

System 261

Chapter 261: You Are My Incarnation

On the blade, there were also faint patterns.

Together with the carvings on the sheath and handle, they formed a unified whole.

The nearby apprentices had already stepped back.

Lynn swung the sword a few times without any hesitation.

After removing the sheath, the four-pound sword blade felt perfect in Lynn's hand, complemented by the skill of [One-Handed Weapon Mastery].

Lynn instantly understood the techniques and advantages of using this one-handed sword.

The one-handed sword, with its flexible operation, allowed the wielder to be more agile and swift.

In combat, one could quickly switch between thrusting, slashing, and chopping attack styles.

Faced with a close-range assault from a dagger-wielding assassin, Lynn could easily use the one-handed sword to block and counterattack!

The advantages of a one-handed sword were even more apparent in close-quarter combat.

Moreover, it was convenient to carry; he could even hang the one-handed sword on his waist all the time without feeling tired or hindered.

Of course.

Having advantages naturally means there are also disadvantages.

The attack power of a one-handed sword is limited, making it difficult to rely on for a full-force blow like a two-handed sword, which can gather the whole body's strength to cause catastrophic destruction.

It also can't penetrate the heavy armor of opponents!

But Lynn didn't care.

As a Lord!

He couldn't possibly always rush to the front line like a military leader in every battle.

If it truly came to the time for a charge, Lynn could grip a winged spear tightly and charge!

Lynn's gaze shifted to a piece of linen cloth in front of him.

Flint immediately understood his intent and moved forward to retrieve it.

Flint held the edge of the tattered linen cloth with both hands, waiting for Lynn's sword test.

The tip of the longsword in Lynn's right hand lightly swept across, and the linen was instantly sliced open down the middle.

The cut was neat, without the slightest raggedness!

Lynn nodded in satisfaction and said to Flint, "A very fine blade!"

Flint indeed had a Level 4 [Forging] skill like a dwarf!

Such forging skills were far beyond his current capabilities.

Moreover, this was just an ordinary longsword without enchantment.

If it could be enchanted...

Flint seemed to understand the thoughts in Lynn's mind and began explaining.

"Unfortunately, Lord, there's no magic ore. If there were magic ore, it could be integrated for enchantment..."

Lynn responded, "There will be in the future!"

"Sir Flint, for both armor and weapons in the future, I need such forging craftsmanship."

Only high-quality weapons and armor could allow soldiers in battles to achieve victories more easily through external forces.

Flint answered, "Yes, Lord."

After instructing Flint, Lynn walked out of the blacksmith workshop.

Unlike when he came, he now carried the one-handed sword with the black sheath by his side.

He walked past rows of red brick houses and turned through corners.

Soon.

Lynn arrived at the open space outside the school.

Even before he got close, the teaching voice of Tate for the students occasionally sounded from the school.

Over a hundred students, all with wide-open eyes, watched Tate, their eyes full of curiosity and longing for knowledge.

Let alone them, even their parents, their grandparents, and several generations back had never experienced any form of education.

In this world, unless there is a major transformation or a great encounter, commoners would remain commoners for life.

They could never break free from the shackles of class status!

That was their fate.

But now things were different.

These children met him!

As long as these children learned the knowledge taught by Tate, their social status would transcend that of ordinary townsmen!

The knowledge they learned would place them above the ordinary townspeople.

Because Lynn needed more people like Tate to spread this knowledge.

Currently, although his territory was just this wide open wasteland,

But in the future?

Perhaps it would be a city, a county, or a nation!

Then these over a hundred children would become messengers spreading knowledge!

Lynn watched as Tate stood in front of a blackboard pieced together by planks, holding a piece of fist-sized lime.

He couldn't help but frown.

It was necessary to construct a papermaking workshop, producing ink and metal pens, among other tools.

Otherwise, the knowledge taught by Tate would only reside in the memories of these children.

But having never experienced it, how could they possibly remember everything?

It must be written on paper so they could repeatedly review it, recite and memorize, and then experiment to thoroughly remember it.

Once the apprentices under Colin complete the hospital construction,

the labor force of the woodworker workshop could be invested in the construction of the papermaking workshop.

Lynn was about to withdraw his gaze when he felt a pair of eyes staring at him.

Following his instincts, he looked over.

Only to see Sienna staring directly at him with wide eyes.

Beneath that gaze, Lynn felt a bit uncomfortable.

Lynn guessed it might be related to Sienna's identity...

Lynn did not disturb Tate and the students; after surveying the area, he left.

Glancing at the time, Lynn, accompanied by two guards, went straight to the dock to continue fishing.

At the riverside, Lynn skillfully hooked chicken innards onto the fishhook, flicked his left hand, and the bound reed float landed on the river's surface.

Lynn sat quietly on a wooden stool placed by one of the guards.

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Lynn drew the longsword from his waist, wanting to jump into the river, but found there were still no signs of movement on the river surface.

Lynn could only return the longsword to its sheath and shook his head helplessly.

Ten-pound river fish, once caught, comes with a Skill Book.

A twenty or thirty-pound river fish, what kind of reward would there be if it were caught?

Lynn felt a mix of anticipation and regret in his heart.

A wooden fishing rod might still catch a ten-pound river fish.

But a twenty or thirty-pound river fish is indeed somewhat far-fetched.

A way must be found to improve the strength and resilience of the fishing rod!

The fishing rod snapped, so Lynn simply gave up fishing.

Stepping briskly, he headed towards the dock in the distance.

At this time.

Just in time, a few small boats returning from fishing were docking beside the shipyard.

With the cooperation of dozens of people at the shipyard, net after net of river fish was being lifted up.

The taut fishnets fell onto the shipyard platform and slowly spread out.

The river fish immediately started to flip and jump.

Lynn estimated that this net of river fish weighed at least six or seven hundred pounds!

After smoking in the smoking room, there would still be around five hundred pounds.

And the dissected fish's internal organs could be processed to extract fish oil for producing candle oil lamps!

It was a shame that Lynn had tried before, using a fishing net does not yield the Fishing reward.

Otherwise, with so many fish... the rewards would be unimaginable.

After watching for a moment, Lynn headed back to the town.

On both sides, busy townsmen kept calling out "Master Lynn" as Lynn returned to the town.

Just as Lynn returned to the town, he saw George striding quickly towards him from afar.

George seeing Lynn from a distance relaxed his expression slightly, "Master."

Lynn responded, "What's wrong? Why are you in such a hurry?"

George explained, "Mr. Grayson came, and since you were not here, I took him to the trade guild hall."

Lynn continued, "Didn't I say if I'm not around, you should handle the transactions?"

"Not dare?"

George had a slightly awkward expression, "Master, you misunderstood."

"I thought that Grayson was your trading partner, and if I conducted the transaction on my own, it would be a bit overstepping..."

"Moreover, would that be disrespectful to Mr. Grayson?"

Hearing this.

Lynn finally understood.

Why for every transaction George was responsible for assisting and arranging people to unload and load goods.

Lynn gazed directly at George, speaking in a deep voice, "George, there is something you might not understand!"

George was taken aback, looking somewhat bewildered at Lynn.

Lynn continued, "From the moment I accepted your allegiance, you became my household attendant!"

"You need to serve me as Lord, providing service for this territory, both physically and mentally."

"In return, I appoint you as the territory manager and merchant, so if I'm not around for external transactions, you are my representation!"

"You can exercise full authority in transactions!"

"If the other party refuses, you may expel them from the territory!"

"These powers are bestowed upon you by me, the Lord."

"Mr. George, do you understand?"

Listening to Lynn's words, George's whole body started trembling.

All along, he maintained the position of the Lord's trade assistant, engaged in such work.

He never felt anything unusual.

But now, hearing the Master Lynn's words, his heart was stirred.

Is this the power Master Lynn bestowed upon him?

He never considered it to be such great power.

George abruptly raised his head, looking directly at Lynn, firmly saying, "I understand, Master!"

Lynn nodded, "Good, now go complete the transaction with Grayson!"

"What needs to be said in a transaction, how to conduct the transaction, I don't think I need to teach you anymore?"

A hint of confidence emerged on George's face, "Of course, Master Lynn."

Lynn said, "Go ahead."

George bent slightly and walked towards the trade guild hall in the distance.

Watching George's determined steps, Lynn nodded in satisfaction.

He naturally knew that because every time a merchant arrived, Kuisi would immediately find him.

That's because in Kuisi's view, large transactions like exchanging for fine salt could only be handled by him as the Lord, to give her peace of mind.

Lynn could also understand, Kuisi was originally a farm girl from the village, naturally concerned about the Lord's property being disposed of recklessly.

Thus, over time, George gradually hid his trading ability.

Kuisi did nothing wrong, and George's approach was reasonable.

But Lynn needed more talented people to stand out, help solve his problems, and handle the trivial matters around him.

If any merchant brought thousands of pounds of linen or grain to the territory, would require him to transact.

He would then have an endless amount of work!

Walking to a bench, Lynn sat down.

While enjoying the scenery in the distance, Lynn waited for George and Grayson to finish the transaction.

Until more than an hour later.

George and Grayson came leisurely from the market area, chatting and laughing.

The two rode side by side, with several guards following behind them.

Even though Grayson was a merchant from the Brown Merchant Family, this was Lynn's territory, and George was the appointed manager merchant by the Lord.

Their status was at the same level.

George did not display the slightest humility or fall behind.

Until the two reached the empty square in town, George caught sight of Lynn ahead.

George stepped forward two steps to stand in front of Lynn, "Master."

Grayson also followed closely, smiling broadly, "Master Lynn, long time no see!"

Lynn returned the smile, "Transaction complete?"

Grayson said with satisfaction, "Master Lynn, Mr. George is an excellent merchant!"

If Lynn had not appeared all along, Grayson might have believed Lynn had no time to receive him.

Now Lynn showed up, obviously, Lynn was handing over transaction matters to George here.

However.

Even though it was the first time not conducting transactions with Lynn himself, the Lord.

As long as the transported goods could be exchanged for fine salt.

As long as he can always maintain a trading relationship with Lynn.

These, he did not care about.

After chatting casually with Lynn for a while, Grayson mounted his horse, leading his convoy of carts filled with fine salt away.

Only then.

George beside Lynn bent down and reported.

"Master Lynn, Mr. Grayson brought you two hundred slaves."

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Lynn slightly frowned and asked, "Only two hundred?"

George beside him had no hesitation and continued, "Yes, my lord."

"Mr. Grayson said that the peasants captured in the southern campaign of the Portlands Empire have been released. To deliver a large batch of slaves to you, he needs to find another way."

Lynn nodded slightly.

Grayson had mentioned this reason during his last visit.

Not only does Grayson need to find another way, but Lynn also needs to find a way to acquire more slaves.

Without slaves, the population of the town cannot increase, and the labor force will stagnate.

This would result in the entire town's development speed becoming slow.

Seeing that Lynn did not speak, George continued, "Besides this, Grayson also delivered forty thousand pounds of barley and wheat, and twenty thousand pounds of meat."

"I exchanged all the goods for fine salt priced at six pence in the market and handed it over to Grayson."

"It totaled eleven thousand four hundred pounds of fine salt."

Lynn did a mental calculation.

This price was no different from the price he traded with Grayson.

Lynn nodded with satisfaction and asked, "Besides the trade, what else?"

Without hesitation, George directly replied, "My lord, there's nothing else."

"However, Mr. Grayson said that the weather is getting colder. After entering winter, parts of the rivers within the Gibraltar Strait might freeze!"

"By the end of December at the latest, his longship would be unable to enter the inland and reach the Fisherman's Wharf in Kakasong City to deliver goods to you."

Lynn nodded again.

If the rivers freeze, it would mean severe freezing weather.

Not only would longships be unable to come, but even carriages wouldn't be able to reach his territory.

Fortunately, whether it's the stored grain, the transported barley and wheat, and the peas grown in the land.

Or the meat, various poultry meats, and the river fish caught.

They are completely sufficient for all the townsmen in this territory to go through a winter without hunger.

There are also the coarse wool robes in production and anthracite coal for heating.

These can allow all the townsmen to comfortably go through this winter.

The only thing Lynn felt a bit regrettable about was that the number of slaves Grayson sent had decreased.

If Grayson could bring another thousand slaves this time.

Lynn could expand the armed forces of the territory to fifteen hundred people!

As per the current construction needs, with what Lynn currently thinks, the town doesn't need much more for now.

Then let Rose lead them for winter training.

After the spring plowing next year, they can directly start external conquest and plundering plans!

But.

Even with only two hundred people, Lynn still needs to expand the army.

At least, expand the armed forces to nine hundred people.

The winter nights arrive earlier and earlier.

But around six or seven in the evening, the entire territory was already enveloped in the black night.

After all the townsmen had finished dinner, Lynn gathered them together.

Under the illumination of the bonfire, the faces of the townsmen were full of expectation as they looked at their lord, at their master Lynn.

Lynn's gaze also swept over their faces one by one.

Perhaps due to just having dinner, their faces were flushed, and their lips were stained with bright grease.

Being able to have oily food, fine salt, and even spices.

Compared to their previous lives, it was a world of difference.

Such a life, for them, was already a blessing!

Lynn took a slight breath, "Everyone, the weather is getting colder. From today, each red brick house can receive five pounds of anthracite coal daily for lighting fires for warmth."

The constructed red brick houses are not very large, and since they are made of red bricks and lime sand, they have excellent insulation.

Five pounds of anthracite is enough to dispel the cold in the red brick house while they sleep.

Not only that.

They will also be provided with robes made of coarse wool.

If conditions permit, they might even be provided with coarse wool mattresses and quilts.

Especially the miners living in the mountains, who need anthracite for heating even more.

The temperature in the mountains is at least four or five degrees lower than in the town!

All the townsmen's faces were full of joy.

Their Master Lynn was going to distribute anthracite for them to warm up!

Lynn's words continued, "Perhaps many people do not know."

"A few days ago, four spies snuck into this territory, attempting to infiltrate the town."

Listening to Lynn's words, the townsmen, who were previously full of joy, couldn't help but frown.

There was tension, fear, confusion...

"After interrogation, these four spies were mercenaries obeying orders from the Bandit Corps!"

The townsmen let out a tumult of surprise.

Seeing the eager faces wanting to ask questions, Lynn directly preempted their questions, "Perhaps some might want to ask, has the Bandit Corps set their sights on this territory?"

"Does the Bandit Corps want to take over this territory, robbing your means of survival, destroying your hard-earned life, and enslaving you again..."

All the townsmen widened their eyes, looking at their master, waiting for his response.

Lynn solemnly said, "There is no need to worry, as long as the city walls exist, you are safe!"

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"Unless... they possess five times the military force of this territory, they shouldn't even think about breaking in."

Besiege when ten times stronger, attack when five times stronger.

This is the ideal state of siege forces.

Although these soldiers have only been trained by Instructor Rose for a few months, they may not have learned how to defend a city yet.

However, are the Iron Blood Brotherhood Bandit Corps not also just a disorganized mob?

Lynn even feels that, currently, these soldiers, whether in stamina or combat skills, are far above those bandits!

Becoming a bandit or mercenary, most are either farmers or craftsmen, a few might be knights from bankrupt families or illegitimate sons of nobility.

Their combat strength is not strong.

The reason why bandits are rampant is that farmers cannot organize effective defense squads, and they lack the courage to resist.

Changing his tone, Lynn continued, "Although the city wall can shield us from many crises, it still requires you all to guard atop that wall!"

"Even... take the initiative to strike!"

"Eliminate all forces or organizations that threaten the territory before they attack!"

Upon hearing this.

A touch of fervor appeared on the faces of the townsmen.

They already guessed what their Master Lynn was likely to say next.

Lynn continued, "Therefore, I need to expand the army again!"

"Who is willing to guard on that despair-inducing city wall?"

Just as Lynn's words fell, several loud shouts erupted from the crowd.

"Me!"

"I'm willing!"

"I am too!"

Lynn glanced at them.

"Who is willing to become a sharp spear of the territory, piercing through the enemy's chest?"

"Me!"

"I can."

"I can too!"

Lynn's gaze swept over another dozen people.

"Who is willing, for their family, for this territory, for the lord, to choose to die on the battlefield?"

"I'm willing!"

"I'm willing too!"

"..."

Looking at those faces, full of excitement and eager anticipation.

Lynn nodded with satisfaction, "Very good!"

"As the lord, I am proud of you!"

Hearing Lynn's words of praise, the townsmen all placed their right hands on their chests and respectfully bowed.

"I will have Instructor Ross select one hundred people from among you to join the training."

"Those chosen will undergo long-term physical and weapons training under Instructor Ross's leadership!"

"After that, you will be my soldiers and the guardians of this territory!"

The townsmen shouted in unison, "Yes."

Lynn turned, glancing at the nearby ground, instantly understanding.

Under the expectant gazes of the townsmen, several burly men were selected to head to the right side of the group.

At least ten minutes later.

One hundred men were chosen, their faces full of joy.

While the remaining townsmen showed visible disappointment and longing expressions.

After the soldiers were selected, Lynn let all the townsmen disperse to rest.

With the selected burly men, following a round of admonishments, Ross came to Lynn's side.

Ross bowed, "Master, I will bring over one hundred soldiers tomorrow morning."

Lynn glanced at Ross, saying, "That's fine."

"It's been a long time since you stayed in the town, hasn't it?"

"If today's guard duties are arranged, you can also stay with your brother for a night."

Lynn recalled for a few seconds.

It seemed that since Ross voluntarily invited himself to guard the walls and train soldiers, he hadn't stayed in the town.

Ross's face rarely showed a smile, "Master, that's not necessary."

"Although I've always been on the wall, Charles occasionally comes along with grain carts to visit me."

"Compared to being separated by life and death, occasionally meeting him, knowing he's doing well is already a blessing."

Seeing Ross's earnest expression, Lynn nodded, "Then decide for yourself."

Ross bowed again, "Yes, Master."

After dismissing Ross, Lynn walked toward the Red Brick House, pondering slightly in his mind.

With the two hundred slaves just sent by Grayson.

Drawing one hundred strong and burly men into physical training won't affect much.

At the same time, having Ross select one hundred soldiers who have already undergone physical training to join Red's archer training.

Thus expanding the archer unit.

Returning to the Red Brick House, after eating the pepper-seasoned dinner cooked and prepared by Kuisi, Lynn lay on the coarse wool bed and gradually fell asleep.

...

In the blink of an eye.

Three days passed.

Lynn stood in front of a newly completed building.

The hospital, located four or five miles from the town, is somewhat distant.

The carts transporting goods and the working townsmen rarely pass this place.

Because of this.

If an infectious patient appears, Lynn can promptly isolate them to prevent human-to-human transmission, thereby averting larger viral spread.

Behind the hospital lies a vacant land.

Lynn has instructed Colin to leave space behind the hospital to serve as a cemetery.

If individuals who cannot be treated or die of old age appear, they are buried directly in the cemetery behind the hospital.

The hospital, similarly built with red brick walls, wooden beams for the roof, the top made of wooden boards covered with large tiles baked by the Red Brick Factory.

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This building is precisely the hospital that Lynn instructed Colin to construct for Old John.

Lynn stepped inside, scanning the surroundings.

The hospital's area isn't very large, roughly about two thousand square feet.

Although the hospital has just been completed, Colin has already made many of the necessary items.

The open hall ward has rows of beds neatly arranged.

Lynn counted; there are at least fifty beds.

Besides the ward area, there's also a dormitory area for doctors and nurses to live in.

The medical zone includes a pharmacy and treatment room.

The service area includes a kitchen, laundry room, warehouse, and even a restroom.

And finally, there's the isolation zone!

It can be said that Lynn can now send Old John over with thirty assistants allocated to him.

Let him lead a group of assistants to find some herbs.

This hospital can be put into use.

After inspecting the area, Lynn nodded in satisfaction, "Very well done."

For the construction of the hospital, he only gave Colin a few instructions.

But Colin, obviously because of his mother, has been to hospitals.

That's why he's so familiar with the general scale of a hospital.

Colin nodded, "Master, this is within my duties, you don't always need to praise us."

Lynn responded, "Indeed, then in the evening, take your apprentices and find Kuisi to collect two hundred pounds of river fish."

"Consider it a reward for your hard work during this period!"

Hearing Lynn's words, Colin raised an eyebrow slightly.

Not only Colin but also some carpenter apprentices nearby couldn't help but show excitement in their eyes.

Two hundred pounds of river fish!

Even if divided among the two hundred people in the Woodworker Workshop, each person would get a pound.

This time, Colin did not refuse, "Thank you for your generosity, Master."

Lynn gave Colin a sidelong glance.

So they don't need verbal praise but material rewards?

However.

With the current harvest of 200 pounds of river fish daily from the shipyard, it isn't much.

Lynn shifted his words and continued, "Since that's the case, I won't be polite with your workshop."

"I need you and the carpenter apprentices to build a Papermaking Workshop!"

Hearing Lynn's words, Colin frowned slightly, "Papermaking Workshop?"

"Sorry, Master Lynn, I've never heard of a Papermaking Workshop..."

Lynn gave a faint smile, "To be honest, I don't know either, but soon I will!"

"And so will you!"

Listening to such strange words from Master Lynn, yet his face was full of confidence.

Colin's face suddenly looked bewildered.

What does it mean "I don't know, but soon I will"? "And so will you"?

Just as Lynn and Colin were talking, an elderly figure walked into the hospital.

With a head of white hair, a white beard, but an exceptionally robust body, moving with energetic steps.

It was Old John, whom Lynn had the Guard call over.

Old John looked at the expansive hospital, his bushy white eyebrows raised up.

"Master Lynn, you built such a large hospital?"

Lynn and Colin turned their heads.

Seeing Old John's face full of disbelief.

Old John walked up to Lynn, his words still tinged with excitement, "Master, are you sure this hospital is for me to manage in the future?"

Lynn nodded, "Of course, you said it yourself, no one on this territory understands medicine better than you!"

Old John replied with confidence without any embarrassment, "Of course, I have studied medicine in the Church for decades!"

"I've treated at least a thousand patients for free!"

Colin, hearing this, couldn't help but show a hint of regret on his face.

Lynn responded, "Indeed, from now on, this hospital will be under your management. I'll first allocate thirty assistants to you to follow your orders."

Old John slightly bowed, "Yes, Master."

Lynn immediately thought of Lex and continued speaking.

"By the way, Lex's Brewing Workshop has produced high-purity alcohol. Once he expands the production scale, you can take some from the Brewing Workshop for use."

Old John raised an eyebrow, full of doubt, "Alcohol?"

"Do we need alcohol for treating patients?"

Hearing Old John's words, Lynn showed a hint of confusion.

Even though distilled spirits have already been made, does this world not yet know to use alcohol in medical treatment?

Lynn's confusion was only temporary.

Just like the country Lynn came from previously, knowing how to make gunpowder but only using flame for fireworks is the same concept.

Some uses for these things have yet to be fully mastered.

Lynn explained to Old John, "High-purity alcohol can denature and coagulate the proteins of bacteria, viruses, and other microorganisms!"

Seeing Old John's gaping mouth, Lynn shook his head helplessly.

"Simply put, alcohol's properties allow it to act as a disinfectant, for cooling, as a drying agent, and even as a solvent for medicines, among other uses."

Seeing Old John's still bewildered expression, Lynn said, "Once you take charge of this hospital, you can visit Lex to get some alcohol to research."

"If you have any questions, feel free to ask me."

Upon hearing this, Old John finally came to his senses, his face showing a hint of surprise.

"Thank you, Master Lynn."

"The effects of this alcohol are surprisingly significant!"

Despite having studied medicine for so many years, it's the first time he's learning about the role of alcohol.

Thinking of how Master Lynn just repeated "no one on this territory understands medicine better than him," Old John's pale face showed a trace of embarrassment.

After instructing Old John a bit more, Lynn took Colin and left the hospital.

To construct a papermaking workshop, the first task is site selection.

And for site selection, naturally, the closer to the raw materials, the better.

It saves the time of long-distance transportation of raw materials.

Although Lynn currently doesn't know how to build a papermaking workshop.

He clearly remembers that the primary raw materials for papermaking are hemp, bark, and bamboo, among others.

Within his territory, finding a large quantity of hemp and bamboo is challenging.

But finding bark is quite easy.

It's important to know that his territory includes an endless Primordial Forest!

As long as people are sent to cut down trees, the papermaking factory will have an endless supply of raw materials!

Chapter 267: Spear of the Empire

Lynn rode on horseback, accompanied by Colin and a dozen others, traversing the limestone road between the fields, heading towards the wasteland on the right side of the town.

An hour later.

Lynn and his group rode their horses, stopping and starting, finally halting on an expanse of undeveloped wasteland.

As it was now late winter, the weeds on the wasteland had long withered and lay flat.

At a glance, it was a chaotic golden hue.

Lynn's gaze swept around in contemplation.

He spoke, "The site for the papermaking workshop will be set here."

This location, situated below the Acadia River, is nearly twenty miles to the forest.

Lynn was well aware that the papermaking workshop should ideally be close to the source of raw materials.

However, thinking of the pollution and damage to the water from the papermaking workshop once production began,

he was more inclined to build the papermaking workshop downstream from the town.

The town had many wells dug for daily use,

but the Acadia River remained the main water source for the territory,

essential for irrigation, waterwheel operations, and more.

Building the papermaking workshop downstream could effectively avoid water pollution, being closer to the red brick factory that produced the red bricks, and even drawing water from the Acadia River.

The only downside was the increased distance for transporting the felled raw timber bark.

But with the Acadia River, the newly established shipyard, and skiffs ready for production, the transportation issue could be perfectly resolved!

It even saved the step of using horse carts and ox carts to transport red bricks.

Upon hearing Master Lynn's words, Colin's gaze swept around as well.

"Yes, master."

Colin turned to the apprentices behind him and gave some instructions.

Dozens of apprentices rode off on horseback, returning to the town to arrange personnel and fetch various needed iron tools.

On the wasteland.

Lynn, Colin, and four guards remained standing.

Looking at the red brick factory several thousand meters away, piles of stacked, square-shaped red bricks were already piled outside.

Lynn roughly estimated at least dozens of stacks.

With two thousand bricks per stack, there were at least several hundred thousand already kiln-fired red bricks.

Yet, despite this, Lynn had not stopped the brickmaking work at the red brick factory.

The development and construction of this territory still required more red bricks!

For example, the papermaking workshop ready to begin construction needed a large quantity of red bricks.

Moreover, rather than rushing production later, it was better to have the workers pre-produce and stockpile the bricks in advance.

Lynn withdrew his gaze.

Looking at Colin, he calmly said, "Colin, you've never heard of a papermaking workshop, but have you heard of papyrus and parchment?"

Colin nodded somewhat perplexedly, "I've heard of them, but... we can't afford paper..."

Lynn nodded.

While they could produce papyrus and parchment now, the complex and time-consuming manufacturing process meant that costs remained high.

Ordinary free people and farmers had no use for paper.

Moreover, all income was spent on buying food, farming tools, and repairing wooden houses, leaving no money for paper.

Paper, in this world, was a scarce resource.

Often only the Church, nobility, and scholars had the qualification and ability to use it.

Most crucially, never having received education, they could neither read nor write, making paper needless!

Lynn smiled faintly, "Once this papermaking workshop is built and production begins, everyone on the territory will be able to afford paper."

"Moreover, future apprentices will no longer need to rely on you to orally transmit and teach production skills."

"Under the unified teaching of scholars, they will learn the basic carpentry skills."

"And once they learn to read and write, they can even teach themselves!"

Hearing Lynn's words, Colin raised an eyebrow.

As an experienced carpenter, he could certainly teach apprentices to learn carpentry skills.

However, this process was extremely lengthy.

The most basic introductory stage could take several months, or even a year for longer durations.

To graduate from being a carpenter apprentice, they needed to spend several years at least.

That was still acceptable.

The biggest headache for Colin was the irregular time apprentices came to the workshop.

Simply put, just as he taught the first batch of apprentices the skills and techniques to use various tools,

and was about to enter the second stage, the second batch of carpenter apprentices would arrive at his workshop.

He would have to re-teach all the tool usage skills and techniques again...

and again!

If things were as Master Lynn described, wouldn't this avoid excessive redundancy?

With these thoughts, Colin found himself inexplicably more expectant about building the papermaking workshop.

While Lynn and Colin continued their conversation,

teams of carpenter apprentices drove in horse-drawn carts loaded with vast supplies of tools, arriving at the wasteland.

The carts were used to transport building materials such as red bricks, sand, and quicklime.

Iron tools were used to dig the foundation of the papermaking workshop.

After Lynn sprinkled lime powder to mark out a roughly five thousand square area, over two hundred carpenter apprentices began the excavation.

With each shovel and hoe falling onto the soil and flipping forward, weeds and roots were entirely unearthed.

They collected them by hand, piling them aside, waiting for others to transport them to the pasture.

Chapter 268: Spear of the Empire _2

Although it's just a pound of withered yellow weeds, it can be used to feed livestock, compost, or even as kindling fuel.

Watching the figures sweating before him, Lynn had no hesitation and joined in the excavation of the papermaking workshop's foundation.

[Construction Experience +1]

[Construction Experience +1]

[Construction Experience +1]

...

Bit by bit, experience began to accumulate.

The knowledge of how to build the papermaking workshop emerged in Lynn's mind.

And it started to quickly integrate.

Despite the approach of winter, and the slight chill of the ten-degree temperature.

The coldness was dispelled and kept at bay with the constant swinging of the iron hoe and iron pick.

It wasn't until dusk.

That Lynn called the apprentices to stop, telling them that today's work would end here.

Amid cheers, the apprentices put away their tools and headed back towards the town.

Lynn glanced over the excavation site.

He roughly estimated that, at the current pace, it would take at most another two days to complete the excavation and move on to laying the foundation and building with red bricks.

Retracting his gaze.

Lynn followed the group of apprentices, crossed the wasteland, stepped onto the lime road, and returned towards the town.

As night fell.

Lynn and the others returned to the town, and the apprentices entered the canteen, lining up to receive their dinner.

Meanwhile, Lynn returned to the red brick house to enjoy the dinner Kuisi had cooked and prepared.

...

On the other side.

Under the nightfall of Triumph City.

Carriages pulled by elaborately decorated teams of four warhorses, driven by the coachmen, traveled along the streets and entered a spacious manor.

Finally stopping in front of a spire-shaped castle.

Even before entering the castle, harmonious and beautiful choruses floated out from within, enveloping the entire castle.

Attendants in cinched jackets went forward, searching for a spot to park the carriages for the coachmen.

Once the carriages stopped, the attendants approached the carriages humbly, opened the carriage doors for the lordly nobility and even officials inside, extending their right hands to assist them.

Nobly dressed men and women stepped down slowly from the carriages adorned with their respective family emblems.

Elegantly making their way towards the brightly illuminated castle ahead.

Among these carriages.

One carriage had a greatsword and shield emblem embedded on it, and a servant slowly opened its door.

A right leg encased in leather boots stepped down from the carriage.

When the other leg followed, a young and handsome man stood on the cobblestone ground.

The young and handsome man was dressed in a loose velvet and dark blue silk robe, with a square neckline and a fur-edged wide belt at the waist highlighting his slender and tall figure.

Both the neckline and cuffs were adorned with gem buttons.

Particularly on his chest, there was a prominent emblem.

A greatsword and round shield crossed in the image.

Mark Ducas scanned the surroundings with his eyes while fidgeting with the thumb ring on his left hand with his right hand.

Unlike an ordinary thumb ring, the one Mark Ducas wore was the family emblem ring of the Ducas Clan.

Carved with lifelike totems.

Only after undergoing the ceremony of passing from the previous Marquis Ducas can one become the marquis and wear this ring!

Taking a sweeping look, Ducas stepped forward, accompanied by a guard, heading towards the castle in front.

Passing by carriages, some men and women just stepping down from their carriages saw Mark and their faces flashed with nervousness, quickly bowing, and respectfully addressing him.

"Marquis!"

"Marquis..."

"..."

Mark glanced at them and then withdrew his gaze.

Without any words, without any acknowledgement.

Proceeding amid the astonished looks of several nobles towards the castle steps ahead.

Not only them, but several minor nobles or merchant lords passing by nodded in greeting upon seeing Mark.

All were ignored by Mark.

Ascending step by step, Mark approached the several opened four-to-five-meter-high iron doors with his guard.

However, before Mark could get close, four guards stepped forward and stood before Mark.

The guard captain in high-quality leather armor quickly bent his waist, "My lord Marquis, this is the princess's coming-of-age ceremony party, you cannot enter with weapons, we hope for your understanding."

Despite the respect and humility in the guard captain's words, he was still filled with tension inside.

The young man before him was none other than Marquis Ducas!

The personal attendant beside Mark was about to scold them when Mark extended his elegant right hand.

A calm voice came from Mark's mouth.

"Of course, such an important occasion, naturally, no weapons can be carried casually!"

After saying this, Mark turned his head towards his attendant, who understood and began unfastening the sword from his waist.

Seeing these actions, the guard captain's tension eased a bit, "Thank you, Marquis Ducas."

"Rest assured, when you leave the castle, I will return your sword to you immediately!"

Mark replied with a calm "hmm."

After the attendant unfastened the sword and placed it on the guard's weapon tray.

Mark smiled at the guard captain and spoke calmly, "May I enter now?"

Chapter 269: Spear of the Empire _3

The Guard Captain bowed again, "Of course, Marquis Duca."

After speaking, the Guard Captain quickly stepped aside with four guards, clearing the path.

Mark nodded slightly, walking into the castle with graceful steps.

The attendant was left outside the door.

Seeing Mark enter the castle, the Guard Captain's heart slightly relaxed.

With the corner of his eye, he glanced inside the castle and saw Mark walking in that direction.

The Guard Captain instantly understood.

The arrogant and domineering Mark Duca had become so approachable.

Inside the castle, Mark's gaze was fixed on a tall and sturdy figure ahead.

Golden locks were brushed back like a lion's mane from the front to the nape of the neck.

His explosive muscles strained the silk robe he wore.

One could even see the contours of muscles on his arms, back, and chest.

Together with his nearly two-meter height, from a distance, he resembled a humanoid beast!

Mark walked steadily towards the imposing man, finally stopping two meters behind him.

The man's overwhelming aura and visual pressure made Mark's breathing somewhat labored.

At that moment, the imposing man was conversing with another middle-aged man.

Mark did not dare to interrupt at all, quietly standing behind waiting.

An attendant carrying a tray of drinks passed by, and Mark casually took a tall wine glass.

Until a few minutes later.

The conversation between the imposing man and the middle-aged man finally ceased, and the middle-aged man stepped back to leave.

At this moment.

Mark finally spoke slowly, "Your Highness Mitchell."

The commanding man heard Mark's respectful address and turned to look over.

It was a stern and solemn face that, even without words, could instill immense pressure with just a glance.

Even as the youngest Marquis of the Karedi Empire, Mark's heart sank a little.

Not just because Mitchell Carolin was the eldest son of Charlemagne VI of the Karedi Empire.

But also because he had another title—Spear of the Empire!

Even though the current Emperor of the Empire, Charlemagne VI, abolished this title.

Mitchell Carolin's prowess remained an unshakable presence!

No one could ignore him!

Looking at Mark Duca before him, Mitchell's face broke into a smile, "So it's the youngest marquis of the Karedi Empire, Marquis Mark Duca."

Hearing Mitchell's reference to himself, Mark's face showed a trace of embarrassment, and he quickly said, "Your Highness Mitchell, please don't say that, in front of you I'm nothing."

"You are a lofty highness, and I... was just someone you watched grow up..."

"It's only because my father's health isn't good, so the marquisate was prematurely inherited to me, his eldest son."

Mitchell smiled and said, "Marquis Duca, is it always the case that the eldest son can inherit position and status? I don't think so."

Mark was slightly taken aback.

He naturally knew that Mitchell was using his inheritance affairs to satirize the current Emperor, Charlemagne VI!

Mitchell Carolin, in his early forties, was in his prime, being the eldest son of the royal family with great personal strength and governance capabilities!

However.

Due to previous losses in the Battle of Windless Valley, the title of Spear of the Empire was directly abolished.

He was even forbidden by Charlemagne VI to participate in the Imperial Secretariat!

Mark hesitantly asked, "Your Highness, do you mean..."

Mitchell smiled again, "Marquis Duca, you may have misunderstood."

"I meant that to inherit the position of Marquis Duca, one should naturally be like you, with prodigious talent and the status of an eldest son!"

"Otherwise, it's irresponsible not only to the Ducas Clan but also to the Karedi Empire!"

Mark's heart sank, nodding in agreement.

Mitchell shifted the topic, continuing, "Marquis, time is nearly up, I must accompany young Yuna to walk the carpet, shall we discuss further later?"

Mark responded, "Of course, Your Highness Mitchell."

Mitchell smiled slightly, patted Mark on the shoulder, and then headed towards the steps inside the castle laid with a red carpet.

Watching Mitchell's burly figure ascend the stairs, ascending slowly, and finally disappearing at the second-floor corner.

Only then did Mark retract his gaze, raising his wine glass and taking a big sip.

Then, he slightly parted his lips, exhaling a breath of alcohol, feeling much better.

Mark scanned the room, finally seeing a round table not far away; he walked over, sat on a leather chair, and quietly awaited the start of the ceremony.

Mark's gaze gradually moved over the array of faces.

He found that most of those attending Yuna Carolin's coming-of-age ceremony were young or middle-aged men.

Even without guessing, Mark could understand their intent.

At Yuna Carolin's coming-of-age ceremony, they intended to introduce the younger generation of their families to Yuna for connection and acquaintance.

Thus aiming to establish ties with the royal family, gaining royal bloodline!

Even if it were just a hint, compared to ordinary noble lords, their family status would rise sharply!

If, further recommended by Yuna with imperial blood, they could introduce the younger family members into the Imperial Secretariat.

The entire family's standing would advance further.

The current Emperor of the Empire, Charlemagne VI, was already over seventy.

Despite having nearly forty to fifty concubines in the harem.

He fathered over ten daughters, but sons, only two!

The eldest son, Mitchell Carolin.

The second son, Caesar Carolin!

Of the Three Great Dukes, besides the absent Duke of Red Dragon, the other two, Duke Cangyu and Duke Heiyao, were already present.

This time attending Yuna Carolin's coming-of-age ceremony was both a feast and a stance!

Clearly.

Two of the Three Great Dukes chose to side with Mitchell Carolin.

Mark's mind rapidly pondered.

If Mitchell intended to use his recently come-of-age daughter, Yuna, for a marriage alliance to strengthen and solidify his standing.

Undoubtedly, he would certainly choose one of the two dukes.

However, as a mere marquis, neither his status nor his family's strength were anywhere near capable competitors!

How could he seize the initiative?

As Mark mused, the united chorus in the castle grew louder.

The noble lords, who were conversing at the banquet, simultaneously turned their gaze towards the center steps of the castle.

There, the two-meter-tall Mitchell was slowly walking down, holding the hand of a young girl with a graceful figure...

That girl was the sole progeny of the Empire's eldest son, Mitchell Carolin—Yuna Carolin.

Chapter 270: Castle

In the blink of an eye, three days passed.

The foundation of the papermaking workshop, covering an area of three thousand square meters, has been excavated.

When all the memory and experience of constructing the papermaking workshop merged in Lynn's mind.

Lynn realized that the construction of the papermaking workshop is complex, not inferior to a large Red Brick Factory.

A complete papermaking workshop has four major areas: raw material processing area, pulping area, papermaking area, and auxiliary area.

Each major area contains several smaller work areas!

For example, the raw material processing area includes the soaking area for papermaking raw materials; the cooking area for boiling raw materials with gray or plant ash water; and the rinsing area for washing cooked pulp.

The pulping area includes the beating equipment area and bleaching area, etc...

While building bricks with [Construction] experience, Lynn instructs and guides Colin and the apprentices on construction.

By the second day of construction, Lynn could no longer tolerate the chirping inquiries, like teaching elementary school children.

He resolutely used the [Memory Pearl] on Colin, copying all the memories of building the papermaking workshop to him.

When all the apprentices were taken away by Colin, Lynn finally felt the buzzing in his ears disappear.

The papermaking workshop is crucial for the development of a territory.

With the papermaking workshop, paper can be produced.

Whether it's Tate teaching children in school or Old John using it for written records in hospitals.

Or future instruction letters, all need paper.

Watching Colin struggle under the apprentices' encircling questions, busy and at a loss.

Lynn couldn't help but smile, feeling a bit schadenfreude.

He appointed so many foremen to help ease his worries.

Colin excellently fulfilled the duties that belonged to his position!

Retracting his gaze, Lynn picked up the red brick and plastering knife beside him, immersing himself in the plastering experience.

[Construction Experience +1]

[Construction Experience +1]

[Construction Experience +1]

...

Two hundred carpenter apprentices with experience in wall construction, combined with Colin, this veteran craftsman's guidance.

The construction progress of the papermaking workshop was swift.

By the last day of November, the foundation of the papermaking workshop was completed, entering the wall construction phase.

At this construction speed, it would take five or six days at most for the main red brick walls of the papermaking workshop to be completed.

Afterwards, as long as Colin leads the apprentices to create various tools needed for the papermaking workshop, it can be put into use.

After Lynn spent several consecutive days gaining experience in the papermaking workshop.

Seeing everyone already in a construction state under Colin's leadership, Lynn handed over all construction responsibilities to Colin.

Lynn rode his horse back to the town.

Once back in town, Kuisi immediately came up to greet him.

She took hold of Mo Ying's reins to stabilize it.

Seeing Lynn dismount, Kuisi explained: "Master, the fortress is completed, would you like to inspect it?"

Listening to Kuisi's words, Lynn was instantly interested.

"Let's have a look."

Kuisi's face clearly showed a hint of delight.

Lynn, with steps, led Kuisi on the red brick pavement towards the town center fortress.

The fortress, over ten meters high, is the tallest building in the entire town.

Even those few iron-smelting furnaces are only ten meters tall.

Before getting closer, the thick, tall outer walls surrounded the entire fortress, standing about five meters high, with crenellations on the wall where guards could station, shoot or hide from attacks.

Every crenel in the middle holds a narrow shooting hole for archers to shoot through.

Moreover, at the corners of the fortress, there are towers.

Simply put, this expands the attack surface of the fortress.

As Lynn approached the fortress, a three-meter high iron-clad double-door gate came into his view.

Solid and heavy, indestructible, was Lynn's first impression.

The fortress gate is the fortress defense system's most crucial feature.

Not only the iron-clad door, but also multi-layered door bolts, fences, etc. are set behind the gate.

Behind the gate is a series of winding corridors.

If the walls were breached, these winding corridors serve as 'Weng City' traps for the enemy.

Standing at the gate were two guards, who, upon seeing Lynn and Kuisi, quickly bowed and respectfully addressed: "Lord."

Lynn nodded and signaled, and the two guards promptly pushed open the heavy iron door.

Lynn stepped inside.

The winding corridors are lined with fences and some empty weapon racks by the walls.

As long as Lynn assigns soldiers to guard the fortress and has Ehrelo produce sufficient weapons, these will come into play.

Walking through the corridor, there were closed wooden doors on either side of the walls.

These doors are for storage of grain cellar warehouses or for stockpiling weapons mechanical stores.

As the fortress has just been constructed, no items have been moved in yet, making it appear somewhat empty.

Ascending a staircase, Lynn arrived on the second floor.

Suddenly.

Lynn's view became spacious and bright.

The fortification of the first floor obscures much of the outer light, appearing slightly dim and somber.

The second floor, however, differs.

The walls' rounded edges feature windows over two to three meters high, perfectly using natural lighting.

The rectangular, vast hall was especially comforting to the heart.