

System 141

Chapter 141: Discrimination Based on Status

Lynn continued, "Afterwards, I'll have Rose take these winged spears away."

The first batch of winged spears mentioned by Ehrelo consists of a hundred pieces.

It's only been a few days.

It's evident that Ehrelo has been working tirelessly to forge them.

He needs the soldiers trained by Rose to become proficient in using these winged spears.

Whether it's for defending the city walls or launching an attack, they're a formidable weapon!

He quickly responded, "Alright, Master Lynn!"

Moments later.

Lynn walked out of the Blacksmith Workshop.

Listening to the 'ding ding ding' of the forging sounds, he glanced back at Red behind him.

"What kind of standard weapons does your guard team want?"

Hearing Master Lynn's inquiry, Red raised his eyebrows slightly.

He hadn't really thought about Master Lynn asking such a question suddenly.

After a moment of reflection, Red replied, "Master Lynn, you can decide!"

Lynn withdrew his gaze and pondered in his mind.

In the future, Red is naturally going to become his personal guard.

Perhaps, as a hunter by background, he may not be as skilled as Rose, nor surpass others.

But Red is the one he's known the longest and is most familiar with.

Honest and sincere, yet with immense courage!

Even to this day, Lynn remembers Red using his body to push away the wild wolf that lunged at him!

One could say, it's a friendship forged through life and death.

Moments later, Lynn spoke, "Half-Plate Armor, Full Metal Shield, and One-Handed Sword as your guard team's standard armor."

The current guard team primarily protects the safety of the villagers in the entire territory.

In the future, it certainly needs restructuring.

A team dedicated to his personal safety and another to maintain village security!

Red's face showed a hint of joy.

As a man, who wouldn't want to don a suit of armor?

Soon, Red's face returned to normal, and he replied, "Master Lynn, your decision is fine."

Lynn naturally noticed the change in Red's expression.

"Then it's settled, a Round Shield can be made, but the Plate Armor will have to wait for the development of the Handicraft Workshop District."

Even with casting techniques, making standard armor.

Leather and textile skills are still needed for stitching and linkage!

Red nodded slightly.

...

As he walked, Lynn's heart moved, opening the [Heavenly Artifacts] panel.

[Heavenly Artifacts]

[Name]: Lynn

[Age]: 15 years old

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

[Talent]: Heavenly Artifacts

[Skills]: None

[Ability]:

[Construction: Level 1 (98/200)](+)

[Planting: Level 1 (114/200)](+)

[Collection: Level 1 (91/200)](+)

[Production: Level 2 (11/500)](+)

[Hunting: Level 1 (125/200)](+)

[Cooking: Level 2 (14/500)](+)

[Forging: Level 2 (29/500)](+)

[Medicine: Level 2 (9/500)](+)

[Breeding: Level 1 (108/200)](+)

...

He quickly scanned through the panel.

Except for [Forging][Cooking][Production][Medicine] which are at Level 2.

The other skills still require him to spend a lot of time grinding!

The skills closest to leveling up are [Hunting] and [Planting] as well as [Breeding].

Immediately.

Lynn glanced at the two wolf pups behind him.

He took a few pieces of fresh meat from the hands of a guard and threw them out.

Bai Ling and Black Night's eyes instantly locked onto the fresh meat, leaping up, and devoured them.

[Breeding Experience +1]

[Breeding Experience +1]

...

Watching the two wolf pups' bellies become round again.

Lynn then stopped.

Striding, Lynn headed towards the large expanses of farmland in the distance.

Amid Gavin and Wilbur's respectful greetings, he began weeding.

Because it's summer now, with plenty of sunlight, coupled with irrigation channels providing enough water, and continuous fertilizing.

Not only do the peas grow extremely quickly.

Even the wild grass and weeds grow very quickly.

If neglected for a few days, they will continuously sprout and steal nutrients from the peas.

Bending his body, Lynn reached out with his right hand, continuously pulling out weeds from the ridges of the pea rows.

[Collection Experience +1]

Then he tied some pea vines blown off by the wind onto the wooden frames.

[Planting Experience +1]

...

The experience increases slightly, but every point gained is from Lynn's effort and hard work.

The sense of harvest is full!

Now the pea vines already have tiny buds.

In a few days, they will bloom.

After successful pollination, the pea flowers will wilt, entering the pod-forming stage.

By the end of September at the latest, three thousand acres of peas can begin harvesting!

Lynn roughly estimated in his mind.

Normally, if sowed normally, planting an acre of peas can yield one or two hundred pounds at most.

But, with his meticulous care, arranging someone specifically for weeding, fertilizing, watering, and irrigation, as well as building support for the climbing vines...

An acre of farmland should yield over three hundred pounds, which would be a good harvest!

Of course.

This is just Lynn's rough estimate for now.

The exact amount to be harvested will be clear only when the pea weight is measured at the end of this month.

In the five days that followed.

Lynn devoted himself entirely to the farmland.

The peas are almost visibly growing.

Now, all the pea plants have climbed onto the wooden frames, with each small, slender tendril coiling around the branches one by one.

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This way, gain more sunlight.

On those pea vines, blossoms of different colors are growing.

Pea flowers, butterfly-shaped, white or a faint purple.

If it were just a small patch, perhaps nothing would be noticed.

But, Lynn has planted three thousand acres!

In the three thousand acres of farmland, the wooden frames are covered with pea flowers.

A gentle breeze blows by, swaying the peas in this vast area.

From afar, it looks like a sea of flowers waving in the wind!

Moreover, the originally light fragrance of the flowers gathers together, enveloping the entire village...

This pea field has also become a place where villagers take their evening walks after tea.

At dusk, villagers walk together along the lime roads in the pea field, pointing and smiling.

Admiring this rare beauty.

Even the many farmers who planted peas dozens of times have never seen such a scene.

...

At dusk.

Lynn sat on a bench in front of the red brick house, gazing into the distance.

There, a castle building four or five meters high is covered in golden sunlight.

Though only half-built, you can still feel the castle's majesty and grandeur.

In Lynn's mind, he could still imagine.

He stands on the balcony in front of the castle, overlooking the countless people in the square below, giving speeches and talks.

Daydreaming?

Of course not.

At this development speed, it won't take long to achieve!

Just then.

Kuisi came running to Lynn.

Her face had a look of urgency.

Kuisi, slightly out of breath, said, "Lin... Master Lynn..."

Lynn glanced at her and said, "Is there an urgent matter?"

Kuisi took a deep breath and quickly explained, "Master Lynn, a fight... a fight broke out, two groups of villagers are fighting!"

Lynn immediately frowned, and with a thought, opened the [Holographic Map] to quickly survey the area.

Sure enough.

In the open space outside the village, a dozen people are engaged in close combat.

Lynn got up from the bench, stepping towards them.

As he walked, Lynn said, "Red, call your men over!"

Red responded promptly, giving a glance to the guard behind him.

The guard understood immediately and rushed off.

Kuisi followed beside Lynn, constantly explaining.

"Master Lynn, they were discriminated against... leading to conflict, and eventually a fight broke out."

Lynn said nothing, continuing to walk.

Two minutes later.

Dozens of guards holding torches in their left hands and handheld long spears in their right hands followed behind Lynn.

Some villagers who were unaware of what was happening became nervous upon seeing this.

They have been on Master Lynn's land for so long.

It's their first time witnessing such a scene.

Soon after.

On a piece of wasteland outside the village.

"Beat him up!"

"Hit their heads, I'll be responsible if they're killed."

"They're just a bunch of slaves, do they really think eating the same food and living in the same houses as us changes the fact that they're slaves?"

"Beat them! Beat them..."

"..."

Lynn hadn't yet reached the wasteland, but the voices could already be heard!

In the dark ahead, voices of curses and scolding continuously echoed.

Seeing those figures attacking relentlessly, Lynn said in a deep voice, "Separate them, kill any who resist!"

Red responded, making a signal, and dozens of guards with torches and long spears charged forward.

As the guards approached with the flickering flames, they drew the attention of the dozens fighting.

They all stopped their actions, their arrogant, hateful faces turning to fear and panic.

Panic-stricken voices rang out.

"Guards... it's the Guard Team!"

"That's... Master Lynn."

"We're doomed, doomed..."

"What do we do? Escape? Master Lynn hates to see fighting!"

"..."

Seeing the fully armed guards getting closer, the fear on their faces grew more evident.

A middle-aged man's face was covered in beads of sweat.

His feet, almost uncontrollably, retreated.

In the next second.

The middle-aged man ran without looking back into the darkness behind him.

His escape instantly triggered shouts from those nearby.

"Ruer, don't run, stop!"

"Stop, if you run you won't survive."

"Ruer..."

"..."

The middle-aged man heard the familiar shouting behind him, but he didn't stop at all.

Seeing the fields of peas ahead, a hint of delight appeared on his face.

As long as he gets into the pea fields, and taking advantage of the night, goes into the distant forest, and delves deep into it...

He has a good chance of surviving.

But if he stays...

This fight was instigated by him!

He's the main culprit!

If he stays put, awaiting execution, he'd be dead for sure.

Master Lynn would never let him go!

Seeing the pea field only ten meters away, Ruer quickened his pace.

Ten meters.

Eight meters!

Six meters!

Getting closer!

Five meters.

Three meters...

One meter!

Just as Ruer's legs pushed forward, leaping up.

Whoosh!

The whistling sound of a sharp arrow filled his ears.

The speed was so fast.

Ruer didn't even have time to turn his head.

A strong surge of pain struck him from his back.

Ruer's body, which was about to roll to relieve pressure, landed directly on the pea ridges planted by farmers.

Struggling to get up, Ruer looked behind; there was already an arrow embedded in his back.

Less than half of the arrow was visible.

Cough, cough~

The stabbing pain and shortness of breath from his lungs made Ruer cough.

Bubbles of fresh blood spewed from his mouth.

At this moment.

Sounds of footsteps came from behind.

Ruer looked back, seeing a tall man with guards, entering his sight.

The flickering torchlight illuminated the man's stern face.

Without any words, it filled him with fear.

Ruer stammered, "Lynn... Master Lynn, I was wrong..."

"Master Lynn, I don't want to die..."

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One wave of blood after another gushed from Ruer's mouth, flowing down and falling onto his clothes.

Lynn stared directly at Ruer, without any words.

The Ruer in front of him had Level 2 skills in [Planting][Collection]and [Construction].

Moreover, he was only twenty-eight years old.

Strong and in the prime of life.

If it weren't for this incident, he could live comfortably on Lynn's territory as long as he worked diligently.

But... he was the organizer of this brawl!

Lynn stared at him, "Do you have any family?"

Ruer could clearly feel the heat in his body rapidly dissipating.

He shook his head with difficulty, "No... no, Master Lynn..."

"Master Lynn, could... could you spare me this time, considering my hard work?"

Lynn said in a deep voice, "I can leave you with a whole corpse!"

Ruer was stunned for a moment, remembering the villager who previously stole Master Lynn's fine salt.

In full view of everyone, his head was chopped off.

Ruer smiled slightly, "Thank you... Master Lynn."

Lynn nodded lightly and turned to leave.

Half an Iron Arrow was buried in Ruer's body, piercing through the lung.

Unless Old John used [Healing Light] again.

Even if Lynn didn't punish him severely, Ruer was doomed to die.

Now, it was merely giving him time to wait for death.

Inciting the villagers to fight was extremely detrimental to the development of the territory.

Put simply, it challenged the authority of the Lord.

More seriously, it represented organizing a private force!

Although now it was only a few or a dozen people, without severe punishment, such organizations would proliferate!

At that time, the villagers of the entire territory would be at war with each other!

In more severe cases, it might even be impossible to mobilize them.

Fortunately.

This incident served as a warning for Lynn.

It was essential to prevent the emergence of cliques!

Lynn walked to stand in front of more than a dozen men, bound and kneeling on the ground.

He scanned their faces one by one.

Among them were eight Free People from the Karedi Empire.

The other six were from the mountainous areas of the Portlands Empire.

They were sold as slaves to his territory.

Under Lynn's gaze, no one dared to meet his eyes.

Lynn asked in a deep voice, "Nek! Look at Mad next to you!"

The middle-aged man called Nek was shocked.

Master Lynn actually knew his name?

It wasn't just Nek; Mad had the same shocked expression.

Nek glanced at Master Lynn before turning to look at Matthew.

Lynn's voice continued, "Look carefully, tell me how he differs from you!"

Nek studied Matthew up and down for a few seconds before speaking, "Master Lynn... there's no difference."

The Karedi Empire and the Portlands Empire were neighboring regions.

In many ways, even the climate was nearly identical.

The difference was that the Karedi Empire was a basin, while the Portlands Empire was mountainous.

Lynn continued to ask, "Why is there discrimination?"

Upon hearing this, Nek was momentarily speechless.

Indeed.

Before, they were just Farmers.

Now, they were all villagers on Master Lynn's territory.

Why did they discriminate against people like Mad?

The only difference was that people like Mad were sold as slaves!

They bore the marks of slavery on their faces, bodies, or arms!

But was that all it took?

Nek shook his head, "Master Lynn... I don't know why it's come to this either..."

Lynn's gaze turned to the side of Nek, "Timo, you tell me!"

The man called Timo's eyes suddenly widened.

Master Lynn... even remembered his name?

He was just an unknown Farmer...

Timo trembled uncontrollably, "Master Lynn... I don't know either..."

"It was Nek who said they had the blood of slaves..."

"..."

It was only then that.

Lynn came to understand.

This was not just a simple case of discrimination leading to a fight.

Instead, the class hierarchy of this world had shackled their minds.

Nek and others used to be Free People!

They had a certain degree of freedom and rights.

But a slave's identity, in their view, was akin to poultry or livestock!

How could poultry or livestock possibly live the same lives as they did?

Ultimately.

They sought superiority from their status!

Breaking such shackles of thought was incredibly difficult.

Unless they experienced a heavy price and the imperceptibility of time.

Otherwise, the shackles would never break!

This was the sorrow of this era!

...

Nek bled to death.

As for the remaining fourteen, Lynn would not publicly behead them as a warning.

Instead, he sent them to the open-air coal mining area to dig Anthracite.

Their daily workload increased by five hours compared to ordinary villagers as a punishment.

Until the spring of the following year, their work hours would return to normal.

This incident did not cause any ripples.

Even the number of people who knew about it was small.

The key was.

Even if some people knew, they wouldn't care.

With such a stable and safe life, how could they bear to destroy it?

They barely had time to protect it.

...

Time passed day by day.

The textile workshop was finally completed.

Fifty women with experience in [Production] of clothing were sitting at workstations, diligently making Linen Cloth robes.

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These linen robes are naturally prepared for the villagers in the territory.

The textile workshop, like the blacksmith workshop, also has many divisions.

The raw material storage area, used for storing raw materials, linen, wool, cotton, and so on.

The cleaning area, which is the processing area for raw materials.

Using a cleaner, the raw materials undergo preliminary cleaning and processing.

The spinning area, where the preliminarily processed fibers are spun into yarn.

The weaving area, where the spun yarns are woven into fabric.

The dyeing and printing area, where fabrics undergo dyeing and printing treatment.

The finishing area, where the final processing is done, such as cutting, hemming, and ironing to make the fabric more flat and smooth.

And finally, the storage area and so on.

Although the textile workshop has been completed, it lacks the most crucial items—the spinning wheel and the loom!

The textile workshop where Lynn's mother works is still using the most primitive hand spinning wheel.

The structure of the hand spinning wheel is relatively simple, consisting of only a spinning wheel, a spindle, and a stand.

It requires hand or foot operation to drive it.

Because it only has one spindle, it can only spin one yarn at a time, the production speed is slow, and it can't meet the demands of large-scale production on the territory in the future.

Lynn knew.

He must improve the hand spinning wheel.

Lynn called for Colin.

Colin bent his body, speaking respectfully, "Master Lynn."

Lynn nodded and said, "I need to make four spinning wheels!"

Four textile workshops, each needing spinning wheels and looms and so on.

"Spinning wheel?"

Colin's eyes scanned the textile workshop, and he immediately understood.

Colin said somewhat helplessly, "Master Lynn, you mean a hand spinning wheel? I can indeed do that!"

The hand spinning wheel is very common.

Due to its simple and singular construction, almost every free people's home has one.

It is used to spin linen fibers from the harvested linen plants into linen yarn.

Lynn shook his head, saying, "I need a spinning wheel with higher weaving efficiency than the hand spinning wheel."

Colin was taken aback.

Is there such a spinning wheel?

Lynn led Colin to his woodworker workshop.

Arriving at the workbench, Lynn picked up an iron saw and began to saw a log.

Buzz! Buzz! Buzz!

The deep, trembling sound of the saw blade continually echoed in the woodworker workshop.

[Production Experience +1]

[Production Experience +1]

...

Little by little, experience was accumulating.

Some unfamiliar memories surfaced in Lynn's mind, beginning to integrate quickly.

Beside him, Colin and a few apprentices watched this scene with puzzlement.

Soon enough.

The knowledge on how to make a spinning wheel fully merged in Lynn's mind.

Lynn's movements became increasingly swift and proficient.

The spinning wheel Lynn prepared to make was called the Saxon spinning wheel.

Compared to the common hand spinning wheel, the Saxon spinning wheel has a larger drive wheel with a diameter reaching ninety centimeters.

It can provide better power during spinning.

The spinning efficiency of the Saxon spinning wheel far surpasses that of the hand spinning wheel!

Due to the greater power, the Saxon spinning wheel can spin more yarn in the same amount of time, several times that of the hand spinning wheel.

Moreover, the yarn quality spun by the Saxon spinning wheel is better, with more even threads, making it more suited for large-scale textile production!

Only such a Saxon spinning wheel can support the future large-scale spinning and weaving on the territory!

With a move of his hand, Lynn picked up a piece of oak and began crafting the spinning wheel for the Saxon spinning wheel.

The spinning wheel is the core component of the Saxon spinning wheel, used for spinning and stretching the yarn.

Because it's made of oak, Lynn needed to use fire to bend and reshape each oak strip, followed by binding and fixing it.

This would allow the oak to retain its bent shape.

The spinning wheel can be made of wood or iron.

As this was just a demonstration for Colin and the others, using oak would be more efficient.

Once the spinning wheel was finished and waiting for the oak to cool and reshape,

Lynn continued crafting other parts.

The base of the frame, pillars, and crossbars, among other components.

Only by crafting and assembling these parts perfectly could the spinning wheel be supported!

Before they knew it, it was afternoon.

The various parts of the spinning wheel were placed on the workbench beside Lynn.

Due to the long hours of labor and the oppressive heat, Lynn's cheeks and back were already soaked with sweat.

Despite Colin having called over two carpenter apprentices to fan Lynn, it was still to no avail.

The summer heat persisted.

Lynn didn't stop and continued crafting the spindles.

The spindle is the part used for winding the yarn, driven by the spinning wheel to rotate, thereby winding strands of yarn around the spindle.

Then, it was time to install the transmission of the Saxon spinning wheel.

Due to the lack of leather belts at that moment, Lynn had to temporarily use ropes as a substitute.

The installation of the transmission required ensuring the proper tension of the rope to guarantee the normal operation of the spinning wheel.

Unconsciously.

A Saxon spinning wheel was completed and placed before Colin and the others.

With a flick of his hand, Lynn turned the spinning wheel, beginning the final calibration test.

The main goal was to ensure that the spinning wheel's rotation was smooth and the spindle could work normally and steadily.

After a while.

Lynn finally stopped.

The creation of the Saxon spinning wheel, compared to the hand spinning wheel, was naturally much harder and more complex.

If it weren't for the knowledge Lynn had liver out, fused and comprehended,

even if someone explained it to him in detail right before his eyes, he might not have been able to make it.

Chapter 145: Spinning Machine

Knowledge and thought in one's mind determine the strength or weakness of imagination.

Lynn looked at Colin and asked, "Did you understand?"

Colin nodded, then shook his head in the next second.

"Master Lynn, it seems like I understand, but there are many details that I need your guidance on!"

Lynn responded, "What details?"

Amidst Colin's inquiries, Lynn continued to explain.

Until the night fully set in.

It was then that Colin seemed to have learned almost everything.

After all, Colin already had experience in the production of the spinning wheel.

As long as he could understand the core techniques of the Saxon Spinning Wheel, he could master them thoroughly.

Before leaving the Woodworker Workshop, Lynn told Colin that they needed to complete the Saxon Spinning Wheel and the loom as soon as possible.

Returning to the temporary residence in the Red Brick House.

In the living room, a bath barrel filled with hot water was already in place.

Having made the Saxon Spinning Wheel all day, he already smelled bad.

After a comfortable bath, Lynn changed into clean clothes, had dinner, and came to the open space in front of the village.

At this moment.

The sky was completely dark by now.

The bonfire in front of the village was burning fiercely.

The villagers, having finished dinner, were chatting idly in the village as usual.

Some villagers, with a little extra pence, even went directly to Lex's tavern for a few drinks.

Lynn even saw a few pairs of young male and female villagers, walking hand in hand on the dimly lit lime road of the cultivated land.

Lynn did not stop this.

Instead, he supported it even more.

The villagers were willing to form new families because they felt satisfied and safe with life in the territory.

No one would establish a family when they couldn't even feed themselves.

In that case, the children born would only burden the family, making life worse.

Just as Lynn was sighing in his heart.

Rose came riding from the distant darkness.

Handing over his horse to a Guard, he walked straight to Lynn's side.

"Master!"

Lynn glanced at Rose and asked, "What's the matter?"

Rose explained, "Master, one of the soldiers you previously dispatched to gather information has returned."

"The ten of them split into two teams of five, one headed to Kakasong City, and the other to Morgan Town."

"The returned soldier said that the price of edible salt in Kakasong City is rising sharply, now reaching eleven pence per pound!"

Lynn's eyebrows rose.

Isn't this price rising too fast?

If this continues, it will escalate to more than just the price of edible salt!

Lynn asked, "What else?"

Rose continued, "The Emperor of the Empire issued orders for the Grand Duke of Red Dragon to head to the Gibraltar Strait to slay the Sea Siren..."

"However... the Grand Duke of Red Dragon was defeated... Nearly half of those dozens of Kirk Ships were dragged into the sea by the Sea Siren's tentacles, resulting in at least ten thousand soldiers lost!"

"But... not a single Sea Siren was slain..."

Hearing this, Lynn nodded.

This is indeed the reason for the rapid increase in the price of edible salt.

Even the strong Lord known as the Grand Duke of Red Dragon returned without success.

People living at the bottom naturally worry about the scarcity of living materials.

This ultimately leads to panic buying and results in a shortage of multiple materials!

What surprised Lynn was the extraordinary tactics of the current Emperor of the Empire!

However.

This had nothing to do with him.

He has control over an open-pit salt mine!

And a method to produce fine salt with several times the higher output compared to outside.

Lynn had heard some of this information from Grayson's mouth, more or less.

But there was a time gap.

Several days have passed since Grayson informed him that the Grand Duke of Red Dragon was appointed by the Emperor to head to the Gibraltar Strait.

Lynn looked at Rose and said, "Purchase the best horses for them, I need to know the information in the city as soon as possible."

Pigeon messaging is quicker and more convenient than manpower and horses.

But in his territory, pigeons have never appeared, let alone trained homing pigeons.

Pigeon messaging requires special training to complete the transmission of information.

It requires a trainer to take the pigeon to a place away from the Pigeon Nest and use food and water to habituate it to shuttle back and forth between these two places...

Such training is not easy.

It requires a significant expenditure of human and material resources.

Moreover, in this world, with many hunters around, it's possible that the pigeon may be shot down someday!

Pigeon messaging can only be considered in the future.

Rose promptly responded, "Yes, Master Lynn."

"Master, there's one more piece of information, the Iron Blood Brotherhood Bandit Corps has been beaten and fled out of the range of Morgan Town by the Iron Thorns Mercenary Corps hired by the Morrison Manor Lord..."

Hearing this.

Lynn's eyebrows involuntarily raised.

Iron Thorns Mercenary Corps?

With enough money, one can indeed hire Mercenary Corps.

Whether for escort or for defense!

Even for waging war, as long as the price is right, they can be hired.

But naturally, the cost is not cheap.

Although he now had a substantial amount of money trading hands, Lynn, at least for now, had never considered relying on external forces to defend this piece of land.

It could lead to disasters!

After dismissing Rose, Lynn continued to ponder.

An intelligence system is extremely important.

And this ten-person team was Lynn's attempt to gather intelligence.

Future intelligence organizations should not only collect various types of information in the city.

They should also infiltrate various Lord Nobility groups and become the Household Attendants of those Lord Nobility!

Thus gathering and transmitting first-hand intelligence information.

Of course.

Lynn also knew this would be a long process.

...

In the following days.

Lynn stayed at Colin's Woodworker Workshop.

Even though he demonstrated once, Colin was still unclear about how to make the spinning wheel.

Fortunately, Lynn remained in the workshop, both grinding experience in production and providing answers for Colin.

The Handicraft Workshop District's construction was progressing rapidly.

The four Blacksmith Workshops that Lynn needed were all completely built.

The four weaving workshops were in the final stage of completion.

Next were Lex's Brewing Workshop, hemp retting workshop, ceramic workshop, trade guild hall, papermaking workshop, and printing workshop, among others.

And the school that Lynn currently most urgently wanted to construct!

Although the territory's development had made qualitative leaps.

There was still so much more for him to do.

The most crucial point is that there is still a shortage of labor!

If there were enough labor force, these constructions could be carried out simultaneously!

Chapter 146: Attack Target

The leaves of the forest trees are beginning to change color.

Displaying a scene woven with golden and reddish-brown hues.

Although the wasteland in the far distance, yet to be developed, remains covered with weeds.

Compared to the lush greenery of summer, it's already slightly yellowed.

September marks the harvest season.

Although Lynn's territory only planted three thousand acres of peas, they are now ripe.

Lynn stood on the limestone road, his gaze sweeping over the farmland.

In the farmland, pea vines were covered densely with pods.

Each pod displayed a mature pale yellow.

Lynn moved his hand, picked a pod, the peas inside full and firm.

Next, all that is needed is to cut the pea plants, collect them, and then transport them to the village for drying.

Once the pods are sun-dried to remove moisture, a casual strike with a bean-stick could easily thresh the pods.

Finally, they can be stored.

Whether used to make pea porridge, pea mash, or pea soup, they are all good foods.

Not only that.

Pea vines, stems, and leaves can directly serve as feed to nourish poultry.

Dried peas are even a high-quality feed for horses!

Lynn grasped the pea vine with his left hand and gripped the sickle tightly with his right, cut it from the base of the vine.

The motion was steady, trying not to damage the pods to prevent the peas from prematurely bursting.

With a swift turn, Lynn placed the peas into the nearby wicker basket.

[Collection Experience +1]

[Collection Experience +1]

[Collection Experience +1]

...

Working with their backs to the sun-baked earth is naturally exhausting.

However.

Lynn did not see any grievance or fatigue on the faces of the hundred workers.

What was evident was a feeling of harvest and fulfillment.

Lynn nodded with satisfaction.

Three thousand acres of peas, a hundred people working full speed, could be harvested in at most half a month.

By then, the entire Handicraft Workshop District would be complete.

The affluent villagers could once again invest in developing wasteland.

The harvest continued until the afternoon.

Only then did Lynn leave the pea field, heading to the Blacksmith Shop.

Casually, he grabbed a few pieces of fine meat from the jar held by the guard and tossed them to White Spirit Night.

[Breeding] skill experience accrued a few points.

A little while later.

Before Lynn had even approached the Blacksmith Shop, the rhythmic clanging of forging reached his ears.

He stepped directly inside.

Ehrello, who was still instructing the blacksmith apprentices, caught sight of him immediately.

He quickly stepped over to Lynn's side, respectfully announcing, "Master Lynn, the five hundred winged spears have been crafted and delivered to Instructor Rose."

Lynn acknowledged with a sound, his gaze surveying the surroundings of the Blacksmith Workshop, "How many blacksmith apprentices do you have now?"

In order to speed up the work, Lynn previously added ten to twenty at a time.

Even he couldn't remember exactly now.

The [Resource Management] panel could only show the total population of the territory.

Ehrela responded without hesitation, "Master Lynn, including myself, there are one hundred and eleven in total."

"Among them, twelve learn quickly, while the others only possess basic forging skills."

Lynn nodded, "From now on, the task of the Blacksmith Workshop is... forging wheel plows!"

"I want to see a hundred new wheel plows forged by the end of September."

During the summer tillage, the Blacksmith Shop managed to rush out forty wheel plows.

The developed wasteland was only three thousand acres.

Conditions weren't favorable at the time.

Be it labor force or refined iron, it was far from sufficient.

But now it's different.

The Blacksmith Workshop has over a hundred workers!

Ehrello, as the person responsible for the Blacksmith Workshop, is well-versed in how to craft wheel plows.

A month to forge a hundred wheel plows is not impossible.

Listening to Master Lynn's near-commanding tone, Ehrello dared not slack off in the slightest.

His whole demeanor became tense, responding solemnly, "Yes, Master Lynn!"

Lynn nodded, "I know, a month's time is rather tight, but this concerns the total cultivated area for autumn, which affects next year's harvest!"

"As long as one hundred wheel plows can be rushed and completed, there will be a reward of One Gold Pound per plow!"

Ehrello initially wanted to respond immediately.

But upon hearing the reward of One Gold Pound, his face froze.

The next second.

Ehrello exclaimed in surprise, "Master Lynn, rest assured, they will be rushed out no matter what!"

A hundred wheel plows, that's a hundred Gold Pounds!

Not to mention.

Even the average share among these blacksmith apprentices would be enough to let them live comfortably.

Lynn made a sound of acknowledgment, turned, and left the Blacksmith Workshop.

However, shortly after.

Cheers erupted within the Blacksmith Workshop.

Lynn couldn't help but smile faintly.

Since successfully excavating rock salt and starting to sell fine salt, he was destined never to lack money again.

What he lacked was manpower for excavating rock salt, producing fine salt, and generating Gold Pounds.

And the existence of the Blacksmith Workshop is undoubtedly the most crucial with the current development.

With it, a large quantity of iron products can be crafted, iron hoe and iron shovel, cross pickaxe, and so on.

Thus, wheel plows can be produced.

Wheel plows sharply develop wasteland, far beyond the capability of human labor!

This also proves the importance of tools.

Therefore.

Even if he invests more rewards in the Blacksmith Workshop, it is still reasonable.

Chapter 147: Attack Target

Only this way.

Can the blacksmiths' enthusiasm for labor be increased, and more labor tools be produced.

This is a virtuous cycle.

As for the other villagers, will they be envious?

Other villagers can try to be envious if they want!

See if anyone gets decapitated.

Of course, there's another method.

Join the Blacksmith Workshop.

This is undoubtedly what Lynn most wants to see.

The expansion of the Blacksmith Workshop to increase its scale is a foregone conclusion.

The only thing Lynn needs to consider now is how to find more labor!

Like the information Grayson and the scouts brought back.

The Sea Sirens occupying the Gibraltar Strait are preventing many merchants' longboats from entering.

At least in the short term, there will be fewer and fewer slaves delivered to his territory.

In such a situation, where else can more labor be found?

As Lynn walked, he pondered.

The Iron Blood Brotherhood Bandit Corps?

Lynn immediately dismissed this idea.

Even though they were originally villagers from various villages.

After joining the Bandit Corps, their mentality had long changed.

They could never return to the mindset of earning food through their labor.

Nowadays, their first reaction to a lack of food is to plunder!

Even if the leader of the Iron Blood Brotherhood Bandit Corps were to be dealt with, these bandits couldn't be subjugated.

Soon.

A new target came to Lynn's mind!

Morrison Manor!

However.

Lynn also understood that to attack Morrison Manor with the current armed forces of his territory.

The strength is far from sufficient.

More soldiers need to undergo rigorous training!

Next spring, attack Morrison Manor!

...

Turning his body, Lynn headed towards the loom workshop not far away.

In the loom workshop.

Since the loom workshop was just established, management was needed.

Kuisi was supervising the female villagers making robes.

Seeing Lynn coming, Kuisi immediately came over to greet him.

She spoke respectfully, "Master Lynn."

Lynn responded, "How is the robe production going?"

Kuisi quickly replied, "During this period, we've already made a batch! About two hundred sets."

As she spoke, Kuisi went to the workbench not far away, picked up a folded robe.

And jogged over to Lynn's side.

Kuisi unfolded the robe and presented it to Lynn.

"Master Lynn, this is the robe and trousers you requested..."

Lynn's gaze swept over it.

Because it's made of pure linen cloth and undyed, both the robe and trousers are natural, light yellow-brown.

Simple and plain.

Lynn didn't consider dividing the villagers' clothing by different colors for different job roles.

Such division could easily split the villagers of the entire territory.

With a slight motion of his hand, Lynn touched the robe, feeling the distinct irregular weave of fibers.

Because it's made of fiber, its moisture absorption is excellent, effectively absorbing sweat from the body, and its breathability prevents stuffiness.

The thickness should be about one millimeter, suitable for all seasons except for the snow-melting winter!

Lynn nodded, "Try it on."

The style of the linen robes, Lynn made only in three sizes: large, medium, and small.

For men, women, and children.

Kuisi responded and put the robe on herself.

Lynn glanced around, Kuisi's figure was medium, and the fit was decent after putting it on.

Lynn praised, "Quite good."

Red, standing beside, also looked up and down.

Feeling the familiar gaze from the two most familiar people, Kuisi's face became flushed.

Kuisi then prepared to take off the robe.

Lynn continued, "Keep it on. These clothes are prepared for you, and... your clothes are all tattered."

Kuisi followed Master Lynn's gaze.

Indeed.

At the elbow corner, her patched clothes were torn apart again.

Kuisi expressed her gratitude, "Thank you, Master Lynn."

"Master Lynn, perhaps you can pick a suitable manager from this workshop... I won't be able to go elsewhere if I stay here all the time."

To avoid misunderstanding, she quickly explained.

"Of course, Master Lynn, I can stay here all the time!"

Lynn naturally understood the meaning in Kuisi's words.

Now Kuisi was in charge of production and farming in the entire territory and was his assistant.

When he wasn't in the territory, Kuisi managed the entire manor.

She naturally couldn't stay in the loom workshop all the time.

Lynn smiled slightly, "Let me see."

He scanned over the women making linen robes.

Soon, Lynn's eyes fell on a middle-aged woman.

[Imini Qiao]: Level 3 Production, Planting Level 2, Collection Level 2

She has no skills, or talents.

But she has Level 3 in [Production] skills.

Lynn directly called out, "Imini!"

The middle-aged woman, who was diligently working, turned her head in confusion.

She confirmed that a man's voice had just called her name.

Soon.

Imini saw Master Lynn and others from a distance.

She was startled and quickly lowered her head, not daring to look directly.

As she was about to continue working, Kuisi walked over to her side.

Kuisi explained, "Ms. Imini, Master Lynn calls for you."

Chapter 148: Attack Target

Upon hearing Kuisi's shout, Yimini stood up nervously and said, "Steward Kuisi, is there something wrong?"

Kuisi showed a comforting smile, "It's definitely good news!"

Despite Kuisi's words, Yimini was still anxious, as she was just an ordinary Free Person.

When she arrived in front of Lynn, Yimini knelt down directly, "Master Lynn."

Lynn glanced at Yimini, "Stand up."

"I won't beat around the bush, Ms. Yimini, I need you to serve as the foreman of this textile workshop."

Just as Yimini was getting up, she widened her eyes instantly, "Master Lynn, you want me?"

Lynn nodded and said, "Yes, lead them to complete the textile production tasks I've assigned. You'll be rewarded for good work; if not, there'll be punishments!"

Listening to Master Lynn's calm words, Yimini's heart was in turmoil.

If she agreed to Master Lynn's offer, wouldn't that mean she would become a manager?

However, what worried Yimini more was the fear of punishment.

Just as she instinctively wanted to refuse, Kuisi whispered a few words in her ear.

Yimini's eyes instantly lit up, and she said with certainty, "Master Lynn, I will do my best!"

Lynn looked at Kuisi in surprise.

He noticed Kuisi wearing a mischievous smile.

Lynn nodded and said, "The first task for the textile workshop is that by the end of October, I want to see three thousand sets of robes and trousers!"

Upon hearing Lynn's stern tone, Yimini couldn't help but grow nervous again.

Her mind began to process quickly.

The fifty women now working here all have experience in making garments.

Almost every household owns a small hand-spinning wheel.

Their clothing is woven from linen they've planted and made into Linen Cloth themselves!

No matter how skilled they were, the simplest robes would still require at least two days to finish a set of robes and trousers.

It's currently early September, and there are sixty days until the end of October!

That means the fifty of them must make fifty sets per day.

Time has been halved.

Yimini felt hesitant.

Lynn stared directly at Yimini, "Can't do it? If you can't, I can replace you!"

At these words, Yimini instantly thought of what Kuisi had just said.

Yimini replied boldly, "Master Lynn, it can be done."

Lynn nodded in satisfaction, "Go get busy, if there's anything you need, don't hesitate to ask Kuisi."

Yimini bent over in response and stepped towards the work table.

Lynn vaguely felt that Yimini's aura seemed to have changed.

Retracting his gaze, Lynn turned to Kuisi and asked, "What did you say to her earlier?"

Getting someone who is somewhat timid to become brave isn't easy.

Kuisi chuckled lightly and said, "I mentioned that if she does well, Master Lynn might reward her with Gold Pounds, just like Ehrelo at the Blacksmith Workshop."

Lynn couldn't help but shake his head at Kuisi's words.

Kuisi somehow learned to promise great rewards?

However.

Lynn didn't mind it.

If Yimini can indeed lead these women to produce three thousand sets of robes and trousers before the temperature drops in October.

Rewarding Gold Pounds is no big deal.

Thinking further.

Gold Pounds are indeed a great motivator for boosting villagers' work enthusiasm.

And it's consistently effective!

Lynn left the textile workshop and headed to Lex's Brewing Workshop.

Lex was directing the apprentices to move tools within the Brewing Workshop.

At this moment, his face was full of gratified smiles.

The conditions on the territory were getting better and better.

As the third villager to arrive in Lynn Territory, Lex deeply understands this.

From the very beginning, squeezed into a simple wooden house with Master Lynn and Red Kuisi.

To living in the Red Brick House, and now to expanding the Red Brick Brewing Workshop to dozens of times its original size.

Moreover.

Even the brewing equipment has been entirely replaced with new ones!

The iron filter vats, boiling pots capable of cooking five thousand pounds, mash tuns...

The scale of this Brewing Workshop is something he had never seen before, even at Morrison Manor!

Lex knew all too well that every bit of it was accumulated by Master Lynn.

Just as Lex was filled with emotion, his gaze glanced towards the distance.

There, Master Lynn was coming over with some of Red's Guards.

Lex quickly bent over, "Master Lynn."

Lynn took a glance at the Brewing Workshop, "Proceed with brewing here, the finished beer can be stored in the cellar below!"

The cellar's balanced temperature is more conducive to beer storage.

Lex responded, "Alright, Master Lynn."

After conversing briefly with Lex, Lynn left the Brewing Workshop.

The territory's economic development mainly relied on exchanging fine salt.

The Brewing Workshop still has its necessary existence.

Only when the Brewing Workshop develops to a certain extent can the distillation method be used to produce alcohol!

The presence of alcohol can be used for medical wound disinfection, and also as a solvent for pharmaceuticals.

It can greatly enhance soldiers' survival chances after getting injured!

Purchasing a slave is easy, but training a qualified soldier is difficult.

Lynn doesn't want these soldiers to die on the territory or camps due to tetanus.

If they die, it should only be on the battlefield!

After that.

Lynn inspected the entire Handicraft Workshop District.

Ceramics Workshop, Flax Retting Workshop, and so on.

But due to limited labor force, he couldn't allocate more labor into these workshops.

He could only temporarily choose to put them on hold.

Up until now.

The entire territory's reconstruction, except for the main castle area, has been basically completed!

When Lynn arrived near the village, he saw caravans of horse-drawn carriages approaching from the distance.

Sturdy draft horses, reinforced metal carriage wheels, and dozens of fully armed Guards.

Leading the carriage was a rotund figure clad in armor and wearing a full face helmet.

Even though he couldn't see the face of the rotund figure, Lynn knew it was Alan Brown!

As the carriage got closer.

The rotund figure dismounted from a tall horse, walking limply towards Lynn.

Still.

That limping stride was quite noticeable!

Lynn's eyebrow raised slightly.

Soon.

The rotund figure arrived in front of Lynn, a somewhat hoarse and deep voice sounded from within the helmet.

"Master Lynn, I am... Alan, it's been a long time."

Alan's voice had changed.

Forming a distinct contrast with the previous clarity and precision.

This must be what Grayson meant by "his injuries are worse than mine"!

How is this less than serious?

Alan seemed to sense Lynn's unusual expression.

He explained, "I had some issues with that scoundrel Grayson, but... it's all resolved now."

"Master Lynn, the Warhorse I promised you earlier may need to be postponed."

"Due to the presence of Sea Sirens, the long ships docked at Fisherman's Wharf can hardly leave Gibraltar Strait..."

"However, I have brought you another cargo this time—a hundred and fifty Forest Pigs!"

Chapter 149: Autumn Plowing Begins

Forest Pig?

Lynn's gaze crossed Alan, looking towards the area behind him.

On those carriage driven by four horses were metal cages.

Inside the cages, pigs with tall and slender bodies, long limbs, and slimmer physique were locked up.

The skin of the forest pigs was black or dark brown, covered in dense black bristles, with long pointed ears and yellow sharp tusks.

Compared to the pink domestic pigs in Lynn's mind, there was a noticeable difference.

These forest pigs resembled the wild boars that had attacked Lynn's village before.

As Lynn stepped closer, waves of grunting noises and the foul stench of waste wafted towards him.

Lynn's gaze fell on one of the forest pigs.

A string of words appeared.

[Forest Pig]: Bred from tamed wild boars, they grow using free-range methods, containing high-quality protein, and their skin can be made into leather, etc.

Looking at the words ahead, Lynn nodded with satisfaction.

One hundred and fifty forest pigs were not too many.

However, this batch of forest pigs could be handed over to Guy for breeding.

Starting from this batch of forest pigs, they would continue to reproduce!

In the future, the forest pigs on Lynn's ranch would only increase.

Turning his gaze, he looked at Alan and inquired.

"What's the price for these forest pigs?"

Alan explained without any hesitation, "Master Lynn, I've spent a lot to get these forest pigs from another lord."

"So, the price might be a bit high!"

Lynn nodded calmly and said, "Just give me the direct quote."

Alan made a move with his hand and removed the Full Face Helmet he was wearing.

His eyes rolled around, and he said, "Each forest pig is four shillings."

Listening to Alan's words, Lynn pondered for a few seconds.

Indeed, it's a bit more expensive than the family price in the market.

But Lynn didn't mind.

He needed these wild pigs!

Lynn spoke up, "No problem."

Upon hearing Lynn's affirmative response, Alan slightly relaxed in his heart.

Fortunately, Master Lynn was willing to take over this batch of forest pigs.

Otherwise, not only would this trip be a waste of time, but finding the next buyer would also consume a lot of time.

Alan continued, "Master Lynn, there's also twenty thousand pounds of barley!"

Lynn replied, "Alright, I want it all."

Despite the ongoing pea harvest in the arable lands.

Lynn never rejected the chance for more grain.

He needed a large amount of grain to feed the villagers.

When the transaction was completed, carriages loaded with forest pigs headed towards the distant ranch.

Lynn and Alan went to the tavern.

Red served Lynn and Alan a drink, and the two sat facing each other.

Lynn leaned back, resting against the wooden chair backrest.

"Mr. Alan, I'm curious, aren't you and Grayson brothers?"

"How did it come to the point where faces are torn apart?"

Listening to Lynn, Alan didn't say anything, moved his hand, picked up the beer from the table, and drank it in large gulps.

One glass wasn't enough, so he even poured two more glasses for himself and drank them.

Bang!

Alan smashed the bottom of the glass onto the table, speaking in a hoarse voice, "Master Lynn, this is our family tradition... Ordinarily, I shouldn't be telling outsiders."

"But... Master Lynn, you are my friend."

Alan paused slightly, then continued.

"The Brown Clan's tradition is for the younger generation to compete with each other, develop and manage their own businesses until the age of twenty, and whoever has the most assets becomes the new patriarch."

"But... there exists an extremely unfair family rule!"

"I... am already eighteen."

"I have been out three years before a dozen others like Grayson!"

"Three years can accomplish a lot..."

"It is for this reason that I became the target they had to surpass and hated... Even some guys are willing to give up their patriarch position to help Grayson."

Lynn knowingly nodded.

In this case, it is indeed unfair to Grayson and the others.

Cooperation is certainly the best way.

Lynn glanced at Alan's leg, "What you said about resolving... what exactly?"

Perhaps because the conversation had opened, this time Alan didn't hesitate.

"The solution is... if Grayson becomes the patriarch, he promised not to exterminate my family!"

He agreed.

Upon hearing this.

Lynn couldn't help but raise his eyebrows.

Is this the Brown Clan tradition?

It seems somewhat cruel.

But isn't this world exactly like that?

Only those who survive can enjoy this world!

Alan sighed and said, "If things go as planned and continue developing this way, I have an eighty percent chance of becoming the patriarch of the Brown Clan."

"But now, there's an unexpected event..."

Lynn thought of something and slightly frowned, "Unexpected event? Are you saying... me?"

Alan stared at Lynn, nodding somewhat woodenly.

"Yes, you, Lynn... Blake."

Lynn's eyebrows immediately furrowed deeper.

Alan investigated him?

Knew his true identity?

Lynn's breath suddenly became heavy.

But soon, his breathing steadied.

After all, Alan Brown belonged to the merchant household of the Brown clan.

He certainly had powerful connections and a strong network!

Knowing his true identity is reasonable.

Chapter 150: Autumn Plowing Begins

Alan continued speaking: "If Grayson hadn't met you, he wouldn't have had any chance to surpass me."

"If you didn't have the salt mine, Grayson would just be a grasshopper I toy with..."

"If you didn't value Grayson, he'd never hope to become the Patriarch of the Brown Clan!"

"But... because of your appearance, finding the open-pit salt mine, the future developments have become uncertain..."

Salt mines are all controlled by those Great Lords or the Nobility.

The production of fine salt and those who sell it have fixed candidates.

Because such a highly lucrative industry is monopolized.

In other words.

An ordinary merchant cannot possibly find a Lord to sell fine salt.

But Lynn here is an exception.

And was even discovered by Grayson by chance!

Lynn looked at Alan calmly, "So what do you plan to do?"

Listening to Lynn's words, Alan fell silent.

After a few seconds.

Alan shook his head and said, "I don't know."

He had thought about going to Marquis Duca's castle to report.

He had also thought about going to the Merchant Guild to lodge a complaint.

He even considered reporting the salt mining here to the clergy at the Church.

Whether it was Marquis Duca, the Merchant Guild, or even the Church, they would stop Lynn from continuing the excavation.

But in the end, he still transported the goods Lynn needed to Lynn's territory.

Because as long as he continued trading with Lynn, he wouldn't necessarily lose to Grayson!

After speaking.

Alan poured another glass of beer and drank it down.

An hour passed.

George brought Alan's carriage team to the open space in front of the tavern.

George entered with deliberate steps and spoke respectfully to Lynn: "Master, Mr. Alan's fine salt has all been loaded onto the carriage."

Just as Lynn was about to speak, Alan hiccupped after drinking and stood up.

"Master Lynn, thank you for the beer, it really tastes good, I'll be leaving then..."

Lynn responded with a sound.

Watching Alan's limping figure leave the tavern, he mounted a horse and eventually rode away.

Lynn's gaze remained on the doorway.

After a short while.

His tightly clenched right hand gradually relaxed.

Lynn abandoned the plan to keep Alan in the territory forever.

Now the territory is developing rapidly, with large quantities of fine salt being traded and transported out each time.

It's only a matter of time before it is known by those Lord Nobility or even the Church.

After all, there are no impenetrable walls in this world!

If Alan could uncover his true identity, others surely could too.

If Alan were killed on his territory, it would not only fail to silence him but might also offend the Brown Clan.

It was uncertain whether the Brown Clan's retaliation would follow.

However.

Lynn had another thought.

Since Alan learned his true identity but still chose to trade with him in the territory.

Clearly, Alan wasn't prepared to sever ties with him!

He wouldn't do anything that harms others without benefiting himself.

But within Lynn's heart, a strong sense of crisis gradually arose, overtaking him.

To preserve all of this.

He must continue to strengthen the armed forces of the territory.

Lynn's thoughts turned inward, and he opened the "Heavenly Artifacts" panel.

He glanced at the panel, seeing the territory's total population already reached 3,340 people.

Among them, 65% are male, which is 2,170 people.

He also had to subtract 20% of the elderly, the weak, and women from that.

There are at most 1,700 strong men.

From these 1,700 men, 300 have been selected for the Guard Team and as soldiers guarding the city walls.

The remaining 1,300 men are to be used for excavating the open-pit salt mine, iron mine, and coal mine!

Such heavy work can only be done by strong men.

If more were drafted from these men to become soldiers.

The development of the territory would certainly slow down...

The only way is to continue purchasing a large labor force!

Or... to seize the labor force!

Lynn stood up, walked out of the tavern, and arrived at the open space in front of the village.

He gazed into the distance.

Alan's carriage team slowly disappeared into the horizon.

...

At dusk.

Golden sunlight spread over the farmland.

Turning the entire territory into a sea of gold.

In the fields, hundreds of villagers, bathed in the setting sun, were tirelessly sweating.

One patch of peas after another was harvested and transported by cart, wagonload after wagonload back to the village.

After days of continuous effort.

The harvest of 3,000 acres of peas finally neared its end.

Lynn was naturally among the crowd.

Until nightfall.

Lynn couldn't help but take a deep breath.

Now he was drenched in sweat, and even though he wore only a thin layer of clothing, he was still soaked through.

On his arms, neck... there were red marks caused by pea vines.

Luckily, the peas have all been harvested.

His experience in "Planting" was also rapidly increasing, nearing an upgrade.

Lynn walked on the lime road returning to the village, surrounded by simple-faced villagers.

A chorus of leisurely, relaxed voices continued from their mouths.

Curious only about what the food would be for tonight.

Planning to visit the public bath after dinner.

Then go for a stroll together...