

System 181

Chapter 181: One Million Jin of Barley _3

"What I mean is, do you... don't you think we're being too simplistic?"

"Haven't you ever considered that maybe it's for other reasons that Boer won't let us see this Lord?"

Hearing this.

The group of merchants instantly calmed down, showing a contemplative expression on their faces.

"I really can't think of any other reason. After all, Boer was the one who asked us to buy the barley, and I've known him for so many years!"

"Koni, explain in detail?"

Koni nodded, "Do you think there's a possibility... Boer is secretly manipulating prices?"

"I mean, he's selling the barley to this Lord at above market price, then using the Lord's price manipulation as an excuse to reduce our profits?"

"After all, none of us have seen this Lord, everything Boer says is self-justified!"

Voices of disbelief rang out.

"No way?"

"Yeah, Boer isn't like that!"

"But... I think Koni makes sense... Who wouldn't want to earn a little extra money?"

Upon hearing this, several merchants nodded in agreement.

Koni didn't say anything further, instead, he listened silently to their conversation.

"If what Koni says is true, even if it's one penny more per pound, how much could Boer earn from all this barley?"

"Over a million pounds for sure! That's too much!"

"At least several dozen Gold Pounds!"

The atmosphere beside the campfire suddenly changed.

The previous chill and solitude turned into envy and jealousy.

"No, once Boer comes out, I must ask him!"

"Yes! We must ask! We all earn our hard-earned money; we can't just let it be deceived by profiteers!"

"Wait for Boer to come out!"

"..."

Buzz!

While the merchants' words were boiling, the heavy iron gate slowly opened.

Illuminated by the torchlight, wagons streamed out from within the city walls.

"Perfect timing, let's go ask together!"

"Let's go!"

"..."

As Boer rode out on his horse, he saw the bodies converging toward him.

A smile appeared on his face, and he was about to announce a surprise to them.

But Boer noticed that these people looked hostile, their expressions unfriendly!

Boer didn't dismount, but instead, he scanned the crowd from atop his horse.

"Everyone, what is this supposed to mean?"

A young merchant stared wide-eyed, glared at Boer, and questioned, "What do we mean? Boer, we want to ask you what do you mean!"

Another merchant chimed in, "Why won't you let us enter the territory? Even if not all of us, four or five together can at least see how the transactions are conducted."

"Mr. Boer, we just want to know the details of the transaction. As long as you explain clearly, that's good enough."

"Yes, yes, if you don't explain, I won't sell the barley anymore!"

"If you don't sell, then I won't sell either."

"Neither will I!"

"..."

Listening to these comments, Boer's eyebrows instantly furrowed.

He scanned the crowd again and said in a deep voice, "Silence!"

Boer's voice wasn't loud, but it echoed in everyone's ears beneath the horse.

As Boer's Guard Captain, Ryan's right hand brushed against the scimitar's hilt.

Facing this tense situation, he was ready for combat.

Not just Ryan, the guards behind him were also prepared.

All it would take is Boer's command.

Seeing the merchants quiet down, Boer then asked, "Can anyone step forward and explain what happened among you while I was inside trading?"

Upon hearing Boer's somewhat unfriendly words, their faces showed no fear or trepidation.

Boer, like them, was merely a local ordinary merchant.

He'd just somehow gotten lucky somewhere, exchanged for a carriage, and acquired guards.

What's there to fear?

A young merchant stepped forward, looked directly into Boer's eyes, and said, "Boer, you don't need to worry about what happened with us, that's not your business."

"You just need to tell us honestly at what price you sold the barley we painstakingly bought to this Lord?"

Spoken with arrogance, impertinent to the extreme.

Boer chose to ignore it, "No one can answer me?"

Seeing himself ignored, the young merchant's face turned awkward, he shouted, "Boer, I'm talking to you, are you pretending not to hear? Are you deaf?"

Only then did Boer slightly lower his head, looking down at the young merchant, "Who are you?"

The young merchant's face changed drastically, fists clenching tightly, "You!"

Just as he stepped toward Boer, a guard beside Boer nudged the horse forward.

The group of merchants behind felt the atmosphere becoming tense, becoming nervous.

Another merchant quickly stepped forward to smooth things over.

"Mr. Boer, you misunderstood, we're just curious."

"Someone said you wouldn't let us meet this Lord because..."

Boer's brow raised, asking, "Because of what?"

The merchant responded, "Because of secret price manipulation!"

Upon hearing this, Boer instantly understood.

It's all about money!

Taking a deep breath, Boer continued asking, "Who said that?"

Within the crowd, Koni's eyelids twitched, he quickly spoke up, "Boer, everyone means no harm, we're friends after all. Just tell us at what price you sold the barley to this Lord, and that's it."

"As long as there's no price manipulation, we'll continue to transport the barley back, it's getting late after all!"

Boer turned his gaze to the elderly speaker.

"Old Koni, so you're the one stirring things up here!"

The surrounding merchants said nothing, apparently agreeing with Boer's words.

Koni's face changed, he explained, "Boer, you've really misunderstood us, we're just..."

Boer glanced at Koni, then turned his gaze away, directly interrupting Koni's words.

"Ladies and gentlemen, if you believe I've secretly manipulated prices and no longer wish to sell the barley, please stand to my left."

Dozens of merchants made no moves, their eyes filled with doubt as they looked around.

After half a minute, no one moved.

Koni stepped forward two steps, his words full of regret as he said, "Boer, my home in Sim Town is really far, perhaps I cannot continue to sell the barley."

Chapter 182: I Spoke Too Loudly

Boer glanced at Koni and nodded, saying: "Of course, Sim Town is indeed some distance from here."

"Since you don't want to continue selling after this, I will settle the payment for the winter barley with you when we return to Morgan Town."

Koni was somewhat surprised, not expecting Boer to be so resolute and decisive.

He snorted coldly and remained silent.

Boer's gaze turned again to the dozens of traveling merchants and continued to ask, "Who else doesn't want to sell? You can freely voice it."

"Fair trade is about fairness; I won't force anyone!"

The young merchant who had just questioned Boer took determined steps and stood next to Koni.

"I have twenty thousand pounds, but I'm not selling!"

Boer nodded, "Who else?"

"I'm not selling either."

"Nor am I."

"..."

One by one, the merchants stepped out from the crowd, standing alongside Koni's group.

Until a short while later.

No other merchants made any movements.

Only then did Boer speak, "Good, a total of twelve people, not prepared to continue cooperating with me and Master Lynn."

"The quantity of winter barley you've transported was registered upon arrival, I will settle it for you at the market price of five pounds per penny."

The faces of the twelve showed no emotion whatsoever.

They continued to look at Boer with strange eyes.

This was the market price and also the agreed price.

Boer indeed did not embezzle their profits.

But it was after they made a fuss that Boer offered such terms.

What if they hadn't fussed?

That, no one could say for sure.

Ignoring the gaze of Koni and the dozen others.

Boer looked at the merchants standing in place, wanting to continue the trade cooperation.

Seeing the hesitant expressions on their faces, Boer smiled faintly and began to explain.

"As for you... Master Lynn is very grateful that we transported so much grain to his land."

"Therefore, he offered fine salt as the bartered item for us."

"Moreover, at a discounted price of eight pence per pound of fine salt..."

Hearing this, the faces of the merchants willing to cooperate instantly turned joyful.

"What? Fine salt? Did I hear that right?"

"This Lord is using fine salt for the exchange? At a rate of eight pence per pound? This..."

"The current market price for fine salt is twelve pence per pound!"

"My goodness, doesn't this mean I can exchange my four thousand pounds of winter barley, carried in two carriages, for a hundred pounds of fine salt?"

"I transported five carriages of winter barley!"

"This Lord is unbelievably generous, isn't he?"

"..."

Listening to their excited voices, Boer smiled gently.

Hearing Boer's voice, Koni's dozen were wide-eyed in an instant.

A series of whispers erupted from their mouths.

"Fine salt?"

"Trade using fine salt?"

"At a rate of eight pence?"

"Does this mean there's a salt mine in this territory?"

"Is it true?"

"..."

Seeing these merchants' hearts start to waver, Koni's expression became solemn.

He knew that if he didn't say something now, these people would immediately fall back into Boer's embrace to continue the cooperation.

Koni stared straight at Boer on horseback, questioning, "Boer, according to you, this Lord is using fine salt for the exchange to thank us for transporting winter barley to his land."

"Then this batch of winter barley transported in also includes our share, so why do we only get the price of five pounds per penny?"

Listening to Koni's words, the already dissatisfied merchants beside Boer began to shout one after another.

"Yeah! Why are we only getting the market price?"

"Boer, do you take us for fools?"

"I know now, you're deliberately stirring conflict between us and you so you can embezzle the profit difference!"

"Lower than pigs and dogs! You're a merchant; wanting to earn more profit is reasonable, but we are here to support your request, aren't we?"

"..."

Listening to such accusations, Boer's face turned cold.

He looked down at these merchants as if they were clowns.

This was the ugly face of merchants!

Seeing that Boer did not refute, the accusing merchants' momentum gradually weakened.

Koni's eyes shifted, questioning Boer, "Boer, you're saying this Lord is using fine salt for exchange, so it's fine salt? "

"Where's the fine salt? Show it!"

Koni wanted to use fine salt as the final straw to break Boer.

Now, he finally understood why Master Lynn insisted on having him bring back a portion of the fine salt first.

Even though Master Lynn had never met these merchants.

He was already well aware of their opportunistic nature!

Of course, Boer also admitted he was the same.

But he would never break a deal like these merchants before him, even if it was just a verbal agreement!

Boer's hand moved; a horseman at the back immediately took the hint, jumped onto the rear carriage, and pulled open the rain cover.

Watching the horseman's actions, the merchants who were about to continue shouting suddenly opened their eyes wide.

"He's opening a bag; what kind of bag is that?"

"Can't see clearly, looks like a barley bag..."

"The horseman picked up a wooden scoop... what did he scoop out of the bag?"

"Looks white and shiny?"

"Salt? Is it really fine salt?"

"..."

Under the watchful eyes of everyone, Boer took the wooden scoop from the horseman's hand.

This scoop of fine salt weighed at least five to six pounds!

It piled up like a miniature mountain peak.

Boer held the wooden scoop in his left hand and slowly displayed it in front of him.

Chapter 183: I Spoke Too Loudly

"Everyone, this is the fine salt provided by the Lord!"

"Ladies and gentlemen!"

"Are there any objections now?"

"Hmm?"

Under the glow of the torchlight, the merchants stared at the crystalline substance that gleamed like ice and snow, their eyes wide open.

Their gazes were filled with disbelief.

Although they primarily dealt in local agricultural produce and seldom sold fine salt,

they still knew what fine salt looked like.

And judging by the refined and sparkling quality of this fine salt, it was clearly of high quality!

Such fine salt commanded higher prices and was highly sought after by the Lord Nobility and wealthy individuals, thus increasing demand!

Under Mr. Boer's piercing, blade-sharp gaze, Koni's body trembled slightly.

Yet Koni remained somewhat dissatisfied.

He looked at Boer and continued, "Boer, are we to have no share of this fine salt?"

"Don't forget, the winter barley you delivered had a share from all of us!"

"Don't you agree?"

As Koni's words fell, no one responded to him.

Even the young merchant who initially challenged Boer had fallen silent.

Koni raised an eyebrow and looked in surprise at the dozen or so merchants beside him.

"Hmm? Am I wrong? Speak up!"

Still, there was no response.

Koni suddenly felt a pang of fear inside.

He realized that the merchants who were dissatisfied with Boer moments ago were now seeing the fine salt and the enormous profit, unwilling to stand on his side.

What is fine salt?

It's opportunity, it's wealth!

Now, he had become the target of isolation.

Watching the isolated Koni, Boer smiled contentedly.

He nudged his horse and slowly moved forward, circling around Koni.

Koni nervously asked, "Boer, what do you intend to do? I am just worried about my goods."

Boer raised an eyebrow, "Worried about the goods? Just that?"

"I have always promised the price of winter barley to be five pounds per one penny!"

"Although we haven't settled yet, did I ever mention lowering the price?"

Koni stepped back nervously, "No... no."

Boer's voice continued, "Since not, then why spread rumors among them?"

"You're maliciously tarnishing my reputation as a merchant!"

Koni stammered, unsure how to respond, "I... I..."

Boer: "As for fine salt, whether now or later, for the goods you transport, I can offer you market prices in gold pounds and pence or provide you fine salt!"

"Of course, only if I choose to!"

It was he who led these merchants to Master Lynn's territory.

It was also he who gave these merchants the chance to quickly accumulate assets and perhaps even change their fate.

He intended to hold these merchants tightly in his grasp!

Master Lynn offered him fine salt at six pence per pound; he could raise the price to eight pence or even ten pence for these merchants.

He could profit from the differential; likewise, these merchants could also profit from the differential.

Moreover, compared to buying agricultural produce at low prices from villages and selling them in towns, this was much more profitable.

Koni fell silent, not daring to say a word.

Those dissatisfied with Boer also remained silent.

And the merchants who had not spoken wore looks of relief on their faces.

As merchants, they knew very well what it meant to find a territory that sold and exchanged fine salt!

Vast wealth!

Even earning just a little profit could lead them to comfortably live out their lives.

Or even broaden their business, enlarging their family's influence.

Boer turned his gaze back to the crowd, asking, "Now... who still wishes to withdraw from the collaboration?"

No merchant uttered a word; they looked at Boer with gentle eyes.

Those standing beside Koni glanced at each other and returned to the original team.

Koni's group of a dozen gradually shrank, one figure after another departing.

Before long.

All that remained was Koni and the young merchant.

The young merchant seemed to have reached a decision; he spoke to Boer, "Mr. Boer, I've thought it over and still want to collaborate with you and the Lord."

Boer nodded calmly, "Of course you can."

With Boer's approval, the young merchant felt a sudden relief and quickly returned to the team.

On Boer's right side, only Koni remained.

Feeling the pressure from everyone's gaze, Koni felt overwhelmed.

He took a deep breath and, in a complex tone, said, "Mr. Boer, I apologize for my loud and impulsive words earlier."

"Please forgive me and allow me to continue our transactional collaboration."

Boer said nothing, merely staring at Koni.

Not just Boer but all the merchants who changed sides also had their gaze fixed on Koni.

Although there were dozens standing outside the city walls, with more than eighty carriages,

the scene seemed exceptionally silent and cold.

Perhaps it was due to old age and frailty, or maybe because of the chilling night mountain winds.

Koni's legs trembled uncontrollably...

He was just about to speak further.

Boer finally responded, "Alright."

Hearing those two words, Koni felt a weight lifted off his shoulders, expressing his gratitude, "Thank you for your generosity, Mr. Boer."

Boer nodded slightly, "Now we've begun our return journey. Head back to your respective towns immediately, fill up your carts with winter barley, and meet in Morgan Town!"

Chapter 184: I Spoke Too Loudly _3

A group of merchants exclaimed excitedly, "Yes, Mr. Boer!"

The merchants each climbed into their respective carriages, driving their horses into the darkness in the distance.

The figures gathered outside the city walls gradually dispersed until they finally disappeared into the night.

Boer turned back to glance at Guard Captain Ryan.

Ryan drove his horse forward.

Ryan inquired, calling out, "Master Boer."

Boer stared straight into the darkness ahead, speaking calmly, "Ryan, have there been any bandits in Morgan Town lately?"

Upon hearing this, Ryan's eyebrows instantly raised, he responded, "The Iron Blood Brotherhood! They always like to raid merchant caravans!"

The recent experiences immediately came to Boer's mind.

He nodded, "Sim Town where Koni and Leiden are located is a bit far, take a team to escort them."

"Don't get raided by bandits like we did last time."

Ryan instantly understood, replying, "Yes, Master Boer."

As the words fell.

Ryan summoned a team of ten, driving their horses swiftly into the darkness ahead.

Watching Ryan and his team leave, Boer then drove his horse, leading the caravan back towards Morgan Town.

And in his mind, he was quickly thinking.

To purchase enough winter barley for Master Lynn, he had to rely on these local merchants.

It's impossible to completely hide the fine salt Master Lynn exchanged.

However, he had to try his best for Master Lynn and for himself to conceal the information that there is fine salt here.

The other merchants were still easy to control.

Only Koni and Leiden had too many uncertain factors!

Precaution is necessary.

...

Three days later.

Lynn finished his breakfast and just walked out of the Red Brick House.

Seeing Rose waiting at the door.

Rose bent his body, reporting respectfully, "Master, there was a little incident outside the city walls last night."

Lynn looked at Rose with confusion, "Speak."

Immediately.

Rose began to explain.

After listening to Rose's explanation, Lynn nodded, "I understand, go ahead and keep busy."

Rose bowed again, retreated with a few soldiers towards the Blacksmith Workshop.

He needed to collect Winged Spears from the Blacksmith Workshop.

Lynn was not surprised by what Rose described.

One could even say that when Boer left those merchants outside the city walls, Lynn guessed Boer's thoughts afterwards.

This is very normal.

Struggling at the bottom level of commercial activities, these merchants finally encountered an opportunity to succeed.

Who wouldn't want to take advantage of this chance to rise quickly?

As for how to rise, what needs to be experienced, whether success is possible, it depends on Boer's ability.

Retracting his thoughts.

Lynn glanced at the quantity of farmland on the [Resource Panel], reaching over forty-nine thousand acres.

With today passing, the plan for autumn tilling fifty thousand acres will be realized.

Awaiting these townsmen is the autumn planting!

Closing the panel, Lynn arrived at the open space in front.

A hundred female townsfolk were diligently selecting winter barley seeds.

Under the breeze, hulls and shriveled grains flew up, finally settling on the ground.

And what remained in the winnowing baskets were layers of plump barley seeds.

Lynn roughly estimated that, working eight hours a day, using baskets only about thirty pounds could be sorted a day.

Time-consuming and labor-intensive, inefficient.

If it takes twenty pounds per acre, over fifty thousand acres would need a million pounds of barley seeds...

This efficiency is far too slow!

The primitive screening method must be improved.

The memory of a screening tool instantly surfaced in Lynn's mind!

A threshing machine!

Without hesitation, Lynn took Red straight to the Woodworker Workshop.

Before he had gone far, hurried footsteps sounded from behind.

Lynn looked back, seeing Tate running.

Now Tate might be the most leisurely existence in the entire domain.

No need to labor, nor teach children.

Always wandering in the town, recording various technologies and knowledge.

Running up to Lynn's side, Tate spoke respectfully, "Lord."

Lynn responded with a nod, speaking, "Mr. Tate, how do you feel about the territory during this time?"

Tate hardly hesitated, directly saying, "Lord, your domain is the most advanced and humane I've seen!"

During this time, Tate almost toured the entire domain.

He saw the open-pit salt mine and the accompanying Salt Factory!

Using stone mills for efficient crushing of rock salt blocks, then washing and dissolving, then crystallizing with huge Iron Pots, and grinding into fine salt.

He saw the brake-equipped carriage on the open-pit coal mine, ensuring transportation safety effectively.

He saw the mill water wheel, irrigation water wheel, Forging Water Wheel, and the huge towering iron smelting furnace!

Even the large-scale Red Brick Factory occupying a vast area, and multiple workshops...

Despite some workshops not yet in production.

It still didn't hinder Tate from believing this being the most advanced and humane territory!

As a scholar, he saw various knowledge in numerous documents.

He naturally understood, only through improving work efficiency could productivity be fundamentally elevated.

Though Lynn's domain housed only a few thousand people, its production and efficiency far surpassed many large Manors!

Key was, the eight-hour work system Lynn implemented, even Tate had never heard seen before.

Other lords wished to suppress the village slaves to death.

Whereas Lynn, with his eight-hour work system, allowed all labor forces to get adequate rest.

Thus boosting labor enthusiasm and efficiency...

Such thinking shocked Tate immensely.

If this work model spread beyond the domain, it would certainly incite a huge uproar, making a massive impact on the continent's system.

But more likely, Lynn would be executed as a Heretic!

Other rulers would never permit such a system to exist in their domain or the Empire.

Chapter 185: Animal Breeding System

Lynn nodded and spoke to Tate.

"Very well, once the school is established, I need you to systematically teach what you've seen and learned to those children and townsmen!"

"Not just planting techniques, but also forging technology, breeding technology, and textile technology, among others."

"I will divide the different technologies into various categories for the different townsmen to learn."

"At that time, you will be the principal of the entire school."

Listening to Lynn's words, Tate's eyes widened with disbelief in his heart.

It wasn't because Lynn said he would make him the principal.

But because Lynn actually wants the townsmen of the territory to receive education!

And it's systematic, categorized education.

Even though Lynn spoke casually and simply.

If it were truly implemented and succeeded.

The production and development speed of this land would experience explosive growth!

Only then did Tate understand the ambition of the young man in front of him...

If it really succeeds, then what would he, as an educator, be considered?

A great educator?

Thinking of this, Tate's body couldn't help but tremble slightly.

As long as one is a normal person, there will always be desires.

Tate admits that he is too.

But he doesn't care about wealth, nor does he care about status.

What he cares about is - reputation!

Being remembered by future generations.

This is also one of the reasons why he wants to reform the planting techniques of food crops!

Tate took a deep breath, bent his body slightly, and said: "Lord, I understand."

Lynn nodded.

In the words between Lynn and Tate, they had already arrived at the Woodworker Workshop.

In the Woodworker Workshop, Colin was teaching dozens of apprentices how to make waterwheels!

Seeing Lynn arrive, Colin stepped out from the apprentices.

Looking at Tate, Colin called out, "Master Lynn."

Lynn responded and said, "I need you to rush to make a batch of winnowing machines for sorting barley seeds!"

Colin asked in confusion, "Winnowing machine? Master Lynn, do you mean the wind-powered windmill built in the fields?"

"If it's that, I can make it..."

Lynn shook his head and said, "No, it's the winnowing machine."

The winnowing machine in his mind was not the windmill of this world.

But the divine tool for hull separation that has dominated his world for thousands of years!

With just a light turn of the handle, the impurities in the grains can be easily separated.

Seeing Colin's frowning, Lynn wasted no words.

He walked to the workbench, picked up an iron saw, and began cutting through a log.

Seeing this, Colin immediately understood Master Lynn's intention.

He came to assist on the side.

Several apprentices also gathered from afar to watch.

The apprentices who were fortunate enough to watch Master Lynn make waterwheels and sampan boats before, had faces full of excitement.

They understood that Master Lynn was almost a universal existence!

Even things that Foreman Colin had never heard of, Master Lynn could make by hand.

Contrary to their expectation and excitement, Tate's face was full of confusion.

Lynn, as the lord, taking part in weeding and cultivation himself was one thing.

Now he's making woodworking by himself?

Moreover, from Lynn's proficiency in using the tools, it was obviously not his first time.

Buzz buzz buzz!

The deep sawing sounds, like a crying, kept echoing in the workshop.

[Production Experience +1]

[Production Experience +1]

...

As the experience increased, the knowledge of making the winnowing machine surfaced in Lynn's mind, rapidly integrating.

A short while later.

The complete knowledge and memory of making the winnowing machine had already fused comprehensively in Lynn's mind.

The movements of Lynn's hands became increasingly skillful.

One by one, logs were sawed by Lynn into planks, neatly stacked on the side, meant for the main part of the winnowing machine.

Then, Lynn picked up several logs, further processing them into blades for the rotor, and chiseling a round hole in the center of the blades for later wheel installation.

Lynn then found several logs as thick as calves, used to make the frame of the winnowing machine!

With all the materials ready, Lynn immediately began assembling.

Nail after nail was driven into the planks, gradually shaping the main body of a winnowing machine.

With Colin's assistance, blade after blade was mounted onto the spindle, and then the spindle was installed onto the main body of the wind machine.

The spindle with blades was installed, Lynn continued with the installation of the winnowing machine's frame.

Four logs were nailed onto the main body of the winnowing machine.

This way the winnowing machine could still stand steadily on the ground after dozens of pounds of barley were poured in.

With Lynn's continuous adjustments and tests, a winnowing machine was finally completed.

By this time, it was already afternoon.

Lynn had Red pour about a dozen pounds of barley into the grain inlet of the winnowing machine.

With his right hand, Lynn turned the handle, causing the spindle with blades to start rotating.

The rotating wind force surged out from the rear outlet, making a buzzing sound.

At the same time, Lynn held the switch latch with his left hand and gradually opened the channel from the inlet to the air chamber.

Swish swish.

The sound of barley starting to fall was heard.

Under the wind power brought by the rotating blades, the impurities and shriveled grains mixed in with the barley were directly blown out from the rear outlet, scattering on the ground.

The plump grains of barley, due to their weight, rolled down the passage and into the bamboo-picking basket.

Chapter 186: Animal Breeding System_2

A dozen pounds of barley poured into the inlet silo were sorted in just a few minutes!

Seeing the barley instantly separated, the effect was immediate.

Whether it was Colin, Tate, or all the apprentices, they couldn't help but widen their eyes!

Such a simple operation can sort the barley.

Moreover, it's time-saving and labor-saving, fast-paced.

After sorting, Lynn finally released the handle in his hand and looked at Colin.

"Is there any problem?"

Colin quickly recalled in his mind, recalling the process of Lynn's gristmill production.

A little while later.

Colin spoke up, "No problems, Master Lynn."

The production of the gristmill is not complicated, and the operation is simple.

That's why it has dominated the grain separation market for a thousand years.

Because everyone can make it, and everyone knows how to operate it.

Lynn nodded and said, "I need a hundred of these mills."

Based on the speed just now, Lynn roughly estimated.

An hour can sort nearly a hundred pounds, a day would be eight hundred pounds.

A hundred gristmills can sort eighty thousand pounds a day.

While producing, they are also put into sorting.

After the barley is sorted, it's placed in a vat for saltwater soaking.

Once Boer transports all the winter barley over, the sorting work will be almost complete.

Colin nodded and said, "Alright, Master Lynn, we will do our utmost!"

Lynn responded, "Then start right away."

With Lynn's command, Colin immediately led a group of apprentices into the production of gristmills.

Instantly.

The sound of iron saws filled the entire woodworker workshop.

A hundred apprentices were divided into batches by Colin, working in an orderly fashion.

One batch was responsible for finding materials for making the gristmill, one batch was responsible for cutting and nailing the wooden boards for the main body, while another batch worked with Colin on production.

Lynn did not leave but stood by, occasionally guiding them.

Next to Lynn was Tate, who was amazed recording the method of making gristmills.

Producing a large quantity of the mills as mentioned by Master Lynn is only a matter of time.

With the gristmills, there will no longer be a need for manual laborious sorting like sieves.

The efficiency of sorting grain seeds will significantly increase!

Tate looked at Lynn with a gaze full of disbelief.

He was filled with wonder.

What doesn't this young Lord know?

Until midday.

Colin and the others successfully produced a gristmill, and Lynn tested it.

After confirming there were no issues, Lynn advised Colin a few words and then left.

The development of a territory naturally involves solving problems as they arise.

Even for Lynn, foresight is impossible.

Tate did not follow Lynn but stayed at the woodworker workshop.

According to him, he must fully grasp the production and operating process of the gristmill to deeply understand its working principle.

So that he can better teach others to make it in the future!

...

After inspecting the town and confirming there were no abnormalities, Lynn arrived at the wasteland being cultivated.

Looking at the number of cultivated lands under Resource Management, it had reached fifty-four thousand acres.

The autumn plowing of this farmland is about to end.

The townsmen were driving one hundred and forty wheel plows, doing the finishing work.

As Lynn was observing, Gavin came to him.

He spoke respectfully, "Master Lynn, at this pace, the cultivation can finish this afternoon."

"Our next task is..."

Looking at Gavin, Lynn spoke, "After cultivation ends, lead them all to Guy's pasture."

"Assist the pasture personnel in planting Black Rye Grass seeds."

Although the cultivation is nearing its end, Lynn didn't let them rest.

Guy's pasture, although only requiring simple cultivation to break the soil surface.

But because of the vast area, it requires a lot of people for planting.

It is far from enough relying on the dozens of people on the pasture.

However, planting Black Rye Grass is naturally not as exhausting as cultivating wasteland.

Townsmen can work leisurely, doing simple work while taking breaks.

The winter barley seeds have only been transported twenty thousand pounds, still far from the over a hundred thousand needed.

Moreover, seed sorting is also underway...

This can effectively utilize the labor force of the townsmen.

Listening to Lynn's words, Gavin nodded, "Yes, Master Lynn."

Later.

Lynn went to the pasture to inspect.

A vast team of nearly three thousand people was working on the pasture.

Lynn nodded with satisfaction.

The Black Rye Grass sown now with the Kaldi Empire's oceanic climate, if nothing goes wrong, can be harvested around December.

But if special weather occurs, such as sudden cold or frost, the Black Rye Grass will enter dormancy.

Only when the spring returns next year will it grow again and be harvest-ready.

However

No matter what, this pasture definitely needs the planting of pasture grass.

Concerning the dry and fresh grass rations needed for the breeding of poultry, livestock, and even warhorses next year!

Riding on Mo Ying, Lynn returned to the town.

On the way back, Lynn saw again a long line of carriages driving toward the town.

Such a lengthy convoy, so many carriages.

Lynn didn't have to guess to know it was Boer transporting the winter barley to the territory.

Chapter 187: Animal Breeding System_3

As the caravan drew near.

Seeing Boer's somewhat tired face, Lynn said, "You've worked hard, Mr. Boer."

Clearly, he hadn't had a good rest to transport this batch of goods.

Boer smiled and nodded, "Master Lynn, you're too kind. Since it's your commission, I must give it my all."

Lynn continued, "Is the matter of the traveling merchants settled?"

Hearing Lynn's words, Boer was momentarily stunned.

But he understood the next moment.

That night, they were just outside Master Lynn's territory walls.

A gathering of dozens of people naturally attracted the attention of the soldiers on the walls.

It's only logical that Master Lynn would know about it.

Boer recalled those two bloody heads.

He nodded, his expression calm, "Rest assured, Master Lynn, everything is under control."

"I am now the president of those traveling merchants!"

Lynn was intrigued and curiously asked, "The president?"

Boer smiled as he explained, "Yes, indeed, Master Lynn."

"I have already distributed the fine salt from the last trade according to the winter barley they transported."

"The profit from fine salt is beyond imagination. If they want more fine salt, but only I can enter your land, Master Lynn, they have no choice but to rely on me..."

"So, I boldly formed a small merchant guild of local traveling merchants!"

Boer spoke calmly without any concealment.

From the beginning, Boer never intended to hide anything from Master Lynn.

He knew deeply that, without Master Lynn, he might still be haggling over a few pence for crops with those Free People.

Lynn gave Boer an approving look, "Well done."

Since Boer's close encounter with the Bandit Corps' raid, his character had indeed undergone a tremendous change.

At one point, Lynn saw a reflection of himself in Boer.

Whether it was the tone of his speech or his demeanor...

Boer shifted the topic and explained, "Master Lynn, there are over 200,000 pounds of winter barley in this batch; sixty thousand pounds remain!"

Lynn nodded and looked at George, who immediately summoned hundreds to unload the cargo.

Soon enough.

Townsmen carried bags of barley continuously towards the warehouse.

Over twenty thousand pounds of winter barley were finally unloaded by noon.

Once 6,700 pounds of fine salt were loaded onto Boer's carriage, Boer left tirelessly.

Because Boer saw, on Master Lynn's territory, a somewhat peculiar and novel tool being used to sift barley seeds.

Boer understood that Master Lynn needed this batch of barley as planting seeds!

The caravan left Boer.

On the open ground, the work of sifting seeds did not stop.

As the Woodworker Workshop produced more and more winnowing machines, the seed-sifting speed increased faster and faster.

Lynn continuously drew personnel from the planting workers at the ranch to join in sifting the barley seeds.

The initial single winnowing machine sifted eight hundred pounds per day, now with twenty machines, sixteen thousand pounds per day.

Moreover, the Woodworker Workshop continuously produced winnowing machines, further increasing the efficiency and speed of seed sorting.

All thanks to the high efficiency brought by improved tools!

Sitting on a distant bench, Lynn rested for a while.

Not far away.

Bai Ling and Black Night came running towards him rapidly.

Originally two Wild Wolf Cubs, but after this period of feeding, they had long become accustomed to the human scent.

Townsmen were also accustomed to Bai Ling and Black Night's presence.

Now the entire territory became their range of activities.

Upon reaching Lynn's side, Bai Ling and Black Night squinted their eyes, lightly rubbing against his ankles and calves.

Their eyes half-closed, full of enjoyment.

Lynn called a Guard over and took out a few pieces of premium meat to feed Bai Ling and Black Night.

[Breeding Experience +1]

[Breeding Experience +1]

...

Gazing at the Wild Wolves chewing away, Lynn was a bit surprised.

Bai Ling and Black Night seemed to have grown more robust...

Now they were already as tall as his knee.

What was regretful for Lynn was that he currently had too few Energy Stones and had not found Magic Ore.

Otherwise, he could redeem the [Wolf's Den] from the [Special Building Library] and build it.

Breeding Bai Ling and Black Night in the [Wolf's Den].

Thinking of this, a hint of anticipation appeared in Lynn's eyes.

After eating a few more pieces of premium meat Lynn fed them, Bai Ling and Black Night licked their lips contentedly.

They trotted toward the distant wilderness.

The wasteland nearby the town has been reclaimed into farmland.

They could only go further away, seeking out and chasing those wild rabbits, honing their hunting skills.

Just then.

A text panel appeared before Lynn's eyes.

[Your Breeding has upgraded to Level 2, unlocking: Animal Breeding System]

[Reward acquired: Skill Duplication Book ×1]

Seeing the text prompt before him, Lynn frowned.

Animal Breeding System?

What is this?

With a thought, Lynn opened the [Heavenly Artifacts] panel, and began to check.

[Animal Breeding System]: Can view animal intimacy, status, and animal growth and breeding routes.

Seeing this, Lynn understood.

Similar to the [Resident Information Column], which allows viewing each resident's detailed information.

Now, he can view various animals' information status.

For future livestock and poultry breeding, it's quite a valuable feature.

Lynn nodded in satisfaction.

As for the Skill Duplication Book, he now had seven of them!

Yet Lynn still hadn't identified a skill he wanted to learn.

The only skill catching his eye was Rose's 'Charge' skill.

But to consume a [Skill Duplication Book] to duplicate a basic Riding Skill seemed quite wasteful.

Only an Extraordinary Skill would be worthy of duplication!

But neither the Witch Sienna nor the Priest Old John had transferable Extraordinary Skills.

Lynn decided to wait a bit longer.

He glanced at the [Heavenly Artifacts] panel.

Now, only [Construction] and [Collection] hadn't reached Level 2.

[Construction: Level 1 (121/200)] (+)

[Collection: Level 1 (192/200)] (+)

The experience required for the [Construction] skill was still quite extensive.

But the [Collection] skill was about to reach Level 2!

Lynn walked toward the townsmen sifting seeds.

Dispelling a townsman turning a winnowing machine handle, Lynn took over himself, gripping the axis handle with his right hand, and began turning it steadily.

[Collection Experience +1]

[Collection Experience +1]

[Collection Experience +1]

...

[Your Collection has upgraded to Level 2, unlocking: Fishing]

[Reward acquired: Skill Duplication Book ×1]

Chapter 188: The Start of Autumn Planting

Looking at the text prompt that appeared once again before him, Lynn was slightly taken aback.

It wasn't because the [Collection] skill had leveled up so quickly.

But because of the [Fishing] function.

[Fishing]: Fishing can yield different rewards, the higher the quality of the fish, the richer the rewards.

His Innate Holy Body of Farming, Innate Woodworker Saint Body, Innate Forging Saint Body...

Was he about to become the ultimate fisherman?

Suppressing his complex emotions, Lynn was somewhat amazed.

This function wasn't bad at all.

However, he didn't have time for fishing now.

Closing all the panels, Lynn continued to turn the handle of the grain mill in his hand.

It wasn't until noon that Lynn stopped.

After lunch,

Lynn walked toward the central area of the main castle in the town.

The construction of the main castle had never ceased.

However, Lynn had focused all the territory's development on autumn plowing and planting.

Only a hundred or so people were still carrying on with the construction.

Lynn's gaze swept around the main castle, it had already been built up to six or seven meters high.

Vaguely, the outline of a grand castle was taking shape.

But completion was still far from achievable.

They were currently still constructing the main body of the castle, not to mention the towers, arrow towers, walls...

And the supporting living buildings, kitchens, warehouses, cellars, courtyards, and so on.

The castle was a symbol of the lord's power.

It could also protect his personal safety and property.

But Lynn wasn't in a rush.

Rolling up his sleeves, Lynn entered the construction site and joined in on the building of the main castle.

[Construction Experience +1]

[Construction Experience +1]

[Construction Experience +1]

...

At dusk,

outside the territory,

a road paved only with gravel.

A dozen followers on horseback were guarding a carriage, traveling steadily across a wasteland.

The followers held the reins in their left hands, their right hands on the longswords or scimitars at their waists.

Vigilantly scanning everything around them with their eyes.

Luckily, there were no anomalies around.

Ackman, who was newly promoted to Chief Attendant, glanced at the dozen followers by his side, feeling quite pleased.

Even though he was still Master Aiden's dog.

Compared to the other followers, he only needed to obey Master Aiden's call now!

He was the top-level dog!

Mmhmm~

Listening to the suppressed sounds of painful yet pleasurable cries, Ackman couldn't help but glance back.

Even though the sound was mixed with the rolling of carriage wheels and the trampling of hooves.

He heard it clearly and distinctly.

Ackman couldn't help but marvel at Master Aiden's physical stamina.

To know that in such a wilderness, such sounds had continued for an hour!

Even he felt a bit overwhelmed.

As Ackman was marveling, a low voice sounded within the carriage.

That strange sound finally began to fade away.

A few minutes later,

a melancholy shout came from inside the carriage, "Ackman!"

Hearing Master Aiden's call, Ackman quickly pulled the reins to slow his horse down.

The carriage behind continued to move normally.

In the difference of speed, Ackman came to the right side of the carriage.

Turning his head towards the carriage, Ackman raised an eyebrow.

Although Master Aiden hadn't opened the door or drawn the curtain, with the carriage's movement,

he could still see inside, two fair and voluptuous women's bodies.

Ackman quickly responded, "Master Aiden."

Once again, Aiden's voice came from the carriage, "Where are we now?"

Ackman glanced around before speaking, "Master Aiden, we've been out of your territory for a few days now. We should reach Jonas Frank Manor Lord's territory by evening!"

Aiden's voice responded, "I see, tell them to be careful, that Jonas isn't a good man!"

"You may go. I'm feeling a bit tired, I'll take a nap first."

Ackman responded, "Yes, Master Aiden."

As the words fell, Ackman couldn't help but sneak another glance into the carriage.

That fair roundness intruded upon his gaze once more.

Aiden lay asleep on the laps of the two maids.

Ackman drove his horse forward contentedly.

Reaching the front of the carriage convoy, Ackman continued to vigilantly survey the surroundings.

Until it was nearing evening.

Ackman saw peasants ahead who were planting, he was just about to report to Aiden.

More than a dozen riders came galloping towards them from the front.

The sound of thundering hooves was unbroken ahead.

Ackman furrowed his brow, quickly calling to the followers beside him, "Guard, protect the master!"

"Yes!"

The voice was loud enough to even wake the resting Aiden.

He quickly opened the curtain to look out.

In the dimming light, a dozen guards holding long spears were charging at them.

Aiden's face darkened.

He looked at the two tense maids and said, "What are you waiting for? Help me get dressed!"

The two maids quickly responded, "Yes, yes, master."

A moment later,

Sharp halting calls resounded in front of Ackman.

As the horses reared constantly, a dozen horses finally stopped, letting out shrill whinnies.

Ackman narrowed his eyes, staring at them intently, and explained, "Gentlemen, I am Ackman, the Chief Attendant of Morrison Manor."

Chapter 189: The Start of Autumn Planting

"Inside the carriage is Aiden Morrison Manor Lord, wanting to see Jonas Frank Manor Lord."

A burly middle-aged man squeezed his horse's belly, and the horse beneath him immediately moved forward.

Heading towards the group that had prepared their defensive formation.

Once they saw the middle-aged man had only one eye, with nothing in his other socket.

The group of followers instantly became tense.

The one-eyed man came to the front of the carriage and looked inside through the curtain.

Upon seeing Aiden, he pulled the reins and started to speak as he headed back, "You are not guests invited by Master Jonas, leave immediately!"

Ackman was just about to speak when Aiden's voice rose from inside the carriage.

"Tell Jonas, I have a big deal to discuss with him."

The one-eyed man turned his head and looked back again, seemingly pondering something.

A moment later.

The one-eyed man spoke, "You may enter, but your dogs... must stay outside!"

Hearing the words of the one-eyed man, Ackman's eyes widened instantly, and he even gripped the hilt of his longsword tightly.

Indeed, he was Aiden's dog, but he could not allow an outsider to make comments!

Aiden's voice rang out again, "Alright, but I want to bring my Chief Attendant inside."

The one-eyed man's gaze instantly fell on Ackman.

His single-eyed gaze was full of disdain.

"Fine."

Led by more than a dozen guards in front, Aiden's carriage and Ackman entered Jonas's territory.

The rest of the followers were left outside the territory.

Peasants working the fields glanced curiously, then immediately lowered their heads, not daring to make any eye contact.

Almost an hour later.

A multi-story mansion appeared in Ackman's sight.

Despite the night having fallen.

Candles burning within the mansion illuminated it brightly.

The soft yellow light spilled out from the windows...

A few minutes later.

The group arrived at the mansion's front door, where several followers promptly stepped forward to take hold of the horses and carriage.

Ackman dismounted, came to the side of the carriage, and assisted Aiden in getting off.

The one-eyed man glanced inside the carriage, his voice cold, "I will go and seek the master's permission, wait here."

Hearing the one-eyed man's unfriendly tone, Aiden couldn't help but furrow his brow.

But he remained silent.

A moment later.

The one-eyed man returned and stared directly at Aiden, "You can go in, but you must surrender your weapons!"

Ackman's expression shifted, and he quickly looked at Aiden.

Without weapons, they would be powerless, at the mercy of their opponent.

Aiden responded, "Very well."

With that, Aiden turned to Ackman.

Ackman unwillingly surrendered the longsword at his waist.

Led by the one-eyed man, Aiden and Ackman entered the mansion.

Ackman surveyed the surroundings.

On either side of the wool carpet laid in the corridor were oil lamp posts made from bronze.

The light illuminating the entire mansion came from these lamp posts.

The mansion seemed to be nearing dinnertime; maids and cooks were busy preparing and serving various dishes.

In front of some important iron doors, stood two guards, watching over them.

Odd patterns were carved on some walls and stone pillars, along with tapestries embroidered with beautiful designs hanging on them!

Compared to Master Aiden's mansion, Jonas Manor Lord's mansion was indeed more luxurious and grand.

Led by the one-eyed man, Aiden and Ackman arrived at a double-doored chamber.

Two guards were stationed at the entrance.

The one-eyed man knocked on the door and said, "Master, Aiden is here."

A somewhat weak voice came from behind the door, "Let him in."

"Yes," the one-eyed man said, looking at Aiden, "Only you can go in."

Aiden didn't hesitate, "I understand, Ackman, stay at the door."

Upon hearing this, the one-eyed man pushed open one door and led Aiden inside.

In the next moment.

The door closed tightly.

Leaving only Ackman standing at the door waiting.

He wanted to listen, but the cold stares of the two guards watched him closely.

Ackman decided to give up.

Time passed by quickly.

Ackman paced back and forth in boredom at the door.

No one knew how long it had been.

The tightly closed door suddenly opened.

Aiden's bloated body squeezed out from one of the doors.

Ackman quickly stepped forward to Aiden's side, just about to speak.

Aiden's deep voice sounded, "Return."

Ackman could sense Aiden's tone carried suppressed anger.

He said nothing and followed closely behind Aiden, heading downstairs swiftly.

Descending the stairs, passing through the corridor, they quickly reached outside the mansion.

Helping Aiden onto the carriage, Ackman snatched his longsword back from the guard at the door.

He spoke to the coachman, "Return."

The coachman quickly drove the carriage, retracing their route.

Inside the carriage.

Seeing the bodies of the maids before him, Aiden moved his hands, placing them on the heads of the two maids.

Using force, the heads of the two maids were pressed directly against his abdomen.

Chapter 190: The Start of Autumn Planting

"I'm really angry right now!"

A few seconds later.

A comfortable exhalation came from Aiden's mouth.

"Phew~"

Ackman, driving the carriage, came to the right side of the carriage.

Through the dim oil lamp inside the carriage, he glanced at the scene inside and quickly looked away.

"Master Aiden, are you alright?"

Aiden was indifferent to the fact that Ackman seemed to have seen everything.

He spoke as if nobody was there: "Jonas is truly driven mad by poverty!"

"I invited him to dispatch troops and join me in eradicating the Iron Blood Brotherhood bandits, and he actually said it's me who needs him?"

"He didn't even hesitate, just outright demanded—hiss... One Hundred Gold Pounds!"

"One Hundred Gold Pounds, does he think there's a gold mine on my lands?"

"Hiss!"

Outside the carriage, Ackman said nothing, just listened quietly.

Aiden continued, "With One Hundred Gold Pounds, I could hire another batch of mercenaries to eliminate these bandits!"

"A slave costs only three shillings, I could buy seven hundred slaves!"

"Oh!"

After a strange noise, Aiden's tone became somewhat even.

He looked at the two maids with some displeasure, "What are you looking at?"

"I'm just a bit tired."

"Wipe your faces clean, it's really disgusting to look at!"

With the maids' responses, the inside of the carriage returned to normal.

Ackman tentatively asked, "Master Aiden, how should we deal with those bandits then?"

"They're still plundering your villages..."

Listening to Ackman's words, Aiden's once-relaxed expression turned unhappy again.

"What? Did I make you Chief Attendant to ask questions?"

"Hurry up and think of a way to resolve the bandits without spending money!"

"If you can't, go keep company with Walker and Ford!"

Ackman was terrified and quickly responded, "Yes, Master Aiden."

To Ackman, those maids were still tempting, but now he no longer had the mood to peek at them.

His mind started to race.

He wanted to quickly find a way to solve the problem.

But... Ackman realized that no matter how hard he tried, he couldn't think of any way to resolve the Iron Blood Brotherhood Bandit Corps as Master Aiden demanded.

Until now, he finally understood.

Being the Chief Attendant wasn't as easy as it seemed!

When the carriage drove out of Jonas's manor and joined the followers gathering warmth around the campfire.

The carriage convoy drove through the night under the illumination of torches.

...

Five days passed.

In the blink of an eye.

Boer had led the traders back and forth nearly six times.

The 1,116,000 pounds of winter barley had finally been completely transported.

Looking at Boer in front of him, Lynn noticed that Boer's face had become much more haggard.

One could even see the obvious fatigue.

Clearly, Boer had made a great effort to ensure the success of this winter barley trade.

To Boer, all of this was worth it.

The 1,116,000 pounds of winter barley, at the market price of five pounds per penny, totaled 966 Gold Pounds and twelve shillings!

If they could acquire the fine salt at the price of six pence per pound given by Master Lynn, they could obtain a total of 36,000 pounds of fine salt.

Selling this fine salt at the current highest market price.

They would make a huge profit!

So much so that Boer couldn't even calculate the exact amount mentally.

Boer watched as bags of fine salt were continuously loaded onto horse carts.

His words were full of gratitude, "Master Lynn, thank you for your trust."

With this batch of fine salt, both his assets and social status were bound to change dramatically.

And Boer knew well that all this was granted by Master Lynn standing before him.

Boer admitted that there was a certain element of luck involved.

But more of it came from Master Lynn.

With his current power, he could choose any local trader to help him collect this winter barley.

But Master Lynn chose him!

Looking at Boer's earnest expression, Lynn smiled lightly and said, "Mr. Boer, you misunderstood, we are merely conducting a transaction."

"Each takes what they need, exchanging value, that's all."

Boer couldn't help but be moved.

Even at such a moment, Master Lynn did not forget to preserve his dignity.

Boer felt that he would never meet another lord like Master Lynn again.

Boer took a deep breath and said, "Very well, Master Lynn."

After all the fine salt was loaded onto Boer's convoy of horse carts.

Boer left.

He left with hope for the future.

Once Boer disappeared into the wilderness beyond.

Lynn finally withdrew his gaze.

With a thought, Lynn opened the [Holographic Map].

On the ranch, nearly three thousand townspeople were diligently tilling, breaking the surface structure of the soil.

After several days of full-force cultivation, the one thousand acres of land intended for planting black rye grass were near completion.

The remaining dozens of acres were enough to be tilled by the workers at Gai Ranch.

Lynn called Kuisi over, instructing her to go to the ranch and gather all the townspeople back.

He was about to start the autumn planting!

More than half an hour later.

Teams of townspeople arrived at the open space in front of the small town.

Thin whispers circulated constantly among them.

"Is the planting finally starting?"

"It should be; Master Lynn has been preparing for so long already."

"Yeah, over a week ago I saw Master Lynn arrange for people to use this thing called the grain windmill to select seeds!"

"Planting is good... Only by sowing seeds can there be a harvest next year."

"Tens of thousands of acres of farmland, I've never farmed such vast land in my life!"

"..."

When all the townspeople gathered in the open space, Lynn walked to the front of them.

Lynn's gaze swept over them.

Without any need for him to silence them, the townspeople voluntarily fell silent, waiting for Lynn to speak.

Seeing the crowd quiet before him, Lynn nodded with satisfaction.

This is what you call discipline and order.

This was it!

Even though they were ordinary townspeople, they had initially achieved the discipline of soldiers.

Taking a deep breath, Lynn spoke, "I believe you all know the purpose of this gathering."

Nobody wanted to stand out by answering prematurely.

They merely watched with wide eyes.

Because Master Lynn hadn't yet said they could respond.

"All preparations are complete."

"From now on—autumn planting begins!"