

System 221

Chapter 221: My Rules Are the Rules

Lynn dismounted.

Rose spoke with full respect, "Master!"

Lynn acknowledged with a sound, glanced at Rose, and turned his gaze to the distance.

"Rose, are they ready?"

Hearing Lynn's inquiry, a hint of hesitation appeared on Rose's face.

"Master Lynn, they are not ready yet..."

Seeing Lynn's furrowed brows, Rose hurriedly explained, "Master, you misunderstood."

"If it's just about using weapons, they can easily wield the winged spears."

"But if they have to wear plate armor and then engage in battle..."

"Sorry, Master, their physical strength is still not enough! They are not ready!"

Lynn's brows furrowed once more.

Rose's words were somewhat euphemistic, but he understood the meaning clearly.

Although these soldiers were selected from the sturdy, robust townsmen,

to make them wear nearly fifty pounds of full plate armor and then fight, their physical strength simply couldn't support it!

Indeed.

To have a steel force isn't as simple as crafting countless sets of full plate armor.

Lynn walked on the lime ground behind the city wall, his gaze scanning the squad of soldiers.

Perhaps due to prolonged physical training, they were now soaked in sweat, their cheeks flushed red.

Even their hair was soaked through with sweat, weakly clinging to the side.

Despite their hard training, due to insufficient nutrition, they still couldn't wear plate armor and engage in combat.

Lynn understood.

The only solution... is to improve their diet, making them stronger and more robust.

After long-term physical training, they can become true soldiers!

Lynn also understood that this process is prolonged.

It requires consuming a large amount of eggs, meat, and grains.

And a vast amount of time to convert these grains into their physical strength.

He withdrew his gaze.

Lynn walked towards the city wall ahead.

Red and Rose followed closely behind.

Ascending the spiral steps to the right tower, Lynn stood once more on this ten-meter-high granite wall.

Lynn's gaze looked far into the wasteland beyond the city wall.

Because merchant caravans kept arriving, a road, clearly formed by wheel tracks, appeared on the wasteland.

Other than that, the outside of the city wall was desolate.

The mountain wind blew, making Lynn's hair flutter.

This was Lynn's second time visiting here after the construction of the city wall.

Yet every time he came, it made his heart feel an inexplicable tremor.

Not due to fear of the wall's height.

But because of the rightness of Lynn's decision!

Without this city wall, the territory couldn't have safely developed to this point!

Perhaps.

When the over two hundred Iron Blood Brotherhood Bandit Corps members broke into the territory, everything would have ended.

Suppressing the somewhat responsible feelings, Lynn's gaze continued to fix ahead.

After a short while, Lynn spoke, "Rose, how long have you been in this territory?"

Rose, without any hesitation, responded, "Master, almost six months!"

Lynn made a sound of acknowledgment and continued, "After you came, I made you the guardian of this territory... all this time, I haven't talked to you about it."

"I'm curious, in the face of a fully armored elite cavalry like the Jade Knight Corps, how did you muster the courage to charge against them?"

Fully armored elite cavalry!

They are arguably the most powerful combat force on the continent.

Even though every fully armored elite cavalryman requires four to five people to care for them.

They are still sought after by countless emperors or Great Lords, even willing to invest massive amounts of money and resources to train.

In this world, if there are five thousand fully armored elite cavalry, many forces would not dare underestimate them.

If there are ten thousand, it is enough to establish a dominion in a region!

If there are fifty thousand, it is enough to declare oneself a noble in an empire!

If there are one hundred thousand, it could directly rewrite the history of an empire!

If there are a million...

Lynn felt that the numerous kingdoms and duchies of the Six Great Empires on the Garonia Continent would be unified!

Despite this world having extraordinary powers.

Extraordinary power is always the minority!

The army is the main force of this world.

And fully armored elite cavalry are enough to change the battlefield's dynamics and direction!

Memories surfaced on Rose's face.

A few seconds later.

Rose said with some uncertainty, "Master, to tell the truth, even now, I haven't fully figured it out."

"At that time, my mind was full of the Shar Khanate, full of the Kruma Tribe."

"I thought... what of fully armored elite cavalry? What of the Jade Knight Corps?"

"They are like us, all flesh and blood, just wearing thicker armor than us!"

At this point, it seemed a scene from that time appeared in Rose's mind.

As if standing on that battlefield once more.

The tone began to thicken, and even his fists were clenched tightly.

"After the charge, I successfully took down a Jade Knight!"

"Just as I had imagined."

"As long as it's a person! They can be killed!"

There was a hint of pride on Rose's face, and he continued to speak.

"However... when I turned back, I found the entire sixth company's cavalry... had already been broken to pieces under the Jade Knight's charge..."

At this point.

Rose's expression turned low.

The haze in his eyes became clearer.

He snapped back, "Until then, I realized the terror of fully armored elite cavalry..."

"They were like killing machines on the battlefield!"

"Wherever they passed, there was chaos, and no one could escape unscathed!"

Lynn looked at Rose, saying, "Your brother Charles said the reason you were captured and sold as slaves was that the Kruma Tribe fled?"

Rose nodded slightly, "Yes, Master."

"Originally, the sixth company captain of the Kruma Tribe, responsible for support, witnessed our charge from afar."

"But he knew that even if he risked all of Kruma Tribe's cavalry, they couldn't defeat the Jade Knight Corps."

"So, he led Kruma Tribe's cavalry and fled... retreated..."

Lynn didn't voice any judgments on the actions of the Kruma Tribe's sixth company captain that Rose mentioned.

Was it a retreat to preserve the Kruma Tribe's cavalry capabilities, or fleeing in fear of death...

This was irrelevant to Lynn.

It is the act of a fool to judge blindly without knowing the essence of the matter.

Chapter 222: Foreign Campaign and Plunder Plan

Standing on the city wall for a long time, Lynn stepped towards the wall.

Looking at the mountains and forests cleaned on both sides of the lime road, nearly a hundred craftsmen were building the red brick house.

After a slight nod, Lynn mounted Mo Ying, squeezed the horse's belly with his legs, and Mo Ying headed towards the town.

Red and several guards followed closely.

Instructor Ross stood still, his gaze escorting Lynn away.

Only when the rider disappeared into the mountains and forests, did Ross withdraw his gaze.

His face slightly sank as he walked towards the soldiers in training not far away.

Under Ross's gaze, the soldiers wielded wooden sticks similar in weight to the winged spear, continuously swinging.

In this way.

It not only achieves the training effect but also prevents soldiers from being accidentally injured during training.

After watching for a while.

Ross spoke in a deep voice: "Pause training, assemble in formation!"

The soldiers in training stopped their actions, held the wooden sticks upright in their right hands, and quickly gathered.

After a series of footsteps, all the soldiers had assembled.

Ross's gaze swept across each of their faces.

Their faces were flushed, beads of sweat flowed on their cheeks, their chests heaved rapidly due to the intense training.

Ross took a deep breath, "Everyone, you've seen it!"

"Earlier, the owner of this territory, our master, Lynn, came to the city wall."

The soldiers' eyes widened, and upon hearing Lynn's name, they couldn't help but hold their breath.

"The master asked me if you were ready, ready to go to the battlefield and fight the enemy?"

Curiosity appeared on the soldiers' faces.

Ross spoke solemnly: "I said... Master, they are not ready yet."

"Currently, they can't even wear a set of full plate armor!"

The soldiers' faces froze for a moment, then turned bitter the next second.

Instructor Ross's words were precise and undeniable facts, hitting their sore spots directly.

Looking at their increasingly gloomy faces, Ross questioned, "What? Did I hit the mark?"

"No wonder the master left disappointed, unwilling to speak with you."

"Really... a bunch of useless fellows!"

Upon hearing this.

The soldiers, who had been staring at the ground with their heads down, instantly lifted their heads.

Their eyes widened, staring straight at Ross.

But Ross, being their instructor, appointed by Master Lynn.

They were angry but dared not speak.

Ross completely ignored their somewhat ferocious expressions and continued speaking.

"Three meals a day, each with a pound of meat, plus a shilling of military pay per month..."

"I understand, you became soldiers not to guard this territory..."

"But to mess around and mooch off!"

Gnashing of teeth, clenching of fists ~

As soon as Ross's words fell, strange sounds arose among the hundreds of soldiers.

Ross's pacing stopped.

He stared directly at those angry faces, "What?"

"Did I touch a nerve? Can't stand it?"

In their wide-open eyes, a hint of red appeared.

Ross's tone shifted, he shouted: "If you can't stand it, then train like mad for me!"

"Train until you can put on plate armor!"

"Train until you can move freely in plate armor!"

"Train until the master respects you and is proud of you!"

"Understand?"

The ordered and resounding shout echoed below the city wall.

"Understood!"

Ross responded, "Very good."

"From now on, double all your daily training!"

"If you're not beaten dead, keep training like you're going to die!"

The ordered shout resounded again.

"Yes!"

...

Returning to the town, Lynn dismounted.

Instructing two guards to call Guy over.

Guy, who had just returned to town, saw Lynn standing, he quickly approached with hurried steps.

Guy bent his body, "Master Lynn, you called me?"

Lynn responded, directly asking: "What is the current daily egg production at the farm?"

Guy immediately replied, "Master Lynn, there are a total of thirteen hundred chickens at the farm, excluding four hundred roosters, there are over six hundred hens that can lay eggs..."

"Producing around six hundred eggs daily."

Lynn pondered for a moment, then spoke: "What about brooding? Are any hens showing signs of brooding?"

Guy answered: "A dozen hens are showing signs of brooding."

Lynn responded, "From now on, send seven hundred eggs to Ross every three days."

"Store and select the remaining eggs for the hens' brooding and hatching."

Ross's trained soldiers currently total six hundred.

After Grayson brought a thousand slaves, Lynn had Ross select another hundred burly men as soldiers.

Eating eggs every three days to enhance their physical strength.

A pound of meat per meal, three meals a day, plus eggs.

If such a diet still cannot improve their physical strength, enabling them to wear plate armor for battle.

Then next year's plan for external conquest and plundering will have to be abandoned.

Listening to Lynn's instructions, Guy bowed in response: "Yes, Master Lynn."

After dismissing Guy, Lynn headed straight for the Acadia River.

The entire territory is now developing in an orderly manner.

Combined with the presence of dedicated foremen and Kuisi in charge.

Lynn no longer needs to oversee everything himself.

Sitting on the chair prepared by Red, several guards used wooden frames to set up a linen cloth canopy.

Chapter 223: Foreign Campaign and Plunder Plan _2

Lynn looked puzzled and before he could speak, Red began to explain.

"Kuisi saw that you, Master, were always under the sun, and she specially asked Foreman Yimini to use some scraps of cloth to create..."

Looking up, Lynn indeed saw a patchwork of various shapes of fabric stitched together in the sky.

Nodding slightly, Lynn hooked chicken intestines onto the fishhook and cast it into the river.

However.

Merely ten minutes after casting down the fishhook.

The reed pole floating on the surface of the water slightly sank and then quickly re-emerged.

Keeping a close watch on the waters, Lynn promptly gripped the tail of the fishing rod with his right hand.

The next second.

The entire reed pole submerged beneath the water's surface.

A tremendous force was transmitted through the fishing rod in Lynn's hand.

Feeling the powerful force, Lynn's brow couldn't help but raise.

Standing up, he pressed the tail of the rod with his left hand for support, and his right hand gripped the front of the rod, pulling it upward.

Suddenly.

The entire fishing rod bent tight like a bow!

Nearby, Red and several guards showed expressions of concern, intending to step forward to help.

But recalling Master Lynn's instructions, they quickly halted in their steps.

Master Lynn had said that even if the rod snapped, the line broke, or the fish escaped, they didn't need to assist.

Even as Lynn moved along the riverbank, using various methods to tire out the fish, the force from the fish in the river remained daunting.

Attempting to forcibly lift and drag it out of the water with a wooden rod would surely result in a break.

Lynn had no choice but to patiently continue tiring out the fish.

Until ten minutes later.

Lynn distinctly felt the force on the rod becoming smaller.

The fishing rod in hand gradually lifted, revealing a cylindrical, long-bodied river fish on the surface.

Being dragged by Lynn continually closer to the bank.

As Lynn exerted his arms to swiftly lift it out of the river, upon landing in the wasteland, it became clear that it was an eel!

Its body was slender, cylindrical at the front, slightly flattened towards the back.

Its skin was smooth, with peculiar patterns adorning its surface.

[Eel]: Delicate and rich in protein and nutrients.

Judging by the pulling sensation earlier, this eel weighed at least over ten pounds!

[Prompt]: Obtained ordinary fish: Eel ×1, Reward received: Skill Book: Bow Mastery

Looking at the words before him, Lynn raised an eyebrow.

[Bow Mastery]: Enhances shooting accuracy, effectively hitting enemies' vital spots, increasing shooting damage

[Prompt: Acquired Bow Mastery, would you like to learn it?]

Without any hesitation, Lynn silently intoned in his heart.

"Learn!"

As Lynn's thought settled, a vast array of memories surfaced in his mind.

Begin rapidly integrating.

In just a mere two seconds, the memory integration was complete.

Lynn could clearly sense his understanding of archery and shooting techniques becoming increasingly lucid.

Nodding in satisfaction, he handed the eel over to Red and others for processing, Lynn continued to bait chicken intestines, continuing to fish.

The Acadia River indeed harbored a vast array of river fish.

Relying on Lynn's crude fishing rod to catch fish weighing fifteen or twenty pounds was quite challenging.

The fishing line made of linen lacked toughness, and the wooden rod lacked strength.

It was very easy to break the rod or cut the line.

Until dusk, the largest fish Lynn had caught was just that ten-pound eel.

Others were just one or two-pound bream or two or three-pound carp, etc.

Fortunately, there were still over three hundred energy stones as a reward.

Glancing at the existing energy stones, they had already amounted to over two thousand.

A brief contemplation in Lynn's mind, he decided to use them all to enhance his attributes.

"Would you like to consume 1000 energy stones to upgrade Attack D+ to C-?"

"Yes!"

"Would you like to consume 1000 energy stones to upgrade Attack C- to C?"

"Yes!"

Two thousand energy stones were instantly depleted.

But what it brought Lynn was a surge of immense power.

Lynn felt.

With his current strength, continuously drawing a longbow with a pull weight of 130 pounds and making full bow shots dozens of times should still leave him with strength to spare.

Not a single townsman of the entire town could surpass him!

Watching the gradually dimming sky, Lynn returned to the town with a sense of fulfillment.

[Heavenly Artifacts] possessed the ability to focus on territorial development.

Meanwhile, the [Fishing] function was effectively enhancing his personal strength.

Though this enhancement speed wasn't particularly impressive.

But a needle can grind iron, and water can drill stone!

Even if born an ordinary person, with enough development time, he could transcend the extraordinary.

Walking past the pier.

In the reverent gaze of the workers unloading iron ore, Lynn walked past the pier and returned to the town.

As night fell.

The townsmen working outside began gradually returning to the town.

In others' eyes, the townsmen's daily lives in the town were repetitive.

Work at dawn, rest at dusk.

Yet for them, this was already the most beautiful life.

Sitting on the bench, Lynn noticed within the townsmen's procession were many horse-drawn wagons filled with goods!

Around the wagons, there were dozens of guards providing protection.

However, they did not rush the townsmen on the gravel path but followed gently, slowly advancing towards the town.

They knew these townsmen belonged to Master Lynn, were the property of Master Lynn.

They had no right nor were they in a position to reprimand and drive them away.

Until half an hour later.

The convoy finally arrived at the open square.

Chapter 224: Foreign Campaign and Plunder Plan _3

Wilbur pulled up his horse and dismounted with an air of confidence.

His gaze swept around and finally landed on the familiar young face on the bench.

Wilbur strode over to Lynn.

His body bent slightly, his words respectful.

"Master Lynn!"

Lynn looked directly at Wilbur, smiled slightly, and said, "Mr. Boer, it's been some time since I last saw you on my estate!"

Raising his head, Boer showed a smile and said, "Yes, Master Lynn."

"Because the last batch of fine salt was rather large, I was uneasy about letting others sell it, only I have the sales experience and channels for fine salt."

"I had to take a few people to Kakasong City for the transaction and sale."

"Speaking of this, Master Lynn, we have leased a shop and warehouse in Kakasong City... specifically to help purchase various goods for you!"

Listening to Boer's words, Lynn looked at him in surprise.

Boer indeed had a far-reaching vision.

This idea was mentioned to him by Lex before.

At that time, there wasn't a suitable candidate, and to avoid unnecessary risks, Lynn chose to abandon it directly.

Boer, however, came up with this method and implemented it!

Kakasong City has an external commercial wharf—Fisherman's Wharf.

Large or heavy goods can be shipped via the Gibraltar Strait to the Karedi Empire and then dock at Fisherman's Wharf.

Although Fisherman's Wharf is not considered a large wharf, it can still allow some medium and small commercial ships to dock and unload goods.

Many merchants like Grayson or Alan are willing to come here to buy inexpensive crops and transport some goods here.

Therefore.

Kakasong City has goods from all over the world.

And Boer is naturally a local trader in Kakasong City with a good merchant identity.

Even if he buys a large amount of goods in Kakasong City, it won't attract attention from others.

It effectively provides a layer of protection for Lynn!

Lynn responded, "Mr. Boer, what goods have you brought me this time?"

Boer still stood in place, smiling, saying, "Master Lynn, seeds, a batch of vegetable seeds."

"Onion seeds, cabbage seeds, radish seeds, bean seeds, carrot seeds, beet seeds, kale seeds, and so on!"

"A total of 10,000 pounds!"

"And 40,000 pounds of wheat..."

Lynn nodded in satisfaction, "Very good, my estate just happens to be lacking vegetable seeds."

Now autumn plowing and planting have ended.

The two hundred farmers led by Gavin and Wilbur happen to be able to plant those unfinished plots with all the vegetables.

Boer's words continued, "Master, after each period, there will be members of my business association transporting some common goods to your estate."

"If you urgently need anything, you can also tell us, we can acquire it for you in Kakasong City!"

What Boer said was good news for Lynn.

According to this, Boer became his external purchaser.

Moreover, he is a purchaser that doesn't need him to bear any risk!

Lynn looked at Boer and said, "I need labor with craftsmanship skills!"

"The more, the better!"

Listening to Lynn's words, Boer's expression changed, "Master Lynn, are you talking about slaves?"

"As for slaves, we might not be able to deal in buying or selling..."

In the Karedi Empire, it is not easy to become a merchant.

To become a merchant who can buy and sell slaves is even more difficult.

Such qualification often requires the nods of many powers, plus seal stamps.

Only specially qualified people can deal in special goods commodities!

Even if Lynn exchanges him for fine salt, Boer can sell it only through special channels...

Simply put, it's monopoly!

Lynn said, "I understand this."

"What I mean is, there are many Free People in Kakasong City!"

Like in every village and town, the city also has Free People.

And, even more of them!

Like his mother, working in the textile workshop in Bordeaux City.

Without leasing any land, just relying on craftsmanship ability, earning wages in Bordeaux City to support the family.

Thus, as long as within Marquis Duca's territorial range, they can have the right to free movement within a certain scope.

Kakasong City is home to at least tens of thousands of Free People.

They rely on various industries of Lords and live under the command of nobility and wealthy people.

To say nothing of attracting thousands, even tens of thousands, the manual skills ability in his territory will be greatly improved.

Upon hearing this.

Boer understood as well.

He pondered briefly and said, "Alright, Master Lynn, I can give it a try."

Lynn responded.

Ten thousand pounds of vegetable seeds are not expensive.

Two pounds can be bought for one penny.

Plus 40,000 pounds of wheat.

After converting to fine salt, it's 7,500 pounds.

With the current output efficiency of two thousand pounds of fine salt from three salt factories, eight thousand pounds can be produced in four days.

Seven thousand five hundred pounds is not much.

After all of the goods are unloaded, fine salt is loaded onto Boer's carriage.

Boer mounted his horse and left Lynn's estate swiftly in a night-time rush.

Even now, the night had already enveloped the whole world...

When the torch-lit wagon convoy disappeared into the darkness.

Lynn withdrew his gaze.

While eating the dinner Kuisi prepared, his mind continued to ponder.

According to Grayson's previous words, Free People captured by the Portlands Empire were all released.

This also means that henceforth it is likely that there will no longer be the previous cases of five hundred or a thousand slaves being sent to his estate.

Lynn wants to gain more labor force; he must find other ways.

Directing Free People from Kakasong City or Morgan Town to his estate is one solution.

The second solution—plunder!

Rob all the slaves or Free People from other Lords!

No.

Accurately speaking, liberation!

He has so much waste land waiting to be developed and planted.

Also, with such advanced planting methods, which can increase production several times.

Yet lacking a large labor force to carry out farming.

Those Manor Lords imprison hundreds and thousands of slaves without food, clothing, or housing.

The crops they produce almost outweigh the seeds sown.

Can this even be called farming?

This is wasting land, wasting labor force!

If he had several thousand more labor force, this autumn's plowing wouldn't stop at 50,000 acres.

But 100,000 acres!

Even more!

Thinking of this, Lynn's body became a bit restless.

He increasingly anticipates the arrival of next spring.

In four months, the Bow and Arrow Workshop would have completed producing three hundred longbows.

The Blacksmith Workshop can already produce nine hundred sets of standard plate armor and a large number of winged spears.

The soldiers trained by Rose naturally can wear standard plate armor for battle!

By then, it will be his time to conduct external seizures!

He wants to liberate all others' slaves and Free People!

Chapter 225: Save Me

In the mountain forest shrouded by the night.

The mountain wind, carrying a chill, swept through, rustling the layers of treetops in the forest.

Among the swaying treetops, a 'swoosh' sound echoed.

Beneath the treetops, on a rugged mountain path.

Silhouettes on horseback were trudging arduously along it.

The mountain wind blew against their torches, producing a strange 'huff huff' sound from the flames.

The flickering flames seemed eager to plunge into the mountain forest and burn it all down.

Under the glow of the flames, a series of haggard faces emerged.

Sunken eyes, cracked lips, and a pair of listless eyes filled with fatigue and exhaustion.

A gaunt man could no longer endure the fatigue and drowsiness, and his eyes slowly closed.

The body on horseback instantly lost its support and plummeted to the ground, hitting it hard.

Although he hit the ground face first, he didn't let out a cry of pain, nor did he attempt to move his body.

Some passing companions merely glanced at him indifferently and then looked away.

Urging their horses to pass by the gaunt man without a moment's pause.

At the front of the group.

Hall, who had just taken a sip of spring water, glanced back and shouted loudly.

"If you don't want to die, pull yourself together! As long as we escape the pursuit of the Mercenary Corps, we will survive!"

"If we survive, we can loot villages, we will have plenty of food and meat, and even the women you all so desire!"

"Okay."

"Yes..."

Despite Hall's best efforts to rally the members of the Iron Blood Brotherhood, only seven or eight people responded!

Hall understood, they were simply too exhausted.

Not only them, even Anthony, walking at the forefront, visibly appeared worn out.

Hall couldn't help but curse, "Damn Aiden!"

"Had I known, I should have taken him out in the mansion!"

For the survival, they had no choice but to plunder the nearest village to Morgan Town.

But that damned Aiden spent a fortune to hire the Mercenary Corps again to hunt them down!

The number of mercenaries was over two hundred!

And they were all cavalry!

After several village raids, the Iron Blood Brotherhood members barely regained some strength.

Their numbers were restored to nearly a hundred.

But in this encirclement, the Iron Blood Brotherhood suffered heavy losses, with less than thirty members left!

To evade the pursuit of the Mercenary Corps, they had to retreat deeper into the mountains.

Food shortages, lack of rest, and disheartened spirits...

If this continued, the Iron Blood Brotherhood would completely disband!

Yet, at this point of desperation, even he, as their strategist, could do nothing to turn things around.

Seeing the dry man's torch about to ignite his clothes, Hall spoke to a man.

"Are you blind? This is a forest, extinguish the fire quickly!"

"Otherwise, we won't be killed; we'll be burned to death instead!"

Following Hall's order, a mustached man dismounted quickly.

He swiftly took the torch from the gaunt man, noticing he did not respond, the mustached man turned to look.

Realizing the sharp stones on the ground had already pierced the gaunt man's eye sockets.

The mustached man showed no sign of fear and said to Hall, "Sir, he's dead!"

Hall glanced at the gaunt man on the ground with some surprise, but his words remained calm, "Place him on the horse and bring him along."

"The Iron Blood Brotherhood will not leave any brother behind."

The mustached man was about to refuse but was interrupted by a growling stomach.

Instantly, he thought of something, "Yes, Sir!"

Hall responded with a grunt, urging his horse to speed up to catch up with Anthony ahead.

As Hall's horse passed, the Iron Blood Brotherhood members pulled on their reins, moving to the edge of the mountain path to give way.

A few minutes later.

A sturdy figure clad in armor came into Hall's view.

As he got closer, Hall's heart became increasingly tense.

Even from just a view from behind, Hall could feel the powerful aura radiating from Anthony.

Taking a deep breath, Hall nudged his horse again, coming to Anthony's right side.

Seeing Anthony's disordered hair like grass on either side, Hall tentatively spoke, "Lord Anthony, I think we've shaken off the mercenaries..."

"Do you think we should find a place to rest a bit?"

Anthony's eyes moved, he glanced at Hall, and replied coldly, "Alright."

With Anthony's permission, Hall relaxed slightly, quickly scanning the surroundings.

Shortly after.

Hall's gaze fell on a clearing ahead in the forest.

"Everyone, rest on the clearing ahead!"

"Light the bonfires, cook food, we'll camp here overnight!"

The members behind heard this, and a trace of joy appeared on their haggard faces.

They hadn't rested well for three consecutive days.

"Yes!"

"Thank you, Chief!"

"..."

With the members' responses, they quickly dismounted.

They moved forward to the clearing, starting to set up a temporary camp.

Gathering wood, setting up bonfires, lighting the fire, cooking the scarce food...

Chapter 226: Save Me

Handing a bowl of barley porridge to Anthony, Hall sat down by the fire.

Anthony glanced at the steaming barley porridge, its surface a mere white liquid, barely visible with a few grains.

Yet inside the barley porridge, there were a few pieces of meat.

Not minding the heat from the freshly poured porridge, he gulped it down in one go.

His throat bobbed several times as the barley porridge in the bowl was consumed completely.

Holding the clay bowl in his hands, Anthony said solemnly, "Is the food gone again?"

Hall hesitated and said, "Sir, it ran out two days ago. The remaining barley can only make such thin porridge..."

Anthony acknowledged with a sound, his eyes fixated on the flames in the bonfire.

The bonfire's flames leapt in his eyes and across his face.

Hall's words were still hesitant, "Lord Anthony... continuing like this... is not a solution!"

"Without food, morale will crumble. Continuing like this... the team will disperse!"

At this point.

Anthony shifted his gaze from the flames, staring directly at Hall, his words almost accusatory, "Then what do you think I should do?"

Feeling the change in Anthony's tone, Hall was horrified and quickly stood up, kneeling before Anthony.

Anthony continued, "It was you who asked me to go to Morrison Manor; you who asked me to plunder villages; and you who asked me to flee!"

"Now you tell me continuing like this isn't a solution... it's still you."

"Hall, you really put me in a difficult position!"

Hall's forehead pressed tightly against the ground, his whole body trembling as if sifting chaff.

Such a scene.

Naturally drew the attention of the surrounding Iron Blood Brotherhood members.

They dared not speak, only watching from a distance.

Feeling the oppressive aura from Anthony, Hall pleaded, "Sir, please spare me... everything I've done was for the Brotherhood!"

"Never with hidden motives!"

As he spoke, Hall repeatedly kowtowed, causing small stones in the dirt to break his forehead, yet he did not stop.

A few seconds later.

Anthony snorted coldly, "Stop."

"If there were any hidden motives, you would already be dead!"

Hearing Anthony's words, Hall finally stopped.

A strong dizziness made Hall feel like the world was spinning.

Anthony's gaze turned to the flames again, speaking in a deep voice, "Tell me, how should the Iron Blood Brotherhood break this deadlock..."

Hall resumed his seat by the fire, his mind racing furiously.

However, no matter how hard he thought, he couldn't think of a way to change the situation.

Hall's already disheveled face became increasingly grim.

He hesitantly looked at Anthony beside him, stammering, "Sir... I... I can't think of how to break it..."

In the encirclement by the Iron Blood Brotherhood, they suffered heavy casualties, and their strength sharply decreased.

Now, with food exhausted and stuck in the forest, morale was falling apart.

Counting less than thirty people, such a team, such force, couldn't even match villages with larger populations!

Yet without plundering, they couldn't obtain more food.

Without food, they couldn't replenish stamina, recruit more refugees, or expand the team's strength!

Hall felt the Iron Blood Brotherhood was trapped in a dead end!

Looking at the bonfire before him, growing fiercer in the mountain breeze,

Hall's heart grew increasingly agitated.

What to do?

What to do?

How to break free?

Just as Hall was racking his brain, his eyes widened suddenly, shocked.

He saw the flames in the bonfire suddenly flowing like water!

The flowing flames formed a human outline!

After rubbing his eyes in disbelief, Hall confirmed he wasn't mistaken.

"Anthony... sir..."

He looked at Anthony beside him, finding that Anthony had the same expression.

In the next second.

Anthony's body leapt up, a loud shout erupting from his mouth.

"Get out!"

With a swish, his Knight's Two-Handed Sword was drawn, its sharp tip pointing to the darkness behind.

Hall instantly understood, realizing something strange was approaching!

Not only Hall, but other Brotherhood members by the fire also drew their weapons.

A symphony of metal scraping filled the air.

Their gazes fixed ahead.

There was a stretch of pitch-black darkness, the forest's edge—beyond the fire's reach.

Though they couldn't see what was hidden in the dark,

They could feel a cold gaze staring back at them!

Like a prey watched by a Hunter.

Anthony's eyes narrowed slightly; he shouted again.

"I told you to get out!"

Everyone's throats bobbed as they tightened their grips on their weapons.

Under their watchful eyes, a black figure slowly emerged from the darkness...

Their eyes widened instantly, filled with awe.

That figure seemed to separate from the darkness itself.

Completely pitch-black, without a face, without features...

There was only the silhouette of an extraordinarily voluptuous female body!

Behind the woman's silhouette were inky black lines pulling...

As if maintaining the woman's form or attempting to drag her into the darkness.

Chapter 227: Save Me _3

With every step the woman took, a dark footprint was left on the ground.

In the next second, like transforming into black snakes, they drilled into the darkness of the forest behind.

Anthony didn't hesitate, gripping the knight's longsword in his hand, he stepped quickly forward a few steps to stand before the woman's shadow.

The five centimeters wide sword blade slashed directly down from the shadow woman's shoulder.

However.

This blade, capable of slicing a person in two, hit as if striking air, the sharp tip landed directly on the ground.

On Anthony's face, there appeared a rare expression of shock.

He realized, this woman's body had no physical form!

Dragging his knight's longsword, Anthony hurriedly retreated.

The shadow that was cut had been broken!

But, in the middle of the woman's shadow, strands of black quickly coalesced.

The woman's shadow reformed into one once more.

Hall swallowed, in a horrified tone he asked, "Sir... what is that ghostly thing?"

Anthony didn't speak, his gaze fixed intently on the woman's shadow.

Under the eyes of the crowd, the shadow woman took steps once more towards Anthony.

Walking atop some dried branches, yet emitting no sound whatsoever.

Seeing the shadow coming ever closer, Hall wished to flee.

Anthony's voice sounded in his ear.

"Don't move!"

Hall's lifted right leg slowly descended.

"Sir... this..."

Anthony didn't answer, but stood beside Hall, observing carefully.

When the woman's shadow took strides toward him, Anthony had already noticed.

The target of the shadow was Hall beside him.

Hall clearly sensed this, his heart crazily pounding.

He wanted to escape but found his legs as if shackled, unable to move an inch!

Looking down, Hall saw the shadow underfoot was tightly gripped by two black hands.

Hall shuddered within, shouting urgently, "Sir! Save me! Save me..."

Anthony furrowed his brow, gripping his knight's sword tighter, witnessing the scene.

Hall's eyes quickly sought out the Brotherhood members nearby.

"You all! Just standing and watching? Hurry and rescue me!"

Dozens of Brotherhood members exchanged glances, but not a single one stepped forward.

Hall opened his mouth, just about to say something else, when the woman's shadow had already arrived before him.

Slim, delicate hands fell upon Hall's shoulder.

Before Hall could utter a word, the shadow woman's body melted, transforming into tentacle-like forms, pouring into Hall's mouth.

Woo~

A painful sobbing sound arose from Hall's mouth.

In just an instant, the shadow woman standing before Hall vanished.

Hall's body slumped weakly to the ground, no longer moving...

Tiny terrified whispers arose among the Brotherhood members.

"What's going on?"

"What is that ghostly thing?"

"Did it enter... enter Lord Hall's body?"

"What should we do? Even the leader can't do anything?"

"This..."

"..."

In this eerie atmosphere, every minute and second seemed to drag slowly.

Hiss~

Hall, who had always been drooping his head, suddenly lifted it, his mouth slightly parted continually inhaling cold air.

Emitting sharp breathing sounds.

Hoo~

After several seconds of inhaling, Hall exhaled a breath of warmth.

Kneeling down, his body slowly rose up.

Hall turned, looking at Anthony not far away.

Anthony's eyes instantly narrowed.

Hall's eyes were devoid of normal pupils, instead showing a deep black like ink.

The sharp voice sounding both feminine and masculine came from Hall's mouth.

"Lord Anthony, I think... you need my help!"

Anthony tightened his grip on the knight's longsword, questioning aloud, "Witch?"

Hall's face showed no change, the sharp voice sounded again.

"What I am... that isn't important."

"What's important is, with my arrival, your Iron Blood Brotherhood will attain salvation!"

...

Morgan Town, Kelly Village.

Approaching winter.

The nighttime temperatures in Morgan Town carried a chill.

Inside a wide double-door wooden cabin.

Several figures were sitting around the fireplace, flames flickering on their faces.

A young man with pale skin clad in beast furs, mouth curving up into a smile, glanced at the side.

"Master Aiden, I think you ought to settle the final payment now?"

Aiden's expression turned slightly somber, looking at the young man beside him, he questioned, "Final payment? What final payment?"

The young man's smile remained unchanged, continuing, "Naturally, for exterminating the Iron Blood Brotherhood Bandit Corps."

Aiden exclaimed, "Fan Ke! Have you forgotten our agreement with your Storm Mercenaries?"

The young man called Fan Ke laughed calmly.

Aiden continued, "The agreement was to completely eradicate the Iron Blood Brotherhood! Understand? Completely!"

"Let me tell you, unless Anthony and Hall are dead, you won't get a penny of the final payment!"

Aiden glared fiercely at Fan Ke, rising from beside the fireplace, heading outside the cabin.

As he reached the door, Aiden, with his back to Fan Ke, said, "If you want the final payment, bring their heads to collect!"

Having spoken.

Aiden walked out of the cabin.

Ackman glanced warily at Fan Ke, following him out.

In the bright-lit cabin, only Storm Mercenary Corps leader Fan Ke and his deputy Tyrone remained!

Tyrone walked to the wooden door, glanced at Aiden and his followers who had gone far.

With caution, he closed the door.

"Sir Fan Ke, seems this fat pig is unwilling to fork out more money!"

Fan Ke spoke with a smile, "Since he's summoned us over here, he has no choice..."

"Call the brothers back, without the pursuit, when food runs out and they can't stand the hunger anymore, those bandits will naturally come out again."

"I refuse to believe they can stay hidden in the forest forever?"

Listening to Fan Ke's words, Tyrone's eyes shone.

"When they come out to loot the village again, Aiden the fat pig suffers, naturally he'll then give the money?"

Fan Ke glanced approvingly at Tyrone, "That's the idea."

"Now, mercenaries trying to make a living can't be like before, just working for employers as paid tools."

"Must learn to use one's brain, complete tasks to uphold reputations, while also squeezing out more Gold Pounds from employers!"

"Otherwise, with so many mouths among the brothers, how could we feed them all?"

Tyrone nodded hurriedly, "Sir's insights are truly enlightening!"

Chapter 228: Archer

In the early morning.

A faint white mist enveloped the entire small town.

As if draped in a veil!

After breakfast, Lynn walked through the town, inspecting it.

The town dining hall was completed yesterday.

A five-meter-high gabled roof, built from stacks of red brick walls.

In the central area, neat rows of red brick columns supported the roof.

Long benches made by the Woodworker Workshop were also completed.

Dozens of craftsman apprentices were finishing the final assembly in the dining hall.

In at most two days, the dining hall could be put into use.

After passing a few red brick houses, Lynn arrived at the Blacksmith Workshop.

The Blacksmith Workshop was still bustling with activity!

The constant sound of metal clashing against metal was echoing throughout the workshop.

Lynn glanced around, as four iron smelting blast furnaces operated at full capacity, enveloped in scorching heat.

This entire area felt like a steaming oven.

Inside the workshop, all the blacksmith apprentices were working hard to produce standard plate armor.

With the presence of assigned roles, the apprentices' movements were becoming more skilled, and work efficiency was increasingly high.

Thanks to Grayson's arrival with a thousand slaves, Lynn gained a large workforce.

Aside from the hundred soldiers added by Rose, Lynn increased the number of apprentices in each Blacksmith Workshop by one hundred.

This was to enhance the efficiency of armor production in the Blacksmith Workshop.

Each workshop had two hundred people, with forty responsible for running the iron smelting blast furnace nonstop for twenty-four hours.

Forty were responsible for refining pig iron into wrought iron, and converting it into molten iron.

Twenty used small carts to drag sand boxes for casting armor components.

The sand boxes filled with molten iron were transported to spacious ground for natural cooling and solidification.

Another twenty removed the solidified armor components from the sand boxes.

Twenty continuously made sand boxes according to armor mold reference models.

Twenty more worked on the trimming, grinding, polishing, and tempering of armor components for a finer finish.

The remaining twenty apprentices assembled the leather lining and armor components together.

They were then transported to the finished product storage area for proper storage.

Each division of labor was handled by a fixed blacksmith apprentice.

They just needed to focus on their specific tasks.

Lynn walked around the workshop, inspecting.

Perhaps because some of the apprentices were newcomers, their movements were clumsy and awkward.

But Lynn didn't mind at all.

As long as they continued working, their speed would naturally increase.

Walking to the back end where the finished standard armor was stored.

Looking at the piled-up chest armors, Lynn felt a sense of satisfaction.

Although only twelve chest pieces had been produced so far, it further validated Lynn's decision to use molds for making armor.

Before coming to his territory, there were not more than five apprentices with blacksmithing experience among them.

Had they relied on the Forging Water Wheel to forge armor piece by piece, perhaps not even one chest piece could have been made from all four workshops.

With armor molds, it was completely different.

They could complete the task by following orders, without much thought.

At this moment.

Ehrelø briskly approached Lynn.

Seeing Master Lynn looking at the chest armors without a word, Ehrelø felt a slight ease.

Clearly, Master Lynn was satisfied.

Ehrelø respectfully greeted, "Master Lynn."

Lynn turned to look at him and asked, "Have you tested the quality of these chest armors?"

Ehrelø assuredly replied, "Master, yes. I personally hit the chest armor with a heavy hammer several times. Apart from slight dents, there were no cracks or breakages."

No cracks or fragmentation indicated that converting pig iron to wrought iron using the refining method was feasible.

Lynn continued, "Is the assembly fit precise?"

Ehrelø responded, "There are some gaps, but we've tested it and it doesn't affect anything."

These armors were cast with sand boxes, so they couldn't achieve the precision of hand-forged armor.

As long as they could withstand a rain of arrows and the thrusts of long spears and pikes during a cavalry charge, they were considered adequate armor.

Lynn never imagined his soldiers would become invincible by wearing this armor.

All concerns on Lynn's mind were addressed.

Taking a few steps, Lynn approached the stacked chest armors and noticed the wolf head emblem at the center with some surprise.

On the black chest armor, a golden wolf head emblem stood out prominently against the armor's outline.

The wolf head emblem was about thirty centimeters in size, and despite being a simple outline, its ferocity was palpable.

The sharp eyes, menacing fangs...

Lynn's right hand gently caressed over the wolf head.

It had a distinct raised and smooth feel.

After trimming and polishing, these armors were not much different from the set he had forged himself.

Looking at the wolf head emblem between his fingers, Lynn felt a surge of satisfaction.

Lynn intended for his soldiers to contrast sharply with ordinary townsmen across the territory.

Once becoming a soldier, they could eat meat at every meal, receiving a monthly salary.

Once becoming a soldier, they could wear full armor.

The wolf head emblem on this armor was meant to instill pride in their identity as soldiers.

Chapter 229: Archer

Let everyone in the territory be full of anticipation to become soldiers.

Even actively choose to become soldiers and join the ranks of soldiers.

Ehrelor naturally saw Lynn's gaze and quickly explained: "Master, the wolf head you needed was crafted by Beo from the pottery workshop, the gold color is from the paint we got from him..."

Lynn nodded in satisfaction, "It's well made."

"How many sets of plate armor can the four workshops produce each day, as they are now running at full capacity?"

Ehrelor's previously pleased expression instantly fell.

He responded somewhat embarrassed, "With our current ability, we can only produce seven or eight sets, Master Lynn."

Lynn acknowledged without blaming Ehrelor, "Seven or eight sets are a bit too few."

"I need you to lead them to quickly produce nine hundred sets!"

"I need these plate armors for the soldiers to wear for physical training."

Soldiers must wear plate armor every day and undergo routine training; only by adapting to the presence of plate armor can they become adept at wearing it.

Ehrelor quickly answered, "Yes, Master."

Lynn hummed, "Go ahead and get busy."

After dismissing Ehrelor, Lynn walked around the workshop once more before leaving the blacksmith workshop.

Without any hesitation.

Lynn headed straight for the distant bow and arrow workshop.

The iron for making iron arrows at the bow and arrow workshop all comes from the blacksmith workshop.

When planning, Lynn took this into consideration.

Therefore, the two workshops are only ten minutes apart.

Upon arriving at the bow and arrow workshop.

Just like in the blacksmith workshop, all the apprentices were busily working.

With the addition of one hundred new archery apprentices, Jose was like an ant on a hot pan, pacing back and forth in the workshop.

"Hey, hey, hey, who taught you to make bow blanks like this?"

"A bowstring should emphasize toughness and elasticity; how can you shoot arrows with this flimsy one?"

"Didn't you see that the bow blank caught fire? This is mold shaping, not adding firewood to your hearth at home!"

"..."

Listening to Jose's helpless words, Lynn's eyebrow involuntarily twitched.

But it was not out of schadenfreude.

Rather, watching this old man Jose busy himself had a somewhat humorous aspect.

After scolding for a while, Jose turned his gaze and saw Lynn.

His face immediately shifted from anger to calm humility, "Lord, why have you come here?"

"No, no, what the old man means is... Do you have any orders?"

Lynn glanced at him and began, "Seeing the increase in apprentices at your bow and arrow workshop, Foreman Jose seems a bit overwhelmed?"

"Otherwise, shall I withdraw these hundred people?"

"Ehrel should be glad to take another hundred apprentices."

Upon hearing Lynn's words, Jose's expression changed, and he quickly spoke.

"Withdraw them? That won't do, my lord! The entire workshop is engaged in production now."

"Not only do we have to make bow bodies, but also arrows, and even have to go into the forest to find wood. A hundred apprentices are far from enough..."

"The hundred new apprentices, though a bit clumsy, I, this old man, can teach them, and I can manage it!"

Watching Jose's anxious explanations, with his eyebrows twitching uncontrollably, Lynn acknowledged with a nod.

"Then I'll leave them to you."

Jose's expression visibly relaxed a bit.

Lynn continued, "How is the production progress of the longbows and arrows?"

Jose began to explain, "Lord, the bow and arrow workshop has already produced one hundred longbows."

"We have completed the first month's requirement you asked for!"

"Producing one hundred longbows every month thereafter is no problem!"

Lynn shook his head, "One hundred is not enough!"

"Starting next month, at least two hundred longbows every month."

"The bow and arrow workshop, besides you, has two hundred apprentices; can't one person make one longbow a month?"

Jose was a bit surprised and wanted to explain, "My lord, but some of them are involved in assisting work..."

"They are not suitable for production..."

Lynn looked directly at Jose, "The work distribution of the workshop apprentices is up to you, even if he is the apprentice responsible for logging; he is still part of the bow and arrow workshop."

Jose was stunned on the spot, and after a few seconds, he responded, "Lord, I understand, old man."

After letting Jose continue to be busy, Lynn left the bow and arrow workshop.

As he walked, his mind moved to open the [Resident Information Column], using the filter function to look over every resident's information.

Already one hundred longbows have been made, and subsequent longbows are in the process of being produced.

Lynn needs to look for townspeople with arrow skills to recruit archers and conduct preliminary training.

Red is a suitable candidate, possessing Level 3 [Hunting] and the [Focus] talent.

But he has a stable personality and is not good with words, making him perfect as a close guard.

However.

Lynn's gaze swept over the [Resident Information Column] several times; let alone [Archery], he did not even see one with Level 3 [Hunting].

After a second thought, Lynn found it reasonable.

The thousand new slaves that were sent over were all captured peasants or free people.

Lynn looked sideways, "Red."

Hearing Lynn's call, Red immediately quickened his pace and came to his side.

Red slightly bent his body, responding, "Master?"

Lynn continued, "I'm planning to select a hundred soldiers from Rose as archers; besides you, there aren't currently any better candidates."

To draw a longbow with a draw weight of one hundred and thirty pounds, naturally, soldiers who have experienced physical training should be selected.

Chapter 230: Archer _3

Ordinary townsmen who have not been through training, can't manage this pull!

Red instantly understood the meaning behind Lynn's words, "I can take them for training."

Back at the Bow and Arrow Workshop, he had heard Master Lin discuss this topic with Jose.

Master Lynn could have gone along with it right then and there.

However, Master Lynn chose to explain this matter to him separately.

Clearly, it was after careful consideration.

Lynn nodded, "You don't need to teach them overly complex archery skills."

"Just teach them to draw the bow and shoot, and the angles, then that's enough!"

The presence of these archers is merely to provide cover before defending the city or during a charge, reducing the enemy's forces.

As long as they have enough power to volley the arrows into the air.

Then, with inertia and gravitational acceleration, it will be enough to penetrate all enemies without heavy armor or shields!

As for the precision during direct shooting, it's important, but not particularly crucial.

Of course.

Before producing longbows, Lynn considered making crossbows!

However, whether it was the animal tendon needed for the bowstring or the crossbow's production process, the requirements were just too high.

Leaving bowstrings aside, animal tendon is the best, but linen fiber rope can replace it, though it will greatly reduce the crossbow's power.

And the crossbow's core components, including the crossbow teeth, suspend knife, and looking mountain, need to be made with high-quality iron with precision!

For him, it's just a matter of hard work to get it done.

It's merely a matter of time.

But for these apprentices who don't even know what a crossbow is.

Mass production is just a fantasy.

Unless all the archery apprentices have mastered the craftsmanship of making longbows, have made an entry-level understanding.

Otherwise, making longbows is the best choice.

Listening to Master Lynn's explanation, Red responded, "Okay, Master."

In the conversation between Lynn and Red.

The two had already arrived at the entrance of the Woodworker Workshop.

Colin, who was leading the apprentices in making dining tables and chairs, saw Lynn. He immediately stopped his handiwork.

Coming before Lynn, Colin asked respectfully, "Master, do you have any instructions?"

Lynn glanced around the Woodworker Workshop.

The workshop, with the addition of a hundred carpenter apprentices, seemed a bit crowded.

Lynn spoke, "I need you to lead people to establish a shipyard!"

"I need to develop the fishing industry!"

The townsmen were previously busy with winter barley planting.

Now not only is the planting done, but a thousand slaves sent by Grayson have also arrived.

Now, he has enough labor force to construct a shipyard.

With a raised brow, Colin asked, "Shipyard?"

Lynn nodded, "Build a shipyard next to Crescent Bay Pier, initially to produce small boats for fishing."

"If the boats transporting iron ore get damaged, they can also enter the shipyard for repair."

Hearing this, Colin understood, "Okay, Master Lynn, I will arrange the personnel right away."

Previously, he already led Colin and a group of apprentices in making rowing boats.

As long as they are given enough labor and materials, building a shipyard is not a difficult task for Colin and his team.

Watching Colin begin to arrange personnel, Lynn nodded, then left the Woodworker Workshop.

Passing by red brick houses, Lynn arrived at the weaving workshop.

Like the other workshops.

The weaving workshop also had lines of figures seated.

These women, chosen from among the slaves, were the weavers Lynn selected.

Among the slaves sent by Grayson, there were quite a few free people.

Many women had weaving skills.

Coincidentally, this complemented the labor shortage in the weaving workshop for producing coarse wool cloaks.

Entering the weaving workshop.

Lynn called for Yimini directly.

Yimini greeted respectfully, "Master Lynn."

Lynn nodded and asked, "What is the production progress of the coarse wool cloaks?"

Without any concealment, Yimini responded honestly, "Master, we have currently produced around two hundred coarse wool cloaks!"

Lynn said nothing, waiting for Yimini's explanation.

Without any nervousness, Yimini continued, "Master, to turn coarse wool into cloaks, it requires a series of processes."

"Sorting, washing, drying, beating, combing, and you have weaving for the New Year..."

"Only then can we use coarse wool cloth for cutting and sewing!"

Lynn looked directly at Yimini, "I just want to know if it's possible to produce fifty-five hundred sets by December before the winter using the current manpower!"

In a moment of thought, Yimini said, "No problem, Master, we will make it even if we have to work through the night."

Lynn nodded, "Very good."

"However, I need you to assign twenty people to use the previously made linen fibers to weave fishing nets."

Yimini's eyes widened slightly, somewhat puzzled, "Master, are there any specific requirements for the fishing nets?"

Lynn explained, "Large fishing nets, the net length should be about ten meters, net mesh sides around ten centimeters, net rope diameter about three millimeters."

"I need ten nets of this kind!"

To use such fishing nets in the Acadia River for fishing, you need at least two or three people to cooperate.

To catch big fish, nets of this specification are necessary.

Otherwise, when faced with fish weighing dozens of pounds, they will be broken instantly.

Yimini muttered a few words to herself, trying to remember all the requirements Lynn articulated.

A few seconds later, Yimini nodded and responded, "Okay, Master, I'll go arrange the personnel right away."

Lynn nodded, "Go get busy."

After the matters were assigned, Lynn walked out of the Handicraft Workshop District with his steps.

Continuing on the red brick pavement, Lynn's mind kept planning for what was to come.

The shipyard and fishing nets needed for the fishing industry were all arranged.

The canteen, market area, and school were already under construction or in the final stages.

The construction of the main castle was also reaching its final stages.

Later on, there would be the need to build walls, courtyards, warehouses, kitchens, and the residential areas for household attendants and servants, as well as the decoration of the castle itself among other things.

It's a long process.

The entire territory now under Lynn's arrangement is progressing smoothly and developing rapidly.

All that's needed is to wait for the passage of time, moving through quantitative changes.

When Lynn arrived at the vacant square in front of the town, Rose happened to lead a group of soldiers there.