

System 171

Chapter 171: Bow and Arrow Workshop _2

Picking up the file on the workbench, he began to meticulously polish the bow.

Making its surface smoother, the grip more comfortable, while also reducing air resistance to improve the arrow's flight speed.

Next.

Red took the hemp rope he made earlier and began the installation.

Tying each end of the hemp rope to the groove of the bow tips, he continuously adjusted it, aiming for the bow's perfect state.

Over an hour later.

After the final adjustments, a completed longbow appeared before Lynn's eyes.

Red did not hand the longbow in his hand to Lynn but said, "Master Lynn, the longbow is completed and needs testing."

Lynn nodded.

The group moved to the testing area of the Bow and Arrow Workshop.

With a flick of his finger, Red drew a long arrow from the quiver behind him.

Holding the bow with his left hand, he nocked the arrow and drew the string with his right.

As Red's arms expanded outward, the longbow instantly became taut like a full moon.

The drawing action was skilled and swift.

Whizz!

The next second.

With a strong whistling sound, the arrow shot out violently, hitting the center of the straw target a hundred meters away with precision!

Red again drew out two arrows and shot them consecutively.

Both arrows also hit the bullseye precisely!

After confirming there was no issue with the longbow, Red then handed it to Lynn, holding it with both hands.

"Master Lynn, the longbow test is completed."

Lynn acknowledged, reaching out to take it.

A thought crossed his mind, and a string of text appeared before his eyes.

[Ordinary Longbow]: Made with Purple Fir Wood and hemp rope, with a long range, powerful, effective shooting distance of 270 meters, etc.

Seeing this text, Lynn raised an eyebrow.

An effective shooting distance of 270 meters!

An exceptionally good longbow.

Receiving the arrows handed by Red, Lynn likewise nocked an arrow and drew the bow, arms expanding outward.

As he released his fingers, the arrow flew out instantly.

The action was skillful and pleasing to the eye.

The arrow flew over the open ground ahead, again hitting the bullseye with precision!

Beside him, Red's eyes widened slightly.

He could clearly feel that Master Lynn's archery was becoming more skilled.

Lynn shot all the arrows in Red's quiver before stopping.

By now, his arm was sore and even slightly trembling.

He was nearing exhaustion.

Lynn estimated in his mind.

The draw weight of this longbow in his hand was at least around 130 pounds!

If not for previously increasing his strength several times, he wouldn't have been able to draw it so many times.

Using such a longbow for full-string shooting is extremely physically demanding.

Handing the longbow back to Red, Lynn stepped out of the workshop.

Now, whether it's the Bow and Arrow Workshop, the quality wood for making bow bodies, or the hemp rope for bowstrings, everything is in place.

However, to put the Bow and Arrow Workshop into use, there are still constraints.

He doesn't have enough craftsmen skilled in making longbows!

Sitting on a bench in the workshop's rest area.

Lynn opened the [Resident Information Column] and began to scan the top.

[Production] is just a general term for various handicrafts!

Under it, there are subdivisions such as [Woodworking], [Weaving], [Textile], [Pottery], etc.

Lynn chose to filter by [Woodworking], rearranging the villagers' information columns to float before his eyes.

When he saw the first column, Lynn couldn't help but raise an eyebrow.

[Name]: Jose Morgan

[Age]: 45

[Ability]: Production Level 3, Collection Level 2, Planting Level 2

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

[Talent]: Bow Maker—Expert in making bows and crossbows, improving accuracy and durability

[Skills]: Skilled Wheelcutter—Experienced and skilled in the field of bow and arrow

...

Level 3 [Production], along with talent and skills!

Lynn was quite certain that this was the first time he'd seen this person's information.

This could only mean that this man named Jose Morgan had just joined his territory.

The only possibility was that Jose was among the batch of slaves Zod brought yesterday!

Telling Red, he instructed two guards to find Jose and bring him over.

Half an hour later.

The two guards arrived before Lynn, their faces full of anger, bringing along a thin, elderly man.

Red also looked at the dirty elderly man in front of him.

He asked the guards with a frown: "Why did it take so long?"

A guard answered nervously: "Master Lynn, captain, it's not our fault."

"We went to the fields asking one by one and found this guy, but he refused to admit he was Jose Morgan!"

"We even asked for a long time before someone from his village told us."

Listening to the guard's explanation, Lynn glanced at Jose.

It was indeed him, no mistake.

Jose's reluctance to admit his identity was quite normal too.

Just arriving in a strange territory, looking so ordinary and plain, yet being singled out by several guards.

Moreover, having the status of a slave.

In such circumstances, who would dare to respond and admit?

Dismissing the two guards, Lynn spoke to Jose: "No need to be nervous, killing you brings me no benefit."

Listening to Lynn's words, Jose's eyes turned rapidly.

After pondering the meaning in these words, Jose asked softly: "Then Lord, why have you sought me?"

"I'm just an old man nearly fifty..."

A man cautious and inconspicuous.

Chapter 172: Bow and Arrow Workshop _3

Lynn didn't bother with too much idle talk, he got straight to the point: "I need you to work in this workshop and help me produce a large quantity of longbows!"

Jose's face was full of surprise upon hearing Lynn's words.

Even counting yesterday, he had only seen Lynn three times.

How did Lynn know he could make longbows?

Lynn looked at Red, and Red understood, handing the longbow on the workbench to Jose.

Jose looked at the longbow in his hand with doubt, and gradually a trace of admiration appeared in his eyes.

However, he didn't say anything.

He was meticulously playing with it, as if he was admiring something.

The next second.

Jose remembered Lynn's words just now, and he said: "Lord, are you mistaking me for someone else?"

Lynn stared at him, "After you agree, you don't need to go to the fields to work anymore!"

"Moreover, you will become the foreman of this bow and arrow workshop, with over a hundred, or perhaps more apprentices, at your command!"

Jose's eyes suddenly brightened.

Seeing Jose's expression change, Lynn shifted his words, "But, since you aren't Jose... then you can leave, and go cultivate the wasteland."

Hearing this.

Jose hurriedly spoke, "Lord, I am Jose, Jose Morgan!"

"An old carpenter skilled in making longbows!"

Lynn frowned, and his words turned cold, "Are you playing tricks on me?"

Jose was terrified, and quickly knelt on the ground, his words full of pleading.

"Lord, please forgive me, this old man just wants to survive..."

Lynn watched as Jose repeatedly kowtowed on the ground, offering no intervention.

Since Jose chose such a path, he naturally needed to have the awareness of paying the price.

Until Jose's forehead became swollen and bloody.

Only then did Lynn say, "Stop."

At this time, Jose looked dizzy, even his voice became stammered, "Thank you, Lord."

Lynn responded with a nod, continuing, "From now on, you are the foreman of this bow and arrow workshop, tomorrow I will provide you with a hundred villagers."

"You will instruct them on how to make longbows, how to make arrows."

"Jose, do you have any questions?"

Returning to his senses, Jose replied, "No problems, no problems, Lord."

Lynn nodded, only then did he leave the bow and arrow workshop with Red.

Red, as his personal guard, naturally couldn't be assigned to the bow and arrow workshop.

Fortunately, the appearance of Jose perfectly filled this vacancy.

Jose, this old man's little thoughts are quite numerous...

The arrangements for the bow and arrow workshop and the textile workshop are all complete.

Next, labor just needs to be added, and the two workshops can enter production.

Walking on the red brick ground of the small town, Lynn's gaze swept around.

The center of the town.

The castle was still under construction.

Due to diverting a portion of the villagers, the construction progress of the castle was somewhat slow.

But, Lynn was not in a hurry.

On the other end of the castle, the market district and trading hall were being constructed.

Once all construction is completed, as the population of the town continues to grow, it will become the most prosperous place in the entire territory!

Withdrawing his gaze.

The sky had gradually darkened.

Lynn only made a longbow with Red in the bow and arrow workshop.

A day's time passed quickly.

...

Two days later, in the morning.

Lynn gathered all the villagers together.

According to the information from the Resident Information Column, he read out one name after another.

Soon.

A hundred and fifty villagers were selected from the crowd.

The remaining villagers continued to work in the wasteland, cultivating it.

Seeing their faces full of doubt and puzzlement, Lynn explained.

"Starting today, you two groups will no longer need to work in land cultivation."

"I will allocate you to the textile workshop and bow and arrow workshop based on your abilities!"

Upon hearing Lynn's words, some villagers showed delight.

If they could engage in manual work, who would want to go to the fields, facing the dirt with their backs to the sky to labor?

No matter how exhausting the textile and bow and arrow workshops might be, can it compare to the exhaustion of land cultivation?

Moreover, it must be known that cultivating the wasteland can be fatal!

Lynn's words continued.

"The foreman of the workshop will assess your learning progress, those who fail the assessment will return to cultivation!"

"Of course, if you don't want to go to the workshop, you can raise your hand now."

As Lynn's voice fell, no one made any movement.

Lynn nodded, "The hundred on the left go to the bow and arrow workshop, your foreman Jose will receive you."

"The fifty on the right go to the textile workshop, your foreman is Yimini."

Under the guidance of the guards, these hundred and fifty people lined up in orderly rows towards the two workshops.

The arrangements for the two workshops were finally completed.

Looking at Bai Ling and Black Night running towards him from afar.

Lynn made a move, taking a few pieces of fine meat from a guard's clay pot and threw them over.

Bai Ling and Black Night both leapt up, chewing and crushing the fine meat, swallowing it in large mouthfuls.

[Breeding experience +1]

[Breeding experience +1]

[Breeding experience +1]

...

They then arrived at Lynn's feet, gently nudging his ankles with their heads.

In just ten or so days, Lynn felt that Bai Ling and Black Night seemed to have grown a bit plumper.

After feeding a few more pieces of fine meat, Lynn headed towards the distant wasteland, preparing to work on his Collection skill.

[Collection: Level 1 (185/200)] (+)

His Collection skill is about to be upgraded to Level 2.

Arriving at the wasteland.

Under the watchful eyes of surrounding villagers, Lynn took up a sickle and bent his waist.

With his left hand, he grabbed a handful of weeds, and with his right hand, he sliced through the roots with the sickle.

A handful of weeds was instantly severed.

He turned his body, skillfully throwing the weeds into the pile behind him.

Then he turned back and continued repeating the same action.

Whether clearing weeds, trimming branches, or using a hoe to break up soil clumps, all of these are farming tasks that require constant repetition.

One must be patient, endure hardships, and tolerate monotony...

It is precisely because of this reason that the villagers' characters are honed to be so simple and kind.

Because they never thought of calculating against others, never thought of gaining without effort.

They just want to cultivate their own small piece of land well.

Just enough so their family doesn't suffer from hunger.

However...

This world does not allow it.

Lynn allows it!

Chapter 173: The Stunning Witch

The reclamation of the wasteland continues.

During these few days, a minor incident occurred.

A villager was bitten by a venomous snake while clearing the weeds!

Fortunately, Old John was able to suck out the venom, apply some herbs, and after drinking several bowls of potion.

The snake's venom was suppressed.

He will recover after a few days of rest.

Though it was just a minor incident, it made Lynn realize the importance of a hospital.

Once the land reclamation is completed, and the autumn planting finished.

He plans to vigorously develop a hospital!

Being bitten by venomous snakes, or suffering surface wounds from land reclamation, or injuries from house construction...

Some injuries may seem simple, but for these villagers with low resistance and no medical care.

Even a minor injury or illness could lead to their death!

Lynn calmly understood.

Purchasing a slave costs only three shillings.

But the cost of treating a slave is incalculable.

Despite this, Lynn is willing to spend a great deal of resources to build an estate hospital.

Because it takes time to cultivate a villager with over 90% loyalty.

And if they can be healed, their loyalty will significantly increase.

Even to the point where they would selflessly give their lives for Lynn.

Because it was Lynn who gave them the chance to live.

Moreover.

With an estate hospital, the survival rate of infants during villagers' pregnancies can be improved!

In this world, almost every family has two or three or four children.

The Emperor, Lords, and Nobility, needless to say, have as few as five or six, and as many as a dozen.

All to ensure their family's bloodline continuity.

But on Lynn's estate, he has not yet seen any pregnant female villagers.

Lynn still needs to prepare in advance.

As Lynn pondered on future developments.

On the limestone road outside the village.

Lynn saw from afar a long procession heading towards his village.

Around the procession, dozens of soldiers on horseback were escorting them.

As the procession approached.

Lynn discerned the figure at the forefront, none other than Grayson, who had been away for nearly a month.

Riding atop a majestic horse, Grayson also spotted Lynn.

Before his horse had stopped, he began to call out loudly.

"Master Lynn, I, Grayson, have returned!"

Shouting, Grayson reached the clearing at the village's entrance, dismounted, and strode towards Lynn.

Perhaps due to the previous fight with Alan, Grayson was now wearing half-plate armor.

Combined with his current high spirits, he appeared quite dashing.

Standing before Lynn, Grayson paused, assuming a gesture familiar to merchants.

His voice was filled with delight as he said, "Master Lynn, it's good to finally see you!"

Lynn nodded, "Indeed, it has been a while since we last met."

The last meeting was after Grayson's fight with Alan, where Grayson had brought a batch of slaves.

A smile appeared on Grayson's face, "Master Lynn, this time I've brought you a large number of slaves!"

"They are all from the Portlands Empire."

Lynn's eyebrows raised, "The Portlands Empire?"

Grayson's smile grew more pronounced as he explained.

"Yes, the Portlands Empire, Master Lynn you might not know... the Sea Sirens of the Gibraltar Strait have left!"

Compared to the spies sent out by the estate who haven't yet returned with outside information.

Lynn was more curious about why the Sea Sirens left!

Lynn, leading Grayson towards the tavern, inquired.

"Which power slew the Sea Sirens? Or were they... driven away?"

Grayson shook his head and said unabashedly, "Aside from the Grand Duke of Red Dragon being dispatched by Emperor Charlemagne VI to slay and drive away them at the Gibraltar Strait, no other military force has been there!"

Lynn asked doubtfully, "You mean, the Sea Sirens left on their own?"

As they spoke.

They had already arrived in the tavern.

The two of them sat on the same row of benches.

After taking a sip of beer, Grayson comfortably belched before beginning to speak.

"Yes, Master Lynn, the Sea Sirens left on their own."

"However, there is a rumor circulating in the towns near the Gibraltar Strait."

"They say that on that night, with thunder and lightning, torrential rain raging, the nearby Sea People saw a stunning woman in a red robe walking towards the strait."

"The stunning woman wore only a thin silk red robe, barefoot, revealing a pair of enticing white long legs, with a face like that of a God that no one dared to encroach upon..."

Lynn furrowed his brow slightly.

Grayson continued, "Despite the torrential rain, not a single drop fell on her, as if purposefully avoiding her."

Lynn asked in a deep voice, "Is there supernatural power involved?"

Hearing Lynn's question, Grayson, who was lost in his reverie, snapped back somewhat regretfully.

He remarked with a sigh, "They say... she was a Witch!"

Lynn queried, "The Witch drove away the Sea Sirens occupying the Gibraltar Strait?"

Grayson didn't respond but cautiously glanced around.

Chapter 174: The Stunning Witch

When he remembered that this was Master Lynn's territory and not the tavern at Fisherman's Wharf, he smiled awkwardly.

Grayson continued, "Master Lynn, let's think from a different perspective, if..."

Before Grayson could finish, Lynn interrupted him.

"If those Sea Sirens were summoned by the Witch..."

"Then the nature of this changes entirely!"

Grayson's right hand couldn't help but snap, "Bingo!"

"Master Lynn, your thoughts are indeed sharp; even before I finished, you already knew."

Lynn said nothing.

If it truly is as suspected,

the Witch summoned the Sea Sirens to the Gibraltar Strait.

Then the Empire most affected would be Karedi!

Whether it's fine salt or other essential imported goods, they'd be greatly impacted.

At best, causing prices to rise; at worst, causing a public uprising.

And as the most powerful of the Three Great Dukes and closest to the Gibraltar Strait,

the Grand Duke of Red Dragon is the only choice!

Even if the Grand Duke doesn't wish it, would he let his own territory go undeveloped and without livelihood?

Sending troops is a sure thing.

After sending troops, there would be heavy losses!

Thinking in this way, then reasoning backward,

Why did the Sea Sirens come from the deep sea? No one knows.

But some know how the Sea Sirens left.

So why would a Witch, hunted worldwide, drive away the Sea Sirens?

And behind the Witch, who could it be?

Even if Lynn did not make wild guesses, he could guess that it must be someone trying to suppress the power of the Grand Duke of Red Dragon!

Grayson took a sip of beer, seeing that Master Lynn had not yet spoken.

He impatiently asked, "Master Lynn, have you guessed who it is?"

Lynn did not answer but instead asked, "Of course it's the Emperor of the Empire who fears the Grand Duke of Red Dragon's power."

Lynn instinctively nodded.

It was a very reasonable deduction.

Grayson continued, "But that's very normal; with the Duke being so powerful, if I were Charlemagne VI, I would also try every means to weaken the Duke's power."

"With such a Grand Duke around, I couldn't sleep soundly!"

"What if I happened to say something wrong, and my ministers rose in rebellion? Who could stop it?"

Lynn shook his head helplessly.

What Grayson said indeed made sense.

But in Lynn's view, if all this were true,

chaos is about to descend upon the Karedi Empire.

An Emperor trying to weaken his minister's power by such means.

Why would the Grand Duke of Red Dragon let it go?

Even if he temporarily swallows his pride, it's just to bide his time for a future strike.

But this has nothing to do with Lynn!

Instead, the more chaotic the Karedi Empire becomes, the less anyone will pay attention to this piece of land.

This land then becomes even safer!

As long as Lynn has enough time, he will be able to build on this land an ironclad force that will shake the entire Karedi Empire...

and even the entire Garonia Continent!

After some casual chatting with Grayson,

Grayson, after downing at least five or six cups of beer, seemed to remember something.

He curiously asked Lynn, "Master Lynn, has Zod already been to your land?"

Lynn nodded, "He came a few days ago, said you introduced him, so I made a trade with him... he brought me a batch of slaves."

Grayson responded with a peculiar expression and continued, "Master Lynn, since you trust me, I won't hide anything from you."

"There are three most likely candidates to obtain the position of Patriarch of the Brown Clan this time, me, Alan, and another member."

"Due to my attitude towards the Brown Clan, there are already several family members willing to support me..."

"Of course, everyone wants to become a part of the Brown Clan, but some simply think they lack the power to compete and choose to give up."

"Zod is one of those supporting me. Like me and Audrey, he's a Slave Merchant..."

"He sells ordinary slaves and some strange things..."

Thinking back to when Zod took him to the dungeon, and he saw that strange figure,

Grayson couldn't forget it.

Lynn responded, "The Succubus?"

Hearing Lynn's words, Grayson's eyebrow suddenly raised, "Zod actually told Master Lynn about that, which means he really sees you as a big client."

"If Master Lynn is interested, you can have him bring it over for you, not only the Succubus but also some other bizarre things..."

Lynn curiously looked at Grayson, "Like what?"

Grayson explained, "For example, goblins... and Tree-men..."

All along, Lynn thought this world was just a world of kingdoms and empires.

But as he met more people and heard more rumors, Lynn realized the complexity of this world.

After a brief pause,

Grayson shifted his conversation to the goods he brought this time.

"Master Lynn, this time I brought you eight hundred slaves!"

"Unfortunately, on the long ship above the whirlpool, we encountered a Storm, and nearly two hundred of the slaves fell into the sea and were swept away."

"Otherwise, it would've been a thousand slaves!"

Lynn was immediately interested.

Eight hundred slaves!

He could do a lot of things with these slaves.

Grayson continued, "Besides the slaves, there are fifty thousand pounds of winter barley and ten thousand pounds of wheat."

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Lynn nodded, "Very good, I'll take all of these."

In Lynn's mind, he began to calculate.

According to the initial agreement with Audrey, each slave from the Portlands Empire was worth five shillings.

Plus these grains...

A moment later.

Lynn spoke, "These goods and slaves, I can exchange for 11,400 pounds of fine salt, and with the commission from the previous deal with Alan and the others, I can give you 12,000 pounds of fine salt!"

Listening to the string of numbers Lynn mentioned, Grayson's breathing became slightly rapid.

Although the Sea Sirens have now left the Gibraltar Strait, it takes time for the longships to reach the Karedi Empire from the strait.

Moreover, despite the consumption over this period, the demand for fine salt remains enormous.

The price of fine salt will take some time to fall!

Simply put, if he ships out over ten thousand pounds of fine salt now, he can still enjoy the last wave of market profits.

12,000 pounds of fine salt!

At the current market price of twelve pence per pound...

That's six hundred gold pounds!

Thinking of this.

Grayson became somewhat impatient.

He stood up from his chair and spoke to Lynn.

"Master Lynn, thank you for your generosity, this beer is truly excellent!"

"Next time... next time I'll bring you Cyan Pavilion Island gin, the finest liquor on the entire continent!"

"But for now, I must leave for now..."

I, Grayson, am going to make money!

Lynn smiled and said, "Then I'll be eagerly waiting."

With all the grains on the carriage unloaded, and 12,000 pounds of fine salt loaded onto Grayson's carriage.

Grayson left with his carriage and the Guard Team.

As the carriage gradually disappeared from sight, Lynn withdrew his gaze.

He looked at the group of slaves sitting on the open ground.

Compared to the previous batch of slaves sent by Zod, they appeared much more normal and healthy.

Under the watchful eyes of the 800 slaves, Lynn began a speech.

It wasn't just empty promises.

He simply explained their current situation, what they needed to contribute in the future, and what they could gain.

Soon.

Their once dim and hopeless eyes revealed a sense of surprise.

Three meals a day, and even a Red Brick House?

Were they sold to become slaves?

Why did it feel like they were sent here to enjoy life?

It wasn't until they saw those pots of meat porridge and barley bread.

They finally believed that the young lord before them was speaking the truth!

Only then did they understand why the Slave Merchant who sold them said, "Meeting me is the luckiest thing in your lives!"

After letting them eat and drink to their fill and rest for an hour to digest and adjust.

Then.

Lynn had the Guards bring a few carts of Iron Scythes and Iron Hoes, handed each person one, and drove them to the distant wasteland.

With so many more slaves suddenly added, it was only natural that this labor force needed to play its part!

Once they became familiar with living and working in this domain, Lynn felt that the progress of land development, or its scope, could become even broader!

A trace of anticipation emerged in Lynn's heart.

Striving to clear 50,000 acres of farmland by the end of September!

With this in mind, Lynn opened the Resource Management panel to check.

The first thing to catch Lynn's eye was the two gold pounds.

Lynn thought it over and it made sense.

Almost all transactions used fine salt as payment.

He had never separately sold fine salt.

It would be strange for him to have a large amount of gold pounds.

However, a large number of gold pounds were still needed for the domain.

At the very least, it could be used to reward the villagers.

The total population in the domain had already reached 4,500 people!

This number already surpassed the number of residents in Morgan Town.

With the continuous improvement of various facilities, describing the current village as a small town is not an exaggeration at all!

With the continuous cultivation efforts of the townsmen over this period, coupled with the existing farmland, there were now 32,600 acres of farmland in the domain.

With ten more days until the end of September, and with the current number of laborers, it wouldn't be challenging to expand to 50,000 acres.

The amount of stored grain and crops was something even Lynn had never seen so much of before.

[Barley]: 200,000 lbs

[Wheat]: 80,000 lbs

[Peas]: 900,000 lbs

This level of food storage was enough to ensure more townsmen need not worry about hunger.

However, due to the high-frequency trading during this period.

Lynn discovered that the storage of fine salt was somewhat inadequate.

By now, there were only less than 20,000 pounds of fine salt left in the warehouse!

Fortunately, with the opening of new fields soon to end, those Salt Factory townsmen can return to their posts.

Lynn took another look at the other resources.

The storage of beer was as high as more than 20,000 lbs.

The storage of premium iron was even as high as 50,000 lbs!

50,000 pounds of premium iron...

Assuming a conventional set of plate armor weighs roughly 50 lbs, excluding the leather, cloth, and connecting items, there are at least 45 lbs.

This means it could produce at least a thousand sets of plate armor!

If no iron mines were found, how many trips would merchants need to make to acquire such a weight of premium iron?

Only by having one's own iron mine could there be an infinite future!

As for the storage of anthracite, it had already reached 100,000 lbs...

Although the weather was starting to cool, it wasn't necessary to use burnt anthracite for heating yet.

The biggest daily consumption was only from the iron smelting furnaces in the Blacksmith Workshop.

But with the daily excavations, the anthracite storage was more than sufficient, even to withstand the winter in December.

Closing the [Resource Panel], he had a rough understanding of the resources in the domain.

Then, Lynn opened the [Resident Information Column] to inspect.

After several rounds of filtering, Lynn's eyes lit up slightly.

Among this batch of slaves, there were actually two villagers with third-level skills!

[Beo Smith]: Level 3 Production, Level 2 Collection, Level 2 Planting

[Laila Reck]: Level 3 Production, Level 2 Breeding, Level 2 Planting

Lynn took a look, and both Beo and Laila excelled at making pottery!

Conveniently, he could assign them to the newly built pottery workshop.

However, for now, it's better to let them settle down in the wasteland and wait until their dispositions stabilize before considering that.

As dusk fell.

The townsmen who had gone out all returned to the small town.

The newly arrived slaves followed among the crowd, with a look of confusion on their faces.

They were filled with curiosity in their hearts, wasn't it just sunset?

Why could they return to the town to rest already?

Chapter 176: I'm Going to Start a War

Two days passed in the blink of an eye.

Night once again enveloped the entire world.

It cycles endlessly, never changing for anyone.

In the clearing in front of the small town, the bonfire continued to burn.

Providing light and warmth for the townsmen eating dinner.

Watching them gather in groups of a dozen or so, chatting and eating.

A thought emerged in Lynn's mind.

A large dining hall needs to be built for them.

It is still autumn, with little rain and not very cold temperatures.

As time progresses.

At most, it will be two months before winter sets in.

With wind, rain, frost, dew, and possibly even snow!

A large dining hall needs to be built to accommodate all the townsmen for dining inside.

Furthermore.

For townsmen living outside, Red Brick Houses need to be built for them.

Guards on the city walls, and townsmen mining coal and iron also need houses to shield them from wind and rain, and for wintering.

He couldn't allow the townsmen and soldiers of the territory to freeze or fall ill due to lacking these basic structures.

It's not worth the risk.

Just as Lynn was pondering in his mind.

Rose came toward him with brisk steps.

Rose bowed in salute, respectfully saying, "Master, did you call for me?"

Hearing Rose's voice, Lynn came back to his senses and glanced at him.

"Aside from the Guard Team, how many of the currently trained soldiers are qualified?"

Rose replied without much thought, "A total of three hundred soldiers. Two hundred are capable of following orders and using the Winged Spear."

"The remaining one hundred are still in basic physical training and order drills."

Lynn nodded and slowly stood up, "Select two hundred from among them whom you deem fit for training."

Rose raised an eyebrow.

So the master called him here for military expansion!

After all the townsmen finished dinner, Lynn gathered them together.

This time.

Lynn did not give any lengthy speech, nor tried to stir emotions.

He simply told them that some people need to join the forces guarding the territory.

Because, without enough soldiers, without enough armed force.

No matter how well you farm, it'll only become someone else's granary.

Yet for all that.

With just a few words, Lynn got the well-fed townsmen excited and eager.

Because they understood the meaning in the Lord's words.

Because without an armed force, they were taken and sold as slaves.

Because they knew the pain of being treated as slaves, they did not want to go through it again.

Lynn nodded in satisfaction, turning his gaze to Rose.

Rose understood at once, taking a dozen soldiers into the crowd to start selecting.

Through continuous trading with merchants, the territory indeed had a surplus of food.

But in order to expand the military and strengthen the armed forces of the territory, Lynn had to proceed step by step.

With a population of 4,500 people, seventy percent are male.

Should all the males be drafted into the army at once?

Tough jobs like mining iron and coal, or reclaiming land can't be assigned to women, can they?

Of course, it's not impossible.

Due to physical limitations, work efficiency would greatly decrease.

Most crucially.

With previous conditions, it was impossible to support so many townsmen in rigorous training.

If you can't feed them, how can you think of raising an army?

Who would want to be such a soldier?

But now it's different.

Now the territory has plenty of plantable farmland, and the warehouses are stocked with lots of food and meat.

It can fully support five hundred soldiers for rigorous training and daily consumption.

Shortly thereafter.

Two hundred soldiers were selected by Rose.

Lynn looked around, they were all robust and strong men.

Instructing the selected townsmen to wait here tomorrow morning for Instructor Ross to take them for training.

Lynn dismissed everyone, and the small town returned to leisure.

Lynn noticed that the selected soldiers were filled with joy.

While the unselected townsmen were full of disappointment and regret!

They had no resistance to being selected as soldiers.

However.

Lynn thought again, and understood.

Becoming a soldier or guard of the territory meant not having to participate in daily labor.

And with each meal, they got a pound of meat, and received a salary of one shilling per month!

With the city walls as a shield, and in times of peace...

Under such conditions, who wouldn't be tempted?

Rose paced to stand beside Lynn, looking hesitant to speak.

Lynn spoke, "Say what's on your mind."

Upon hearing this, Rose didn't hesitate, "Master, with the current expansion, will continuing to recruit affect..."

Lynn nodded, "If it were before Grayson came, I certainly wouldn't expand the army."

"But he brought me eight hundred slaves... Expanding by just two hundred won't affect much."

Lynn's original autumn plowing plan was to open forty thousand acres of farmland by the end of September.

But now, by mid-September, nearly 30,000 acres had already been reclaimed.

With eight days until the end of the month, the speed of reclamation has exceeded his expectations.

Rose nodded slightly without speaking.

Lynn continued, "These five hundred soldiers, you need to train them quickly!"

Rose raised an eyebrow, realizing something, "Master, you mean..."

Chapter 177: I'm Going to Start a War

Lynn's gaze shifted and he stared directly at Rose, "War!"

"I want to wage war!"

Not just against the nearby Morrison Manor.

But also against the Iron Blood Brotherhood Bandit Corps!

If they are not eradicated, the merchants transporting goods to the territory will always be fearful.

The goods will be plundered, causing losses not only to the merchants but also to his territory.

Lynn said, "Prepare yourselves, soon you will become a sharp blade piercing the enemy's chest."

Listening to Lynn's resolute words, Rose's face became serious.

"Yes, master."

Lynn responded with a sound and dismissed Rose.

After expanding the army, soldiers need to be equipped with matching weapons and shields.

For the time being, the Blacksmith Workshop does not need to continue production of the Wheel Plow, it will focus on making the Wing-shaped Spear.

As for whether there's enough quality iron?

Now the least worry is quality iron.

...

On the vast wasteland that has been cultivated and extended.

Lynn couldn't help but wipe the sweat from his cheeks.

In the blink of an eye, three days had passed.

It is already the end of September.

Today is the last day of Lynn's planned cultivation.

He glanced at the [Resource Management] panel.

As he anticipated.

With thousands of townsmen working diligently to clear and cultivate the land, 50,000 acres of farmland have been opened up!

This 50,000 acres of farmland will all be used for planting winter barley!

Handing the sickle to a townsman, Lynn stepped towards the shed and drank the well water in large gulps.

Standing nearby, Tate immediately walked over.

Tate spoke respectfully, "Master Lynn, as you mentioned, once cultivation ends these days, this year's autumn plowing will be over?"

After swallowing a few gulps of well water, Lynn said, "Yes, the cultivated land is enough for these people to plant."

After autumn plowing comes autumn planting.

Excluding the 200 townsmen drawn away to support the workshop.

There are now over 2,700 townsmen involved in cultivation.

Tate nodded, estimated based on the planting method in his mind.

2,700 people planting 50,000 acres of farmland, would be more than enough if scattered planting is adopted.

It's even a bit too much.

Tate curiously asked, "Master Lynn, what's the next step..."

Handing the wooden spoon to the townsman, Lynn walked toward the small town.

Calmly spoke from Lynn's mouth.

"Select winter barley for soaking!"

A hint of confusion appeared on Tate's face, "Soaking?"

He naturally knew about selecting winter barley.

But soaking, what is it?

Seeing Master Lynn not explaining, Tate quickly followed him.

Returning to the vacant lot in the town.

Lynn called for Kuisi.

"Arrange fifty people to come over, to select winter barley and carry out the rock salt."

Listening to Lynn's words, Kuisi instantly understood.

She quickly responded, "I'll go right away, Master Lynn."

The confusion on Tate's face became more apparent.

Shortly after.

Fifty women arrived at the vacant lot and after receiving instructions from Kuisi, formed into three teams and dispersed.

In less than half an hour.

They returned.

This time with additional items in their hands.

Dozens of women carrying baskets brought out rocks of rock salt and began to crush them.

Twelve women rolling three- to four-meter diameter, one-meter-high water jars, came slowly.

Another ten women used bamboo baskets to continuously transport winter barley out of the warehouse.

A few women carried stacks of sieves and swiftly returned.

Seeing the needed items all gathered, Lynn spoke up.

"You can start now!"

Kuisi responded, looked at the women, and began instructing.

"Use sieves in pairs to select seeds using the wind screening method..."

Hearing the four words 'wind screening' from Kuisi's mouth, Tate looked intrigued.

Yet.

He didn't ask anything but stood quietly observing.

And pulled out the parchment and metal pen from his arms.

Listening to Kuisi's words while recording.

Kuisi's speech continued, "Pay attention to feel and observe the wind direction, use wind power to screen."

Tate noticed that under this so-called 'wind screening' method, the wheat husks and shriveled grains were blown away and fell to the ground.

The larger, heavier, plump barley seeds remained in the sieve.

It seemed simple, yet required skill and experience.

But.

This seed selection method was far more efficient than manual selection.

Thinking of this.

Tate wrote this information on the parchment.

After organizing ten groups to select seeds and plant, Kuisi looked over to the other group of women.

"All the crushed rock salt should be soaked in water jars, then add well water."

"After the rock salt dissolves, soak the selected barley seeds in cloth bags into the water jars."

"Saltwater can disinfect the seeds and improve germination rates!"

The women nodded, picked up Iron Hammer, and continued crushing the rock salt on the ground.

Seeing this, a complex expression appeared on Tate's face.

Soaking barley seeds in saltwater?

This...

How can this be recorded?

Even if saltwater has good effects.

But with the price of salt being so high, villagers elsewhere can't even afford to eat it.

How could they be willing to use salt to soak seeds?

Chapter 178: I Want to Start a War _3

On Master Lynn's land, they actually use salt to soak seeds?

Indeed, is this the generosity of a Lord with a salt mine?

However.

Tate just braced himself and took notes on this information.

Lynn sat on a bench not far away, watching Kuisi arrange everything in an orderly manner.

As Kuisi experienced more and more, she understood more and more.

She had already become mature.

While Kuisi was arranging people, Lynn also began to contemplate in his mind.

For fifty thousand acres of farmland, if each acre in the spring required twenty pounds of barley seeds.

One million pounds of winter barley seeds are needed!

Currently, the winter barley seeds on the land total only a hundred thousand pounds!

This was because Lynn had specifically instructed Grayson previously.

Grayson had just come last time and transported back fifty thousand pounds of winter barley.

The remaining winter barley can only be collected by having merchants continuously purchase in full force.

Thinking of this, Lynn's gaze looked into the distance.

It was precisely at the land's farthest end, in the direction of the waterfall with a drop of seven or eight meters.

If the waterfall could be blasted open, or if a lock could be built, utilizing lock technology could solve the problem of not being able to use ship transport...

But now, with limited conditions, development can only proceed step by step.

Retracting his gaze.

It was enough for Kuisi to arrange the selection of winter seeds, so Lynn didn't need to worry.

Moreover, with Tate, a scholar enthusiastic about agriculture, onsite making detailed records.

Once he fully understood and mastered the principles, he could be reassigned to the school for re-education of the village's children and townsmen.

The planting technology of the land would become more perfect and faster.

Lynn, with Red, walked and patrolled through the village.

In the Blacksmith Workshop, Ehrelo was leading his more than a hundred apprentices in making wing-shaped spears.

Even before getting close, Lynn heard the crisp sound of metal clashing.

Lynn glanced from afar and was about to leave when Ehrelo's voice sounded behind him.

"Master Lynn!"

Lynn turned his body and looked back, only to see Ehrelo striding over quickly.

Looking at Ehrelo, whose face was full of a smile, Lynn asked.

"What is it?"

Ehrelo hesitated before speaking, "Master Lynn, is the land reclamation going smoothly?"

Lynn nodded and was just about to speak when he suddenly understood the implication behind Ehrelo's words.

This guy came to claim the reward for making a hundred Wheel Plows!

A hundred Wheel Plows would be one hundred Gold Pounds.

However, Lynn did not mind at all.

The Blacksmith Workshop had been working almost day and night to rush the work.

Enduring the high temperatures of the blast furnaces and kilns, they were engaged in high-intensity forging labor every day.

Lynn naturally understood how hard it was.

Having undertaken the task, Ehrelo and his apprentices completed it, and they should rightfully receive a reward.

Thinking of having seen only two Gold Pounds left a short while ago, Lynn pondered for a few seconds.

He spoke, "I don't have that many Gold Pounds right now, but I can exchange it with twenty-four thousand pounds of wheat!"

Hearing Lynn's words, Ehrelo was not disappointed; instead, he became even more delighted.

Ehrelo quickly said, "Wheat? That's even better!"

As a blacksmith, although his daily wage was higher than an ordinary farmer's, he still couldn't afford wheat as a staple.

In fact, he hadn't eaten wheat for a long time!

Not to mention those apprentices whose former jobs were farmers.

On Master Lynn's land, there were very few places where Gold Pounds were needed.

Lynn nodded, "Later, you can go to Kuisi to get it, just say I told you."

Ehrelo quickly bowed, "Thank you, Master Lynn."

Receiving Lynn's response, Ehrelo left joyfully.

There were still nearly eighty thousand pounds of wheat in the warehouse.

The most used was the mixture of wheat and barley, made into bread.

The rest was used for Lynn's own consumption.

Stepping forward, Lynn arrived at the Bow and Arrow Workshop.

Walking into the workshop.

The current Bow and Arrow Workshop had already started production.

Numerous apprentices were engaged in various labors at different positions.

The secondary processing of Purple Fir Wood, carving out the bow blanks, initial grinding, shaping by roasting, reinforcing with molds, making bowstrings...

Even though their techniques were still very unfamiliar, they were already able to form a complete production line.

As long as they were given sufficient time, their efficiency would become higher, and the speed of producing longbows would increase.

Just after teaching an apprentice how to use a mold to shape a longbow's body, the standing Foreman Jose immediately noticed Lynn in the workshop.

He hunched over and came in front of Lynn, "Lord."

Lynn glanced at Jose and directly asked, "How many longbows have been made now?"

Jose quickly explained, "Since the workshop just started, although these people have some carpentry skills, they're complete novices in bow-making. Large-scale production will take time..."

"So far, only five longbows have been made."

Lynn frowned, "The efficiency is too slow."

"It's late September now. I need to see a hundred longbows by the end of October, two hundred by the end of November, and three hundred by the end of December!"

Jose wanted to speak but hesitated.

Lynn stared directly at Jose, "What's the problem?"

Hearing Lynn's questioning tone, Jose replied with difficulty, "Master Lynn, I also want to make them quickly, but you've seen them..."

Lynn said sternly, "It's easy to solve."

After speaking, Lynn turned his gaze toward everyone in the Bow and Arrow Workshop.

"Ladies and Gentlemen!"

Hearing this imposing and dignified voice, the apprentices stopped their work and looked at Lynn.

Lynn continued, "I brought you here not to enjoy life!"

"In one month's time, if you can't produce a hundred qualified longbows, you'll all be executed!"

"This isn't a threat. It's an order!"

Upon these words.

The faces of the hundred workshop apprentices were filled with terror, and they dared not speak.

Lynn looked back at Jose, "Foreman Jose, is there still any problem now?"

Feeling Lynn's cold gaze, Jose was filled with trepidation.

His speech was even slightly stammered, "No... no problem, Lord!"

Lynn acknowledged and walked out of the bow-making workshop under everyone's gaze.

Seeing Lynn off into the distance.

Jose withdrew his gaze and looked at the workshop apprentices, "What are you still looking at?"

"Aren't you going to start working quickly? Waiting to die together?"

Jose knew that the Lord's words were not only for these apprentices.

They were also said for him to hear.

On the Red Brick ground, Lynn continued walking.

Jose had his cautious thoughts, but to Lynn, they were just minor concerns.

In the face of a death threat, what could he do alone?

He urgently needed this batch of longbows, not just to arm the soldiers guarding the city walls.

He also needed these longbows for the outbound war planned for the coming spring!

With long-range attack weapons, they could minimize the soldiers' casualties as much as possible.

As for why exactly a hundred longbows by the end of December...

Lynn needed to allow ample time for the soldiers to learn the longbow, and be able to use it proficiently!

Later on, Lynn went to the Pottery Workshop.

With Level 3 Production skills, Beo and Layla were already leading fifty apprentices in pottery production.

Inside the workshop, there was a kiln for firing pottery, eliminating the need to dig a kiln cave outside the town on a slope.

Most pottery products made were for the daily use of residents and various containers.

It was a supplement to the town's daily goods.

Chapter 179: One Million Jin of Barley

At dusk.

Lynn saw from afar a convoy of carriages heading towards the town.

Perhaps because the cargo was too heavy, the carriages moved at a slow pace.

But under the setting sun, the convoy was bathed in a golden hue, and the shadows cast by the sunset stretched long and longer.

The convoy of carriages arrived at Lynn's town.

Striding towards Lynn was none other than Boer!

However, Boer had undergone significant changes from head to toe.

The linen robe was replaced with a silk jacket, and the cloth shoes with leather shoes.

Even several fingers were adorned with four or five gemstone enamel rings.

More than that.

His convoy also underwent changes.

The single-horse carriages were directly replaced with the four-horse carriages, known for their strongest carriage capacity, with the frame and wheels reinforced with metal.

On flat roads, such carriages could carry up to five thousand pounds!

The guards beside the carriages also changed.

The number of guards was as many as thirty!

They wore uniformly styled leather armor, had a scimitar hanging by their waist, and even a few guards carried longbows on their backs!

Clearly, after being plundered by bandits twice, Boer had invested a large amount of gold pounds into the carriage guards!

Coming to Lynn, Boer bent his body and respectfully called, "Master Lynn!"

Lynn nodded his head, "Mr. Boer, I hope you've brought me good news."

Boer displayed a confident smile, "Of course, Master Lynn."

"As per your requirements, my carriages are full of winter barley—fifty thousand pounds!"

Lynn nodded in satisfaction, "Very good! But, Mr. Boer, this is far from enough!"

Fifty thousand acres of farmland require one million pounds of winter barley.

Boer was not at all worried and continued speaking, "Master Lynn, you need not worry at all."

"Look over there..."

Lynn followed Boer's gaze.

In the distance, on the wild limestone road, carriages were slowly heading towards the town under the sunset's glow.

Lynn raised an eyebrow, roughly counting at least seventy or eighty in total!

Boer's words were tinged with a smile, "Master Lynn, you might not believe it."

"I've gathered all the local traveling merchants from Morgan Town, Taylor Town, and Sim Town."

"They have been collecting a large amount of winter barley seeds from several small towns."

"Before coming, I roughly estimated that the average carriage transport capacity is about two thousand pounds."

"Excluding my carriages, theirs total... eighty-two in number!"

Because of Lynn's presence, Boer had the chance to expand the carriage scale and change to four-horse carriages.

Other traveling merchants, naturally, could not reach as far.

Transporting goods primarily using basic single-horse ordinary carriages.

Listening to Boer's explanation, a rare trace of a smile appeared on Lynn's face.

"Eighty-two carriages? So many?"

Even Lynn had never seen so many carriages moving at once.

The visual impact of the scene was no less than watching a train in motion.

Feeling Lynn's changed tone, Boer smiled even more evident, "Yes, Master Lynn, this is just the first trip!"

"The total winter barley we've collected should be over a million pounds."

"Due to limited transportation capacity, it has to be brought over in trips..."

Lynn nodded in satisfaction.

It was undoubtedly the best news he had heard recently.

This also showcased Boer's advantage as a local merchant.

He might not surpass Grayson, Kali Alan, and others who crossed the strait and Empire, earning more profit from international transactions.

He might not have the connections and pedigree of Grayson and others.

But only a local merchant like Boer could transport local crops to his territory in the shortest time and fastest speed.

Lynn used fine salt to exchange with Boer for his crops, achieving Boer's aspirations.

Allowing Boer to quickly accumulate assets from being an ordinary local traveling merchant.

However, Boer was also resolving Lynn's urgent need for winter barley!

Lynn had always believed it was a mutual need, achieving each other.

Soon.

The carriages arrived at the empty spot in front of the town.

To Lynn's surprise, everyone on the carriages was soldiers he previously recruited!

Among the eighty-two carriages, not a single stranger from outside the territory.

Boer explained, "I hope Master Lynn forgives, because there were too many carriages, and many people were around, I let them wait outside the city walls..."

Lynn gave Boer a surprised look.

Despite Boer's brief words.

It also showed Boer's meticulous thoughts!

Having other local merchants wait outside the city walls could reduce their knowledge of this territory and protect Lynn's land.

Moreover, it could prevent those local merchants from meeting him directly.

If those local merchants wanted to trade with Lynn, they had to go through Boer!

Lynn didn't mind it at all.

Instead, he greatly appreciated Boer.

This is the quality a merchant should have!

No mercy in business!

Boer noticed Lynn's look and displayed a knowing smile.

Lynn addressed Boer, "Mr. Boer, what is the price of your winter barley?"

Boer didn't hesitate at all and directly replied, "Just the market price, one penny for five pounds!"

Chapter 180: One Million Jin of Barley _2

"This batch of winter barley transported here amounts to a total of 214,000 pounds."

"Which is equivalent to 178 gold pounds and seven shillings."

This price had not only been calculated by him, but also by the dozens of merchants several times over.

There would be no mistake at all.

Upon hearing this price, Lynn's favorability towards Boer unintentionally increased a bit.

The winter barley was specifically instructed by Lynn for Boer to procure from outside.

He could have easily raised the price of this batch of winter barley due to the difficulty of acquisition, high transportation costs, or other reasons.

However, Boer did not.

Lynn spoke up, "I can exchange 7,100 pounds of fine salt with you!"

Boer couldn't help but smile once again, and gratefully said, "I thank you on behalf of the merchants like me, Master Lynn."

Boer naturally knew that the Master Lynn before him was exchanging their winter barley at six pence per pound of fine salt!

Having settled on the price, Lynn was just about to have George arrange for the townsmen to unload the goods.

When squads of villagers returning from their labors abroad happened to arrive back in the town.

Lynn promptly gathered 500 villagers.

With only a dozen townsmen unloading twenty-some pounds of barley, they wouldn't finish even by nightfall!

It was not until the moon was high above the treetops that the winter barley in the 92 wagons was finally completely unloaded.

Before Lynn could speak, Boer preemptively said.

"Master Lynn, I'll take my leave first. It will take several more trips to transport all the winter barley over!"

In such circumstances, clearly, they wouldn't be at ease unless the winter barley was transported over and the transaction completed promptly.

Lynn said, "Load the 7,200 pounds of fine salt onto the wagon first, then return."

Boer smiled and said, "Master Lynn, there's no need for that."

"We've traded so many times; I trust your character!"

Not to mention these hundreds of thousands of pounds of winter barley.

The gold pounds earned from trading with Master Lynn at the price of six pence have long surpassed the worth of these hundreds of thousands of pounds of winter barley.

Barley really isn't that valuable.

Lynn spoke calmly and continued, "You may trust me, but do they trust me?"

Boer's expression froze, and after a moment of hesitation, he eventually nodded.

Boer mounted his horse, leading the caravan to gradually fade into the distance.

Despite it being deep into the night, the torches they held illuminated the surrounding wilderness.

The flickering flames were like a long fiery dragon.

It wasn't until the wagon caravan disappeared into the darkness that Lynn finally withdrew his gaze.

Tonight, the small town was destined for an anticipated night.

With these 500,000 pounds of winter barley, nearly 20,000 acres of arable land could be planted.

Lynn dispatched all the villagers to return home and rest.

They would need to continue opening up more land tomorrow.

As for Boer, traveling from the territory to Morgan Town and back would take three to four days on foot.

Even in a wagon, it would take at least over a day.

Setting aside the rest, just sorting and soaking these hundreds of thousands of pounds of winter barley, as well as the 50,000 pounds brought back by Grayson,

would require several days.

There was no urgency right now.

...

Outside the stone walls of the mountain forest pass.

Dozens of figures were sitting and standing around a bonfire.

The dancing flames continuously cast shadows on their faces.

Their eyes would occasionally glance at the imposing iron gate not far away.

Soft whispers could be heard coming from their mouths.

"Everyone, have you ever heard that there's such a wall at the entrance to this mountain forest?"

"I've never heard of it, I only know it was once a wasteland!"

"Yes, yes, because it's close to the Acadia River and sometimes floods, no lord has ever developed here."

"But why is there a wall here now? Did it appear out of thin air?"

"What do you mean out of thin air? Didn't you see those soldiers guarding the city? And look at the marks on the wall; it's clearly newly built!"

"That makes sense."

"..."

Perhaps as the night grew colder,

the chatter among these merchants gradually lessened.

Eventually, they fell into silence.

The only sound left was the crackling of the bonfire and the sparks flying.

A mountain wind swept through, making their bodies shiver uncontrollably.

Accompanied by the occasional howling of wild wolves...

After an unknown period, an untimely voice suddenly rose among the crowd.

"Aren't you all curious?"

"Curious about what?"

An elderly merchant glanced around at everyone.

"We've gone through so much trouble to acquire this much winter barley, so why won't Boer let us in?"

Another merchant remarked nonchalantly, "What's so curious about that? Didn't Boer say that the lord of this castle doesn't like to meet strangers?"

"Yeah, he can't possibly transact with so many of us individually, can he?"

"If I were the Lord, I wouldn't meet them either!"

The elderly merchant rolled his eyes and dismissively said, "With this kind of thinking, you can only be a wandering merchant your whole life."

Though spoken quietly, other merchants still heard it.

"Koni, what do you mean?"

"We can only be traveling merchants for life? And you? You're already fifty, aren't you?"

"Ridiculous! Who are you to say such things?"

"..."

Glaring at the eyes staring daggers at him, Koni's lips moved slightly, ultimately suppressing the anger within.

Outnumbered and outmatched.

Koni took a deep breath and attempted to explain, "Everyone, please keep calm..."