

System 241

Chapter 241: Traitor _2

Two thousand jin of linen, even if Master Lynn prices it at six pence, can only be exchanged for at most two thousand five hundred jin of fine salt.

But Jean told him there were three thousand jin.

Boer naturally understood that the extra fine salt was a reward from Master Lynn after hearing about his injury.

Therefore.

While his injury hadn't fully healed yet he could move, Boer chose to personally escort the goods to Master Lynn's territory at the first opportunity.

Moreover, he brought along sixty Free People from Morgan Town!

Reciprocity, everyone gets what they need.

Boer naturally understood this principle very well.

Lynn nodded, "That's great."

Boer went straight to the point without any useless words, "Master Lynn, this time upon arriving at your territory, I brought you forty thousand jin of barley, along with ten thousand jin of various meats."

"And also...the Free People you mentioned before."

"Upon hearing that your territory could provide three meals a day and there are Red Brick houses to live in, they secretly left Morgan Town and came to me."

"Then followed me all the way here...a total of sixty people!"

Lynn nodded, his gaze went past Boer to the back of the carriage.

There, Rose was leading a team of soldiers, keeping guard around those Free People.

Prevention is better than cure.

Text lines appeared in front of Lynn's eyes.

[Ralph Mendes]: Planting Level 3, Collection Level 2, Construction Level 2...(View Details)

[Sini McKinley]: Forging Level 2, Level 2 Production, Cooking Level 2...(View Details)

[Yolanda Elliott]: Level 3 Production, Planting Level 2, Construction Level 1...(View Details)

...

Lynn just casually glanced and noticed three Free People with Level 3 skills.

Among them, one possessed the [Forging] skill that Lynn currently lacked the most.

Indeed.

It was obvious that compared to the slaves sold here, the quality of Free People was much higher.

As Lynn was scanning the Free People, several of them also widened their eyes in curiosity, looking at Lynn.

However, more of them lowered their heads, not daring to meet Lynn's gaze.

From Boer's attitude in conversation with this young man, they understood that this young man was the master of this territory!

Lynn took a slight breath and spoke, "Ladies and gentlemen, I am the lord of this territory, Lynn."

"This territory warmly welcomes your arrival!"

Hearing Lynn's words, the Free People who had been lowering their heads slowly raised them.

They curiously looked at the young lord.

Lynn's words continued, "As Mr. Boer said."

"As long as you become townsmen of this small town, the town will prepare three meals for you, mainly barley bread and barley porridge."

The eyes of dozens of Free People instantly lit up.

Is there barley bread and barley porridge?

"Of course, all these foods will have appropriate amounts of fine salt for seasoning."

The Free People showed an expression of surprise on their faces.

Fine salt for seasoning?

In comparison to Ordinary Farmers, their salaries as Free People were indeed slightly higher.

Nonetheless, they didn't have too many pence to purchase fine salt for seasoning.

Especially last month, when the price of fine salt soared to over ten pence per jin.

Fine salt was an unattainable luxury for them.

Being able to purchase some rock salt for seasoning and nutritional needs was already a luxurious matter.

But now, the lord in front of them told them that food for townsmen here had fine salt for seasoning?

Lynn continued to speak.

"You'll live in the Red Brick House residential area behind me, with complete facilities, wells, public baths, and toilets..."

"Each two-person Red Brick House has two rooms, a living room, and a fireplace... if you have spare pence, you can go to the market area to exchange for the items you want..."

"Vegetables, fruits, meats, or some daily supplies."

"Your transactions won't have any taxes!"

Many Free People's faces showed surprise.

Not only does this territory have its own small town, but also a trade area where transactions are tax-free?

This...

Speaking of which.

Lynn's tone changed, "With gaining there comes spending."

"You'll need to work for the food and housing, and I'll assign work positions based on your abilities."

"Those with construction experience, I'll assign into the stoneworker or woodworker workshop; those with textile production experience, into the textile workshop; those with fishing experience, into the new fishery workshop..."

"In short, as long as you abide by the order in the territory and work hard, you'll never have to worry about hunger or danger!"

Upon hearing this.

The Free People who arrived at the territory became eager to try.

A middle-aged man holding a child and a middle-aged woman took a step forward, "Lord, I am a blacksmith, my wife is a textile worker, we are willing to join your territory."

"As long as you can provide us with meals and a house, that's enough."

Lynn nodded, "Of course!"

"Not only will you have food and a house, but your children will also receive knowledge and education from the scholars on the territory."

The faces of this couple were full of surprise and delight.

Chapter 242: Spy _3

Teach their children knowledge with scholars?

This truly caught them by surprise.

This is a privilege usually reserved for the offspring of noble and wealthy families.

The couple hurriedly expressed their gratitude.

Another couple spoke up, "Master Lynn, we also want to join your territory. Is that possible?"

Lynn replied, "Everyone can join this territory."

"Of course, everyone will receive the same treatment!"

Joyful exclamations erupted from dozens of Free People.

They felt lucky to have come here; it was the right choice!

At the rear, Boer watched this scene, filled with emotion.

He even had a fleeting thought of joining Master Lynn's territory.

Lynn glanced at Kuisi, and before he could speak, Kuisi had understood.

After spending so much time together, Kuisi had come to understand Lynn's personality well.

Kuisi stepped forward and addressed the Free People, "Everyone, follow me. I will now register your name and family members' abilities."

"Afterwards, I will arrange suitable housing for you."

Under the escort of Kuisi and the Guards, dozens of Free People headed towards the town.

Boer stepped alongside Lynn, "Master Lynn, hearing your words, I'm quite tempted."

"Compared to the outside world, your territory seems like a paradise away from the hustle and bustle."

Lynn glanced at Boer, replying indifferently, "That won't do, Mr. Boer."

Boer's face froze slightly.

He was about to ask why when Lynn continued speaking.

"With your abilities, even if you joined my territory, I would assign you outside of it."

"I need your abilities to acquire goods needed for the territory."

Upon hearing this, Boer smiled wryly.

"Master Lynn, you flatter me. I'm just an ordinary trader."

Lynn gave a slight smile, shifting his gaze from Boer to the distant Free People.

In the next moment.

His expression changed, and he called out, "Rose."

Rose, who had been waiting nearby, immediately ran over.

Rose bent down, "Master!"

Lynn asked Rose, "Have the Free People been searched?"

Rose hesitated not a bit, "These Free People were... brought by Mr. Boer..."

Before finishing, Rose immediately understood.

"Master, it was an oversight on Rose's part!"

Lynn's gaze turned towards the gradually distant crowd, speaking calmly, "Bring over the four men wearing gray linen robes in the middle."

"Don't cause a panic!"

"I want them alive."

Rose glanced to confirm the targets, responding promptly, "Yes, Master."

Rose gestured to several Guards who followed him.

At this moment, Boer's face was filled with confusion.

But from Lynn and Rose's conversation, he felt an inexplicable urgency.

He hesitantly looked at Lynn, "Master Lynn, this is... What's happening?"

"Do those people have any issues?"

Lynn turned back to Boer, offering a faint smile, "If my guess is correct... They're likely spies!"

Upon hearing Lynn's words, Boer's eyes widened instantly, "Spies?"

"How could that be? They're clearly Free People; how could they be spies?"

Lynn questioned, "Really? Have you conducted thorough investigations on them? Do you know each and every one of them?"

Boer immediately fell silent.

The face that had been chatting glibly with Lynn became complex.

Confusion, disbelief, fear...

In the conversation between Lynn and Boer.

Rose, who had just left with the Free People, returned.

Behind him, four men wearing linen robes were brought over, bound.

The Guards escorting them kicked at the ankles of the four men, causing them to kneel before Lynn.

Before Lynn could speak.

A long-haired man raised his head, looking at Lynn with confusion, saying, "Lord, what do you mean by this?"

Another man with a black beard complemented, "Yes, Lord, we came to join your territory, why are you binding us?"

Standing behind Lynn, Boer dared not utter a word.

Observing silently as he listened.

Now, he could only pray that these were not the 'spies' Master Lynn spoke of.

If they were, then what would that make him for bringing them into Master Lynn's territory?

Rose bent before Lynn, saying, "Master, the men are brought."

"Weapons like short knives and daggers were found on them!"

As he spoke, Rose opened his hands, revealing the gleaming short knives.

The knives had become polished due to frequent holding.

Listening to Rose's words, the four men who had spoken steadily earlier now looked serious.

Lynn glanced casually, "Collect them. In these chaotic times, carrying a weapon for self-defense is quite normal, isn't it?"

His gaze swept over the four men.

Four lines of information appeared instantly.

[Hubert Gibson]: Loyalty 0, Level 2 Production, Planting Level 2, Level 1 Construction

[Hiro Mason]: Loyalty 0, Hunting Level 2, Planting Level 1, Collection Level 1

[Crab Zorn]: Loyalty 0, Planting Level 2, Level 2 Production, Level 1 Build

[Warren Harvey]...

The long-haired man, Hubert, relaxed slightly, responding, "Lord, this is merely for self-defense."

The faces of Black-bearded Crab and the others relaxed too.

Lynn nodded, "Well then, tell me, who sent you?"

The four who had just relaxed tensed again.

Hubert quickly said, "Lord, what are you talking about?"

"We're just ordinary Free People who came because we heard Mr. Boer say there's a lord who provides food and shelter."

"Who sent us? We're here on our own concern for hunger..."

The other three men nodded in agreement.

"Yes, yes, Lord."

"We're just ordinary people."

"..."

Lynn raised an eyebrow, looking directly at them, "So, I've wronged you?"

Hubert replied, "Of course, Lord, we..."

Suddenly...

...Kachak!

Lynn raised his right hand, grasping the scimitar at Rose's waist.

With a simple twist, the sharp blade quickly brushed down Crab's neck.

A grating sound echoed as metal scraped against bone.

With another twist of his right hand, the scimitar was back in its sheath at Rose's waist.

Crab's unsupported head shifted slightly.

In the next moment.

Thud! Crab's head rolled off and stopped before the long-haired man.

On the head, eyes stared wide open at Hubert.

The headless body collapsed immediately, blood surging from the severed neck, soaking the limestone ground...

Hubert's face froze instantly.

Chapter 243: Send Them on Their Way

Not only Hubert, but the two men beside him.

Rose, Boer, and even the guards standing by were all stunned.

They never dreamed that this seemingly young Lord could be so decisive and ruthless!

He didn't even need their confession!

Lynn's tall figure stood straight, gazing down at the long-haired man, "A count of ten!"

Feeling the oppressive aura from the young Lord.

Hubert's body involuntarily trembled, yet he still asked in horror, "Lord, what count of ten?"

Lynn spoke calmly, "Ten."

"Lord, we came to join you!"

"Nine."

Hubert continued unwillingly, "Lord, if you don't welcome us, we can leave now!"

"Eight."

"Lord, what do you mean by this?"

"Seven."

Hubert's face stiffened, and his eyes quickly darted around.

"Six."

Hubert continued, "Lord, we're leaving now."

In his words.

He wanted to stand up.

However, a blood-stained scimitar fell upon his shoulder.

Hubert even felt the sticky, moist sensation at his neck.

He knew it was Crab's blood.

"Five!"

The countdown continued.

Lynn's pressure became increasingly apparent.

Hubert could even hear the rapid breathing from the two men beside him, growing tense.

"Four!"

Thoughts raced through Hubert's mind.

"Three!"

The next second.

A light shone in Hubert's eyes, and he looked around, shouting desperately.

"Murder!"

"Everyone, come look, the Lord is killing someone!"

"We're just..."

The townsmen glanced casually and then returned to their tasks.

Lynn casually glanced at Hubert, the countdown uninterrupted.

"Two!"

Just as Lynn's words fell, a tremulous voice rang out.

"I'll talk, don't kill me, I'll talk..."

Attempting to attract the townsmen's attention, Hubert's face suddenly stiffened.

He turned to Hiro, eyes wide, full of threat.

Lynn smiled faintly, looking at Hiro, "It seems someone still wants to live."

Lynn's gaze shifted again to Hubert, "Even though he is willing to speak... I'm happy to give you one more chance to explain."

Hubert's face stiffened, his words faltering, "I... we..."

"We are... from the Storm Mercenary Corps..."

Lynn's brow furrowed, "Continue."

Hearing Lynn's voice, Hubert finally sighed in his heart and continued.

"We are from the Storm Mercenary Corps, ordered to infiltrate your territory to assess your forces."

"How many soldiers, what equipment they have, and if it's possible to incite the peasants in rebellion within your land!"

"Even from within, dismantle your land's military might!"

Lynn responded, "On whose orders?"

Since he began speaking, Hubert had no more scruples.

"On the orders of the Iron Blood Brotherhood!"

Hearing this, Lynn's brow raised instantly.

And behind him, Boer's face was full of astonishment.

"Your Storm Mercenary Corps follows the orders of a Bandit Corps?"

With that, Boer realized he had overstepped and quickly bowed to Lynn to apologize.

Seeing Lynn, the Lord, waiting for his response.

Hubert answered Boer's question, "Yes, under orders from the Iron Blood Brotherhood. As for why, I, as a small leader, do not know!"

"However, I heard our leader reached some agreement with the other side."

"As for what kind of agreement, I also do not know."

Lynn continued to ask, "How many of you are there in total now?"

Hubert wanted to conceal the truth, but ultimately gave up, "At least three hundred plus!"

He added another sentence, "Cavalry."

Lynn nodded.

Seeing Lynn's expression, Hubert hopefully said, "Lord, I've said everything, what should and shouldn't be said."

"Can we leave now?"

Lynn spoke, "Of course, Rose, send them on their way."

Rose beside him responded, "Yes, Master."

Hearing Lynn's words, hope appeared on the faces of Hubert and the other two.

Until now.

Hubert no longer cared about betrayal or not.

Even if he didn't speak, Hirovorn under the threat of death would confess without hesitation.

As long as they could leave this land.

Whether they could return to the Storm Mercenary Corps afterward no longer mattered.

As long as they could live!

Under the lead of Rose and a dozen guards, Hubert gradually headed out into the distance.

The corpses and blood on the ground had been cleaned up.

However.

The bloodstains on the limestone road would take a long time to fade away.

Lynn turned his body to look at Boer, before he could speak.

Boer kneeled directly on the limestone road, "Master Lynn, it was my lapse that allowed these spies to infiltrate your territory..."

"Fortunately, Master Lynn, your insightfulness prevented them from doing anything, otherwise the consequences... would be unimaginable!"

Lynn smiled faintly, "Get up, Mr. Boer."

"This is something beyond your preventative capabilities."

Chapter 244: Send Them on Their Way

Boer indeed has unique and pretty good abilities in traveling merchant activities.

However, distinguishing who is a spy from ordinary Free People, how could it be so simple?

If it weren't for Lynn's cautious habit of observing people's facial expressions, small movements, and textual panel prompts.

Lynn wouldn't be able to make distinctions either.

Looking at Lynn's calm expression, Boer hesitated a bit.

Eventually, he still slowly stood up.

Behind Boer, his Guard Team also visibly relaxed.

They are Boer's exclusive Guard Team. If Boer makes a mistake and gets killed by this Lord, what would become of them?

Lynn spoke to Boer, "Mr. Boer, four thousand pounds of barley and one thousand pounds of meat can be exchanged for three thousand pounds of fine salt."

"As for those Free People... I can exchange fine salt at the price of three shillings per slave for you!"

Listening to Lynn's words, Boer hurriedly explained, "Master Lynn, there's no need, you can trade me food instead."

"Those Free People, I was merely guiding them, there was no cost."

"Moreover, what you gave earlier is already enough!"

Lynn nodded, "How about this, if Mr. Boer can bring even more Free People, I can give Mr. Boer ten pounds of fine salt per person as a reward."

Ten pounds of fine salt, for Lynn who has three salt factories, producing over two thousand pounds daily.

It's a mere drop in the bucket.

Even if Boer brought over all Free People from Morgan Town.

Four thousand people would still only amount to forty thousand pounds of fine salt, just twenty days' output!

Once the trade for fine salt was confirmed, Lynn had George arrange personnel to start unloading the grain and meat from the carts.

As the townsmen began to busy themselves, Boer looked at Lynn with a face full of hesitation.

Ultimately, Boer couldn't help but ask, "Master Lynn, are you just letting those spies go?"

Lynn raised an eyebrow, "Mr. Boer, you might have misunderstood. I said to have Rose send them on their way!"

Boer's face froze slightly.

In the next second.

He understood.

Just as Boer was about to speak, Rose had already returned with the guards from afar.

A trip to and fro, just over half an hour.

Among them, the three spies who infiltrated the territory were no longer visible.

Soon.

Rose arrived in front of Lynn; he glanced at his waist, "Master, they've been sent on their way!"

Lynn responded, "Understood."

Rose said nothing more, standing quietly with the soldiers, waiting.

Looking at Lynn's calm expression, Boer's heart was filled with complexity.

It turns out, Master Lynn before him is far more cold and ruthless than he imagined!

An hour later.

All the grain and meat were unloaded, and three thousand pounds of fine salt was loaded onto the carts.

After respectfully bidding farewell to Lynn, Boer boarded the cart and left with the cart team.

Until the cart team was far away, Rose directly knelt before Lynn.

"I hope the Master imposes severe punishment!"

As the soldier instructor for the entire territory, he was responsible for the training of soldiers.

He even took the initiative to suggest leading soldiers to guard the city walls!

But now, he didn't search or interrogate thoroughly, allowing those spies to infiltrate the territory.

Furthermore, they reached the town and were in the presence of the Master.

For him, this was negligence, betraying the Master's trust.

This kind of negligence, even a public beheading wouldn't be excessive.

Not only Rose, behind him, dozens of soldiers also knelt on the ground.

In unison, a voice arose from their mouths.

"We hope for severe punishment."

Lynn glanced at them, speaking in a deep voice, "If I had more generals or instructors, I would certainly behead you."

"However, I am willing to give you a chance to offset mistakes with merit."

Rose still dared not raise his head.

Lynn's words continued, "Next spring, I need you to lead these soldiers to eradicate the Iron Blood Brotherhood Bandit Corps!"

Upon hearing this.

Rose finally raised his head, his words firm, "I will obey the Master's command."

Lynn responded, "Stand up, I don't want to see such matters happen again."

Rose promptly replied, "Yes, Master!"

After dismissing Rose, Lynn sat on the wooden bench at the back.

His mind began to quickly contemplate.

Beheading four spies had no mental burden for Lynn.

Lynn didn't even know when it began that killing no longer brought psychological or physical pressure.

Starting from killing wolves for survival?

Or maintaining the order of the previous village by shooting vagrants who snatched food?

Or perhaps shooting robbers who entered the village?

Even Lynn himself couldn't quite remember.

Relative to his change in mentality, what concerns Lynn more now is the spies who infiltrated the territory town.

The infiltration, [Disaster Warning] didn't show textual prompts.

Knowing this information now is a good thing for Lynn.

It allows him to be mentally prepared and vigilant against strangers.

As the sky gradually dimmed, Lynn's mind repeatedly echoed Hubert's words.

He began to sort through the logic and reasons behind it.

The Iron Blood Brotherhood Bandit Corps collaborated with the Storm Mercenary Corps in an unknown manner.

Being part of the Storm Mercenary Corps, following the orders of the Iron Blood Brotherhood.

Clearly, the Iron Blood Brotherhood holds a higher position than the Storm Mercenary Corps.

Chapter 245: Send Them on Their Way

As for why this happened...

With the information currently available, Lynn could not deduce.

However, the fact that they sent a spy into his territory clearly marked him as a target.

For what reason?

Revenge?

Because earlier he had killed a captain of the Iron Blood Brotherhood Bandit Corps and rescued Boer's goods and horses from their grasp.

Are they seeking revenge?

Such a motive is far from sufficient!

Profit?

Having learned from others that there are three mines on this land, do they desire to seize them?

Or is there another reason?

However.

This serves as a warning for him!

He needs more soldiers, needs more armor, to strengthen the armed forces of his territory.

Withdrawing his gaze.

Lynn focused his thoughts and opened the Resource Management panel, glancing over each item at the top.

In terms of grain and meat, Boer, the local merchant, provided a continuous supply, saving Lynn from worry.

Eventually, Lynn's gaze settled on the panel's Processing Resources section.

Processing Resources:

Weapons:

Iron Curved Saber: 22 pieces

Iron Sword: 100 pieces

Winged Spear: 700 pieces

War Spear: 300 pieces

Armor:

Standard Plate Armor: 35 sets

...

With a brief scan.

To date, the four Blacksmith Workshops have produced over thirty sets of Standard Plate Armor.

Although the speed is somewhat slow, fortunately, everything is on track.

Lynn did not feel impatient.

With the ongoing extraction from the open-pit iron mine and the open-pit coal mine, coupled with the iron-smelting blast furnace and plate armor parts sandbox.

As long as the Blacksmith Workshops are given ample time, he can receive a large number of Standard Plate Armors.

Closing the panel with satisfaction, Lynn checked the sky; it was still early, so he headed toward the main castle not far away.

The main outline of the castle had already been completed.

Currently under construction are the ancillary facilities outside the main castle.

As Lynn had previously estimated, once the ancillary facilities are completed this month, the interior of the castle will be decorated in December.

Lynn could then move into the castle!

Thinking about this, a trace of anticipation emerged in Lynn's heart.

Construction Experience +1

Construction Experience +1

Construction Experience +1

...

In the blink of an eye.

Five days passed.

The shipyard beside the pier was already built.

The fishing nets in the textile workshop were also completed.

Lynn stood on the pier, looking ahead as eight dinghies rowed slowly across the Acadia River.

Two townsmen who knew how to row controlled the direction and balance of the dinghies, while two others worked in unison to throw the large fishing net in their hands with all their might.

The initially folded net opened in midair, transforming into a massive circle.

Splash!

The net spread out instantly, forming a polygon before landing on the river surface and quickly sinking to the bottom.

A fishing net 10 meters long, along with the length of the ropes, was enough to drop 20 to 30 meters into the river!

The visual width of the Acadia River was at least a kilometer, but no one could determine the depth, not even Lynn.

As a boundary line between two Empires, it's naturally deeper than merely 20 or 30 meters!

However.

With the river's fish resources, a net cast that reaches down 20 to 30 meters should capture some big catches!

As the net sank, the ropes in the townsmen's hands gradually entered the water.

Until the ropes nearly reached their end, they stopped and began to haul them up.

One managed the rope while the other circled it to prevent tangling during future use.

Gradually, the person pulling the rope felt it getting heavier, and the townsman raised his eyebrows.

He quickly turned to his partner and said, "Stop reeling, come help, there should be a big fish!"

Hearing this, he immediately tossed the thick ropes aside, placing his hands on his colleague's ropes.

The two townsmen steering the boat also wore ecstatic expressions.

If not for having to control the dinghies, they would have eagerly jumped in to help.

Huffing~

Although both were pulling the net together, the weight transferred from the ropes still strained them.

A few minutes later.

Their breathing became noticeably obvious.

As they kept pulling, the submerged net became visible to everyone.

Whoosh.

A few more minutes passed, and when the net's surface emerged from the water, the frantic sound of splashing filled the air.

Accompanying this were the glistening white patterns within the net!

One of the townsmen at the helm was filled with joyous excitement; he turned to the dock and shouted loudly.

"Master, there are fish, lots of fish!"

Even standing on the pier, Lynn could hear the townsman's shouts and see the vigorous movements and splashes from the net beside the dinghies.

Not only that dinghy but seven others also had substantial hauls of fish from the river.

After waiting briefly at the pier, one by one, the dinghies returned to the shipyard.

With the aid of a dozen townsmen on the pier, the nets full of river fish were hoisted onto the shipyard platform.

Seeing the various fish in the nets, each at least three or four pounds, Lynn nodded in satisfaction.

There were even several carp and pikefish that weighed over a dozen pounds!

The mesh of the nets allowed smaller fish to escape, ensuring the sustainable catch from the Acadia River.

Lynn glanced over and roughly estimated in his mind.

The weight of this catch alone is easily above eight or nine hundred pounds, possibly even a thousand pounds.

With eight dinghies operating simultaneously.

This means that every time the dinghies head to the river to fish, they could catch nearly eight thousand pounds of river fish!

Even though it might take half a day to deploy the nets, fish the catch, and clean debris from the nets each time.

If every dinghy deployed the nets only twice a day, the town could get nearly sixteen thousand pounds of river fish!

We don't even have to fish daily; even once every three days would suffice.

This stable source of high-quality protein is far more reliable than the meat transported by merchants!

The best part is, Lynn doesn't need to spend any manpower or resources on these fish!

All Lynn needs to do is convert the shipyard's two warehouses for use as a fisheries workshop and employ twenty to thirty workers!

Afterward.

Lynn can simply wait as the fisheries workshop processes the caught river fish, cleans, dries, or smokes them for storage.

In the future, the town will have an endless supply of fish for food!

Even if fish aren't the main source of meat, they can supplement meat intake!

To make the townsmen stronger, to bear the weight of Standard Plate Armor over fifty pounds.

A varied meat supply is necessary to provide the nutritional needs of their bodies.

With a thought, Lynn opened the Resident Information Column and quickly sifted through it.

Whether fishing in the Acadia River or the fisheries workshop, dedicated management is required.

Soon after.

The information of a townsman appeared in Lynn's view.

Kathy Hansen: Loyalty 93%↑, Fishing Level 3, Cooking Level 2, Collection Level 2

Laurie Leiden: Loyalty 91%↑, Level 2 Production, Cooking Level 2, Collection Level 2

Lynn summoned Kathy and Laurie to his side.

When informed that Master Lynn appointed them as fishing captain and foreman of the fisheries workshop, assigning a hundred people as their aides.

They were initially dumbfounded, but the next moment, their faces lit up with surprise and joy.

They understood well.

It was Master Lynn's trust in them that led to their appointment!

Chapter 246: A World Where Might Makes Right

After arranging the fishery workshops and fishing industry, Lynn's gaze turned to Colin not far away.

Despite having prior experience in skiff boat production and conducting a launch experiment in advance,

Colin was still worried about deploying the skiff boats for actual fishing operations. He came to the pier to witness the fishing boats in action firsthand.

Fortunately, all eight skiff boats successfully completed a round of fishing operations and returned fully laden without any mishaps.

Colin sighed with relief.

It's important to know, Master Lynn is watching closely!

If there were any accidents, it would be embarrassing.

Colin's gaze shifted and he immediately felt Lynn's eyes on him.

Without hesitation, Colin jogged over from the shipyard.

Approaching Lynn, Colin bent slightly at the waist and respectfully said, "Master."

Lynn responded, "Colin, now the shipyard is completed, but..."

Without the slightest reluctance, Colin quickly said, "Master Lynn, please feel free to instruct me. The entire woodworker workshop doesn't have much to do right now."

The five hundred sets of tables and chairs ordered by Master Lynn were all completed yesterday.

As it stands.

The woodworker workshop has entered a period of instructing apprentices in downtime.

Lynn spoke with satisfaction, "I need you to take your apprentices to construct a hospital!"

Hearing Lynn's words, Colin's face showed a slight disbelief.

A hospital?

Master Lynn wants to build his hospital on this land?

This... is too wonderful!

His emotions even began to stir.

Colin widened his eyes at Lynn and couldn't help but ask, "Master, if the hospital is established... can it treat heat illnesses?"

Seeing Colin's suddenly emotional eyes, Lynn nodded in confusion, "If it's a fever, it should be treatable."

A relaxed smile appeared on Colin's face, "That's good, that's good."

Sensing Lynn's puzzled expression, Colin began to explain.

"Sorry, Master, my mother... she died because she couldn't get treated for a heat illness..."

"I sent her to the town's church, pleading for treatment from the church doctor, but... their treatment fees were outrageously high..."

"I barely managed to scrape together the treatment cost and paid them, but the doctor said they couldn't treat this heat illness."

"And the paid treatment fee wouldn't be refunded..."

Saying this.

Colin's expression became somewhat distracted, and his voice choked up.

"In the end, I could only bring my mother home, unable to get treatment... only to wait for her slow demise..."

Lynn said nothing, continuing to listen.

"After a few days, my mother passed away."

"Because I couldn't repay the borrowed treatment fees, I had to sell myself to the manor lord..."

Upon hearing this.

Lynn nodded, "Rest assured, once the hospital is established, heat illnesses will be effectively treated!"

Colin quickly responded, "Yes, Master."

Lynn continued, "You just need to lead them to build the hospital's main structure; don't worry about anything else."

Without any hesitation, Colin said, "Yes, Master Lynn, I'll go arrange personnel now."

"A hospital is good, having a hospital is good!"

Colin even forgot to bid farewell to Lynn, quickly heading towards the town.

Clearly.

Because of his mother's situation, the usually calm and experienced Colin was somewhat out of sorts.

However, Lynn didn't mind at all.

Lynn stood at the pier watching the townsmen unload fish from the nets and couldn't help saying, "Hurry up and sort the fish, send them to the kitchen. We'll have fish for lunch!"

Dozens of townsmen quickly answered, "Yes, Master."

Lynn smiled satisfactorily and turned to head back toward the town.

As he walked.

Lynn began planning and pondering in his mind.

Now, the town's total population has reached 5,600!

Among them, the armed forces include 200 guards and 500 soldiers within the territory.

In the workshops, Lex's brewing workshop employs 50 people, Ehrelo's blacksmith workshop 400 people, Colin's woodworker workshop 200 people, Jose's bow and arrow workshop 200 people, and Yimini's textile workshop 200 people.

On the farmland, Gavin and Wilbur lead 200 people taking care of the fields.

In the kitchen, 50 chefs are accompanied by 50 assistants.

At the three major mines, besides the open-pit salt mine employing 500 people, both the open-pit iron mine and coal mine employ 400 people, totaling 1,300 people.

At the three salt factories, a total workforce of 1,000 is invested.

In schools, 150 students are taught by scholar Tate.

In the business hall, George leads 20 assistants.

The newly established shipyard and fishery workshop employ a total of 100.

The remaining 1,000 or so people have all been put into construction across various major buildings in the territory.

The main castle, dormitory areas of the three major mines, soldiers' dormitories, etc.

With the current limited construction techniques, accelerating the building progress requires a large workforce for speed increase!

Workshops have their foremen, fields have Gavin and Wilbur, guards are led by Red, soldiers by Rose.

The territory steward is Kuisi.

Ultimately all matters are reported by Kuisi to him for handling.

One layer managing another, strict and orderly, well-organized.

After sorting through all the labor forces in the territory, Lynn felt an inexplicable comfort.

This is how a territory should be managed.

Chapter 247: A World Where Might Makes Right

This kind of labor allocation might be further refined, but for Lynn at the moment, it has already reached its pinnacle.

Returning to the town.

Lynn strode straight to the training ground outside the town.

A few minutes later.

A simple archery training ground appeared in Lynn's sight.

Built with logs and wooden planks, enclosing the training ground in a circle.

To prevent arrows from accidentally flying out of the training ground, causing unnecessary accidents.

Lynn's gaze swept around; the training ground was originally located on open wilderness, offering a wide view and excellent visibility.

Inside the training ground, there were targets made from nailed-together simple wooden planks.

Covered with some coarse cloth and animal hides to increase the friction of the arrows hitting the targets.

At this moment, Red was pacing behind the soldiers, his deep voice rhythmically echoing from his mouth.

"Pre-draw!"

At the sound of his voice, thirty soldiers slowly drew their bowstrings, creating a slight arc.

"Anchor!"

The soldiers continued pulling the bowstrings until they reached their cheeks or chins, then stopped.

This is a specific 'anchor point' in archery.

"Aim!"

The soldiers, having completed anchoring, closed one eye, keeping the other open, looked through the bowstring and arrow tip towards the front target.

Aligning the eye, arrow, and target in a straight line.

With the aim completed, Red did not speak, while the soldiers exerted their physical posture and bow-holding state.

"Predict."

The soldiers slightly adjusted their eyesight, judging the wind direction and strength based on the direction in which the grass ahead was swaying and its leaning angle.

A few seconds later.

Red's voice resounded once more.

"Draw!"

On hearing this, resolute expressions appeared on the soldiers' faces as they coordinated power between their backs, shoulders, and arms, making their longbows reach full draw instantly!

"Release!"

At Red's command, the soldiers released their drawn bowstrings just as they reached their zenith.

Their fingers naturally loosened, allowing the bowstrings to snap back, and one by one, the triangular armor-piercing arrows whistled out.

Whoosh whoosh whoosh!

The continuous sound of arrows slicing through the air rose.

Thud thud thud~

The arrows continuously hit the targets ahead, and the sound resonated.

Red stepped past dozens of soldiers, looking towards the thirty targets up front.

He shouted to the soldiers waiting on both sides, "Report the targets!"

Several soldiers immediately entered the range and began inspecting.

"Target one, hit."

"Target two, hit."

"Target five, hit."

"Target seven, miss..."

"Target fifteen, miss..."

"Target twenty-one, miss..."

"..."

Hearing the soldiers report their target hits, some soldiers had proud expressions on their faces.

While those whose arrows missed the target showed embarrassed and bitter expressions.

Retracting his gaze, Red said in a deep voice, "Those who missed, the old rule applies – attach a brick with linen to the arrow for an hour."

Unwilling murmurs came from the soldiers' mouths.

"Yes, Captain Red!"

Red's voice was calm, "The rest, continue, ten consecutive hits, you can engage in rest."

The remaining dozen soldiers' eyes brightened.

As Red prepared to continue, a soldier quickly approached him.

"Captain Red, the Lord is here."

On hearing this, Red's gaze shifted, scanning the back of the training ground.

Instantly, his eyes landed on that familiar figure.

Red looked to the soldier delivering the news, "You continue training them."

Having said that.

Red walked toward the back of Lynn.

Upon reaching Lynn's side, Red bowed and said, "My lord."

Lynn responded, "Hmm, how goes the archery training?"

Without hesitation, Red quickly replied, "My lord, the training progress is quite well."

"Among one hundred soldiers, seventy to eighty are able to routinely engage in archery."

"As it's only the beginning, although some soldiers frequently miss the target at 50 meters, the majority can still hit the targets."

"Once they become skilled at archery and acquire their own shooting experience, I will incrementally increase the distance to a hundred, one hundred and fifty, and then two hundred paces!"

Lynn nodded, his gaze shifted to the distance.

There, dozens of soldiers stood stationary, left hand holding the bow, right hand half-drawn, in an aiming position.

On these soldiers' right forearms, a rope was bound with a brick hanging at the end.

Red quickly noticed Lynn's gaze and started explaining.

"My lord, the soldiers prone to missing the target do so because their upper body strength is unstable. Training in this way enhances their upper body strength and increases archery accuracy!"

"These training methods... are crude methods taught and practiced by my father previously. I apologize if they amuse my lord..."

Without smiling in the least, Lynn said in a calm voice, "There is no such thing as a crude training method."

"As long as you can teach them archery, enabling them to slay more enemies and survive the battlefield, it's a good way!"

Red's expression stiffened for a moment, and then he firmly nodded.

Lynn continued, "If their archery learning speed is truly limited, you can definitely use some crude methods to assist them."

Curiously, Red asked, "My lord, assistances like..."

Lynn replied, "For instance, aiming assistance!"

"You can bind some simple, non-interfering aiming devices on the bow. It could be a small, smoothed animal bone piece providing reference for soldiers during aiming."

"It could also be a piece of linen string, helping calibrate their vision according to the arrowhead and enemy relationship, thus enhancing aiming accuracy."

Chapter 248: A World Where Might Makes Right

The current conditions are limited.

If some red dot scopes could be produced, Lynn could turn every archer into a divine archer!

Listening to Lynn's explanation, Red's eyes clearly brightened.

He exclaimed in amazement, "Master Lynn, this proposal is truly fantastic, why didn't I think of it!"

Saying this, Red felt a bit lost, and his words were filled with apology, "Sorry, Master, I got a bit too excited."

Lynn smiled calmly, "You should understand better than I how to implement it specifically."

Red pondered for a while, and finally nodded heavily, "Master, then I..."

Lynn replied, "Go ahead."

With Lynn's permission, Ray quickly withdrew, and soon called a few people and headed towards the training ground.

Lynn glanced a few times and was about to leave.

Upon hearing the constant 'whoosh whoosh whoosh' sounds of arrows in his ears, he became interested.

Lynn stepped towards the archery area.

The archers, who were training in batches, stopped their actions immediately upon seeing Lynn approaching.

Standing straight, their words were filled with respect and awe as they called out 'Lord Lynn'.

Lynn nodded slightly in response and was about to pick up a nearby longbow.

The soldier in charge of supervision immediately handed over a well-maintained longbow and arrow.

"Master, you'll find this one more comfortable to use."

Lynn accepted it without hesitation, left hand holding the longbow, right hand grasping the arrow.

Under the gaze of all the archers on the training field, the longbow which required a pull of one hundred and thirty pounds was fully drawn instantly.

Buzz!

The immense power of the fully drawn bowstring caused the whole string to tremble and emit a strange noise.

Lynn's sight passed through the bowstring, arrow tip, and ultimately focused on the target over fifty meters away.

Whoosh!

Lynn's right fingers released, and the triangular armor-piercing arrow emitted a sharp whistling sound as it swiftly shot towards the target.

Thud!

In a low, deep sound, the triangular armor-piercing arrow was fully embedded in the target!

The archers, initially curious, were instantly overtaken by shock.

From picking up the bow and arrow to shooting, and hitting the target within mere two or three seconds.

Even the arrow penetrated deep into the target!

What level of archery is this?

What kind of power?

Lynn paid no mind to their expressions, step by step retreating.

At a hundred meters away, Lynn extended his right hand.

The soldier who had handed him the bow and arrow quickly grasped the situation and promptly picked up a quiver, jogging to Lynn's side.

Placing the quiver at his feet, the soldier pulled out an arrow with his right hand and handed it to Lynn with both hands.

Lynn took the arrow and quickly placed it on the longbow with his right hand.

Skillfully drawing the bow again, aiming, releasing!

Whoosh!

The triangular armor-piercing arrow emitted a sharp sound again, shooting towards the same target.

Thud!

The triangular armor-piercing arrow hit the bullseye again accurately!

The arrow penetrated half deep!

The soldiers who stood in place had already forgotten about Red's previous instruction to 'train independently'.

They widened their eyes watching their lord, their Master Lynn engaging in archery.

From a distance of one hundred and fifty meters, he still hit the bullseye precisely.

Lynn felt slightly satisfied, stepping back further.

Upon reaching one hundred and fifty meters from the target, he stopped.

As Lynn extended his right hand again, the soldiers swiftly handed him another arrow.

Lynn took it, drew the bow again, with it fully drawn.

Whoosh~

Thud!

The change in shooting distance slightly elongated the arrow's sound of flight.

Yet under the watchful gaze of all soldiers, the triangular armor-piercing arrow still struck the target accurately!

At this moment, their eyes were wide open, even mouths agape, completely unaware.

Faint murmurs began to emerge from a few mouths.

"Is this... is this Master Lynn?"

"Hit the bullseye at fifty meters, hit the bullseye at one hundred meters, still hit the bullseye at one hundred and fifty meters!"

"Yes, a distance of one hundred and fifty meters... The bullseye is only a tiny dot, I can't even see it clearly, yet Master Lynn still hits it!"

"..."

Then, when they saw Lynn hit the target from one hundred and fifty meters, they continued to retreat.

Their faces were increasingly shocked.

"Master Lynn... is he going for a two-hundred-meter shot?"

"This... can you even see the bullseye from two hundred meters?"

"I tried looking before, and I could only see the target..."

"No way? Is Master Lynn really trying?"

"If he doesn't hit the bullseye, just hitting the target would be okay, but if he misses..."

"He's Master Lynn, isn't he worried about losing face?"

"..."

Arriving at the two-hundred-meter mark, Lynn stopped.

His gaze looked far ahead.

Two hundred meters, seemingly not far.

If an average person runs, they'd get there in twenty-five seconds.

But in Lynn's sight, the target had become just a small spot.

Not to mention the bullseye, which was originally less than eight centimeters!

Lynn's right hand reached out to the accompanying soldier once more.

The soldier hesitated a bit but ultimately handed Lynn an arrow.

Unable to resist, he said, "Master Lynn, hitting the bullseye from one hundred and fifty meters is already incredible..."

Taking the arrow, Lynn curiously looked at the soldier without saying a word.

The soldier immediately knelt on the ground, "Apologies, Master Lynn, I spoke out of turn, please punish me."

Lynn replied, "No matter, rise."

The soldier, with some trepidation, slowly stood up after receiving permission.

Lynn glanced around; all the soldiers in the training ground had stopped.

They were looking at him from afar with faces full of admiration.

Lynn understood that if he stopped now, he would become the object of worship for these archers.

His three arrows would be remembered by these archers for a lifetime.

Even become a topic over tea!

"Is he a Divine Archer? I have to mention the real Divine Archer—our lord, Master Lynn!"

"From fifty meters, driving a Triangular Armor-Piercing Arrow straight through the bullseye!"

"From one hundred meters, it went halfway into the bullseye."

"From one hundred and fifty meters, it pierced accurately into the bullseye."

If he misses from two hundred meters, his image would surely be affected.

But Lynn didn't care!

Reaching for the Triangular Armor-Piercing Arrow from the soldier, Lynn immediately nocked it on the bowstring, the longbow instantly at full draw.

Whoosh!

He slightly felt the strength and direction of the wind, took a deep breath.

As he exhaled the warm air from his abdomen, Lynn's right fingers released, and the Triangular Armor-Piercing Arrow shot forward instantly.

Across the entire training ground, all the soldiers' eyes followed the direction of the arrow fired by Lynn.

The training ground was already at a distance from the town, an undisturbed and relatively quiet place.

After Lynn shot this arrow, the soldiers even forgot how to breathe.

The training ground was so silent, you could hear a pin drop!

Crack!

Thunk!

Because there were arrows previously shot by Lynn on the target.

But the Triangular Armor-Piercing Arrow fired lastly by Lynn forcibly broke and knocked down those arrows, embedding firmly into the target.

A soldier responsible for announcing the target results hurried up to check.

His voice was full of excitement as he shouted, "Bullseye!"

Hearing the soldier's shout, waves of excited cheers and applause for Lynn echoed through the training ground.

Looking at these excited soldiers, their faces flushed, Lynn couldn't help but smile.

Just as he had imagined before.

If he hadn't fired this last arrow, he would become a topic of conversation for these soldiers in the future.

"Master Lynn is a Divine Archer, I witnessed it with my own eyes."

But now, not only did he shoot this arrow.

He also broke all the previous arrows and accurately hit the bullseye!

This arrow was enough to awe everyone present.

This arrow was enough to conquer them deeply!

To the point of reverence!

Lynn glanced at the soldiers, indeed, their loyalty had reached as high as 97%!

This is a world that reveres the strong, where strength is respected!

Chapter 249: Succubus and Dwarf

With the soldiers crowding around like stars surrounding the moon, Lynn walked out of the training ground.

Compared to the soldiers' amazement, his heart was much calmer.

The [Bow Mastery] skill obtained from [Fishing] was indeed much more powerful than Lynn had imagined.

Whether it was the feel of shooting arrows, the perception of the surrounding environment while shooting, or the experience of archery...

That feeling was as if Lynn had been diligently training in archery for decades.

Proficient and effortless, like eating or drinking water.

However.

With his current ability, Lynn couldn't guarantee precise accuracy on targets over two hundred meters away.

If it was a moving target, the accuracy would be even less reliable.

At least an eighty percent chance of missing.

Lynn also understood.

The most [Bow Mastery] could achieve was merely the limit of an ordinary person.

Lynn didn't return to the town; instead, he walked past it toward the vast fields in the distance.

Arriving at the fields planted with winter barley, Lynn bent down to inspect the ridges one by one.

On the ridges, besides the soil and the compost applied, there were only slight traces of green like mung bean sprouts.

The winter barley seeds sown a month ago had already reached the germination stage.

But, Lynn knew this was only temporary.

When November passed and December arrived, and the whole Karedi Empire entered winter.

Cold would descend, and the low temperature would slow the growth speed of the barley seedlings.

If there were extreme cold or heavy snow causing waterlogging of the soil, the winter barley seedlings might also face the risk of freezing to death.

Farmers lacking planting techniques could only rely on the mercy of nature, at most doing some simple drainage to save the winter barley seedlings.

The winter barley would have to wait until the spring revival next year, which is early next year, to grow.

The barley seedlings, which turned yellow due to the winter cold, would regain vitality and start growing rapidly.

That is to say.

The fifty-five thousand acres of winter barley planted by Lynn were about to enter a dormant winter hibernation.

They would have to wait until next year to continue growing.

The only thing to do for this land now is to prevent diseases.

Apart from removing potentially growing weeds in the field, check whether the winter barley seedlings exhibit any signs of mold growth.

If the seedlings show mold, promptly pull out the infected seedlings.

To prevent the bacteria from spreading to more seedlings.

As Lynn picked up a few small clumps of soil to check the moisture content, Gavin and Wilbur came jogging from a distance.

Seeing Lynn squatting in the field, Gavin and Wilbur called out in unison, "Master."

Crushing the soil between his fingers, Lynn stood up, glanced at them, and asked, "When was the last time the soil was watered and irrigated?"

Gavin and Wilbur exchanged a look, and Gavin said, "It should have been... irrigated about sixteen days ago, right!"

Gavin initially tried to estimate the time, but he quickly recalled with certainty in his voice.

Lynn glanced at the [Weather Forecast] panel and nodded, saying, "It will rain every few days, so there's no need to spend manpower on irrigation."

"You just need to watch out for any seedlings getting infected with bacteria and clean them up promptly if they do."

Upon hearing this, Gavin glanced at the sky with some doubt.

Although it was November now, and the skies were gray and white.

But rain, it seemed unlikely, right?

However, Gavin did not question it at all.

He and Wilbur quickly responded, "Yes, Master!"

Lynn continued to patrol the field for almost half an hour.

On the ridges, most of them had sprouted tender barley shoots.

Because of the soaking in rock salt, the germination rate was at least over eighty percent.

The remaining twenty percent were just slower to grow.

In a few days, the overall germination rate would be at least ninety-five percent!

In this era of farming that relies on the heavens, such a germination rate is quite astonishing.

Simply put.

As long as there are no disastrous weather events or invasions by wild animals or birds, there will be a harvest next year!

Of course.

Ongoing care is needed!

Weeding, irrigation, fertilizing, and other tasks.

Moreover, he made a round and saw no seedlings infected by bacteria.

The benefits of soaking seeds in rock salt were displayed once more.

For others, the value of rock salt far surpassed that of winter barley.

However, for Lynn, the thing he had no shortage of was salt.

Using thousands of pounds of unprocessed rock salt to ensure the healthy growth of winter barley.

This was very worthwhile.

Confirming the healthy growth of winter barley.

Lynn stepped out of the field, walking on the lime path between the fields.

Looking into the distance, it was already evening.

Perhaps because winter was near, the once golden sunset had turned into a twilight like a sky full of fire.

Layer upon layer, each cloud was red-orange in color...

In this vast field, looking around, it was a sight quite picturesque.

Perhaps also due to the openness.

When the breeze blew, Lynn felt a rare chill.

The Karedi Empire was gradually entering late autumn and winter.

Although the three thousand sets of linen robe and pants made earlier were not enough for all the townsmen of the territory to obtain.

But luckily, there were tens of thousands of pounds of coarse wool.

The textile workshop was rushing to make coarse wool robes!

Even entering winter, the townsmen could wear coarse wool robes for outdoor labor during the day.

During labor, engaging in physical activity would warm them up completely, making them not feel the cold at all.

Chapter 250: Succubus and Dwarf _2

At night, the townsmen can burn anthracite for heating in the red brick house.

In case of disastrous weather like blizzards or heavy rain, they might as well be dispatched to various workshops to help out.

In short.

Unless they are truly unable to work, Master Lynn will never let them stop.

There is still so much development needed in the current territory.

We must not stop!

When Lynn returned to the town.

In the distance, carriages were slowly making their way toward the town.

All the carriage frames and wheels were reinforced with high-quality iron.

In front of each carriage, four sturdy draft horses were pulling them.

Lynn roughly counted, there were more than ten carriages.

And around the carriages, there were at least forty guards dressed in chain armor and wearing helmets halfway down their faces.

Their eyes constantly scanned the surroundings, faces full of sternness.

Clearly, these weren't ordinary guards.

Such an armed force couldn't even be described as a caravan.

Calling it a guard team is more fitting.

Behind and ahead of the carriages, Rose led nearly seventy to eighty soldiers, escorting them from front and rear.

Such a large number of fully armed guards are a tremendous threat to the town.

Shortly after.

The caravan arrived at the open plaza in front of the town and came to a halt.

Under Lynn's watchful eyes, a pale and handsome young man dismounted from a horse.

This young man was Zod Brown!

Tap-tap.

The familiar sound of leather shoes tapping the ground resounded.

Zod wore a confident smile and walked up to Lynn.

He bowed slightly, speaking with composure and softness, "Master Lynn, long time no see."

Lynn responded with a smile, "The last time we met was probably two months ago, right, Mr. Zod?"

Zod pondered for a few seconds and soon gave up on recalling, "Perhaps so, Master Lynn."

Lynn didn't mind and glanced at the dozens of carriages behind Zod.

Each carriage was covered with large pieces of linen cloth, concealing the goods beneath.

Lynn cut to the chase and asked directly, "Mr. Zod, what surprise have you brought me this time?"

Lynn clearly remembered that Zod mentioned bringing him a succubus last time before he left!

Listening to Lynn's words, Zod didn't beat around the bush and nodded, "Master Lynn... I have two surprises."

As he spoke.

Zod stepped forward, leading Lynn slowly toward the back of the carriages.

At the front of the leading carriage, Zod glanced at the driver sitting on it.

The driver instantly understood, leaping down swiftly and running to the back of the carriage to unbind the linen cloth covering it.

Zod smiled and said, "Mr. Lynn, perhaps you aren't familiar with my character, let me introduce myself once more."

"I, Zod Brown, though not as experienced in trade as my brothers, however..."

"I, Zod Brown, never break my word!"

As Zod finished speaking, he grasped a corner of the linen cloth with his right hand, exerting force in his arm. The cloth bound to the carriage was instantly flipped open.

On the four-horse carriage capable of transporting five thousand pounds of goods, there was only a cage made of high-quality iron.

Inside the cage, a figure was crouched in the corner, trembling.

Over that figure lay a greyish-black piece of linen cloth, preventing Lynn from seeing its features clearly.

However.

As Lynn shifted his gaze, peering through the edge of the linen cloth, he saw a glimpse of white skin on a rear end.

At the edge of that rear, there was a long, slender tail wriggling slowly.

Instantly.

Lynn understood!

Why Zod proudly claimed that he never breaks his word.

Because Zod really brought him a succubus!

Perhaps sensing the change in the outside environment, becoming increasingly bright as the noise grew louder.

The body curled under the linen cloth suddenly shook free of the fabric.

Stepping forward, darting quickly towards Lynn and Zod standing outside the cage.

Clatter!

Before the figure could get close, the sound of chains pulling resonated loudly inside the cage, forcibly retracting the figure back.

It slammed hard into the bottom of the carriage.

It was only then that Lynn finally saw the figure clearly.

The thin strap she wore outlined her voluptuous figure perfectly.

Her fair skin, with enticing vest lines on her abdomen, and her straight and slightly plump long legs, tempting one to explore the depths.

Her ample bosom, pushed together by the straps, beckoned one to ascend.

Her exquisite, otherworldly face sported a high and straight nose bridge, and vividly red lips akin to flames.

However.

On such a figure, she had blood-red eyes and sharp black horns like a goat atop her head.

Above her rear, a black tail ending in a red heart swayed!

Her fair back was adorned with bat-like wings!

Even a single glance would boil one's blood, inciting a desire to pin her down firmly, indulging in unrestrained torment!

She exuded a deadly allure alongside an endless sense of wickedness.