

System 191

Chapter 191: Master Lynn's Body

Master Lynn's words were extremely brief.

So brief that there were only a few words!

However, within these simple words, they felt an inexplicable wave of emotion.

"Sow! Sow!"

"Autumn planting! Autumn planting!"

"..."

Looking at their excited expressions, Lynn didn't waste any words.

He began to assign tasks to the three thousand townsmen.

Division of labor and cooperation have always been, in Lynn's view, the most efficient way to work.

The first group used iron hoes to dig furrows in the fields.

The second group carried the continuously accumulated compost to fertilize at intervals of about twenty centimeters.

The third group took the selected and soaked winter barley seeds for sowing, placing them atop the compost.

The fourth group covered the soil, gently burying the furrows using iron hoes and rakes.

Repeating this process, all fifty-five thousand acres of cultivated land were completely planted!

With a command from Master Lynn.

All the assigned townsmen marched majestically toward the fields not far away.

From this moment on.

Autumn tillage officially began!

Planting winter barley was much like planting peas, both using a strip-sowing method.

It allowed the winter barley enough space to grow, while reducing the wastage of piled compost.

Later, they could also apply spot fertilization and irrigation.

It could be said that strip sowing was the best planting method Lynn could think of and achieve for now.

The early October in the Karedi Empire had become somewhat chilly.

But the townsmen planting in the fields were full of fervor on their faces.

They were exerting their strength, aiming to plant next year's hopes into the land.

They hoped for a great harvest in July or August of the following year.

Although Master Lynn was the owner of this land, the townsmen as the lord's townspeople shared the same thought.

Because the harvested barley was not only Master Lynn's property but also the food everyone depended on for survival.

Lynn stood on the limestone road outside the field.

One by one, the townsmen carried their tools, either shouldering loads of compost or driving horse-drawn carts transporting barley seeds...

When they saw Lynn, they all bowed, respectfully calling him 'Master Lynn.'

After observing for a while, Lynn rolled up his sleeves and joined the planting team.

[Planting Experience +1]

[Planting Experience +1]

[Planting Experience +1]

...

With previous experience in pea planting, many townsmen had already mastered the technique of strip sowing.

Lynn found that, even without his instructions.

These townsmen who learned strip sowing were teaching others live on a one-to-one or one-to-many basis.

In other words.

After several hands-on teaching sessions before, he had successfully taught the farmers the strip sowing planting method.

In the future, he would no longer need to conduct face-to-face strip sowing teaching.

Thinking of this, Lynn couldn't help but smile.

Like gaining experience, effort would always bring rewards.

It wasn't until nightfall.

That Lynn finally stopped.

He glanced at the vast field that had been planted in just half a day.

Lynn began to ponder.

Three thousand townsmen continuously and diligently farmed for five hours, planting approximately a thousand acres of barley.

Among the three thousand townsmen, a thousand were busy transporting barley seeds, compost, and so on.

Only about two thousand were directly involved in sowing.

If calculated over a whole day, at most two thousand acres could be planted!

If no unexpected situations happened, a month's time would be enough to complete planting all fifty-five thousand acres of farmland.

If efficiency improved further, it might even be finished a few days earlier.

Thinking of this, Lynn felt a burst of satisfaction.

As the sky grew dark and dim.

Lynn shouted loudly to everyone: "That's it for today, everyone go back and rest!"

Lynn's voice was not loud, but with guards continuously passing on the command around.

This order quickly reached the ears of every townsman in the field.

Bursts of grateful cheers echoed through the fields.

Lynn smiled calmly and took the lead back to the small town.

In the crowd.

The scholar Tate, who was learning and recording strip sowing, felt his skin tingle as he witnessed the scene.

As a lord, Lynn actually took the initiative to call all the townsmen who were planting to rest?

This... Is this really the real world?

Tate felt like he was dreaming!

Wasn't a lord supposed to exploit free people or peasants to the extreme?

Tate didn't dare to ask, nor would anyone answer him.

Seeing the cheerful and excited expressions on the townsmen's faces, Tate couldn't help but be infected.

Tate felt that the lord's land was incredibly miraculous.

Like a paradise.

Everyone could realize their value, without worrying about hunger or oppression.

Without needing to worry about life-threatening dangers!

Tate sighed in his heart, feeling that staying on this land could be a very wise choice.

...

By the time Lynn returned to the small town.

The night had already enveloped the entire world.

In the open space left in the town, large bonfires built with dozens of logs were blazing fiercely.

Under the night's wind, the fierce flames swayed continuously, illuminating the front of the town brightly.

The sparks flew skyward.

The cooks had already finished preparing the evening meal and, in groups of twos and threes, were carrying various dishes from the kitchen to the wooden tables in the open area.

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At this moment.

Kuisi paced to Lynn's side, speaking gently, "Master, the hot water is ready for you. You can soak and clean yourself."

"The separate meal has also been cooked, placed in your room."

Lynn nodded and said, "Well done."

Listening to Master Lynn's praise, Kuisi's eyebrows couldn't help but rise, with a hint of a proud smile on the corner of her mouth.

However, Kuisi remained silent, quietly following behind Lynn.

Returning to the room.

Just as Kuisi had said.

The steaming hot water in the hall immediately caught Lynn's eye.

On the nearby table, there was a plate of golden meat, wheat egg fish porridge, several pieces of wheat bread, and a large glass of beer.

Without any hesitation, Lynn removed his remaining clothes and slipped into the bathing tub.

Kuisi, standing behind, saw this and her eyes widened instantly, quickly turning away.

Kuisi slowly spoke, "Master Lynn, you bathe first, I need to arrange the workers at the textile workshop..."

After speaking, Kuisi just wanted to flee.

"Wait a moment!"

Kuisi's steps halted instantly.

She wanted to turn back but instantly remembered Master Lynn's current state.

Kuisi hesitantly asked, "Master Lynn?"

Lynn's voice continued, "There's no rush with the workshop. First, help me scrub my back; I've been quite tired lately..."

Upon hearing the words 'scrub back', Kuisi's eyes widened instantly.

Master Lynn wanted her to scrub his back?

Wouldn't that require close physical contact?

And after scrubbing the back... wouldn't it...

Previously, she was a free person, no more than employed labor by the Manor Lord.

Where had she ever scrubbed the Manor Lord's back?

But now...

Kuisi struggled internally for a moment, eventually stepping heavily into the red brick house.

"Alright... okay, Master Lynn..."

Even her voice trembled slightly.

"Close the door!"

Arriving at the bathing tub, Kuisi secretly glanced at Master Lynn inside the tub.

His arms, bare of clothes, rested on the edge of the tub.

The muscles on his arms were strong, distinctly outlining each muscle.

Perhaps due to frequent labor in the fields.

His arm's skin tone was between fair and wheat.

On his chiseled face, lay a steaming linen cloth, only revealing his nose and mouth which breathed evenly.

Kuisi walked with small steps, coming to Lynn's side.

Extending her fair and slender hands, she reached toward Lynn's left arm.

As her palms moved closer, Kuisi's heart raced faster.

She could even feel the surroundings quiet down, hearing her own heartbeat.

Upon touching Lynn's arm, Kuisi's body shook suddenly.

She had touched Master Lynn's body...

Wasn't this too bold?

However.

Kuisi realized that Master Lynn showed no reaction, still lying in the bathing tub.

Kuisi's hands on Lynn's arm began to gently press.

Master Lynn still showed no signs of change!

Kuisi's eyebrow arched, it seemed that giving Master Lynn a massage wasn't that difficult.

Kuisi gradually increased the pressure.

After a short while, Kuisi tentatively asked, "Master Lynn, how do you feel?"

Lynn's voice sounded, "Hmm~ It's alright, a little more strength."

Hearing the strange noises from Master Lynn, Kuisi couldn't help but tense up again.

She responded softly, and once more increased the strength in her fingers.

Gradually.

Kuisi began to adapt to this environment.

Her unfamiliar and clumsy hands became skillful.

From the left arm to the shoulder, then from the shoulder to the right arm.

Even at Lynn's request, Kuisi massaged the head!

Until half an hour later, Kuisi stopped, looking at Master Lynn's shoulder and arms, as if filled with blood.

"Master Lynn, I've finished massaging."

Lynn said, "Well done, go and rest."

Kuisi hurriedly answered, "Master, please rest early."

After speaking, Kuisi couldn't resist glancing again at Lynn, before stepping and exiting the room.

As the door of the red brick house closed, Kuisi's heart relaxed slightly.

She had initially thought Master Lynn would want her to stay overnight after the massage!

Unexpectedly, she was easily let go.

Kuisi quietly muttered, "Indeed the Master still prefers women like cows!"

...

Time swiftly moved forward.

In the fields, three thousand town residents were continuously engaging in planting labor.

In just five short days.

On the fields distant from the town, the soil sown with barley seeds had already formed into furrows.

Like ripples emerging on a calm lake.

Although it was just yellow-brown soil, the furrows brought a sense of inexplicable wonder and awe.

Just a month ago, that place was overgrown with weeds and branches, concealing various rocks and flint in the wasteland!

Because of Lynn's order to cultivate, the wasteland revealed its value.

In these five days, town residents had planted nearly ten thousand acres of land.

At this pace, within twenty-odd days at most, the autumn planting could be completed!

Once planting is finished, enough farmers only need to be arranged to observe and care for the barley fields, weed, irrigate, fertilize, and boost.

Satisfied, he withdrew his gaze from the fields.

Lynn stepped forward, heading to the bow and arrow workshop.

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As the Guard Captain, Red always follows closely behind.

After passing by the doors of several workshops, Lynn entered the Bow and Arrow Workshop.

Compared to the last time Lynn visited the Bow and Arrow Workshop, the atmosphere in the workshop has clearly changed.

Each apprentice's face is full of seriousness and dedication, fully invested in the production of longbows.

Using a spinning wheel to make jute rope, using an iron chisel for secondary processing of the logs, crafting bow blanks, and performing initial sanding on the bow blanks...

From the bottom up, including Foreman Jose.

At this moment, he is fully focused on crafting the longbow in his hands.

While crafting, Jose explains the skills and tricks of the trade to the apprentices beside him.

Lynn does not disturb him but stands by and observes.

In the face of absolute power, any schemes or little thoughts seem so insignificant.

They can even be destroyed in an instant!

What significance do such little thoughts have?

Jose naturally understands this principle as well.

In the face of Lynn, this powerful lord, he is insignificant.

Not until over an hour later, Jose finishes crafting the longbow in his hand.

He grips the bow with his left hand and tests the bowstring several times with his right hand, which is wearing a finger glove.

After confirming there are no issues, he moves to the archery test area.

Still holding the bow with his left hand, he takes an arrow from the quiver beside him with his right hand, sets it and draws the string, skilled in his movements.

Buzz!

Whoosh!

With the sound of cutting through the air, the arrow instantly pierces through dozens of meters of space, hitting the bull's-eye on the straw target accurately.

A chorus of amazed admiration erupts among the dozens of apprentices.

Jose does not respond, instead picking up several more arrows and shooting them one by one.

Subsequently, he inspects and adjusts the longbow once more, only then nodding in satisfaction.

His gaze sweeps over the apprentices, and he says: "This is the most complete and detailed process of crafting a longbow."

"Including from the very beginning of material selection, crafting bow blanks, then shaping with molds..."

"To this final step of archery and adjustment!"

"You must remember, every step requires full effort, with no room for negligence!"

As he says this, Jose's voice turns a bit somber.

"If one day you are conscripted into the army and go to the battlefield, an extra qualified longbow can kill an additional enemy!"

"The more enemies killed, the more the war can be won, and the greater your chances of coming back alive!"

The faces of the apprentices slightly darken.

They naturally understand that Foreman Jose is just giving an example.

But it also warns them that negligence in crafting longbows could lead to soldier deaths and war losses!

"Yes, foreman."

"Yes..."

Hearing the responses of the apprentices, Jose nods.

Suddenly.

Jose's gaze focuses, landing on the face of a young and handsome man.

Startled, he quickly makes his way through the apprentices and approaches.

"My lord, why have you come here?"

Lynn nods and says: "I came to see..."

"How are the longbows coming along?"

On the Resource Management panel, Lynn can see how many longbows are currently in stock.

As well as the quantities of winged spears and round shields made by the Blacksmith Workshop.

But only by coming in person can he show concern for the matter and let them understand the lord's authority.

Jose bows slightly and responds: "My lord, we have now crafted fifty-five qualified longbows, all stored in the finished goods warehouse."

From the time the order was given until now, a dozen days have passed, producing over fifty longbows.

Under Jose's leadership, the Bow and Arrow Workshop can complete the task of crafting one hundred longbows a month.

Indeed.

Without pushing them, they wouldn't know how much potential they have.

Lynn nods and says: "Remember to teach the apprentices to craft arrows. In the future, both bows and arrows will be uniformly produced by the Bow and Arrow Workshop."

Jose responds: "Understood, Master Lynn."

After making a round in the Bow and Arrow Workshop, Lynn leaves.

Then, he heads to the Pottery Workshop.

Upon entering the workshop's entrance, rows of fired pottery are placed along the walls.

Like a display cabinet, showcasing various forms of ceramic products.

Some even have a layer of faint color on them.

[Ordinary Stoneware Plate]: Made from clay and glazed using a dipping method, offering a degree of aesthetic appeal.

Seeing the stoneware plate, Lynn raises an eyebrow.

Previously, he led the townsmen to dig kilns, only producing the simplest, most primitive clay pottery.

Just enough to meet some daily living needs.

Without any aesthetic value.

Having flat, crack-free pottery was already the limit.

But now, in the Pottery Workshop, they have produced glazed stoneware plates!

As Lynn observes, two sets of footsteps approach from a distance.

Beo and Layla quickly arrive before Lynn.

Both have a visible hint of tension on their faces, "Master Lynn."

Lynn nods, "Who made these glazed stoneware plates?"

Hearing Lynn's words, Beo and Layla exchange glances, with Beo responding first.

"Master Lynn, I took it upon myself to make them."

What Master Lynn ordered them to make were just the simplest ceramic products.

But he never said to make such stoneware plates!

Lynn glances at Beo, "What did you add to create the light blue glaze?"

Beo is slightly startled.

However, he quickly explains: "My lord, it's feldspar... There's something special in feldspar that makes the stoneware more aesthetically pleasing and smoother..."

Lynn inquires: "Have you made them before?"

Lynn can immediately tell that the relationship between Beo and Layla is not ordinary.

In an instant, Beo even shields Layla behind him.

Beo explains: "My lord, we worked in the pottery workshop for over ten years, so we know something about glazing stoneware plates."

The explanation is reasonable.

The pottery industry in this world is not developed.

To learn to make pottery, one must work in a pottery workshop.

Moreover, crafting usable pottery requires a significant amount of time.

Producing exquisite ceramics is a luxury desired by countless noble lords.

Only thus do Beo and Layla have Level 3 Production skills.

Lynn gives Beo a look of approval, saying: "From now on, the workshop will only produce stoneware plates, no more plain clay pottery."

Everything in the territory is advancing rapidly.

The daily utensils and goods must naturally keep pace.

Not only can it improve the townspeople's quality of life, but it can also enhance their satisfaction with life!

Then, let them transform their satisfaction with life into the motivation for labor.

As Lynn speaks, Kuisi comes jogging from a distance.

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Lynn just glanced at Kuisi and continued talking to Beo and Layla.

"If there's not enough manpower for the mass production of Glazed Stoneware, I can allocate more people to the workshop!"

Beo's eyes instantly brightened, and he glanced at Layla, seeing that she was equally full of anticipation.

Beo promptly said, "Lord, the workshop needs people!"

"Producing Glazed Stoneware isn't difficult for us as a couple, and we can even spare time to teach them to work together."

"But to produce Glaze Slurry and glaze the stoneware, someone needs to go into the forest to find and excavate Feldspar."

"The Feldspar we brought is running out..."

Lynn knowingly nodded.

This was the message he most wanted to hear.

Place capable people in suitable positions and have them teach the incapable.

Straightforwardly tell him, the Lord, what is needed and what conditions are required.

The Lord meets their demands and conditions, and then they crazily work for the Lord, crazily produce the goods the Lord needs.

That's sufficient.

Lynn said, "I will increase the workshop staff to a hundred people, and as for how to excavate, arrange it as you see fit."

Listening to Lynn's words, Beo and Layla's faces were filled with joy, clearly expressed.

"Thank you, Lord!"

Lynn replied, "Go on with your work."

After dismissing Beo and Layla, Lynn walked out of the pottery workshop.

Kuisi, who had been waiting at the door, finally stepped forward.

"Master Lynn, Mr. Alan has arrived; he should be at the open space in front of the town now."

Lynn acknowledged and headed towards the front of the town.

A few minutes later.

Lynn was still walking on the brick road, and a strange smell wafted from the front.

Accompanied by a series of snorting sounds...

Turning past the final brick and wood house, Lynn's vision widened suddenly.

His eyes also lit up abruptly.

On the open space in front of the town, horses were standing, being led by reins.

Their tall physiques were like moving fortresses, with their robust and tense black or brown muscles shining brilliantly under the sunlight!

Especially at the horse's neck, the powerful, thick muscles outlined vigorous lines...

Warhorses!

All of them were warhorses!

Alan, casually strolling nearby, saw Lynn approaching.

He leaned on his cane and approached Lynn.

Upon reaching Lynn's side, Alan's face broke into a smile, and his voice regained its original clarity.

"Master Lynn."

Upon seeing Alan's face clearly, Lynn was slightly surprised.

It's been a short time since they last met, but Alan's appearance and physique had undergone significant changes.

The previously chubby face and portly figure had vanished without a trace.

Now Alan had become normal-sized and slightly skinny!

Lynn slightly nodded, "Mr. Alan."

Eira seemed to have sensed Lynn's change in expression, and he explained with an understanding smile.

"Master Lynn seems a bit surprised... but this is normal."

"I have to thank Grayson for that fellow!"

"If it weren't for him, I might never have slimmed down in my lifetime."

Lynn remained silent, continuing to wait for Alan's explanation.

Alan continued, "After trading those Forest Pigs with you, the Sea Siren left, and I took my longship to the Badan Empire to transport warhorses for you."

"As soon as I arrived in the Badan Empire, the infection in my body worsened."

"Fortunately, I lay in the Baghdad Hospital in Perth City for almost half a month! The infection in my body finally healed."

Lynn nodded, "Fortune comes unexpectedly!"

Alan shook his head with a bitter smile, "Unfortunately, Perth City's Baghdad Hospital... is a livestock hospital specializing in treating warhorses!"

"I was treated just like those warhorses for half a month..."

Lynn raised an eyebrow.

Alan sighed and said, "But everything is past, being alive is the greatest fortune."

Alan turned the topic and continued, "Master Lynn, as you can see, these warhorses are all from the Badan Empire."

"To distinguish whether they are purebred horses from the Badan Empire, you can clearly differentiate from their body contours and limbs."

Lynn's gaze swept over these warhorses.

If it were someone else, they might need to differentiate traits as Alan introduced.

But all he needed was a thought.

Information about the warhorses would appear.

Convenient and fast, he could even see the conditions of each warhorse.

Looking around, the conditions of these warhorses were quite good.

However, whether it's the quality or physique, the clarity of muscle contours, they were not as impressive as the previous batch.

[Badan Warhorse]: Upper-Class Warhorse, with excellent speed, handling, etc.

He withdrew his gaze, looked at Alan, and asked, "What's the price for these warhorses?"

Alan walked beside Lynn without any disguise.

"Master Lynn, after trading so many times, I won't hide anything, and you can see it too."

"These fifty warhorses are not as good as the previous batch, but still, they are extremely good warhorses!"

"You let soldiers ride them to charge, and they won't hesitate whatsoever, even if the front is a Long Spear array."

Lynn nodded, "Price."

Alan continued, "Thirty Gold Pounds per horse... By the way, Master Lynn, I happened to acquire a batch of meat at Fisherman's Wharf..."

"Ten thousand pounds of pork!"

Chapter 195: Warmonger _2

In Lynn's mind, calculations immediately began.

Fifty Upper-Class Warhorses from Badan, each priced at Thirty Gold Pounds...

Adding it up, that's One Thousand Five Hundred Gold Pounds, or Sixty Thousand pounds of fine salt!

Pork is Three pence per pound...

That's One Hundred Twenty-Five Gold Pounds or Five Thousand pounds of fine salt!

With such a huge amount, Lynn's thoughts moved, opening the [Resource Management] panel.

[Processed Resources]:

Fine salt: 67,000 pounds

Seeing this, Lynn calmly spoke, "A total of Sixty-Five Thousand pounds of fine salt, or..."

Alan showed a hint of expectation with a smile, "Master Lynn, fine salt, fine salt!"

Despite the Sea Siren having left, the price of fine salt in the Karedi Empire is gradually decreasing.

Yet now the salt price remains as high as Nine pence per pound.

As long as fine salt is exported, there's still a large profit from price differences.

Lynn responded, "Alright."

Then Lynn's gaze fell on Kuisi and George.

The two understood instantly, separately arranging townsmen to unload the pork and guide the warhorses to the distant pasture.

Having Lynn confirm, George's tense heart eased slightly.

Though this trade is just fifty warhorses, the transaction amount is high.

Reaching One Thousand Five Hundred Gold Pounds.

For Alan, this doesn't count as the biggest transaction.

Yet it can still rank in the top ten!

If Master Lynn isn't satisfied with this batch of warhorses, reselling them will be troublesome.

The long travel and transportation put the warhorses in a strange and noisy environment without effective training.

These warhorses will quickly become skinny.

At that time... these warhorses will receive no favor from any lord.

Ultimately, they will only head to the slaughterhouse, becoming food.

Then, Alan will suffer a complete loss!

The townsmen transported Ten Thousand pounds of pork to the cellar, and the warhorses headed to the pasture.

Afterward, more than Sixty Thousand pounds of fine salt must be loaded onto the wagons.

It's an extremely long process.

Lynn led Alan to Lex's tavern.

Sitting at an empty square table, Red once again served as an attendant.

He began pouring drinks for Lynn and Alan.

After lightly clinking glasses, Lynn and Alan drank in one go.

After a few cups, Alan's cautious heart instantly opened.

"Has Master Lynn heard about how the Sea Siren in the Gibraltar Strait left?"

Lynn calmly said, "It's rumored that a Witch drove them away?"

Alan's face showed some surprise but soon understood.

This territory is far from the Gibraltar Strait, and knowing such information most likely comes from other merchants.

Alan instantly thought of Grayson.

Alan shook his head, "Master Lynn, this isn't a rumor, it's true!"

Lynn remained silent.

Alan continued speaking: "Rumored to be an extraordinary Witch, rain can't get close, barefoot, striding with long legs to drive away the Sea Sirens..."

"Sounds quite magical."

"But... it's real!"

Alan looked directly at Lynn, "Because I've seen that Witch, she's truly captivating, even for a moment, she'll leave an indelible impression for a lifetime."

"She has a dreamy name - Joyful Witch!"

"She also has a terrifying name - Painful Witch!"

Lynn became interested, yet remained silent, listening quietly.

Alan said, "Joyful Witch will, at the most joyful moment with someone, lead them into darkness as a skeleton!"

"Yet countless people are still searching for her, just to have even a fleeting moment of intimacy!"

Alan paused his words, took the beer Red poured on the table, and gulped it down.

It seems that sharing these words left him both thirsty and hungry.

Setting down the glass, Alan spoke with interest to Lynn, "Master Lynn, Grayson must have speculated to you about who's behind Joyful Witch, right?"

Lynn nodded, "Of course, the most likely is none other than the Emperor of the Kaldi Empire."

Alan quickly answered, "Yes, yes, now nearly the whole Karedi Empire thinks so."

"But what's confusing everyone is, as the only victim, the Grand Duke of Red Dragon hasn't said a word!

"After losing against the Sea Sirens, he returned to his domain disgraced."

"An Emperor relying on a Witch to aid in ruling the Empire!"

"A Grand Duke's men suffered countless casualties, yet he remained silent and endured..."

"Master Lynn, do you know what this means?"

Upon hearing this, Lynn's eyebrow slightly raised.

His fingers rhythmically tapped on the table.

Alan continued speaking, "Master Lynn, war..."

"A bigger war is about to sweep across the entire Kaldi!"

Alan's expression turned excited, even standing up abruptly.

"No! It could even affect all Empires in the central regions of the Garonia Continent!"

"By then, the Empire's power will reshuffle drastically..."

Looking at Lynn's calm face, Alan's face showed a hint of confusion.

"Master Lynn, aren't you excited?"

"With war, you'll have the opportunity to rise quickly!"

"With war, I can buy large quantities of goods from other lords and sell them to you!"

Lynn's eyes slightly narrowed.

He naturally knows war's arrival will lead to changes in the world's layout.

And understands that only during wartime can a low-profile lord like him find a chance to rise.

Chapter 196: Warmonger _3

Right now, he does not have enough power to arm wrestle with forces beyond his territory.

He still needs time to continue development.

Acting hastily will only lead to being crushed under the wheels of war!

But Lynn has come to understand the current situation with Alan...

He is an outright war trafficker!

Upon hearing the impending war, he felt no fear, instead he became excited and frantic!

Lynn felt that compared to last time trading with Alan, this time Alan was more reckless, even deranged.

Lynn speculated that maybe competing for the position of patriarch of the Brown Clan brought immense pressure upon him.

Several hours later.

All the fine salt was loaded onto Alan's carriage.

A somewhat intoxicated Alan stumbled out of the tavern.

With the help of several guards, he barely climbed onto the carriage.

Watching those carriages gradually disappear into the distance, Lynn finally withdrew his gaze.

The situation outside the territory has become increasingly chaotic.

The Emperor of the Empire's duel with the Grand Duke.

Mark Ducas, who inherited the title of Marquis Duca and has already assassinated him in the wild!

The covetousness of Aiden Manor Lord.

And the threat of the Iron Blood Brotherhood Bandit Corps...

Meanwhile, his territory is still in the stage of large-scale planting development.

Lynn knows that both he and this territory face threats, whether near or far!

Development must be accelerated rapidly!

Retracting his gaze, Lynn looked to Kuisi waiting behind him and asked: "How many people are currently at the salt factory and salt mine excavation?"

Kuisi, without any hesitation, replied: "Two hundred at the salt factory, three hundred at the salt mine excavation!"

She went to inspect all three veins daily.

She couldn't be more familiar with the numbers at the three veins.

Lynn acknowledged her answer and began to ponder.

Last month, to reclaim more wasteland.

He indeed drew part of the workers from the salt factory.

But now that the reclamation is over, workers have returned to their posts.

The labor force of two hundred excavating the salt mines is indeed sufficient.

However, the labor force at the salt factory and the daily output of fine salt, due to his frequent transactions with merchants, have struggled to keep up with the 800 pounds of fine salt production.

There is a need to increase the number of rock salt excavation workers, expand the salt factory, and increase the fine salt production of the salt factory.

Lynn stepped towards the Blacksmith Workshop.

Several minutes later.

Lynn arrived at the Blacksmith Workshop.

At that moment, Ehrelo was leading the apprentices in the production of Winged Spears!

Seeing Lynn arriving, Ehrelo immediately went to greet him.

Ehrelo spoke with complete respect: "Master Lynn?"

Lynn said: "Temporarily halt the production of Winged Spears, everyone in the workshop will start rushing to make ten large iron pots!"

After the previous rush production by the Blacksmith Workshop, all five hundred soldiers led by Rose were already equipped with Winged Spears.

The current forging production is purely for weapon reserves.

Temporarily stopping it won't affect anything.

However, increasing the production of fine salt is currently the most needed.

Ehrelo's brow furrowed instantly.

"Large iron pots?"

Lynn confirmed.

The current salt factory, given the current conditions, is already using the most efficient and advanced brine evaporation salt making technique!

Manual stone milling to break fine salt, cleaning and screening, large dissolution pools, and four pots that can hold two thousand pounds of brine for simultaneous evaporation and crystallization...

To increase the output of fine salt, the only option is to expand the salt factory!

After conveying his request to Ehrelo, Ehrelo instantly got the point and immediately complied.

Previously, it was because the purchased iron chunks were limited.

Lynn naturally wouldn't want to waste a large amount of iron to make large iron pots.

But now.

With a blast furnace for iron refining and an open-pit iron mine.

He has ample quality iron, Lynn has plenty!

After instructing Ehrelo, Kuisi happened to bring Colin to the Blacksmith Workshop.

Before Colin could speak, Lynn straightforwardly said: "Take your apprentices, all of them to the salt factory!"

Colin was somewhat puzzled.

Lynn continued to speak, "I need to build two additional salt factories made of red brick next to the existing one!"

The Red Brick Factory was continuously firing red brick; a cycle every four to five days could produce thirty thousand bricks.

Watching Ehrelo's wide-eyed stare, Colin instantly figured it out.

He didn't hesitate, saying: "Alright, Master Lynn!"

Lynn said: "Go ahead."

With Lynn's command, both the Blacksmith Workshop and Woodworker Workshop started bustling with activity.

The diameter of a large iron pot is at least four meters, with a depth of about one meter two.

Such a large iron pot can hold at least ten thousand pounds of brine.

It can even reach twenty thousand pounds!

Accordingly, the required quality iron is also staggering.

Such a single iron pot requires at least ten thousand pounds of quality iron!

And Master Lynn needs ten such iron pots...

For the Blacksmith Workshop, this is a massive project!

Currently, the quality iron stockpile is only fifty to sixty thousand pounds.

In other words, the Blacksmith Workshop not only needs to fully devote itself to making iron pots but also needs to utilize the blast furnace for iron refining fully!

Ehrello felt that the one hundred apprentices in his Blacksmith Workshop might be insufficient!

When Lynn stepped out of the Blacksmith Workshop, he saw Colin leading a team of apprentices, walking down the lime road exiting the small town.

They held various tools, some driving carriages towards the Red Brick Factory.

They needed to transport a large number of red bricks to the salt factory.

Fortunately, the salt factory's distance from the town wasn't far, only five or six miles at most.

They could build during the day and return to town for dinner at night!

With the salt factory expansion arranged, the next step was simply waiting for Colin and Ehrello to jointly complete the construction of the salt factory.

At that point, when the three thousand farmers finished their autumn planting.

A portion of the laborers could be reassigned from these farmers to the salt factory to produce fine salt.

Not only that.

The farmers can also be distributed among the workshops in need of labor, filling any vacant positions left in the workshops.

This perfectly solves the issue of idle labor after land cultivation and planting are finished!

Finalizing his short-term planning in his mind, Lynn strode toward the main castle in the center of the small town.

He still needed to continue building up [Construction] skills experience!

Lynn held a red brick in his left hand and a plastering knife in his right.

Skillfully, he scooped up a sticky mixture of lime and sand from a wooden bucket and spread it on a red brick.

Placing the red brick with his left hand on the wall in front of him, his right hand continued tapping the red brick with the plastering knife.

This made the bond between red bricks increasingly firm.

At the same time, using a plumb line, he tested whether the wall was perpendicular!

Once confirmed as problem-free, he picked up another red brick and continued wall building.

Like this, again and again.

[Construction Experience +1]

[Construction Experience +1]

...

Whether wall building or land cultivation and planting, simpler tasks often require tremendous patience to execute.

Even though repeating the same task, it gave Lynn a strange sense of fulfillment.

Until dusk.

Lynn stepped towards the Red Brick House.

The bonfire kindled, and townsmen returning from labor started to head back from various directions.

Beginning to enjoy their leisurely life after work.

Chapter 197: One-Handed Weapon Mastery

The next morning.

Lynn woke up early.

After enjoying the egg and fresh meat breakfast carefully prepared by Kuisi, Lynn walked out of the red brick house.

Walking on the clean and tidy red brick road, Lynn cast a glance back at Red.

"Red, do you know how to fish?"

The territory was now developing rapidly and orderly.

With Gavin and Wilbur, along with the dozens of helpers assigned to them.

The planting of winter barley seeds did not require much of his attention.

In each workshop, he appointed capable townsmen as foremen, and if any issues arose, they could directly approach the workshop foreman.

If nothing else, there was Kuisi, who had the [Well-organized] talent, serving as the steward.

The safety and order within the territory were managed by the Red Guard Team.

The security and defense at the city walls were handled by Rose and the five hundred soldiers she led.

The merchants entering the township for trade were handled by George.

Lynn felt that if nothing major happened in the small town now, even if he left for a while, there wouldn't be any big problems.

It seemed a self-generating work ethic had already formed!

As long as they were given a goal, and then the tools and food, they would spontaneously and quickly complete the tasks.

Red looked at Lynn with some surprise and said, "I've never tried fishing, but I have led Kuisi to spear fish in the river before!"

Lynn nodded, "Then come fishing with me later."

Previously, he had been busy arranging farming matters and had not yet tried out the [Fishing] function he had gained.

Now was a good time to try, enjoying some leisure!

Then.

Lynn went to the Blacksmith Workshop.

In the Blacksmith Workshop, Ehrelo was leading a group of apprentices in crafting large iron pots.

Upon seeing Lynn, he immediately approached him.

But before he could speak, Lynn shooed him away.

He had come to the Blacksmith Workshop only to make a fishhook.

With his Two Levels of [Forging] skills, making a small fishhook was a casual task.

Holding the slightly small and delicate fishhook in his hand, Lynn went to the Textile Workshop.

Approaching a woman weaving flax thread, he had her weave a two-millimeter thick, three-meter long flax line to make a fishing line.

Once the fishing line was woven, Lynn went straight to the Woodworker Workshop.

From the piled logs, he found a three-meter-long branch!

Under the questioning gazes of several Carpenter Apprentices who were left to guard the place, Lynn tested the branch for strength and flexibility.

The branch in his hand was a white ash branch approximately four centimeters in diameter, tough and elastic.

Lynn estimated that it could easily handle raising a six to seven-pound fish.

Then, Lynn picked up a plane and started to smooth it.

This was to make the surface of the fishing rod smoother, preventing the line from snagging and breaking!

After smoothing the fishing rod, he used a slipknot method to bind the fishing line to the end of the fishing rod.

He then tied the fishhook he had made in the Blacksmith Workshop.

A complete fishing rod was finished!

[Production Experience +1]

[Production Experience +1]

...

Following the red brick road beneath his feet, Lynn walked towards the dock beside the Acadia River.

In the dock pavilion, several townsmen waiting for the return of boats transporting iron ore hurriedly stood up.

They respectfully addressed him as "Master Lynn."

After nodding slightly, Lynn walked down from the riverbank of the dock.

Reaching a spot where shallow and deep waters met, Lynn sat on a wooden chair placed by Red.

With a motion of his hand, he hooked a prepared piece of chicken giblet as bait onto the hook.

Holding the rod with his right hand, his left hand let out the line.

As the line was released, he lowered the fishing rod in his right hand.

With a splash.

The bait fell into the water, continuously sinking.

Until a small section of reed rod in the middle of the fishing line floated on the water's surface.

The sinking bait finally stopped, floating gently in the water.

Looking around, Lynn felt somewhat dazed.

He never dreamed that one day he would become a noble fishing enthusiast again.

Despite the extremely rudimentary fishing equipment, the feeling was unimaginable.

Time slowly passed by.

Lynn's mindset was full of calm.

He had endured several days without catching anything before, so these mere tens of minutes meant nothing.

Still a long way to go!

In the Acadia River, fish were never lacking.

From the moment Lynn first arrived here and made Fishing Cages to catch fish, he knew it.

The Acadia River was rich in fish resources.

You could say.

Because of the Acadia River and the fish species within,

The river fish caught with Fishing Cages, after being smoked and sold, provided Lynn with the first funds for territory development.

With these initial funds, he purchased barley and wheat, then brewed beer with the barley, drawing George in...

From then on, everything in the territory unfolded.

Lynn felt that calling Acadia River the 'Mother River' of this territory wasn't excessive at all.

Though after trading with merchants, they obtained more grain and meat.

The fishing in the Acadia River was gradually forgotten.

But Lynn always felt that the fishing industry was very important.

Not only could it provide additional sources of meat, but wild fish also contained high-quality protein and unsaturated fatty acids, replenishing the nutrients needed by the townsmen!

The fish oil extracted could be used for lighting, as well as to waterproof the construction of boats.

Like gears in a waterwheel, the drive system could be lubricated using fish oil as well...

Chapter 198: One-Handed Weapon Mastery _2

A win-win situation.

Of course.

Now, as the fishing industry develops, we will naturally no longer use fishing cages woven with bamboo as before.

The textile workshop has already been put into production, and we can entirely use hemp ropes to weave nets or cages for fishing.

We could even build skiffs and head to the center of the Acadia River to cast nets and fish!

However, for now, this is just part of his development plan.

Everything must wait until after the autumn planting is over.

At this moment.

The river surface starts to stir, with ripples cascading towards the riverbank like waves.

Lynn shifts his gaze and looks over.

He sees skiffs loaded with dark brown iron ore coming downstream from the upper Acadia River.

Although heavily loaded with iron ore, causing the skiffs to sit deep in the water, the water current aids in making rowing the skiff less laborious.

Eventually, the skiffs are moored beside the dock, and after the structure with a pulley device lifts them up, baskets of iron ore are transported to the dock.

The iron ore is placed onto the carts, pulled by draft horses, and transported to the blacksmith workshop in the town.

From digging open-pit iron ore to transporting it to the dock, then lifting and transporting, directly to the blacksmith workshop to use the blast furnace for iron smelting.

The high-quality iron produced is further forged by the blacksmith workshop to create various iron products needed by the territory...

The entire process constitutes a complete industry.

Self-sufficiency.

Once the autumn planting is finished, whether it's the excavation of open-pit salt mines or iron ore anthracite mining, the labor force investment must be increased.

The production of fine salt relates to the entire territory's economy and external trade.

Iron ore and anthracite are essential for weapon forging and armor production, enhancing the armed power of the territory!

As Lynn is absorbed in these thoughts.

His fishing rod suddenly sinks.

Lynn hurriedly turns and spots the reed rod floating on the water has sunk beneath the river.

Red, standing beside him, instantly notices, widening his eyes to look.

He couldn't help but exclaim, "Master!"

Based on the pulling force felt through his hand and the bending angle of the fishing rod, Lynn predicts... this fish weighs at least five pounds!

The fish in the river is frantically swaying left and right, trying to escape the hook.

However, experienced fisherman Lynn doesn't give it a chance and starts to reel it in.

Lynn lowers the fishing rod as much as possible, maintaining an almost horizontal position.

This allows the line to have enough length to cushion the impact of the fish's strength.

Although the fishing rod in hand is somewhat rudimentary, Lynn strives to compensate for this defect with his technique.

Lynn uses the 'figure 8' reeling method, causing the big fish in the river to swim in circles, gradually depleting its energy.

Luckily, there aren't any stones or aquatic plants around.

There's ample space for the fish to swim in the river.

Some time later.

Lynn distinctly feels the force on the fishing rod has significantly weakened.

A corner of his mouth lifts, and Lynn begins to raise his fishing rod, slowly guiding the fish in the river towards the surface.

Half a minute later.

A flash of fish belly white enters the eyes of Lynn and Red.

Lynn instinctively reaches for the net, only to realize he only has a fishing rod.

However, this doesn't matter.

Lynn slowly retreats towards the barren land behind him.

He turns the fishing rod, landing the fish hooked on the end of the line onto the grass.

Looking at the size of this big fish, its weight is as he predicted.

Even after leaving the water, the bass continues to flip over the grass.

Red strides forward and removes the bass from the hook.

There is evident delight on his face, "Master Lynn, it's a bass!"

Lynn also walks up with joy.

The sense of achievement and satisfaction from fishing cannot be compared to using nets or fishing cages.

Even hunting with a longbow to get game is incomparable.

[Bass]: Tender, smooth flesh, rich in quality protein and minerals.

Lynn searches around, finds a long, flexible piece of grass not far away.

He spins it in his hand, twisting the grass into a simple string.

Returning to the bass side, Lynn threads one end of the grass string through the bass's nostrils in Red's curious gaze.

He ties the other end to the fish tail, slightly exerting his arm, forming the bass into a bow shape.

Red is amazed to find the bass is still breathing robustly outside the water.

He asks curiously, "Master Lynn, this is...?"

Lynn replies, "Bow fish technique!"

"It can increase the fish's survival time, a few hours at minimum or several days at maximum!"

Upon hearing Lynn's words, Red's brows suddenly lift.

This simple operation can make fish survive for hours or even days outside water?

If it were someone else, Red might scoff.

But this statement and binding come from Master Lynn.

Red can't help but believe it!

To him, anything Master Lynn produces is sensible.

Handing the bass to Red, Lynn sits back on the wood chair.

Once again, he baits with chicken entrails, continuing to fish.

After completing these tasks, Lynn focuses his mind, opens the [Heavenly Artifacts] interface, entering the symbol with a fishing rod wrapped with a fishing line.

This is the [Fishing] function.

[Hint]: Obtained ordinary fish: Bass×1, Reward: 10 Energy Stones

Chapter 199: One-Handed Weapon Mastery

Looking at the text prompt in front of him, Lynn's eyebrows couldn't help but raise.

Fishing can yield rewards, and it's Energy Stones?

Even though it was only 10 Energy Stones, they were genuine, and it increased his avenues to obtain Energy Stones!

If catching a fish can earn a reward, with so many river fish in the Acadia River...

Doesn't that make the Acadia River an inexhaustible treasure trove of Energy Stones for him?

With Energy Stones, he can enhance his Ability Attributes.

The plans from the Special Building Library can be redeemed.

All kinds of seeds from the Special Seed Store can be redeemed, and so on...

Thinking of this, an inexplicable excitement arose within Lynn.

A few seconds later.

Lynn suppressed the excitement in his heart.

While waiting for the river fish to bite, he began pondering in his mind.

A five-pound bass, is that an ordinary fish?

What would be above ordinary fish?

Sharks?

Mermaids?

Or perhaps Sea Sirens?

Shoving the doubts out of his mind, Lynn began organizing his Energy Stones.

From the Milestone function, he collected all the Energy Stones obtained from completed achievements.

The number of Energy Stones had already reached four thousand.

Looking again at the items in the Special Building Library and the Special Seed Store.

Four thousand Energy Stones can exchange for four special building blueprints, but lacking Magic Ore.

Without which, they couldn't be picked up and utilized, unable to put into use.

And in the Special Seed Store, what he currently needs most is the Emperor Potato, but it requires ten thousand Energy Stones to redeem.

The Energy Stones fall far short.

Ultimately, Lynn decided to use all the Energy Stones to enhance his Attributes.

Would you like to consume 1000 Energy Stones to increase Attack E+ to D-?

Lynn thought, "Yes."

He continuously used them, enhancing four times, his Attack Attribute had now increased from E+ to D+!

A warm sensation arose within Lynn's body, swiftly streaming and blending.

A few seconds later, the warmth faded.

Fusion complete.

A peculiar sense of comfort arose in Lynn's mind.

Lynn could clearly feel the changes happening to his body.

With a slight clench of his fist, an enormous sense of power surged instantly!

Lynn felt that he could now easily subdue an adult wild boar with his bare hands!

He even would have energy to spare!

Lynn nodded with satisfaction, continuing to immerse himself in fishing.

A day passed in an instant.

During this time, Lynn caught a total of sixteen fish!

Each fish brought Lynn ten Energy Stones.

The last carp weighed a hefty fifteen pounds!

Even Lynn's fishing rod snapped as a result.

To the extent that Lynn had to jump into the river to retrieve the exhausted carp.

Throwing the large carp on the ground, Lynn panted heavily, his face full of a gratifying smile.

The massive body, with scales shimmering under the sunset, and the giant gills heaving continually...

Catching a fifteen-pound wild carp was a first in Lynn's life!

That feeling of excitement was nothing less than reaching the peak of life!

Beside Lynn, Red's face was full of amazement.

So, this is the joy of fishing?

After casting the bait into the river, perhaps there's a long wait.

But after the wait, once a fish bites, one starts to anticipate.

Is it a big fish or a small fish?

Is it merely a false alarm, or is it a real catch?

And in front of Lynn, another text prompt appeared.

[Prompt]: Received Ordinary Fish: Carp ×1, Reward acquired: Skill Book: One-Handed Weapon Mastery

Looking at the text in front of him, Lynn's eyebrows raised again!

Skill book?

One-Handed Weapon Mastery?

Fishing can even yield a skill book?

[One-Handed Weapon Mastery]: Increases proficiency with one-handed weapons, allowing for greater skill in using them, achieving higher combat levels

[Prompt: Received One-Handed Weapon Mastery, do you wish to learn?]

Without any hesitation, Lynn thought, "Learn."

With that thought, a surge of memory emerged in Lynn's mind, rapidly integrating.

Lynn glanced at the scimitar at his waist, and techniques for using the scimitar instantly surfaced in his mind.

The pros and cons of holding the scimitar in standard grip and reverse grip...

Chopping, horizontal slashes, upward cuts, and thrusts and other attack techniques...

Footwork movement, jumping movement, and so forth...

Even techniques for using the scimitar as a throwing knife in special situations.

It felt as if he had been diligently practicing the scimitar for over a decade!

And not just the scimitar, but other one-handed weapons as well.

Lynn nodded in satisfaction.

This unlocked Fishing ability is one of his most satisfying features.

Looking at Red, Lynn, thrilled, said, "Let's take the fish back and let everyone have a taste!"

Including the fifteen-pound carp, Lynn had fished up seventy pounds of river fish in a day.

If there'd been a fish keeper, it would surely have been overloaded this time!

If it were before, Lynn wouldn't have dared imagine such a thing in his dreams.

But now, it's truly happening to him.

This is what fishing should be like!

If not for the gradually dimming light and the exhausted chicken innards bait, Lynn wouldn't have returned so soon.

With his right hand holding the fishing rod, Lynn made his way back to the village.

Following behind him, Red carried dozens of pounds of bass and other fish in one hand, and the fifteen-pound carp in the other.

This weight was nothing to him.

Under the curious gaze of townsmen by the roadside, Lynn led Red back to the village.

Returning from the fields, Kuisi saw the river fish in Red's hand.

She joyously exclaimed, "Master Lynn, caught so many fish?"

An image of the time when Master Lynn first took her to the riverside using the Fishing Cage flashed in Kuisi's mind.

Lynn responded, "All were caught by fishing, take them to the kitchen and have the chef make fish soup tonight."

Red acknowledged and raced off to the kitchen with the river fish.

The kitchen wasn't far, just a few minutes' walk.

As she watched Red go, Kuisi reported to Lynn, "Master Lynn, another fight broke out on the farm today..."

Lynn couldn't help but frown, "Tell me in detail."

Kuisi continued, "It was a dispute over the right to use farm tools that led to a fight between two townsmen, one of whom, being a bit more robust, broke another's nose and then escaped..."

"However, I've already instructed the guard to capture and bind him and hold him in custody."

"For you to decide, Master."

Lynn acknowledged, "Bring both of them over."

Kuisi responded, "Yes, Master, I'll go right away."

Chapter 200: Virgin Body

Lynn sat on the bench nearby.

Waiting for Kuisi to bring over the two townsmen who had committed an offense.

Conflicts among the townsmen were an unavoidable issue for Lynn.

Despite their satisfaction with their current lives, and despite them being his townspeople,

they were still living people.

Everyone has their own thoughts and mindsets.

If everyone had the same thoughts and no emotional changes, how would they be any different from walking corpses?

After Red returned from the kitchen, four guards followed Kuisi, bringing two townsmen from the distant residential area.

Although bound and carried by the guards, the two townsmen still glared at each other angrily.

If not for the presence of Kuisi and the guards,

the fiery aura emanating from them suggested they would not hesitate to fight again.

"What are you looking at? Useless wretch."

"Coward, why are you running? If you've got guts, don't run!"

Kuisi's face darkened, and she commanded with a stern voice, "Shut up."

Upon hearing Kuisi's cold command, the two hurriedly stopped their cursing.

However, the hostility between the two did not decrease in the slightest.

As they walked out of the residential area, the figure sitting on the bench ahead came into their sight.

The black hair, the resolute face as if carved by a knife, appeared even more three-dimensional under the rays of the setting sun.

They naturally knew that the figure was the master of this territory.

Lynn.

In an instant.

Their fiery aura dissipated into thin air.

A hint of anxiety appeared on their once arrogant faces.

Moreover, as they drew nearer, their footsteps became even slower.

Seeing the change in their demeanor, Kuisi questioned, "What? Are you afraid?"

The two exchanged a glance, then quickly pleaded with Kuisi, "Steward Kuisi, we realize our mistake."

"Please, forgive us, we won't dare to do it again..."

Kuisi didn't look back, nor did she say a word, continuing to lead the guards forward.

Soon after.

Kuisi stood before Lynn, "Master, the two have been brought."

Lynn lifted his eyelids and looked at the two middle-aged men standing across from him.

[Fande Iverson]: Loyalty 87%↑, Planting Level 2, Collection Level 2, Production Level 1

[Bovaro McCarthy]: Loyalty 90%↑, Collection Level 2, Planting Level 2, Construction Level 1

Whether it was Fande or Bovaro, they were ordinary townsmen.

But their loyalty was quite high.

Lynn stared directly at the two, "Tell me, why did you fight!"

Feeling Lynn's gaze, the two were filled with terror,

their legs went weak, and they quickly kneeled on the red brick ground.

Fande, whose face still bore bloodstains, hurriedly said, "Lord, it was an accident, Bovaro and I were just playing around..."

Bovaro also hastily added, "Yes, yes, Master Lynn, Bovaro and I came to your territory in the same batch, we've known each other for a long time."

Lynn said in a deep voice, "A broken nose, and you call it playing around?"

"Do you think I'm an easily fooled lord?"

Fande and Bovaro's eyes widened instantly, quickly explaining,

"Master Lynn, you misunderstood, how could we deceive you?"

"You are like a second parent to us, without you, we would've starved to death long ago..."

"Yes, it was your bread and meat that saved me from the hands of death!"

Lynn directly said, "No more nonsense needed."

"One of you goes to the open-pit iron mine to dig for iron, the other to dig coal, until the spring plowing next year."

"Any objections?"

Upon hearing Lynn's words, Fande and Bovaro's faces were full of joy, "No objections at all, thank you, Master Lynn."

"Thank you!"

Led by several guards, Fande and Bovaro were taken away.

The matter with Fande and Bovaro wasn't really a big deal.

Just a simple fight.

But the smaller the matter, the more serious the handling needed to be.

To behead them in public would be a bit exaggerated.

The territory is in urgent need of labor right now, sending them to dig for iron and coal is the best use of labor.

Lynn wanted to demonstrate to everyone that those who severely disrupt order will face death!

Those with lesser offenses will also face harsh punishment.

This is a manifestation of the lord's authority!

The townsmen in the distance, hearing Lynn's words, couldn't help but shrink back a little.

Whether digging iron or coal, they were all working for the territory and Master Lynn.

However, they preferred farming.

Compared to the work and life in the three major minefields, life in the town was much better.

In his mind, Lynn privately made a decision.

To quickly perfect the Territory Court and the Territorial Law, and begin their implementation.

Only with a written Territorial Law, can the behavior of townsmen be better regulated.

Meanwhile, he also needed to select suitable judges and jurors...

As Lynn contemplated.

The dusk faded away, and night fell.

The Black Night enveloped the territory.

Kuisi approached Lynn, carrying a plate of food.

Before she even got close, the unique aroma of fish soup entered Lynn's nostrils.

Lynn turned his head to look over.

On the tray, a large bowl of milky white fish soup was gently swaying.

Kuisi placed the tray on the table beside him, "Master, you can have dinner now."

Lynn responded, picked up a fork, and started eating.

Grilled fish, wheat bread, pan-fried pork, and a bowl of fish soup.

A short while later.

Lynn ate all the food on the tray, comfortably letting out a burp.

Kuisi suppressed a smile, tidied up the tableware, and promptly left.