Lynn nodded and asked, "Encountered any difficulties?"

Guy, without hesitation, promptly replied, "Master Lynn, no problems at all."

With sixty villagers collaborating, building a large ranch is relatively easy.

The most crucial part is the construction of the shelters.

Consideration must be given to the stability and safety of the shelters.

However, the territory now has baked red bricks and some iron nails forged by the Blacksmith Shop.

We can completely build stable and secure shelters!

Aside from the poultry and livestock shelters, the primary concern is the zoning of the ranch.

However, for someone with breeding experience like him, it's not a problem at all.

On the contrary.

Master Lynn decided to build such a large ranch, which excites him even more!

Finally, he can prove his ability!

Lynn nodded approvingly.

Under the gaze of dozens of villagers, Lynn rolled up his sleeves and threw himself into the construction of shelters.

Lynn took a rough look; Guy's planned shelters are quite conventional long-strip, single-room structures.

This means one cow or horse occupies one single room.

Cows and horses have different habits, and mixing them can easily cause conflict, resulting in injury.

Moreover, different single rooms vary in size.

This means Guy has divided spaces differently according to the differing habits of poultry...

Lynn nodded in approval.

Such construction might consume a lot of red bricks, wood, and land.

But... what Lynn lacks the least are these resources.

With his left hand picking up a red brick and his right hand the trowel, scooping out a bit of lime sand from a wooden bucket, Lynn began plastering.

Under the surprised gaze of several stonemasons, Lynn skillfully placed the red bricks, gently tapping them with the trowel.

Thus, tap and adhere the bricks together, increasing stability.

[Construction Experience +1]

[Construction Experience +1]

[Construction Experience +1]

...

Seeing some stonemasons stop, Guy sternly said, "Why are you standing around? Don't you want lunch?"

Those stonemasons quickly returned to work.

Unlike the stonemasons' surprise, Guy was already accustomed to it.

Early arrivals in the village all knew that Master Lynn always liked to work with his own hands.

This is one reason why they admire Master Lynn.

Time gradually passed.

Lynn spent the entire day constructing walls on the ranch, gaining dozens of experience points.

Until nightfall.

Lynn rode the horse, returning to the village with the dozens of villagers.

...

In the blink of an eye.

Three days have passed.

Lynn and Colin's group are standing by the Acadia River.

On the river

Twenty completed skiffs have been launched for waterproof testing.

Two men per skiff, sitting at the front and back on the skiff, steering across the river.

Half an hour has passed.

Still, no one has reported seepage or leakage on the skiffs; Colin's tense face slightly eased.

He looked at Lynn and said, "Master Lynn, the skiffs can be put into use."

Lynn nodded with satisfaction, "Well done, the past three days have been hard work."

"Kuisi, send fifty pounds of pork over to Colin and the others."

Kuisi smiled, "Yes, Master Lynn."

Colin did not refuse and gratefully said, "Thank you, Master Lynn."

The apprentices at the carpenter's shop were nervously rowing the sampan.

But upon hearing Master Lynn's words, they rowed even faster...

Lynn continued, "The sampan is built, but I also need you to construct a dock here!"

Colin was not surprised.

With the sampan built, Master Lynn naturally needed a corresponding dock.

Lynn said, "It's to transport the iron ore from the sampan to the village, preferably constructed of stone."

Colin began to contemplate.

A few seconds later, he said firmly, "No problem, Master Lynn."

Lynn nodded, "I'll assign you fifty more people, and you can tell them that as long as they graduate under you, I'll reward them just like I do with the blacksmith shop."

Some of the uninformed carpenter apprentices curiously looked at their Master Lynn.

Lynn continued, "A reward of one Gold Pound per person!"

The crowd of apprentices widened their eyes instantly.

Including the current members of the carpentry shop, there are now already eighty people.

The reason for this, of course, is that Lynn is planning for the future.

Only by having a large number of carpenters can a large-scale production line form, producing various standard arrows or catapults...

Although the construction of a dock is stonemason's work, Lynn could not find anyone more capable than Colin right now.

Thus, Colin had to take on both roles of carpenter and stonemason.

Colin's eyes lit up visibly, "No problem, Master Lynn, I'll get the dock built as soon as possible!"

After Lynn acknowledged this, he left the dock and headed towards the brick-making site outside the village.

In three days, Ehrelo had completed the production of the cross pickaxes and other iron tools he needed.

The passage to the open-pit iron mine had been cleared; it only needed a lime road laid and hardened for passage!

What Lynn needed to do now was to gather the villagers and head to the open-pit iron mine to start mining iron ore!

A few minutes later.

Lynn led a massive entourage of four hundred people out of the village.

Walking on the lime road, they formed a long line, heading deep into the forest.

They held various iron tools in their hands; the open-pit iron mine was the battlefield where they would work in the future.

As for their living supplies, they could be transported upstream using the sampan.

Lynn also considered using the sampan to transport these villagers upstream of the Acadia River.

But thinking that a sampan could only carry two thousand pounds, and with one villager weighing a hundred pounds...

At full load, it couldn't possibly go upstream.

Moreover, if anything went wrong, a whole boatload of people would sink into the Acadia River...

The loss would be too great.

Lynn decided to give up on the idea.

...

They crossed the wasteland, passed through the forest, and traveled forty miles!

Setting off early in the morning, it wasn't until midday that the team led by Lynn arrived at the open-pit mine.

Forty villagers rowing the sampan had already arrived in advance.

Seeing this vast group, Garcia and the dozens of people sent earlier by Lynn to chop wood were filled with joy.

Even though Master Lynn had given him thirty men, it still felt eerie and desolate in the otherwise quiet forest.

This was due to the lack of human presence, causing psychological unease.

Garcia promptly came to Lynn, respectfully saying, "Master Lynn, as per your instructions, we have already cleared the passage from the open-pit iron mine to the Acadia River."

Lynn nodded and said, "Nicely done, but your task is not over yet..."

With four hundred villagers arriving, Lynn did not immediately throw them into iron ore excavation.

To enable high-efficiency work, the first priority was settling their lives.

Constantly worrying about meals and where to sleep, they wouldn't be able to focus on mining iron ore.

In less than three days, they would develop a rebellious mindset!

Lynn divided the four hundred people into four groups.

The first group, fifty people, went to the Acadia River to transport the sampan's supplies.

The second group, a hundred people, continued chopping timber, clearing an area beside the open-pit iron mine to build temporary shelters and kitchen facilities.

The third group, a hundred people, went to the open-pit iron mine, removing moss to clear the way for future excavation.

The fourth group, the remaining hundred and fifty people, were responsible for paving roads.

Although the road had been cleared by Garcia and the others, since this was a forested area,

the ground was covered with soft decomposed soil and dead leaves.

Even stepping on it felt sunken and loose.

Let alone carts filled with iron ore!

Paving roads was necessary!

After assigning tasks to all the villagers, they quickly engaged in their respective work.

Lynn checked the loyalty of these villagers, and the vast majority had loyalty above 80%.

Bear in mind, these villagers had been in his territory for less than half a month!

Such high loyalty was naturally due to the territory's stability and superior living conditions!

As a result.

Lynn made them trek almost forty miles through the forest, and they did not complain at all.

Time passed slowly.

With everyone's labor, the forest centered around the open-pit iron mine was being cleared bit by bit.

The open area was becoming larger and larger.

In a clearing, dozens of villagers had already started building wooden houses and a kitchen.

The kitchen was the first priority.

With iron hammers, iron saws, and iron nails, it wasn't necessary anymore to use mortise and tenon structures like Lynn had initially.

The mortise and tenon structure weren't less stable than a house nailed together with iron nails.

It was just too tedious and complex.

Lynn walked among them, inspecting, with Red following closely behind.

When Lynn once again arrived at the open-pit iron mine, seeing the moss that had been scraped off like clothing, he couldn't help but feel anticipation!

Chapter 114: Iron Mine Excavation (3K)

Three days passed in the blink of an eye.

Next to the open-pit iron mine, simple wooden houses capable of accommodating four hundred people were all constructed.

The lime road leading from the iron mine to the Acadia River was also completed, just needing to harden before it could be used for travel.

During these three days, Lynn ate and lived with the villagers.

This further increased the loyalty of the villagers.

They had never seen, nor even heard of, a lord of a domain living the same life they did!

Upon Lynn's command, four hundred villagers surged towards the open-pit iron mine.

Previously, Lynn had carried out a secondary division of labor for them.

Three hundred villagers were responsible for digging.

Fifty villagers were responsible for loading the excavated iron ore into wicker baskets, driving carts and wagons to transport it to the banks of the Acadia River.

The remaining villagers would carry the wicker baskets into the punts, allowing the punt crew to transport them back to the village.

Lynn had thought about building a blast furnace for iron smelting near the open-pit iron mine.

However, transporting the materials needed to build the blast furnace upstream was too difficult.

It required transporting countless red bricks and anthracite as fuel.

In comparison.

It was much simpler to load the iron ore into punts and let them drift downstream along the river.

Red arranged for ten guards to maintain order here and protect these villagers.

After confirming that no arrangements were overlooked at the open-pit iron mine, Lynn then boarded a punt with Red and headed downstream to the village.

Pushed by the surging waters of the Acadia River, the villagers hardly needed to paddle to float along.

Perhaps because it was carrying only four people, the punt moved quite quickly!

A journey that took four hours on foot through the forest was now just an hour by punt!

It showed the importance of the punts.

Lynn personally experienced the significance of water transport.

Simultaneously, he also felt the width and

small wonder that the Acadia River became a boundary line; it was bottomless and nearly a thousand meters wide!

Without large ships, it was simply impossible for large troops to land on such a river.

When Lynn returned to the village by punt, Colin was leading dozens of apprentices in constructing the dock.

Jumping off the punt, Lynn stepped onto the riverbank.

Upon seeing Lynn, Colin and his group quickly bowed in salute, "Master Lynn."

In three days, the dock had begun to take shape.

Thick oak logs had been nailed to the rock layer at the riverbank's bottom, and slabs of rock and wooden planks were placed to serve as a foundational platform.

After that, it only required building as per the designed wall thickness, height, and stone arrangement using lime mortar.

In a few more days at most, a dock constructed of stone could be completed.

After supervising for a short while, Lynn left the dock.

Returning to the village, Kuisi happened to come forward to greet him.

She spoke, "Master Lynn, a merchant has arrived in the territory but was blocked outside by Rose."

Lynn asked, "A merchant from the Brown Clan?"

Kuisi shook her head, saying, "No, it's a crop merchant from nearby Morgan Town..."

"Rose said the merchant only had four carts and claimed to be carrying a large amount of linen, and apart from the coachmen, there were no guards."

Lynn pondered for a moment, "Let him in then, and tell Rose that in the future, as long as it's confirmed there's no danger and the merchant carries a large amount of goods, they can enter the territory at any time."

"However, he needs to arrange for soldiers to oversee, and they must not wander freely."

With only coachmen and no guards, it was evident he was a walking merchant within the Marquisate of Duca's domain, or perhaps in a village near Morgan Town.

Kuisi responded, "Yes, Master."

Immediately, Kuisi summoned a guard to report the message to the city wall.

Lynn did not linger and headed to the brick-making site outside the village to continue accumulating his [Production] skill experience.

[Production Experience +1]

[Production Experience +1]

[Production Experience +1]

...

Lynn glanced at the [Heavenly Artifacts] panel.

[Production: Level 1 (113/200)] (+)

Through persistent effort, the [Production] experience had already exceeded a hundred.

The upgrade to Level 2 was not far off.

...

For half a month, the kiln for firing red bricks had not stopped working.

Not only that.

With the inexhaustible anthracite fuel as support and the villagers' improved skills,

the number of kilns had increased to seventy.

From Lynn's perspective, the densely packed kiln chimneys were whirling with smoke and steam...

With each kiln firing one batch every three days, producing five hundred red bricks per batch.

This meant thirty-five thousand red bricks could be produced every three days!

It seemed a lot.

But compared to the number of red bricks needed for rebuilding the village, it was a drop in the bucket.

Establishing a large red brick factory was imperative.

Only in this way could the production of red bricks be increased, freeing up labor from brickmaking.

...

At the forest pass.

Four carts were parked outside the city wall.

A coachman wearing a linen robe looked at the middle-aged man, speaking, "Master Boer, we've been waiting for two hours and still can't get in... should we just leave it?"

The middle-aged man referred to as Boer turned to glance at the coachman.

"Give up? That's not possible. We've come this far."

"Besides... aren't any of you curious? Not curious why there's a new city wall here?"

The four coachmen glanced at the city wall made of huge stones in front of them, then continuously looked up at the highest point of the wall.

After retracting their gaze, they all felt a bit of neck soreness.

Truthfully, they were curious too.

Just as the coachman was about to speak.

A heavy grinding sound entered their ears.

Boer hurriedly turned his head to look over.

The iron-plated city gate slowly opened inward.

It stopped only after opening seven or eight meters.

A large man walked out of the iron gate, his deep and serious voice rang out, "Everyone, you may enter."

Upon hearing the man's words, Boer felt a surge of joy in his heart.

He stepped forward, his hand moved as he skillfully took out a stack of pence and handed it over.

"Sir, thank you very much, just a small token, insignificant..."

Rose glanced casually and did not accept, "No need, just go on in."

Listening to the burly man's voice, Boer was slightly taken aback.

It was the first time he encountered a gate guard who did not accept toll fees.

Could it be that he offered too little?

But even if it were more, he couldn't afford to give more...

Boer, with a face full of awkwardness, said, "Thank you, thank you..."

After getting permission to enter, Boer finally led four wagons through the city wall.

The first thing that caught his eye was the paved, smooth, wide white road.

The road meandered, winding through the forest, reaching the end of the woods.

Just as he was observing, the heavy iron gate closed with a bang.

Clang!

Boer turned back for a glance.

The iron gate was heavy and sturdy, once closed, it seemed to completely isolate the place from the outside world!

Retracting his gaze, Boer continued to push forward with the caravan, followed closely by five guards carrying iron spears and round shields, riding on horses.

Boer's heart inexplicably tightened with tension.

Time continued to pass slowly.

Soon, Boer passed through the forest.

The view in front of him suddenly opened up.

Moving along the lime-covered road, Boer's face gradually became covered in astonishment.

In the cleared and cultivated lands were neat and orderly ridges.

On the ridges, peas were sprouting tender shoots and leaves!

And in the distance were stretches of wooden houses, forming a vast village... could even be said the outline of a small town!

By the river, round objects he had never seen before were rotating continuously, driven by the river water...

A doubt arose in Boer's mind.

Since when did such a large town exist here?

He had never heard of it before.

This area was wasteland, and not just for him.

Very few people would come here.

This visit was purely on a whim.

After a while.

From afar, Boer saw a distinguished and handsome man, accompanied by a maid and guards, standing on the open ground before the village.

Only then did he slightly temper the astonishment on his face.

It was apparent that this handsome man was the lord of the territory.

Arriving in front of the village, Boer hurriedly dismounted, his words full of reverence, "Greetings my Lord, I am Boer Hansen, a merchant from Morgan Town."

Lynn nodded, "I am Lynn."

Receiving Lynn's response, Boer's heart slightly relaxed.

The young lord present was more approachable than he imagined, and also younger.

Boer showed a gentle smile, "Master Lynn, I have four thousand pounds of linen on my carriage, would you be interested?"

Lynn was not surprised.

The Boer in front of him was like George before, buying and selling in the local area.

Without enough connections and transportation ability, he could only earn a small amount of profit margin.

Lynn nodded, asking in return, "What's your price for the linens?"

There was no disdain nor any neglect.

Compared to those self-important lords, Master Lynn's attitude towards people gave him a strange sense of comfort.

Boer quickly bent down, "Master Lynn, if you are interested, I can offer you a price of three pence for two pounds of linen."

Lynn began to ponder.

The value of linen was originally above wheat.

It was mainly determined by planting costs and market demand.

If the merchant named Boer were to transport these four thousand pounds of linen to Morgan Town, he could sell them at a price of two pence per pound.

Lynn nodded, "No problem, I can offer you two choices... Twenty-five Gold Pounds, or one thousand pounds of fine salt!"

Boer smiled and said, "Master Lynn, of course, I would like the gold..."

Before he finished his words, he suddenly stopped.

Boer widened his eyes looking at Lynn, couldn't help but ask, "Master Lynn... did you say... fine salt?"

Lynn nodded.

Gulp.

A clear sound of swallowing echoed in the open space.

Boer was shocked.

There was actually a salt mine here?

The territory he stumbled upon actually had fine salt?

Suppressing the complex emotions in his heart, Boer hurriedly said, "Master Lynn, fine salt... I want the fine salt!"

The difficulty of planting linen was significantly greater than that of wheat or other crops.

It mainly required more careful care and fertile soil conditions.

He originally thought to bring this batch of linen back to Morgan Town and at least earn one or two Gold Pounds.

If he could exchange it for fine salt with Master Lynn here...

The profit he could earn would even double!

At least two or three Gold Pounds.

Lynn gave a calm smile, "Of course."

Chapter 115: Iron-Making Blast Furnace (3K)

After all the linen was unloaded and a few sacks of fine salt were loaded onto the carriage, Boer left.

He left with an expression of excitement and surprise.

Even frequently tugging the reins, urging the carriage, making the draft horse accelerate continuously.

Because before leaving, Master Lynn told him that he could transport any goods to this territory.

To trade them for processed fine salt!

For a small traveling merchant like him, this was undoubtedly a way to make a fortune...

No.

To be precise, it was an opportunity to change destiny!

The market demand for fine salt has always been high and has consistently been on the rise.

As long as he returns to Morgan Town to sell these fine salts.

The profits earned would be more than enough for him to exchange all his carriages for dual-horse drawn carriages!

Then purchase various goods from different places and bring them to Lynn's territory for barter.

Just like a snowball, growing bigger and bigger!

Thinking of this, Boer smiled even more happily...

...

After watching Boer leave, Lynn retracted his gaze.

Boer's arrival was good news for him.

He needed many local traveling merchants like Boer.

Because local traveling merchants only acquire and sell goods locally, which means primarily agricultural products.

He needed slave labor, but he also needed many crops just the same!

Grain crops, vegetable crops, cash crops, and fruit crops, etc...

He needed them all!

The territory is just getting started and is completely starting from zero.

Naturally, there would be many shortcomings in planting.

This is inevitable.

Before these shortcomings were addressed in the territory, he can completely purchase from other merchants!

As for the existence of fine salt, whether this information would be exposed.

Lynn would worry, but he also didn't need to worry.

Because, as long as a competent merchant learned that a territory was selling fine salt, merchants would all choose to keep it confidential without prior agreement.

Even if relying on his own ability, he cannot consume all the fine salt the Lord sells.

Merchants are also unwilling to disclose this intelligence information.

Otherwise, wouldn't it just increase market competition?

...

Suppressing his thoughts, Lynn looked towards Kuisi.

He spoke, "Arrange for a few people to start retting those four thousand pounds of linen."

Turning linen into Linen Cloth is not just about directly weaving it; several steps are required.

Firstly, the seeds need to be removed from the flax; flaxseeds can be used for oil pressing and retained for next season's planting.

Secondly, retting, soaking the flax in water and waiting for the pectin and other substances in the flax stems to gradually decompose under the action of microorganisms in the water, allowing the fibers to separate.

Only the flax fibers are needed for weaving.

This process takes about a month.

After that, the fibers need washing and combing to make them straight and uniform.

Finally comes the weaving into Linen Cloth!

Even though the process is lengthy, Lynn still instructed Kuisi to start preparing.

The textile industry is an essential industry for the development of a territory.

Kuisi responded, "Okay, Master Lynn."

Many people in the territory are villagers, so retting flax is not difficult for them.

After giving instructions, Lynn strode towards the Blacksmith Shop.

Ehrelø saw Lynn and quickly came out to greet him, "Master Lynn? Is there a new task?"

Lynn responded, "Yes, call out your idle apprentices."

Hearing Master Lynn's words, Ehrelø did not immediately comprehend.

But soon.

He answered twice, hurried into the Blacksmith Shop, and called out thirty Blacksmith Apprentices.

Lynn looked at the puzzled faces of Ehrelo and the apprentices.

Thirty laborers were enough.

Ehrelo curiously asked, "Master Lynn, you are going to..."

Lynn explained, "Build a blast furnace for iron smelting!"

Ehrelo still looked puzzled and confused.

Though he is a blacksmith, he had never heard of the term.

For iron smelting?

Without waiting for Ehrelo to continue asking, Lynn divided the thirty people into three batches.

Ten people went to the vacant wasteland beside the Blacksmith Shop, clearing the ground of weeds, roots, stones, and other debris to ensure the ground was level.

Then, dig a two-meter-deep, twenty-square pit as the foundation pit for the blast furnace!

Ten people went to the kiln and lime pit to transport Red Bricks, lime, and sand as bricklaying materials.

The last ten were responsible for building the blast furnace for iron smelting.

The members of the Blacksmith Shop were naturally brawny and of excellent physique.

Because they needed to rush to make various iron products every day, Lynn even had the cook prepare an extra meal of meat for them separately.

Otherwise, they wouldn't have the continuous energy to work.

Within an hour, a pit had already been excavated.

Materials for constructing the blast furnace were also delivered.

Under Lynn's leadership, the blacksmith apprentices began building the walls.

[Construction Experience +1]

[Construction Experience +1]

[Construction Experience +1]

...

The knowledge of building a blast furnace continuously emerged and quickly integrated in Lynn's mind.

A properly functioning blast furnace for iron smelting reaches temperatures of over a thousand degrees and can be dangerous with the slightest mistake.

Therefore, the foundation for constructing the blast furnace is extremely important.

This is why Lynn instructed the apprentices to dig a two-meter deep pit until they reached the hard soil layer.

Using a mixture of lime and sand as an adhesive, the red bricks were laid using overlapping seams to build the lowest foundational platform, raising it above ground level.

During this process, Lynn kept a close eye on the levelness of the foundation platform.

After confirming there were no abnormalities, Lynn then allowed the apprentices to begin constructing the furnace body.

The construction of the blast furnace body involves shaping the inner layer of the furnace walls, the tuyeres, reinforcing the outer walls, constructing the furnace top, connecting the blowing equipment, and creating both the tap hole and slag hole.

The concept in Lynn's mind for the furnace wall's thickness was to build up to half a meter with red bricks and then layer by layer ram down clay.

The thicker the furnace wall, the more effectively it can prevent heat loss and the leakage of harmful gases.

The clay extracted from the Acadia River is rich in alumina, eliminating concerns about the high heat of anthracite causing the clay to detach or burn away.

As Lynn was constructing a medium-sized blast furnace, he allocated ten tuyeres at the base on land.

Ensuring anthracite can burn thoroughly...

Time flew by, and in no time, it was afternoon.

The apprentices were already working on reinforcing the outer layer of the blast furnace with clay.

Because the entire construction utilized red bricks, there were virtually no gaps in the furnace body.

Until nightfall arrived.

Despite Lynn's guidance and the collaborative effort of thirty apprentices,

the ten-meter-high blast furnace had only completed a main structure.

Further construction is needed for the furnace top, blowing equipment, and both the tap hole and slag hole...

One can see the difficulty and complexity of constructing a blast furnace.

And that's with Lynn possessing the complete construction memory and knowledge of a high-quality blast furnace.

If it were someone else, it's unimaginable.

The iron smelting technology in this world truly is too backward.

The next morning, bright and early.

Lynn, after having breakfast, arrived at the Blacksmith Shop.

Ehrela was already there with thirty blacksmith apprentices, waiting.

Upon seeing Lynn, they all bowed in salute.

Lynn nodded, "Let's continue. Next, we'll be constructing the furnace top!"

Constructing the blast furnace top is not easy.

A special charging opening, observation ports, and exhaust vents, among other things, need to be present.

Lynn decided on a dome-shaped furnace top, which can leverage support so that no matter how high the temperature inside, it won't cave in.

Because it was a medium-sized blast furnace, manual blowing would be impossible to ignite the large amount of anthracite efficiently, even if the blacksmith apprentices exhausted themselves.

Lynn's idea was to use a water-powered waterwheel-driven blowing device!

This is the advantage of having a territory near a medium-sized river.

There is an inexhaustible source of water and unending hydropower!

Finally, the most important aspects are the tap hole and slag hole.

Of course, the tap hole is for releasing the refined molten iron and can only be set at the very base of the furnace.

The slag hole is also at the base.

The slag and molten iron naturally layer, needing only periodic cleaning.

Until dusk again.

A blast furnace ten meters tall with an internal diameter of four meters and a half-meter thick wall stood beside the Blacksmith Shop.

Because it was dusk, the golden sunset enveloped the entire blast furnace.

The golden hue also held a faint grayish-white tint!

This medium-sized blast furnace, when calculated based on the density of piled iron ore, can accommodate one hundred thousand pounds of iron ore at once!

The only thing missing now is the waterwheel blowing.

However, with the experienced Colin in building waterwheels, everything is not a problem.

Compared to Lynn's casual and calm demeanor, excitement filled Colin's face behind him.

Has it finally been completed?

During the construction over these days, he listened as Master Lynn described it.

With this blast furnace, the efficiency of iron smelting would double!

As a blacksmith himself, he naturally knows how low the yield of normal iron smelting is.

A small iron workshop often needs days or even weeks, using the bloomery process, to get only one to two hundred pounds of malleable iron from a thousand pounds of iron ore!

This is assuming the iron ore has few impurities.

If the ore contains many impurities, the amount of malleable iron might not even reach a hundred pounds!

Ehrelö also understands that the yield of iron isn't just this simple...

The method of smelting, fuel temperature, and iron content in the ore all limit iron output.

But Master Lynn said this blast furnace could double the output!

If it truly can, then Master Lynn is set to revolutionize the entire forging industry!

Ehrello is filled with anticipation!

...

The next morning.

Lynn arrived at the riverside of the Acadia River.

Colin was already there with dozens of apprentices, completing the final touches of the dock.

Upon seeing Lynn, Colin quickly bent and said, "Master Lynn."

Lynn nodded, "The Blacksmith Shop has established a blast furnace. I need you to construct a waterwheel for the blowers' operation."

Colin turned his head and glanced into the distance.

Though the dock is some distance from the Blacksmith Shop,

the ten-meter height of the blast furnace is clearly visible at a glance.

Colin had no hesitation, "Of course, Master Lynn, the final touches on the dock can be completed today."

Lynn nodded in satisfaction, "Then construct two pulley system supports."

The pulleys left from constructing the city wall can be directly used at the dock.

Using iron hooks and ropes, crates of iron ore can be hoisted from barges onto the dock!

Moreover, only need to construct a wooden pulley system support.

It both saves effort and changes the direction of force, making it easier for iron ore to be brought ashore.

Now the only thing to consider is the connection of the blowing equipment and the blast furnace through pipes!

Chapter 116: Steward Merchant (3K)

With a blacksmith shop and over a hundred pounds of high-quality iron left.

Lynn's first thought was naturally to use iron pipes for the blower system.

If it was before, Lynn would naturally be reluctant.

A few hundred pounds of high-quality iron just to make pipes for blower equipment?

Madness, right?

But now a whole open-pit iron mine has been discovered.

High-quality iron is nothing; he has plenty!

Lynn returned to the blacksmith shop and assigned this task to Ehrelo, letting him handle it himself.

Iron pipes of several tens of meters, connecting the forging water wheel and the iron smelting furnace, it's not hard.

But it's not easy, either.

Simply put, it's about forging iron into sheets, then bending and securing them with iron nails and screws.

Minimize wind loss as much as possible!

After everything was instructed.

By afternoon time.

The pulley group on the dock just got installed.

One by one, sampan boats swiftly glided down from the upper Acadia River.

Inside those sampan boats were baskets of black stones.

Lynn's eyebrows raised involuntarily.

He understood that his territory could finally start smelting iron!

Basket after basket of iron ore was hoisted up by the pulley system.

Apprentices from the blacksmith shop hustled about, loading these iron ores onto wagons, urging the draft horses, heading for the blacksmith shop.

Upon returning to the blacksmith shop, the iron ores were piled in the open ground at the back.

The weather is excellent now; there's no concern about rain.

Through the quantity display on Resource Management, Lynn made a rough estimate.

The sampan boat's load is a bit over two thousand pounds, aside from the weight of two boatmen.

One trip with a sampan boat can transport about two thousand pounds of iron ore.

Twenty boats mean forty thousand pounds!

Although forty thousand pounds are just iron ores, how much high-quality iron can be smelted is only known after smelting.

However, Lynn is not worried.

This is just the beginning phase.

Now the iron mine has started extraction and operation, and from today on, there will be endless iron ores sent to the village!

He can vigorously develop iron products!

In terms of daily life, things like iron pots, iron shovels, iron doors, iron barrels, iron tables, iron chairs...

In terms of breeding, heavy plows, iron feeding troughs, iron fences, iron hooves...

In terms of armor, plate armor, chain armor, heavy armor, full metal shields, even vests!

In terms of weapons, long spears, lances, winged spears, hook lances...

...

Put simply.

Lynn can now craft all sorts of required armor and weapons for soldiers of different attributes!

Without realizing it.

Lynn's breathing started to quicken.

He has money now!

He has fuel!

And now, he has iron!

As long as he gets enough manpower, who would dare to provoke him?

Lynn let out a long breath.

Trying to suppress the excitement in his heart as much as possible.

His future now is unlimited.

But at the same time, he still needs to continue developing.

Food production is insufficient.

From March to now, aside from the few acres of wheat, vegetables, and those cotton plants that Lynn and his people initially planted.

He has not truly harvested anything yet!

The food consumed in the territory now all comes from external purchases.

This is an extremely unstable method!

One must know the grain production in this world is extremely volatile.

Perhaps a single adverse weather condition could lead to a wide-scale harvest failure in the entire country.

By then, even with money, grain couldn't be bought.

To obtain sufficient and stable grain supplies, planting must be done on one's own land.

There is not enough population.

Without enough people, even with these, it's still impossible to form a large army.

No warhorses.

Only with enough warhorses can a substantial cavalry be formed, and cavalry is the killer on the battlefield.

Highly mobile, strong in assaults...

The current situation is somewhat dangerous, but Lynn doesn't have much to worry about.

With the existence of city walls, he can continue to develop.

However, the day of his rise is not too far away!

...

Two days passed in the blink of an eye.

Near the blacksmith shop by the forging water wheel, the blower water wheel was also erected.

In the pull of the river water, the water wheel started to rotate rapidly.

The rotational movement of the water wheel is transmitted to the pistons and other parts of the blower through a gear transmission device, causing it to produce reciprocating motion or continuous rotation.

When the piston is pulled or pushed by the transmission device, it creates a pressure difference in the bellows, thereby generating wind force.

Thus, it can continuously supply sufficient oxygen for the combustion of the anthracite in the iron-smelting blast furnace.

Lynn stood six to seven meters away beside the iron-smelting furnace and could still feel the heat radiating from the furnace walls.

The needed protective measures were all in place, yet there was still heat leakage, which is unavoidable due to current limitations.

After all, the conditions now are limited.

The working principle of the iron-smelting blast furnace is not complicated.

Iron ore, anthracite, and limestone are poured into the top of the furnace.

Then, through the tuyeres at the bottom of the blast furnace, continuous air-blowing is performed to accelerate the complete combustion of anthracite, thus raising the temperature inside the blast furnace.

Under high temperatures, the carbon monoxide produced by burning anthracite will strip the oxygen from the iron ore, obtaining molten iron.

The molten iron will separate from the impurities, flow to the very bottom of the blast furnace, and be drawn out from the rough iron tap.

This process is called reduction.

The impurities in the iron ore will combine with the limestone to form slag, which is blocked by a top layer.

Manpower is needed to pick up and scoop out the slag from the slag outlet.

The only regret for Lynn is that the gas from smelting iron ore cannot be collected; otherwise, it could be used.

Despite the molten iron radiating intense heat and appearing yellowish-red like lava,

Ehrelö showed no sign of nervousness.

Instead, those brown eyes were glued to the molten iron!

Lynn noticed that his entire body was even slightly trembling.

"It's a success, truly a success!"

Ehrello suddenly looked at Lynn, his words full of excitement, "Master Lynn, the high furnace you've built has really smelted iron."

Lynn nodded, remaining silent.

The main reason was that he had already been excited about it a few days earlier.

He naturally knew that the iron smelting high furnace would succeed.

His mind was filled with complete and extremely mature memories and knowledge.

With Ehrello leading, a group of apprentices started bustling about.

They needed to pour the molten iron into specially made wooden molds to press out the desired shape of iron blocks in the sand box.

This was the simplest and most basic sand mold ingot casting method.

Forming them into iron blocks made them easier to store.

Currently, Lynn had no knowledge or memories about armor production in his mind.

Looking at those sand boxes, Lynn raised an eyebrow.

The sand box could cast the molten iron into blocks.

So why not directly use the sand box to cast the iron into the shape of armor?

The molten iron would flow from the high furnace directly into the armor mold sand box.

Once cooled, it would become a complete piece of chest armor, wouldn't it?

Lynn certainly knew that a set of plate armor consisted of several pieces.

Chest armor, shoulder guards, arm armor, gauntlets, etc...

But it was still possible to use different molds, replicating the process extensively to produce different components!

Isn't this the method of making standard armor?

To achieve mass production of cavalry or armed troops, relying solely on a blacksmith to forge piece by piece,

for Lynn, was unrealistic.

Currently, there was no plate armor in his territory.

If he formed an army of a thousand soldiers, they would need a thousand suits of plate armor!

Even if several blacksmiths and apprentices were highly skilled, crafting a suit of plate armor would still take at least a month!

Does Lynn need to wait a thousand months?

Of course, this is an irrational calculation.

Therefore, using different molds to make armor is the best solution.

Lynn did not require the armor to be very exquisite, nor particularly detailed.

They only needed to withstand the enemy's blade and sword, and shield against volleys of arrows.

That would be enough!

However,

Lynn also understood.

Relying solely on this iron smelting high furnace and the group under Ehrelo,

would be far from enough to manufacture standard armor.

He needed more manpower, needed more iron smelting high furnaces!

After confirming that the operation of the iron smelting high furnace was all normal, Lynn left the blacksmith shop.

He no longer had to worry about lacking quality iron!

Even more, he no longer needed to buy from outside sources.

During the evening.

George returned.

After dismounting from his horse, Lynn noticed his expression was no different from that of the traveling merchant Boer.

Even more exaggerated.

George bent over towards Lynn, his words full of excitement, "Oh my, Master Lynn!"

"If I hadn't seen Instructor Ross, I would have thought I walked into the wrong place."

How long had he been gone?

A month?

Half a month?

Lynn had even built city walls?

If he stayed away a little longer, would the entire territory turn into a city?

Lynn smiled calmly and said, "It's good that you're back."

George exhaled deeply and responded, "Master Lynn, I've brought back three hundred slaves for you."

"Fifty thousand jin of grain and three hundred jin of quality iron."

George also wanted to bring back more slaves and food for Master Lynn.

However, he couldn't travel to various territories and empires like those traveling merchants crossing oceans.

He hadn't obtained the trade permit from the Merchant Guild, nor did he have a long ship for transport.

The slaves and goods he brought back were purchased from Kakasong City or a few nearby small cities.

Combined with the transportation capacity limit, the number was naturally limited.

Lynn looked into the distance, and sure enough, there were groups of figures following behind the caravan.

Lynn praised, "Well done."

"However, in the future, there's no need to buy iron blocks from outside..."

"To be precise, you no longer need to go out!"

Listening to Master Lynn's words, George froze.

Was he disappointed because, despite so many trips, he still couldn't buy the slaves Master Lynn needed?

Indeed, his abilities were still limited!

If he were Master Lynn, he'd also consider replacing himself with someone else...

A trace of sorrow appeared on George's face, "Alright, Master Lynn..."

Lynn sensed the change in George's mood and gave him a puzzled look.

"What I mean is, my territory needs a merchant steward."

Upon hearing this,

The sense of defeat instantly vanished from George's face.

He looked at Master Lynn in disbelief, "A merchant... steward?"

Lynn nodded, "Yes, specifically responsible for managing trade goods."

As more and more merchants cooperated with his territory, it was impossible for Lynn to meet and conduct transactions with each one personally.

With that time, Lynn would rather invest in gaining experience and achievements.

Enhancing skill experience, obtaining energy stones, boosting attributes.

Improving oneself is the true path!

Chapter 117: You Are the Fortunate Ones

The George in front of me, although he does not possess the skills and talents of a few members of the Brown Clan.

However, George is a genuine merchant who knows the bottom line prices and market trends of various goods.

Moreover, George is loyal to him.

His whole family lives on the estate.

This gives Lynn peace of mind.

After listening to Master Lynn's account, learning that he could control the exchange of fine salt on the estate.

George was moved and knelt on the ground with one knee.

"Master Lynn, thank you for your trust, I will not disappoint your expectations."

Lynn nodded and said, "Very good."

He let George go back to rest first.

Lynn's gaze swept over the slaves in front of him.

They were emaciated, with blank eyes and faces full of tension and fear.

Because they understood that from now on, their fate was in the hands of that young lord.

Lynn did not immediately send them off to labor.

Instead, he called in several chefs to prepare a lunch for these newly arrived slaves...

Indeed, there were many things on the estate that required labor.

But it wouldn't hurt to wait a little while.

...

George, walking tens of meters away, looked back.

George's heart could not calm down for a long time.

He originally thought Master Lynn had given up on him.

But unexpectedly, he was retained on the estate.

George understood, Master Lynn no longer needed merchants!

In fact.

As long as he was willing, even if he just leaked any information about the salt mine, iron mine, or coal mine.

There would be an endless stream of merchants coming to his estate, squeezing out their unsavory smiles to do business with Master Lynn.

The scale of the estate was getting bigger, and more work needed to be done.

Master Lynn needed loyal people to help him manage!

And this was exactly what George wanted.

No one wanted to wander outside every day, fearing bandits, fearing the aggression of other lords.

Who wouldn't want to eat well, drink their fill, and sleep with their wives and children every night?

Staying on the estate, with Master Lynn's soldiers guarding it, there was no need to fear any danger!

George made up his mind not to disappoint Master Lynn again.

...

Arriving at the open space outside the village.

He looked at the number of red bricks on the [Resource Management] interface.

After ten days of red brick firing, there were now nearly four hundred thousand red bricks.

Lynn called Colin over.

Looking at this somewhat weary middle-aged man in front of him, Lynn said, "I need a factory capable of large-scale red brick firing!"

With seventy kilns working at full capacity, they could produce thirty-five thousand red bricks in three days.

But the efficiency of firing still fell far short of Lynn's expectations.

He needed more red bricks.

Otherwise, the reconstruction of the estate would be a long-term prospect!

Colin showed a trace of embarrassment on his face, not hiding anything, "A large-scale red brick factory?"

"Master Lynn, in regards to others things, I might know a little, but... this red brick factory, I have never heard of."

Building city walls was nearly his limit.

Lynn was not surprised in the slightest, "That's okay, I will guide on site."

If Colin had said he could construct it.

Lynn would have rather found that strange.

Hearing Lynn's words, Colin was filled with curiosity.

What kind of existence was Master Lynn?

How could he know everything?

With Colin and a group of people, Lynn arrived at a stretch of open wasteland downstream of the village.

Like building a pasture, constructing a red brick factory also required careful site selection.

First, they needed to find a site with a large quantity of high-quality clay.

This problem was simply ignored by Lynn.

The Acadia River had plenty of clay!

In fact, Lynn had even considered building the red brick factory at the bottom of the waterfall furthest downstream.

When the villagers were digging for clay, they would simply hollow out that waterfall!

In doing so, it could seamlessly connect with the downstream water body.

But Lynn immediately dismissed this notion.

That waterfall was obviously formed due to geological issues, and manpower alone would hardly solve it.

Finally.

Lynn decided to place the large red brick factory five miles from the village, on wasteland near the river.

It could ensure clay excavation, with abundant water resources for mixing clay and sand.

The distance guaranteed manageable transport difficulties.

The expansive surrounding wasteland could be used for stacking clay, brick billets, and other materials...

Additionally, being downstream, there was no worry about pollution from firing red bricks.

A perfect location!

Having determined the location, Lynn returned to the village with his guards.

Lynn noticed that the slaves, who had just eaten barley bread and barley meat porridge, seemed to have improved in complexion and spirit.

Obviously, they had not had a full meal in a long time.

Lynn's gaze swept over the slaves, who immediately lowered their heads, not daring to meet his gaze.

Taking a deep breath, Lynn called out, "Everyone, I am the lord of this estate, Lynn."

"From now on, your fate is in my hands."

His words were full of authority, suffocating, leaving no room for resistance.

"But you are fortunate!"

Despite the slaves' hearts being filled with panic upon hearing this final sentence.

They couldn't suppress their curiosity and raised their heads.

"From this moment on, as long as you work hard, hunger will always be one step behind you!"

When Lynn's words rang out again.

Their eyes were filled with surprise.

"You will receive three meals a day, and each meal will have meat!"

"You will receive a red brick house to shield you from wind and rain!"

"You will receive a stable job, though exhausting and tough, you will never be whipped!"

"You will receive a safe life!"

Listening to the continuous words of Master Lynn, the expressions on their faces turned into shock.

If it were said by someone else, they would scoff.

The lord's boasting, merely tricks to deceive people.

But the Lynn before them had provided them with food the moment they arrived!

Indeed, there was genuine meat inside!

Moreover, upon entering Lynn's territory, there truly was a wall that made people feel hopeless.

Feeling the now intense gaze of the slaves, Lynn continued speaking.

"But now, I need to construct a large red brick factory, I need a substantial workforce to produce countless red bricks."

"And these red bricks are to build the red brick houses that will sustain you in the future!"

Upon hearing this.

The group of slaves was completely stirred.

"Lord, I am willing to go."

"I am also willing!"

"I want to go, I want to eat, I want to live in a red brick house!"

"..."

Watching those eager bodies, Lynn said satisfactorily: "Very good!"

"Next, I will assign you tasks, you just need to work!"

As long as there is enough construction experience and knowledge, three hundred healthy laborers are enough to build a large-scale red brick production factory in a short time.

These three hundred slaves were assigned by Lynn.

Fifty are responsible for transporting red bricks, lime sand, logs and other building materials from the kiln.

Fifty are responsible for clearing weeds and stones from the wasteland.

A hundred are responsible for digging the foundation of the red brick factory!

The remaining hundred are responsible for paving the lime road from the village to the red brick factory!

With plenty of iron agricultural tools and spare lime sand.

Doing these tasks is simple!

Watching these slaves who had been assigned tasks, carrying iron hoes and sickles heading to the chosen site for the red brick factory.

Lynn nodded in satisfaction.

However.

Lynn never considered himself a good speaker!

He just informed these slaves in advance about the achievable results.

And these slaves were also moved by the simplicity and attitude in Lynn's words.

They knew this lord was not boasting.

This lord truly offered them the life they desired.

They were willing to strive for the life they wanted until they achieved it.

It's just that simple!

...

Lynn rode a horse, following behind these people.

When they arrived at the location, the group of slaves began to get busy.

Lynn did not join them in labor.

But remained on horseback, surveying the surroundings.

To facilitate future water extraction for the red brick factory, a water wheel also needs to be constructed beside the riverbank near the factory!

And to dig wells, construct kitchens, latrines, and so on.

These are all daily necessitated supporting facilities.

Moreover, the operational red brick factory would be very hot!

All villagers working in the red brick factory need a significant amount of water replenishment.

Otherwise, heat stroke or dehydration could easily occur.

After confirming the area for the red brick factory, Lynn called over ten slaves, letting them dig wells, kitchens, and latrines at the confirmed locations...

Even though it's just five miles from the village here.

But going back and forth would take two hours.

Two hours every day is enough to accelerate their construction progress.

In the afternoon.

Seeing dozens of square meters already cleared and the foundation starting to be laid, Lynn rolled up his sleeves and entered the pit.

Taking a plastering knife and a piece of red brick, Lynn began constructing.

[Construction Experience+1]

[Construction Experience+1]

[Construction Experience+1]

...

As experience increased, the vision of how to construct the red brick factory in Lynn's mind gradually expanded.

Until dusk fell.

Detailed knowledge completely integrated in Lynn's mind.

Lynn's face instantly filled with confidence, even his gaze became different.

Sure enough.

Knowledge is power.

A large red brick production factory requires a very wide area, at least thirty acres!

This includes areas for clay storage, clay pretreatment, fuel storage, brick making, brick drying grounds, kiln firing areas, finished brick storage areas, warehouse storage and more!

Then there are living quarters for brick workers, management offices, tool storage areas, etc.

A large red brick factory indeed needs many areas to be built.

Even constructing a wall is not as technically demanding as a red brick factory.

Even operating it requires at least two to three hundred people working simultaneously.

However, despite this.

Lynn has no intention of giving up.

A large red brick production factory requires five days for one firing cycle, but one cycle can produce 360,000 red bricks.

The firing time has become longer, but... less labor is required, brick quantity has doubled.

This is where the advantage lies!

Lynn wants to use more advanced technology to liberate the villagers from the most primitive production industries.

Only then can he use labor force where it truly matters.

Chapter 118: Marquis

For three days, Lynn devoted himself entirely to the construction of the Red Brick Factory.

Digging foundations, plastering walls, transporting materials.

Not only that, but Lynn also needed to teach Colin and others the key points of constructing these Red Brick Factories.

One could say that in those three days, he never once sat down!

There was even a time when Lynn wanted to split himself into several parts to get everything done.

Until the afternoon of the third day.

Lynn could no longer bear this state, so he called Colin alone into a newly built Red Brick House.

Looking at Master Lynn in front of him, Colin asked with some confusion, "Master Lynn, is something the matter?"

"They are still waiting for me to check the foundation's depth and precision..."

Lynn said nothing.

In his eyes, a line of text appeared.

"Do you wish to copy the 'Knowledge of Large Red Brick Factory Construction' and pass it on to 'Colin Hall'?"

Without any hesitation, Lynn thought, "Yes."

"Inheritance successful."

In the next second.

The text before his eyes vanished.

Lynn looked at Colin standing in front of him.

Colin's expression did not change at all.

Seeing Lynn not responding, he called again, "Master Lynn?"

Lynn replied, "It's nothing. You can go ahead and get busy."

Watching the puzzled Colin turn and leave, Lynn couldn't help but frown.

No effect at all?

Yet, the Memory Pearls had changed from nine to eight.

The text prompt did appear.

Or could it be?

That the knowledge was bestowed into the other person's memory in an imperceptible way?

...

Colin turned back with a puzzled look.

Although he didn't understand why Master Lynn would act this way, he did not ask further questions.

Exiting the Red Brick House, Colin immersed himself in the construction of the Red Brick Factory.

Seeing the dozen or so villagers laying bricks, his brows immediately wrinkled.

"What are you doing? Who taught you to lay bricks like this?"

"Where's the plumb line? Without a plumb line, where's the wooden right-angle square?"

"..."

What Colin didn't know was, it was his first time saying words like 'plumb line' too.

Yet he didn't find it strange at all.

At the door of the Red Brick House, Lynn took in the scene completely and nodded with satisfaction.

This was Lynn's first time using the Memory Pearl, trying it out as an experiment.

But unexpectedly, its effectiveness exceeded his imagination.

After this trial, Lynn no longer had to worry about the subsequent inheritance of memory.

Watching Colin busily moving among the crowd, Lynn's heart inexplicably felt at ease.

Such laborious work naturally needed someone to share the burden.

Otherwise, he would be tied down to this Red Brick Factory.

Lynn still had many other matters to handle.

Riding on horseback, Lynn surveyed the entire village.

On the open land, an enormous shelter made of Red Brick had already been built.

Lynn's plan was to breed large numbers of pigs, horses, cows, sheep, and various poultry.

A single shelter was clearly not enough.

However.

The domestic animals and birds hadn't been purchased yet, so there was still time.

In the reclaimed fields.

A series of irrigation canals had already been constructed.

With the regular turning of the waterwheels in the distance, wave after wave of Acadia River water was lifted and poured into the canal openings.

The river water flowed through the channels to reach the depths of the fields.

Gavin and Wilbur, along with a dozen or so villagers, were leading the efforts to apply different water irrigation based on soil moisture variations.

In the distance, a series of draft horse carriages occasionally transported rock salt and Anthracite back from the salt mine and coal mine excavation sites.

In the Acadia River, a line of small sailboats sailed downstream from above in unison, returning to the Crescent Bay Pier.

Waiting for the villagers at the pier to lift baskets of Iron Ore onboard.

In the village's outskirts, the villagers producing brick blanks and firing Red Bricks never ceased their work.

Until the Red Brick Factory was completed, the kiln remained the only source for producing Red Bricks.

Beside the Blacksmith Shop, a ten-meter tall iron smelting furnace was operating at full capacity, continuously spewing out hot weapons...

Lynn clearly sensed the explosive growth in the development speed of the entire territory!

In merely half a year.

From surviving in the wilderness alone, to a village of two thousand five hundred people now.

With this level of development, the territory was already on par with some small towns!

After resting for a while on the bench at the wooden house's entrance, Lynn had a Guard call George over.

After three days of rest, George looked evidently more refreshed.

Coming before Lynn, George bent down and saluted, "Master Lynn."

Lynn acknowledged, "How have you been resting these past few days?"

George grinned wryly, speaking with a hint of helplessness, "The rest was quite good, but my wife is pressuring... saying that since our living conditions have improved, we should have another child soon..."

Lynn couldn't help but laugh as well.

Upon reflection, this seemed quite normal.

Previously, to help him purchase various goods, George almost returned on the same day and left with the wagon convoy early the next morning.

There's barely enough time to rest at night, how could there be time to consider other things?

Lynn responded, "If you have another child, the territory will offer the best treatment! Soon enough, the territory will be filled with poultry and livestock."

"By then, the children in the territory will have eggs and milk to consume."

George's eyes lit up at Lynn's words.

Now, without needing to venture out, George naturally had thoughts of having offspring.

If he had Master Lynn's support, he wouldn't worry about any uncertainties.

Lynn turned his gaze and looked at Red, who was not far away.

"You too, feel free to find a woman and get married."

Red froze for a moment, somewhat embarrassed, "I'm not in a hurry."

George couldn't help but smile.

They were among the earliest acquaintances.

Even though Master Lynn had truly become a Master Lynn now, the conversation status during idle times was unmatched by others.

After a brief chat.

Lynn looked at George and shifted the topic, "I'm planning to establish a Merchant Guild in the territory."

George's face instantly showed surprise at Lynn's words.

"A Merchant Guild?"

Lynn nodded, "Currently, the territory lacks everything, almost entirely relying on external purchases to maintain its development."

"But within at most a year, this territory will achieve self-sufficiency."

"By then, other merchants wanting to exchange goods such as fine salt, coal mines, or iron ore from the territory will be restricted by my Merchant Guild."

"Only merchants who meet my guild's criteria will be able to trade and purchase!"

George's eyes remained widened.

This model immediately made him think of the Merchants Guild that spans the entire Garonia Continent!

But the reason the Merchant Guild can span the continent is because its leading members are emperors and nobles of various empires.

Seeing George's startled expression, Lynn calmly said, "No need to be nervous, it's just a plan right now."

"Your current task is quite simple, just host the merchants coming for transactions!"

"Use appropriate pricing, even exceeding market price, to exchange and acquire all their goods."

"Once the large Red Brick Factory is completed and enough red bricks are fired, I will conduct a reconstruction of the territory."

"At that time, I will construct a guild hall specifically for transactions where you will work and meet the visiting merchants!"

Upon hearing this.

George's breathing couldn't help but quicken.

Looking at Master Lynn's serious expression, George couldn't help but feel fortunate again.

Fortunate to have had a chance encounter with Master Lynn in Kent Village...

Fortunate to have come to Master Lynn's territory to purchase beer...

Fortunate to have placed his future in Master Lynn's hands!

...

Bordeaux City, Marquis's Castle.

A young man wearing a circular neck leather armor jacket adorned with woven patterns and small metal pieces, along with a layered leather skirt armor, was walking in the sky-dome corridor.

Though the castle outside was dim, the interior was lit brightly by ground animal oil lamps, with no trace of darkness felt.

The slightly flickering brown-yellow light mixed with a touch of blue lit up the young man's face.

Sharp facial features, pale skin, a jawline as if chiseled by a knife.

Yet those brown eyes were full of sharpness and rebelliousness.

As he stepped along the corridor, the guards patrolling respectfully addressed him, "Marquis!"

Mark Ducas directly ignored the ten-member patrol guard team and headed towards the deeper part of the castle.

A few minutes later.

Mark Ducas arrived at a double door room.

As he got near, the guard at the door kindly reminded him, "Marquis! The master is unwell and already lying down to rest..."

Mark's sharp gaze swept over him, "So what?"

"Are you going to stop me?"

The guard was terrified at his words, hurriedly lowering his head, daring not to speak a word.

Only then did Mark retract his gaze, extending his hands to strongly push open the double doors in front.

He stepped inside.

Beyond the double doors was a spacious room.

The walls were adorned with murals bearing obvious traces of time.

The most prominent one depicted the Ducas Clan, alongside the emperor, winning the empire's realm, the first Marquis...

In the middle of the room, near the wall, lay a bed frame padded with a mattress filled with wool and feathers, covered by a single silk brocade cover.

Mark walked over the wool carpet laid on the floor and through the slightly dim light of the room, walked to the bed frame.

His gaze deeply focused on the elderly, weak man curled up in the brocade blanket.

In Mark's mind, though the Ducas Marquis held a marquis's title, he was ever a lion!

Strong-bodied, boundless vitality, making people awe-inspired.

But now, Donovan Ducas lay like a dead dog on the sickbed!

Even getting out of bed for a stroll had become a luxury...

Didn't know how long it took.

The elderly man seemed to sense something, he slowly opened his eyes, those cloudy eyes watching Mark.

"You've come?"

Upon hearing the man's voice, Mark's cold face finally showed a hint of a smile.

"Father, the Guard Captain said you're unwell, so I came specifically to check on you... Has the doctor seen you?"

Donovan Ducas spoke flatly, "He's checked me, nothing serious, just... old."

"Speak, what do you aim for this time?"

Mark hesitated a bit, "Father, I heard Princess Yuna is about to come of age and host her coming-of-age ceremony banquet."

Donovan's cloudy eyes slightly narrowed, "I understand, I'll help introduce you."

Upon hearing this.

Mark's expression shook, "That would be best, father you have a good rest, I'll take my leave."

Chapter 119: Real-time Projection

Donovan hummed lightly.

In the midst of soft footsteps, Mark retreated and walked out of the room, courteously closing the door behind him.

One minute later.

The door was gently pushed open, and a man in his fifties or sixties walked in.

He carried a wooden box by his side, with a faint herbal scent wafting around.

"Master, it's time to apply the medicine."

Donovan didn't speak, merely hummed faintly.

Then, he allowed the estate doctor to begin his work.

As the estate doctor lifted the clothes on Donovan's back.

A clearly visible rotting wound that reached deep to the bone could be seen.

A strong, putrid smell filled the air, causing even the estate doctor to frown.

Seeming to sense the estate doctor's hesitance in applying the medicine, Donovan calmly asked: "Has it become more serious?"

The estate doctor replied, "Yes, it's more serious, Master..."

Donovan seemed indifferent.

He changed the topic, "Old chap, Mark came by again just now."

Berry casually asked, "Marquis still cares about you."

Uh... uh uh... uh uh uh...

Strange sounds emanated from Donovan's mouth.

It was his laughter.

Several seconds later.

Donovan exhaled warmth, as if those laughs had drained all his strength.

He spoke, "Yes, he cares about me... but he cares more about power."

"He's starting to make a move on Yuna Carolin."

"Doesn't he know that Yuna Carolin is the daughter of the prince who was stripped of the 'Spear of the Empire' title?"

"How does he dare? He even wants to dabble in imperial authority?"

Speaking of this.

Donovan couldn't care less about the medicine being applied on his back, his body moved as he stared directly at Berry.

His words were full of laughter, "Old chap, my son wants to become the Emperor of the Empire!"

"Even the position I dare not think about, my good son is already showing ambition... and now he's starting to plan."

"What do you say, is this good or bad?"

Berry remained silent.

Donovan Ducas, as the marquis of the Karedi Empire, was the emperor's childhood playmate.

Even so, Donovan's words were already an affront to the emperor's majesty.

But as a mere doctor, how could he dare to opine?

He had treated Donovan's injuries for many years, but he was very clear about what topics should be discussed and what should be ignored.

...

Mark was walking with strides in the Marquis's Castle.

Just after turning a corner in the corridor, a middle-aged man stepped forward to greet him.

The middle-aged man directly came in front of Mark and bowed, "Marquis, a follower from your vassal wants to meet you."

Mark's originally joyful expression instantly turned gloomy.

"Follower?"

The middle-aged man confirmed, "Yes, Marquis, he says he's Mori..."

Mark coldly declared, "Let him get out!"

The middle-aged man's face showed surprise and hesitated, "Marquis, but he said..."

Mark's voice rose angrily, "Raul, can you not hear, or do you not understand what I say?"

"If not for the fact that your father served Marquis Ducas all his life, do you think you qualify to stay in the Marquis's Castle?"

The middle-aged man Raul's heart was terrified, he hurriedly fell to the ground, continuously kowtowing, "Marquis, please forgive me."

Mark snorted coldly and left.

Would a mere follower deserve to see the marquis?

What a joke?

Confirming that the marquis had gone far, Raul then cautiously got up, stepping back towards the side door of the castle.

Outside the castle's side door.

Ford was waiting anxiously with several followers.

They had already been in Bordeaux City for two days.

As followers of the Manor Lord, they had no qualifications to see the marquis.

Fortunately, within those two days, they found the steward's son Raul.

Moments later.

The side door opened.

Ten guards rushed out before Ford and his companions with shocked expressions.

Behind the guards was Raul.

His words were filled with malice, "Drive them out! If they resist, execute them on the spot!"

"Yes!"

Listening to Raul's orders, Ford hurriedly shouted, "Master Raul, didn't you say you'd help me? How did it become like this?"

Bell didn't say anything.

Ford still refused to give up, "Master Raul, didn't you take ten gold from our Master Aiden..."

Bell's expression changed, scolding, "Nonsense, slap him fifty times, then kick him out of Bordeaux City!"

Amidst the terrified gazes of some residents, a series of painful wails echoed.

...

Indeed.

Alan Brown had a warehouse in Kakasong City that could store grain.

In just a few days.

He once again transported full loads of barley back to Lynn's territory.

Twelve four-horse-drawn carriages, each capable of carrying six thousand pounds of goods.

This time, Alan brought sixty thousand pounds of grain to Lynn.

However, this time, it wasn't Lynn who received him.

It was George in charge of the transactions!

Looking at the young man in front of him, Alan was somewhat surprised, "So from now on, you're the one responsible for Master Lynn's transactions?"

George smiled calmly, "Just call me George, I'm just following orders, I was a merchant like you before."

The implication is clear.

He had Master Lynn, the Lord, appoint him.

At the same time, he was also a merchant in the past and knew the ins and outs of the merchant industry.

This was both a self-introduction and a warning to Alan.

His words were amiable and approachable, indeed suitable for a steward-merchant of a territory.

Alan nodded and said, "Then I look forward to your guidance in the future, Master George?"

"You know how difficult business is these days..."

After all sixty thousand pounds of barley had been transported down.

George, following the price agreed in the previous transaction by Master Lynn, exchanged it for fine salt.

He then arranged for the villagers to load the fine salt onto Alan's carriage.

The time for a transaction was neither long nor short—

If it were Lynn conducting the trade, it would take at least one or two hours.

Listening to Alan's barrage of complaints, George smiled slightly without interrupting him.

After a while, Alan finally stopped.

George unhurriedly said, "Mr. Alan, I understand everything you've said."

"If all your grain is transported over and sold, you can also transport other goods over."

"I remember Master Lynn mentioned that he plans to develop animal husbandry... If someone can help him transport a large number of livestock and poultry, he should be willing to purchase them at a price higher than the market..."

Listening to George's words, Alan's chubby, round face subtly lifted his brows.

However, a look of worry appeared on Alan's face, "Poultry, huh? I can give it a try to see if I can find some!"

George nodded, "Then I must trouble you, Mr. Alan."

"If you really can't find any, it doesn't matter. Mr. Grayson and other merchants should have ways..."

Alan's smile remained unchanged, "Of course."

After chatting with Alan for a while longer and once bags of fine salt were loaded onto the carriage.

George watched as Alan left.

Now, all he had to do was have these merchants transport everything Lynn needed according to his requirements.

In this process, there was inevitably a mental game with them.

However.

This kind of strategic evaluation was something these merchants transporting goods needed to undertake.

George only needed to convert the goods they brought over into fine salt.

And the transaction would be complete.

Watching as Alan's caravan, under the escort of Rose's soldiers, gradually faded into the distance.

George retracted his gaze and quickly walked towards the brick production site just outside the village.

As expected.

George found the figure of Master Lynn among the crowd.

Striding forward, coming to Master Lynn's vicinity, George respectfully called, "Master Lynn, Mr. Alan has left, and he brought you sixty thousand pounds of grain."

Busy with brick production, Lynn didn't lift his head and said, "Well done."

"You don't need to report to me after every completed transaction in the future. I will find you when necessary."

"Just boldly proceed with your work, there is plenty of fine salt!"

With the Resource Management panel at his disposal, he was aware of the resources on hand, what was lacking, the rate of increase, and the rate of consumption.

He could see clearly at a glance.

This was also why Lynn was confident in letting George handle things.

George hesitated to speak but finally expressed his gratitude, "Yes, Master Lynn."

George withdrew and left.

Lynn continued his involvement in brick production.

Until the afternoon.

A line of text appeared in Lynn's eyes.

[Your Production has leveled up to Level 2, unlocking: Real-time Projection]

[Reward received: Skill Duplication Book ×1]

Seeing the text prompts before him, Lynn's eyes showed a hint of joy.

After so many days of effort, the Production skill finally leveled up to Level 2.

Another Skill Duplication Book, Lynn was quite satisfied.

If he wished, he could now learn two skills!

His gaze shifted, looking towards the unlocked function.

[Real-time Projection]: Projects all characters in the territory in real-time onto the Holographic Map.

Seeing the function description, Lynn was slightly taken aback.

Real-time Projection?

Without any hesitation, Lynn activated the Holographic Map feature.

Sure enough.

On the map, various figures began to appear on it.

His visual perspective seemed to be suspended dozens of meters above the territory, with everything below clear and visible.

Such as the current brick-making site.

Lynn could clearly see Red holding the handle of a scimitar with his right hand, surveilling the surroundings vigilantly.

Moreover, as long as it was within the territory's range.

A mere thought, and he could arrive instantly!

Lynn's vision was momentarily covered by a faint gray mist, and in the next instant, as the mist dispersed, he could clearly see the scene of Guy leading the villagers in construction.

With another thought, the view shifted to the mountain forest pass.

On the city walls, twenty soldiers were vigilantly standing guard.

Below the walls, Rose was leading a hundred and eighty soldiers in training.

On the limestone road in the forest, Alan's caravan was seen bustling along...

Lynn attempted to reach outside the city walls but found it impossible.

Only places he had been would appear in his view, allowing him to see buildings, villagers, and more under his perspective.

Places he had not been remained a mystery.

...

After briefly scanning critical areas within the territory to ensure there were no abnormalities.

Lynn nodded in satisfaction.

He had unlocked the Holographic Map feature long ago.

But it could only serve as a map within the territory.

Now, with the addition of the Real-time Projection feature.

Even if he stayed indoors, he could oversee all movements within the territory.

This function, akin to the vein detection, counted as a supplement to the Holographic Map's features.

Nevertheless, it was very useful!

Chapter 120: Sussex Chicken (3K)

Seventy kilns, still working day and night, drying out most of the moisture from the raw bricks, and then firing them.

After cooling, they are transported by ox cart and horse cart to contribute to the construction of the Red Brick Factory and the pasture.

Although Lynn currently really needs the pasture and the Red Brick Factory, he understands that such a large project cannot be completed overnight.

Just like when building the city walls.

Fortunately.

Lynn came to the Blacksmith Shop, walking inside, inspecting around.

Currently in the Blacksmith Shop, aside from the newly joined blacksmith apprentices forging farming tools as preliminary learning and initiation.

Other more skilled blacksmith apprentices are still crafting round shields and iron spears.

Ehrela and Red are following closely behind him, waiting for instructions.

After making a round.

Lynn called out, "Ehrela."

Ehrelö behind him immediately stepped forward two steps, coming to Lynn's rear right side.

"Master Lynn, I am here."

Lynn asked, "If I want your Blacksmith Shop to start forging standard plate armor, do you think you can achieve it?"

Listening to Master Lynn's words, Ehrelö's face showed a slight surprise.

Does Master Lynn want to start making plate armor?

Standard plate armor?

Not only Ehrelö, but Red's face also held a trace of mild astonishment.

Soon.

Their expressions quickly returned to normal.

Having an inexhaustible supply of high-calorie anthracite and a large amount of low-impurity iron ore.

If not used for forging weapons and making plate armor, then what is it for?

Ehrelö said, full of shame, "Master Lynn, we might not manage it... Not just us, probably no one in the entire territory can make standard plate armor!"

Lynn gave a slight nod, unconcerned.

Even though Ehrelo has Level 3 [Forging], he has always been just an ordinary farming tool forging blacksmith.

At most, he can make some simple standard weapons.

Asking him to make standard plate armor is truly challenging him.

For making standard plate armor, the most important part is naturally the raw materials.

These, Lynn does not lack.

Next is the design and production model for the standard plate armor.

Including the size data for height, chest circumference, waist circumference, arm length, leg length, and other key parts.

Because only by collecting these data can molds be made in sand or metal for casting.

Thus making standard plate armor for common physiques!

But on second thought.

Lynn only needs to make a few types of body-standard plate armor.

He can completely use the plate armor standard to select different kinds of soldiers.

This is secondary.

The territory still lacks leather and linen cloth... for linking and assistive production of plate armor.

Although Lynn is a bit impatient now, he can only continue to wait.

Lynn continued, "I need you to make something that can standard-produce raw bricks."

Ehrelø raised an eyebrow...

After giving instructions, Lynn left the Blacksmith Shop and headed straight for the village's open kitchen.

Under the astonished gazes of dozens of chefs, he began cooking.

Lynn picked up a bone-cutting knife with his right hand, chopped fiercely on the cutting board's pig bones.

The power was immense, and the bone-cutting knife was sharp.

Instantly severed the arm-thick pig hoof bone.

Not only that.

The bone-cutting knife even sank into the cutting board by seven or eight centimeters!

After using the Energy Stone for enhancement, Lynn clearly felt his physical power increase greatly.

He chopped all the remaining ten-something kilograms of pig bone, poured it into a two-meter diameter pottery pot.

Continued wielding the knife, chopped some carrots finely, and poured them in together.

Lynn then poured barley from the bag, added a large amount of well water...

Finally, covered the pot with a lid, leaving it to cook with the red-hot anthracite below the pottery pot.

[Cooking Experience +1]

[Cooking Experience +1]

[Cooking Experience +1]

...

Lynn did not stop, repeating the operation, continuing cooking the next pot of barley and pig bone porridge.

Expression serious, technique skilled, speed fast...

The village women who had cooked meals for decades were full of shock on their faces.

They even started to doubt if their eyes were mistaken.

The Master Lynn, who controls over two thousand people, unexpectedly came to the kitchen, actually assisting in cooking meals.

However.

They were merely stunned for a moment.

With Master Lynn being so considerate of the servants, how could they possibly just stand aside waiting?

Knowing that the village's open kitchen must prepare food for at least two thousand people every meal!

Moreover, it could only be excessive, not deficient.

Of course, this was specifically instructed by Master Lynn here.

If there's excess, the spoiled food can be fed to cattle, horses, and pigs.

If insufficient, villagers will have a rebellious attitude, affecting future labor.

If it's always like this, phenomena of food snatching will occur.

Gains do not outweigh the losses.

...

Five days passed in the blink of an eye.

In the open kitchen, Lynn is still busy cooking dinner.

A sound of galloping hooves, from afar to near, eventually stopped not far from the kitchen.

Lynn looked over, seeing Guy gasping for breath, striding forward.

Guy swallowed, tried to make his voice as calm as possible.

"Master Lynn... The pasture... The pasture construction is completed!"

Despite this.

Guy's words were still a bit intermittent.

Lynn responded, "Then let's take a look!"

With [Real-time Projection], even if Lynn spends every day in the kitchen cooking, he can know the development progress in the territory.

After Red led a horse over, Lynn mounted up, clamped the horse's sides with his legs, heading towards outside the village.

Amidst the sound of hooves, a rough outline of a ranch appeared in the distance.

Dozens of large sheds built with red bricks were neatly arranged.

In front of the sheds was a wide and flat open space.

After several days of cleaning by the villagers, the open space was clear of weeds, roots, and stones.

Sections were made using logs and wooden boards for specific functionalities.

Different sections could serve various purposes.

Such as free grazing, activities, or training and domesticating warhorses, among others.

Looking at the [Holographic Map], Lynn noted that the ranch covered nearly a thousand acres!

Roughly equivalent to ninety football fields in size.

Roughly estimating, if only breeding horses, it could accommodate at least 1,500 horses!

1,500 horses may not sound like much.

However, there was still a large stretch of wasteland far from the ranch.

If Lynn wished, he could completely clear the wasteland to supplement the ranch grounds.

The current size of the ranch was merely the limit of the labor force Lynn had, not the limit of the wasteland!

Riding a horse, Lynn surveyed the ranch.

Lynn nodded in satisfaction.

Guy was indeed an excellent breeder.

Even matters he hadn't specifically instructed, Guy handled excellently.

For example.

If it rained, the evident pits on the ranch would undoubtedly gather water...

After finishing his inspection, Lynn looked at Guy and commended, "Very well done."

"From now on, you will be in charge of this ranch. I'll assign enough helpers to you."

Upon hearing Lynn's words, Guy quickly bowed, "Yes, Master Lynn."

Continuing, Lynn said, "It shouldn't be long before the first batch of poultry arrives. Prepare yourself."

Guy's eyes lit up, and he immediately replied, "Yes, Master Lynn."

Lynn left the ranch and headed to the Red Brick Factory.

Three hundred villagers were busy transporting continuously at the Red Brick Factory.

The Red Brick Factory was already in the finishing stages.

The burning area of the entire factory, the clay material and fuel storage area, and the workers' living quarters covered nearly fifty acres.

The Red Brick Factory had ten production lines and ten kilns!

Each kiln's internal space was approximately sixty cubic meters.

Based on the previous red brick standard, one kiln could produce around 36,000 red bricks at a time!

This means, with a full operation of the kiln, 360,000 red bricks could be obtained in five days.

This number is more than five times that of seventy earthen kilns used for red brick firing.

In at most two days, the entire red brick firing factory could be put into production.

The villagers involved in construction will become workers in the red brick firing factory.

Because they are the villagers most familiar with the red brick firing factory!

When Lynn returned to the village from the Red Brick Factory, night had already fallen.

For the next two days.

Lynn immersed himself in the open kitchen.

Working bit by bit on [Cooking] Skills' experience.

Until two days later, the Red Brick Firing Factory was completed!

The large-scale firing of red bricks began!

Not only that.

In the brick drying area, rows of stacked bricks were drying under the sun.

Two hundred villagers were using grid-shaped iron products made by the Blacksmith Shop to produce standard bricks.

In the clay storage area, carts of clay were being excavated and piled on the open ground.

Villagers were driving horse-drawn carts, periodically transporting clay to the storage area.

Now that the Red Brick Factory was completed, Lynn had combined the three hundred villagers outside the village with the three hundred villagers who built the Red Brick Firing Factory.

These six hundred villagers would now live and work in the Red Brick Factory, residing in shared dormitories, four to a room.

Focusing their efforts on firing red bricks!

Watching the busy figures, Lynn nodded in satisfaction.

Once the Red Brick Factory fires several batches, the territory can begin reconstruction and renovation.

As Lynn was filled with anticipation.

A guard came to Lynn's back and reported, "Master Lynn, Lord George requests your presence in the village."

Glancing at the guard, Lynn activated the [Holographic Map].

In the village's open space.

George stood opposite a man.

This man was Boer, the one who exchanged linen with Lynn!

To Lynn's surprise, even Alan hadn't located domestic poultry yet.

But Boer, a local merchant, had found them first!

Behind Boer were eight horse-drawn wagons.

On the wagons, wooden chicken coops with layers were secured.

Inside the coops were sturdy domestic chickens.

Each coop had six layers, with at least twenty to thirty chickens per layer.

Estimating roughly, there were at least 1,000 domestic chickens!

Responding, Lynn left Colin in charge and, as Red brought the horse, mounted and headed towards the village.

Soon.

Lynn returned to the village.

Upon sight, George quickly approached and helped Lynn hold the reins.

Seeing Lynn, Boer took two steps forward and slightly bowed.

"Master Lynn."

Acknowledging with a nod, Lynn's gaze shifted to the chicken coops on the wagon.

[Golden Chicken]: One of the oldest chicken breeds, with a decent egg production, smaller eggs, easy to fatten, a dual-purpose breed for meat and eggs.

[Sussex Chicken]: Known for its tender meat, fast growth, good fattening effect, and good egg production,

[Rose Crowned Bantam Chicken]...

Seeing the descriptions in front of him, Lynn felt slightly satisfied.

Even though the chickens seemed a bit low-spirited now, there were no signs of avian flu or such diseases.

If just one bird were affected, the entire flock would be doomed!

Boer stood quietly, waiting.

However, from the subtle changes in Lynn's expression, he could tell that this transaction and exchange would go off without a hitch!