

System 151

Chapter 151: Autumn Plowing Begins

The life of ordinary people has always been so simple.

A few minutes later.

Lynn returned to the village and walked straight back to his red brick house.

After a comfortable bath, he changed into a set of clothes and walked out of the wooden house.

At this moment.

The night had completely fallen.

Enveloping the entire sky and earth.

In the village, only a heavily burning bonfire remained, dispelling the darkness.

Beside the bonfire.

Under the care of the chef, a dozen fat whole pigs were being roasted to a golden brown.

Curls of pork fat kept bursting open, then flowed down the pork, the rich aroma of meat continuously circling and filling the noses and mouths of the villagers.

Their mouths watered, and they couldn't help swallowing.

The temptation of meat was simply too great for them.

On the iron table beside, piles of barley bread and pots of steaming hot various porridges were placed.

Fish and barley porridge, pork and barley porridge...

There were even baskets of fruits and barrels of beer placed on top.

This abundance of food was something the villagers had never seen before.

Seeing Master Lynn finished bathing, Kuisi immediately went up to greet him.

She explained, "Master Lynn, as per your instructions, all the food is ready."

In the afternoon.

Master Lynn had called her over, saying that a banquet needed to be prepared.

A large amount of meat and bread needed to be made.

Lynn nodded, "Well done."

Lynn's arrival immediately attracted the attention of a group of villagers.

They widened their eyes, waiting for their Master Lynn's words.

Such a feast, such a grand scene.

Master Lynn naturally had a big announcement to make.

Lynn scanned the crowd and spoke in a deep voice, "Everyone, the reconstruction tasks of the territory have already been more than half completed, and the peas have also been harvested."

"Tonight is a celebration banquet! Food and drink are unlimited! This is your deserved reward!"

Upon hearing Master Lynn's words, the group of villagers became excited.

Lynn's voice continued.

"However, after tonight, starting tomorrow, this territory will embark on a new journey!"

"I need all of you to invest in the cultivation of arable land."

"Only by cultivating more land can we plant more crop seeds and achieve a bountiful harvest."

"Only then will you have a continuous supply of food!"

Lynn's words were very calm, without any inspiring shouts or fervor.

But just such a plain account told them the most necessary things to do.

Their industrious labor was not only for the development of Master Lynn's territory but also for their own sustenance.

Their labor and eating were closely related.

"Cultivate, cultivate!"

"Cultivate the fields!"

"..."

Listening to the continuous shouting, Lynn nodded in satisfaction.

He was indeed the lord of this territory.

But with the current loyalty of the villagers, he didn't even need to deliberately stir their emotions, nor did he need to brainwash them.

As long as he gave them a goal, they would go and toil silently.

This was undoubtedly the best state for the development of a territory.

Lynn declared, "Next, it's banquet time!"

With Master Lynn's permission, the villagers looked ahead at the bonfire with surprise on their faces and walked over.

Although the roast pig meat was extremely tempting to them.

But after having meat in every meal during this period.

They were no longer rushing madly to grab.

After all, the food Master Lynn prepared for them daily was simply too good.

The open space in front of the village was slightly chaotic.

Because of the large number of people, it was inevitable.

But it was orderly amidst the chaos.

No grabbing or contention occurred.

Lynn sat on a long bench in front of a square table, watching the villagers from afar.

Eating roast pork, drinking beer, sitting in groups of threes and fours...

Their faces were filled with happy smiles.

At this moment.

Kuisi came over with a large bowl of wheat porridge and a large plate of roast pork.

And placed these foods on the table.

Kuisi kindly said, "Master Lynn, these are pork loins, the best part."

Lynn looked at Kuisi and said, "Good."

With a movement of his hand, he picked up the iron fork and started eating.

The roast pork was tender and juicy, with the pork skin having a crispy texture and rich flavor.

The chef indeed did a great job.

Time slowly passed.

The blazing bonfire gradually dimmed, and finally turned into embers and ashes.

The villagers on the open space had dispersed, returning to their red brick houses to rest.

Waiting for tomorrow, to begin a new round of cultivation.

...

The next morning.

The villagers woke up early.

Coming to the open space in front of the village, after having breakfast, waiting for Master Lynn's orders.

Biologically conditioned, Lynn woke up even earlier than them.

Swallowing a spoonful of the egg custard in his hand, Lynn began to assign tasks.

The territory had three thousand three hundred forty people!

Excluding sixty children, and the villagers from the Handicraft Workshop District.

Whether it was rock salt mining, the Salt Factory, anthracite mining, or iron ore mining, even the Red Brick Factory!

Lynn had carried out a reduction.

Farming.

Was the foundation of everything!

Looking at the two thousand people in front of him, Lynn divided them into four batches.

The first batch cleared weeds, tree roots, and stones.

The second batch drove the oxen with wheel plows for cultivation.

The third batch followed the wheel plow, breaking up large chunks of turned soil with hoes, raking evenly, and removing stones and tree roots from the soil.

The fourth batch dug furrows in the soil and added compost!

This time's cultivation was not much different from summer plowing.

The only difference was that Lynn now had a lot of manpower and a hundred and forty wheel plows.

Ehreló's Blacksmith Workshop did not disappoint Lynn's trust and expectations.

At the end of the month, a hundred wheel plows were already completed!

Clear division of labor minimizes unnecessary handovers.

Was simply the only way to improve work efficiency.

Coupled with many villagers having experience driving wheel plows.

This time, the plowing range would definitely be wider and taller!

Lynn needed wider land to plant crops.

With Lynn's command, two thousand villagers dispersed with their iron farming implements.

This year's autumn plowing began!

Chapter 152: The Down-and-Out Knight

In the wasteland four or five miles away from the village.

A thousand people were busy with various iron farming tools in hand.

The tools forged from high-quality iron were remarkably sharp.

Those clumps of weeds and thorns were instantly cut down to the root by the scythe.

Only the roots remained deeply embedded in the soil.

When another group of villagers arrived, the broad iron hoes came down, directly uprooting them...

These may look like weeds but hold different values.

Among them were not only herbs but also wild straw.

The herbs could be used for making decoctions, while the straw and some hay could feed poultry and livestock.

Moreover, they could even be used as fuel for lighting fires.

Even those small stones could be taken back and made into simple grinding tools.

Everything has its use.

Especially in such a resource-scarce world!

A thousand villagers lined up, continuously clearing into the distance.

The speed of each person wasn't much different.

If one stood from a high place, it was clear to see.

It was like a disordered sheet of paper being smoothed out and cleaned.

It gave an inexplicable sense of comfort and relief.

[Collection Experience +1]

[Collection Experience +1]

[Collection Experience +1]

...

Lynn, aiming to gain level experience, was naturally among those doing the clearing.

Lynn stood upright, glancing back.

An hour passed.

Behind him, there was already a large area of cleared open space.

Lynn roughly estimated.

A thousand villagers with scythes and other iron tools cleared for an hour with full effort.

The area of wasteland cleared was about two hundred mu!

At this rate, excluding the one hour of lunch and the gradual physical decline with labor.

In one day, at most four hundred mu of wasteland could be cleared!

It is now the end of September.

In the climate of the Karedi Empire, the latest to start sowing winter wheat is by the end of October!

That is to say.

The time left for them to reclaim farmland is less than thirty days.

Calculating for thirty days, they could clear nearly forty thousand mu of wasteland!

And one wheel plow could cultivate fifteen mu of wasteland a day...

Now on the land, there were a hundred and forty wheel plows.

After that, following the normal pace was completely sufficient!

Lynn's gaze extended far ahead.

There, the villagers were driving oxen, dragging the wheel plows towards their direction.

The speed was even, requiring hardly any effort.

The importance of the lime road was evident once again.

To become prosperous, roads must first be built!

Retracting his gaze, Lynn went back to clearing the weeds.

All the way until afternoon.

Lynn walked directly towards the nearby temporary huts.

Under the huts, barrels of beer and cool well water were placed.

For the villagers' drinking, to replenish their bodies with water.

Taking a few gulps of well water, Lynn let out a comfortable burp.

Gazing forward.

The clearing of weeds in the front was ongoing, while behind, villagers had already started cultivating with oxen.

Despite being drawn by two oxen, the speed of cultivation still could not match the speed of clearing.

Both were almost keeping just a safe distance apart.

After a short rest.

Lynn began walking back towards the village.

On the broad and flat lime road in front of the village, pea plants were being sun-dried.

After several days of basking in the sun, the pods had already turned yellow and curled.

Even as Lynn walked by, the sound of pods popping and peas rolling could be heard.

Ahead, villagers in pairs drove draft horses, dragging stone rollers back and forth over the pea plants.

With so many villagers on the territory now, creating a few stone rollers didn't take much time.

But the existence of stone rollers greatly enhanced the efficiency of pea threshing.

Stone roller threshing indeed crushed some peas, but compared to quick threshing, reduced labor input and increased efficiency.

Crushing some peas didn't matter at all.

Even the crushed peas could be swept up to feed poultry and livestock.

In just a few days, the last of these sun-dried and threshed peas could be stored in the warehouse.

The villagers threshing noticed Lynn approaching and quickly bowed, respectfully greeting him.

"Master Lynn."

"Master Lynn..."

"..."

Lynn responded with a nod, "Hmm, you all continue with your work."

As he spoke, Lynn had already walked past them.

Watching the receding figure of Master Lynn, seven or eight villagers were full of surprise and admiration.

This was their first time greeting Master Lynn.

Unexpectedly, he was so approachable!

Walking on the lime road, Lynn's thoughts stirred, opening the [Resource Management] panel.

In the [Grain Crops] section, the number of peas had already increased to nearly eight hundred thousand pounds!

Plus the peas still drying and yet to be stored.

Planting three thousand mu of peas could yield nine hundred thousand pounds.

That's over three hundred pounds of peas per mu.

Comparing this to the over one hundred pounds per mu harvested with the current world's broadcasting planting technique.

This pea planting was indeed a bountiful harvest!

As long as no merchants delivered a large number of slaves afterward, this batch of peas was enough to support the villagers in his territory through the year stably!

Chapter 153: Destitute Knight _2

There is not even a need to worry about hunger.

But!

This is because Lynn invested a large amount of pea seeds and put in a lot of manpower and resources.

Thirty pounds of pea seeds per acre, five pounds more than scattering planting.

A wheel plow was used to cultivate the land, turning up the rich soil deep below.

The planting method of strip-sowing was adopted.

Special personnel were also arranged for weeding, watering, fertilizing, and top-dressing.

The abundant harvest of peas was expected.

It wasn't luck, nor was it relying on the sky!

This is the reasonable and effective planting of land, the rightful harvest!

After closing the panel, Lynn returned to the open ground in front of the village.

As soon as he stood still, Rose came galloping from a distance.

Seeing Lynn ahead, Rose hesitated slightly.

Suddenly pulling the reins, he halted the horse beneath him, and dismounted.

He quickly ran to Lynn and spoke, "Master!"

"We discovered a small group of bandits outside the city walls, looting a wagon caravan!"

Lynn was not surprised at all, and he asked, "Can you see which caravan it is?"

The ones who could manage to drive the wagon loaded with goods here were very likely the merchants he had previously traded with.

Grayson, Alan, Kari, and Boer.

The first three all had their own guard teams, only Boer...

Before returning to the village, Lynn received a warning from [Disaster Alert].

[Disaster Alert]: Attention! A small group of sixty or so bandits is roaming near your territory, plundering a caravan.

Rose shook his head and spoke with a hint of apology, "The distance is quite far, it's hard to see clearly..."

Lynn acknowledged and said, "Let's go have a look!"

At this moment, a guard had already led Mo Ying to Lynn's side.

Lynn directly mounted the horse, nudged Mo Ying's belly, and Mo Ying immediately understood and galloped towards the lime road ahead.

Red Rose and several guards followed closely behind.

...

On a desolate wasteland.

Ten double-horse-drawn wagons stopped on the road.

A series of galloping hoofbeats constantly surrounded the wagon convoy.

Accompanied by arrogant and rampant shouts.

Howl howl howl~

At the very front of the wagons, Boer's face was full of sternness, his mouth gritting his teeth.

Yes.

He was surrounded by bandits again.

He remembered the appearance and dress of these bandits, especially that man different from others—the burly man in plate armor.

Boer knew that this group was the Iron Blood Brotherhood Bandit Corps!

Boer wanted to resist, but he found that all these bandits were riding horses, holding swords.

The number of people added up to at least over sixty.

Despite being looted last time, he had spent a fortune hiring ten guards.

But against this group of bandits, they seem insufficient!

A middle-aged man holding a two-handed sword also had a face full of solemnity and tension.

He was the captain of this guard team, Ryan Isaac.

At this moment, Ryan's heart was full of bitterness.

He initially thought this was a light job, but unexpectedly, they encountered the Iron Blood Brotherhood Bandit Corps.

Ryan glanced at Boer and asked, "Master Boer, what should we do now?"

Boer said with some annoyance, "You, go kill them all!"

Ryan's eyes widened instantly, "Us? Master Boer, are you joking?"

Boer rolled his eyes, "Should I go then?"

Ryan instantly fell silent.

However.

Boer quickly began to think in his mind.

With the strength and number of these guards, it's impossible to break through this group of bandits.

Moreover, there are tens of thousands of pounds of food on the wagons.

There is only a possible way for them to survive.

First, disarm and surrender, hand over all the goods and wagons to the Iron Blood Brotherhood Bandit Corps, kneel down and beg for mercy, perhaps they will live.

Secondly, the distance to Master Lynn's city walls is still a stretch, but it is already visible from afar.

If the stationed soldiers on the walls can see them and report it.

Master Lynn might, in consideration of past dealings, send troops for rescue...

Just as Boer was thinking,

The bandits surrounding the wagons gradually stopped.

Their eyes were filled with greed when looking at the goods, and full of ridicule and disdain when looking at Boer and the others.

Clop clop clop~

The sound of iron hooves trampling the ground rang out.

Boer and Ryan's gaze involuntarily turned that way.

They saw the burly man in full plate armor, riding a warhorse, emerge through the bandits.

Looking at the shocking, centipede-like scar on the burly man's cheek, the two held their breath.

Anthony's cold gaze swept over Boer and the others, his voice deep and said, "Hand over the goods and leave immediately."

"Otherwise, die!"

Hearing these words, Ryan's heart slightly relaxed.

Luckily, they were just bandits seeking money!

Otherwise, his hard-earned brothers might not have survived.

Ryan immediately turned to look at Boer and found Boer's face full of reluctance and hesitation.

Ryan instantly understood.

For him, as long as the guards could survive, he could continue to find new employers.

But for Boer, if this batch of goods was plundered, he would face enormous losses, or even direct bankruptcy!

Ryan sighed slightly and advised, "Master Boer, think it over."

Chapter 154: The Down-and-Out Knight _3

"The cargo is lost, but we can start over; if people are lost, then there's nothing left!"

"Of course, if you're unwilling, then we'll fight to the death to help you protect the cargo!"

As a hired guard, Ryan had his own principles.

That was to obey the employer's orders and ensure the safety of the employer's property.

Even if it costs him his life!

After becoming a guard, each of them knew this was the mission of a guard.

Return alive, earn fame and wages.

If dead, it only means bad luck!

Feeling the warmth from his arm, Boer, who was about to launch a counterattack, glanced at Ryan in surprise.

An inexplicable feeling arose within Boer's heart.

That feeling soothed the anger and reluctance in his heart, making him calm.

Boer smiled slightly, saying, "You're right, life only comes once."

Ryan glanced at Boer in surprise.

He didn't expect Boer to come to terms so quickly.

He was even prepared to call the guards to fight.

Boer turned his gaze, looking at the burly man in plate armor, "The cargo is yours, but we need to survive!"

Anthony nodded indifferently, "Of course."

With Anthony's response, Ryan and the guards shielded Boer as they gradually moved away from the cargo.

The bandits surrounding them also gradually dispersed.

Hall, next to Anthony, relaxed his expression.

They badly needed this batch of cargo to replenish the Iron Blood Brotherhood's food supply.

Ever since the last battle with Aiden and the Iron Thorns Mercenary Corps.

The Iron Blood Brotherhood was severely wounded!

With casualties reaching over fifty!

If it weren't for Hall constantly persuading Anthony, Anthony would have surely fought to the death.

Not to mention whether they could win, even if victorious, how many members would survive?

As Hall was sighing in his heart.

A gaunt man seemed to have heard something.

He turned his head to look.

The gaunt man's eyes contracted, quickly yelling in alarm.

"Leader, it's bad! The army... it's the army!"

Upon hearing such rare words, everyone turned and looked.

They saw, far on the wasteland's horizon, a squad of soldiers marching orderly toward them.

Despite wearing simple linen robes.

They were uniformly dressed, clean and tidy.

Especially the weapons they held—a five-meter-long winged spear!

An army!

It was truly an army!

Boer, who had entered the city walls a few times, naturally knew those were Master Lynn's soldiers, Master Lynn's army!

Sure enough, Master Lynn knew everything here.

His caravan... was saved!

Riding on a warhorse, Anthony was full of gloom.

His right hand tightly gripped the lance!

While Hall had a hint of panic on his face.

It was his first time facing a military unit of this scale.

He pressed slightly against the horse's belly, coming to Anthony's side, asking, "Lord Anthony... I think we should retreat!"

Anthony's gaze turned to Hall, "Are you frightened?"

At this sudden question, Hall was shocked, quickly replying, "Lord, you've misunderstood, I mean we should prioritize the overall situation."

"No matter how unmatched your bravery is, Lord Anthony, but there are simply too many enemies..."

Anthony remained silent, seemingly pondering something.

Looking at the distant army, he roughly estimated, at least three hundred men!

While they had only about sixty.

Despite having high mobility with horses, the disparity in numbers was simply too large...

Anthony coldly said, "Retreat!"

With the words, Anthony pulled the reins, and his warhorse immediately turned direction, galloping towards the distant wasteland.

Watching Anthony's figure gradually recede.

Hall felt relieved, withdrawing his gaze, he looked at Boer, saying solemnly, "You're lucky... but, what we can't get, others shouldn't get easily either!"

"Brothers, burn all this food... burn it all for me!"

A chorus of bandit responses rang out.

"Yes, Lord Hall."

"Isn't it too wasteful? But, I like it..."

"Burn it all, hurry up and burn it!"

"..."

Upon hearing Hall's words, Boer's face changed instantly, he shouted loudly, "You beasts!"

"Captain Ryan, what are you waiting for? Quick, stop them!"

One by one, torches were pulled out from their arms, opened with a gentle blow.

A flame suddenly blazed.

As the bandits threw the torches, smoke began to rise above the caravan, and grew thicker!

Despite Ryan's guards' interference, several carriages were still showing signs of burning.

Boer wore an expression of distress, shouting in confusion, "They're beasts, beasts!"

This two-horse cart could carry a load of three thousand pounds!

That means, it's three thousand pounds of barley.

Even if those bandits looted it, why burn it?

What crime does the food commit?

Don't they know the panic and helplessness when there's no food to eat?

When Lynn arrived on horseback with all the soldiers, the bandits had already fled.

Without long-range weapons, and only walking, naturally it was impossible to catch the bandits.

Lynn gazed into the distance.

There, one by one, mounted silhouettes were gradually receding.

But within them was a figure, causing Lynn to slightly raise an eyebrow.

It was a knight with a tall horse, wearing plate armor!

A fallen knight, reduced to banditry, huh?

However, this is not surprising.

Both the king and the Great Lord have the power to knight.

Knights knighted by the Great Lord can act within the Great Lord's territory and exercise granted powers.

Yet as it develops, many knighted small families falter due to poor management or lack of ability.

Leading to family decline, loss of power.

But they refuse to become ordinary people...

Thus, many pretentious yet powerless fallen knights emerged...

A scent like roasting corn wafted into Lynn's nose, drawing him back.

At that moment, Boer was watching the unloaded seven or eight bags of barley, full of regret.

As if sensing something, Boer turned to look at Lynn on horseback.

He bent his waist, speaking respectfully, "Thank you for your rescue, Master Lynn."

If it weren't for Master Lynn arriving in time, forget about the barley.

The caravan would've been looted by bandits.

Lynn nodded, saying, "It's just good that you're alright."

Chapter 155: Emperor Potato

The sixty or so bandits left, and Lynn was not at all happy, but rather felt a slight regret.

Three hundred villagers turned soldiers, armed with winged spears, faced off against sixty mounted bandits.

If the war really started, many of the three hundred soldiers would certainly die or be wounded.

But for the soldiers who survived, it would be a blood and tears training!

A soldier who has not stained his hands with blood, who has not personally slain an enemy, can he be considered a qualified soldier?

Of course not!

Lynn instructed Rose to lead this group of soldiers back to the city walls to continue organizing training.

Lynn and Boer walked along the lime road through the forest.

Boer was narrating his experiences of encountering bandits twice, speaking with great pain and bitterness.

He longed to devour the Iron Blood Brotherhood alive!

Yet Lynn felt that Boer seemed a bit different.

Previously, he still maintained the character of a local merchant, giving the impression of a small-time trader.

Now, however, Boer's speech was more confident, although still centered around livestock.

But the aura around him was entirely different from before.

After a short while.

Lynn returned to the village.

Once the transaction amount was confirmed, the villagers began unloading the goods from the carts.

Ryan and his guards, visiting Lynn Territory for the first time, curiously scanned everything around them.

Neatly arranged red brick houses, flat and orderly red brick pavements, and in the distance, a tall castle under construction!

Everything here seemed so new.

Ryan understood that this was a rapidly developing territory!

The young and handsome man speaking with Master Boer is the owner of this land!

It was not until an hour later.

The more than twenty thousand pounds of barley and wheat were unloaded by the villagers.

Twenty thousand pounds of barley and ten thousand pounds of wheat were exchanged for one thousand pounds of fine salt.

The price of fine salt had already soared to ten pence per pound!

But Lynn still gave Boer the fine salt at a price of six pence per pound.

Lynn firmly believed in one principle.

Only when merchants gained enormous profits from transactions would they brave life and death to transport goods to his territory.

Boer left.

Carrying 1,700 kilograms of fine salt and his guard team.

Walking along the lime road in the open wilderness.

Ryan curiously watched the many villagers cultivating the barren land.

He couldn't help but ask Boer, "Master Boer, who exactly is that young lord?"

There is a tall wall that can withstand anything.

There are soldiers and armies, and so many villagers in the territory, so many red brick houses...

The key is, the trading is conducted using fine salt!

Listening to Ryan's words, Boer's expression slightly darkened.

However, he did not reprimand Ryan.

Instead, he asked, "Captain Ryan, would you like to become the exclusive guards of my merchant caravan?"

Ryan's eyebrows couldn't help but rise.

"Exclusive guards?"

Not only Ryan, but the other guards also looked at Boer curiously.

Boer began to explain, "Yes, exclusive guards."

"No longer accepting other people's employment, only responsible for the safety of my merchant caravan!"

"In return, you can receive 10% of the transaction profits for each escort mission!"

Ryan stared at Boer in surprise, "10% of the profits?"

They were guards from the Mercenary Guild, similar to the Mercenary Corps, registered on record.

The difference being variations in size.

Their major employers were merchants from various caravans, or other manor lords.

But regardless of the employer's identity, they could only receive fixed wages from the Mercenary Guild.

For instance, for this journey, they accepted an escort task in Morgan Town, coming to this remote wasteland.

The eleven guards, just for one gold pound in total.

If a guard died, there would be several shillings as compensation.

But if the goods were lost, not only would they receive no pay, but they also had to compensate part of the goods to the employer.

The guild's points would be deducted, making it difficult to take on escort tasks in the future.

It seemed straightforward, but there were many constraints.

Boer nodded, "For instance, for this trip, I originally intended to transport 30,000 pounds of grain to this territory, and exchange it for fine salt!"

"Twenty-four thousand pounds of barley, six thousand pounds of wheat, purchased at a cost of nearly Twenty-Four Gold Pounds."

"But after exchanging it for 1,700 kilograms of fine salt, then selling it."

"When we return to Kakasong City, the price of fine salt will inevitably reach eleven pence per pound..."

Thoughts whirled furiously in Ryan's mind.

"So, Master Boer, you could gain nearly Fifty-Three Gold Pounds from this transaction?"

"We could earn... Five Gold Pounds?"

Boer looked at Ryan in surprise, "Your mental calculation ability is strong."

"To be precise, it should be five gold pounds and six shillings!"

Ssss!

Ryan couldn't help but take a deep breath.

Five gold pounds and six shillings!

If he agreed with Master Boer, this trip could earn as much as five times?

With this money, he could do many things!

Autumn was approaching, he could buy some clothes for the family.

Could purchase some meat to feed those craving sons and daughters.

His scimitar could be taken to the blacksmith shop for maintenance.

Even with one or two more trips, a set of leather armor could be bought...

Thinking of this, Ryan looked at the other guards.

Ryan found that the other guards were staring at him with wide eyes, full of longing.

Chapter 156: Emperor Potato

He instantly understood the meaning behind it.

Everyone travels all over just to earn more money, right?

Looking at Boer beside him, Ryan spoke sincerely, "Master Boer, we are willing!"

Boer nodded in satisfaction, "Very good."

...

The development of the territory is still ongoing.

Two thousand villagers continue to diligently cultivate the wasteland.

After Lynn explained the reason behind it, there was no need to assign guards for supervision.

Lynn turned his gaze towards Red beside him.

"Do you know how to make a longbow?"

Hearing Lynn's words, Red was momentarily surprised.

But, in the next moment.

Red said confidently, "I do, Master Lynn."

Hearing Red's confident response, Lynn's eyebrows raised slightly.

Red truly deserved to be called an experienced hunter.

Anything related to bows, he excelled at!

Lynn nodded and said, "Let's go to the Woodworker Workshop."

The bow is essential for arming the soldiers in the territory.

With bows and archers, enemies can be weakened before they even approach the city walls.

This would reduce the difficulty of defending the city.

It could also serve as a deterrent!

Without sturdy shields, facing bows and arrows is a death sentence!

Walking over the flat red brick pavement.

Soon.

Lynn brought Red to Colin's Woodworker Workshop.

Inside the Woodworker Workshop.

Colin was explaining to a dozen apprentices how to make spinning wheels.

Seeing Lynn appear, Colin stopped and respectfully said, "Master Lynn?"

All the apprentices quickly bowed in salute.

Lynn replied, "Colin, I need you to lead people to build a large bow and arrow workshop!"

Colin stepped forward, walking towards Lynn, "Master Lynn, if it's just the main structure of the workshop, there shouldn't be much issue."

Lynn nodded and said, "Completing the main structure will suffice."

Colin responded, "That's not a problem, Master Lynn."

Lynn said, "Don't worry, I'll allocate some manpower to you."

Hearing this, Colin's expression relaxed a bit.

The Woodworker Workshop is almost running around the clock.

During the day, they need to construct buildings, and at night they study the spinning machine.

Afterwards.

Lynn, along with Red and Colin, arrived at a piece of empty land behind the Handicraft Workshop District.

They finalized the location for the bow and arrow workshop.

A large bow and arrow workshop requires nearly a hundred craftsmen to work simultaneously.

The area it covers is almost similar to the Blacksmith Shop.

Bow and arrow workshop includes a storage area for raw materials, used to store large amounts of wood, animal sinew, fur, leather, etc.

The core production area needs various tools and workbenches.

Finished goods storage area, to store completed bow and arrow products, for subsequent quality inspection.

As well as living areas and rest areas.

Its footprint reaches almost a thousand square meters.

Fortunately, Lynn's territory has abundant wasteland and empty land.

Wanting to complete the bow and arrow workshop and put it into use is not that simple.

Not to mention, just the animal sinew alone is enough to give Lynn a headache.

Bear in mind that the main sources for animal sinew are cow sinew, horse sinew, and sinews of other large animals!

They also need various processing treatments to be turned into bow strings.

For making bow strings, animal sinew is the best choice.

Next is hemp rope, and the last option is leather strips.

If unable to purchase enough quantity, Lynn can only consider using hemp rope...

Once the site is confirmed, Colin arranged for personnel to transport materials and excavate the foundation.

Lynn took Red and left the site.

He now needs to finalize the location of the bow and arrow workshop.

As for the main labor force for constructing the bow and arrow workshop, Lynn could only rely on the hundred villagers currently building other workshops.

At present, there is almost no one he can spare from his current posts.

It can be said, except for the dozen children taught by Old John.

The entire territory almost has no idle persons!

Ultimately, Lynn gave up the idea of reallocating some workforce from the wasteland cultivators.

Lynn could only lament the severe shortage of manpower.

However, Lynn knew the bow and arrow workshop must be built.

Bulk production of bows is also necessary.

If two hundred bows and a large number of arrows can be made this year, and two hundred archers can be trained.

Attacking the neighboring Morrison Manor next year will surely be effortless.

Before gaining more workforce, Colin and others can start with the excavation.

Lynn headed to Guy's pasture.

From afar, he noticed several figures busy on the empty land of the pasture.

They held iron rakes in their hands, continuously turning the surface soil.

Guy, who was working alongside them, saw Lynn, put down his iron rake, wiped off his sweat, and approached.

Guy quickly bowed, "Master Lynn."

Lynn nodded, "You're preparing to plant black rye grass seeds?"

Guy explained, "Yes, Master Lynn, we have selected the black rye grass seeds and soaked them with rock salt..."

The method of rock salt soaking was naturally learned by Guy from Lynn.

Rock salt soaking can sterilize and disinfect, enhancing seed vitality.

Now they only need to turn the empty land in the pasture with iron rakes, to plant the black rye grass seeds.

Black rye grass planting, unlike barley or wheat, doesn't require heavy plowing to cultivate.

Chapter 157: Emperor Potato

Just breaking the topsoil structure to soften it is enough.

Lynn nodded.

With three thousand pounds of Black Pasture Seeds, planting them now, after winter dormancy, will see rapid growth when spring temperatures rise.

By April or May next year, they can be harvested.

Letting Guy continue his work, Lynn's thoughts moved, opening the [Heavenly Artifacts] panel.

Recently, he claimed the achievements from [Milestone].

Now, he already has over two thousand Energy Stones.

However, Lynn is unwilling to use a thousand Energy Stones to enhance the quality of Black Rye Grass.

Black Rye Grass can be cultivated yearly; if necessary, he can also purchase it outside his territory.

Energy Stones, on the other hand, can only be obtained through tasks and achievements.

He patrolled the ranch for a short while.

Lynn rolled up his sleeves and joined in the reclamation of the open ground.

[Planting Experience +1]

[Planting Experience +1]

[Planting Experience +1]

...

The experience continued to increase.

Until nightfall.

A text panel appeared before Lynn.

[Your planting has leveled up to Level 2, unlocking: Special Seed Store]

[Reward Received: Skill Duplication Book ×1]

Seeing the prompt, Lynn's eyebrows instantly rose.

With the Skill Duplication Book, he now has five of them.

But this [Special Seed Store] made Lynn's heart race.

If he can purchase or exchange potatoes, then his territory will never lack food again!

Potatoes, with high yield, easy cultivation, high nutritional value, and long-term storage ability.

Their yield far surpasses that of traditional grains, whether it's barley, wheat, or rice...

Even in barren lands, they can grow vigorously, yielding a good harvest.

Opening the [Heavenly Artifacts] panel, a seed symbol appeared at the bottom right corner.

With Lynn's thought, the [Special Seed Store] opened, a series of grid icons with different seed names entered his view.

[Hybrid Rice Seeds]: Shorter growth cycle, matures and harvests faster, yields can reach twice that of ordinary rice seeds.

Exchange Condition: 10,000 Energy Stones for 1000 pounds

[Cactus Fruit]...

[Cannibal Flower Seeds]...

[Mandrake]...

...

Lynn's gaze quickly swept over the store.

Finally, his eyes fell on a yellowish icon square.

[Emperor Potato]: High yield, high nutrition, greater satiety, easy to store.

Exchange Condition: 10,000 Energy Stones for 1,000 pounds

Lynn's eyes widened slightly.

Indeed.

There are potatoes.

And Emperor Potatoes at that!

However, looking at the exchange condition, Lynn felt a bit helpless.

10,000 Energy Stones for 1,000 pounds.

Which isn't expensive when broken down.

But the initial exchange price is too high.

Even if the previous Energy Stones weren't used to enhance his own attributes.

The Energy Stones he obtained still can't exchange for the Emperor Potato.

However.

This gave Lynn a sense of expectation and motivation.

He needs to grind harder!

He needs to exchange for the Emperor Potato seeds as soon as possible!

The normal variety of potato can yield at least four thousand pounds per acre, and six thousand pounds if it's a good harvest!

And per acre, only three hundred pounds of potato seeds are needed.

This shows the terrifying yield of potatoes.

Not to mention, at the current pace, one thousand villagers reclaiming land for a month would result in forty thousand acres of farmland.

If these forty thousand acres were planted entirely with potatoes...

One hundred and sixty million pounds of potatoes!

Calculating this, even Lynn felt a sense of awe.

With such grain output, how many soldiers could be fed?

Suppressing the shock in his heart, he gave up on the idea of continuing to grind [Milestone] looking at the increasingly dim sky.

Very soon.

Night fell.

The originally somewhat noisy village became lively again.

To these villagers, everything seemed so beautiful.

After dinner, Lynn, sitting on a bench drinking from a ceramic cup of beer, saw Kuisi approaching.

Kuisi reported, "Master Lynn, during the day, more than thirty villagers came to your territory."

Lynn looked at Kuisi with confusion.

Kuisi hurriedly explained, "They said they are Freemen from Morgan Town and want to join upon hearing about your territory..."

"But, during the day, you were busy."

Lynn nodded, saying, "You can proceed after confirming there are no problems."

Kuisi nodded and continued, "One of them said he's a scholar!"

Lynn's eyebrows rose.

A scholar?

Lynn instantly became interested, "Where are they now?"

Prior, he had been pondering who to teach the villagers in his domain, spreading various knowledge.

Scholars are, of course, the top choice.

Not to mention, having villagers learn complex theoretical knowledge.

Even teaching villagers to learn the basic reading, writing, and professional skills would be enough for the territory to take a qualitative leap in development.

For example, row planting techniques, forging skills, construction skills, etc.

Currently, what he lacks most is villagers with these basic professional skills!

Kuisi hastened to say, "Because Master Lynn hadn't permitted it yet, I kept them in a few Red Brick Houses..."

She naturally wouldn't dare to make arbitrary decisions by mixing these villagers into the community.

If accidents happen, she couldn't bear the responsibility.

This territory belongs to Master Lynn!

Lynn nodded, "Alright, let's take a look."

Followed by Kuisi, Lynn walked into the village.

They passed one Red Brick House after another, and turned at several corners.

After a few minutes.

Seven or eight guards holding iron spears and torches were overseeing two Red Brick Houses.

Lynn spoke, "Let them come out."

Kuisi responded and quickly ran up to bring the people from the Red Brick House out.

In total, there were twenty people, both men and women, elders and children.

Lynn's gaze swept over them.

What surprised Lynn was that many of these villagers possessed craftsmanship skills.

Level 2 [Production], Level 2 [Cooking], Level 2 [Breeding]...

Very soon.

Lynn's gaze fell on a middle-aged man.

[Name]: Tate Watts

[Age]: 38 years

[Ability]: Education Level 3, Writing Level 2, Agriculture Level 2

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

[Talent]: None

[Skills]: Writing and Copying — Skilled in text copying, writing history

Chapter 158: Village Raid

Level 3 [Education] skills, Level 2 [Writing], Level 2 [Agriculture].

Lynn saw these skills for the first time.

Especially the [Agriculture] skill, rather than [Planting]!

Lynn's gaze swept around the crowd and he spoke, "Everyone, I am the Lord of this territory, Lynn."

"Everything here may be somewhat different from what you've experienced outside."

"Here, as long as you work hard, you will never go hungry."

Upon hearing Lynn's words, the faces of the twenty-some people looked astonished.

Never go hungry?

What an uncommon phrase.

Lynn continued, "If you have different craftsmanship abilities, you will be assigned to different posts."

"For example, if you are skilled in forging, you can go to the Blacksmith Workshop."

"If you're skilled in weaving, you can go to the weaving workshop."

"... .."

"No matter what craftsmanship skills you possess, you can find suitable work on this land, even..."

"Receive Gold Pounds as rewards."

Hearing this, the newcomers' faces were full of anticipation.

Lynn looked at Kuisi and asked, "Have they eaten?"

Kuisi nodded, "We provided them with some bread and porridge at noon."

Lynn nodded affirmatively and then informed the villagers, "Now you can go eat in the open space, just like the other villagers."

With words of gratitude from the villagers, twenty villagers headed towards the front of the village under the guidance of guards.

Even though Tate is a scholar, Lynn didn't plan to have him start immediately with teaching the children and villagers.

Firstly, the schools haven't begun construction yet.

Secondly, there are no educational tools available, not even proper papyrus or rough paper, let alone parchment.

Lastly, there isn't any carbon ink for writing either...

It's not easy to complete the construction of a school and start using it.

... ..

Within the hollowed-out stone caves.

A fire blazed intensely.

The flickering flames illuminated the whole cave brightly.

Also revealing the somewhat gaunt faces within the cave.

Hall threw the firewood in his hand into the fire pit, sparks flew due to the inertia of the stick.

It seemed he made some major decision.

Turning his gaze, he looked at Anthony beside him.

Hall spoke with determination, "Anthony, please make a decision!"

Anthony, with closed eyes, still hadn't opened them, appearing to be resting with closed eyes.

Hall, unwilling to relent, said, "Anthony, we've rested here for a long time, and the food is gone."

"If we don't take action, it won't be the Lord attacking us, we'll starve ourselves to death..."

At this moment.

Anthony slowly opened his eyes and stared at Hall, "What's your plan?"

Not only Anthony.

The bandits in the cave, with expressions of despair, all looked at Hall in unison.

Facing Anthony's cold gaze, Hall showed no fear.

He spoke directly, "Looting!"

"Anthony, we need to loot, loot food, loot poultry, loot... women..."

"We are the Iron Blood Brotherhood, you are Anthony!"

Upon hearing Hall's words, hope appeared on the bandits' faces.

They haven't eaten a full meal in days!

Let alone gorge themselves on meat or revel in women.

Anthony responded coldly, "Continue."

Hall took a deep breath and suppressed his excited tone.

"According to my memory, there are many villages near Morgan Town!"

"We can choose some suitable ones to loot."

"If the men in the villages don't want to die, they can join our Bandit Corps, obtain food, and strengthen our power!"

"And weaken Morrison Manor's strength..."

After speaking.

Hall widened his eyes and waited eagerly for Anthony to issue an order.

If only Aiden hadn't called them to the Mercenary Corps, they could have continued to live comfortably in Morrison Manor.

But after that battle, their Iron Blood Brotherhood suffered greatly.

Which resulted in them having only about sixty members!

Even the plan to raid Morgan Town had to be abandoned.

They don't even dare to approach larger villages impulsively.

As for the land behind the city walls, it's out of the question.

To them, that's an unattainable barrier!

Anthony did not speak immediately, staring straight at the burning fire pit before him.

After a short while.

He spoke lightly, "Do as you said."

Upon hearing this, Hall's face was full of joy.

"Alright, Anthony, I'll arrange it immediately!"

... ..

The next morning.

After breakfast, the villagers returned to their labor.

Lynn called Kuisi over to allocate the villagers who arrived last night to different workshops and posts.

These free people with craftsmanship skills, the more Lynn had, the better.

They could almost be used directly without need for much training.

Just as Lynn was about to continue gaining skill experience, a figure caught his eye.

It was one of the villagers from last night.

Scholar Tate.

At this moment, he stood before the harvested pea vines' farmland.

He looked puzzled at the villagers dismantling the wooden frames.

Seemed he was contemplating something.

Until he heard footsteps nearby, and Tate became alert, quickly turning around to look.

Chapter 159: Village Raid

Realizing it was Lynn, he bowed slightly, "Lord."

Lynn acknowledged with a nod, "Do you think something is wrong with this farmland?"

Hearing Lynn's inquiry, he hurriedly explained, "No, no, Lord, you misunderstood."

"I just don't understand why there are racks on the land where peas are planted..."

Lynn directly replied, "Ventilation, photosynthesis."

Tate's face immediately froze.

Ventilation, he naturally understood.

But this photosynthesis...

Seeing Tate's confused expression, Lynn explained, "Photosynthesis is the process of converting light energy into chemical energy and converting carbon dioxide and water into organic substances..."

Lynn noticed that Tate became even more bewildered.

Turning his words around, Lynn said, "Simply put, it's about increasing the range of light exposure for the peas to promote growth!"

Hearing this.

Tate finally understood.

So it was just about increasing light exposure...

But the next moment, Tate widened his eyes at Lynn, his words full of shock, "Lord... do you mean that increasing light exposure can promote the growth of crops?"

Lynn gave Tate a puzzled look.

He then realized that these people had no idea what photosynthesis was.

Nor did they know that light exposure could promote growth!

Even though this world had hundreds of years of planting history.

To all farmers, good weather meant fast-growing crops.

This was an assumed natural principle.

But they never thought it was because of sunlight.

Receiving Lynn's affirmative response, Tate moved to take out a roll of parchment from his chest, quickly recording with a metal pen.

The tip of the metal pen swiftly moved over the parchment.

A few seconds later.

Tate stopped, seeing Lynn watching him, he began to explain.

"Lord, I'm sorry, I forgot to introduce myself, I come from Triumph City."

"Tate Watts, a scholar dedicated to increasing crop yields."

Lynn nodded.

Seeing Lynn's calm expression, Tate felt a surge of appreciation.

Despite his young appearance, the Lord's character was so steady.

If it were another Lord, hearing he was from the King City of the Karedi Empire and a scholar, they would surely be very courteous, treating him as a distinguished guest.

Scholars held relatively high status.

Tate continued, "Lynn, I would like to stay by your side and learn planting techniques!"

It wasn't just about constructing frames for peas.

Tate found the way peas were planted was astonishingly strange.

"As compensation, I can teach the children in your domain some knowledge, would that be acceptable?"

Lynn nodded, "Of course."

That's exactly what Lynn wanted from that statement of Tate.

Lynn said, "Later, I will build a school on the territory, produce paper, and employ printing techniques."

Hearing Lynn's words, Tate was a bit puzzled.

He knew about making paper.

Parchment, papyrus, and hemp paper...

But printing, what was that?

The Lord seemed quite peculiar.

After exchanging a few words with Tate, Lynn began to stride toward the distant wasteland.

Tate hesitated, watching the backs of Lynn and Red and the others.

As he pondered whether to follow, Lynn's voice sounded.

"Didn't you say you wanted to learn planting techniques by my side?"

Hearing Lynn's voice, Tate immediately quickened his steps and followed along.

Minutes later.

Lynn and his entourage arrived at a plot of wasteland.

Seeing the numerous villagers bustling with activity ahead, Tate couldn't help but widen his eyes.

His mouth opened wide, stuttering, "Lynn, that is..."

Lynn replied calmly, "Heavy plow opening!"

Hearing this unfamiliar term, Tate was a bit at a loss.

He had heard of the light plow before, seen how it was made and forged, and knew its function.

But such a large and heavy contraption, it was his first time seeing.

Tate tentatively asked, "Lynn, may I go and take a look?"

Lynn replied affirmatively.

With Lynn's response, Tate then stepped into the newly opened farmland.

He took large strides, walking on the soft soil, indifferent to the wet dirt dirtying his shoes and clinging to his heels.

Bending low, amidst the puzzled gazes of the villagers, he observed the deep grooves freshly opened by the heavy plow.

Where the heavy plow passed, the deep soil was turned over, the roots of branches were cut, and the stones in the soil were flipped out.

What kind of great force could achieve such a feat?

Tate's gaze turned forward.

There, two villagers were maneuvering two oxen, leading the massive contraption forward.

Tate quickened his pace, running toward the front.

He wanted to chase the heavy plow as if pursuing an answer he had been unable to find.

Dozens of strides later.

Tate came beside the heavy plow.

Watching the soil being overturned and tossed aside, his breath quickened.

"Is this what you call the heavy plow, Lynn?"

Tate stopped excitedly, letting the heavy plow pass beside him.

"Truly—a masterpiece of its time!"

Where the heavy plow passed, it opened nearly thirty centimeters of deep soil.

Just enough to turn out the deep fertile soil.

The villagers then added compost, smoothing out the cleared land.

To the greatest extent, improving and enhancing the soil's fertility!

For a good crop harvest, what's the most important thing?

Chapter 160: Village Raid _3

Of course, it's the fertility of the soil!

Many farmers have never realized this.

They still practice planting by just scattering seeds and relying on the weather!

Tate understood that by farming this way, there would surely be a bountiful harvest next year!

If such a masterpiece could be spread around the world.

What would happen?

The global food production would greatly increase!

It might even change the current world landscape!

Thinking of this, Tate looked towards the back,

there, Master Lynn was standing under the sunlight, letting the sun shine on him.

At this moment, he was so majestic!

Tate took out the metal pen and parchment from his bosom again, quickly recording.

A short while later.

After jotting down all the details, Tate wanted to find Lynn.

But he found that Lynn's figure had already disappeared.

He walked over to Red and asked, "Sir, may I know where Lord has gone?"

Red glanced at him casually, then looked ahead.

Upon seeing the burly man in front of him remaining silent, Tate seemed to have thought of something and followed his gaze.

Tate's eyes couldn't help but widen again.

The Lord, Master Lynn, was cleaning weeds just like the villagers?

What was this situation?

...

Time slowly passed by.

During these few short days, five to six groups of nearly sixty to seventy villagers seeking refuge arrived at Lynn's territory.

Only from them did he learn that the Iron Blood Brotherhood Bandit Corps had become increasingly rampant.

In just a few days, they had already plundered three or four villages.

However, Manor Lord Aiden Morrison took no action.

For the arrival of these villagers, Lynn chose to receive them all.

All were provided food and shelter, and he could obtain villagers with skills without having to spend fine salt for trading exchange, which he naturally accepted gladly.

The total population in the territory had already reached three thousand four hundred people!

But Lynn still felt there wasn't enough labor.

The main castle and the handicraft workshop district were still not completed.

The Blacksmith Workshop still had three empty spots, waiting for villagers with forging skills to fill in.

The Bow and Arrow Workshop similarly needed craftsmen with production skills.

Especially, the armed soldiers in the territory only numbered three hundred even now!

However.

Regardless, the current development was much better than before!

Pressing down that slightly urgent emotion, Lynn glanced at the Heavenly Artifacts panel.

Collection: Level 1 (178/200) (+)

Lynn returned to clearing the weeds in the wasteland again.

...

At dusk.

A fast horse galloped along the manor's road under the shining sun.

Looking at the increasingly close mansion ahead, Ford urged the horse to speed up once again.

Soon.

The fast horse stopped at the mansion's entrance, a follower hurriedly stepped forward and grabbed the reins.

Ford dismounted quickly and rushed inside the mansion.

Tap, tap, tap!

Amidst the curious gaze of the surrounding attendants, he dashed up the staircase and reached a room on the third floor.

Before getting close to the door, a piercing sound reached Ford's ears.

Accompanied by rhythmic applause.

Ford instantly understood what was happening in that room.

He dared not approach, pacing back and forth at a distance.

Even though Ford was anxious, he dared not interrupt Master Aiden's good times.

Until five minutes later.

With a deep bellow, the sounds in the room gradually ceased.

Only then did Ford walk toward the room.

Without even knocking, the door opened first.

Two women with flushed faces hurriedly ran out of the room.

Not caring about the exposed white cleavage behind them at all.

Ford greedily glanced a few times.

He remembered that one of these women seemed to be a concubine of Old Baolna?

Aiden's voice came from inside the room, "Come in!"

Upon hearing this, Ford stepped inside.

As soon as he entered, the stench and body odor in the air almost made him retch.

That was the smell generated from strenuous exercise.

Fortunately, Ford managed to hold back.

Ford dared not waste time, quickly beginning his report.

"Master Aiden, the bandits have gone mad!"

"They've attacked seven of your villages! The villagers are either dead or fled."

"They didn't even care for the newly cultivated land..."

After speaking, there was a long delay without any response from Master Aiden.

Ford slightly raised his eyelids and glanced up.

He found Aiden sitting on a leather seat, covered in large beads of sweat.

Clearly.

He hadn't yet recovered from the earlier activity.

Aiden seemed to be contemplating something, as his breathing became heavier and thicker.

A few seconds later.

Aiden uttered in a deep voice, "That cursed Mark Ducati!"

"How did such a brute inherit the Marquis title?"

"Does he really not care about the lives of his vassals?"

Upon hearing Aiden's words, Ford immediately bowed his head, pretending not to hear anything.

As a Marquis's vassal, Aiden could curse the Marquis in his manor without consequence.

Because everything here belonged to him.

But if as a follower, he dared to join the conversation...

If he responded well, perhaps nothing would happen.

If he responded poorly... a dead end!

Aiden looked ahead at Ford and questioned, "Ford, as my Chief Attendant, do you not have any solutions?"

"If so, what use do I have for you?"

"A group of dogs that only know how to wag their tails for pity?"

Upon hearing such words.

Ford's heart skipped a beat.

Unexplainable danger flashed in his mind.

Ford's brain spun quickly.

A few seconds later.

Ford quickly spoke, "Master, I think there are three ways to thoroughly resolve this bandit force."

Aiden was instantly interested, somewhat surprised, "Oh? Tell me!"

Ford continued, "First, request aid from Marquis Ducas, but you need to go there yourself."

The last encounter was still fresh in Ford's mind, even some of his teeth were missing.

Upon hearing this, Aiden's eyelids narrowed slightly, "What's the second method?"

Ford hesitantly said, "Spend a large sum to hire mercenaries to obliterate the Iron Blood Brotherhood!"

"Currently, the Iron Blood Brotherhood Bandit Corps should number around sixty people, perhaps it won't cost too many Gold Pounds!"

Aiden's voice grew colder, "The third one!"

Ford's voice became somewhat stammered.

"Invite neighboring Lords to join forces to eliminate the bandits!"