

System: Build My Own Territory Novel

Chapter 21: Departure

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The next day.

Lynn and Kuisi set out as usual to continue cultivating the wilderness.

Kuisi, familiar with the routine, placed the rabbit cage on the overgrown wasteland, and then followed Lynn to the riverside to collect fish from the fishing cage.

The river fish from the four fishing cages weighed at least twenty-five pounds combined!

Kuisi cleaned all the fish thoroughly, her face filled with smiles as she carried them, her steps becoming lighter.

With the fishing cage, they could almost reliably harvest over twenty pounds of river fish daily.

When smoked into smoked fish, it came out to around fifteen pounds.

In about three or four days, they could head to the nearby village for sales.

Time flies by like a fleeting horse.

By the time Lynn finished cultivating a plot of land, it was already in the afternoon.

Just as Lynn was about to call Kuisi back to the house, Kuisi's voice rang out first.

"Master Lynn!"

Following Kuisi's voice, Lynn looked over to see Kuisi bending over standing in front of a patch of green.

Lynn walked over curiously.

Looking at the lush green plants before Kuisi, his eyebrows raised.

The stalks, branches, and petioles of the plants were covered with hooked thorns, and the leaf edges were serrated...

[Growing Hops]: Can be used for brewing beer, medicinal purposes, etc.

Hops can add bitterness and aroma to beer and also have preservative properties.

Beer with hops is far more sought after than beer flavored with rosemary or thyme.

However, hops are challenging to cultivate, primarily due to limited transplantation techniques.

Moreover, cultivated hops lack the unique flavor of wild hops.

Now, nearly a hundred square meters of wild hop plants were before Lynn!

Although still in the growth phase, if Lynn could cultivate and plant these hops well, brewing beer with hops could be a path to prosperity!

Kuisi asked curiously, "Master Lynn, what are these?"

Lynn looked at Kuisi, "Hops. This area doesn't need clearing; we'll need to fence it in!"

Hops typically bloom in August and September. If wild boars or the like damaged them during this period, it would be a shame.

They must protect the hops quickly.

Kuisi noticed Lynn's excitement and didn't ask further, simply responding, "Alright, Master Lynn."

Lynn took another look at the hops and walked towards the riverbank.

Once again gathered twenty pounds of river fish from the fishing cage.

One fishing cage was damaged, resulting in no fish being caught.

It was likely damaged by an underwater current that pushed it into a log in the river.

For Lynn, fixing it was easy, not a difficult task at all.

Arriving at the overgrown wasteland, the first rabbit cage was empty.

While the second rabbit cage had captured a robust wild rabbit.

...

At dusk.

Lynn and Kuisi headed back to the cabin.

Before they got close, Lynn and Kuisi saw a figure standing at the cabin door from afar.

It was Red Harper.

Kuisi quickened her pace, heading back to the cabin.

She glanced at Red with pleasant surprise, "Red, has your injury healed?"

Red glanced at Kuisi and then at Lynn, explaining, "It should be mostly healed. Slowly walking and doing small tasks should be no problem."

Lynn nodded, "Then from tomorrow, you can work on placing and retrieving the rabbit cage and fishing cage. This way, we won't have to run back and forth."

Red responded promptly, "Alright, Master Lynn."

...

In three days, the wasteland had been cultivated into over eight hundred square meters.

To expand the planting area, Lynn didn't ask Kuisi to double back to help cultivate.

Spring sowing time is from mid-March to the end of April.

Red's injury was almost fully recovered, so two people working together would still be efficient.

Before the break of dawn.

Lynn, Kuisi, and Red all got up early.

Lynn needs to sell smoked fish!

Kuisi carried a wicker basket on her back, containing live fish freshly caught from the fishing cage.

Red carried a pole basket, filled with all the smoked fish.

The smoked fish harvested and prepared over three days, combined with previous ones, total over a hundred pounds!

For the tall and robust Red, a hundred pounds was nothing.

He's been resting for days, and now it's time for him to exert some effort.

To put it precisely, Red can start being worked like a horse!

In Red's hands, he gripped a horn bow.

With Level 3 [Hunting], Lynn felt that Red wielding a bow and arrow would be even more formidable.

Lynn, empty-handed, held a stone spear and said, "Let's go."

Kuisi and Red responded in unison, "Yes, Master Lynn."

Red took the lead, followed by Kuisi, and Lynn was last.

They left the cabin, walking through the cultivated lands.

As they drove away poisonous insects from the grass, they traversed the wasteland, heading towards the village dozens of miles away.

There were no rudimentary paths in the wasteland; they had to forge the path with their legs.

They passed through the wasteland and walked on the hills.

Lynn's gaze swept across the surroundings.

It was only then that Lynn realized how extensive the territory his marquis father had casually bestowed upon him was!

A forest with no visible end, the wasteland they just walked through, the low hills underfoot, and the dozen or so large mountains dozens of kilometers away...

All of this, within Lynn's territorial boundaries!

Lynn's memories were clear; the Marquis Ducas, bloated like a pig, hadn't even bothered to look at the territorial area.

He randomly pointed to a remote wasteland, nauseously tossed the territory patent to Lynn.

Vast lands, abundant resources, plus the system...

A surge of tremendous ambition rose in Lynn's heart unexpectedly.

Given enough time, he could surely leave an epic tale in this world!

Marquis's eldest son?

Marquis Ducas?

They were bound to become the fallen souls beneath his iron tide!

...

The early hours, the air was filled with a faint mist.

The path under Lynn's feet gradually transitioned from hilly plains to rugged mountain trails.

On either side of the trail was a sparsely wooded sloped forest.

Occasionally, the ethereal shrill cries of birds and beasts made the forest even deeper.

Due to its remoteness and ruggedness, no one or merchant caravans passed through.

Otherwise, it would certainly become a breeding ground for bandits.

The high mountains on either side were steep, rife with bizarre rocks, stretching far into the distance.

Walking was difficult, even climbing with ropes was challenging.

By securing the entrance and exit of the mountain forests, they could camp out there!

Easy to defend, hard to attack.

The next moment, Lynn's eyes brightened.

This mountain trail between the ridges was the only passage to Lynn's territory.

In other words.

If he could first seize the opposite exit and build defensive works, he would have a secluded paradise?

Although everything was still in the initial stages of development, Lynn had to plan for the future.

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System: Build My Own Territory

Chapter 22: Chapter 22: Selling Smoked Fish

An hour later.

Lynn emerged from the forest, and his view broadened and brightened.

Ahead was another piece of untouched wasteland.

Bleak and deserted.

After walking for more than another hour.

In the distance, he saw a village standing on a piece of cultivated land.

Wisps of smoke continuously drifted out from the chimneys of the deep brown wooden houses.

In this newly illuminated morning, one felt an inexplicable tranquility and peace.

Red pointed ahead, speaking respectfully, "Master Lynn, that's the village I'm talking about."

Lynn nodded, and the three of them walked on the small path in the cultivated fields towards the village.

Before reaching the edge of the village, Lynn wiped his left hand on the slightly moist mud, then smeared the mud on his face.

Kuisi and Red, though somewhat puzzled, did not ask any questions.

Master Lynn doing this naturally had his reasons.

As they stepped into the village, figures started appearing in Lynn's sight.

All were dressed in the most ordinary coarse wool robes or linen tunics and pants.

In front of them, various items were displayed.

These people were villagers from the vicinity, coming here to participate in the market.

Usually, they were hired by the Manor Lord to help out, earning some income, and also cultivated the land rented from the Manor Lord, planting crops.

Handicrafts made during leisure or surplus food would be brought to the village market for sale.

There were also some merchants.

The village market was not like a small town with designated market spots.

A village market typically gathered at a customary village spot, and any items for sale were laid by the roadside, and trading could commence.

Local villagers who needed to purchase items would come, find suitable goods, negotiate prices, and once agreed, money would be exchanged for goods, completing the transaction.

There weren't very many rules.

The arrival of Lynn and the others didn't draw much attention; people looked briefly before withdrawing their gazes.

At the edge of the road, Kuisi and Red knowingly placed down two baskets of smoked fish, standing idly in place.

Some passing villagers didn't even glance at Kuisi and Red.

Lynn couldn't help but say, "What are you standing around for? Sell the fish!"

Kuisi's face instantly showed a hint of tension, she struggled to speak, "Smoked fish... smoked fish..."

Her voice was so low that even Lynn, standing nearby, could barely hear.

Lynn looked at Red, who hurriedly said, "Master Lynn, I truly don't know how."

Lynn shook his head, scanning the villagers coming by, "Smoked fish... aromatic and crispy smoked fish... tender inside, come and see."

His words naturally casual, without tension or burden.

Though Lynn was indeed an ennobled Lord, his status was merely that of an exiled illegitimate child.

He wished to command his servants, but at present, he lacked the capacity!

Everything relied on his efforts.

Even Kuisi and Red before him were only hired workers.

Listening to Lynn's calls to sell, Kuisi and Red grew inexplicably anxious.

Some villagers passing by, hearing Lynn's enthusiastic calls, couldn't help but glance over.

Seeing the baskets filled with golden, appetizing smoked fish, two villagers walked up.

"Oh, how much for this smoked fish? Looks pretty good!"

"Yes, it even smells of pinewood?"

Lynn replied, "Pine Wood... it's Pine Wood, ladies, smoked fish made with Pine Wood."

A woman in a waist-belted robe knowingly nodded, "I did think it carried a pine scent... how much is your smoked fish?"

Lynn smiled in response, "One pence, you can buy two pounds of smoked fish like this for one pence!"

The waist-belted woman seemed to ponder, "One pence... it's quite reasonable!"

Equivalent to exchanging two pounds of fish for one pound of wheat.

To purchase a pound of wheat, it cost one pence.

Ordinary villagers working in the Manor Lord's manor for a day could earn one or two pence.

Bear in mind, smoked fish was indeed meat.

Exchanging a day's labor for a pound of smoked fish wasn't expensive.

Rather, it was somewhat cheap.

The waist-belted woman took out a small, worn leather pouch, extracted one pence, and handed it to Lynn, "May I choose myself?"

Lynn looked at Kuisi, who immediately understood, reaching to take the pence.

Lynn replied, "Madam, you certainly may, but you can only select about two pounds of smoked fish from the basket."

The waist-belted woman nodded, "Don't worry, young sir, I'm not one to be stingy for petty gains!"

Beside her, a plump woman with a wool felt hat showed equal eagerness; her family hadn't had meat for a long time.

The plump woman said, "I can't help it, I want four pounds, I want to eat meat, even if it's fish!"

The waist-belted woman was somewhat surprised, "Four pounds? That's two days' wages for your husband, aren't you worried he'll send you into the pigsty?"

The plump woman was unconcerned, "With his build, who's sending whom is another matter, young sir, I want to buy four pounds of smoked fish!"

Lynn smiled and responded, "Certainly, you may also choose yourself."

With these two women leading, things gradually became simpler.

Villagers passing by saw five or six people gathering around the two baskets, continually picking out smoked fish.

The bandwagon effect often makes people conclude the goods must be decent; even if the need isn't high, they can't resist buying some.

Additionally, Kuisi, influenced by Lynn and the villagers' buying enthusiasm, became more outgoing.

"Aromatic and crispy smoked fish... tender inside..."

Watching the smoked fish in the baskets sell quickly relieved Lynn's mind slightly.

Spending a day and risking being recognized, coming to this village was worthwhile.

More than an hour later.

The two baskets of fish were sold out.

Kuisi and Red, carrying the baskets, came to Lynn's side.

Handing the pence to Lynn, Kuisi said, "Master Lynn, here are seventy pence from selling the smoked fish."

Lynn looked at Kuisi and asked, "Are you sure you didn't sell wrongly?"

Kuisi was taken aback, not expecting Lynn to suddenly question her.

Not only Kuisi, but Red beside her also felt a bit anxious, momentarily unclear of Lynn's intention.

Kuisi's mind quickly scanned through.

A few seconds later, she firmly replied, "No mistake, Master Lynn."

Lynn had been watching the entire time; indeed, Kuisi hadn't sold wrongly.

Without scales, the weight of the smoked fish sold was all by feeling, naturally resulting in discrepancies.

That was unavoidable.

All the pence due had been collected.

The inquiry was merely to ensure Kuisi's confidence.

Lynn nodded, "Let's go, buy something."

From talking with villagers buying smoked fish, he learned the village was called Kent Village, with most of the Free People employed by Manor Lord Fletcher.

The surrounding lands, forests, and pastures all belonged to Fletcher.

Kent Village wasn't large, with only ten or so wooden houses.

Approaching a wooden house, a black Feldspar slab displayed various ironware.

Here was Kent Village's Blacksmith Shop.

System: Build My Own Territory

Chapter 23: Chapter 23: Level 3 Brewing

Lynn's gaze swept across from above.

[Primitive Iron Shovel]: Contains many impurities, can be made into an iron shovel, average sharpness, useful for digging, cultivating, weeding, loosening soil, etc.

Although the iron shovel has impurities, its sharpness far surpasses that of the flint shovel.

[Primitive Iron Scythe Blade]: Contains many impurities, can be made into an iron scythe, used for harvesting, cutting, etc., average sharpness.

Kuisi has always used a flint knife for cutting grass, its sharpness is limited, and can't easily cut through thicker branches.

If there was an iron scythe, Kuisi would certainly be more efficient at clearing weeds.

[Ordinary Iron Axe]: Contains few impurities, sturdy, can be made into an iron axe, useful for chopping, hunting, self-defense, etc., good sharpness.

Lynn's eyes lit up.

Ordinary quality?

Besides Red's horn bow, this is the best quality he's seen.

Indeed, fewer impurities in the iron axe enhance its quality.

The text description also includes the characteristics of sturdiness and good sharpness.

At this moment, a deep voice sounded.

"Looking to buy something?"

As the voice fell, a burly man lifted the dark curtain and came out.

His arms were strong, his body covered with large muscles, and with a face stained with black smudges, he was undoubtedly a blacksmith.

Lynn looked at him.

Spencer Rait, who has a Level 2 [Forging] skill.

Upon seeing Lynn and Red, who were equally burly, the blacksmith Spencer's face showed a slight surprise.

Especially the tall man with a bow and arrows, Spencer clearly had some fear in his heart.

The blacksmith's tone became much gentler, "Gentlemen, do you have any needs? If there's nothing to your liking, I can also take custom orders..."

Indeed, being big gives you more presence.

Lynn's gaze swept over the slate again, "Scythe blade, iron shovel, axe head, cross pickaxe, and I'll take these all."

Lynn pointed to the side, where there were also some other iron products.

Iron chisel, iron hammer, iron planer, iron saw, iron chef's knife...

Spencer's eyes lit up, and a smile appeared on his face, his words became more respectful.

"This gentleman, of course, let me tally up for you... This axe is ten pence, shovel four pence, cross pickaxe six pence, scythe three pence, iron hammer four pence, and the rest with iron chisel, iron saw..."

After mumbling to himself for a moment, Spencer suddenly looked at Lynn, "Sir, according to the prices I've quoted, it totals forty-five pence, is this acceptable?"

Lynn roughly calculated in his mind.

The price of ordinary iron with more impurities is slightly more than two pence per pound.

The iron content in these products, combined with the blacksmith's craftsmanship, makes forty-five pence not too expensive.

However...

Lynn stared directly at Spencer, "Forty pence, if it's more, I'll have to go elsewhere to buy."

Spencer almost didn't hesitate to refuse immediately, "Sir, how could forty pence possibly buy so many iron products?"

"Even if you go to that damned one-eyed guy in town, he wouldn't give you this price!"

"The thought of him gives me a headache, he always steals my business! I'd love to kick him hard in the rear."

Lynn shook his head, "Let's go, maybe we can check the neighboring village."

Kuisi and Red didn't speak, merely following Lynn.

As they were walking, Lynn muttered under his breath.

"5."

"4."

"3."

"2."

"1."

"Wait, sir... we can discuss the price further."

Behind the trio, Spencer's voice called out.

Before Lynn could turn back, Spencer quickly caught up to Lynn.

Just as Spencer was about to hold Lynn back, he noticed his hands were covered with black smudges from iron ore, he quickly withdrew them.

Resolutely, Lynn said, "Just forty pence, anything more I don't have."

Spencer sighed with regret, "Alright then, sir, as you say... forty pence."

Returning to the blacksmith shop's entrance.

Before Red could act, Spencer personally placed the iron products Lynn wished to buy into a willow basket.

These were merely various iron items, without wooden handles, easy to pack in.

Once Spencer had packed all the iron products, Lynn signaled to Kuisi with a glance.

Understanding the gesture, Kuisi took out all the pence.

Spencer's expression stiffened, "Sir, didn't you say you only had forty pence..."

Lynn nodded, "Yes, forty pence... Only forty pence to buy these tools."

Spencer's face showed bitter disappointment.

If everyone was like this, he wouldn't need to run a blacksmith shop...

Taking forty pence from Kuisi's hands and placing them on the slate, Lynn left the blacksmith shop with Kuisi and Red.

Five pence, a free person's wage for four or five days of labor.

Enough to buy five pounds of wheat or twenty-five pounds of barley!

...

Walking along the village's gravel paths.

Lynn's gaze scanned both sides, having purchased almost all the iron products needed.

Now, he needed to buy staples!

Just a few steps away, a middle-aged man was suddenly pushed out from the side.

Lynn sidestepped to avoid him, the man fell heavily to the ground.

Landing with a thud, a painful cry escaped his lips.

"I really can bake bread! I can brew beer, why not give me a chance?"

Bam!

The sound of a door slamming shut echoed, the two wooden doors closed instantly.

The middle-aged man cursed under his breath, "I'm a brewer with twenty years of experience, and they treat me like this? Blind as bats!"

As the man's words fell, it seemed those inside heard his shouts, the tightly closed doors swung open.

A man angrily shouted, "An experienced brewer? You're just a drifter, get lost! If you don't scam, watch out, I'll beat you to death!"

Swiftly, the middle-aged man got up, running with a scornful pout a short distance away.

A string of text appeared before Lynn's eyes.

[Lex Floren]: Brewing Level 3, Cooking Level 2, Construction Level 2

Another third-level skill.

Lynn's mind recalled the hop plants already fenced off with branches.

He didn't call out to Lex but followed along.

After just a few steps, Lynn's brow slightly furrowed.

Lex wore a dark gray coarse woolen long coat and trousers, perhaps stained through constant falls, they were greasy and blackened.

What made Lynn frown was Lex's empty left sleeve.

Lex had only one arm!

As he walked, Lex asked villagers on the roadside, "Madam, does your family need to hire help? No? Sorry to disturb."

"Sir, does your family need help? I can cook, brew, don't need pay, just enough to keep off hunger, not necessarily full!"

"Gentleman, sir..."

Those Lex addressed only gave him a glance, then looked away.

Their eyes full of disdain and contempt, Lex shook his head helplessly.

"I could use some help, but... not as employment!"

Lex turned towards the voice to see a man with muddy streaks on his face.

He waved dismissively, "Not employment? Sorry, sir, I'd rather starve than become someone's slave!"

System: Build My Own Territory

Chapter 24: Chapter 24: Brewer

After speaking, Lex walked forward.

Lynn didn't stop him, just said calmly.

"I need a brewer."

Lex, who had just taken two steps, suddenly stopped in his tracks.

He turned back to Lynn, seriously examining him.

A tall and sturdy figure, dressed in a light blue coarse wool belted robe; beneath the dark short hair was a determined face.

Cheeks stained with dirt looked somewhat young, but those brown eyes were full of depth and steadiness.

Such attire was no different from a roadside free person.

However, Lex saw Kuisi and Red behind this young man.

Somewhat skeptical, Lex walked up to Lynn.

Lynn continued, "I need a brewer, but right now we need a few things to start brewing."

Lex blurted out, "Brewing isn't hard; as long as there's a medium-sized brewery, no... even a home brewery can start."

Lynn seemed troubled, "You're quite right, but my manor hasn't started constructing a brewery, not even any ingredients for brewing..."

Lex didn't hesitate, "Sir... no, my lord! As long as you're willing to hire me as a brewer, I can assist with all of that!"

Lynn shook his head, "I've calculated it carefully, and the time needed to start brewing is still too long, not worth it... Sorry for the bother, Mr. Brewer."

Lynn, with Kuisi and Red, walked past Lex in front of him.

Lex was stunned.

Just walked away like that?

Wasn't the manor going to hire a brewer?

What exactly was that?

Walking ahead, Lynn glanced back with the corner of his eye.

As expected, Lex quietly followed, and the corners of Lynn's mouth slightly curled up.

Approaching a villager with golden wheat, Lynn asked, "Madam, how are you selling wheat?"

The woman selling wheat saw the two attendants following Lynn and immediately beamed with a smile.

She said, "My lord, the winter wheat is not yet ripe; these are last year's surplus, very fresh. Wheat is one penny per pound, and barley is five pounds for one penny."

Lynn nodded; one penny a pound for wheat was the market price.

Suddenly, Lex stepped up from behind.

The woman glared at Lex with disdain, about to speak.

Lex spoke first, "My lord, these wheat grains are full and plump, indeed good quality wheat."

"Whether for planting or brewing, they're both excellent choices."

Hearing Lex's praise, the disdain in the woman's eyes instantly disappeared.

She echoed, "Yes, my lord, this gentleman knows good stuff; these are fine wheat!"

Lynn nodded, "I'd like one hundred and twenty-five pounds of barley after husks are removed."

After buying iron goods, these were the pennies left.

The smile on the woman's face grew wider, "Alright, my lord, please wait a moment!"

A short wait.

The woman picked up a wooden spoon and started scooping the wheat; each scoop poured into the cloth bag with a rustling sound.

Shortly after, a cloth bag full of wheat lay in front of Lynn.

Without needing Lynn to speak, Red handed the bamboo basket to Kuisi, then lifted the fifty-five-pound sack of barley himself.

"Master Lynn, let me do it."

Red maintained a calm demeanor; for his physique, one hundred and twenty-five pounds was nothing.

Just as Lynn turned his gaze towards the iron goods, Lex spoke up first.

Lex said with a smile, "My lord, how can you do such coarse work yourself? Let me handle it."

Lynn's face turned serious, "Mr. Brewer, you're not a servant of my manor, you don't need to do this."

Lex appeared earnest, "My lord, as you said, there's no brewery constructed yet; that's alright, Lex can guide on how to build one."

"Yeast is key to brewing, and I carry it with me."

"I am highly valuable, able to help you brew, and during spare time, can do some labor within my capability."

Lynn looked troubled, "But... Mr. Lex, I can't offer you a salary..."

He was being honest.

After buying these iron goods and wheat, Lynn had spent all his pennies.

Lex spoke with determination, "My lord, as long as I can have a meal, not starve to death, I'll be content!"

Gurgle!

As soon as Lex finished speaking, a growling sound came.

It was from beneath Lex's clothes.

He hadn't eaten for three days.

Penniless, if Lex didn't find a job soon, he'd starve to death.

Lynn nodded, "If it's just avoiding starvation, that's manageable... But I need to know your identity."

Lex hesitated, but seeing Lynn's direct gaze, he began to explain.

"My lord, I'm a free person," Lex said, "Because I made some mistakes, the previous lord chopped my arm, kicked me out to fend for myself... and I survived by luck."

Lex emphasized, "But rest assured, my lord, I have no complicated background. They didn't want to hire me simply because I lack one arm, not being fit as labor."

Lynn nodded seriously, "I can take you in, and you won't be my slave either! But I need you to follow my orders one hundred percent, as compensation, you won't go hungry!"

Lex showed a delighted smile, "Thank you, my lord."

Lynn's tone became stern, "However... if you betray me, I will kill you without hesitation!"

Behind Lynn, Red's eyes slightly narrowed as he looked at Lex.

Not only that, Kuisi also fixed her gaze on Lex.

Lex earnestly said, "I understand, my lord!"

Lynn nodded, "Then follow me."

Willingly letting Lex join versus passively waiting for Lex to request joining.

The result is entirely different!

Even though there's no brewery built yet, and the wild hops haven't matured, Lex possesses Level 3 [Brewing] skills.

Even if hops can't currently be added, Lex can use other ingredients for brewing.

Besides, Lex can also handle some simple farm work!

It's enough.

As they were about to leave, Lynn saw a villager selling a mature plow ox.

He went up to inquire about the price.

Eight shillings!

Too expensive!

Penniless, Lynn stepped back.

However, to expand the planting scale, a plow ox is an essential farming tool.

Not lingering in Kent Village much longer.

Lynn, with Kuisi, Red, and Lex, walked along the forest road back.

Never noticing a figure standing at the village edge, watching them leave.

...

Lex nudged the slipping wheat sack with his knee, curiously asking Kuisi, "Ma'am, may I ask how many servants our lord has now?"

Kuisi glanced at him, "Let me count... one, two, three..."

Lex felt a bit relieved.

Seems like there's a lot of slaves if this young woman can't even remember them all.

Once at the lord's manor, he'll just need to focus on brewing.

Kuisi spoke, "Including you, there are four, oh and that includes Master Lynn."

Lex was instantly stunned.

Only four including Master Lynn?

Does that mean Master Lynn was just recently knighted?

And only has a few servants?

Lex suddenly felt a bit deceived.

Noticing Lex's concern, Kuisi reassured him, "Don't worry, Master Lynn is a good person."

Seeing the serene look in the young woman's eyes, Lex's nervousness gradually eased.

He'd never seen such a look in the eyes of other lord's servants.

System: Build My Own Territory

Chapter 25: Chapter 25: Value

Across the forests, over the hills, and through the wild grasslands.

At dusk, Lynn and the group of four returned to the cabin.

Opening the wooden door, the cabin was normal, with no traces of disturbance.

Besides Lynn and the others, no outsiders had come.

After carrying the barley for more than twenty miles, Red was panting heavily.

It seemed that Red noticed Lynn's gaze and was somewhat confused.

"Master Lynn?"

They stopped several times to rest on the way back.

But right after returning, Red was sent to work...

Was Red really to become nothing but a beast of burden?

After placing all the items down, Kuisi said, "Master Lynn, I'll go check the rabbit cage and the fishing cage."

Upon hearing Kuisi's words, Lex's eyes lit up.

Before Lynn could speak, Red stood up, "Master, I've rested, I'll go instead."

After finishing his words.

Red walked outside, though he was still panting slightly.

Lynn stopped Red, "Take Lex with you, let him familiarize himself with the environment, and he can handle this work in the future."

Red nodded, and Lex also responded as he followed him out.

Lynn looked at Kuisi, "Prepare dinner, bass barley porridge, add more barley, it's too watery to be filling."

Kuisi quickly answered, "Yes, Master Lynn."

Watching Kuisi rekindle the coals and busy herself making dinner, Lynn carried the flint axe and walked out of the cabin.

He needed to find some suitable branches for making handles for the iron tools.

The sky was getting dark.

Lynn, holding a bundle of branches, returned to the cabin first.

Just opened the wooden door, a scent filled with fish and barley wafted to his nose.

Lynn looked toward the fire pit's center, the bass barley porridge was boiling and bubbling in the pottery pot.

A rich aroma emanated from the bursting bubbles.

Not long after, Red and Lex also returned to the cabin.

Handing over the few large fish and processed wild rabbits to Kuisi, Red couldn't help but praise, "Smells delicious."

Lex swallowed his saliva.

Using a sharpened stir stick, Kuisi stirred in the pottery pot, making the barley and bass cook more thoroughly.

She spoke, "Master Lynn, just wait a bit longer and it will be ready to eat."

With the iron kitchen knife, Kuisi's cooking efficiency had greatly improved.

Lynn replied with a sound, picked up a branch as thick as an arm and inspected it carefully.

The branch was free of cracks, worms, or damage.

Exerting force with both hands, Lynn tested the stick's strength and hardness, then took out the iron axe to begin installation.

With previous experience of making the flint axe, installing the iron axe was too simple for Lynn.

He carved the end of the stick to the appropriate size, inserted it tightly into the axe's opening, and continuously hammered it to make the iron axe go further up the stick.

Then he hammered some pegs into the axe's opening, preventing it from falling off, and sawing the extra length of the stick with the iron saw.

A complete iron axe was assembled.

[Production Experience +1]

Lynn stood up, raised the iron axe in his hand, it was much heavier compared to the flint axe.

Seeing this, Red also busied himself.

Originally being villagers, they were quite familiar with these farming tools.

After all the iron agricultural tools were installed, Kuisi said, "Master Lynn, it's time for dinner."

Lynn responded with a sound.

After dinner, Lynn continued to weave fishing cages with Kuisi.

The Acadia River had an abundance of river fish.

Lynn felt that for a long time, river fish would become their main source of income.

Making fishing cages wasn't difficult, at Lynn's speed, he could weave one in over an hour.

Weaving two overnight, the remaining time would be spent on correcting and perfecting the ones Kuisi held.

Meaning, they could weave three fishing cages before sleep.

As the number of fishing cages increased, the daily catch of river fish would also increase.

Then, the uneaten river fish would be smoked, sold, and traded for necessary goods.

Would this barely count as an industry?

Watching Lynn and Kuisi weave, and Red sharpen the iron products, Lex felt somewhat restless.

Even Master Lynn, who was the lord, busied himself during his free time. Was it too leisurely for him, a new servant?

He needed to prove his worth!

Lex looked at Lynn, "Master Lynn, before starting brewing, besides gathering wild rabbits and river fish, I think I could also undertake daily cooking."

Lynn glanced at Lex, "Alright, these tasks are yours, Lex, don't let me down."

Listening to Lynn's last words, Lex was filled with trepidation, "Of course, Master Lynn."

Night deepened.

Though it was already spring, the temperature at night was still very low in the wasteland.

The cabin Lynn built wasn't large, with some clutter making it seem even more cramped.

Now with four people lying inside, it felt even more crowded.

Lynn understood that he needed to quickly build another simple cabin.

Checking the [Heavenly Artifacts]'s [Holographic Map], a path through the forests appeared on the map.

Further away, there was a village labeled 'Kent Village'.

Only places Lynn had visited would light up, showing detailed surrounding terrain.

However, it only showed the terrain.

Other resources hidden in the forests couldn't be seen.

...

The next day.

At dawn.

Four figures were busying themselves on the wasteland.

Lynn and Red held hoes, cultivating on cleared weed land.

With the addition of iron hoes and iron cross pickaxes, the cultivation became faster and more effortless.

Not far away, Kuisi and Lex were diligently removing weeds.

While clearing weeds and stones, Lex asked Kuisi, "Kuisi, does Master Lynn work with us too? Isn't it... Isn't it somewhat improper?"

Lex had this question in mind since last night.

How could a lord personally craft labor tools?

More than that, Lynn faced the dirt like a farmer or a slave, holding an iron hammer and cultivating the land?

Moreover, Master Lynn ate the same food as them!

Lex swore, not only had he not seen, he had never heard of such a thing.

Kuisi was not surprised at all, she calmly said, "Master Lynn is different from other lords, he is the lord newly appointed to this wasteland by Marquis Ducazef, he always leads us in labor..."

Lex nodded, no longer having any issues.

Even though he was just a free person who could brew wine, he had heard that many great lords, to expand their economic income, would grant wastelands to capable vassals.

With Lynn's current working style and ability, he was evidently such a person.

Lex pondered.

Following a lord like this, eating well and drinking adequately was quite advantageous.

To say nothing else.

At least last night and this morning, Master Lynn allowed him to eat his fill.

After working for some time, Lex looked at the sky, he then walked quickly to Lynn's back and respectfully spoke, "Master Lynn, shall I return to cook now?"

Lynn acknowledged, "Go ahead, add more barley to the meal."

Lex bowed and retreated quickly back to the cabin.

At noon.

When Lynn, Kuisi, and Red returned to the cabin, Lex had just finished making rabbit and barley porridge.

Lex called out, "Master Lynn, lunch is ready."

[Rabbit Barley Porridge]: Non-toxic, rich texture, protein complement, balanced nutrition, etc.

Lynn nodded, feeling somewhat wistful.

Indeed, only with more labor, could development be faster.

With Red's recovery and Lex's arrival, Lynn could clearly feel the reduction in many tedious tasks.

System: Build My Own Territory

Chapter 26: Chapter 26: Spring Plowing

After finishing lunch, Lynn walked while opening [Heavenly Artifacts].

[Your Planting is now Level 1, unlocking: Character Loyalty]

[Reward acquired: Memory Pearl ×1]

Seeing the prompt, Lynn raised an eyebrow.

After days of cultivating and digging, [Planting] has finally leveled up.

Lynn is familiar with the Memory Pearl.

But this loyalty...

Lynn glanced at Kuisi.

[Kuisi Harper]: Loyalty 89%↑, Planting Level 2, Cooking Level 2, Collection Level 2

Turning his body, he looked at Red.

[Red Harper]: Loyalty 81%↑, Hunting Level 3, Planting Level 2, Construction Level 2

Then he looked at Lex.

[Lex Floren]: Loyalty 70%↑, Brewing Level 3, Cooking Level 2, Construction Level 2

Looking at the different loyalty values of the three, Lynn thought to himself.

Loyalty probably reflects satisfaction with the current living conditions, shown in numerical form.

There's an upward arrow behind the value, indicating a trend towards increasing loyalty.

Soon, Lynn figured out something.

If the trend appeared downward, it meant dissatisfaction with current life, hinting at possible betrayal.

He could foresee it in advance and eliminate the threat before it happened.

This unlocked feature is very practical for Lynn!

...

With Lynn and Red continuously swinging the Iron Hoe, more than two acres of land enough for wheat seeds were cultivated.

Lynn planned to use the surplus land for planting cotton seeds.

Although there are only dozens of cotton seeds now, each planting can generate more seeds.

By next year, there should be enough cotton seeds for further planting.

At dusk.

Standing at the cabin's door, Lynn watched as the sunset illuminated the cultivated land, turning the ground golden.

The time for spring planting is fleeting; the farming must be completed quickly.

Lynn entered the cabin, gazing at the three sitting by the fire, and spoke, "Cultivation is temporarily done; tomorrow we'll start digging decomposed soil in the forest."

The fertility of barren soil is insufficient, lacking nutrients like nitrogen, phosphorus, potassium.

By first cultivating and turning the soil, Lynn could increase the oxygen content to some extent, improving soil structure and using sunlight to kill pests within.

But this isn't enough.

To ensure the planted wheat yields more, increasing fertility is essential.

At least a thousand pounds of fertilizer is needed per acre to enrich the soil!

Two acres of land means two thousand pounds of fertilizer.

Given the current conditions, the best fertilizer should be a compost of human and livestock manure mixed with mud and weeds, fermented, followed by naturally decomposed soil from the forest.

This spring's planting won't allow time for manure compost.

Not to mention collecting enough human and livestock manure.

Even if available, there's no enough time for compost fermentation.

A complete manure composting process takes several months at least.

Kuisi seemed puzzled, "Decomposed soil?"

Red and Lex also curiously looked at Lynn.

Lynn explained, "The land's fertility is too poor, it needs enrichment. We don't have compost, so we must use decomposed soil from the forest."

Kuisi nodded, "Alright, Master Lynn."

Red and Lex followed suit and nodded.

As long as Master Lynn said it, they just needed to follow.

Only then did Lynn realize there's no concept of soil enrichment in this world...

Farming techniques are underdeveloped; farmers find a piece of land, cultivate it, then simply scatter wheat or barley seeds in a convenient posture, waiting for harvest.

Days ago, Lynn wove flat baskets and let them smoke dry over the embers, and now the dried flat baskets and carrying bins were just right for use.

...

The next day, early in the morning.

Lynn stood on a round stone on the forest's edge.

Left hand gripping the Horn Bow, right hand touching the Arrow, he vigilantly scanned the surroundings.

Beneath him, Red, Kuisi, and Lex were transporting decomposed soil from the forest floor.

Red, robust and strong, could carry a fully loaded carrying bin himself.

The weight of two bins filled with decomposed soil adds up to around eighty or ninety pounds, just a small matter for Red.

Kuisi and Lex were naturally not as physically strong as Red, so the two of them carried a willow basket weighing about twenty or thirty pounds back and forth.

Though each trip didn't carry much, it all added up.

There was a distance of more than two hundred meters from the edge of the forest to the cleared land.

With Red's physical strength, carrying two baskets took just three to four minutes to complete.

Adding Kuisi and Lex, they averaged about a hundred pounds per trip.

At dusk, the four of them returned to the cabin.

Fortunately, no Wild Wolves appeared today.

Except for the time spent eating lunch, Red and the others spent all their time transporting the decomposed soil.

By the end of the day, nearly eight or nine hundred pounds of decomposed soil had accumulated on the clearing!

With another day's work tomorrow, the two thousand pounds of decomposed soil needed for the two acres will be sufficient.

...

Morning.

Lex was still making breakfast in front of the hearth.

Lynn took Kuisi and Red to the back of the cabin.

Looking at the bag filled with wheat seeds and the ashes scooped out from the hearth, Kuisi and Red were full of confusion.

Kuisi curiously asked, "Master Lynn, what should we do now?"

Lynn spoke, "Pour all the wheat seeds into the ash, then mix them by hand, ensuring the ashes evenly cover the surface of the seeds."

Kuisi's face showed surprise for a moment, just about to speak, but saw Master Lynn's face full of seriousness.

She turned to look at Red, who instinctively grasped the corner of the cloth bag and poured out all the wheat seeds.

Instantly, a light dust of ash rose up.

Luckily, Lynn told them to step back in time; otherwise, they would have been covered in ash.

Once the dust settled, Kuisi and Red stepped forward to start mixing.

Of course, Kuisi and Red didn't know why Lynn asked them to do this, but they understood that whatever Master Lynn said was what needed to be done.

They just had to follow his instructions without questioning why.

Watching the golden wheat seeds gradually get covered by the ashes, Lynn's face remained calm.

After days of toiling under the sun, Lynn had long since mastered the knowledge of improving wheat planting methods and increasing wheat yields.

Mixing wheat seeds with ashes has many advantages.

The ashes can absorb moisture and prevent humidity, enhancing the seed's ability to absorb surrounding moisture and reducing the risk of dampness, ensuring a better germination rate after sowing.

Additionally, the alkaline substances in the ash can kill the germs and insect eggs on the surface of the wheat seeds to some extent!

Moreover, ashes are rich in nutrients like potassium, phosphorus, and calcium...

Besides soaking in saltwater, mixing with ashes is currently the best method available to improve the germination rate of wheat seeds.

Moreover, these wheat seeds are plump and don't need to be pre-soaked in water to improve the germination rate.

When Red and Kuisi had finished mixing all fifty pounds of wheat seeds, Lex had breakfast ready as well.

After having breakfast,

Lynn led the three of them to the cleared land.

In front of Red, Kuisi, and Lex, Lynn began to demonstrate.

Lynn took a hoe and started sowing using the row planting method.

The cleared land was limited, and so were the wheat seeds.

Additionally, because the fertility of the wasteland's soil was insufficient, fertilization had to be combined with a change in the sowing method.

Row planting can reduce wastage of wheat seeds and also minimize the diffusion of the decomposed soil's fertility.

A nine-centimeter trench was dug into the soil, natural decomposed soil was sprinkled as fertilizer, with the seeds sown on the fertilizer, using it to support the wheat seeds.

The decomposed soil would provide the nutrients needed for the wheat seeds to germinate.

Kuisi's eyes lit up a bit.

She knew Master Lynn's planting method was completely different from what she remembered.

But she vaguely felt that Master Lynn's way might be correct...

She couldn't quite articulate why it was correct.

Lynn continued to plant for over ten meters, finally covering the soil over the trench with the hoe.

Looking at Kuisi and the other two, Lynn asked, "Have you learned how to plant using this method?"

The three of them nodded immediately.

Row planting wasn't too difficult.

If they couldn't do it the first time, Lynn could pretend not to see.

If they couldn't do it the second time, he could still understand.

If they couldn't do it the third time, he could forgive them.

But would they still be unable to do it the fourth time?

By the fifth time, even a pig should be able to learn simply by copying, right?

System: Build My Own Territory

Chapter 27: Chapter 27: Manpower at My Command

Currently, the trio of Kuisi is not familiar with the method of row planting.

Once they become familiar, the three of them can finish planting two acres of land in one day.

Naturally, Lynn doesn't need to get involved anymore.

Sitting at the doorway of the cabin, Lynn watched the three of them planting from behind, as thoughts swirled in his mind.

With spring planting finished, Lynn needs to prepare for the upcoming development.

They need to build a log cabin; four people living in a basic wooden house is really too crowded.

Especially since the smell they emit and their snoring make Lynn quite uncomfortable.

With the iron axe, the speed of chopping down logs will be much faster.

Plus, with more laborers, it can be completed in at most one or two days.

They also need to build a brewing workshop!

With Lex's Level 3 [Brewing] skills, it would be too wasteful to use him only as a farmer.

...

At dusk.

Kuisi, Red, and Lex returned to the cabin.

Kuisi spoke with a touch of pride, "Master Lynn, as per your request, we have planted all fifty pounds of wheat seeds across the two acres."

"Additionally, the cotton seeds and vegetable seeds you specifically instructed have been planted in the vacant land closest to the cabin, and they have been fenced off."

Lynn nodded, "Very well done, go inside the cabin and rest."

Although they followed his instructions, there would certainly be some discrepancies.

Were too many wheat seeds placed?

Was the compost layer too thin?

Were the furrows for the seeds too shallow?

Lynn understood that with their level of understanding of farming techniques, doing it approximately as required was already commendable.

What comforted Lynn was that because the farmland was close to the river, the soil in the wasteland retained a sufficient amount of moisture.

For the time being, there was no need to spend time and manpower on watering and irrigation.

Later, he would only need to apply fertilizer based on the growth of the wheat sprouts.

Even with all these efforts, Lynn couldn't guarantee that the two-acre wheat field would have a bumper harvest.

If they could achieve a yield of one hundred to one hundred and thirty pounds per acre, it would be a victory!

The trio of Kuisi responded and entered the cabin.

The night fell.

Lex was diligently cooking dinner, seemingly wanting to showcase all his culinary skills to Lynn.

But the culinary display by Lex was just a pot of wild wolf meat barley porridge and a few grilled bass...

Looking at the three of them, Lynn ordered in a commanding tone, "Starting tomorrow, each person must bathe once every three days."

"Don't you smell how rancid you are?"

Previously, busy surviving, Lynn hadn't been concerned about such things.

But now, with the issue of food and clothing temporarily resolved, the focus needed to be on how to live healthily.

The three of them, busy with their tasks, paused, instinctively sniffed their bodies, and couldn't help but frown.

If Lynn hadn't mentioned it, they might never have realized.

Lynn sternly addressed them, "Only a clean body can maintain health... I won't say more. If you can't bathe once every three days, you can roll out of my cabin now."

Realizing Lynn's change in tone, Kuisi and the others quickly responded.

"Yes, Master Lynn."

That night, the atmosphere in the cabin became somewhat more serious.

They understood that Master Lynn, who often worked alongside them in the fields, had different expectations from others!

In the hearth, the firewood crackled as it burned.

The cabin door opened, and the trio, with wet hair, walked in.

Seeing Lynn lying on a pile of straw with closed eyes, they all felt a slight relief.

They had been worried that washing at the river would disturb sleeping Lynn.

Sitting by the fire, Kuisi, Red, and Lex exchanged glances.

The river water was a bit chilly.

But after washing, they all felt significantly more refreshed.

Now, under the warmth of the fire, steam rose from their bodies.

Comfortable, light, clear-headed...

Kuisi stretched her hands towards the hearth, trying to warm her slightly cold palms.

The next second.

Her eyebrows raised, and her eyes showed a hint of surprise.

Kuisi found that the firewood in the hearth had increased.

The flames burned more intensely.

She shifted her gaze to the sleeping Lynn not far away.

...

The next morning.

After breakfast, Lynn led the three of them towards the edge of the forest.

However.

This time it wasn't for digging and transporting compost, but for logging.

Lynn looked at Red, "Four people in a basic cabin are too cramped; make sure to use enough force when logging, as it's for building your living quarters."

Listening to Lynn, Red immediately raised his eyebrows.

Not just him—Kuisi and Lex had the same expression.

It was the first time they heard of a lord building accommodations for villagers.

Other lords would only send villagers to sleep with sows in pigsties.

Red responded immediately, "Okay, Master Lynn."

Grasping the iron axe, he swung it hard at the pine wood in front of him.

Instantly, the iron axe blade sunk seven or eight centimeters into the pine wood!

The durability and sharpness of the iron axe compared to the flint axe were glaringly obvious.

With Red's strength, the sharpness of the iron axe, and the soft texture of the pine, a tree over twenty centimeters thick fell in just over ten minutes.

Waiting nearby, Kuisi and Lex rushed in with a cross pickaxe and sickle.

They needed to clean off the branches and bark from the pine, leaving a straight log.

Holding the horn bow, Lynn watched the logging efficiency, internally sighing.

While building his cabin, if he had an iron axe and two helpers, it wouldn't have been so difficult.

One pine tree fell after another, turning into one log after another.

Together, Kuisi and Lex carried them to the cabin.

The pile of logs in front of the cabin gradually grew larger.

Originally, Lynn thought of first assembling a basic cabin, but seeing the logging speed now.

Lynn realized the brewing workshop and... toilet could be prioritized.

As an ordinary living person, Lynn naturally needed facilities.

Previously, limited conditions and convenience had him solve issues at the river downstream.

But with changing conditions:

Ample manpower, plenty of axes.

Building a toilet could ensure safe bathroom practices while collecting waste for future composting.

Achieving two goals at once!

Watching Red gradually pant, Lynn jumped down from the stone, handing him the horn bow.

"Take a break, I'll do it now."

Lynn took the iron axe and started swinging strenuously.

[Collection Experience +1]

[Collection Experience +1]

...

Despite Red working tirelessly, Lynn still needed to gain experience to unlock skill upgrades.

Accelerating logging speed while increasing [Collection] experience.

After a day's logging of pine, nearly forty or fifty logs piled beside the cabin.

Of course, these logs were the entirety of each pine tree cut in half.

With these logs, they could start building a new basic cabin early the next morning.

System: Build My Own Territory

Chapter 28: Chapter 28: Building a Log Cabin

Building a simple wooden house again was a piece of cake for Lynn, whose mind was brimming with knowledge on how to construct wooden houses.

Last night, Lynn had Lex prepare a pot of bass rice porridge, three grilled fish, and a roasted wild rabbit, rewarding the three of them with a feast.

Just as Lynn had suspected.

As long as their material conditions and spiritual life improved, the loyalty of the three would rise.

Just a dinner with an extra portion of meat increased their character loyalty by 1%!

So practical, so materialistic!

However, Lynn didn't feel it was a loss.

Anyway, river fish and wild rabbits could be caught regularly, especially river fish!

In just a few days of catching river fish morning and evening, Lynn felt the roof beam of the wooden house was almost overwhelmed...

Moreover, the more they ate, the more strength they had to work!

Today was still not bright.

Lynn called the three of them up.

His goal today was to complete the construction of the simple wooden house and the latrine!

Vroooom!

Lynn and Red gripped the iron saw in their hands, continuously pulling back and forth.

The sharp saw teeth penetrated deeper and deeper, a layer of raw wood powder scattered onto the ground.

Crack.

A snapping sound echoed as the stout log broke.

Lynn and Red lifted the pine wood in front of them and continued sawing away.

[Collection Experience +1]

The stout logs could be used for the foundation of the wooden house, cut and shaped into tapered forms, and driven into the earth.

The iron chisel was then used to chisel suitable mortise holes onto the stout logs, hastily matching the mortise holes to the logs to be laid at the base.

With the iron saw, the required dimensions for the logs could be precisely cut.

With the iron chisel, the appropriate mortises could easily be carved onto the logs.

Compared to building wooden houses relying solely on the flint axe, this was much more effortless and convenient for Lynn.

Lynn told Red, "The mortise and tenon structure isn't complex; the simple explanation is that it achieves a tight connection between the logs through the interlocking of the convex and concave parts."

"There are several types of mortise and tenon structures, such as dovetail joints, straight tenons, and angled tenons... Different parts can utilize different mortise and tenon structures..."

"Moreover, the tightly interlocking mortise and tenon-structured wooden house is as stable and durable as ones nailed together."

Red blushed, "Alright, Master Lynn, I mostly understand."

Lynn unveiled the essence of building a wooden house with mortise and tenon structures to Red, who with Level 2 Construction, quickly grasped the concept.

Red blushed because it was his first time knowing a wooden house could be constructed without nails!

Such construction techniques were truly magical!

Lynn nodded, "Try building it; I'll guide you from the side."

Red respectfully replied and started chiseling mortise holes after aligning with the iron hammer and iron chisel.

Crack, crack, crack.

The clash of metal against metal emitted a piercing sound.

With the help of Kuisi and Lex, the logs chiselled with fitting mortises by Red were collectively erected.

Lynn's guidance occasionally resounded.

"Without an ink line, you can use a stick for alignment to chisel matching mortises as much as possible."

"In this area, you can carve a dovetail joint, where the tail forms a trapezoid for stronger firmness."

"The roof beams and frames also need to use mortise and tenon structures for fixation, or else if the beams fall before encountering wildlife, you'll be in trouble..."

Red had considerable expertise in construction.

Initially, he was a bit clumsy in building techniques.

He quickly adapted to the mortise and tenon construction method.

Lynn's remarks pointing out issues became less frequent.

In the end, Lynn merely stood aside supervising, occasionally lending a hand.

Dusk gradually approached.

When Red installed the wooden door at the entrance of the wooden house, a brand-new wooden house was complete.

Red instinctively stepped back a few paces, taking in the whole outline of the wooden house.

He couldn't fully believe it even now!

Without using a single nail, all constructed with pine wood logs, the wooden house was indeed successfully built.

Kuisi walked to Red's side, "It really is possible to build a wooden house without nails!"

Lex also praised, "Indeed, it's my first time seeing a wooden house built this way."

Red shook his head and said, "This is all thanks to Master Lynn. Without his guidance, I would have never imagined I could build a wooden house this way in my lifetime."

Lynn said, "Later, the three of you can live in this wooden house, but it's temporary. Eventually, only one family will live in each house!"

Upon hearing Lynn's words, Kuisi and the others became excited.

Though they were just farmers and brewers, they still desired their privacy.

Lynn instructed, "Light a fire in the hearth inside the wooden house and cover it with a bundle of wet grass, let it smoke for a few hours, and you can sleep there tonight."

Industrious Kuisi immediately complied.

After Lex collected the day's wild rabbits and river fish.

Night fell.

Kuisi used leaves collected to crush and extract dark green juice, wiping it on the clean river fish and wild rabbit.

Kuisi said this would enhance the aroma of the smoked fish and rabbit meat...

Then, she hung the fish and rabbit meat above Lynn's wooden house hearth.

Though the hearth already had over a hundred pounds of smoked meat hanging...

For Kuisi.

This smoked meat was Master Lynn's property and could only hang in Master Lynn's wooden house.

Not only that.

All the iron tools were respectfully placed in Lynn's wooden house after use...

After dinner, Kuisi tidied up.

Under Lynn's direction, Kuisi and the other two moved next door to the wooden house.

The two wooden houses were constructed next to each other, just five meters apart.

Using a stout wooden pole to secure the door, Lynn laid down on a pile of grass and fell asleep.

The charcoal fire in the hearth filled the wooden house with a comfortable warmth.

...

When first waking up early, Lynn pounded on the wooden door of the neighboring wooden house.

Yes, he firmly knocked on the door with his fist.

When Kuisi opened the door half-asleep, squinting her eyes, "Master Lynn?"

Lynn called out, "Get up, start working!"

The trio instantly shook off the sleepiness, becoming energetic.

Lynn sent Red immediately to the clearing a few dozen meters from the wooden house to start digging pits.

During the morning's relief, Lynn clearly saw a snake as thick as his arm slither past in front of him.

Though the snake was non-poisonous, that sensation made Lynn feel all sorts of discomfort!

He didn't care if Kuisi and the others were frightened.

He was the master of this territory!

With current conditions, only a simple latrine could be built.

A large pit was dug in the wasteland.

Tightly laid logs chopped in advance covered the pit, leaving suitable spacing.

Then constructed a simple roof, covered in grass, to shield against wind and sunlight.

Even though it's a simple latrine, it's much better than leaving it open-air, or what townsfolk do, dumping waste on the streets...

Latrine conditions were far superior!

Is building a latrine difficult?

Even if Red excavates and constructs alone, he'd finish within a day.

It's not difficult.

What's difficult is they lack the mindset to build a toilet.

Just like when you could scoop sand directly with a shovel and dump it into a nearby cart,

Yet insisted on the extra step of dumping it in a bucket before transferring it to the cart.

Lack of imagination!

While Red and Kuisi built the latrine, Lynn approached Lex who was preparing breakfast.

Upon Lynn finally inquiring about constructing a brewery,

Lex became instantly thrilled.

"Oh, dear Master Lynn, have you finally remembered that I'm a brewer?"

System: Build My Own Territory

Chapter 29: Chapter 29: Two Hundred Pence

Lex has been at the wooden hut for four days now.

In these four days, he's been doing the odd jobs as instructed by Master Lynn.

Helping with farming, helping to build the wooden hut, helping with cooking, helping to collect Wild Rabbit River Fish...

He can do it, and he does it well.

Master Lynn kept his promise: he wouldn't let him go hungry!

He even ate three meals a day, each filled with meaty barley porridge that was as thick as rice paste!

He'd never had such a good life since he was a child.

But Lex is a brewer, and what he wanted to do most was brewing.

Only through brewing could he demonstrate his true value...

Looking at the man in front of him wearing a roughly made brown linen robe with coarse woolen underlayers, and brown long hair with stubble.

Lynn spoke seriously, "Lex, I always regarded you as a brewer, but as you see, my territory needs development, and I am short on hands..."

Lex felt an inexplicable warmth in his heart, and the scant resentment he had before instantly dissipated.

Lynn noticed Lex's loyalty rise again.

He continued, "If I were to construct a brewing workshop for you to start brewing beer, what would I need to prepare for you?"

Lex hesitated hardly at all, "First, a quality water source; spring water would be best, but if not, river water will do! I've observed these past days, and the river's water is clear and clean, usable."

"Secondly, a dry and ventilated storage space for storing barley and other raw materials, which means a warehouse."

"Then, brewing equipment: I need a malt grinder, which means a stone mill, a mashing pot, a soaking tank, fermenting vats—metal ones are best, but wooden barrels can substitute if there's no iron ones—a boiling pot, and also a fermenting room for beer fermentation."

"Master Lynn, lastly... I'll need an apprentice!"

Lex, indeed a Level 3 brewer, explained his needs very clearly.

But Lynn also realized that constructing a brewing workshop faced some challenges.

A warehouse or fermenting room could be as simple as building two wooden huts that could shelter from wind and rain.

But both the mashing pot and the boiling pot would require iron pots.

And presently, what Lynn needed most was iron.

Nonetheless, Lynn still felt the need to construct a brewing workshop to brew beer.

Producing smoked fish and selling it could earn some pence.

But without salt for curing, the shelf life of smoked fish was very short.

The key issue is that the price of smoked fish is low.

Two pounds of smoked fish for one penny is the limit!

The daily wage of an ordinary freeman is just one penny.

Craftsmen earn a bit more, with two or three pennies.

But they can hardly afford meals, let alone think about buying meat.

The short shelf life limits sales to nearby villages, and the market will eventually become saturated!

To make money, new avenues must be explored.

Brewing beer is currently the method Lynn can think of and also the easiest to accomplish.

Lynn said, "We can build the storage warehouse and fermenting room first; as for the mashing pot and boiling pot, we'll have to sell the smoked fish at Kent Village next time to buy them!"

Lex was full of surprise, "Of course we can, Master Lynn."

As long as Master Lynn is willing to start constructing the brewing workshop, everything can proceed.

After this conversation, Lex became more diligent in collecting Wild Rabbit River Fish every day.

Pressure can make people work, but it can never elicit genuine sincerity.

...

Lynn walked out of the wooden hut to find Red and Kuisi.

Under the excavation of Iron Hoes and Cross Pickaxes, and Kuisi's help with carrying soil using shoulder poles.

Red had dug a pit one and a half meters long, one and a half meters wide, and two meters deep.

The toilet was only for four people to use.

For now, it's sufficient.

It was located far from the Acadia River, so there's no worry of polluting the water source used for drinking.

Lynn looked at Red and said, "We need to drive stakes around the pit, reinforce the surrounding soil, and saw wooden boards using the Iron Saw to cover it."

"I don't want to fall in while using the toilet due to soil collapse."

Red thought for a while and then nodded, "I understand, Master Lynn!"

The second wooden hut in the plan was completed, and the latrine was also built.

Lynn even constructed two wooden huts several meters from the Acadia River for the upcoming beer brewing.

In Lynn's wooden hut, the walls were covered with smoked fish from the Acadia River.

Looking at the ceiling, which was like densely hung corpses, his lips twitched slightly.

There must be nearly three or four hundred pounds of smoked fish hanging up there!

And this was just in Lynn's wooden hut.

Because there was no more space to hang them, fearing the roof would collapse, thirty or forty pounds of smoked fish were hung on the neighboring wooden hut's roof.

Combined, there were three to four hundred pounds of smoked fish!

If not for an additional daily yield of twenty to thirty pounds of smoked fish, Lynn would have thought the river fish in the Acadia River were excessively abundant.

Finally, Lynn decided.

To head off to Kent Village to sell the smoked fish!

The sky was not yet bright.

Lynn and his group of four walked out of the wooden hut with shouldering poles, heading to Kent Village.

Having previous experience, this time they headed to Kent Village with more familiarity.

As the sky just lit up, Lynn and the other three arrived at Kent Village.

They placed four baskets full of smoked fish on the roadside open space, and Kuisi instinctively started shouting.

"Smoked fish, smoked fish, tasty smoked fish! Perfectly salted, great with rice and drinks!"

"Fresh smoked fish! Crispy outside, tender inside, aromatic, come and taste it!"

"..."

The voice was natural and unpretentious, with an easy manner.

And Red's voice, which made Lynn shake his head involuntarily.

"Fish... smoked fish... come buy smoked fish... yes."

The words were intermittent, like a fishbone stuck in his throat.

Lex's calls were more natural than Red's.

"Buy smoked fish, fresh smoked fish, the more you eat, the more you love it!"

Amid these calls, several passing villagers gathered around.

Learning that one penny could get them two pounds of fish, their eyes lit up and they came closer.

A familiar figure entered Lynn's sight.

A slightly overweight woman with a woolen hat strode over.

Last time he came to Kent Village, she was the second one to buy smoked fish.

Seeing the woman urgently approaching, Lynn couldn't help but frown.

Could she be here to cause trouble?

If she caused trouble and brought the Manor Lord who managed the village, it would be troublesome!

Lynn wasn't a villager of this Manor Lord; he had entered boldly, assuming great risk.

But there was no choice.

To obtain some items that couldn't be made by hand for now, they had to take the risk.

The overweight woman approached the baskets, her face full of joy, "You've finally come to sell smoked fish again; my husband and children loved your smoked fish so much last time that they wouldn't stop talking about it. They asked me to come and buy more!"

"Here's five pence; I want to buy ten pounds!"

Seeing the smoked fish the overweight woman handed over, Kuisi reached out and took it.

"Of course, ma'am, feel free to choose anything within ten pounds."

The villagers passing by witnessed this scene with novelty and gathered around.

Shills!

There are shills!

Was the overweight woman a hired shill?

Lynn was surprised; the key is, he hadn't hired anyone for advertising...

Looking at the eager villagers wanting to buy smoked fish, Lynn was somewhat impressed.

Is this the power of a shill!

On second thought, Lynn found it rather normal.

These people had never been bombarded by advertisements before, so they were really simple-minded.

...

The baskets of smoked fish gradually dwindled.

Not many people came to the village market.

Villagers came and went, and others came and replaced them.

In the afternoon, Kuisi yelled after emptying the baskets of smoked fish.

"Master, we've sold all the smoked fish, and got two hundred pence in total."

Lynn didn't take it, he just glanced and saw.

The bottom of the basket was lined with cloth bags, each filled with a small pile of pence, and Lynn nodded with satisfaction.

It seemed the villagers from neighboring villages quite liked to eat smoked fish.

""""

System: Build My Own Territory

Chapter 30: Chapter 30: Oxen

Two hundred pence!

One gold pound is equal to twenty shillings, and one shilling is equal to twelve pence.

For these villagers, it's considered a huge sum.

Equivalent to several months' income for an ordinary family!

Kuisi, who had never seen so much money, started to breathe a bit heavily.

Lynn spoke, "Let's go, I'll take you to buy necessities!"

Kuisi, Red, and Lex hurriedly followed behind Lynn.

Two hundred pence, enough for Lynn to buy many desirable things.

Walking in Kent Village.

Lynn's gaze swept around, but after searching, he didn't see the villager selling oxen.

It's not uncommon for the Free People to have oxen, but it's certainly not abundant.

They're employed by the Manor Lord to help complete farming tasks and also rent the Manor Lord's land for additional income.

Suddenly, Lynn's eyes brightened.

By the edge of a wooden house, a burly brown ox kneeled in the soil, and a middle-aged man sat beside it.

Lynn stepped forward boldly, and as he approached, the middle-aged man stood up.

Looking at the three docile servants following Lynn, the middle-aged man spoke respectfully, "Young master, are you here to purchase an ox?"

Lynn did not speak, but looked towards the ox.

[Adult Ox]: Strong and healthy, can be used for plowing, hauling goods, etc.

Lynn responded, "What's your price for the ox?"

Thinking it over, the middle-aged man said, "Master, only eight shillings and this ox will be yours."

Lynn shook his head directly, "Eight shillings is too expensive; even town oxen are only seven shillings... Moreover, to sell a good ox like this, it can't be sick, right?"

The middle-aged man's face trembled slightly and quickly explained.

"Master, you mustn't say that... my ox is very healthy. I've managed to complete all my land cultivation solely because of its help!"

His voice turned a bit sorrowful, "If my child wasn't seriously ill and the Church didn't say it required a lot of money, I wouldn't want to sell my livelihood ox..."

Lynn remained composed, "Seven shillings — if you're willing to sell, I can give you the money right now! You can take the money and hire a Church doctor for your child."

The middle-aged man became hesitant, "Seven shillings... Okay, young master, seven shillings it is."

Lynn glanced at Kuisi, who instantly understood.

She took out eighty-four pence and handed it to the middle-aged man.

The middle-aged man counted carefully, confirming it was correct, and handed over the ox's rope.

Red sensibly reached out to take hold of it.

Watching the middle-aged man leave Kent Village, looking back repeatedly.

Lynn's emotions remained unemotional.

Every family has their own struggles, but a transaction is a transaction.

You still have to bargain when you can!

Driving the ox forward, Lynn led the group straight to the Blacksmith Shop.

The blacksmith, who was fiddling with the ironware on the stone slab, looked up as Lynn approached, his face immediately breaking into a smile.

"Young master, welcome, what do you need this time?"

Lynn's gaze searched once around the feldspar slab.

Finally, it fell on the items placed on the ground behind.

[Light Plow]: Consists of plow beam, plowshare, etc., can be used for shallow tilling, limited sharpness.

Lynn wanted to buy a Heavy Plow.

The wasteland was overgrown with weeds and branches, many roots deeply embedded in the soil, difficult to clear.

This is why Lynn found using the Flint Shovel for cultivation so challenging.

The sharpness of the Flint Shovel, when trying to dig out all the roots, wasted too much time and strength.

Only when an adult ox pulls a Heavy Plow can the roots in the soil be cut off and turned to the surface!

Not only clearing roots, but also turning the fertile soil from the bottom to the surface!

But unfortunately, the Blacksmith Shop didn't have a Heavy Plow.

Lynn felt that no place in the Karedi Empire would have one.

The farming methods in this world are too backward!

The blacksmith followed Lynn's gaze and his smile became even more pronounced.

"Young master, are you thinking of purchasing this light plow?"

Lynn said, "If the price is right, I'll consider it."

The blacksmith didn't hesitate, "Twenty-five pence!"

Lynn pondered for a moment.

Twenty-five pence wasn't expensive.

Lynn's gaze scanned the slab, "Light plow, plus ten barrel hoops, and also two pounds of iron nails, for twenty-five pence."

The blacksmith was a bit anxious, "Young master, that's too much to add... at most five barrel hoops and two pounds of iron nails!"

Lynn showed no hesitation, "Okay."

Even if the blacksmith didn't throw in additional items, Lynn would still spend twenty-five pence to purchase the light plow.

The blacksmith cheerfully pushed the light plow out.

The light plow wasn't heavy, and with the plow beam, it could be pushed directly, saving time and effort.

Lynn thought of Lexi's request, "Do you have any Iron Pots? I need two Iron Pots!"

Regretfully, the blacksmith said, "Sorry, young master, I only have farm tools here..."

Lynn nodded.

Most villagers in the village were still using pottery pots and ceramic items; it was normal for the Blacksmith Shop not to sell Iron Pots.

Loading the barrel hoops and iron nails into the load-carrying baskets, paying the pence, Lynn's group left the Blacksmith Shop.

After passing a few wooden houses, a young man in a gray robe came into Lynn's view.

Unlike other Free People, the young man's robe had embroidered trimmings and embellishments.

[George Dalton]: [Trade] Level 3, [Oratory] Level 2, [Negotiation] Level 2

Looking at the text above the young man's head, Lynn raised an eyebrow.

Level 3 [Trade]!

This was a merchant!

George Dalton had a line of items laid out in front of him.

Lynn stepped forward.

Seeing Lynn approach with three servants, George stood up.

He displayed a genuine smile, "Master, would you like to buy anything? Feel free to look around."

Lynn nodded and his gaze swept over the ground.

[Salt]: Sea salt, can be used for cooking, preservation, etc.

[Spice Bag]: Includes pepper, cinnamon, cloves, etc., can be used for cooking, etc.

[Tableware]: Made of ceramics, can be used for dining, etc.

Various items were laid out on linen cloth, some wanted by Lynn but not essential.

Suddenly.

Lynn felt a slight nudge from behind, glanced back.

Just saw Lexi making eye gestures at him.

Lynn followed Lexi's gaze to see two large Iron Pots placed beside the merchant George.

[Iron Pot]: Quite a bit of slag, surface relatively rough, can be used for brewing, dyeing, alchemy, etc.

Other than oxen and plowing equipment, this is what he wanted most!