

System 121

Chapter 121: Reconstruction

Lynn once again surveyed the chickens in the coop with a hint of doubt.

After confirming there were no issues, he turned his gaze to Boer.

"What's the price of these chickens?"

Upon hearing Master Lynn's inquiry, before George could speak, Boer promptly explained.

"Master Lynn, these chickens are of three types: Golden Chicken, Sussex Chicken, and Rose Crowned Bantam Chicken."

"Normally, the price of the Rose Crowned Bantam Chicken is higher than the Golden Chicken and Sussex Chicken."

"But thanks to you, Master Lynn, I've achieved what I have today, so I'm willing to offer them all at one price to you."

"There are a total of one thousand three hundred chickens here, calculated at eleven pence per chicken, which totals Fifty-Nine Gold Pounds."

This price was rounded down by Boer.

Lynn nodded, saying, "No problem, two thousand four hundred pounds of fine salt or Gold Pounds."

A chicken weighs approximately three pounds.

Considering the nutritional value of chickens and the value of the eggs or chicks they produce through breeding.

Eleven pence is not expensive.

Moreover.

Even if these chickens were priced at fifteen pence each, he would choose to buy them all.

Salt, there's always plenty!

Boer's face showed a trace of fervor.

"Fine salt, fine salt, generous Master Lynn."

Two thousand four hundred pounds of fine salt already exceeds Fifty-Nine Gold Pounds!

Indeed.

Generous Master Lynn, never fusses over trivialities.

Lynn said, "Once the transaction is completed, transport these chickens to Guy's farm, and let him handle the subsequent breeding."

George replied, "Yes, Master Lynn."

Under the gaze of George and Boer, Lynn headed towards the kitchen not far away.

In just a few short minutes.

The sound of chopping and slicing emanated from the kitchen.

[Cooking Experience +1]

[Cooking Experience +1]

[Cooking Experience +1]

...

Boer looked over in confusion.

Master Lynn was surprisingly frantically wielding the Bone-Cutting Knife...

Cough cough~

The sound of a dry cough came from George.

"Mr. Boer!"

Upon hearing his name, Boer quickly withdrew his gaze.

This was Master Lynn's domain, and to look around like this was an intrusion on Master Lynn!

Boer's face was full of apology, "Sorry, Master George, I was impolite."

George continued, "Mr. Boer, I need to borrow your cart to transport these chickens to the pasture... you'll need to wait a moment."

Boer said, "Of course."

Boer naturally was not worried that George would abscond with the dual-horse-drawn cart he dared to buy.

Compared to the fine salt Master Lynn could offer.

The value of these eight carts is nearly negligible!

Would a billionaire really focus on a beggar's few pence?

Of course not!

However, if it were another lord, it might not be the same.

Other lords not only would take the pence from a beggar's battered bowl, but also enslave the beggar!

George guided Boer along the lime road toward the pasture.

Boer's gaze uncontrollably took in his surroundings.

The development of this estate completely exceeded his expectations!

There were water wheels, lime roads, and city walls...

These were impressive enough.

He even saw a large structure entirely constructed of Red Brick.

The towering chimney constantly emitted white steam.

As a traveling merchant, he was quite knowledgeable.

Yet, in Master Lynn's territory, he felt like a country bumpkin newly arrived in the city!

Everything seemed novel and unfamiliar!

Seeing Boer's strange expression, George smiled and said, "That is the Red Brick Factory."

Boer's eyebrows raised, "Red Brick Factory? So large?"

George explained, "Yes, it occupies five or sixty acres, and can produce over three hundred thousand Red Bricks at a time."

Boer's eyes widened instantly.

Three hundred thousand bricks?

He began to doubt his own ears.

Half an hour later, eight carts stopped at the entrance to the pasture.

George spoke, "This is Master Lynn's pasture, please wait for a moment."

Gazing at the vast pasture before him, Boer's mouth hung open.

They call this a pasture?

Surely, it spans several thousand acres?

Is this Master Lynn's estate?

Shortly after.

George Guy, along with a dozen farm villagers, emerged.

Looking at the cooped chickens, Guy's eyes brightened.

"Did Master Lynn really buy poultry? How many are there?"

George responded, "One thousand three hundred, you'll be quite busy from now on!"

Guy laughed unconcernedly, "Yes, raising chickens is relatively easy!"

Once the pasture received all the chickens.

Two thousand four hundred pounds of fine salt were loaded onto Boer's cart.

Boer left somewhat reluctantly.

Two thousand four hundred pounds of fine salt, if sold to the salt merchant at seven pence per pound.

He could obtain Seventy Gold Pounds.

And for transporting one thousand three hundred chickens, the average price was just Nine pence, totaling Forty-Eight Gold Pounds fifteen shillings.

Aside from transportation costs and time costs, not to be mentioned.

In this transaction, he's gained Twenty-One Gold Pounds.

Even after deducting some market taxes and so forth, he could still earn at least Twenty Gold Pounds!

Such terrifying profits made Boer smack his lips.

Trading with Master Lynn is indeed tremendously profitable!

Thinking of this, he once again urged the coachman to quicken the carriage's pace.

He needed to leave Master Lynn's territory as soon as possible and transport more goods here.

...

The next morning.

After breakfast.

Lynn stood on the open ground in front of the village.

And in front of him stood a throng of villagers!

Excluding those fixed in their respective posts, the remaining eight hundred villagers, who could be mobilized at will, were all summoned by Lynn.

Lynn's gaze swept over the faces of the crowd.

With such good food in the territory, they were no longer emaciated, their faces full of brightness and anticipation.

Lynn nodded slightly, took a deep breath, and said, "Everyone, I am the lord of this land, Lynn!"

Upon hearing that name, their bodies instinctively bent forward to show sincerity and respect.

Lynn continued, "From this moment on, you eight hundred people will be entrusted with a heavy responsibility."

There was no discussion among the villagers; they merely widened their eyes, staring directly at their Master Lynn.

"I need you to demolish this entire village!"

Wow!

As soon as Lynn spoke, a sound of disbelief erupted from the crowd.

Just as slight murmurs were about to arise, Lynn continued speaking.

"The wooden houses you're currently living in will be replaced with red brick houses."

"The stone roads you're standing on will become red brick roads!"

"You will become the reshapers and creators of this village!"

After hearing Master Lynn's words.

The disbelief on their faces instantly turned to shock.

As former villagers or slaves, they naturally didn't understand Lynn's intention of baking red bricks.

Nor did they need to understand Lynn's intentions.

As long as Master Lynn issued the order, they would just bury their heads and finish the work.

They could then receive their food and a wooden house to shield them from the elements.

But now, they understood.

Master Lynn was baking red bricks to rebuild the entire village!

And they would live in red brick houses impervious to wind and rain!

In no time.

They felt completely invigorated.

Seeing the eager expressions of the villagers, Lynn felt satisfied.

His purpose was simple.

To let these villagers know that his next step was to improve their living standards!

To make them understand that their hard work was for themselves.

That was enough.

As for the zoning of the village, Lynn had observed the holographic map and planned more than once.

Starting from the current village, demolishing while building!

Lynn had also considered building on the surrounding empty ground.

But ultimately he abandoned the idea.

The current village had nearly a thousand wooden houses, occupying too much land.

Lynn needed to liberate and re-plan this land.

The eight hundred villagers, Lynn directly divided them into several batches.

A hundred people drove carriages and ox carts to the red brick factory and lime, transporting the necessary building materials.

Two hundred people began demolishing, completely tearing down all the wooden houses in the village.

As for where the villagers would live afterward?

There was plenty of empty space outside the village!

Now that it was summer, there was no need to worry about the cold!

Two hundred people were responsible for excavating, digging foundations for the red brick houses on the demolished land.

A hundred and fifty people worked on building the walls!

The remaining fifty went to the empty grounds outside the village to build temporary shelters.

With Lynn's order, the eight hundred people spread out.

Following Master Lynn's division of labor, they engaged in their respective labors.

...

The wooden houses at the front of the village were demolished very quickly.

Because those wooden houses were the ones Lynn, along with Red Kuisi and Lex, initially established.

A few simple wooden houses, smokehouses, brewing workshops...

At some point, Kuisi came to Lynn and Red's side.

Despite feeling she had matured considerably after handling matters over this period,

Looking at the wooden houses she had personally built and lived in for so long, now about to be demolished,

there was a hint of obvious reluctance on Kuisi's face.

Lynn glanced at Kuisi, smiled casually, without any words.

The development was just beginning.

There would be more replacements of the old with the new in the future...

Lynn did not join the demolition and reconstruction work. Rather, he went to a far-off vacant lot to assist the villagers in setting up temporary accommodations and kitchens!

[Construction Experience +1]

[Construction Experience +1]

[Construction Experience +1]

...

The eight hundred able-bodied laborers, perhaps inspired by Lynn's morning encouragement, worked with unusual efficiency.

Dozens of villagers were responsible for demolition.

Dozens more villagers used a relay method to transport the logs from the wooden houses' construction to the back, piling them up.

Preparing them for future reuse.

By dusk.

Nearly a quarter of the village had already been demolished.

At most, within three or four days, all the wooden houses in the village could be demolished!

By nightfall.

The villagers who had labored outside returned to the village under the dimming sky.

Even though Master Lynn had sent guards to inform them at noon.

Seeing the village in a state of ruin now with their own eyes, they were still stunned...

Master Lynn had indeed dismantled his village!

But they had no complaints.

After dinner.

The night grew deeper.

All the villagers gathered around the bonfire, sleeping on the lime-paved grounds outside the village.

Chapter 122: Top-Tier Warhorses

Four days.

The once relatively prosperous village has been completely dismantled.

Over a thousand wooden houses have now been turned into logs and planks.

Nearly a hundred villagers are clearing the wooden debris from the ground.

Lynn walked among them with Colin.

"The entire village is to be constructed with red bricks, and there must be functional zoning!"

"Castle area, market area, residential area, handicraft workshop district... Divide them according to my designated sectors, adopting a grid-like construction method..."

"Appropriate spacing must be left between each row of buildings to ensure lighting and ventilation..."

"Within two hundred meters of each area, a well must be constructed for the villagers' water supply, public baths, and latrines!"

These are all about the villagers' daily life issues.

Lynn was determined not to let these minor issues lead to an outbreak of infectious diseases among the villagers on his land due to poor planning.

Colin bent over hurriedly, "Yes, Master Lynn."

Lynn said, "Then let's begin."

Colin bent over again and retreated.

What Master Lynn said was already very clear.

Starting from the castle area, the buildings in other areas of the territory would expand outward.

The first thing to be constructed, of course, was Master Lynn's castle area.

He had previously helped other lords build mansions of one or three floors, and had construction experience.

The difference was that the mansions used a structure of stones and lime, slightly different from the current red brick and lime construction method.

But having experience building a large red brick factory, Colin felt it wasn't difficult.

The most crucial part of a building.

Is naturally the foundation.

Colin called over two hundred villagers responsible for excavation to the location planned by Master Lynn to start digging.

The castle area also included many subdivisions.

The lord's residence, a large banquet hall, the lord's council chamber, turrets, watch towers, courtyards outside the main castle, warehouses, basements, and even dungeons.

And the walls that protect the castle.

Compared to other lords, Master Lynn's requested main castle was not very large, barely under thirty acres.

It was even smaller than the large red brick factory outside the village.

Colin sighed, Master Lynn was still too modest.

However.

Colin thought to himself.

Master Lynn was able to live for almost half a year in a simple wooden house.

It seemed nothing unusual at all.

Watching the villagers begin to dig, Lynn felt a wave of satisfaction in his heart.

He once again threw himself into the kitchen, continuing to immerse himself in his cooking experience.

The reconstruction of the territory village could not be completed in a day or two.

Lynn had long planned in his mind.

The first step was to build the main castle, as well as the warehouse and basement inside the castle.

With the castle warehouse, the mined coal, iron, and fine salt, as well as goods obtained through educational exchanges, finally had a place for storage and preservation.

The second step was to build the residential area and the supporting facilities related to daily living.

Although these days already assisted the villagers in building simple sheds.

Having personally built and lived in them for a few days, Lynn was acutely aware of how poor the conditions of the sheds were.

Only by stabilizing the villagers' lives could their work efficiency be better improved.

The third step was to build the handicraft workshop district.

Expand the scale of the blacksmith shop, establish textile factories, ceramic factories, hemp factories, leather tanning factories, etc.

And form an assembly line operation.

The fourth step was to build a market area, with a guild hall used for trading, to manage the transactions and exchanges within the territory in a unified manner...

With so many buildings, expecting them to be completed immediately is too unrealistic.

Lynn didn't demand that they be built in a short period.

As long as they were completed before winter, that would be enough!

...

Morrison Manor.

On the uppermost floor of the residence.

In a luxuriously decorated room.

Aiden's face was full of gloom as he squinted his eyes and scolded, "Useless! Absolutely useless!"

"I sent you to Bordeaux City, and you couldn't even get a meeting with the Marquis?"

Opposite Aiden.

Ford stood in place with his face a bloody mess, trembling and too afraid to speak.

Aiden frowned and continued to reprimand, "Talk, what exactly happened!"

The broken words came intermittently from his mouth: "Master... Master, I was... kicked out by the steward's son of Marquis Ducas..."

"They said... what kind of person is a mere follower... and wanted to meet the Marquis..."

"They took the bribe you gave me, but... didn't help with the introduction..."

Hearing this.

Aiden finally understood.

He had been looked down upon by Marquis Ducas.

To be precise, he was looked down upon by Mark Ducas, who had just inherited the Marquis title!

For the first time, he did not see Marquis Ducas, and was dismissed with a letter of territorial authorization.

This time, even his follower was beaten beyond recognition!

The key is.

This group of Iron Blood Brotherhood bandits had been on his territory for almost a month!

Even with the large quantities of food old Bower stored, it would not withstand the bandits endlessly consuming it!

He must find a way to change the current situation.

...

Time passed day by day.

On the territory.

Nearly thirty acres of castle foundations had already been excavated, entering the phase of wall construction.

In just a few days, the outer walls of the castle had already reached over a meter high.

The thickness of the walls, to ensure the stability and safety of the castle, Lynn had them built to a thickness of one meter.

Compared to those large main city castles with walls as thick as ten meters, Lynn did not require that.

With walls at the forest pass, as long as the number of soldiers is equal, the fortress is impregnable.

If extraordinary powers join the battlefield, crushing and destroying the walls, no matter how thick his castle walls are, they cannot resist.

A wall thickness of one meter is enough to withstand many attacks from ordinary forces.

However.

Lynn clearly felt that just having these eight hundred people rebuild the village.

The labor force is still somewhat insufficient!

There are simply too many buildings that need to be constructed.

Fortunately.

While Lynn was pondering where to draw more labor from which area.

Grayson arrived.

Grayson brought a large group of slaves, crossed the walls, crossed the forest, and arrived at his territory.

What surprised Lynn was.

Accompanying him, surprisingly, was Alan...

Seeing Grayson and Alan leap off the carriage together, speeding up their steps like a race, heading towards him.

It seemed both wanted to be the first to present themselves to Master Lynn while maintaining elegance.

Lynn's eyebrows involuntarily raised.

He felt a strong competitive atmosphere from their expressions.

Grayson and Alan stood in front of Lynn, bowed in unison, and exclaimed, "Master Lynn!"

Lynn looked at them confusedly and asked, "What is this?"

The nearby George was also filled with curiosity.

Grayson was the first to speak, "Master Lynn, I have brought you the slaves you most need, a total of seven hundred people!"

"Oh yes, and the map of the Kaldi Empire that you most need..."

"Master Lynn, I went to great lengths to find this map!"

Seeing the scroll of parchment Grayson handed over, Lynn nodded in satisfaction, "Well done."

With this map, he can clearly understand the upstream direction of the Acadia River and know which manor lords are around!

Plus the seven hundred laborers, the village's reconstruction speed can be accelerated.

Seeing Grayson's ingratiating humble expression, Alan instantly cast a scornful look.

The next moment, Alan gave Lynn a sheepish smile, his words full of respect, "Master Lynn, I've brought you a large amount of food!"

"Fifty thousand pounds of barley, ten thousand pounds of wheat, ten thousand pounds of peas, and all kinds totaling tens of thousands of pounds of meat and vegetables..."

Lynn nodded, "You've done well too."

Slaves can enhance the territory's development speed, and food can solve the eating problem of these village slaves.

Alan continued, "And, Master Lynn, I've prepared a grand gift for you!"

Lynn's eyebrows slightly raised, looking curiously at Alan.

Beside him, Grayson seemed to have already known something, rolling his eyes in slight disinterest.

Alan clapped his hands.

A sound of hooves stepping on the lime-covered ground rang from behind dozens of carriages.

Lynn's gaze involuntarily turned over.

He saw more than a dozen tall, long-limbed, elegantly developed stallions being led out by several guards.

Chestnut or brown or dark brown colored fur, even a glance could let people feel their extraordinary nature.

The dense and smooth fur gently fluttering in the breeze, exuding an extraordinary flair.

Coupled with their streamlined natural bodies, wide and flat backs, they can provide stability and good support for riders.

Compact abdomen, prominent muscle lines, showcasing their strong physique and excellent athletic abilities...

Lynn understood, these are warhorses!

With a thought, a string of text appeared.

[Badan Purebred Horses]: Top-tier warhorses with top-level speed and maneuverability, etc.

The introduction was simple, just a brief sentence.

However, those 'top-tier warhorses' four words reveal the value of these horses.

Lynn's eyes involuntarily lit up.

Alan explained, "Master Lynn, these are purebred horses from the Badan Empire, no other horses can rival them in ability!"

"Adult Badan Purebred Horses have large builds, with an average height of one and a half meters and a weight of about nineteen hundred pounds."

"Due to their tremendous power, they can carry heavy knights and weaponry, even as heavy cavalry mounts..."

"Simply put, Badan Purebred Horses are the dream of every knight!"

The Badan Empire is located east of the Kaldi Empire, neighboring the Tetlan Empire.

Compared to other empires, it's just a small nation, barely noticeable.

However, due to the Badan Empire's abundant supply of purebred horses and its ability to produce numerous warhorses, coupled with its perpetual neutral diplomatic stance.

Many mighty empires regard it as a horse breeding ground.

Because of that, Badan's horse breeding skills continue to be passed down and improved.

The vast majority of sold warhorses on the continent come from the Badan Empire!

Lynn nodded.

He stepped forward, approaching the more than a dozen horses.

Scanning across these horses, Lynn's gaze naturally fell on one particular black warhorse.

The black warhorse's large and lively eyes were also fixed on Lynn.

Lynn raised his arm, reaching out to this warhorse.

What surprised everyone was, the black warhorse snorted and lowered its head to softly nuzzle his palm.

Lynn's right hand petted the horse's back, feeling the sense of power contained in its body, he felt a sense of satisfaction.

Retracting his right hand, Lynn looked toward Alan, "What's the price of these warhorses?"

Alan's face showed a smile, explaining, "Fifty Gold Pounds!"

As soon as he spoke.

Alan widened his eyes, looking at Master Lynn ahead.

Fifty Gold Pounds, what's the concept?

It's sixty thousand pounds of barley!

It's twelve thousand pounds of wheat!

It's over three hundred ordinary slaves!

Chapter 123: Sea Siren

For other Lords, the price of fifty Gold Pounds is indeed very expensive.

But for Lynn, with his three open-pit mines, it's just a drop in the bucket.

Fifty Gold Pounds are just two thousand pounds of fine salt!

Lynn spoke, "I want all these warhorses."

Draft horses can also be ridden, but due to their large physique, they are very heavy and lack mobility, and their speed is inadequate.

Although draft horses are gentle, steady, and patient, they lack alertness and the instinct to fight.

Therefore, draft horses are best suited for transporting goods.

As such, the price of a draft horse is not high.

But trained adult warhorses are different.

They do not fear fire, they aren't scared of battles, and will even charge into the enemy's long spear formation without hesitation.

This is the difference between warhorses and draft horses.

Only with a multitude of warhorses can one form a formidable cavalry that strikes fear into others!

Hearing Lynn's affirmation, a look of relief appeared on Alan's face.

Badan Pure-blood Horse, fifty Gold Pounds each.

There are eighteen here, totaling nine hundred Gold Pounds!

Converting to the fine salt he needs, that's thirty-six thousand pounds!

Thirty-six thousand pounds of fine salt!

Even after years of venturing between the sea and various empires, Alan couldn't help but feel a bit excited.

It is because the Lord before him is Master Lynn; if it were some other small Manor Lord,

they certainly wouldn't be willing to take out so many Gold Pounds to arm their cavalry.

It should be known, the Ability of Badan Purebred Horses is extremely outstanding.

But their price is just too high!

Only some Emperors of the Empire, to replenish their Guard cavalry, or some Lords to reward their offspring, would purchase a few Badan Purebred Horses.

With Grayson's understanding of Alan, he naturally knew what Alan was thinking at the moment.

However, he didn't say much.

Instead, Alan gave Grayson a provocative look.

Of course.

Grayson directly ignored him.

Lynn's voice sounded again.

"These top-notch warhorses... as long as they are qualified adult warhorses, and as long as you can transport them here, no matter how many there are, I can exchange all of them for fine salt!"

Hearing this.

The light in Alan's eyes became more evident.

The reason he brought eighteen top-notch warhorses this time was to gauge Master Lynn's attitude.

If Master Lynn is willing to trade with fine salt, he can immediately contact several large ranchers he knows to transport their trained warhorses over.

He was waiting for Master Lynn to say this!

Alan's words were full of laughter, "As you wish, next time there will be more warhorses!"

Lynn responded.

After confirming the trade.

A group of villagers began unloading.

Only then did Alan notice the anomaly in the village.

He looked at the empty village, full of confusion.

"Master Lynn, you are...?"

Lynn didn't need to hide anything, "Rebuilding the village. The place you stand on will turn into a castle."

Alan nodded in understanding.

His heart was full of admiration.

Master Lynn's development Speed is indeed too fast.

Perhaps, the next time he brings warhorses to Master Lynn's territory,

there will be earth-shaking changes here!

After a long time.

All the food and goods on the twenty horse-drawn carriages were unloaded.

Bags of fine salt were loaded onto Grayson's and Alan's carriages.

But neither Grayson nor Alan intended to leave.

Alan looked at Grayson, asking, "Aren't you leaving?"

Grayson also stared directly at Alan, "Why haven't you left?"

Alan raised an eyebrow, "Of course, I have a private matter to discuss with Master Lynn."

Grayson smirked, "What a coincidence, so do I."

Watching these two guys, Lynn shook his head somewhat helplessly.

Whether it's Grayson or Alan, they are both merchants who have traversed various areas and empires.

With their Ability to achieve such a level, their skills need no further mention.

But since they met, they've been like kids plotting against each other!

Is this the tradition of the Brown Clan?

Lynn interrupted their argument and said, "One at a time?"

Grayson and Alan exchanged a glance before nodding.

Grayson courteously stepped back.

Once Grayson had gone far enough, Alan spoke, "Master Lynn, actually my topic is very simple..."

"Be careful of Grayson!"

"He's not as simple as he looks or as you think."

Lynn raised an eyebrow, looking at Alan, asking, "Tell me more?"

Alan's gaze shifted, glancing at George and Red by Lynn's side.

Seeing no intention from Master Lynn to dismiss the two of them, he understood that they were Master Lynn's trusted aides.

Alan continued, "I admit Grayson is more handsome, looks much better than me."

"But Master Lynn, you surely don't know, he has a nickname... the Copper Stench Demon!"

Lynn's interest was piqued.

Alan just intended to continue when a cold sensation suddenly pressed against his neck.

Cold and sharp.

Like a Demon whispering, a voice sounded in his ear.

"If you continue to talk nonsense, even if you're wearing Armor and a Helmet, I'll tear your mouth apart!"

"And even if I kill you, the Brown Clan won't be able to do anything to me!"

Seeing this scene, the dozens of Alan's Guards,

Chapter 124: Sea Siren

They drew the swords at their waists, ready to rescue Alan.

But were quickly stopped by the soldiers led by Rose.

The two merchant teams together had nearly forty armed guards.

Naturally, Rose wouldn't let them rampage through the territory.

A fleeting trace of fear flashed in Alan's eyes.

A smile quickly appeared on his face, "Cousin Grayson, what nonsense are you talking about? I was just having a casual chat with Master Lynn!"

Grayson glanced at Alan and finally withdrew the dagger from his neck.

"That would be best!"

Alan grinned, reaching his right hand to the painful spot on his neck.

He put his hand down and saw a stain of crimson on his palm.

Alan didn't care at all, taking out a piece of silk and pressing it against his neck.

He spoke to Lynn, "Master Lynn, I'll be off now, next time I'll bring you the needed warhorse!"

Lynn nodded.

Alan didn't linger any longer, heading towards the guards at the back.

Mounting his horse, Alan left gradually with the carriage and guards.

Only at this moment.

Grayson spoke with a face full of helplessness, "Master Lynn, sorry for disturbing you."

Lynn chuckled lightly and said, "It's alright."

Grayson hastily explained, "Master Lynn, what Alan said..."

Lynn shook his head and said, "It's not important."

No matter what Alan said, whether true or not.

It was merely Alan sensing something and trying to sow discord between him and Grayson.

But to him, it was of no importance.

As long as Grayson transported the various goods, Lynn traded them for fine salt by weight and handed it to Grayson.

The transaction was complete!

What kind of relationship matters?

A bit more friendship means just a few more trades?

However.

What surprised Lynn was the complexity of the Brown Clan members' conflict.

Seeing Lynn's still calm expression, Grayson paused slightly.

In the next moment, Grayson also understood.

It turns out, he was overthinking!

Grayson's composure gradually returned.

He gazed directly at Master Lynn and said, "Master Lynn, the transportation of slaves may take increasingly more time!"

Lynn said nothing, waiting for Grayson's explanation.

Grayson's face was full of seriousness as he continued, "The entrance of the Gibraltar Strait is occupied by Sea Sirens!"

The Southern Sea Region of the Garonia Continent is the Sea of Vortex.

To enter the Karedi Empire, one must cross the Sea of Vortex and the Gibraltar Strait to reach.

But the entrance of the Gibraltar Strait was occupied by Sea Sirens.

It can be said that it blocked the ships entering the Karedi Empire outside the strait!

Which means the ships entering the Karedi Empire would greatly decrease.

Or detour through other entrances.

But it would increase the time and cost of transportation!

A bold idea emerged in Lynn's mind.

Karedi is a landlocked country, relying on merchants' transportation to fulfill the supply and demand for many items.

But now, due to the presence of Sea Sirens, the market might experience huge fluctuations.

Eventually leading to... supply shortage!

The most easily affected, naturally, is the sea-sourced edible salt!

Lynn instantly understood the implication in Grayson's words.

The price of fine salt will explosively rise!

Even though the Karedi Empire's market still has a large storage of fine salt.

But with the Karedi Empire's nearly two hundred million population.

How long can the market's edible salt stock last?

Half a year?

Three months?

Or one or two months?

Know that this world lacks macroeconomic regulation.

At most, relying on the Lord's Church and Manor Lord's economic adjustments.

But when a shortage of goods occurs, what can they do?

Nothing!

Then the salt mine he holds here...

What salt mine?

It's a gold mine!

This information from Grayson is vital for Lynn.

Not only because the same weight of fine salt can be traded for more goods.

But also because more merchants, due to salt shortage, will transport goods to his territory.

What he wants to do is... recruitment!

He needed a sufficiently powerful armed force to protect this salt mine.

With an approving glance at Grayson, Lynn spoke, "So, this time, one percent of Alan's transaction commission is also exchanged for fine salt?"

Upon hearing the word 'commission,' Grayson's face instantly lit up with joy.

"Of course, Master Lynn."

When Lynn, Master Lynn, transported five hundred slaves last time, he had already converted Alan's transaction commission into fine salt and given it to him.

Perhaps this one percent commission does not match the profits from Alan's sale of fine salt.

But it is an additional transaction, an extra gain.

Grayson left.

Grayson had already made up his mind.

He wanted to store these recently exchanged fine salts.

Wait until the Karedi Empire experiences an edible salt crisis, and then sell the fine salt at high prices!

By then, the fine salt would not be as simple as seven or eight pence per pound.

Perhaps, it could more than double.

One pound of fine salt, one shilling!

By then, his worth would double!

After the soldier under the city wall opened the gate, Grayson walked out of the city gate.

However.

As soon as the city gate closed, a cold sneer reached Grayson's ears.

"You bastard! I thought you'd hide in someone else's territory for a lifetime!"

Grayson's face instantly stiffened.

...

On top of the city wall.

Rose coldly watched everything below.

He knew that both Grayson and Alan were merchants in cooperation with the master.

But that was all.

He received no orders or instructions to protect Grayson or Alan.

Moreover, they were outside the city walls!

Even the two groups of guards with Grayson and Alan had already started brawling with each other...

It had nothing to do with him!

Withdrawing his gaze, Rose continued patrolling along the city wall.

...

In the pasture.

Eighteen Badan Purebred Horses were locked in separate stables.

At this moment, Guy's face was full of surprise, "Master Lynn, these are... Badan Purebred Horses?"

Lynn was surprised to look at Guy, "You really know your stuff."

Guy's heart was increasingly filled with wonder.

Lynn continued, "Take good care of these horses; we might need them to breed and expand!"

Guy's face instantly became serious, he quickly responded, "Yes, Master Lynn."

As a breeding worker, he was well aware of the value of Badan Purebred Horses.

Not to mention eighteen of them, even one warhorse could buy the life of the entire ranch.

The key is, these Badan Purebred Horses can still reproduce!

Their value is even more immeasurable.

After handing the warhorses to Guy, Lynn rode an ordinary horse and left the ranch.

After watching Master Lynn leave, Guy withdrew his gaze.

He gathered the thirty villagers on the ranch.

Guy spoke, "Everyone, our work has started, with draft oxen, horses, wild boars, and those domestic chickens... Most importantly, the warhorses that Master Lynn just sent over!"

"Remember, those warhorses are more precious than our lives; no mistakes can happen."

"Understood?"

The care and attention needed for warhorses are naturally not comparable to ordinary horses!

Whether it's the feed or the care methods...

First of all, the most common and basic feed for warhorses is hay.

Ideally dried pasture like alfalfa hay is the top choice.

However, as there's no pasture planted at the moment, we can substitute it with other dried hay.

The role of hay is to provide warhorses with satiety and to help them grind their teeth, aiding digestion.

Regarding grains and legumes, there's a large stock of barley and peas in the warehouse that can supplement feed.

Then there's the living environment of the warhorses.

Fortunately, when planning and building the horse farm before, he had divided the stables into separate stalls.

Different care and feeding can be provided for different warhorse conditions.

Ensuring sufficient food and nutrition for the warhorses, they also require regular physical check-ups and body care.

During times without military arrangements, they also need a moderate amount of exercise.

This ensures the warhorses' vitality and stamina.

Breeding is not as simple as imagined!

The thirty villagers responsible for breeding all had solemn expressions on their faces.

"Yes, Master Guy."

Upon hearing everyone's synchronized response, Guy nodded and said, "Get to work."

The villagers dispersed to begin their work.

...

Chapter 125: Disaster Warning

The construction of the castle never stops.

And it's increasing at a speed visible to the naked eye.

Lynn was just about to plunge into his battlefield — the kitchen.

A figure on horseback approached from afar.

It was Rose, responsible for guarding the city walls.

When he was five or six meters away from Lynn, Rose dismounted and strode forward.

Lynn glanced at him, "What's the matter?"

Rose quickly bent down to salute and began to explain: "Master, Grayson and Alan have started fighting outside the city walls."

Lynn raised an eyebrow.

He didn't even need Rose's further explanation to understand the reason.

It must be Alan seeking revenge for Grayson's intimidating strike.

Lynn nodded, "What was the result?"

Rose replied, "The two engaged in close combat without the guards' involvement."

"Alan, wearing armor, is less injured than Grayson..."

Lynn smiled, "I see, you may go."

Rose answered, retreated, and left.

As Grayson and Alan were only fighting hand-to-hand, the worst would be some bones bruised.

Lynn guessed that this was due to the Brown Clan's family rules.

That's the only explanation.

The seven hundred slaves sent by Grayson were all put into the territory's reconstruction by Lynn.

Then, Lynn walked towards the kitchen nearby to continue working on gaining experience.

[Cooking Experience +1]

[Cooking Experience +1]

[Cooking Experience +1]

...

Before nightfall.

Pot after pot of food was carried out by the chefs.

All these dishes were made by Lynn and the chefs together.

Especially the slaves who had just arrived.

Seeing the food in front of them, their eyes couldn't look away.

After they finished dinner, Lynn gathered them again.

He was going to conduct the third recruitment!

Currently, the territory already had a population of three thousand two hundred.

But there were only fifty guards.

These fifty guards needed to protect the villagers' safety and supervise their labor.

If the population was smaller before, it was manageable.

Now it's not enough!

Lynn planned to expand it to one hundred!

Not only that.

Only two hundred soldiers were stationed on the city walls, led by Rose.

It's far too few!

This armed force is simply unable to protect the entire territory.

Until after an hour.

Lynn's third recruitment ended.

A total of one hundred and fifty soldiers were all first handed over to Rose for the most basic command training, physical training, and weapon training.

The remaining twelve hundred and fifty people continued to construct the village.

...

The first completed Red Brick House.

It was a simple two-room and one-hall Red Brick House.

The usable area was about thirty square meters.

The castle is not yet fully constructed.

So naturally, the first Red Brick House was first occupied by Lynn, as the lord.

In the living room.

Lynn sat on a chair, in front of him was a square table, on top of which was an animal fat candle almost burned out.

Even this half candle was acquired from the villagers.

On the square table, a simple parchment paper lay flat.

The parchment depicted a wide map with different colors.

Black lines represented the boundaries of land, the coastline, etc.

Red lines outlined the cities and castles and main transport routes.

Blue was the freshwater bodies of the Karedi Empire.

Green was the forest...

Even for Lynn, it was the first time seeing a map of Karedi.

Not just because the map was rare and precious.

But because few people would ever create such maps!

These maps predominantly come from clergymen or scholars of the Church.

Because only they, are in touch with volumes of literature and knowledge...

Lynn quickly searched the map.

His territory was located on the southern edge of the Karedi Empire, close to the Acadia River.

Finding a quick location was not difficult.

A few minutes later.

Lynn's finger landed on a riverside empty land with no markers.

That was his territory under his feet.

So it was.

If not for the local people, who else would know of this territory?

Then.

Lynn's gaze followed the Crescent Bay at his fingertip and moved upstream along the Acadia River.

The Acadia River passed through a vast primordial forest, then a rugged mountainous landscape.

The winding Acadia River meandering northward through the mountains.

Crossing the Karedi Empire, going through a snowy land.

The outline of the Acadia River becomes smaller, until it finally disappears in the north.

Lynn frowned slightly.

It's unrealistic to transport goods through the upstream of Acadia River to Crescent Bay.

The only way is the waterfall at the far end of the territory!

However.

Lynn thought, that means this inland river can't accommodate sailboats!

His territory is safe in the short term.

Retracting his gaze, Lynn continued to survey the surrounding territory.

Beyond the mountain forest pass, it was an unmarked wasteland.

Further ahead, was Kent Village, where Lynn had been with Red Kuisi.

All the land developed around Kent Village belonged to Morrison Manor!

Morrison Manor's territory range encompasses the area intended for expansion.

In Lynn's mind, the obese man calling himself 'Modern' instantly emerged.

Chapter 126: Disaster Warning

Looking ahead, there lies Morgan Town.

Near Morgan Town, there are territories of three estates...

After checking the map for a moment.

Lynn had already made a decision in his heart.

If one day his army wants to set out to war, they must pass through Morrison Manor.

That is to say.

Lynn's first target is Aiden Morrison!

...

Five days later.

Lynn was cooking lunch in the kitchen.

A line of text appeared before his eyes.

[Your Cooking has been upgraded to Level 2, unlock: Disaster Warning]

[Reward received: Skill Duplication Book ×1]

Disaster Warning?

With a thought, a detailed feature introduction appeared.

[Disaster Warning]: The territory will provide warnings for natural, weather, animal, plant, and special event disasters.

Looking at the prompt before him, Lynn raised an eyebrow.

With this warning feature, he no longer has to worry about some sudden events?

This feature seems outrageously powerful!

Lynn glanced at the [Heavenly Artifacts] panel again.

[Cooking: Level 2 (1/500)] (+)

To upgrade from Level 2 to Level 3 requires 500 experience points.

This means working tirelessly!

He closed the panel.

Lynn walked out of the kitchen, his gaze sweeping around the village.

In just a few days, the height of the main castle had increased again.

To the left of the castle.

There were already dozens of Red Brick Houses standing tall, awaiting the finishing touches on their tops.

Now, the Red Brick Factory, in addition to firing red bricks, is also firing clay tiles.

Since the Red Brick Houses have already been built, Lynn naturally will no longer use the most primitive moss mixed with wild straw and weeds as the roof.

Neither windproof nor waterproof!

Looking at the Red Brick Houses and gray tiles, Lynn felt a strange sense of familiarity.

Compared to the initial living conditions, the current ones are a qualitative improvement.

Once the land produces grain, ensuring a food supply.

This territory of his will truly achieve self-sufficiency!

Lynn couldn't help but feel a sense of anticipation rise in his heart.

...

The range of the village on the territory has become increasingly vast, with a growing population.

Lynn already finds it hard to see wild animals on the wasteland.

The previously subsisting wild rabbit grasslands have also been cleared and turned into farmland.

Not only wild rabbits, but even those quails and pheasants, and not even wild wolves have been seen again.

For Lynn to increase his Hunting skill experience, he could only go deeper into the forest.

However.

Even if he is not present for a short time now, there will be no problems in the territory.

Moreover, now he also has the [Holographic Projection] feature!

Even if he is not in the village, he can monitor everything in the village.

He had a few guards go to the pasture to lead the eighteen Badan Purebred Horses to the village, as Lynn prepared to hunt.

He could enhance the level of Hunting while collecting herbs to increase Collection experience.

The collected herbs, if used to make decoctions, could also improve medicine skills.

Looking at the black warhorse in front of him, the black warhorse was also staring back at him with wide eyes.

In those large eyes, there was a bright and intelligent shine.

That kind of feeling was as if it knew Lynn was its master.

Lynn reached out to stroke the black warhorse's head and smiled: "Your coat is as black as ink... henceforth, I shall call you Mo Ying!"

The black warhorse immediately started snorting repeatedly.

As if it were responding.

Lynn nodded in satisfaction, Mo Ying's intelligence truly was high.

Mounting the horse, Lynn called out to the group of Reds, saying, "Let's go."

"Yes!"

The uniform response echoed behind Lynn.

The group of eighteen people, riding eighteen warhorses, headed towards the wasteland beyond the village.

Their thundering hooves landed on the limestone road, the sound of hooves rising and falling continuously.

Until leaving the village's boundaries, as Mo Ying galloped across the open wilderness, Lynn realized what being atop a top-tier warhorse meant.

An outstanding running speed and agility, with incredible endurance!

Even after a long-distance raid, Mo Ying under Lynn remained swift and unexhausted.

Moreover, even on wastelands with scattered rocks, roots, and wild grasses, Mo Ying faced no hindrance.

Lynn felt it, Mo Ying's speed was at least over sixty kilometers an hour!

A terrifying pace!

Not only that, but Mo Ying became increasingly lively.

Like its past life had suppressed its wild nature.

After galloping for over two hours, Lynn gradually slowed down, switching to a walk through the wilderness.

Two hours of galloping, they had already left the village!

The village was no longer visible behind.

After a short while.

Lynn's gaze was fixed on the front.

There, a gray-white wild rabbit, was foraging within some wild grasses.

Lynn slightly stretched out his hand, and Red immediately handed over the Horn Bow.

Along with the bow, an Iron Arrow was also passed to Lynn.

Lynn held the bow in his left hand, notched the arrow and drew the string with his right.

As his chest expanded outward, the Horn Bow instantly reached full draw.

Buzz!

Swoosh!

With a sharp sound, the Iron Arrow shot out violently.

The wild rabbit, just about to raise its head to search, was already pierced by the sharp arrow.

The tremendous power even lifted the rabbit's body, pinning it to the ground.

[Hunting Experience +1]

[Hunting Experience +1]

...

Red, who had been standing by the side, couldn't help but praise, "Master Lynn's archery is becoming more and more impressive."

Chapter 127: Disaster Warning_3

Lynn did not deny anything.

After all, he had the system's support.

A proof for eternity.

As long as he worked hard, he could gain related experience and abilities.

After confirming there were no other prey, a guard rode forward to pick up the wild rabbit.

Having spent most of the day in this area, Lynn also hunted a few pheasants and a fully grown red deer!

The open grassland, near the Acadia River, had abundant water resources.

This was the red deer's favorite living environment.

When several guards brought back the red deer, its massive antlers caught Lynn's eye.

The shape was large and complex, with multiple branches.

Unfortunately, as it was almost September, it was past the time for antler collection.

Whether it was antlers or venison, both had rich nutritional and medicinal value.

Lynn pondered in his mind.

The current ranch was already built and needed a large amount of poultry and livestock.

This was to ensure the territory's meat supply.

Pigs, horses, cattle, and sheep were the main sources of meat.

However, if they could capture and domesticate the red deer, it would naturally expand the meat supply.

But, capturing red deer wasn't easy, so he had to give up temporarily.

Looking at the sky, it was already near four or five in the afternoon.

Lynn instructed them to set up camp on the wasteland.

Dismounting, Lynn walked into the wasteland, searching for traces of herbs.

[Collection Experience +1]

[Collection Experience +1]

[Collection Experience +1]

...

This wasteland had never been visited, so it was rich in wild herbs.

The text recognition function allowed Lynn to see the information on those herbs at a glance.

[Chamomile]: Flowers are white, petals long and thin, centers yellow, with a strong fragrance, used for soothing and calming, etc.

[Sage]: Long oval, leaves have a hairy surface, texture is hard, color is gray-green, used to enhance brain activity, treat sore throats, mouth ulcers, and also in cooking, etc.

[Thyme]: Leaves are thick and papery, with short ash-white fuzz and white glandular dots with small pits, used for warming the lungs, stopping bleeding, repelling insects, etc.

...

One after another, herbs were collected by Lynn and placed into the vine basket.

Red, standing guard beside him, continuously scanned the surroundings, observing every movement.

He was already used to Master Lynn's behavior.

His task was to protect Master Lynn from harm, and that was enough.

Until dusk fell.

Red reminded, "Master Lynn, it's getting dark."

A sense of fulfillment from the harvest made Lynn stand up and glance around.

Indeed.

In the distant western horizon, the sun had sunk below the horizon, leaving only a faint afterglow illuminating the entire world.

Soon enough, darkness would completely take over.

Lynn responded, "Let's return to the camp."

Red sensibly picked up the herb basket beside him.

The two headed towards the camp, one leading, the other following.

A line of text suddenly appeared in Lynn's view.

"Ore Vein Detector: 200 meters northeast, small Open-pit Iron Mine."

Another iron mine?

Lynn turned and walked towards the direction of the iron mine.

Red followed closely with a puzzled expression.

A short while later.

A mountain of iron appeared in Lynn's sight.

Also standing open to the sky.

Previously, no matter how hard he looked, he couldn't find it.

Now, going out without the aim of searching for veins, they discovered an iron mine.

However.

This place was too far from the village.

Nearly 200 miles away!

Both mining and transporting posed great challenges.

It could only be used as a backup iron mine.

Without further words, Lynn led Red back.

Not yet close to the camp, Lynn smelled waves of mouthwatering meat aroma.

He was indeed a bit hungry.

Sitting by the blazing campfire, the chef placed plates of food before Lynn.

The chef respectfully spoke, "Master Lynn, this is the rabbit and venison you hunted today..."

Lynn nodded, "Let them all eat together!"

With Master Lynn's permission, they no longer held back.

Lynn grabbed a leg of deer and tore off a chunk, chewing it.

The tender and flavorful texture instantly enveloped Lynn's taste buds.

Swallowing the venison, Lynn took a gulp of beer brewed with hops.

The satisfaction of eating meat made Lynn's eyebrows slightly raise.

Later.

After finishing dinner.

Lynn sat a short distance from the campfire, letting its glow dance on his cheeks.

In his mind, plans for development unfolded almost uncontrollably.

The village reconstruction proceeded according to plan.

Moreover, he hadn't diverted labor from mining, not affecting the rock salt extraction and fine salt production.

The completion of rebuilding was only a matter of time.

Next would be the full construction of the Handicraft Workshop District.

And begin vigorously developing handicrafts...

After pondering for a while.

Lynn gathered his thoughts and noticed that aside from the guards on patrol.

The other guards were cheerfully drinking beer, chatting and laughing.

The beer wasn't strong, almost like water.

Lynn didn't ask Red to stop them.

This outing was only for hunting and collection, not requiring strict vigilance.

Even Lynn himself had drunk several large mugs of beer before contentedly entering the linen tent, sleeping through the night.

In the blink of an eye.

Five days passed.

A few warhorses were laden with wild boars and red deer, while others carried bundles of herbs.

Lynn and his party galloped toward the village.

The speed of the warhorses wasn't fast.

Because, at the edge of their vision, they could already faintly see the outline of a village.

In five days.

Lynn's [Hunting] skill experience had reached over 120 points, while [Collection] skill experience also surpassed 150.

It wouldn't take long to reach Level 2.

A little over an hour later.

Lynn and his party returned to the village.

The orderly array of red brick houses, even at just a glance, gave an inexplicable sense of order and comfort.

Lynn took a cursory look, and there were at least a hundred completed red brick and clay tile houses in the village.

But it was still not enough.

The current village had a population of 2800!

Even with villagers from the Red Brick Factory, iron mines, and pastures living on site, and additional slaves arriving later, more building would be needed.

At least a thousand red brick houses were required!

Upon Master Lynn's return, Kuisi came from the fields to report the village's recent situation.

"Master Lynn, the Salt Factory's output has been increased, now producing 800 pounds of fine salt daily."

Lynn nodded.

Although no additional labor was allocated to the Salt Factory.

Over time, as proficiency improved, the advantages of division of labor became apparent.

Kuisi continued, "There was a fight at the coal mine involving two people, but it was stopped immediately by the guards on site."

Lynn's expression remained calm.

Villagers were human too, with emotions and desires, conflicts were inevitable.

"What is the punishment?"

Kuisi hesitated, explaining, "No punishment has been enacted yet..."

Lynn wasn't surprised, "Make them cooperate to mine 500 pounds of coal each day, when it's finished, they can end their work day!"

Kuisi's eyes blinked a few times.

This punishment seemed a bit unusual.

Yet, upon reflection, it was better than others.

Subsequently.

Kuisi reported some other matters before taking her leave.

Watching Kuisi depart, the earlier thought resurfaced in Lynn's mind.

Establish a Territory Court, draft Territorial Law!

The Territory Court was for handling trifling matters within the territory.

The Territorial Law, regardless of who violated it.

All would be treated impartially.

This would ensure an equal treatment, with no complaints.

In this way, it would also improve the villagers' quality of life and sense of security!

Chapter 128: Mercenary Corps

After Kuisi left, it wasn't long before George also came to Lynn's side.

George spoke, "Master Lynn, yesterday Boer came to your territory, he brought thirty Celtic pigs..."

"He also introduced a friend of his who came to the territory, and exchanged five thousand pounds of oats..."

This was the first time a merchant transported domestic pigs to his territory.

Although there were only thirty, a journey of a thousand miles begins with a single step, take it slow.

Lynn had a feeling, compared to Grayson and Alan,

Boer, just a local small-time merchant, was more diligent and hardworking.

He was the only one to first transport domestic chickens and pigs!

Of course.

There was another possibility.

As a local merchant, Boer found it easier to find these domestic animals.

Lynn nodded, "Alright, I understand, go ahead with your work."

George bowed and withdrew.

Returning to a red brick house, Lynn leaned in a tub filled with hot water.

The warm comfort instantly enveloped his entire body, relaxing all his aching muscles.

Until an hour later.

The temperature of the water in the tub gradually declined, and after bathing, Lynn put on a clean set of clothes and left the wooden house.

The construction of the castle and red brick house was still ongoing.

After inspecting for a while, confirming no anomalies.

He took Red and the others with a few baskets of herbs and began the selection.

[Medical Experience +1]

[Medical Experience +1]

[Medical Experience +1]

...

Different herbs have different medicinal properties.

If casually boiled into a decoction, there would be no therapeutic effect, and it might even cause poisoning.

The collected herbs, if they are to be made into a decoction, must be processed properly too.

After selection, they should be washed, either naturally dried or oven-dried, then crushed or ground, and finally soaked and boiled!

Through this period of continuous grind, Lynn had found some tricks.

Only at the very beginning of grinding, the experience points increased the fastest and most frequently.

The further he went, the slower the experience increased.

Different classifications also have different effects.

Take [Medicine] as an example; what he could make now were just decoctions.

To go further, he would have to build a pharmaceutical workshop.

Passing by, John saw the busy Lynn, and he walked over.

After slightly bending his waist, Old John respectfully said, "Master Lynn, I think I can help..."

Lynn glanced at Old John casually, "Yes, you can."

Getting Master Lynn's permission, Old John sat opposite him.

Despite Old John being fifty-five years old now, his eyes were still bright and lively.

Combined with his Level 3 [Medicine], it was indeed a bit of a waste for him to just select herbs.

Each herb was placed separately in different wicker baskets.

After a short while.

Old John curiously asked, "Master Lynn, where did you learn about herbs?"

Learning medical knowledge about herbs is very difficult and has many restrictions.

Apart from some ancient medical texts stored in the Church and Monastery and some medical books,

The only way to learn medical knowledge was through master-apprentice inheritance.

But obviously, Master Lynn in front of him didn't have that condition.

Unless Master Lynn had been an apprentice under a medical master since childhood...

Lynn glanced at him casually, directly ignoring the topic, "Old John, how are the children you are teaching? You didn't sneak in any Church thoughts, did you?"

Hearing this, Old John's face slightly tensed, he hurriedly explained.

"Master Lynn, I swear by God, I absolutely did not go against your requirements."

"However, teaching them is truly too difficult... Without books, without teaching tools..."

"You know, I can only solidify lime to draw and write on wooden boards."

"And their attention is easily diverted by passersby or noises outside the house..."

Lynn nodded.

Naturally, he understood Old John's difficulties.

Lynn had also thought about developing the Papermaking Technique and printing.

Thus, with words on paper, he could write down all the knowledge in his mind.

Only in this way could he extract the knowledge in his mind and pass it on to more people.

But the previous conditions were really limited.

They couldn't even survive, let alone think about these things.

Once the entire village was rebuilt, Lynn could consider building a school.

Whether it was teaching children to read and write, or teaching villagers medicine or military strategies...

Lynn, of course, said, "Wait a bit longer, the learning environment will improve later."

Old John's eyebrows slightly raised, looking at Master Lynn in surprise.

Even though Master Lynn didn't say it explicitly, he still speculated about something.

Old John tentatively asked in a low voice, "Master Lynn, what about the Church..."

His words weren't finished when Master Lynn's gaze frightened him into silence.

Old John's heart was full of doubts.

Why did Master Lynn despise the Church so much?

Of course, Old John also knew that not all clergy were good people.

Just like those demons in the Silver Moon Church.

Lynn spoke, "If you can teach others the ability to heal, I might consider building a Church."

Old John instantly widened his eyes.

The next second, his face was full of helplessness.

His healing ability, he didn't even know how it came about himself.

How could he possibly teach others?

Chapter 129: Mercenary Corps

After selecting a few types of herbs, Lynn carried them to the well and cleaned them thoroughly.

Then, he placed them on rows of wooden racks to dry.

The weather has been very good lately.

Within a day or two, the moisture in the herbs can be dried out.

...

At Morrison Manor.

The clamor of killing, the clash of metal weapons, the cries of pain, the neighing of horses...

All blended into one.

On the ground, bodies lay scattered.

The bright red blood, carrying a stench, flowed from the wounds of the corpses, staining the soil red.

In sudden depressions, small bloodstreams formed...

Bodies brandishing various weapons moved back and forth within the manor, frequently letting out cries of anger.

As sharp blades passed, blood splattered and landed on the walls...

This battle, who knows how long it lasted.

Until nightfall approached.

Silhouettes riding horses gradually faded away.

The battle intent stirred within the manor gradually dissipated.

Morrison Manor's mansion fell into silence.

Aiden, with his bloated body, directly sat on a piled heap of grass.

Ignoring the blood on his face, he breathed heavily in gasps.

Causing the layers of fat on his abdomen to rise and fall vigorously.

Huff huff huff~

In front of Aiden, a middle-aged man wearing a linen waistcoat, linen shorts, and draped in a deep blue cloak walked over.

The middle-aged man, with one mouth full of stubble, cracked open to reveal yellowing teeth, said, "Master Aiden, what a thrilling battle!"

"But... the thieves from the Iron Blood Brotherhood were quite tricky, I lost dozens of brothers!"

Aiden's mouth twitched uncontrollably, "Leader Lopez, what do you mean by this?"

The middle-aged man referred to as Lopez laughed again, "You know what I mean... more money!"

Aiden's face changed instantly, he clambered up in a manner much like a fat pig rolling over.

He stared at Lopez, shouting reluctantly, "Leader Lopez! We had agreed on the price for the Iron Thorns Mercenary Corps' deployment, are you trying to go back on it?"

Lopez shrugged indifferently, "Master Aiden, I didn't expect so many to die either!"

"You know, when my brothers die, I have to give their families a settlement fee, after all, they're out here making a living."

"If their men die and even the settlement fee is absent, how can they survive?"

"Ultimately, they would fall to Morgan Town and become prostitutes in the brothels..."

Aiden's face was full of anger, but he did not explode.

"How much!"

Upon hearing Aiden's inquiry, Lopez grinned even wider.

"Thirty Gold Pounds, not much."

"That's for my dozens of brothers..."

Aiden's hand reached into his pocket, after some fumbling, a money pouch appeared in his hand.

Without any hesitation, he threw it out.

The pouch rolled on the ground, producing a pleasant metal sound.

Several Gold Pounds even rolled out.

Aiden coldly said, "Get out of my manor now!"

Lopez raised an eyebrow, completely indifferent, bending down to pick up the Gold Pounds under the gaze of followers and mercenaries.

Lopez showed no concern for the sweat from Aiden's body on the coin pouch.

"We're leaving! Master Aiden, if you need us again, you can find us in Morgan Town, hehehe..."

Watching the Iron Thorns Mercenary Corps, either riding horses or running on foot, gradually disappearing into the distance.

Only then did Aiden angrily shout, "Damn! Damn it all! Damned indeed!"

The Iron Blood Brotherhood might have been thieves.

But how are the so-called Iron Thorns Mercenary Corps any different from thieves?

The only difference is that thieves plunder unarmed villagers' wealth.

Mercenary Corps seize from lords who have armed forces but are not strong enough!

They need no land, nor do they need population, they solely fight for money.

They drift at the edges of various lords' territories, and most lords hold a tacit attitude toward mercenary corps.

Even the Church remains ambiguous.

But this time.

Aiden had to hire these mercenaries to drive away the thieves of the Iron Blood Brotherhood!

A gang of thieves had occupied his territory, his manor.

Like a fishbone stuck in his throat!

As for the settlement fee Lopez mentioned.

To hell with the settlement fee!

After his mercenaries died, Lopez immediately called people to take away the weapons and defensive equipment.

Even went as far as to touch the corpses.

Took everything but the bodies were left on his territory.

In other words, not only did he pay more money, but he had to help these people collect the corpses!

In the back, Ford, hearing the roaring of Master Aiden, fearfully backed away.

Trying to temporarily leave the place of turmoil.

However.

The next second.

An icy cold reprimanding voice sounded.

"Ford! Where the hell is Ford? Let him get over here!"

At this voice, Ford's whole body started trembling violently.

Ford stammered, "Aiden... Master Aiden?"

...

Under the night sky.

The villagers busy all day returned to the village.

A huge bonfire made of logs illuminated the entire open space in front of the village.

Chapter 130: Mercenary Corps_3

After dinner, the villagers gathered around the fire, talking with smiles about the day's happenings.

Leisurely and fortunate words occasionally sounded from their mouths.

Young men and women in twos and threes strolled along the lime road of the village, whispering, with a hint of shyness in their conversations.

With the walls now in place, the lives of the villagers in the village have completely settled down.

They no longer have to worry about where their next meal will come from.

Nor do they have to be afraid of sudden bandit attacks threatening their lives.

Compared to their former lives, this place feels like the legendary Eden!

All they have here is vitality and goodness!

Now, the only thing they need to think about is having children.

After all, even Master Lynn said so.

He promises to take responsibility for all newborns.

Not only will there be rewards in gold pounds, but he will also ensure that every newborn has milk and eggs every day!

Such a promise moved them deeply.

It is known that such a life is only for the children of nobility.

...

Perhaps it's because they know that these red brick houses are where they will live in the future.

The speed of constructing red brick houses, while ensuring quality, is surprisingly fast.

From the start of rebuilding to now, in just over half a month, there are already more than three or four hundred red brick houses in the village.

In another half month, a residential area of a thousand houses for the villagers will be completed!

However.

Lynn did not let them move in first.

Once the residential area is completed, Lynn will need to number all the red brick houses, have villagers register their real names, and assign their job positions.

Only this way, with responsibility assigned to individuals, can management be more convenient!

With more than two thousand people now, Lynn can barely tell who is who.

With more population in the future, trying to distinguish and find someone would be like looking for a needle in a haystack.

...

In the kitchen.

Lynn was sitting in front of the stove, occasionally adding some anthracite coal to increase the stove's temperature.

On the stove.

In a pottery pot fifty centimeters high, streams of vapor continuously emanated.

Whiffs of scent, like that of lemon, floated out, lingering around the kitchen.

[Lemon Balm Tonic]: Non-toxic, made from lemon balm, it has anti-inflammatory, pain relief, antiviral, and anti-allergy effects.

During these days of continuously brewing the tonic, Lynn's [medicine] experience kept increasing.

Not only that.

Lynn was surprised to find that his [cooking] experience also slightly increased.

Brewing the tonic not only helps villagers boost their immunity but also increases experience.

Killing two birds with one stone.

While Lynn was earning experience.

The sound of galloping hooves could be heard from afar.

Lynn looked through the open kitchen.

He saw Rose approaching on horseback with Boer.

What made Lynn curious was that Boer came empty-handed this time?

Rose and Boer jumped off their horses and quickly came to Lynn's side.

Boer's face was full of strain, and even his words were broken and slow, "Master Lynn, I..."

Lynn interrupted him, "Take your time, no hurry."

Upon hearing Master Lynn's words, Boer was startled.

He then realized he was being too abrupt!

Boer took a few deep breaths, calming his nerves, and then said steadily, "Master Lynn, I need your help."

Lynn remained silent, looking directly at Boer.

Boer continued, "Master Lynn, I was transporting a batch of linen cloth and grain from Morgan Town to your village, but my carriage convoy was robbed by bandits!"

"They killed my drivers, stole the goods meant for trading with you, and took my carriages..."

"I wish to ask you to send out soldiers to retrieve that batch of goods."

Lynn did not reply immediately but asked, "How many bandits were there?"

Boer's face displayed a moment of recollection, but then he confessed with some shame, "Master Lynn, I... I don't know how many bandits there were..."

"But Master Lynn, I heard them calling themselves the 'Iron Blood Brotherhood'!"

Boer realized how presumptuous his request was.

Without knowing the enemy's details, no one would rashly send out troops.

Lynn said, "Mr. Boer, if that's the case, I can't help you."

Even knowing who they were, and having a task titled 'Task: Eliminate the Iron Blood Brotherhood!' in his task bar.

Lynn still had no intention of sending troops.

The soldiers and guards he had now numbered about four hundred!

Half of them were newly conscripted soldiers.

They didn't have combat experience and are unprepared for battle.

Even if each equipped with a war spear and a round shield, the chances of them surviving on the battlefield would be scarce.

Moreover, even if he destroyed all the Iron Blood Brotherhood bandits.

What could he gain?

Boer's allegiance?

Or Boer giving him all the goods?

Or perhaps a reward from the task?

Lynn didn't need any of these.

What he needed now was population, preserving strength, and planning for the future!

Boer's face was full of despair.

But he understood that Master Lynn's refusal was the right course of action.

Lynn continued, "Mr. Boer, if this bandits' attack bankrupts you, it's not a big deal!"

Boer widened his eyes, looking at Master Lynn in surprise, "Master Lynn, how do you... know this?"

Lynn smiled slightly, "Because many merchants, upon knowing that they can exchange for fine salt here, rush trying to bring all the goods available in the market to my territory."

Boer's face showed a hint of embarrassment.

He was exactly the kind of merchant Lynn described.

To exchange for more fine salt and earn more profit.

He indeed used all his savings to buy carriages and goods.

But unexpectedly, just after going all in, he was robbed by bandits!

This was why he hurriedly came to Master Lynn's territory for help.

Lynn continued, "If that's the case, I can lend you three thousand pounds of fine salt."

Hearing the young lord's words before him, Boer's face was full of shock.

Three thousand pounds of fine salt!

At the minimum market price of six pence per pound, that's seventy-five gold pounds!

Just lending it to him like that?

Boer didn't know what to say for a moment, "Master Lynn, you... this..."

"Is this really okay?"