

System 251

Chapter 251: Succubus and Dwarf _3

A thought crossed his mind.

A text panel appeared before Lynn.

[Name]: Yar Bed

[Age]: 15 years

[Ability]: Encourage Level 2, Oratory Level 2, Level 2 Production

[Attributes]: Attack E, Defense E-, Speed F-, Constitution E, Energy D+

[Talent]: Charm - Disrupt the mental activities of others, influencing the enemy's mind to succumb and be controlled by it

[Skills]: Transformation Disguise - Has the ability of Transformation Technique, can freely change one's appearance

Charm Mark - Apply a charm mark on the target, causing the target to develop stronger emotional dependence and fondness, even unconsciously acting according to the caster's wishes

...

Looking at the detailed attributes of the succubus in front of him, Lynn was slightly surprised.

Such a mature and alluring body, she's only fifteen years old?

According to human age, she would just be coming of age.

Lynn's gaze swept across the succubus's panel.

Looking at these detailed skills, Lynn's heart was full of admiration.

With such a figure, combined with luxurious talents and skills, she is the perfect spy.

Perfect for infiltrating the surroundings of Lord Nobility, or even the Emperor.

To obtain crucial intelligence and execute the Emperor's commands, altering his views and orders!

Or even enslave the Emperor directly with her body and spiritual power!

Sex pet?

That's the most elementary use!

Zod's gaze shifted, looking towards Lynn beside him.

He found that Lynn's face was full of tranquility, without any sign of rapid breathing.

Zod couldn't help but cast a look of admiration towards Lynn.

He spoke, "Master Lynn, are you satisfied with such merchandise?"

Lynn nodded in satisfaction, "Quite impressive merchandise!"

Zod showed a proud expression and praised, "Of course, in order to capture this succubus, my men paid a hefty price!"

"But, Master Lynn, don't be in a hurry; this is just the first one! There's another surprise."

Lynn was even more interested.

He said nothing, following Zod to the last carriage.

The coachman of the last carriage had already untied all the linen tarpaulin bundles, standing aside waiting.

This time.

Zod did not act personally but looked towards the coachman, "Open it."

The coachman quickly acted.

In a short while, the linen tarpaulin on the carriage was pulled down.

Lynn could see the scene inside the carriage.

Like the carriage he saw last year, the entire carriage just contained a giant iron cage.

Inside the cage, stood a figure short in height but extremely strong and muscular.

With short brown hair, a dense brown beard, and a face defined by deep-set eyes, the broad nose was full of visible pores...

Just from one glance, Lynn could recognize - a Dwarf!

[Name]: Flint Fire Furnace

[Age]: 125 years

[Ability]: Level 4 Forging, Level 3 Production, Collection Level 3

[Attributes]: Attack E+, Defense E+, Speed F-, Constitution E+, Energy F-

[Talent]: Metal Mastery - Has detailed knowledge of the properties of various metal materials, familiar with each metal's strength, toughness, melting point, and other attributes, able to precisely control the heating temperature and forging intensity of metals

Flame Resistance - Has natural resistance to flame damage, can work freely in high-temperature environments, and receives relatively less damage when facing flame-based attacks

[Skills]: Weapon Enchantment - Able to infuse magic power into weapons, granting them additional attributes and effects

Armor Enhancement - Skilled in using special forging techniques and magic enchantment to enhance and modify armor, increasing its defense, toughness, and magic resistance, providing stronger protection for the wearer

...

Looking at the dwarf's attribute panel before him, Lynn was slightly stunned.

Four E+ level attributes and the age of one hundred twenty-five, not to mention.

Among the three abilities, one is Level 4, two are Level 3!

Two talents!

And two enchantment skills!

Such a luxurious attribute panel, Lynn was seeing for the first time.

Compared to the earlier succubus, this dwarf is the real surprise!

While Lynn was observing the dwarf, the dwarf slightly raised his eyelid to glance at him.

Then, the dwarf's eyes shut again.

Zod's voice sounded once more, "Master Lynn, most of the lords keep them in underground chambers, engaging in some deep interaction with the succubus when needed!"

"Of course, the succubus... has many uses! How you use it, Master Lynn, is entirely up to you."

"I can assure you that as long as you restrain her physically, this newly adult succubus will not harm you..."

"She is a hybrid between a succubus and a human... and doesn't have the full strength of a true succubus!"

Lynn nodded.

Zod's words continued, "As for this dwarf... consider it a serendipitous acquisition."

"He came to me on his own, saying he would follow me anywhere, any country!"

Hearing this, Lynn was somewhat surprised and looked at the dwarf again.

Dwarves are known for their preference for communal living.

This dwarf named Flint Fire Furnace actually chose to leave his dwelling voluntarily?

Zod continued, "Master Lynn, besides the two surprises, I also brought you a batch of spices and grains."

"Oregano, mint, parsley, pepper, cinnamon, ginger, clove, nutmeg, etc., a total of five hundred pounds."

"Thirty thousand pounds of barley, ten thousand pounds of wheat."

Lynn nodded, "Mr. Zod, you can quote your price directly."

Whether succubi, dwarves, or this batch of spices, their value far exceeds that of ordinary merchandise.

Especially succubi and dwarves, they are treasures money cannot buy.

Even Lynn is unable to fully assess their value!

As for spices... the price is even exceptionally expensive.

The price of a pound of ginger is roughly equivalent to a sheep!

Pepper's price is terrifyingly high, even referred to as 'black gold'!

Pepper trading in the market is mostly done by weighing per grain; if someone uses a plate to serve pepper, it is surely a matter of a great lord or a wealthy person's status.

Shows the nobility of pepper.

Zod paused briefly, looking directly at Lynn beside him, and said, "Twelve thousand pounds of fine salt!"

Lynn's gaze equally fixed on Zod, solemnly said, "At most ten thousand pounds."

Lynn and Zod's expressions remained calm, their gazes locked, neither yielding.

Zod spoke again, "Eleven thousand!"

Lynn shook his head, succinctly stated, "Ten thousand!"

Zod fell into silence.

After a while, Zod's serious face broke into a smile, "Master Lynn, pleasant cooperation!"

Lynn reciprocated with a smile, "Pleasant cooperation."

Ten thousand pounds of fine salt!

This could be considered the largest transaction in the territory's history.

Even according to the lowest market price, six pence per pound, it amounts to six hundred thousand pence!

Fifty thousand shillings.

Two thousand five hundred Gold Pounds!

If it weren't for his previous decision to invest a massive amount of manpower and resources, having Colin and Ehrelo expand the salt factory to three establishments, increasing the salt factory's output.

The ten thousand pounds of fine salt, he truly couldn't provide!

The reason Lynn held firm at ten thousand pounds of fine salt was because he had viewed the [Resource Management] panel.

The storage amount of fine salt in the warehouse was just ten thousand two hundred pounds!

Chapter 252: Bloodthirsty State

Kuisi and George appeared without anyone noticing, overhearing Lynn and Zod's conversation.

The two didn't need any orders, and summoned nearly a hundred people to start unloading the cages from the carriage.

Even though the two cages were made of quality iron, compared to a hundred thousand pounds of fine salt, they were insignificant!

Soon.

The two cages were unloaded and carried down; with the cover of linen oilcloth and black cloth, the townspeople couldn't see the scene inside the cages.

Meanwhile, dozens of townsmen were methodically unloading the grains and spices.

Afterwards, they still needed to load a hundred thousand pounds of fine salt, which would take time... It's quite a large project.

Seeing the sky gradually darkening, Lynn spoke, "Mr. Zod, the night is approaching, if you don't mind, you can stay overnight at my business hall."

Zod smiled slightly, calmly saying, "Thank you for your kindness, Master Lynn, we never like to spend the night on someone else's territory!"

Lynn nodded, without insisting further.

Zod was indeed a very cautious existence.

Even though this was their second transaction, Zod always remained alert and wary of him.

However.

Lynn thought again, it was quite normal.

His relationship with Zod was purely business, not even counting as friendship.

The only link between them was just Grayson.

Zod continued, "If possible... I hope Master Lynn can arrange someone to feed my horses..."

"Their feed has run out on the way here!"

Lynn nodded, "Of course, Mr. Zod."

...

Time continued to pass.

The fiery sky had completely dimmed.

In front of the bonfire on the open square.

Zod, with his guards and grooms, were cooking and warming themselves.

Under the roasting of burning red charcoal, the iron pot in front of them was continuously steaming.

Zod's face was filled with calmness as he aimlessly scanned the surroundings, observing the life in this small town under the night sky.

A burly man wearing chain armor approached Zod.

Sitting on a wooden stool nearby, he spoke respectfully, "Master."

Zod glanced at him casually and said, "Captain Snape, have you seen such a scene in other territories?"

"Clearly amid a chaotic world, yet living leisurely in this secluded territory."

"Clearly peasants, yet seeing happiness and contentment on their faces."

"Clearly existing only to be manipulated, yet feeling their desire to survive!"

The Guard Captain Snape, beside him, did not speak, and his gaze also swept over everything around.

Just as his master said, the people around them looked completely different from those they encountered outside.

Outside, people's expressions were filled with anxiety and fear of the unknown.

Encountering a caravan like theirs, people would surely avoid them from afar.

But here.

The townspeople were living peacefully and happily, even gathering together on autumn nights approaching winter, around the bonfire for warmth, and he even saw some holding wine pots, drinking!

Such a territory was something he encountered for the first time even after years of wandering across the continent.

Snape said in a deep voice, "Perhaps... this lord possesses some unusual skills?"

The last time they came to this territory, it was in ruins, undergoing reconstruction.

But now, the construction was already nearly complete.

Even the ten-meter-high castle was visible under the night sky.

Not to mention the rows of red brick houses.

Zod nodded in agreement, "Perhaps... But what kind of special skills would that be?"

Snape did not answer.

Because he didn't know how to respond to his master.

Shortly after.

The food in the iron pot was cooked, and everyone began to eat tonight's dinner.

In the distance.

Lynn, sitting on a bench, was watching Zed and his group.

In front of him, blocks of text prompt panels flashed by repeatedly.

[Name]: Snape Dorian

[Age]: 40 years

[Abilities]: Swordsmanship Level 3, Hunting Level 2, Riding Skill Level 2

[Attributes]: Attack E, Defense E+, Speed D-, Constitution E, Energy F-

[Talent]: Anger Mastery—Accumulating anger value through combat damage and receiving damage, the higher the anger value, the stronger the ability

[Skills]: Bloodthirsty—After killing enemies, enters a bloodthirsty state, enhancing all attributes by 30%

Tornado Slash—Charges forward, dealing damage to hit targets, or multi-strike damage to enemies in the frontal fan-shaped area

...

Since over ten minutes ago, he had reviewed everyone's attribute panels.

Eventually, Lynn's gaze fell on the burly man whose status was evidently only below Zed.

Aside from him, some other guards had skills, but compared to Snape, they were far inferior.

Snape was an extraordinary!

Based on Snape's attribute panel and talent skills, he seemed more like a berserker.

Lynn confirmed once more, glancing at Snape's skills, and finally his mind focused.

[Would you like to consume a Skill Duplication Book to learn Snape Dorian's Bloodthirsty skill?]

Lynn didn't hesitate.

"Yes!"

[Learning Successful]

As the text appeared before his eyes, a vast memory emerged in Lynn's mind.

A hint of delight appeared on Lynn's face.

Chapter 253: Bloodthirsty State _2

Enter the bloodthirsty state, and all attributes are increased by 30%!

What does that mean?

It means that the [Bloodthirsty] skill will enhance differently according to each individual's attributes.

Now, even though only [Power] is at the C-level, he has the enhancement capability.

As long as there are enough Energy Stones, Lynn can raise all attributes to the C-level.

B-level...even A-level!

Then this 30% all-attribute enhancement is something else entirely!

[Bloodthirsty] is more like a passive skill; the slain enemies in battle will enable self-entry into the bloodthirsty state, increasing all attributes.

It somewhat resembles a talent but is not identical.

Lynn nodded in satisfaction and closed Snape's attribute panel.

Although Snape also has a [Tornado Slash] skill, Lynn is somewhat unimpressed by it.

The Skill Duplication Books are limited.

Lynn would prefer to use these Skill Duplication Books on skills similar to [Bloodthirsty].

Snape, who was eating, seemed to sense something.

His gaze shifted, passing through several walking townsmen, and finally landed on the young lord dozens of meters away.

Indeed.

Snape noticed that the young lord was also watching him.

After nodding slightly, he withdrew his gaze.

When Zod and his group finished eating, all the fine salt had just been loaded onto Zod's carriage.

Zod looked directly at Lynn, leaning slightly forward, and said politely, "Well, thank you for your kind words, my lord. We shall take our leave now."

Lynn nodded, "Mr. Zod, you're welcome."

"If you find such surprises again, feel free to transport them to my territory, Mr. Zod."

Zod's eyebrows involuntarily raised, "Of course, Master Lynn."

After bidding farewell to Lynn, Zod mounted his horse, braving the Black Night, and set off on the lime road toward the forest wall exit.

About a dozen carriages, under the torches of accompanying guards, gradually moved away, eventually disappearing into the Black Night.

Until Zod and his men left, he never explained to Lynn the origins of the succubus or dwarf.

Naturally, Lynn wouldn't ask either.

However, it wouldn't be difficult for Lynn to find out.

The succubus and dwarf both remained in his territory, and it's just a matter of time before their mouths were loosened.

Retracting his gaze, Lynn looked at Kuisi beside him.

Before Lynn could ask, Kuisi began explaining directly.

"Master, they have been placed in two vacant red brick houses."

Lynn responded, "Lead the way."

Without any hesitation, Kuisi took large strides forward.

Lynn followed closely behind, with Red and a few guards returning from archer training bringing up the rear.

They walked across a few red brick pavements, turning past the corners of several red brick houses.

Soon.

Lynn arrived in front of a relatively secluded vacant red brick house.

Kuisi beside him explained, "Worried about affecting the nearby townsmen, that's why they're held here."

Kuisi pushed open the wooden door, and a few guards holding torches entered first, and only then did Lynn step into the red brick house.

Under the dim yellow torch flame, a cage covered with linen cloth came into Lynn's view.

Lynn pointed to the cage, and understanding, Red led the guards to pull off the linen cloth covering the cage.

Inside the cage, that alluring figure entered Lynn's sight once more.

Both Red Kuisi and the guards' faces involuntarily showed a solemn expression.

Black horns like a goat's, bat-like wings, and a demon's heart-shaped tail...

Even if they had only heard of the legends of demons and succubi in their childhood, seeing it firsthand now, the visual impact was truly overwhelming.

The succubus curled up in the corner sensed the brightened cage.

She slowly stood up, walked to the edge of the cage, and held the sturdy steel cage with her slender hands.

Her body bent, showcasing her curvaceous figure without restraint.

Her red eyes were filled with flickering colors, and you could even see a touch of crystal brilliance.

Choking sobs and a quivering voice sounded from her mouth...

"Merciful lord, boohoo... please... please let me go?"

Whether intentional or not, while she sobbed, the snow-white area in front of her swayed even more with the ups and downs below the mountain.

"I am a demon; staying in your territory will only bring disaster to it!"

Lynn casually glanced, then looked up and said, "You can speak human language, that's good."

"Yar Bed, tell me where you come from!"

The succubus, who had been displaying her body's allure, instantly froze upon hearing her name from Lynn's mouth.

Yar's face was suddenly stiff, filled with disbelief as she looked at Lynn, questioning, "How do you know?"

With those words, Yar, somewhat fearfully, stepped back a few paces until she leaned against the back of the cage, stopping there.

Not just Yar, Red and Kuisi beside her also showed a hint of curiosity.

This succubus's expression and actions didn't seem to be feigned nervousness and fear.

Lynn did not respond to Yar's words, instead, he continued speaking.

"Where are you from?"

"You can choose to remain silent and not tell me your origins."

"In return, I can also withhold food from you, or... execute a fiery death by burning you on a stake!"

Yar's lips lifted slightly, hesitantly in her voice, "I am from... the Eastern Region... Enchanting Forest..."

Chapter 254: Bloodthirsty State _3

Lynn became interested and continued to ask, "Are there many beings like you in the Enchanting Forest?"

Listening to the young man's persistent questions, Yaya grew increasingly nervous.

She quickly shook her head and said, "I don't know!"

"I've always lived alone in the Enchanting Forest!"

"I don't know if there are others like me, I'm a half-human, half-demon!"

Lynn didn't speak, staring directly at Yaya.

After a few seconds, Lynn nodded and turned toward the sound outside the Red Brick House.

He hadn't yet stepped out of the Red Brick House when Yaya's somewhat anxious voice echoed from behind.

"Oh, young and handsome Lord, I've answered your questions, could you provide me with some food?"

"Hmm... I'm... hungry..."

Listening to that last sentence, Lynn's hair stood on end involuntarily.

It was just a simple sentence.

If paired with her vivid bodily posture and movements.

Lynn found it hard to imagine what kind of person could resist the allure of a succubus.

Lynn didn't turn back, instead, he looked toward Kuisi, "Provide her with three regular meals a day."

Kuisi nodded, "Yes, sir."

As he walked out of the Red Brick House, Lynn instructed, "Arrange guards to keep watch over the Red Brick House. No one is allowed entry except for me and the one delivering the meals."

Red, who followed behind Lynn, responded, "Understood, sir."

Lynn acknowledged with a sound, his mind beginning to ponder.

The existence of a succubus poses a minor threat to the townsmen who have never seen such things before.

They will fear these creatures that should only exist in legend.

This succubus has the ability of Transformation Disguise.

However, for now, he doesn't know how to control this succubus!

He needs to have absolute control over the life and death of this succubus.

Otherwise, even if the succubus's ability is strong and it could easily gain the favor of a Grand Duke or the Emperor of the Empire, losing control would result in defection.

Failing to gain intelligence information is one thing, but it might also bring unnecessary trouble.

Before this problem can be solved, he can only imprison it first.

As he contemplated, Lynn arrived at another Red Brick House.

Having just entered, through the glow of the torchlight, Lynn saw the dwarf in the cage.

Flint Fire Furnace!

His eyes opened, looking at Lynn.

Before Lynn could speak, Flint unceremoniously said, "Youngster, could you let the old man have a drink?"

Hearing Flint's words, Lynn's brow slightly raised.

Flint seemed indifferent to his current predicament; he was more concerned about whether there was alcohol.

Lynn glanced at Red, and Red instantly comprehended, speaking a few words to a nearby guard.

The guard immediately jogged out of the Red Brick House.

Soon after.

The Red Brick House plunged into silence.

Until a few minutes later.

The sound of two slightly heavy footsteps could be heard outside the Red Brick House. It was the guard returning with the beer.

When a barrel of beer was placed outside the cage, a look of surprise appeared on Flint's normally indifferent face.

"Beer?"

Flint immediately got up and moved to the edge of the cage.

Without any chains restraining him, he waved his right hand in the air, took a deep breath, and closed his eyes to savor it.

"Beer with added hops?"

A few seconds later.

Flint exhaled the inhaled air in one go, even emitting a satisfied 'hehe' sound.

His gaze turned to Lynn, speaking eagerly, "Youngster, quick..."

"The old man can't take it anymore, quickly give the old man that barrel of beer!"

Lynn became intrigued, crossing his arms in front of him.

Looking at Flint's unusually stout figure, yet his height only reaching about a meter when standing, it had a certain comedic effect.

It wasn't a matter of racial discrimination against his height and body.

But because, the dwarf's damned body proportions were simply too amusing.

Flint seemed to sense that he was somewhat losing composure.

His eager expression slowly returned to normal.

He forcibly averted his gaze, but after just two seconds, it would fall back on the barrel.

Flint took a deep breath and said, "Young... young Lord, if you give that barrel of beer to the old man, the old man can craft you a handy weapon."

"What do you think?"

Lynn did not speak, continuing to cross his arms, looking at Flint.

Feeling the cold-shoulder from Lynn, an inexplicable anger gradually rose in Flint's heart.

But he still forcibly suppressed it, continuing, "I'll add a set of body armor as well."

"According to your humans' words, it's a surefire deal!"

Only then.

Lynn nodded and said, "It is indeed a surefire deal."

"Red, give him the beer."

Red, who was waiting on the side, said nothing, walking to the cage to unlock the chain.

Amidst the clinking of chains against the cage, Flint inside the cage became excited once again.

The guards behind Red, seeing the cage about to be unlocked, sensibly drew their scimitars from their waists.

Flint wasn't bothered at all, explaining calmly, "If the old man wanted to escape, I wouldn't have been brought here by that wicked merchant in the first place."

After speaking, seeing that this Lord had no intention of having the guards lower their weapons.

Flint sighed helplessly, "Cautious youngster."

Soon after.

The cage was opened, and Flint swiftly tried to squeeze out of the cage.

However, as soon as he approached the doorway of the cage, a gleaming steel blade was held horizontally in front of him.

Flint raised an eyebrow, looking up at the tall and robust Red.

"Rash youngster!"

Red's widened eyes were also watching Flint.

Lynn's voice sounded, "Let him carry it in himself."

Upon hearing Lynn's words, Red finally removed his scimitar.

Flint immediately stepped out of the cage, went over to the barrel, bent his strong and sturdy legs, and wraped his arms around the edge of the barrel...

As his legs straightened again, the nearly three-hundred-pound, full-to-the-brim barrel was directly lifted by Flint.

Under the astonished gazes of everyone around, he walked back into the cage.

Flint even used his foot to close the cage door along the way.

He seemed to treat the cage like it was his home!

Chapter 255: Fireplace Race

Under the watchful eyes of Lynn and the others.

Flint directly hugged the barrel of beer and sat on the ground.

After skillfully opening the barrel lid with his left hand, he leaned his head against the edge of the barrel.

His nostrils flared as he took a deep breath of the beer aroma.

Flint suddenly lifted his head, unable to stop himself from exclaiming, "Fragrant, absolutely fragrant!"

After expressing his admiration, Flint picked up the wooden ladle beside the barrel with his right hand, dipped it into the barrel, scooped a ladleful of beer, and began to drink it in big gulps.

Gulp gulp.

The sound of gulping filled the air repeatedly.

Each ladle of beer weighed about two to three pounds, and Flint drank at least four ladles before stopping.

His mouth constantly let out belches.

Burp burp burp~

Perhaps only a dwarf could display such a love for alcohol.

At some point, Flint's large nose, accustomed to alcohol, turned bright red.

Flint glanced at Lynn and said, "Little fellow, this beer is well brewed, especially the hops..."

"Nowadays, hops are getting scarcer, and it's been a long time since I've had beer like this."

Lynn smiled casually, "This beer is brewed by my own brewing workshop, and the hops are produced on my territory, yielding a large amount every year."

Listening to Lynn's words, Flint's eyes lit up a bit.

"So, it means your territory can produce a large quantity of beer with hops."

Lynn nodded in response to Flint's words.

Flint's eyes grew even brighter.

Lynn continued, "I've always admired the forging skills of the Dwarf Race, and I happen to need a master blacksmith with strong forging skills in my territory."

"To craft armor and weapons for my soldiers..."

"Unfortunately, open-pit iron mines are easy to find, while a master blacksmith is hard to come by!"

Red and Kuisi stood beside them, their eyes widened as they watched Lynn and Flint.

Even they could clearly feel that Master Lynn was just a step away from pointing at the dwarf and saying these words.

As soon as Lynn finished speaking.

Flint, who had just taken a big ladle of beer, casually waved his hand, "A master blacksmith?"

"The old man drinking beer in front of you is a master blacksmith!"

Red and Kuisi's eyes slightly widened.

Indeed, Master Lynn easily extracted information about the dwarf.

Flint continued speaking.

"I'm Flint of the Fireplace Race! No one knows more about enchanted forging than I do."

"Even the newly appointed Fireplace King can't match me."

Lynn pondered Flint's words in his mind.

Fireplace Race?

Enchanted forging?

Newly appointed Fireplace King?

After pondering and speculating on these words, a bold idea formed in Lynn's mind.

The Flint before him left the Fireplace Race after failing to become the Fireplace King!

Flint burped again and addressed Lynn, "Little fellow, if you provide me with a barrel of beer like this every day, the old man will take care of all your weapons and armor in the future."

Lynn displayed a smile, "I had already planned for that, but..."

Flint raised his thick eyebrows in confusion, "But? But what?"

Lynn looked directly at Flint, his words calm, "But I want to remind you that I am the master of this territory!"

Upon hearing Lynn's words, Flint was taken aback.

In the next second, an inexplicable sense of fear emerged in his heart.

The seemingly young man before him was indeed the master of this land!

If he wished, he could determine Flint's life and death at any moment.

Flint nodded in acknowledgment, "Of course, Lord."

Lynn casually nodded, "As you said, starting tomorrow, you can pick up a barrel of beer from the brewing workshop every day."

"The cost is... leading those blacksmith apprentices to forge a large quantity of sharp weapons and sturdy armor!"

Flint nodded again, "No problem, Lord."

Lynn responded, "Then, tonight you can stay in this Red Brick House; I'll arrange a new place for you tomorrow."

Obviously, Flint, used to material comforts, didn't mind his living environment.

He was more concerned with the beer he was holding than where he stayed!

With everything settled.

Lynn left the Red Brick House with Red and Kuisi.

Unlike the Enchanting Demon Ya'Er, Lynn couldn't yet figure out her likes and weaknesses to control her.

Dwarf Flint had obvious desires and needs.

Namely, his thirst for beer.

With Lex leading the brewing workshop and the capacity to brew large quantities of beer.

Providing Flint with beer was incredibly simple.

Lynn most valued Flint's forging ability!

The talent for understanding the characteristics of various metals—Metal Mastery.

The ability to work comfortably in a high-temperature environment—Flame Resistance skills.

And the capability to infuse magic power into weapons and armor—Enchantment!

Such forging talent would be considered a master of forging wherever he went.

The value and impact of Flint's skills were unimaginable.

He could forge a large number of high-quality weapons and armor; he could even mentor a great number of blacksmiths!

For someone like Flint, all he required was a daily barrel of beer with hops!

Even though this trade with Zod almost emptied Lynn's warehouse of prepared fine salt.

Chapter 256: Fireplace Race _2

But with Enchanting Demon Ya'Er and Dwarf Flint, everything is worth it.

Fine salt, he has plenty!

At the current rate of excavation, the reserves of this large Open-pit Salt Mine are enough for Lynn to mine for hundreds of years!

With a daily output of at least over two thousand pounds of fine salt, in just fifty days, another hundred thousand pounds of fine salt can be produced!

As time passes, the workers in the newly built two Salt Factories have become skilled in their techniques and methods.

The daily output almost reaches over two thousand five hundred pounds, not even needing fifty days!

Letting Red and Kuisi rest, Lynn lay down on the wooden bed.

On the wooden bed, a clean and tidy coarse wool sheet and blanket were laid.

In the living room fireplace, Anthracite was burning.

With the night approaching winter, it indeed carried a thick chill, and the temperature should be about ten degrees.

Covering himself with the coarse wool blanket, Lynn gradually fell asleep.

...

The next morning.

Lynn woke up early.

After brushing his teeth with charcoal-made toothpaste, Lynn sat at the square table in the second-floor living room, eating a nutritious breakfast carefully cooked by Kuisi.

Thanks to Zod's arrival, Lynn finally got to eat pepper again!

With the spices, this breakfast was the most visually appealing and flavorful breakfast Lynn had ever had.

Life was indeed getting better.

After finishing breakfast, Lynn walked out of the wooden house.

Not far away, Red, along with a few Guards, brought Flint over.

Flint, barely a meter tall, with a distinctive face, immediately drew the curious gazes of the surrounding Townsman.

However, they only watched from a distance.

Upon seeing Lynn, they quickly withdrew their gaze and continued their respective work.

Coming to Lynn's side, Red spoke respectfully, "Sir, the person has been brought."

Lynn acknowledged and looked forward.

Lynn did not know how much Flint drank last night.

But.

Now he was full of spirit, and even the previously glum expression had vanished.

Lynn spoke to Flint, "Now I'll take you to the Blacksmith Workshop; your job afterward will be forging iron goods and instructing those Blacksmith Apprentices!"

Flint's eyes rolled for a few seconds, "No problem, Lord, forging is my specialty!"

In the conversation between Lynn and Flint, the two arrived at the Blacksmith Workshop.

Although it was still morning, Ehrelo had already led the Blacksmith Apprentices into the intense production.

The continuous sound of metal striking metal flowed into Flint's ears.

His thick eyebrows couldn't help but lift up, this sound was all too familiar to him.

Flint casually glanced around and finally set his eyes on a nearly ten-meter-high smoking building not far away.

Flint instantly became interested, and he asked Lynn, "Lord, what is that thing?"

Lynn followed Flint's gaze and looked, speaking indifferently, "Blast Furnace."

Even with Lynn's explanation, Flint's face remained puzzled.

He continued to ask, "Blast Furnace? Does it have high smelting efficiency?"

Lynn acknowledged, "The ore reduction rate to pig iron is about fifty percent."

"Of course, this is related to the high iron content in the open-pit mines."

Compared to the twenty to thirty percent reduction rate of makeshift slope kilns.

The Blast Furnace's fifty percent reduction rate, using the same amount of ore, produced double the pig iron, a qualitative improvement.

Flint's eyes widened again, "Fifty percent? So high?"

"Wait, open-pit iron mines? Are you saying, your territory has accessible open-pit iron mines?"

Lynn replied, "Yes, open-pit iron mine."

"Perhaps because the high-quality Anthracite used generates heat far beyond charcoal and logs."

Flint's face wore a touch of disbelief, "Anthracite? Also on your territory?"

Lynn nodded, "Yes, a large open-pit coal mine currently being dug."

Flint's mouth twitched slightly.

With an active open-pit iron mine, an ongoing open-pit coal mine, and a Blast Furnace capable of a fifty percent reduction rate to pig iron.

What kind of place is this territory?

Even their Fireplace Race merely occupied a medium-sized iron mine.

And it required entering underground to mine!

If such information reached the ears of Dwarves, Flint even felt the Dwarves might fight over these two veins!

Putting aside his scattered thoughts, Flint curiously looked at Lynn, asking, "Lord, your Blacksmith Workshop, in my opinion, is already very complete; what more can I do for you?"

In his earlier glance, Flint already knew the entire Blacksmith Workshop had varied tasks.

Smelting for Smelting, casting for casting, trimming for trimming, polishing for polishing, assembly for assembly...

Even if these Blacksmith Apprentices' skills seemed lousy to him.

However, Flint could not deny it.

Such rational distribution of work can maximize each apprentice's ability.

These apprentices had no skills to speak of; would it be possible for apprentices to master the entire Armor crafting process?

That would be a dream!

Lynn spoke, "I need you to lead two hundred people to craft higher quality Armor and weapons!"

Chapter 257: Fireplace Race (Part 3)

The four current blacksmith workshops produce standard plate armor that can be used to form large-scale heavy cavalry or heavy infantry.

However, since they are made using sand box molds and casting, the quality and precision of the standard plate armor are limited.

If you want to form a more powerful heavy armored elite cavalry, you need higher quality armor and vests!

Flint repeated Lynn's words, "Higher quality, huh?"

As Lynn and Flint were standing at the doorway of the blacksmith workshop talking.

Ehrelor inside the blacksmith workshop noticed Lynn at the apprentice's prompt.

He walked briskly to the door, bending his body, "Master? Are you here to inspect the progress of the plate armor production?"

Just as Ehrelor finished speaking, his downward gaze happened to land on Flint beside Lynn.

Ehrelor's eyes widened instantly, exclaiming in surprise, "Is this a dwarf?"

Lynn, curious, looked at Ehrelor and said, "Have you seen a dwarf like Flint before?"

Ehrelor's gaze lingered on Flint for a long time, and he explained, "Master, you've misunderstood, I've never seen one."

"I've only heard my father say that the dwarves' forging techniques are the best in the world!"

"Because the forging talent that dwarves possess is something humans can never match."

Listening to Ehrelor's praise, Flint's face was full of satisfaction, "A very perceptive young fellow..."

Ehrelor sighed a little, "I thought it was just a legend, but it turns out dwarves really exist..."

The next moment.

It seemed Ehrelo thought of something, and he asked a bit confused, "Master, are you planning to..."

Lynn nodded and said, "From now on, he will be responsible for teaching all of you the forging techniques!"

"For any difficulties in forging, you can ask Flint."

Hearing Lynn's words, Ehrelo had no doubts. His voice even carried a hint of delight, "Yes, Master Lynn."

Ever since joining Master Lynn's domain, he began a life of continuous forging.

From the initial iron farming tools, to the wheel plow, progressing to various weapons, and now to standard plate armor.

Despite beginning alone and now overseeing four hundred people across four blacksmith workshops, he never relaxed for a moment.

Now that there is a powerful, skillful dwarf blacksmith master here who can take on his heavy responsibilities,

how could he not be delighted?

However.

When he heard the next words from Lynn, his face immediately froze.

"You will remain the foreman of the four blacksmith workshops."

Ehrello was left with hollow joy in his heart, "Yes, Master."

Looking at Flint and Ehrello in front of him, Lynn said, "The future tasks for the blacksmith workshops are straightforward."

"Ehrello, continue leading these blacksmith apprentices to cast and produce standard plate armor!"

"Still nine hundred sets, not a single one less!"

Ehrello's face turned solemn, "Yes, Master."

Lynn then turned his gaze to Flint, "I will transfer two hundred people from elsewhere and allocate a separate blacksmith workshop for you."

"I need you to lead them to quickly produce three hundred sets of high-quality armor, weapons, and vests!"

Listening to Lynn's words, Flint nodded, speaking calmly, "No problem, Lord."

If it were Flint leading a group of knowledgeable blacksmiths, with a few months, producing three hundred sets of high-quality armor, weapons, and vests might not be difficult.

However, Lynn could not provide Flint with mature forging technique blacksmiths, only two hundred apprentices!

Yet these three hundred sets of armor, Lynn did not need them immediately.

Currently, he not only needs high-quality armor but also strong soldiers to wear them, and top-grade warhorses that can bear the armor and vests!

These are things Lynn currently lacks.

He tasked Ehrelo to accompany Flint in getting familiar with the blacksmith workshop environment.

Stepping away from the blacksmith workshop, Lynn pondered where to allocate two hundred physically appropriate men to join Flint's blacksmith workshop.

After a brief contemplation.

Lynn ultimately decided to draw two hundred people from the team building the red brick houses.

The current construction worker team has over a thousand members, and now there aren't as many houses to build as before.

Extracting two hundred people would not be much of an issue.

By lunchtime, Lynn had gathered the two hundred townsmen.

Upon learning they were to head to the blacksmith workshop to learn forging techniques, and would receive an additional penny in daily wages,

their faces lit up with joy.

Even though they understood that the blacksmith shop work was strenuous, enduring high temperatures and sweating heavily,

which work in the territory isn't tiring?

However, the blacksmith workshop would provide additional pay.

With pennies, they could purchase or exchange for what they needed.

Having the guards lead the townsmen to the blacksmith workshop, Lynn felt a slight relief inwardly.

Flint's forging ability is indeed remarkable, an indisputable fact.

However, it requires sufficient manpower and resources to fully utilize Flint's abilities.

The arrival of Enchanting Demon Ya'Er and Dwarf Flint was a small episode in the territory.

But it still couldn't change the essence of the territory's need for continued development.

After lunch.

Lynn walked towards the distant main castle.

He needed to continue grinding [Construction] skill experience.

[Construction: Level 2 (103/500)]

Arriving at the outskirts of the main castle.

Nearing a hundred construction workers who were building the kitchen and warehouse, upon seeing Lynn, bent down and respectfully called out.

"Master Lynn."

Lynn nodded, walked to a red brick wall that was under construction, held a brick with his left hand, took up a plastering knife with his right, and began to lay the wall.

[Construction Experience +1]

[Construction Experience +1]

[Construction Experience +1]

...

The construction workers nearby, seeing Master Lynn's actions, maintained a calm look on their faces.

After so many times, they were long used to it!

Time passed slowly.

The bright sky gradually darkened.

Lynn also finished a day's bricklaying work and returned to the town.

The townsmen returning from labor, as usual, walked on the lime road under the setting sun.

Returning to the red brick house, despite the empty room, there was already a tub of steaming hot water waiting.

Beside the tub were neatly placed freshly washed clean clothes.

On the dining table next to it, a cooked dinner was laid out.

Lynn glanced at it with satisfaction, undressed, and got into the hot tub.

Instantly.

A strong sense of comfort enveloped Lynn entirely.

Moist and hot, Lynn almost couldn't help but let out a sound.

He took the linen cloth beside him, soaked it, wrung it dry, and placed it over his eyes.

The warm sensation spreading on his eyelids became even stronger.

In this cool pre-winter, a soak was an immense pleasure.

At that moment.

Footsteps sounded outside the door, followed by a knock and a respectful greeting.

"Master."

Hearing Kuisi's voice, Lynn, lying in the tub, didn't lift his head and said, "Come in."

As Lynn's words fell, the slightly ajar wooden door was gently pushed open.

Kuisi stepped in, just as she was about to enter the red brick house.

Seeing Lynn lying in the tub, Kuisi's face instantly flushed red.

She quickly said, "Master, you soak first, I'll wait outside."

Lynn's voice sounded, "Come in and give my shoulders a rub, I've been a bit tired lately."

Listening to Lynn's words, Kuisi's eyes shifted rapidly.

In the end, she replied, "Yes, Master."

Kuisi stepped in somewhat hesitantly, closing the wooden door behind her.

Coming to the side of the tub, Kuisi first dipped her hands in the hot water to warm them.

After warming her hands, Kuisi began to massage Lynn's shoulders.

The strength was balanced and firm, causing Lynn to take a sharp breath.

"Kuisi, your technique is getting better!"

Kuisi's somewhat nervous voice sounded in Lynn's ear.

"Of course, after a few times, you get the hang of it..."

Lynn didn't say more, just acknowledged with a sound.

...

Meanwhile, on the other side.

In a spacious wooden house, four figures sat around the hearth.

The flames from the hearth danced on their faces.

Fan Ke turned his gaze towards Anthony opposite him.

In a low voice, he said, "My people have been in for a while without a shred of information coming out."

"If nothing unexpected happens, they've already encountered an unexpected turn!"

Chapter 258: Fine One-Handed Sword

Anthony, who had been watching the flames in the hearth, heard his name called.

He slowly raised his head and glanced casually at Fan Ke.

However, neither Anthony nor Hall spoke a word, waiting for Fan Ke to continue.

Fan Ke exhaled a breath mixed with the scent of alcohol, "I made an agreement with my men."

"After entering the territory beyond the city walls, they were to send back a message of successful infiltration after lying low for three days!"

"But now the agreed time has passed, they must have encountered misfortune."

Fan Ke stared directly at Anthony, his voice heavy with his words.

"Sir Anthony, I think we need to change our strategy!"

It was only at this moment.

Anthony looked at Fan Ke, "Well then... what is your plan?"

Hall widened his eyes, curiously watching Anthony.

Hearing Anthony's words, Fan Ke's face fell instantly.

Beside them, a hint of displeasure flashed across Tyrone, the deputy leader of the Storm Mercenary Corps.

After a few seconds.

Fan Ke spoke, "Sir Anthony, perhaps I have not placed myself correctly."

"You are the leader of this operation... we, the Storm Mercenary Corps, will fully carry out your orders!"

Anthony's cold eyes glanced at Fan Ke without saying a word.

No one spoke, and the entire wooden house immediately fell into silence.

Only the sizzling, bubbling sound of the moisture-laden firewood burning could be heard in the hearth.

And the sound of boiling water in the pottery pot placed beside the coals.

...

The next morning.

After breakfast, Lynn walked out of the red brick house.

As it drew closer to December, the temperature in Kaldi was getting increasingly colder.

Compared to yesterday, Lynn felt that today's temperature had dropped several degrees significantly.

Even though it was already eight in the morning, the cold wind blowing against Lynn's cheek made his skin tense.

Lynn paced toward the distant Handicraft Workshop District.

With the weather turning cold, he had to ensure that the townsmen received the coarse woolen robes.

Otherwise, such weather would be deadly for the townsmen working outside.

After laboring, they would sweat all over, causing their linen robes and pants to be soaked.

Once the work ended, the low temperature would immediately envelop them.

With one moment hot and the next cold, without warm clothing, they could easily catch a severe cold or develop a fever.

The hospital is still under construction, and if a large number of serious patients appear, Lynn would have no way to treat them.

After a short while.

Lynn arrived at the textile workshop.

In the workshop, two hundred women were laboring tirelessly.

One by one, the spun coarse wool threads were quickly and efficiently woven into pieces of coarse wool fabric by the spinning wheel.

The completed wool fabric pieces were then cut and sewn by the next group of women.

Finally, a comfortable and warm coarse woolen robe was completed.

Perhaps due to the spinning wheel, or perhaps because these women already had a foundation in making clothes.

A coarse woolen robe was being produced much faster than Lynn had imagined.

As Yimini, busy overseeing the work of the women, saw Lynn enter the workshop, she immediately went to greet him.

Reaching Lynn, Yimini spoke respectfully, "Master Lynn."

Lynn nodded, "How many have been made now?"

Without any hesitation, Yimini said, "Master, nearly two thousand have been produced."

"I roughly estimated the remaining coarse wool, and to make six thousand coarse woolen robes in total, we have enough materials."

Lynn looked at Yimini, "When can the remaining four thousand be completed?"

"The weather is getting colder."

Yimini naturally understood the implication in Lynn's words and quickly explained, "Master, at this pace, by the beginning of December, we'll have the remainder of the four thousand sets completed."

Lynn pondered for a moment.

It was now November 20th.

The beginning of December... that means twenty days are needed.

With two hundred people in the entire textile workshop...

Lynn shook his head, "Foreman Yimini, I can only allow ten days at most."

"That is, by December 1st, I want to see the six thousand coarse woolen robes."

"You can feel it yourself that the weather is getting colder; without warm clothing, townsmen laboring outside will easily fall ill."

"Unlike you, they can't work indoors, sheltered from the wind and rain!"

Upon hearing Lynn's words, Yimini's face fell; she solemnly replied, "Yes, Master, I guarantee to deliver six thousand coarse woolen robes by December 1st."

"If not, I await your punishment!"

Lynn acknowledged, "Go on then."

Yimini slightly bent her body and withdrew.

Watching Yimini's expression turn tense, Lynn remained unmoved.

He was the lord of this land.

His words were commands.

All he needed to do was issue orders, and these townsmen only needed to do their best.

That was enough.

Unlike the limited perspective of the townsmen.

Perhaps townsmen like Yimini saw the vast number of clothing items and questioned how two hundred women alone could produce four thousand sets in ten days?

As the lord, Lynn saw the overall development of the entire territory.

If all the coarse woolen robes are not produced in ten days, then the townsmen working outside would suffer from the onslaught of cold weather.

Chapter 259: Fine One-Handed Sword

If you catch a cold because of this and fall seriously ill, it will directly affect the development of the territory!

Lynn had just walked out of the textile workshop when a figure ahead caught his attention.

Upon seeing Lynn, his face instantly lit up with a look of delight.

Lex strode up to Lynn and said with great joy, "Master, I've done it!"

"I've succeeded!"

Seeing Lex's joyful expression, Lynn asked doubtfully, "What have you succeeded in?"

Lex answered without any reservation, "Master, it's what you told me about distillation. I followed your instructions..."

"Using a still to heat the alcohol-containing liquid mixture to vaporize it, then cooling the vapor to form a liquid, resulting in a liquid with a higher alcohol content."

Lynn raised an eyebrow.

Lex continued, "I tried using clay to make a simple still, with a lid, a heating device, a clay stick for stirring, and the inlet and outlet components..."

Lynn immediately said, "A distillation kettle! Generally, this set of equipment is called a distillation kettle!"

Lex's face showed a look of wonder, "A distillation kettle? It's indeed a fitting name!"

"Then, I attempted to start distillation using the distillation kettle..."

"Just according to the principle you explained, I poured the fermented liquid into the distillation kettle, heating it to vaporize the alcohol!"

"Since this was a trial, I went to the pottery workshop and had Foreman Beo make a clay distillation kettle.

"But because clay becomes brittle after heating and doesn't conduct heat well, it couldn't effectively distill and ultimately failed with the clay distillation kettle cracking."

"The second time, I had Ehrelo make me a set of iron ones!"

"I continued to pour in the liquid to heat and vaporize, with the vaporized alcohol steam following the conduit into the cooling device..."

"Haha, actually, I just placed a basin of well water outside the conduit, but it achieves the cooling effect all the same."

"The alcohol steam recondensed into liquid..."

"The condensed liquid is the high-purity alcohol you mentioned, Master!"

Listening to Lex's spirited words, Lynn's eyes were full of praise.

The process Lex talked about seemed straightforward.

Making a clay distillation kettle, heating, a basin of water serving as condensation water, then steam condensing into alcohol.

However, only Lynn understood the difficulties within.

What surprised Lynn was that the last time, he just casually mentioned it, at most explained it to Lex.

Lex actually succeeded in producing alcohol!

Though this was just an experiment by Lex, to achieve large-scale alcohol production, more distillation equipment needs to be made.

But everything has a good start.

As long as Lex understands the principle, large-scale alcohol production is just a matter of time!

Lynn looked straight at Lex, "Very well done, Lex."

Listening to Lynn's praise, Lex felt a surge of inexplicable excitement and gratitude in his heart.

Aside from Kuisi and Red, he was the third person to come to this territory, choosing to follow Master Lynn.

From the very beginning, Master Lynn led them to construct two wooden houses as brewing workshops and went several kilometers away to the mountains to find stones to make stone mills and waterwheels to speed up barley grinding efficiency.

And then, continuously producing beer for sale, exchanging them for grains and other necessary goods.

Until Master Lynn discovered the open-pit salt mine, he had always placed a high priority on the brewing workshop.

But after that.

Even though Master Lynn had instructed him that the brewing workshop must continue to develop.

Lex could clearly perceive that Master Lynn's focal point had changed.

Extracting from the open-pit salt mine, producing fine salt, is what concerns Master Lynn the most.

Of course.

Lex also understood.

A pound of beer only sells for two pence, how could it compare to a pound of fine salt that sells for six pence?

For Master Lynn's territory to develop rapidly, naturally, resources will be heavily invested in the salt factory.

However.

He never abandoned the brewing in the brewing workshop because of this.

These past few months, he tried many types of brewing.

But none were ideal.

Until the last time, he smelled the aroma of Cyan Pavilion Island gin in the tavern.

And heard about distillation technology from Master Lynn's mouth...

Since then, he devoted himself wholly to research and experimentation.

Fortunately, he finally succeeded!

Lex slightly bowed, "Master, you're too kind."

"Without your guidance, I would never have known in my lifetime that high-purity alcohol could be produced this way!"

Lynn nodded and said, "Distilled alcohol can be used not only for making strong spirits but also has much broader applications!"

Lex widened his eyes in curiosity.

Lynn continued to explain, "For example, medical use, I've already arranged for Colin to build a hospital, and afterward, Old John will serve as the territory's doctor."

"The produced alcohol will come in quite handy."

The look of delight on Lex's face became increasingly evident.

Lynn said, "I will dispatch fifty apprentices to you, under your command."

"I need you to expand the scale of alcohol production alongside brewing!"

"Remember, Lex, producing alcohol is extremely important, both for the entire territory and for the future!"

Chapter 260: Fine One-Handed Sword

Upon hearing this, Lex dared not show any negligence, and his expression became serious.

"Yes, sir!"

Lynn nodded slightly, "Go on with your work."

After dismissing Lex, Lynn felt a slight relief.

Alcohol can be used for medical disinfection, as a solvent for medicine, as an anesthetic, and even as a nutritional supplement and psychological comfort!

With alcohol, a hospital can truly perform its functions.

Taking strides.

Lynn quickly arrived at the Blacksmith Workshop.

After personnel redeployment, the current four Blacksmith Workshops now had six hundred Blacksmith Apprentices.

Moreover, to meet the demands of the Blacksmith Workshop, each apprentice was at least of medium build.

Almost every blacksmith could swing a twenty-pound iron hammer.

Lynn aimed to increase the production of the Standard Plate Armor at the Blacksmith Workshop!

Walking past the first three Blacksmith Workshops, where Ehrelo was leading a group of apprentices in rushing the production of Standard Plate Armor.

When Lynn arrived at the last Blacksmith Workshop.

The two hundred newly joined apprentices were gathered in a circle, and the rhythmic sound of heavy metal clashing came from within.

Ding ding ding~

The eyes of these apprentices were wide open, filled with bright light.

Lynn did not disturb them, but walked to the back of the crowd and looked through the people.

In the middle of the crowd.

A particularly strong, muscular figure stood in front of the anvil.

Due to insufficient height, his feet were on a reinforced wooden platform.

His right hand wielded a large iron hammer, and his left used tongs to hold a piece of red-hot iron.

When the hammer descended, striking the iron fiercely, sparks flew around, landing on his body without him paying any heed.

His body was steady as a rock, continuing to hammer blow after blow.

The red-hot iron ore of at least ten pounds was constantly distorted and reshaped under the forging of the hammer.

Piece by piece of dross fell from the surface of the iron.

After swinging the hammer dozens of times continuously, Flint showed no signs of stopping, virtually shaping the rectangular quality iron block into a long strip in one seamless effort.

However.

Flint still did not stop, placing the now-cooled iron block back into the furnace, heating it to a glowing red before clamping it out again.

He began the technique of folding and forging.

To further remove impurities from the iron block, refine the grain, and enhance the blade's resilience.

To everyone, this process appeared repetitive and tedious.

But only through such repetition would the inside of the blade develop fine, layered textures, like a mille-feuille.

Not only aesthetically pleasing, but more importantly, greatly enhancing the sword's performance.

Hardness, toughness, sharpness, balance, durability, etc.

None can be neglected.

In Flint's continuous folding and hammering, the surrounding Blacksmith Apprentices dared not utter a word.

Standing at a distance observing, fearing to disturb Master Flint's forging process.

Some slightly daydreaming apprentices were startled upon noticing Lynn at the outermost part of the circle.

However, after Lynn's gaze swept over them, they maintained their standing positions.

Flint's forging continued.

Gradually, the blade's silhouette of a Longsword emerged in Flint's hand.

He switched the large iron hammer in his right hand for a smaller ten-pound hammer.

Flint began refining the details of the blade.

From the sharpness of the tip to the curvature of the edge, it all needed to meet ergonomic and combat demands.

So whether thrusting or slashing, the Longsword could be wielded with ease!

This process naturally included quenching and tempering the blade.

A short while later.

A rough-bodied sword was forged by Flint!

Amid the amazed stares of all, he picked up a coarse sandstone to remove the oxidation layer and rough spots from the forging and quenching.

He then switched to fine sandstone and leather for further polishing.

The polishing of the blade itself was a lengthy task, needing meticulous grinding until the blade glistened like a mirror.

Only then did Flint pause.

His gaze turned, focusing on a nearby workbench.

There lay a black sword hilt and scabbard already completed!

Flint jumped down from the platform, grabbed the hilt and scabbard from the workbench, and returned to the anvil to begin fitting the hilt!

Click!

With the sound of metal slotting, the finished blade and hilt were assembled.

Flint's thick brows visibly raised.

He swung it a few times on his own, a smile appearing at the corner of his lips, "Quite an excellent sword!"

Swoosh~

With a movement of his hand, Flint sheathed the Longsword.

The friction between the blade and the scabbard produced a pleasant sound.

Having completed all this, Flint looked at the array of apprentices surrounding him.

But before Flint could speak, a clear clapping sound suddenly arose from the crowd.

The next moment.

A prolonged series of applause echoed throughout the Blacksmith Workshop.

Seeing the faces full of admiration and praise, a subtle confidence rose in Flint's heart.

This manner of tribute was something he had never experienced.

Flint's gaze quickly found the figure who started the applause.

Upon realizing it was Lynn, Flint's brows rose again.

Holding the Longsword, he walked forward.

The surrounding apprentices made way, forming a path.

Flint approached Lynn, handing over the Longsword, "Lord, this is the weapon I promised to craft for you."

"As for the Armor, it will take a few more days!"

Lynn nodded slightly, reaching out to accept it, and began examining it closely.

[Fine One-Handed Sword]: Forged by Dwarf Master Blacksmith Flint, it is hard and sharp, aesthetically pleasing, and suitable for combat and defense.

This sword is not particularly heavy, weighing about four or five pounds with the scabbard.

The scabbard is made of thin wood, with the edges wrapped in a layer of embossed iron, enhancing its strength and durability.

The mouth of the scabbard has an iron collar to prevent cracking when sheathing the blade.

At the end of the scabbard is an iron square-shaped pommel.

Not only does it enhance appearance, but it also serves as protection.

The hilt is roughly twenty centimeters long.

The pommel is crown-shaped with engraved decorative patterns.

The grip is engraved with circles of grooves for easier handling, allowing fingers to grip it securely, increasing friction to prevent slipping.

The guard at the front displays a cross-like angular structure with peculiar engravings.

Complex yet giving off a solemn air!

After a glance, Lynn raised his right hand with the grip, unsheathing the Longsword in an instant.

The silver-gray blade caught Lynn's eye immediately.