

System 231

Chapter 231: Distinction Between Ranks

Their steps were orderly, their bodies upright, with solemn expressions on their faces.

Even though they were only wearing linen robes and pants at this time, the uniform clothing already gave them somewhat the essence of soldiers.

Moreover, after this period of special nourishment, their bodies had noticeably become sturdier.

They stopped a few meters in front of Lynn.

Ross bent forward, speaking respectfully, "Master, these are the hundred soldiers you requested."

Lynn nodded, saying, "Tonight, select another hundred from the townsmen and bring them for training."

Ross bent down again, "Yes, Master, I will take my leave now."

Lynn acknowledged with a sound, turning his gaze to the hundred soldiers in front of him.

The soldiers naturally saw Lynn's gaze falling upon them.

Their chests involuntarily puffed out.

Lynn scanned around and said in a deep voice, "Ladies and gentlemen, war is approaching us!"

The faces of the soldiers turned somber.

They understood this when they were selected as soldiers.

However, hearing it again now, their hearts inevitably grew heavy.

Lynn continued, "The reason you are here is because I instructed Instructor Ross to specially select you."

"You are strong and capable of following orders without question."

The soldiers' faces showed a look of pride.

Lynn said solemnly, "Therefore, you will become the first batch of archers of the territory."

"Your future task is to learn and master the usage of the bows and arrows in your hands."

"In times of war, when the enemy charges, you will be able to powerfully shoot the arrows in your hands, strike the enemies' chests, knock them off their horses, and reduce their forces."

Here, Lynn paused his words for a few seconds.

His gaze swept over the soldiers' faces once more.

"Can you do it?"

Lynn's voice wasn't loud, but it clearly reached each soldier's ears.

"Yes!"

An orderly shout echoed from the soldiers' mouths, reverberating in front of the town.

The sound was so loud that some working townsmen looked over curiously.

Seeing Master Lynn reprimanding the soldiers, they withdrew their gaze and continued with their labor.

Feeling their essence and spirit, Lynn nodded with satisfaction.

At this moment.

A dozen apprentices from the Bow and Arrow Workshop arrived behind Lynn, each holding a bundle of ready longbows and a box of arrows.

A middle-aged man jogged to stand before Lynn, bending down and speaking respectfully, "Master Lynn, all the bows, arrows, and quivers you needed have been delivered."

"They have all been inspected and adjusted for immediate use."

Lynn glanced, "I know, go back to your work."

With Master Lynn's permission, the middle-aged man bent his waist and retreated, leading the apprentices back.

"From today onwards, your weapons will be the round shield, the hand axe, and the longbow!"

"Under Red's guidance, you will learn to use the longbow, until you have mastered it!"

Hearing this, the soldiers naturally glanced at the side of Master Lynn.

There stood a tall and burly man.

As townsmen of Master Lynn's territory, they naturally knew the man who was always guarding by Master Lynn's side was Red, the Guard Captain!

"Yes!"

Lynn continued, "Now, each of you take one longbow, a quiver, and fill your quivers with arrows!"

The soldiers raised their eyebrows, "Yes, Master."

At Lynn's command, the hundred soldiers spontaneously divided into five teams, stepping in an orderly fashion towards the pile of longbows and arrows, and began sorting them.

One soldier after another took leather quivers from the boxes, continuously filling them with iron arrows.

Lynn glanced at the arrows in the selection box.

Each arrowhead was triangular, with three sharp edges converging at a point, forming a sharp pinnacle.

[Triangular Armor-Piercing Arrow]: Made of high-quality iron and purple fir wood, capable of effectively damaging armor surfaces and piercing weak points in the armor.

Looking at these arrows, Lynn nodded with satisfaction.

These arrows were, of course, made by Jose at Lynn's request!

A leather quiver could hold about thirty armor-piercing arrows.

Thirty arrows, if shot continuously, perhaps ten or so would be enough to exhaust their strength.

As for whether these triangular armor-piercing arrows would be damaged...

Lynn had never been worried.

With a large open-pit iron mine and an iron smelting furnace.

Lynn had plenty of high-quality iron for making arrows!

If the arrowheads got damaged, he would just remelt and recast them!

Watching the soldiers each strap on the longbows and quivers, Lynn looked towards Red.

"From here on, I'll leave it to you?"

Red nodded, "Yes."

With that, Red stepped forward.

He too scanned around at the many soldiers, speaking, "I am Red, Captain of the Guard. I will be responsible for your archery training from now on."

"As Master Lynn said, you will continue to train until deemed qualified."

"Now, everyone follow me outside the town, where you will construct an archery training ground!"

Red's words weren't particularly authoritative; in fact, they were more like explained instructions to express his meaning.

But the soldiers dared not slacken in the least.

They stood up in response, "Yes."

Red glanced at Master Lynn and saw Master Lynn nod at him.

Chapter 232: Distinction Between Nobility and Commoners

Red then led a hundred soldiers towards the outskirts of the town.

Previously, Rose had established a physical training field outside the town.

Now, Red only needed to convert it into an archery training ground to start training.

As Red and his men disappeared outside the town, Lynn withdrew his gaze.

He glanced at the skill experience on the [Heavenly Artifacts] panel.

Lynn stepped forward, heading towards the cafeteria.

There, dozens of carpenters were assembling tables and chairs.

Lynn picked up a hand axe and joined the assembly line under their somewhat surprised gaze.

[Production experience +1]

[Production experience +1]

[Production experience +1]

...

Bit by bit, the experience was increasing.

Time slowly passed.

In the blink of an eye, three days had passed.

The construction of the cafeteria was completed, and the tables and chairs needed inside were also finished and assembled.

Lynn looked around.

In the cafeteria, the tables and chairs custom-made with raw wood and iron nails were neatly arranged.

The gray tiles on top concealed the sky above, coupled with the red brick walls around, ensuring that neither wind nor rain would affect dining inside.

The kitchen was also moved into the cafeteria.

The cafeteria and the kitchen were separated by a wooden fence.

Townsmen could queue to receive food from one of the several windows in the fence.

Seeing this scene, Lynn couldn't help but smile.

It quite resembled an employee cafeteria.

Glancing at the sky, Lynn was about to go to the riverside for [fishing].

In the distance, a convoy of carts was approaching under the sun's rays.

Lynn stopped, waiting as the carts gradually arrived.

After ten minutes.

The convoy stopped at the square in front of the town.

There weren't many carts, only six drawn by a single horse each.

The carts were loaded full with goods, covered by linen oilcloths.

A slender middle-aged man jumped off one of the carts.

His expression was tense, his gaze searching until it landed on Lynn.

Lynn was dressed in a silk robe, easily distinguishable from others.

The middle-aged man approached Lynn and bowed deeply, "Excuse me... Are you Master Lynn?"

His words were humble, even fragmented with a trace of nervousness.

Lynn gave him a glance, "I am Lynn."

Upon hearing Lynn's response, the middle-aged man's face lit up with surprise.

"Master Lynn, I am Gene Evans, a member of Mr. Boer's trade association."

"I am sent by his instruction to deliver this batch of linen to your territory..."

Lynn glanced at the carts, and asked, "What happened to Boer?"

Keane's face showed hesitation, his words stammered.

Lynn's eyes narrowed slightly, "Speak directly."

Feeling the change in Lynn's tone, Keane was startled and quickly said, "Mr. Boer was beaten up by the Guards of Jonas Manor Lord in Morgan Town."

Lynn prompted, "Continue."

Jian continued, "Because some Free People heard from Mr. Boer that your territory is recruiting Free People, many became eager to try."

"Since autumn planting has ended, many Free People have completed their employment with various manor lords."

"However, after Jonas Manor Lord learned of this, instead of allowing those Free People to leave, he had Mr. Boer beaten up..."

Upon hearing this.

Lynn understood, he asked solemnly, "How is Boer now?"

Keane explained, "The injuries aren't too severe, but he might need to rest at home for a while."

"So, Mr. Boer instructed me to come and trade with you, Master Lynn..."

Lynn nodded, "How many pounds of linen are there in total?"

Keane quickly replied, "Master Lynn, there are ten thousand pounds of linen, two pounds for three pence."

Lynn replied, "I can exchange it for three thousand pounds of fine salt for Mr. Boer."

Ten thousand pounds of linen converts to two thousand five hundred pounds of fine salt.

Hearing Lynn's words, Keane's eyes brightened, and he spoke somewhat hastily, "Good, good, Master Lynn, Mr. Boer specifically wants fine salt!"

Lynn acknowledged, then turned to George beside him.

George immediately understood, calling over a dozen townsmen to start unloading the goods from the carts.

Watching bundles of dried linen being continuously unloaded, Lynn spoke calmly, "Gene, you mentioned Jonas Manor Lord is..."

Gene quickly shifted his gaze from the unloading to Lynn.

He explained, "Master Lynn, there are four manor lords in Morgan Town, and Jonas Manor Lord is the largest manor lord!"

"He occupies the most extensive land, with numerous followers, Guards, and Peasants."

"Almost four thousand people in Morgan Town, at least a thousand Free People, have been employed by him at some point..."

"It would not be an exaggeration to say he is the master of Morgan Town!"

Lynn nodded slightly and continued asking, "How many Guards and followers are there, exactly?"

Gene was stunned, shaking his head, "Master Lynn, that... I'm not sure..."

"I've never been to Jonas Manor Lord's territory, only heard tales."

"However, when Jonas comes and goes from Morgan Town, there are always at least a dozen Guards around him..."

Lynn nodded again and didn't pursue further questions.

Gene wisely kept silent.

Lynn didn't speak, and Gene dared not make any needless remarks.

Not long after.

Chapter 233: Hierarchy and Distinction

All the linen was unloaded, and three thousand pounds of fine salt were loaded onto Jean's carriage.

After bending down to bid farewell to Lynn, Jean got on the carriage and left under the glow of the fine salt.

Watching the caravan disappear into the distance, Lynn's mind quickly raced with thoughts.

For a manor lord or a lord.

Even the free people who aren't employed by them are considered part of their property.

Though free people have a certain degree of freedom,

it is only under the permission of the lord.

The pleasant name is free people, while the unpleasant name makes them no different from peasants.

It's not that easy to guide free people from Morgan Town or Kakasong City to his territory.

Jonas, the large manor lord!

He has the most land and a large number of guards...

Naturally, he has a large number of slaves!

Lynn has another layer of anticipation for next year's external conquest and looting plans.

As for the beaten Boer...

The extra five hundred pounds of fine salt is a reward for his service.

To be fair, Lynn has already done his utmost at this point.

Lynn is not foolish enough to take all his soldiers to Morgan Town to seek revenge against Jonas.

Without accurate intelligence and absolute confidence, he would not easily send troops, wasting even a single soldier!

Whether it's making a set of armor or training a soldier, it requires a lot of human effort, energy, and resources!

Less than an hour after Jean left,

the entire sky had completely dimmed.

The Black Night replaced the day, occupying the entire world.

The townsmen returning from labor, under the instructions of the guards, all entered the newly built dining hall.

Although animal fat candles have not yet been produced on the territory,

they can only be illuminated by torches made from sticks.

But Lynn could still see the townsmen's faces full of surprise and excitement.

"Master Lynn is really like a god descending to earth!"

"Yes, he built the red brick house for us, and also built a dining hall for us..."

"A god? What is a god anyway? Can it compare to Master Lynn?"

"I agree!"

"When we were starving, did the god ever bless us? When we were attacked by robbers, did the god ever rescue us?"

"I think we should build a statue for Master Lynn!"

"A gigantic statue, so no matter where we are, we can always see Master Lynn's face with just a look up!"

"I agree!"

"..."

Lynn naturally listened to these words in his ears.

A statue, huh?

Lynn had a thought and opened the [Prosperity Value and Miracle] panel.

[Current Prosperity Value]: 480

It is still twenty prosperity points away from unlocking the [Lord Statue].

When the market area and the guild hall are completed, and the school is established, the [Lord Statue] design will certainly be unlocked.

Closing the panel, Lynn left the dining hall.

Returning to his temporary red brick house, Kuisi had already prepared dinner and was waiting.

Kuisi gave a smile, "Master, you can have dinner now."

"Today, some townsmen caught a hare and made a stew of rabbit meat for you, Master."

Lynn glanced at the table where there was a pottery pot in the center, filled with pieces of meat boiled until tender.

Beside the pottery pot, there was wheat bread, pork porridge, and a plate of vegetables.

Lynn casually sat on a chair and said to Kuisi, "Join me."

Hearing Lynn's words, Kuisi's eyes widened, and she hurriedly said, "Master, I'll just serve you. I..."

Lynn did not speak, just looked directly at Kuisi.

Under Lynn's gaze, Kuisi hesitated visibly and said, "Okay, Master."

She moved a wooden chair aside and sat down next to Lynn.

Even so, she couldn't change her habit of serving food and soup to Lynn.

Standing by the table, she busied herself.

Only when all the food was laid out in front of Lynn did she stop.

Lynn said casually, "Aren't you eating?"

Kuisi suddenly realized, said "Oh-oh" twice, and picked up a spoon to pour herself a bowl of rabbit soup.

Lynn said, "Eat."

Kuisi immediately responded and started sipping the rabbit soup in front of her.

While drinking, Kuisi kept glancing at Lynn secretly.

Kuisi's heart was filled with mixed emotions.

Joy?

Nervousness?

Or perhaps uneasiness...

Even she didn't know what she felt at that moment.

Kuisi remembered that this seemed to be the first time she'd dined with Master Lynn.

While living in a wooden house before, they would always wait until Master Lynn finished eating to consume what was left.

So this was how it felt to eat with Master Lynn.

As Lynn and Kuisi were eating, there was a knock on the door outside.

Lynn looked up, "Enter."

The wooden door was pushed open.

Carrying the Horn Bow on his back, Red was just about to walk into the wooden house.

Seeing Kuisi sitting with Lynn, his brows involuntarily raised.

Kuisi's face was full of embarrassment.

Looking at Red, Lynn directly said, "You came at the right time, join us."

Red did not dare to enter the wooden house.

Lynn continued, "What are you looking at?"

Only then did Red walk into the wooden house and sit on Lynn's other side.

A little while later.

The food on the table was all gone, and Lynn, Kuisi, and Red had finished dinner.

Kuisi quickly stood up, tidily cleaning all the tableware and left Lynn's red brick house.

Red also stood up, waiting by the side.

Looking at Red, Lynn said, "We've known each other for so long, am I that frightening?"

Red's face was serious and responded, "Master, there are distinctions between ranks!"

Listening to Red's words, Lynn was startled.

Class thinking has already deeply ingrained itself into their soul!

Lynn changed the subject and continued to ask, "Do you have a matter to discuss?"

Red did not hesitate and directly said, "Since the training ground is near the town, should those archers go home, or..."

Lynn replied, "For now, those archers are your soldiers."

"I only need you to deliver me a hundred qualified archers before spring."

"As for how you train them and manage their training and living conditions, that's for you to decide!"

Red had truly been just a hunter before.

But now, he is the guard captain of the territory's Guard Team.

Within a certain scope, he needs to have his own judgment and logical thinking.

Red answered, "I understand, Master."

Chapter 234: A World Where People Eat People (5,000 Words)

Three days later.

Lynn walked with a stride through the market area.

The construction of the two-story trade hall was completed.

Since it was built entirely with red bricks and lime sand, there was not much style to speak of.

Lynn entered the trade hall and took a look around.

The entire hall includes the trading hall, meeting room, dining room, guest rooms, and warehouse, etc.

The trading hall is the core area of the entire hall, used for displaying goods; the meeting room is for holding ceremonies with future trade association members.

The dining room and guest rooms are to provide food and accommodation for future trade association members.

Whether coming from Kakasong City or Morgan Town to his domain, it would take at least a few days.

Many merchants arrive either at dusk or evening.

With the trade hall, if they are willing, they can stay in the domain for accommodation and rest.

After surveying the area, Lynn slightly turned his head to look at George on his right.

"Mr. George, the future management of this place and the entire market area is entrusted to you!"

"I will assign twenty people who will be at your command."

The trade hall now is just a newly built bare house; it still needs cleaning and decoration.

Afterwards.

If merchants come to town, they can be received here.

There's no need to stand on the vacant square in front of the town and start bargaining.

Moreover, any trading issues in the market area can be addressed here.

The trade hall can be said to be both an external trading place and the management center of the market area.

George quickly responded: "Thank you for trusting me, sir."

Lynn continued: "And there's another task!"

"I need you to extract as much information as possible during merchant transactions... especially important external information!"

Compared to the goods transported by merchants, the intelligence they hear is equally important.

George bent again, "Yes, sir."

Lynn acknowledged and walked out of the trade hall.

Exiting the market area, he came to a single-story red brick house in front.

Lynn's gaze swept ahead.

Over twenty townsmen were carrying out the finishing touches.

In a day or two, the school before his eyes would be completed.

The architectural style of this school is somewhat similar to the cafeteria on the right side of the town's vacant square.

Beneath the gray tiled roof are walls made of red brick.

However, the area isn't as wide as the cafeteria, accommodating at most about a thousand people to study simultaneously.

Currently, the total population in the domain is only 5,500.

Lynn couldn't manage to have everyone study at the same time.

The production in the town is the priority!

Though the school building is ready, desks, chairs, learning tools, and teachers are still missing!

As Lynn pondered in silence, a somewhat slow footsteps and panting reached his ears from afar.

Moreover, the two sounds were approaching closer.

Lynn slightly turned his head to see Tate coming towards him with a light jog.

In a few quick steps, his linen robe fluttered.

Reaching Lynn's side, Tate spoke with slight panting, "Lord... Lord."

Lynn glanced at him, "Catch your breath and then speak."

Tate instantly realized his rudeness, bent slightly to apologize, then began to calm his breathing.

A few minutes later.

Tate bent once more, "My Lord, the guard told me you summoned me. Is there something you need?"

Lynn asked, "Scholar Tate, what are you currently working on in the domain?"

Tate explained without hesitation: "My Lord, I am currently dissecting the iron smelting blast furnace and the iron roasting furnace you built!"

Lynn looked at Tate in surprise, "Weren't you devoted to agricultural reforms?"

"Why are you interested in researching iron smelting technology?"

Tate looked a bit embarrassed, "It's amusing, my Lord. I found the iron smelting blast furnace and iron roasting furnace you constructed, far surpassing anything outside... in terms of efficiency and capability."

Lynn nodded slightly.

The outside world is still using 'bloomery furnaces.'

Whether in refining efficiency or the purity of the iron, it can't compare to the blast furnace.

One could even say the blast furnace is at least decades ahead!

Lynn asked, "Besides these, what else have you seen or learned, Scholar Tate?"

Tate's mind briefly pondered, "Broadcast sowing technique, saltwater soaking method, composting with human manure, heavy plow cultivation method, heavy plow forging, grain windmill, waterwheel application, spinning wheel... and even the recent mold casting of plate armor!"

"Of course, my Lord, I've only preserved these skills by text and memory."

"Many skills, I haven't personally operated..."

Regarding this.

Tate didn't feel any guilt or remorse.

He is a scholar devoted to agricultural reforms throughout his life.

Even though he hasn't personally operated or experienced many skills, as long as he spreads the advanced knowledge and skills.

There will naturally be plenty of Lords or nobility to experiment.

The most crucial point is that these skills don't need trials or tests.

Because the young Lord's domain before him has already applied these skills to large-scale production!

Lynn continued, "Then Scholar Tate, what are the key points of the broadcast sowing technique?"

Upon hearing Lynn's inquiry, Tate showed a slight surprise on his face.

In the next instant, he comprehended.

This was the Lord testing him with a pop quiz!

Tate pondered for two seconds and explained, "My Lord, it involves the wheel plow, land fertility, control over sowing depth and spacing, and post-management!"

Chapter 235: A World Where People Eat People (5,000 Words)

"With the wheel plow, the fertile soil from deeper layers can be turned to the surface while cultivating the land, making the soil fertility more uniform."

"The fertility of the land is crucial to whether the crops have enough nutrition for planting, and whether additional fertilization is required later."

"The depth and spacing of sowing are designed to give the crop seeds better growth space for effective photosynthesis."

"Post-management includes watering, irrigation, additional fertilization, and weeding, based on the growth condition of the crops."

"Of course, these are just a general procedure and summary; actual planting requires responses based on real conditions."

Tate recounted the strip-sowing techniques in one breath.

Lynn gave Tate an approving look.

Tate was indeed worthy of being a scholar from Triumph City.

His time with the free people on this land was not considered long.

However, Tate was able to precisely grasp the key points and core of strip-sowing techniques.

Lynn continued, "What's the function of soaking in salt water?"

Tate appeared composed, constantly moving around the fields, asking questions, and observing.

He was now well-acquainted with farming techniques.

"Sterilization and disinfection, increasing germination rate!"

Tate's expression shifted as he inquired with some confusion, "Lord, there's something I don't understand."

"How did you know that seeds sinking after being soaked in salt water are plump and healthy, while floating ones are shriveled or insect-bitten?"

"No, properly speaking, how did you come up with soaking seeds in salt water and using it for secondary screening?"

Lynn gave Tate another approving look.

This was the first time anyone had asked him about the principle behind it.

Lynn made no secret and said directly, "Density."

"After rock salt dissolves, ordinary well water turns to salt water, causing the unqualified seeds to float."

Tate raised his eyebrow, "Density?"

Lynn responded, "Simply put, the buoyancy an object receives in a liquid equals the weight of the liquid it displaces."

Listening to Lynn's words, Tate appeared stunned.

Density?

Buoyancy?

Gravity?

He could understand each word, but didn't comprehend the meanings when combined together.

Looking at the young, handsome man before him, Tate felt a wave of admiration.

What kind of existence is the Lord?

Lynn shifted his words to Tate, "Scholar Tate, I won't babble on with you then."

"Now that the school is built, I'll have the workshop complete the missing desks and chairs promptly."

"I need you to become a teacher at this school and start teaching over a hundred children literacy!"

Tate was not surprised at all.

Even when he heard from the guards that Master Lynn was looking for him.

He lightly guessed the purpose.

Tate didn't reject at all, saying, "Of course, Lord."

"You provide me food and a private red brick house; I'm deeply grateful to you."

"As long as I can stay on your land, learn your advanced technology... teaching children is just my duty to fulfill."

Lynn nodded with satisfaction, "The tools needed for teaching... I'll craft them as soon as possible, for now, let's use chalk made from wood boards and lime for teaching."

Papermaking Technique, printing, metal pens, and ink!

Most construction on the land is complete or in the final stages.

He has ample labor force to develop more types of handicrafts.

Candles, oil lamps, retting hemp, even glass, etc.

Though these are small articles, they're essential for the development of life on the estate.

Tate bowed slightly, responding, "Following your instructions, Lord."

Lynn answered with a nod, dismissed Tate, and instructed him to prepare for tomorrow's teaching activities.

Lynn also left the school.

Walking on the red brick pavement, amid respectful greetings from passing townsmen, Lynn arrived at a larger red brick house.

Inside the Red Brick House.

Old John was teaching more than a hundred children, learning the white characters on the wooden board.

In front of Old John was a group of children of various ages with wide-open eyes.

Upon coming to Lynn's estate, they were dressed in loose linen robes and skirts, shielding them from the autumn chill.

Their faces, previously dirty, were now wiped clean.

Their clear and bright eyes were filled with a thirst and curiosity for knowledge.

Lynn glanced around.

He saw Markel, Gavin's son, and Charles, Rose's brother.

As his eyes moved among the children, Lynn also saw Sienna!

Sienna's eyes widened as she looked at Lynn and flashed a simple smile at him.

Lynn smiled slightly and withdrew his gaze.

These children might be five or six, or seven or eight, the oldest no more than eleven.

Previously, Lynn had already informed all the townsmen.

Encouraging them to bear children vigorously.

He would be responsible for all the children on the estate! No need for any labor before adulthood.

He would provide a good living environment, nutritious food, and opportunities for education.

For Lynn, these living resources aren't substantial.

However, to these children, it's a chance for transformation.

Chapter 236: A World Where People Eat People (5,000 Words)

They can learn to read and write with this, mastering skills far more advanced than those passed down orally in a short time.

Moreover, if conditions permit, Lynn can invite masters with various skills to teach them different abilities.

For instance, oratory, trade, even disguise, stealth, and so on...

Children who have learned different skills can be sent by Lynn to various places.

Whether it's to purchase more goods for the territory, infiltrate the Royal Family's Great Lords, or become members of some mysterious organization...

They can play different roles in various fields.

Their future repayment to Lynn is immeasurable.

At this moment.

Old John stepped out from the Red Brick House.

He came to Lynn's side and respectfully said, "Master Lynn?"

Lynn glanced at Old John; since the last time he used the [Healing Light], he had been in a state of exhaustion and weakness.

After this period of recuperation, it was clear he had recovered.

Lynn spoke, "Old John, starting tomorrow, you won't need to teach them anymore. You can do whatever you want within the territory."

Old John was a bit surprised, but soon he seemed to realize something, "Master Lynn, is it to let that scholar teach them?"

Lynn nodded.

A trace of hesitation appeared on Old John's face.

Lynn said, "If you have something to say, just say it directly."

The hesitation on Old John's face grew even stronger.

Finally, he seemed to have made a decision and resolutely said, "Master Lynn, to be honest, before coming to your territory, I was completely lost."

"The people I've seen, the scenes I've witnessed, you probably can't imagine..."

"Outside...out there, it's a world where people eat people."

"They would, for a bite of food, smash a hoe into a neighbor's skull;

for a mouthful of water, stab a dagger into a friend's chest;

for a few pence, chop a brother's neck through!"

"Even...when they can't stand the hunger, there's cannibalism!"

Lynn did not speak, he walked to a nearby bench and sat down.

Old John's words continued.

"But after being brought to your territory by the slave traders, seeing everything in the territory made me feel...feel..."

Old John seemed momentarily at a loss for words.

"It's so unreal!"

"Yes!"

"No one has to worry about food, worry about whether they'll go hungry for the next meal, or even worry about being devoured by bandits or wild animals when they sleep at night."

"Everyone can sleep comfortably in the Red Brick House with family and friends, relax, and await the dawn."

"Master Lynn, you should also understand what it's like to be utterly exhausted but still worry about your life."

"But after coming to your territory, I never felt that way again!"

"If, as told in the 'Oath of Light', there is an Eden in this world, it must be your territory!"

Old John's tone became a bit excited.

Seeing Lynn's direct gaze, Old John realized that he might have said too much.

Old John bent slightly and continued, "Apologies, Master Lynn."

"I wanted to say, if possible, I'd like to continue teaching these children..."

"It's only in the pure and simple eyes of the children that I can find inner peace..."

Lynn nodded, "In that case... if any child is interested, you can teach them medicine!"

"I need more townsmen to possess knowledge of bleeding and bandaging as well as herbal Production."

As long as there is war, it is destined that there will be deaths, and it is inevitable that there will be bleeding.

If there are a large number of doctors capable of bleeding and bandaging, that would naturally minimize the deaths of soldiers.

In this world, even a casual cut is prone to wound infection, leading to fatal situations.

Medical technology is too backward!

No, to be precise—there is no medical technology.

All the doctors who know some herbal knowledge and simple medical skills serve only the Lord Nobility and the wealthy!

Ordinary patients who are injured or sick.

Can only rely on their hardiness to survive.

Hearing Lynn's talk, Old John's eyes lit up and he quickly said, "Of course! I am sure that no one in the entire territory understands medicine more than I do!"

Once, in order to liberate more people from illness in the Church, he spent a lot of time studying medicine.

A vast amount of books and records in the Church, consulting the few doctors in Silver Moon City, he even conducted experiments on himself!

Old John did not expect that the medical knowledge he had learned could still shine in Master Lynn's territory.

For Old John, this was the best arrangement.

Looking at Old John's face, full of wrinkles due to smiling, Lynn couldn't help but smile.

Old John seemed old, but his mentality was much better than others'.

Lynn restrained his smile, "I will Construction a hospital and assign you twenty townsmen for you to direct."

"Afterward, when townsmen are injured or ill, you and your team will treat them."

Old John had no hesitation, "Okay, Master Lynn."

Lynn's tone turned, "If you don't mind, you can even take a few disciples to teach them the Power of healing..."

Old John's [Healing Light] skill, even now, it still remains fresh in Lynn's memory.

It saved Gavin, who was lying in a pool of blood and near death.

If there could be several more like Old John, wouldn't it be like multiple lives were saved?

Such an Ability is indeed so powerful that it's somewhat terrifying.

Old John had a troubled look on his face, "Master Lynn, I'm afraid I can't do that..."

Lynn did not insist, "Then you can explain it to them."

"Tomorrow morning, everyone goes to the newly built school to study with Scholar Tate."

"If anyone is willing to learn medical knowledge from you, you can let them stay."

Old John bowed his head again, "Yes, Master Lynn."

After dismissing Old John, Lynn stood up.

Once again, his gaze swept over the children in the Red Brick House.

He happened to see Sienna's gaze again, staring right at him.

Chapter 237: The Lord's Vessel

Looking at Sienna's simple face, suddenly, a bold idea surfaced in Lynn's mind.

Sienna, as a witch, could learn from the mouths of those birds and beasts that dozens of miles away, a cavalry was galloping towards his territory.

Doesn't that mean she could be trained as a watcher!

To monitor everything outside the territory!

If Sienna's ability is strong enough, in the distant Morgan Town, further away Kakasong City...

Even Bordeaux City!

Triumph City!

In Lynn's mind, a vision of a three-eyed raven appeared.

If Sienna possesses the 'transformation ability' and 'Green Vision,' it would be a tremendous aid for future territorial expansion or external campaigns!

He could control everything in advance!

Of course, for now, it's just Lynn's bold idea.

Sienna is only a few years old, from her talents and skills...

Lynn does not yet feel that Sienna would have such abilities.

He can only wait for her to grow further and see if she will learn new abilities...

Arriving at the woodworker workshop, Colin wasn't there.

Learning from the apprentices, Colin was at the dock with a batch of apprentices constructing a shipyard.

He instructed these apprentices to continue producing five hundred sets of tables and chairs for the school.

Lynn headed towards the dock.

Despite the limited capabilities of these apprentices.

But to produce simple wooden tables and chairs, their ability is more than adequate.

There's no need to use the mortise and tenon structure as before.

With simple nails, the five hundred sets of tables and chairs, with so many apprentices, could be completed in the maximum of a week.

Upon walking down a long lime road, Lynn arrived at the dock.

At this moment.

A fleet of sampan boats, loaded with various iron ores, sailed downstream from upstream.

A lineup of empty draft horse carts awaited.

The drivers by the carts saw Lynn, and quickly bent down to respectfully call out "Master Lynn."

After a slight nod, Lynn walked to the right side of the dock.

There, Colin was with nearly a hundred people building the shipyard.

Lynn glanced over, and Colin's choice of location for the shipyard construction was quite good.

Because beside the dock, everything was reinforced with stone and lime sand mixture, creating a stone embankment.

There's no need to worry about the possibility of collapse or rupture.

And being close to the dock, if boats get damaged, they can promptly navigate into the shipyard for repairs, minimizing unnecessary losses.

Watching everyone busy at work, even a dozen townsmen jumped into the river.

Lynn abandoned the idea of joining in to help.

The construction of the shipyard isn't too complex, with the existing dock providing support, it's even easier.

With Colin leading so many carpenter apprentices, he didn't need to worry too much.

After glancing a few times, Lynn moved to the back side of the embankment.

Continuing to fish!

Until nightfall.

Lynn brought a few guards carrying several pounds of river fish back to the village.

This time.

Lynn wasn't so fortunate to catch another big fish that rewarded skill books.

However.

He did harvest over a hundred energy stones, which was quite satisfactory.

For Lynn, as long as he acted, he would certainly have gains.

Visible gains, this was particularly satisfying to Lynn.

...

Night descended.

The town once again sank into a peaceful nightlife.

After dinner, the townsmen resumed their leisurely night life.

Sitting on benches, they discovered more and more young men and women strolling on the nearby lime roads of the town.

Sounds of laughter occasionally echoed from afar.

Relaxation, anticipation, seemingly tinged with sweetness...

Lynn glanced at Kuisi beside him, "Has any family in the town given birth recently?"

Kuisi, on the side, pondered for a moment.

After a short thought, she replied, "No one has registered with me yet."

Once a child is born and registered, that family can receive subsidies for living expenses.

Daily provisions include a pound of meat and an egg to supplement the baby's nutritional needs.

Kuisi continued, "However, Master, I've seen a few women who are pregnant, their bellies noticeably larger, they should be several months along."

Lynn nodded, "Pregnant women over three months can be assigned easier, safer positions, such as in the textile mill or assisting in the kitchen, etc."

"After their maternity period ends, they can return to their original positions."

Kuisi acknowledged with a nod, her eyes shining as she looked at Lynn.

Master Lynn is truly considerate of the townspeople.

Yet recalling the past experiences with Master Lynn, it seems he has always been such a person.

Kuisi acknowledged and bowed before retreating.

Leaving Lynn alone sitting on the bench, appreciating the town under the night sky.

Contrasting the tranquility and ease of the town.

At this time, elsewhere, there was a cacophony of chaos.

Silhouettes riding horses rampaged through a village.

They wielded scimitars and one-handed swords, swinging past farmers holding axes and hoes.

Amidst painful screams, those farmers cried out and fell down, struggling in their agony in a pool of blood.

Despite the anger, the terror, the unwillingness in their eyes.

Chapter 238: Vessel of the Master _2

But in front of this horde of bandits, they had no power to resist!

A small village of twenty to thirty people was massacred in just half an hour.

The original hustle and bustle fell into silence.

In a relatively tidy wooden house, the sound of body slapping against body echoed repeatedly, accompanied by sobbing cries.

A few minutes later, the slapping stopped.

After letting out a low growl, Hall, looking satisfied, pushed away the pale figure in front of him.

Glancing at the young woman crying on the ground, that pale figure no longer sparked any interest in him.

At this moment, he had already entered into a state of sage-like calm.

Standing up, Hall dressed as he walked toward the wooden house's entrance.

Pushing open the wooden door, he saw three men waiting eagerly at the doorway.

Seeing Hall come out, joy immediately filled their faces.

Before they could speak, Hall took the initiative to say, "You guys enjoy yourself!"

The three men's faces immediately broke into smiles.

After giving their thanks, they rushed into the wooden house eagerly.

A terrified scream instantly rang out.

Fear, panic, despair...

The next second.

The sound of curses erupted.

"Damn, she killed herself? What a waste!"

"I didn't even get to touch her!"

"..."

The sounds from the wooden house naturally reached Hall's ears.

He casually glanced over, then looked away.

At this moment, he desired nothing.

Striding forward, Hall walked past several wooden houses and soon arrived at a larger wooden house.

This was the village chief's wooden house.

Inside, the wood in the hearth was burning fiercely.

Illuminating the once dim wooden house brightly.

Also, it drove away the cold of the Black Night.

Entering the wooden house, a figure clad in plate armor instantly caught Hall's eye.

With caution in his heart, he stepped forward and finally sat by the hearth, not daring to speak.

Anthony picked up a steaming wine pot beside the hearth and took a big gulp.

Exhaling a breath of heat, he then asked Hall, "Did you enjoy yourself?"

Hall remained tense and said, "Lord Anthony, I hope I didn't embarrass you..."

Anthony said calmly, "It's alright. Now the entire Iron Blood Brotherhood relies on you, your status has changed."

Hearing Anthony's words, Hall's face froze instantly.

He didn't know how to respond to Anthony's words.

Seeing Hall silent, Anthony continued, "You are the host she has chosen!"

"If not for your existence, we'd still be starving in the mountains and woods."

"Without you, the Storm Mercenary Corps would still be hunting us..."

"Hall, you are the benefactor of the Iron Blood Brotherhood!"

Hall felt uneasy, "Lord, you're joking..."

Anthony's scarred face remained calm, "Do I look like I'm joking?"

Hall immediately fell silent, not daring to speak further.

A moment later.

Hall could no longer suppress his curiosity and stared directly at Anthony, asking.

"Lord Anthony, what did you promise that shadowy... woman?"

"Why would the Storm Mercenary Corps, who took that fat pig Aiden's money, choose to abandon the hunt for us?"

The Mercenary Corps, after all, wasn't much different from their Iron Blood Brotherhood.

Except the Mercenary Corps paid a deposit at the Mercenary Guild and were tacitly legalized by the nearby Lord.

And the Iron Blood Brotherhood merely skipped the deposit-paying process.

Hall naturally knew, in the eyes of the Storm Mercenary Corps, they were just shiny Gold Pounds!

If they wiped them all out, they could collect the remaining payment, get the Gold Pounds.

But now.

The Mercenary Corps, known for their greed, had retreated!

Hall was bewildered.

The only possibility arose after that eerie shadow appeared.

As the leader of the Iron Blood Brotherhood, Anthony must have made a transaction with her.

As for what was traded... having fainted, he remembered nothing.

Anthony turned his head and glanced at Hall without a word.

Feeling the coldness in Anthony's gaze, Hall immediately became obedient, "Sorry, Lord Anthony, I was out of line."

Hearing this, Anthony finally withdrew his gaze.

"Hall, there are some things you don't need to know too much about."

"You just need to understand that you are the... Lord's host now!"

"During this time, you will not be harmed, and that is enough!"

Hall dared not question further, "Yes, Lord Anthony."

Meanwhile, in Hall's mind, thoughts whirled rapidly.

A host?

Does it mean that voluptuous woman's silhouette isn't a real person?

And it requires someone like him as a host?

While Hall's eyes were fixed on the fire, deep in thought.

In front of him, within the hearth, the fiercely burning flames began to ripple like water droplets!

Hall's eyes narrowed, his entire body sprung up like a coil.

"Lord!"

Hall couldn't help but call out as a warning to Anthony.

However.

Anthony merely glanced at the hearth indifferently, his face still calm.

He even picked up the wine pot beside the hearth, taking a gentle sip.

Chapter 239: Vessel of the One _3

Swallowing the wine in his mouth, Anthony's words were indifferent, "Have they arrived?"

Hall's eyebrows raised.

Arrived?

He turned his body, his gaze swirling through the wooden cabin.

The next second.

Hall's eyes widened, his face full of shock as he looked ahead.

He clearly saw a black, ink-like substance seep through the cracks in the wooden wall, spreading around the wooden wall.

Only a few seconds.

The black substance completely covered that wooden wall!

Pitch black as ink, swirling like an abyss.

Making it impossible to see what that blackness truly was...

Under Hall's gaze, the black suddenly condensed quickly, drawing and converging.

Finally forming a voluptuous woman's body!

Hall's eyes narrowed, instinctively turning, wanting to flee the wooden cabin.

The previous experience was vividly remindful.

Thump thump!

The sound of footsteps hitting the ground kept echoing.

Just as Hall was about to dash out of the cabin, he glanced back.

Only to see the newly formed woman's body transforming again into black lines.

Woo~

The speed of the black lines surpassed Hall in an instant, arriving in front of him.

In the fearful gaze of Hall, the black lines drilled into his eyes, mouth, nostrils, ears...

Hall's running movements stopped, standing dumbly in place.

Anthony ignored Hall, just drinking the wine from his jug.

A moment later.

Hall's tightly closed eyes suddenly opened.

The original pupils had vanished, replaced by a pitch-black tint.

Hall's body turned, moving with stiff steps, walking towards Anthony.

Sharp voice like a woman's mixed with a man's voice sounded again from Hall's mouth.

"Sir Anthony, I think I've shown sincerity, haven't I?"

"Withdraw the Storm Mercenary Corps and tell you about the defenseless villages and towns nearby!"

"Let you acquire food, water, and women..."

Anthony glanced at Hall, remaining silent.

The mixed voice continued.

"As long you agree to collaborate with me, I will bestow upon you a great gift!"

Anthony seemed interested, staring at Hall, "A great gift?"

With stiff steps in the cabin, Hall's mouth curled into a stiff and eerie smile.

Seeing Hall had no intention of explaining further, Anthony fell into silence once more.

Until a few minutes later.

Anthony spoke, "I can agree to your collaboration."

Hall's smile grew more apparent, though it made one feel distinctly uncomfortable.

As if an invisible pair of hands were pulling Hall's mouth into a smile.

Hall's face suddenly became rigid, "In a few minutes, the Storm Mercenary Corps will reach this village!"

Upon hearing this.

Anthony's face changed suddenly, his body tense.

Hall continued, "Sir Anthony, no need to be tense."

"They are not coming to annihilate you, but to become your subordinates."

"Starting from a few minutes later, they will follow your orders!"

Anthony's face showed some astonishment.

If it were just asking the Storm Mercenary Corps to withdraw, giving up hunting them, that's not difficult.

All it takes is enough Gold Pounds to achieve this.

But getting a force clearly stronger than the Iron Blood Brotherhood to follow orders.

That's not an ordinary difficulty.

Anthony couldn't help but ask, "How did you accomplish this?"

Hall displayed another smile, "I naturally have my ways."

Just as he finished speaking, the sound of galloping hooves rang out outside the town.

Despite the considerable distance, Anthony, familiar with horses, quickly judged that the number of horses was at least over two hundred.

Hall also stopped his steps, standing at the cabin door, gazing into the distant darkness.

There, tiny specks of firelight were rapidly approaching.

Hall asked, "Sir Anthony, are you pleased with this gift?"

Anthony glanced at Hall, "Not bad."

Hall said, "Then our collaboration with Sir Anthony can be considered accomplished."

"Forgot to tell Sir Anthony, this gift is only the appetizer."

"If you complete the task I give you, there'll be an even greater gift waiting for Sir Anthony!"

Anthony's eyes slightly widened, "Even greater? What sort of gift?"

Hall grinned, "It's something... that gives you the chance to unsettle the entire Karedi Empire!"

"Oh, forgot to mention, your time is limited... If you can't accomplish it by January, I'll impose a minor punishment!"

Anthony's face changed again, "Punishment?"

"You didn't say anything about punishment before!"

Hall's demeanor was calm, those pitch-black eyes staring directly at Anthony.

"I'm the rule maker, and you are the rule keeper... You ought to set your status straight, Sir Anthony!"

"Besides... Do you have any other choice now?"

"You're almost starving to death, Sir Anthony!"

Anthony fell silent instantly.

He was about to say more, the mixed voice continued.

"Well then, that's it for now."

The voice fell.

Hall's standing body instantly knelt to the ground, like fainted.

Anthony casually glanced at Hall, got up, and walked to the cabin door.

His gaze turned to the distance.

There, a sight visibly clear to the naked eye of torches fast approaching.

Under the glow of the torchlight, one could see figures wearing various uniforms.

Seeing the cavalry outside the village was certainly not solely Anthony.

A few Brotherhood patrol members ran to Anthony's side in panic, fearfully explaining, "Chief Anthony..."

"Cavalry, so many cavalry!"

"Yes, yes, I roughly heard, there are at least two hundred riders."

"If I'm not mistaken, it's that bunch from the Storm Mercenary Corps!"

"Chief, they're numerous; we should flee... withdraw."

"..."

Anthony scanned them, his voice deep.

"What's the panic?"

Upon hearing Anthony's voice, the panicked voices instantly vanished.

The Brotherhood members wanted to flee, but seeing their chief remain calm in crisis...

They had no way to complain.

The closer pounding of cavalry hooves nearly frightened all Iron Blood Brotherhood members.

They emerged from various cabins, scrambling to Anthony's cabin.

Watching silhouettes steering horses into the village, they even gripped the weapons at their waists tightly.

In the urgent 'woah' sound, a horse's front hooves bent, leaping high.

Finally, stopping a few meters before Anthony.

As the hoof steadied, a young man's face appeared before the Brotherhood members' eyes.

Fan Ke, leader of the Storm Mercenary Corps, bore a smile.

"Sir Anthony, surprisingly... we meet this way!"

Chapter 240: Spy

Three days later.

Lynn woke up early.

After having breakfast, he walked out of the cabin and headed towards the distant dock.

Since Red went to lead the soldiers in archery training, only a few guards remained by his side to protect him.

In fact, Lynn even considered dismissing a few guards.

But he was persuaded not to by Kuisi.

The presence of the guards, even if there was no danger in this territory, could help him with some odd jobs.

He hadn't yet reached the dock.

Lynn already saw that a nearby shipyard was in the final stages of completion.

The support under the shipyard had been completed, and dozens of apprentices were nailing the wooden platform.

The platform was not particularly large; Lynn estimated it to be about two thousand square meters.

If the waterways were open in the future, the platform would be more than sufficient for constructing longships.

And behind the platform, on the bank of the levee, there were several gable-roofed, semi-open warehouses made of red brick.

They could be used for storing materials or goods and could also be used to build various ships, protecting them from the elements.

Colin, who was inspecting the shipyard, saw Lynn approaching and immediately took a few steps forward to greet him.

Colin spoke respectfully, "Master Lynn?"

Lynn responded, "The shipyard completed?"

Colin bent his body slightly and explained, "It's generally completed, just requires some finishing work."

"The shipyard's working platform is two thousand square meters, enough space to build dozens of small boats simultaneously; even for transporting longships, there is more than enough room!"

"We've built five warehouses at the back; if the small boats are not immediately needed, they can be stored in the warehouses..."

Lynn nodded, "Well done, a good job."

Colin bowed slightly, "Master Lynn, you flatter me."

Lynn acknowledged his words and continued, "However, there is probably no time for you to rest."

"I need you all to continue working, constructing small boats. I need at least twenty small boats."

With the completion of the shipyard and fishing nets in weaving, it's natural to start developing the fishing industry.

With the fishing industry, there will be a large amount of river fish.

With river fish, there will be a large quantity of meat.

As we get closer to winter, if heavy snow blocks the roads, making cart traffic impossible, the grain and meat merchants bring to the territory will greatly reduce.

Possibly even none!

The caught fish, after being smoked and dried in the smokehouses, will be stored as meat reserves.

With river fish, there will be a large amount of fish oil.

Fish oil is a good material for making lamps.

And used in leather processing and maintenance.

Especially with the standard plate armor currently being made, fish oil can make the joints of the armor more smooth and fluid.

The surplus small boats can speed up the transportation of iron ore.

To make a large amount of standard plate armor, neither the mining, transportation, nor smelting of iron ore can be neglected.

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

"I have previously taught them, and some of the apprentices can already cooperate in making small boats."

"For twenty boats...at most a week! In a week we can complete them."

Lynn looked at Colin and said, "Now, in the territory, people like you with ability are few; for many different positions, you have to manage concurrently."

Feeling the change in Lynn's tone, Colin bent his body even lower, his words somewhat moved.

"Master Lynn, you overstate it; this is Colin's duty."

"Moreover, Master Lynn, you treat us so well that even to the point of exhaustion, we would not have any complaints."

Lynn nodded, "Go busy yourself."

Upon hearing this, Colin stood straight and left.

After inspecting around the shipyard and dock, Lynn was about to go fishing again.

Behind him came hurried footsteps, and Lynn turned to look; it was Kuisi.

Kuisi came to Lynn's side and said hurriedly, "Master, Mr. Boer...has arrived."

Lynn was somewhat puzzled, "Boer, hasn't he been here before?"

Kuisi quickly explained, "I apologize, Master, I didn't make it clear."

"Mr. Boer has brought a group of Free People to your territory and is currently waiting for you at the open square."

"I counted roughly; there are about sixty or seventy people!"

Lynn became interested, "Let's go take a look."

After speaking, Lynn, with Kuisi, returned to the town.

Previously, when Jean came to the territory—who was also one of the members who established the trade guild with Boer—had mentioned that Boer had been beaten by Jonas's guard.

Recovered so quickly?

Soon after.

Lynn returned to the town.

Glancing around.

In front, several carts were parked on the open square.

Boer, dressed in a silk robe, stood at the front of the carts.

Even though he had been waiting for more than half an hour, there was no sign of urgency or impatience on his face.

When he saw Master Lynn approaching from a distance, a polite smile instantly appeared on Boer's face.

He took two steps forward, stopped, and spoke respectfully, "Master Lynn."

Lynn looked at Boer.

Indeed, there were bruises around his eyes and a split wound at the corner of his mouth.

Lynn asked, "Feeling better?"

Listening to Lynn's words, Boer was not surprised at all and explained, "Thank you for your concern, Master Lynn."

"After resting for more than a week, normal daily life is not affected now."

After Jean returned and told him about exchanging three thousand pounds of fine salt, Boer, after a little calculation, understood.