

System 211

Chapter 211: A Thousand Slaves _3

But to rise to Level 3, more time is needed.

Lynn's gaze swept over the town.

As he engaged in forging plate armor, the town was rapidly developing.

The construction speed of the main castle became faster.

With two to three hundred townsmen working together, it has now been built up to the third floor.

Lynn felt that perhaps the entire main castle could be completed this year.

The market area was also rapidly being constructed.

The construction of the market area had already been planned by Lynn.

An open plaza with a series of buildings surrounding it.

Including shops, stalls, warehouses, guild halls, wells, and more.

All the townsmen could bring their spare household items to the market area for trading and exchange.

Meanwhile, on the other side, a large school was being built.

Soon, this territory would have a school belonging to Lynn himself.

Providing enlightenment education for nearly a hundred children, and teaching systematic work skills to these townsmen.

On the empty land to the right side of the town.

The construction of the canteen was also underway.

The location of the canteen was chosen next to several kitchens, with a relatively simple design and construction.

An open rectangular building, with large doors on all four sides for entry.

Adopting a gable roof structure, inside the canteen were various long tables and chairs.

Once the canteen was completed, townsmen would no longer need to huddle in groups on the ground, eating outdoors under the black sky and white sun.

After inspecting the area, confirming everything was proceeding normally.

Lynn once again devoted himself to the forging of the plate armor models.

Clang!

Clang clang!

Clang clang clang!

Lynn swung the iron hammer, striking the metal block, producing a clear metallic clashing sound.

This clashing sound combined with the forging sounds of other apprentices, creating a symphony of fire and iron.

Before he knew it.

Half a month had passed.

In the blacksmith workshop, Lynn stood in the storage area for semi-finished products.

In front of him were three wooden mannequins nailed together with logs.

On each mannequin, there were eleven components of a full set of plate armor!

From top to bottom, helmet, neck guard, shoulder armor, chest armor, back armor, shoulder armor...

Down to the iron boots at the bottom!

Each component had already been drilled, allowing them to be assembled and connected into a complete set of full plate armor using rivets or hinges.

One of these sets was produced by Lynn using the forging water wheel.

Compared to hand forging, mold-cast plate armor components did appear rougher.

However, that was about it.

The cast iron, transformed into wrought iron using the iron refining method, still had the strength and toughness of hand-forged components!

After polishing and finishing, the differences were minimal.

Even if it's slightly less strong and tough compared to hand-forged plate armor.

As long as it can withstand the enemy's lances and arrows, it's enough.

Any armor will sustain damage after a war.

Lynn didn't expect a single piece of plate armor to last a soldier a lifetime!

After damage, it could be replaced, re-melted, and recast.

As long as he possesses skilled mold casting of standard plate armor technology, he will have plenty of plate armor!

But now.

The entire set of full plate armor lacked the most critical auxiliary protective material — leather!

The presence of leather is crucial for plate armor.

Typically, the inside of plate armor has leather lining.

Even iron-blooded soldiers would resist direct contact between the metal plate armor and their skin.

Not only because metal can cut skin, causing muscles to split and rupture, but also due to the intense discomfort.

With leather lining, it can effectively isolate all this!

Moreover, in areas closely fitting the body, such as the neck and waist of a helmet, leather can play a regulating role.

In certain joints, not only metal hinges are needed for connection, but leather also plays an auxiliary role.

Or use linen cloth or wool fabric.

But leather is the best lining material!

More crucially, the protection and sound buffering provided by leather...

With a thought, Lynn opened the [Resource Management] panel.

Scanning his gaze around, it was found that there were less than two pieces of finished leather in the entire territory!

These two pieces were the property brought by an outside free person.

Even if Lynn asked them to bring all their leather, it wouldn't be enough to make linings for several sets of full plate armor.

Recently.

Ehrello brought a group of blacksmith apprentices and has already created sand boxes of three body sizes.

Yesterday, Reilo even successfully cast a complete set of rough full plate armor.

Without leather lining, but still couldn't be worn by soldiers.

The leather issue must be resolved.

Lynn pondered as he walked out of the blacksmith workshop.

To obtain leather, only suitable animal hides could be chosen, then processed and tanned to acquire them.

Cowhide, sheepskin, pigskin, etc., can all be used for tanning production.

Lynn's ranch currently has pigs, cows, sheep, and horses, but to later have more livestock for expanding breeding seeds.

He certainly wouldn't slaughter those animals to skin and tan leather.

Previously, during hunting trips, dozens of wild boar and red deer hides were preserved, but they were still insufficient.

To produce full plate armor on a large scale, large quantities of leather or raw hides need to be purchased outside the territory!

Even if he can't buy large quantities of leather, at least enough to produce five hundred sets of full plate armor!

Chapter 212: A Thousand Slaves _4

Three hundred sets for equipping heavy cavalry, two hundred sets for equipping heavy infantry.

As Lynn was contemplating, George strode up quickly.

Coming to Lynn's side, George slightly bent over and said, "Master, Mr. Grayson is here, waiting for you."

Lynn responded with a nod and walked toward the open area in front of the town.

Shortly after.

Lynn arrived in front of the town, and Grayson, dressed in a black robe, entered his sight.

At this moment, Grayson was staring wide-eyed at the building more than ten meters high ahead.

His face full of surprise and disbelief.

Grayson clearly remembered that when he came to this town, it was due to George's introduction.

Back then, it was just a village.

But now, Lynn had developed it into such a prosperous town!

Even a castle was nearly completed!

Such development speed... How could he not be shocked?

A sound of footsteps reached Grayson's ears.

He looked over alertly, almost instinctively.

When he saw that familiar, handsome face, Grayson's alertness turned into a smile.

He took a few steps forward and came to Lynn's side, "Dear Master Lynn, it's been a long time."

Lynn nodded and said, "Mr. Grayson, what have you brought for me this time?"

Grayson raised an eyebrow and explained with a smile, "Slaves!"

"Of course, the slaves that Master Lynn desires most."

Lynn's gaze shifted to the distance.

Indeed.

Behind Grayson's carriage, there were standing figures.

Around these figures, Rose was leading soldiers to maintain order.

A thousand slaves, if a rebellion occurred, would cause enormous damage to the town!

Grayson continued to explain, "This batch of slaves counts to a thousand, all from the Portlands Empire, the southern battle!"

Lynn's eyes lit up slightly.

The total population in the domain is now 4,500, but after assigning them to different positions, the labor force is scattered.

Many positions still require a large workforce.

With these thousand, Lynn could make further arrangements!

Lynn nodded contently, "No problem, I'll take them all!"

Receiving Master Lynn's affirmation, Grayson's smile grew even more pronounced.

He had sent so many slaves to Master Lynn's domain, he almost couldn't remember them...

Such a vast scale, if it were another domain, would have already been saturated.

But Master Lynn, like an abyss with no bottom, continuously absorbed these slaves.

Of course, this was a good thing for Grayson, who had been elevated to Slave Merchant!

Suppressing the delight in his heart, Grayson said, "Master Lynn, this should be the last batch of slaves transported from the Portlands Empire."

Lynn looked at Grayson with confusion, "Has a turn developed in the Portlands Empire?"

Grayson raised an eyebrow, surprised and said, "Master Lynn, how did you know?"

It was through Audrey's networking that he was able to purchase so many peasants from the Portlands Empire.

And thus, he could learn some secret information about the Portlands Empire.

Even some merchants who frequently entered the Portlands Empire didn't know.

How did Master Lynn, living on the border of the Karedi Empire, know this information?

Lynn smiled mildly, "I guessed."

Grayson gave Lynn a skeptical glance.

But soon he was relieved.

Even if Master Lynn knew, it didn't affect him in any way.

Grayson explained, "The grandson of the Portlands Emperor held his coming-of-age ceremony half a month ago."

"His wish was for the Portlands Emperor to release all peasants from the southern battles!"

"And then, the Portlands Emperor... agreed!"

"Luckily, I already purchased these slaves and shipped them, otherwise they'd have been liberated!"

Lynn looked at Grayson and inquired, "Is the Imperial Grandson of the Portlands Emperor the Eldest Prince?"

Grayson recalled for a few seconds, nodded inexplicably, "It's indeed the Eldest Prince!"

In the next instant.

Grayson suddenly realized something, widened his eyes and looked at Lynn, curiously asking, "Master Lynn, do you mean..."

Lynn spoke plainly, "If I'm not mistaken, it's exactly what you think."

Grayson's face remained shocked, "But... but it shouldn't be, Master Lynn!"

"Emperor Brandt Gerard's eldest son Weituo is only thirty years old, in his prime!"

"How could they skip the eldest son and let the fifteen-year-old grandson Chronos inherit the position of Emperor of the Portlands Empire?"

Lynn didn't say anything, calmly looked at Grayson.

He naturally didn't know the reason.

But if it weren't so...

Due to consecutive half-months of storms, crops yielded nothing.

To divert the civil anger, the Emperor could only use the name of Witch to conduct extensive killings in the southern region!

Thus demonstrating the terrifying power of the imperial army to the citizens and diverting the long-standing grievances of the residents!

Killing two birds with one stone.

Now the Imperial Grandson Chronos comes of age, his wish during the coming-of-age ceremony conveniently granted amnesty across the empire.

Isn't it accumulating achievements for this future Emperor and winning people's hearts?

Besides that.

Lynn couldn't think of any other reason.

Though Master Lynn didn't elaborate, Grayson had faintly guessed...

The Portlands Empire... is about to change!

Chapter 213: Wolf God Faith

Grayson took a deep breath, trying to calm his nerves.

The curiosity in his eyes as he looked at Lynn was palpable.

Master Lynn had simply gathered some information from his words.

For instance, the initial capture of peasants in the southern campaign, to the emperor's grandson's coming of age ceremony, and the release of the peasants...

Master Lynn could infer that the emperor intended for his grandson to inherit the throne!

The key was that Master Lynn's reasoning was so impeccable that it left no room for refutation.

Was this Master Lynn's meticulous mind?

It seemed almost terrifyingly excessive!

Grayson exhaled hot breath and continued, "Master Lynn, besides these slaves, I also brought you a batch of goods!"

Lynn's interest was piqued immediately, and he curiously looked at Grayson, "What goods?"

Grayson grinned and said, "A batch... of leather!"

Lynn's eyebrows instantly rose.

Before Lynn could speak, Grayson spoke first, "Indeed, Audrey was quite right."

Lynn frowned, "Audrey?"

Grayson explained, "Apologies, Master Lynn, I informed Audrey about the three mines in your territory."

"However, rest assured, I can guarantee with my life that Audrey will never leak this information!"

Lynn said, "Go on."

Seeing that Master Lynn showed no signs of anger, Grayson's heart relaxed slightly.

He continued, "Audrey mentioned that your territory started from scratch and there are many things that require time to accumulate."

"She spoke of many things, like animal sinews, oils, armor, and the leather I brought you!"

"Audrey told me that perhaps Master Lynn is already forging armor, or preparing to forge armor."

"Sending a batch of leather over would certainly fetch a good price, even a high price."

As Grayson continued to narrate, Lynn's eyes slightly narrowed.

A vague sense of pressure filled Lynn's mind.

Audrey... This woman's ability indeed exceeded his expectations.

Fortunately, for now, they were still on the same front.

Audrey wanted to help Grayson, and Grayson needed to trade continually with him to exchange for fine salt and earn a large margin of profit.

Lynn said, "She's not wrong, I do indeed need a batch of leather right now."

"How many pounds of leather are there in total? Name your price!"

Hearing Master Lynn's straightforward words, Grayson responded satisfyingly, "Master, all the leather I brought are quality goods, so the price might be a bit high."

"Three pence per pound of leather, and a total shipment of twenty thousand pounds of leather!"

The market price for a pound of quality iron was only six pence per pound.

The price of leather at three pence per pound was indeed rather high.

However.

Lynn didn't care.

He was in desperate need of leather for plate armor lining.

Even if it cost five pence, ten pence, he'd do whatever it took to secure it.

Just as the Audrey in Grayson's words mentioned.

The development time of his territory was too short.

Many resources couldn't yet be self-produced!

He could only acquire them by purchasing from outside the territory.

Moreover, Grayson before him was considered his most competent business partner.

Allowing him to earn some extra profit margin was insignificant.

Everyone benefits as needed.

Lynn responded, "No problem, let's trade at your quoted price."

Upon hearing this, Grayson quickly bowed slightly and gratefully said, "Thank you for your generosity, Master Lynn."

For a thousand slaves, calculated at five shillings each, that's ten thousand pounds of fine salt!

For twenty thousand pounds of quality leather, calculated at three pence per pound, that's another ten thousand pounds of fine salt.

In total, twenty thousand pounds of fine salt!

It was fortunate he had the foresight to expand the salt factory half a month ago.

Otherwise.

With just one salt factory producing eight hundred pounds, it would be impossible to make so much fine salt!

After finalizing the transaction, Lynn instructed George to lead the carriages laden with leather to the Blacksmith Workshop.

Twenty thousand pounds of leather was enough for the Blacksmith Workshop to produce nearly a thousand sets of full plate armor!

Whether unloading the goods or hauling the fine salt onto the carriages, it would take a considerable amount of time.

Lynn and Grayson headed towards the nearby tavern.

Before walking a few steps, Grayson called over a guard, who held a dark brown clay bottle in his hands.

Grayson directly took it and handed it to Lynn.

"Master Lynn, though it's a bit late, I never forgot my promise to you!"

"Now finding Blue Pavilion Island golden wine is indeed no easy task; every bottle consumed leaves one less..."

"They've all been monopolized by those damn noble lords!"

As soon as he said this, Grayson suddenly remembered that Master Lynn was also a lord.

He quickly apologized, "Master Lynn, my apologies, my mention of lords doesn't include you!"

"You are the most generous lord I have ever encountered!"

"Bar none."

Lynn glanced over, and a line of text appeared before his eyes.

[Cyan Pavilion Island Golden Wine]: Non-toxic, produced on a small island in the western frontier of the Garonia Continent, Cyan Pavilion Island, distilled from barley malt, rye, and other grains, with juniper berry spices added.

In Lynn's mind, he immediately recalled what Grayson had previously said.

To bring him the finest wine on the entire continent!

Lynn, unconcerned, said, "Let's go, and taste this finest wine you've been boasting about!"

Chapter 214: Wolf God Faith _2

Grayson, somewhat displeased, said, "Master Lynn, what do you mean I'm boasting? This is recognized across the whole continent..."

Arrived at the tavern.

Under Lynn's watchful eyes, Grayson took out a small knife as a bottle opener and slowly pried open the sealed bottle cap.

Not to mention anything else, just the seal of the Cyan Pavilion Island gin was enough to surpass all the liquors Lynn had seen.

With a pop, the bottle cap fell to the floor.

The Cyan Pavilion Island gin was opened, and instantly, a rich aroma of liquor wafted from the bottle.

As Grayson poured the wine, the aroma filled the entire tavern.

Even Lex at the back of the tavern smelled the fragrance of the Cyan Pavilion Island gin and came to the front counter with eager steps.

After clinking glasses lightly with Grayson, Lynn lifted the wine glass in his hand and slowly swallowed the golden liquid inside.

The taste was rich and smooth, with a unique flavor and aroma.

Having read the description of the Cyan Pavilion Island gin, Lynn understood that it was the aroma of juniper berries.

After swallowing, Lynn's Adam's apple moved, and he couldn't help but gulp.

Even so,

the fragrance of the Cyan Pavilion Island gin still lingered on his tongue and in his mouth.

As Grayson had said,

the Cyan Pavilion Island gin was indeed a superior liquor!

After taking a sip, Grayson widened his eyes, waiting for Lynn's words.

"How is it, Master Lynn?"

Lynn put down the wine glass in his hand and, approvingly, said, "As expected of a top-quality liquor, very good."

A smile appeared unconsciously on Grayson's face.

"Of course!"

"I paid a great price to get this bottle of Cyan Pavilion Island gin!"

After pouring two more glasses, Grayson's gaze shifted towards the front counter.

There, Lex stood with a face full of desire.

Grayson asked Lynn, puzzled.

"Master Lynn, who is he..."

Lynn also glanced at Lex, "My brewer, Lex, the beer you drank earlier was brewed by him!"

Upon hearing Lynn's explanation, Grayson's eyes lit up.

"So he brewed that beer? Master Lynn, may I offer this brewer a glass with the wine I brought as a gift for you?"

"In my opinion, the beer brewed by this brewer is also excellent, and if possible, I would even purchase it at a high price!"

Lynn nodded, "Of course."

Having obtained Master Lynn's permission, Lex stepped forward.

With a face full of respect, Lex spoke to Lynn and Grayson.

"Thank you, Master Lynn, thank you, Lord Grayson."

Then,

Lex took the wine glass from Grayson's hand, stepped back a few paces, and, bending at the waist, drank the gin in several sips.

Although he was the brewer of the distillery, he was just an ordinary townsman.

Lex naturally didn't dare to sit with Master Lynn, the lord, and his guest to drink together.

After Lex swallowed all the gin in the glass and savored it for a moment,

Lynn finally asked, "So, do you have the confidence to brew it?"

Listening to Lynn's question, Grayson's eyes shone with anticipation as he looked at Lex.

At this moment, Lex frowned, seemingly analyzing the components of the liquor.

A few seconds later,

Lex hesitantly said, "Master Lynn, I can more or less identify the components in this liquor..."

"The main ingredients should be barley malt and rye, and it also includes many different spices, such as juniper berries..."

"But the production process is likely not simple fermentation!"

"As for what production technique it is, I can't quite say for sure right now..."

Upon hearing this,

Grayson's face showed a hint of disappointment.

"That's quite a pity!"

"Master Lynn, if your brewer could figure out how to brew gin and actually brew it, your territory would attract a large number of liquor merchants!"

Lynn glanced at Grayson, then said to Lex, "This liquor is brewed using a distillation process."

Grayson instantly fell silent.

Lex looked at Lynn, a bit puzzled, "Distillation process?"

Lynn began to explain, "The basic principle is... to separate and purify alcohol based on the difference in boiling points of various substances!"

Grayson and Lex instinctively glanced at each other.

What they saw in each other's eyes was utter confusion.

Thoughts whirled in Lynn's mind as he tried to explain in simpler terms.

"Simply put, by using a still to heat the liquid mixture containing alcohol, causing it to vaporize, then cooling the vapor back into liquid form, resulting in a liquid with a higher alcohol content!"

Grayson still had a look of bewilderment on his face.

Meanwhile, Lex had fallen into deep thought.

Grayson gave Lex a puzzled glance, then looked back at Lynn, just as he was about to speak.

Lex's voice rang out.

His face was full of surprise, and he spoke excitedly, "Master Lynn, I understand now! I get it!"

"So that's how it is!"

"So that's how it is..."

After a few words, Lex realized he had lost his composure.

Lex hurriedly bowed slightly and said to Lynn and Grayson, "Sorry, Master Lynn, Lord Grayson, I was being disrespectful."

Lynn nodded slightly, "You may go back to your work."

With Lynn's permission, Lex bowed slightly again and left.

Watching Lex retreated swiftly, Grayson asked curiously, "Master Lynn, is he really capable of making gin?"

Lynn shook his head, "Perhaps?"

Trying to brew a spirit exactly like the Cyan Pavilion Island gin is naturally impossible.

Chapter 215: Wolf God Faith _3

The variety of malt, the water quality used for fermentation, the distillation equipment, and distillation techniques, etc.

All these factors will brew different flavors of distilled spirits.

However, if Lex understands how distilled spirits are made, it will be a qualitative improvement for the brewing technology.

Moreover, it can distill high-degree alcohol!

A few hours later.

All the leather from Grayson's carriage was unloaded and placed in the warehouse of the Blacksmith Workshop.

More than twenty thousand pounds of fine salt were also loaded onto Grayson's carriage.

Grayson did not stay long, mounted his horse, and after bidding farewell to Lynn, he left.

According to Grayson, he must promptly inform Audrey about the information deduced by Master Lynn!

Of course.

On Grayson's carriage, Lynn added a few barrels of beer for him.

...

Watching the Grayson carriage team gradually fade into the distance, Lynn stepped forward to face the thousand slaves.

Like the previous slaves, their faces were gaunt, and even sunken contours could be seen.

Their wide-open eyes were full of confusion and emptiness about the future.

Lynn's gaze swept over them one by one, and these slaves quickly bowed their heads.

Fear and inferiority permeated among them.

Lynn took a deep breath and shouted to the slaves.

"Everyone! I am the Lord of this land, Lynn."

"Being sold here by Grayson is the greatest fortune of your lives!"

Upon hearing Lynn's words, some bold slaves curiously raised their heads.

Becoming slaves could be their fortune?

Is this lord crazy?

Lynn continued speaking.

"Upon arriving at this land, you will no longer need to worry about hunger; the barley grown behind you will provide ample food for you."

"You will no longer need to worry about safety issues; as long as the soldiers on those city walls remain, no invader will enter this land!"

More slaves raised their heads, and their eyes were full of hope.

"Perhaps you doubt whether such a land or lord can exist?"

"This is quite normal."

"However, you are not the first group of slaves from the Empire of Portlands!"

"Before your arrival, over a thousand villagers and townsmen from the Empire of Portlands have already settled here."

"They enjoy three meals a day, with meat in each meal, and live in the Red Brick Houses you see!"

Upon hearing this.

All the slaves looked up.

There was astonishment on their faces, and curiosity, but mostly curiosity.

"Of course, you can receive all these too, just like them."

"All you need to do is... work hard!"

"It's that simple!"

The faces of the slaves became touched, and their eyes full of longing.

At this moment.

Chefs who had prepared food arrived at the clearing with pots of meat porridge, barley bread, and even beer.

Seeing the food, the hungry slaves' eyes lit up.

With Lynn's permission and instructions from the Guards, the slaves formed ten long lines.

Beginning to orderly collect the food for each of them.

It was already afternoon, and Lynn abandoned the plan to allocate them to various posts.

It's better to let them eat and drink to their fill, and first rest for a night.

This could restore their physical capacity and improve their Loyalty!

However.

The previously constructed Red Brick Houses were all assigned to townsmen.

Without many remaining Red Brick Houses, they could only let them rest for a night on the open ground in the small town.

It was already early November.

Lynn called over Ross, who was patrolling in the distance.

Looking at Ross's sturdy frame, Lynn asked, "Instructor Ross, do you have any faith?"

Upon hearing Lynn's words, Ross's face momentarily revealed a brief surprise.

However, Ross quickly regained his composure and explained, "Master, the men of the grasslands have always worshiped the Wolf God!"

Lynn repeated Ross's words, "The Wolf God?"

Ross nodded, "The Wolf God symbolizes bravery and Power, wisdom and strategy, and the spirit of teamwork in combat!"

Lynn nodded.

The Garonia Continent is vast!

So vast that different beliefs could emerge within the same Empire.

The Shar Khanate is a nation composed of tribes, so it is normal to worship the wolf.

Lynn said, "Then engrave the wolf head symbol on the chest armor of your Standard Plate Armor."

Ross's eyes widened, "Plate Armor?"

Lynn explained, "Yes, the Blacksmith Workshop has already designed and made the casting molds for Standard Plate Armor."

"The leather used as lining was just delivered by Grayson, and soon you all can wear the Standard Plate Armor."

A rare look of surprise appeared on Ross's usually stern face.

Even back when he was the deputy captain of the cavalry squad in the Shar Khanate's Kuruma tribe, he only wore Chain Armor, which belongs to Light Armor!

The cavalry under his command wore mostly ordinary Leather Armor.

The Defense was extremely limited.

Ross hurriedly bowed, "Yes, Master!"

Lynn responded and instructed Ross to arrange soldiers to look after the slaves. He then walked towards the Blacksmith Workshop.

The sand boxes for making Standard Full Plate Armor had been completed.

The leather to assist in making Full Plate Armor was also in place.

Now, what the Blacksmith Workshop should do is naturally start making Full Plate Armor!

A few minutes later.

Lynn arrived at the Blacksmith Workshop.

As soon as he entered the workshop, Ehrelo immediately came up to meet him.

Clearly, after receiving the delivered leather.

Ehrelo had understood Lynn's intentions.

Lynn went directly to a workbench and sat down.

He asked Ehrelo to bring tools for making and a few complete pieces of leather.

Lynn began the production directly.

Compared to Forging and creating each plate armor part, making the lining was much easier.

However, it was still quite meticulous and required a lot of patience.

Simply put,

it's cutting the leather into the same size as the plate armor parts and rivet them inside the plate armor!

During fixing, it's necessary to ensure fit with the body and guarantee the wearer's flexibility!

Thus, enough space for expansion must be reserved.

In Lynn's right hand was a pair of scissors, and his left hand held the leather, beginning to cut.

Initially, Lynn's technique was dull and slightly clumsy.

Soon, Lynn's technique became proficient, and his right hand became agile using scissors.

Finally, the scissors in Lynn's hand seemed to merge with him.

His technique was skilled, and the Speed was swift.

Within just a minute or two.

The leather lining required for a piece of plate armor appeared in Lynn's hand.

This magical scene left Ehrelo and the others staring wide-eyed!

Chapter 216: Full Plate Armor

Lynn's hands moved like swimming dragons, continuously shifting.

Piece after piece, the leather lining for different parts was cut out from beneath the leather by Lynn.

The leather lining for the chest and back was the part with the greatest contact area with the body.

It was also the part most prone to injury.

With leather lining, it could effectively cushion impacts from enemy weapons and arrows.

The leather lining for the arms, legs, and butt required less leather.

But with leather lining, it could effectively reduce limb injuries in case of a fall or horse riding accident...

Leather's protective buffering effect as lining is far superior to that of thin linen cloth and woolen fabrics.

Leather possesses exceptional toughness and elasticity!

[Production Experience +1]

[Production Experience +1]

[Production Experience +1]

...

Through Lynn's constant cutting, his [Production] skills rapidly improved.

Until nightfall approached.

He had completed cutting and making a full set of plate armor's leather lining.

Ehrello and a group of apprentices watched the scene, wide-eyed and tongue-tied.

Lynn did not stop.

Instead, he instructed several blacksmith apprentices to carry over the parts of the plate armor he had forged by hand.

These plate armor parts had holes pre-drilled in them.

Now, all that was needed was to use rivets to attach the leather lining to the inside of the plate armor.

A complete set of plate armor could then be finished.

Lynn stood by the workbench, holding an iron hammer in his right hand, and took a rivet with his left hand, threading it through the holes between the plate armor components.

Then he used the iron hammer to flatten the head of the rivet, making it flush with the plate armor surface and tightly connected to it.

Thereafter, he took a piece of leather lining, allowed the rivet to thread through the pre-punched hole in the leather lining, and repeated the process, flattening the internal rivet!

Firmly securing the leather lining inside the plate armor, with no signs of loosening, a leather lining was thus installed.

Lynn continued his movements.

Piece by piece, the plate armor parts were assembled by Lynn like building blocks.

This was accompanied by the crisp sound of metal colliding as the iron hammer struck down.

Compared to forging armor parts with the forging water wheel, installing them with an iron hammer was far simpler.

This procedure didn't require much forging skill.

Even those newly arrived blacksmith apprentices.

Could simply follow the model and assemble a full set of plate armor and its leather lining.

Afterward, a skilled blacksmith could check and adjust it.

Lynn could completely use this method to delegate tasks among the blacksmith apprentices.

Greatly accelerating the work efficiency of these apprentices.

For example.

Led by Ehrelo, a group of apprentices could create sand boxes for armor parts of various sizes.

A group of apprentices only with iron smelting experience could be responsible for tending to the iron furnace, catalyzing pig iron into mature iron, and pouring it into the prepared sand box mold.

A group with forging experience would be in charge of trimming, polishing, and finishing the armor parts.

Then, a group with no experience at all could follow the model to assemble plate armor parts and leather lining.

A complete industrial chain for standard plate armor!

Perhaps initially, the efficiency of this industrial chain might be quite low.

But Lynn did not mind.

As long as these apprentices were divided into different roles, continually repeating the same work, they would naturally accumulate work experience.

Work efficiency would only increase with time.

From this thought, anticipation arose in Lynn's heart.

Finally, the mass production of standard plate armor could begin!

Time passed quickly.

A set of assembled components, with the leather lining installed, appeared as full plate armor in front of everyone.

Lynn scanned his gaze up and down.

Since this was the initial production of full plate armor, the whole suit had no complex patterns or styles.

Just simple plate armor.

Perhaps due to the iron firing process, the whole armor was not the bright silver color but overall leaned towards black!

Only under the sunlight did it sport a brilliant silver-black hue.

At first glance, it gave an inexplicable sense of intimidation and strong oppression!

However.

This was precisely the effect Lynn wanted.

A black steel torrent, crushing everything in destruction!

Lynn did not hesitate, took up the chestplate, and prepared to put it on.

Seeing this, Red and Ehrelo immediately stepped forward to assist.

This set of armor was specifically forged by Lynn according to his body measurements.

Moreover, Lynn was the most knowledgeable about plate armor forging and production, so it was most fitting for him to wear and adjust it.

Donning the full plate armor was accomplished from bottom to top, layer by layer, enhancing the protective qualities of the armor.

Lynn lifted his legs and placed them into the iron boots, followed by the greaves to protect the feet and calves.

Thigh armor consisted of pieces of iron plates and needed to be fastened with belts.

Next came the butt armor, back armor, chest armor, back armor again, then the shoulder armor, arm armor...

After half an hour.

Except for the helmet, a complete set of plate armor was worn on Lynn's body.

Even Lynn, a lord himself, couldn't help but feel a stirring in his emotions.

Armor, knights, riding a warhorse, lance in hand...

The sense of satisfaction that once could only be found in games now appeared genuinely upon him.

Chapter 217: Full Plate Armor

Suppressing the complexities in his heart, Lynn let Red help him put on the helmet and began to feel himself.

The weight of the full plate armor he wore was at least over fifty pounds!

Perhaps it was because he had previously enhanced his body attributes.

The fifty-pound full plate armor was heavy, but not cumbersome.

Lynn tried to take a step, and the sense of weight hit him again.

The people surrounding him all stepped back, giving their Master Lynn a wider space.

Thud~ Thud~ Thud~

The iron boots landed on the blacksmith workshop's red brick floor, making a sound of metal clashing.

Accompanied by the unique 'buzz' sound of the metal full plate armor.

This is the iron attribute inherent in the armor parts, unavoidable.

After walking around the entire blacksmith workshop, Lynn's body tensed, and with his legs empowered, he started to jog.

Every step he took produced a loud metal clashing sound, accompanied by the 'rustle' of the armor parts rising and falling.

Lynn ran a circle, and there was no sign of loosening or falling off from the full plate armor on him!

The riveted connection used for installing the full plate armor had a very good effect.

Walking beside Red, Lynn moved his hand and drew the knight's sword from his waist.

With a swoosh.

The knight's sword unsheathed with a friction sound.

With 'one-handed weapon mastery,' Lynn casually and easily swung the knight's sword in his hand.

Thrust, horizontal cut, upward sweep, diagonal slash...

Blade block, guard block, evasive maneuvering...

The surrounding people watching their Master Lynn display his swordsmanship, once again widened their eyes.

Their eyes were full of admiration and awe.

In a black suit of armor, wearing a closed helmet, holding a knight's sword...

Isn't this also what these ordinary people have been dreaming of?

...

Lynn casually swung the knight's sword, despite the fifty-pound weight of the armor; he felt no discomfort at all.

He even felt like he could directly wear this armor onto the battlefield!

After carefully feeling some details of the armor and confirming there were no abnormalities.

Lynn called Red and Ehrelo to help him take off the armor.

The weight of the armor was nothing to him.

Moreover, he could use the Energy Stone to enhance [Attack] and [Constitution].

But for those peasants who grew up in hardship, with thin bodies and lacking nutrition.

Wearing a fifty-pound full plate armor was like stepping into an iron cage.

We need to feed the soldiers under Rose's training to make them stronger!

After taking off the armor, Lynn put on the clothes he had taken off.

He turned his gaze to Ehrelo, who was placing the helmet nearby.

"Starting tomorrow, the task of the blacksmith workshop is to fully speed up the production of standard plate armor!"

"As I said, three hundred sets of standard plate armor for each of the three body types."

"I need to see a thirty-centimeter embossed wolf head emblem on top of those three hundred chest armors!"

Listening to Lynn's words, Ehrelo raised his eyebrows slightly, but he still replied.

"Yes, Master Lynn."

Lynn responded and walked out of the blacksmith workshop.

As for how Ehrelo creates the embossed wolf head emblem, that's something the blacksmith workshop should consider.

Lynn demonstrated the process of making the whole set of plate armor himself, allowing members of the blacksmith workshop to observe and learn on-site.

If Ehrelo leads these people and can't even make a single emblem.

What would he need these people for?

...

Walking on the street of the town, Lynn's gaze looked afar.

At this moment, it was already dusk.

The sunset like fractured gold once again spread its light between heaven and earth.

Covering the entire town with a golden veil.

After nearly half a month of continuous busyness.

The standard plate armor can finally begin production.

Now all that's needed is the accumulation of time.

As long as the blacksmith workshop is provided with enough labor, they will produce a large number of full plate armor!

Heavy cavalry!

Heavy infantry!

They are the real powerhouses on the battlefield!

Returning to the open area in front of the town, Lynn sat on a long bench.

Letting the golden light of the setting sun shine on his cheeks.

Lynn's body slightly turned, his gaze scanned the front of the town...

There was an open square after entering the town.

On the right side of the square, dozens of townsmen were busily constructing their canteen.

Even though they were working hard, they did not slack off at all.

Moving swiftly, constantly sweating.

On their faces, embedded with sweat droplets, were filled with broad smiles.

Evidently.

This way of life made them very satisfied.

The one thousand slaves sent by Grayson...

After feeding and filling them, Lynn sent them to the back of the town to build red brick houses.

A thousand slaves would need at least five hundred red brick houses!

Now the marketplace area, business guild hall, school, canteen, excavation workers, and soldier dormitory constructions all require a large amount of labor.

Lynn couldn't spare more labor to build accommodations for them.

Lynn directly told them, they were constructing houses for their own residence.

The originally complaining and weak-bodied slaves immediately became lively.

Eager to complete their red brick houses in a day.

Lynn only let Colin dispatch thirty carpenter apprentices for on-site guidance.

If under such conditions, they still couldn't build a safe red brick house, they deserved to live in dilapidated houses!

Chapter 218: Full Plate Armor _3

Arranging house construction can both reasonably utilize the labor force and help these newly arrived slaves adapt to the life in the town.

Right now, they are like birds startled by a bowstring!

...

Time is slowly passing by.

The sunset is gradually sinking in the west.

The sky is becoming increasingly dim.

The townsmen returning from outside labor.

Groups of figures gather from afar, eventually stopping at the open space plaza in the town.

They each stand around, waiting for the chefs to finish preparing dinner and receive the dinner that they earned after labor.

Including the thousand slaves sent by Grayson this time.

The population of the territory has now surged to 5,500 people!

Apart from the digging workers and soldiers outside, there are still nearly 3,000 people here!

The standing area can be said to be densely packed.

Before long.

The chefs who have prepared the food appeared at the front of the plaza.

All the townsmen almost don't need the guards to maintain order, and they spontaneously form into more than ten long lines.

They begin to orderly receive dinner.

With Lynn's experience of shooting a slave who snatched food, evidently they have firmly remembered this scene.

Even if hungry, they need to queue in an orderly manner and receive in an orderly fashion.

Otherwise, it means death!

At this moment.

Kuisi, holding a ceramic plate in both hands, came to Lynn.

In a gentle voice, "Master, your dinner is ready."

On the ceramic plate.

Wheat bread, fish and wheat porridge, slices of roasted golden pork, three heart-soothing fried eggs, roasted cabbage, pea mash, and a large mug of beer.

This kind of dinner, compared to those of the Noble Lords, is indeed a bit too simple.

For Lynn, who has drunk river water boiled with snake meat, this is already an exceedingly sumptuous feast.

Sufficient protein, ample vitamins, and abundant starch...

Even exceeding the energy needed by a person each day.

Furthermore.

Lynn has never been one to enjoy ostentatious displays.

Neat dining chairs placed around a long dining table, covered with a white tablecloth, with metal candlesticks placed on top.

The candlestick is also full of lit animal fat candles.

Perhaps after the main castle is completed, it will have such facilities.

But for Lynn, it's merely a table for dining.

Waiting by the side, Kuisi watched as Master Lynn slowly finished the food.

There was a trace of pride in her heart.

All this food was made by her own hands.

As night fell.

The entire territory plunged into darkness.

Apart from the large bonfire in the open space plaza, the flames it continuously formed illuminated the front of the town.

Even so.

There were still townsmen strolling in groups of two or three around the town.

Enjoying their leisure and ease at this moment.

...

The next morning.

Lynn awoke early as usual.

After having breakfast.

Lynn took Red and patrolled the town.

Even though it was still early, the Blacksmith Workshop was already bustling with work.

The four iron-smelting blast furnaces were already in operation.

The tops of the four chimneys were billowing smoke.

Under the gentle breeze, it drifted towards the distance.

Ehreló's voice occasionally roared in the Blacksmith Workshop.

"Remember your respective positions! Don't worry about what others are doing, just focus on your own task!"

"Caution, caution, and more caution!"

"I've repeated the important words three times."

"If there's another accident causing injuries, not even the gods can save you!"

"Do you hear me?"

"Yes, we hear you!"

"..."

Even before Lynn approached, these roaring voices already reached his ears.

Changing his steps, Lynn headed towards the weaving workshop.

In the weaving workshop.

Yimini, along with the women, was making crude wool robes with full dedication.

Upon seeing Lynn, she quickly put down her tools and greeted him.

On the workbench where Yimini sat, there was rough wool yarn in production.

Seeing this, Lynn nodded slightly.

Even though he appointed Yimini as the foreman of the weaving workshop, she did not take this as an opportunity to slack off and continued to work like the other women.

Coming to Lynn's side, Yimini respectfully called out, "Master Lynn."

Lynn acknowledged, asking, "How is the progress in making the crude wool robes?"

Yimini responded without hesitation, "Master Lynn, over eighty pieces have already been made!"

Lynn praised, "Well done."

Upon hearing Lynn's praise, Yimini smiled slightly and said, "Master Lynn, this is really not our credit."

"The spinning wheel you developed is incredibly useful."

"Compared to the hand-spinning wheels we used at home, this spinning wheel increases efficiency by at least four or five times."

"Moreover, the spun wool yarn is extremely tight and strong, I... I even tried pulling it apart, and it didn't break at all!"

A hand-spinning wheel is just the most primitive spinning machine,

Both in spinning efficiency and quality, it naturally couldn't compare to the Saxon Spinning Wheel made by Lynn.

Lynn nodded, saying, "That's good, continue your work, and if you need anything, ask Steward Kuisi."

Yimini bowed, "Yes, Master Lynn."

Watching Yimini retreat, Lynn circled the weaving workshop again before leaving.

After making a round, Lynn found that the women's efficiency in weaving and making clothing was indeed very high.

With a thought, he understood.

In this world, regardless of the household condition of the Free People,

almost every household would have a small hand-spinning wheel.

They transform their planted linen into linen fibers after retting and drying.

Then use the hand-spinning wheel to weave the linen fibers into linen cloth and further into linen robes.

For them, weaving and clothing making were indeed part of their life.

How could it be inefficient?

After passing several Red Brick buildings, Lynn arrived at the pottery workshop.

Apprentice potters were seated on chairs, making clay bodies.

On the wooden shelves against the wall of the workshop, there were more pots with color.

Clearly, after Lynn increased the manpower for Beo and Laila, their efficiency in making Glazed Stoneware improved.

Looking at the various colored, and even those beginning to take shape Glazed Stoneware, Lynn felt a surge of approval.

Beo, who was instructing the apprentices, directed them to learn independently and came to Lynn's side.

"Master Lynn."

Lynn acknowledged and straightforwardly asked, "With the current manpower in the pottery workshop, how many Glazed Stonewares can be produced in a kiln firing cycle?"

Beo thought for a while, then replied, "If it's just stone plates, at least two to three thousand pieces, for larger items like pots and bowls, it should be around a thousand."

"For even larger jars, around two to three hundred or so..."

Chapter 219: My Rules Are the Rules

After instructing Beo to accelerate the production of glazed stoneware, Lynn walked out of the pottery workshop.

Compared to the blacksmith workshop and the textile workshop, the importance of the pottery workshop indeed seemed less significant.

However.

The pottery workshop was still an essential handicraft workshop for a territory or a small town.

Not only to improve the quality of life for the townsmen using glazed stoneware.

As the pottery workshop continues to develop, it can extend to mechanical engineering advances!

For instance, the combination of simple machinery!

For instance, the development of glazing technology.

Glaze can completely be applied in the surface treatment of various objects, and more.

...

Lynn continued walking through the town, his gaze sweeping around.

The most eye-catching was the main castle in the center of the town.

After the farming season ended, a large labor force was invested in the construction of the main castle, and the construction speed of the main castle showed a significant improvement.

In just half a day.

The main castle had already reached the final stage of its third floor!

At this construction speed, Lynn even felt that by the end of the year, he could move into the main castle!

On the right side of the town's open square, the canteen was also nearing completion.

Lynn had previously estimated.

To accommodate at least five thousand people dining simultaneously, the canteen would require an area of at least twenty thousand square meters.

Because this canteen was not just a flat open space, rows of tables and chairs needed to be set up on the open space.

Allowing all the townsmen to dine uniformly, while protecting them from wind and rain.

Not only that.

All future kitchens would be moved here, merging with the canteen for unified management!

After inspecting the canteen, Lynn arrived at the market area.

Rows of shops were arranged in a grid pattern.

Between each row of shops, there were interlaced five-meter-wide red-brick roads.

With such wide roads, not only could pedestrians walk, but even horse-drawn carriages could pass comfortably!

The construction of the market area was relatively simple.

Shops, stalls, and a commercial guild hall.

By the end of this month, the two-story commercial guild hall in front of Lynn would be completed.

At that time.

Discussions and trade negotiations with merchants who come to the town will be held here.

And establishing a merchant guild that belongs to Lynn himself!

With salt mines, coal mines, and iron mines, Lynn could be said to own three gold mountains.

Therefore, he preferred to trade goods with merchants outside the territory at a price of fine salt lower than the market price.

When the Sea Siren occupied the Gibraltar Strait, a pound of fine salt could sell for as high as twelve pence!

Compared to the previous six pence, it was a direct doubling!

But Lynn never once raised the exchange price of fine salt.

That's because the territory now needs various goods for rapid development.

Also because.

Lynn needed to provide these merchants with enough profit.

Only then would they be willing to transport goods tirelessly from all over the continent, crossing the Gibraltar Strait.

Arriving in the Karedi Empire.

Then coming to Fisherman's Wharf in Kakasong City.

Using a convoy of carriages for land transport, they could finally reach his territory.

This was an extremely long process.

If there wasn't enough profit, who would invest such transport capacity and spend so much effort?

No businessman is without deceit!

Of course, the most important point.

But now, Lynn's strength wasn't enough!

If he didn't feed these merchants well, not to mention anything else, just the open-pit salt mine alone would be enough to drive countless merchants into a frenzy, doing things that are damaging to others without benefiting themselves.

But.

When Lynn overcame this weakest stage of development.

Growing countless barley in the fifty-thousand-acre farmland.

Forging and producing countless full plate armors and weapons in the blacksmith workshop.

Producing countless longbows in the bow and arrow workshop.

The purchased slaves continually joining the barracks...

By then, everything would become fundamentally different.

If you want to trade goods from this territory, of course, you can.

But there's one thing: my rules are the rules!

Smoothing some restless emotions, Lynn continued to step forward, continuing to inspect the village.

After touring the town, Lynn rode Mo Ying to the salt factory.

Since the salt factory expanded to three, it was the first time he had come here.

Dismounting from Mo Ying, Lynn's eyes scanned the newly built two salt factories.

Unlike the first salt factory.

The newly built two salt factories were constructed entirely with red brick and lime.

The top was constructed using logs into a gabled roof, covered with gray tiles fired by the Red Brick Factory.

Each salt factory had a huge stone grinder that rotated and crushed continuously under the pull of horses.

In the beginning, Lynn had considered building a stone grinder waterwheel here.

However, this place was a distance from the Acadia River, and relying on gear transmission devices could not drive it.

So, Lynn decided to give up.

In the salt factory, hundreds of workers were laboring in an orderly fashion.

Crushing rock salt, cleaning and sorting, then soaking it in the brine pool for dissolution.

The dissolved brine was poured into iron pots capable of holding over ten thousand pounds, for evaporation and crystallization...

Each worker was responsible for their assigned work, with no cumbersome work transitions.

While Lynn was inspecting, Kuisi's figure came into his view.

Kuisi was reprimanding a dozen salt factory workers.

"The work you need to do isn't difficult, so why is the production of fine salt so slow?"

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"Isn't it just scooping brine from the brine pool, bucket by bucket, and pouring it into the large Iron Pot for evaporative crystallization!"

"The crystallized salt blocks don't even need to be ground into fine salt by you all..."

"Is it that difficult?"

Listening to Kuisi's words, more than a dozen workers lowered their heads, not daring to utter a word.

"In the following three days, I will continue to observe your work efficiency. If it still doesn't improve, then I'll have to transfer you to rock salt excavation jobs..."

As Kuisi finished her words, a familiar figure caught her eye.

She raised her eyebrows and quickly said to the workers, "Hurry up and get to work."

After dismissing the workers, Kuisi walked briskly towards Lynn.

Coming to Lynn's side, Kuisi politely spoke, "Master, you came to inspect?"

Lynn responded, "The output of the Salt Factory isn't improving?"

Kuisi replied somewhat helplessly, "Yes, Master."

"After you, Master, assigned more manpower to the first Salt Factory, the daily fine salt output has already reached a thousand pounds per day."

"But these two newly established Salt Factories, since they're all beginners with no experience, even after more than half a month."

"Despite sufficient labor, the daily output is only five hundred pounds."

Lynn nodded, "Having an initial output of five hundred pounds is quite a good result compared to the first Salt Factory."

Hearing Lynn's words, Kuisi felt a slight relief in her heart.

Master Lynn had appointed her as the Territory Steward, and she naturally felt immense pressure.

Kuisi didn't want her lack of ability to hinder the entire territory's development.

After leaving Kuisi to her work, Lynn mounted Mo Ying and left the Salt Factory.

He arrived at the Open-pit Salt Mine excavation site.

Lynn scanned the area with his gaze.

Currently, the Open-pit Salt Mine excavation employs four hundred workers.

Four hundred people are collectively excavating rock salt, supplying all three Salt Factories for production.

Some excavation workers near Lynn could spot Lynn on his Warhorse from afar.

They uttered no words, only paying their respect from a distance, placing their right hands on their chests and bowing in salute.

These people had been at the open-pit mine for a long time.

From the moment the open-pit mine was discovered, through logging and road paving, they had always been there.

Despite this.

They bore no resentment towards Master Lynn on his Warhorse.

Instead, they felt more admiration and respect.

Because it was thanks to Master Lynn that they could eat meals to their fill, with meat in every meal, and even large buckets of beer at night.

Such a life was something they would not dare to dream of.

Furthermore.

Now, Master Lynn had assigned craftsmen to build Red Brick Houses for them near the mines!

Lynn certainly noticed the respectful gazes of the excavation workers, and after nodding, he pulled Mo Ying's reins, changed direction, and galloped away.

The workers watched Master Lynn progressively vanish into the distance, finally disappearing at the horizon.

Only then did they retract their gazes and return to their rock salt excavation.

Their swinging Cross Pickaxes became increasingly powerful.

Blocks of rock salt tumbled down one after another, and even the efficiency improved significantly.

Lynn, riding Mo Ying, went to the open-pit Iron Mine, then to the open-pit coal mine.

The workers at these two open-pit mines also looked at Lynn from afar, paying respects and then bowing again.

This was exactly why Lynn, with his Ability of the Holographic Map and Holographic Map, still wished to personally inspect the territory.

Lynn wanted to tell them.

No matter what position or who you are, you will not be abandoned by him.

As long as you labor for the territory's development and for the Lord, you will never be forsaken!

Even if you are on the mine veins, you can get food and treatment comparable to those in the town.

Afterward, Lynn went to the Red Brick Factory and then to the ranch.

Until finally, Lynn traversed through the woods, walked along the limestone road, and eventually arrived at the mountain pass walls.

Not yet close.

Lynn, riding on Mo Ying, from afar saw Rose leading a team of soldiers in physical training.

"Kill!"

"Kill! Kill!"

"Kill! Kill! Kill!"

"..."

The sound of loud shouts rang from the front, reaching Lynn's ears.

The Standard Plate Armor at the Blacksmith Workshop was not yet completed.

These soldiers were still wearing linen robe and pants, holding a long wooden stick, continuously performing thrusting actions.

It was a very simple thrusting action.

Although Lynn had never experienced the battlefield, he understood.

On a real battlefield, facing tens of thousands, even hundreds of thousands of opposing soldiers.

During mutual Charges, the only thing one could do was to tightly grip the Warhorse between their thighs.

Holding the Warhorse reins with the left hand, and clamping the Lance or Wing-shaped Spear under the right arm!

After that, their life or death could only be left to the sturdiness of their Plate Armor.

Like a War God, invincible in all directions?

To possess such Power cannot be described as Ordinary.

One becomes—an Extraordinary!

The sound of the Warhorse's hooves 'clipping' caught the attention of Rose and the soldiers.

The eyes of the soldiers were filled with bright light.

That was their Lord, Lynn!

Rose glanced over and immediately shouted to the soldiers, "Continue your training yourselves!"

As his words fell.

Rose stepped forward to greet Lynn, with a motion, Rose grabbed Mo Ying's reins, steadying Mo Ying's pace.