

System: Build My Own Territory

Chapter 31: Chapter 31: Iron Pot

Perceptive George quickly noticed the look in Lynn and Lex's eyes.

He followed their gaze, understanding their intentions, and placed the iron pot in front of Lynn.

George smiled and spoke, "Master, are you looking to purchase the iron pot? If you buy both, I can offer you a discount!"

Lynn raised an eyebrow.

He hadn't even started bargaining, and George was already offering a discount?

George seemed to see Lynn's confusion and began to explain.

"Master, I am a crop trader, ordering crops from various villages to sell in town."

"Of course, when I come to the villages, I also bring items from the town to sell... Now I've already ordered suitable crops, but the items I've brought haven't sold out yet."

"Especially these two large iron pots, they take up too much space..."

Local traders are just like this—buying and selling goods back and forth in a fixed area to earn the price difference.

Lynn asked, "How much are you selling the iron pots for?"

Without hesitation, George responded directly, "Twenty-five pence each! If you want both, it's forty pence in total; this is a friend price I can offer. How does that sound?"

Lynn didn't say anything but picked up the two iron pots.

Each iron pot weighed about ten pounds, with a diameter of fifty centimeters and a depth of thirty centimeters, a moderate size.

Lynn glanced at Lex, who nodded.

"Alright, forty pence for two iron pots."

George's smile became even more pronounced, "Very well, Master, happy cooperation."

Speaking.

George took out a piece of string, tied up the iron pots and handed them to Lynn.

Lex stepped forward, took them over.

Lynn looked again at a plate of fine salt on the linen cloth, "How much for the salt?"

George picked up the salt plate, "Master, this fine salt is six pence a pound, the salt merchants say bandits are becoming more and more numerous. The Great Lords levy their salt tax but do nothing."

"Many caravans are unwilling to escort, the supply of fine salt has decreased, and prices have risen."

Lynn nodded and left with Kuisi and the other two.

Six pence a pound for fine salt, who can afford that?

Passing by villagers selling wheat, Lynn also purchased thirty pounds of wheat, barley, and vegetables.

Thus, the pence earned from selling two hundred pounds of smoked fish was all spent!

One person led the ox carrying the load, barley and wheat on the ox's back, one person pushing a light plow, one carrying the iron pots, and one holding the Horn Bow at the back.

Before nightfall.

The four returned to the wooden houses.

Lynn gazed at the two wooden houses in front of him, lost in thought.

Lex immediately guessed Lynn's thoughts and spoke first, "Master Lynn, did you forget we also built two more wooden houses?"

"Since we haven't started brewing beer yet, we can use the warehouse as a cowshed for now?"

Lynn nodded, "That works."

Hearing Lynn's response, Lex, Kuisi, and even Red felt relieved.

They could sense that if there wasn't a place to protect the ox, Lynn might drive it into their wooden house!

They certainly couldn't just let it wander outside the wooden house.

With wolves and wild beasts around, the ox could be devoured overnight.

That ox was worth seven shillings!

Eighty-four pence!

Nearly three months' salary for a free person without any skills!

...

The next morning.

Lynn stood at the edge of the clearing, looking ahead.

Kuisi held a stick in her right hand, occasionally whipping the ox, while also shouting commands.

Behind the ox, Red held the light plow with both hands, maintaining the plow's stability and controlling its depth and angle.

Both Kuisi and Red had Level 2 [Planting] skills.

Lynn didn't need to instruct them much; they knew how to use the ox to plow the land.

With limited pence left after buying the ox, light plow, and iron pots, they had not purchased many wheat seeds.

Just enough to expand wheat planting by an acre.

However, with the ox, they could continue to clear more land for the upcoming summer plowing!

Satisfied, Lynn averted his gaze and walked towards the two wooden houses in the distance.

There stood the constructed brewing workshop.

Its separation from the living wooden houses takes into account fire safety and odors.

Lynn didn't want to live in the air of beer fermentation every day.

Inside the wooden house.

Lex was sitting on the ground with a troubled expression, looking at the two large pots in front of him.

Seeing Lynn arrive, Lex's eyes lit up, "Master Lynn, you finally came... I need your help!"

Lynn nodded, "Go on."

Lex quickly spoke, "Master Lynn, the main equipment for brewing beer is almost ready, but... I still need some small tools."

With some distress, Lex brought out all the small tools in one go.

Tools for selecting barley and drying malt, winnowing baskets, a mill for grinding malt, a long wooden spoon for stirring, and wooden barrels for fermentation, among others...

After hearing Lex's words, Lynn wasn't upset.

He understood that wanting to start brewing immediately wasn't so easy.

Especially since they were building this brewing workshop from scratch.

However, the only thing Lynn found slightly challenging among these tools was the millstone!

But with the Cross Pickaxe and Iron Chisel, it wasn't a big problem.

Lynn looked at Lex, "Come with me to find some large stones to make the millstone!"

Lex was filled with gratitude, and quickly replied, "Alright, Master Lynn."

Lynn returned to the wooden house to fetch the Horn Bow and handed the chiseling tools to Lex, just in case.

Then, Lynn and Lex left the wooden house.

To make a millstone, they needed to find two hard stones, like granite.

To find a whole large stone, they had to go to the mountainous area in front of the wooden house.

That area was full of undulating stone mountains.

Red and Kuisi, busy plowing the clearing, saw Lynn and Lex leaving.

While driving the ox, Kuisi asked Red.

"Red, where are Master Lynn and Lex going?"

Red pondered, "It's probably related to Lex's brewing workshop!"

Kuisi nodded, suddenly thinking of something and asked again.

"Red, after we finish planting this acre and spring plowing is over, do you have any plans?"

Red recalled the promise he had made to Lynn back then.

That after helping Lynn with spring plowing, they would leave this place.

Seeing Red's silence, Kuisi said, "Red, I think staying here is quite good. Master Lynn saved our lives and never treated us like slaves..."

Red unconsciously acknowledged.

Lynn almost always ate, lived, and even worked with them.

The key was.

Every day started with the sun and ended with its setting.

Three full meals a day, with meat at every meal!

Where could you find a lord like that?

Red felt it didn't matter where he went.

But he had to think of his sister.

In this chaotic world, a stable place to live was invaluable.

Red hesitated, "Kuisi, but we've already told Master Lynn we would leave after spring plowing. Would he... be willing to take us in?"

Kuisi raised her eyebrows, "As long as you want to stay, Red, I'll ask Master Lynn to keep us!"

"At worst... we'll just do more farm work!"

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Chapter 32: Chapter 32: The Beautiful Young Lady

Above the wild, overgrown terrain.

Lex and Lynn walked one after the other.

Watching Lex probing the way ahead with a long spear, Lynn asked, "Lex, what mistake did you make for your previous manor lord to cut off your arm?"

At these words, Lynn clearly saw Lex's body tremble slightly.

Nervous?

Or unwilling to bring it up?

Lex's words were a bit hesitant, "Master Lynn, this topic is somewhat complicated... it's just..."

He sighed at this point, "Master Lynn, let me tell you straight, it's actually not complicated, just a bit embarrassing... the old manor lord was getting on in years, his health declining by the day, yet he married a young and beautiful wife..."

"Master Lynn, as you know, how could a young beauty withstand loneliness? One night, a bit tipsy, she came to my room... just to be caught by the old manor lord..."

Lynn's eyes widened, scrutinizing Lex closely.

He appeared to be in his early thirties, with a scruffy beard and a head of brown, sleek long hair, his facial features distinct; perhaps in clean clothes, he truly would be a handsome man.

Feeling Lynn's peculiar gaze, Lex immediately straightened his back, "Master Lynn, what do you mean by looking at me like that?"

Lynn stared directly at Lex, "Did you not feel tempted at all?"

Lex was momentarily puzzled, "Tempted? Master Lynn, what do you mean by tempted?"

The next second.

He understood and, looking righteous, said, "Master Lynn, though I am not a noble, I know what it means to be loyal and trustworthy!"

Lynn nodded in approval, "Very good."

Lynn suddenly shifted the conversation, continuing, "Facing a beautiful woman, did you really have no thoughts?"

Lex's face became awkward, "Master Lynn, what are you trying to hear exactly... maybe, just a little bit..."

...

In the conversation between Lynn and Lex.

The barrier between the two gradually thinned and faded, until it disappeared.

In the end, Lex summed it up with a sentence.

"Master Lynn, you are the most unique lord I've ever met."

Over two hours later.

Lynn and Lex just reached the edge of one of the high mountains, where two gray and white stones appeared in their sights.

Lynn glanced at them.

[Granite]: Hard and wear-resistant, can be used for construction, processing, and more.

Before Lynn could speak, Lex said first, "Master Lynn, there's no need to search any further, these two stones are perfect for crafting a stone mill!"

Lynn nodded, "Quite good, but it's impossible to transport them back."

Both stones were irregular in shape, about one meter high and over one meter wide, with a weight of at least several tons.

Even if they brought over oxen, they couldn't drag them back without exhausting them.

The only option was to craft on the spot, then use oxen to drag them back individually!

Looking at the sky, it was still early.

Lynn took the iron hammer and chisel from Lex's hands and began crafting the stone mill.

He swept his gaze over the granite, determining where to chisel it to create two suitable millstones.

Using the iron chisel, he circled the granite, creating a clattering sound.

Having decided, Lynn held the chisel in his left hand, grasped the iron hammer in his right, and hammered along the marked lines, one blow after another.

[Production Experience +1]

[Production Experience +1]

...

The knowledge of how to make a stone mill surfaced in Lynn's mind.

Seeing the text prompt before him, Lynn understood.

When crafting different items, the beginning stage of gaining experience is the fastest.

Whether weaving grass ropes or crafting a flint axe or now a stone mill, all the experience adds up under [Production].

This way, combined, his skill level would improve more quickly.

Lynn opened the [Heavenly Artifacts] panel.

[Heavenly Artifacts]

[Name]: Lynn

[Age]: 15 years old

[Construction: Level 0 (77/100)]

[Planting: Level 1 (25/200)]

[Collection: Level 0 (96/100)]

[Production: Level 1 (12/200)]

[Hunting: Level 0 (21/100)]

[Cooking: Level 0 (17/100)]

[Forging: Level 0 (0/100)]

[Medicine: Level 0 (0/100)]

[Breeding: Level 0 (10/100)]

...

Watching Master Lynn diligently chiseling the granite, Lex felt a surge of emotion.

His gaze cautiously scanned the surroundings, prepared to detect any danger beforehand.

Fortunately, it was only March, with daytime temperatures around ten degrees, suitable for labor.

As dusk approached.

Lynn called Lex to return to the cabin.

The journey from the mountainside to the cabin took two hours.

Crafting a stone mill was a process requiring significant time and endurance, yet it was an essential tool to have!

With a stone mill, one could grind malt, mill grains, and process feed, among other things.

Due to its weight, purchasing one would also face the issue of inconvenient transport due to the mill's heaviness.

As Lynn and Lex approached the cabin, they noticed smoke already wafting from the two wooden houses.

Lynn glanced toward the open space, seeing that over an acre had been plowed.

Indeed, with oxen and plows, work efficiency significantly increased!

Reaching the entrance of the cabin.

Kuisi just came out of Lynn's cabin.

With noticeable day and night temperature differences, the smoke indicated that Kuisi had lit the hearth for him in advance.

Seeing Lynn, Kuisi spoke respectfully, "Master Lynn, you're back, dinner will be ready soon!"

After dinner, Lynn returned to his own cabin.

The inside was already tidy and clean.

More precisely, it was quite spacious.

Lynn had asked Kuisi to move all tools from his cabin to theirs.

The smoked river fish and rabbit meat could no longer hang in his cabin rafters.

Lying on a pile of weeds, Lynn watched the thick log slowly burning in the hearth, listening to the crickets chirping in the overgrown area outside, gradually falling asleep.

...

Crack!

With a sound, the granite split in the middle, forming two pieces.

Lynn had managed to chisel the granite open with an iron hammer and chisel!

Walking around to check, the two granite pieces were uniform in size, making them perfect for a stone mill.

Split into two, it would allow an ox with a light plow to transport the granite back.

Not far away, Red and Kuisi drove the oxen pulling the light plow over.

In two days, the two of them had completed planting the expanded acre of wheat field.

Standing before Lynn, Kuisi respectfully greeted, "Master Lynn, you've waited long."

Lynn nodded, "Take this stone back first, and then come back for the second one."

Kuisi responded, "Yes, Master."

With their joint effort, a square granite piece was placed on the light plow.

With the plow head removed, the light plow served well for transporting items.

The granite piece weighed about one hundred and fifty jin.

With the light plow's wheels, it wasn't too heavy for the ox.

Under Kuisi's stick guidance, the ox headed towards the distant cabin.

The ox took two trips to transport the two granite pieces to the brewing workshop's two wooden houses.

Ding!

Ding ding!

Ding ding ding!

[Production Experience +1]

[Production Experience +1]

...

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Chapter 33: Chapter 33: Underwater Diving

The iron hammer struck the iron chisel, and the chisel chipped away the excess parts of the granite.

They tried to chisel the granite into the shape of a millstone as much as possible, and polished the surface smooth.

Lynn gripped the chisel with his left hand and the hammer with his right, each blow falling one after another.

[Crafting Experience +1]

[Crafting Experience +1]

...

The collision of metal against metal caused Lynn's hands to become slightly numb after a long time.

Let Red go hunting, Lex brew beer, and Kuisi cook; there was no problem with that.

However, making a millstone was a technical task.

Besides Lynn, who had the knowledge to make a millstone in his mind, none of them could do it.

Wasting a Memory Pearl to make a millstone?

Lynn didn't think it was necessary!

Making a millstone could also increase [Crafting] experience; they just needed to grind it out.

While Lynn was busy, he wouldn't let them idle either.

His gaze fell on the nearby scene, Red and the other two were collecting tree branches as thick as arms from the forest's edge.

They then used an iron saw to cut them into lengths about one meter long.

Lynn was preparing to produce charcoal!

Then use the charcoal to fire ceramic products.

The previously made wooden bowls, even though Kuisi washed them, were still essentially wood, with many pores and food residue!

Previously, when he felled pine wood to build a wooden house, he had left some branches behind.

Having been left for so many days, they had long since been wind-dried.

They could be completely used to produce charcoal!

As for the clay needed to make ceramic products...

The Acadia River had no shortage of clay.

...

The millstone was divided into the upper and lower millstones, which had already been chiseled and shaped under Lynn's efforts.

The next step was to determine the center position of the millstone.

Lynn used a straight branch for comparison and quickly pinpointed the center.

With a motion of his hand, he picked up the iron hammer and chisel again to continue chiseling.

The chiseled center point was where the entire millstone's axis was located.

Afterward, the malt was crushed, the grain processed, all rotating around the central axis.

Ka!

With a firm force of Lynn's right hand holding the hammer, the center hole of the lower millstone was smoothly chiseled out amidst a crisp sound.

A twist of the iron chisel in his hand.

Lynn started carving the millstone's grinding pattern; the deeper the pattern, the greater the density, the better the grinding effect...

With both upper and lower millstones completed, Lynn began to install the axis.

Without an iron axis, he temporarily opted to use wood.

Inserting the axis through the lower millstone, then lifting the upper millstone to install it on the axis.

Lynn attempted to turn it several times, confirming the axis was securely installed and the gap between the upper and lower stones was uniform, allowing smooth and steady rotation.

The millstone was finally completed!

[Crafting Experience +1]

Looking at the complete millstone before him, a sense of pride welled up in Lynn's heart.

He possessed the [Heavenly Artifacts] ability.

By continually grinding, he could quickly acquire knowledge.

But this was also earned by his own continuous effort and manual labor.

At this moment.

Lex and the other two, who had collected the dry branches, came to Lynn's side.

Kuisi was just about to speak when Lex stepped forward excitedly.

He glanced at Lynn for confirmation, and Lynn nodded knowingly at him.

Lex grasped the handle above the millstone with his right hand, applied a bit of force, and the millstone smoothly and evenly began to rotate.

Buzzing!

The friction between the millstones emitted a sound Lex thoroughly enjoyed.

Lex exclaimed in disbelief, "Master Lynn, you really made a millstone?"

For a skilled craftsman, Lex wouldn't have been surprised at all.

But the person who crafted this medium-sized millstone was their Master Lynn.

How could Lex not be excited?

Moreover, with the millstone, he could start brewing beer.

Lynn looked at Lex and asked, "Besides the millstone, what else did you say you needed?"

Lex immediately shook his head, "Master Lynn, as long as we have the millstone, I can find a way to solve the rest of the tools myself."

"However, Master Lynn, I'd like to ask, how much barley are you planning to use for the first batch of beer?"

Lynn stared directly at Lex, questioning, "What's the success rate of your beer brewing? How much beer can be produced from a pound of barley?"

Lex's face displayed a proud expression, "About three pounds, and as for the success rate... one hundred percent success!"

Facing Lynn's direct gaze, Lex showed no sign of backing down, "Master Lynn, I've never failed since I became a brewer from an apprentice!"

Lynn turned to Kuisi, "How much barley is left?"

Kuisi thought for a few seconds and replied, "Master Lynn, there should be about a hundred and seventy or eighty pounds left."

Lynn started pondering in his mind.

The first time they went to Kent Village, they bought a hundred and sixty pounds of barley, and a hundred and five pounds the second time.

Based on one person consuming two pounds of barley a day, four people would eat eight pounds a day...

A pound of barley could produce three liters of beer, and a liter of beer weighed about two pounds.

Lynn commanded Lex, "Brew a hundred pounds of barley first, start as soon as possible!"

Lex responded, "Alright, Master Lynn, I'll start screening the barley right away."

Lynn nodded, "For apprentices, there's no way to assign one to you for now, but if you need anything, feel free to tell me."

Lex nodded repeatedly.

Turning his gaze, Lynn looked at Red and Kuisi, "Have you finished collecting the branches?"

Red responded, "Yes, as per your orders, Master Lynn, we've collected about two hundred pounds of branches."

Lynn's gaze shifted to a distant slope, where there were two or three piles of neatly arranged branches.

They were enough for charcoal production.

Reclaiming his gaze, Lynn looked at Red, "Can you submerge while swimming?"

Red's face instantly froze, "Submerge?"

Lynn continued, "I need you to dig clay from the river, four or five baskets of clay are needed to construct a charcoal kiln, then use the charcoal to produce ceramic products."

In terms of cooking, apart from the damaged pottery pot, there's nothing else.

It's already affecting normal life.

Upon hearing Lynn's words, Red nodded affirmatively, "Master Lynn, I can submerge!"

Holding an iron hoe and carrying a pair of baskets, Lynn and the three of them arrived at the riverbank.

Without any hesitation, Red stripped off his long robe, leaving only his pants.

In this instant.

Red's strong and muscular physique, along with the scars that looked alarming, were revealed to Lynn.

Bite marks from beasts, scratches, almost covered his entire body.

It's hard to imagine.

That this young man, appearing no more than twenty years old, had gone through so much hardship to survive.

But Red was also fortunate; he survived through countless adversities.

By the riverbank, there was some exposed clay, but not much.

Only by following the exposed clay to the riverbed could a large area of gray-white clay be found.

Red cupped his hands and splashed some river water on himself to feel the temperature, then stretched his body.

With an iron hoe in his right hand and the basket filled with stones in his left, he slowly waded down.

Upon reaching the clay area, Red placed the basket in the water, using its weight to immerse himself in the river.

The river water by the bank wasn't deep, about one point five to six meters.

To dig clay, he had to completely submerge himself in the river.

On the riverbank.

Kuisi clenched the vine tied around Red's waist, her face showing a hint of nervousness.

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Chapter 34: Chapter 34: Charcoal Production

The river wasn't deep, even those who couldn't swim could participate in the excavation.

Lynn was only concerned that Red might get swept away by the river.

As Red stood up repeatedly to gasp for air, he placed piece after piece of clay into the basket resting at the riverbed.

Half an hour passed.

A basket filled with clay chunks was pushed to the shore by Red.

Lynn took a glance.

[Clay]: Fine texture, strong adhesion, high plasticity, can be used for construction, firing ceramic products, etc.

Nearby, Kuisi quickly picked up and moved aside, handing another basket filled with a few stones forward.

Red took several deep breaths and dove back into the river.

The weight of the clay far exceeded that of decayed soil.

While both baskets weighed the same, after removing the stones at the bottom, it was still at least fifty to sixty pounds.

With the vine rope tied around a wooden stake of a tree, Kuisi lifted the basket and headed towards the slope.

Watching Kuisi's somewhat difficult and slow strides.

Lynn lent a hand, and the two carried it to the slope where branches and sticks were piled.

This clearing was at a certain distance from both the wooden house and the forest.

There was no worry about setting the entire forest or wooden house ablaze.

Pouring the clay onto the ground, allowing Kuisi to continue transporting, Lynn crouched down to start building a charcoal kiln.

Constructing the earthen kiln charcoal kiln, only fragmented memories lingered in Lynn's mind.

Kiln cave, flue...

However, this posed no difficulty for Lynn...

He picked up the cross pickaxe and began digging vigorously.

After Kuisi transported twice, a circular earthen kiln cave, one meter deep and two meters in diameter, was dug out by him.

[Construction Experience +1]

[Construction Experience +1]

Once he got into the groove, knowledge started flooding in.

A confident smile spread across Lynn's face.

After digging the kiln cave, he continued to excavate the earthen kiln's flue, meant for releasing the smoke formed when burning in the kiln cave.

To prevent the flue from collapsing due to the heat of the smoke, Lynn crafted a stone-clay flue using clay and stones!

With the cross pickaxe in hand, Lynn dug out a not-too-deep but not-too-shallow water channel in the middle of the kiln cave.

Moist branches would seep resin under the flame's heat, requiring the water channel to guide it away.

Gripping the cross pickaxe tightly, Lynn continued excavating the fire port.

This was the most crucial step in firing charcoal using an earthen kiln.

The reason Lynn chose the location of the earthen kiln on the slope was because the flame burns upward, meaning the fire port must be lower than the kiln cave.

The slope naturally offered an advantage.

When Lynn used branches to connect the fire port and the kiln cave.

Red and Kuisi, dressed in their cloaks, carried the final basket of clay and arrived beside Lynn.

Watching Master Lynn busy in the earthen pit, Red spoke up, "Master Lynn, we've dug out six baskets of clay already."

Lynn glanced at the two and said, "You arrived just in time; the charcoal kiln is all built."

"Next, we just need to stand these branches upright neatly inside the kiln cave, then use a heap of weeds and clay to build a kiln shed to cover the opening, and fire it from this fire port!"

Looking at the rather odd shape of the earthen pits on the slope, Kuisi and Red couldn't help but exchange glances.

Without any hesitation, they started following Lynn's instructions.

After placing over two hundred pounds of arm-thick branches, the entire kiln cave was crammed full.

It even piled up the branches higher than the ground, forming a mound.

After Lynn's confirmation, Kuisi and Red started sealing the mouth.

Grass was padded atop the timber laid over the kiln cave, though all the grass was damp, it would eventually turn to ash under the flame's roasting.

The grass padding aptly provided support for the clay.

Kuisi and Red continually poured clay onto the grass, smoothing it with their hands.

Layer upon layer of mixed soil was poured into it, and Lynn instructed them to stand on the mound.

By moving about, they made the charcoal kiln's seal tighter.

By noon.

Kuisi and Red finally completed their work.

The entire kiln cave was completely sealed.

Kuisi jogged back to the wooden house, bringing a few pieces of red charcoal, and started a fire in front of the charcoal kiln's fire port.

Smoke rose, and the flame lit up.

Kuisi expertly began adding finer twigs, branches, as well as some dry firewood.

Billows of thick smoke continuously spewed forth from the charcoal kiln's flue.

Ensuring it wouldn't extinguish, Kuisi looked towards Lynn, asking, "Master Lynn, is this how we can produce charcoal?"

Lynn nodded, "Keep the fire burning continuously for three hours, and then we can seal the kiln."

With the fired branches weighing over two hundred pounds, a maximum yield would produce about one hundred and fifty pounds of charcoal.

Then, using the one hundred and fifty pounds of charcoal, some ceramic cooking and dining products can be fired.

Lynn continued, "One person can stay here to continue burning, and the other can follow me to build the second earthen kiln."

Kuisi nodded knowingly.

During the charcoal-burning process, another earthen kiln for firing ceramic products could be built.

This too required the use of clay.

Lynn and Red walked to the other side of the slope, to a mound several meters away from the charcoal kiln.

Lynn said, "For the most part, it's similar to the earthen kiln you just saw. Excavate a circular shape that's one meter deep and one and a half meters in diameter."

Without hesitation, Red replied, "Alright, Master Lynn."

Raising the iron hoe, Red vigorously began digging.

One hoe after another struck, and as he pushed forward, chunks of clay were turned up.

The outline of a square loam pit gradually emerged.

Generally speaking, building an earthen kiln to fire cooking and dining ceramic products doesn't require it to be this large.

But Lynn thought to himself, since they had started firing, why not fire all needed ceramic products?

Pottery pot, pottery jar, pottery bowl, pottery plate, etc.

An hour later.

A square kiln cave one meter deep and one and a half meters in diameter appeared.

Lynn instructed Red to evenly lay the gathered stones at the base of the kiln cave.

This, to increase kiln cave stability.

Next was constructing the main structure of the kiln cave.

Mixing clay with stones, first building an ash layer at the bottom, then building a charcoal combustion layer on the ash layer.

Finally, construct a kiln chamber and chimney.

A complete earthen kiln for firing ceramic products was assembled.

Once the desired ceramic products are molded, dried of moisture, and loaded into the kiln, they can be fired by sealing the top!

Looking at the earthen kiln before him, Lynn nodded contentedly...

The charcoal kiln's time had also reached three hours.

Lynn picked up two prepared cubical clay blocks, covering the charcoal kiln's fire port and flue port.

Now was the time to wait for the wood's incomplete combustion.

Lynn called Kuisi over, "Take a look at some ceramic cooking products needed, and meanwhile, fetch Lex, and check what his brewing workshop needs fired."

Seeing the completed earthen kiln, Kuisi's eyes lit up.

Being someone frequently involved in cooking and kitchen work, she highly needed tableware and utensils!

Kuisi responded, "Yes, Master Lynn."

Immediately, she quickly ran towards the nearby brewing workshop.

In less than half a minute, Kuisi and Lex returned.

Lex, who had been selecting barley, was greatly shocked to see the charcoal kiln and earthen kiln.

Lex said, "Master Lynn, I indeed need a soaking trough, I had originally considered using wood... but if there's a ceramic one, it would be even better!"

Lynn nodded, "Sure, then craft it with clay, and once the charcoal from tomorrow's firing is ready, we'll fire it together."

[Production Experience +1]

As night fell.

The four of Lynn finally returned to the wooden house from the clay pile.

On the clearing.

Rows of simple ceramic products were resting in the air...

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Chapter 35: Chapter 35: Barley Bread

Bang!

Early the next morning.

With a low thud, Lynn's Cross Pickaxe struck down, and the mound of the charcoal kiln instantly collapsed.

After a night, the charcoal within the kiln had cooled.

After a moment, the flying dust gradually settled.

Kuisi immediately leaned over to take a look.

Neatly arranged were sections of pitch-black charcoal with a white coating on the surface.

Kuisi picked up a piece of charcoal, light and dry to the touch.

Snap.

With a slight exertion of her hands, the charcoal split in a crisp sound.

The continuous firing lasted three hours, just right.

Kuisi sighed, "Is this the charcoal that the Manor Lord uses?"

Lynn glanced at Kuisi, saying nothing.

Indeed.

Only those with status could afford charcoal during the winter.

For ordinary villagers, buying charcoal would add an economic burden!

Unable to even afford food, having a pile of firewood was fortunate enough.

Lynn came back to his senses and said, "It's time to load the kiln."

Kuisi and Red began to work without hesitation.

A medium clay pot, a large clay pot, five or six clay bowls, eight or nine clay plates, a soaking trough, and some small items like spoons and forks.

Everything, large and small, was put in, almost filling the entire mud kiln.

To prevent these clay items from sticking together, Lynn used ashes to separate the joints.

After loading the kiln, Lynn instructed Red and Kuisi to seal the top of the mud kiln and start the fire to raise the temperature.

They built a combustion layer below the kiln and ignited kindling, gradually adding freshly fired charcoal.

Ceramics could also be fired with firewood.

But wood usually contains moisture, affecting the temperature inside the kiln, and achieving the required temperature needs bigger and thicker wood, impacting ventilation.

The heat from burning charcoal is stable, making temperature control easier and heating faster without occupying air space!

Since they used charcoal, there wasn't the rolling smoke like during charcoal production.

But a chimney was still needed, not only to vent smoke but also to release moisture from the clay items.

Clearly, leaving them to air dry overnight was not enough to evaporate all moisture.

The next period involved constantly adding charcoal and waiting.

Even with Lynn's knowledge of firing ceramics, without a thermometer, he could only make simple judgments based on experience.

A benefit of charcoal is that it doesn't require constant supervision.

Only at regular intervals, adding charcoal ensures even temperature within the kiln.

Looking at the pile of charcoal on the side, Lynn felt a bit regretful.

Now that charcoal was produced, it was a pity he hadn't found iron ore resources.

If an easily exploitable open-pit iron mine was found, charcoal could be used for smelting.

They could start taking off straight away!

Leaving Kuisi to keep an eye on the kiln, Lynn walked towards the Brewing workshop.

Inside the Brewing workshop.

Lex was using a woven flat basket Lynn had made earlier to sift barley seeds.

Having only one hand was certainly challenging for him.

But Lex was not discouraged and joyfully said to Lynn when he appeared, "Master Lynn, once you fire that soaking trough, I can begin soaking the barley, washing it clean and bright, awaiting the sun's blessing!"

Lynn nodded.

Indeed, only when engaged in work they love, does one emit boundless passion.

Just like Lex in front of him, even starting to be a bit slick with words.

Moo!

As he was about to leave, a low cow's moo reached Lynn's ears.

Lynn turned to look.

In the adjacent wooden house where Lex was, a strong bull was kept in a storage house.

To call it a storage house was really just a simple wooden hut.

While a few people could barely reside, for an adult draught ox, there was hardly room to turn around.

Too cramped!

This draught ox was the main force for summer plowing!

Lynn found Red and looked directly at the burly man who was now being used as heavy labor.

Lynn spoke, "I need help building a cowshed for the ox, one twice the size of the current wooden house, and it must be resistant to Wild Wolf attacks!"

Red hesitated a bit.

Of course, he was hesitant about how to use mortise and tenon joints to construct such a large cowshed.

Lynn said, "If you have any questions, you can always ask me!"

Red eased up, "Alright, Master Lynn, I'll build it as soon as possible."

After speaking, Red shouldered an Iron Axe and walked toward a pile of logs behind the wooden house.

The logs were all leftovers from past logging trips to the forest's edge.

Lex was selecting barley, Red was starting the construction of the cowshed, and Kuisi was watching over the ceramic firing in the kiln.

Despite the limited workforce, everyone was performing their roles.

Having planned everything, Lynn still decided to personally oversee the kiln.

The charcoal fire for the kiln never stopped.

From the initial ignition to burning charcoal, to slowly raising the temperature, and progressing to high-temperature firing.

Only by reaching over a thousand degrees Celsius and maintaining it for a while, allowing the ceramics to become fully sintered, could qualified ceramics be produced.

By nightfall, over half of the more than one hundred kilograms of charcoal had burned away.

Only then did Lynn seal the smoke outlet and fire opening of the kiln.

Now, it was time to quietly wait for the kiln to naturally cool down.

Inside the wooden house where Kuisi, Red, and Lex lived.

Lynn was a bit surprised to see a charred golden loaf of bread placed atop a wooden bowl!

Lex hurriedly explained.

"Master Lynn, I already sorted the barley. In my spare time, I tested the newly made stone mill and made a little bread with the ground barley flour."

Lynn nodded.

Taking a bite of the bread, it was coarse yet chewy.

Having grown accustomed to meats and porridge, he found it unexpectedly delicious.

After praising Lex, he finished dinner, and Lynn returned to his wooden house.

Night steadily deepened.

In the fire pit, the charcoal slowly burned, radiating a comforting warmth that enveloped the entire wooden house.

Kuisi commented, "As a Lord, of course, Lord Lynn uses smokeless charcoal for heating."

Lynn didn't mind.

Gazing through the cross window, Lynn stared at the few stars in the night sky.

Everything was stabilizing.

The presence of river fish temporarily solved the food problem.

Furthermore, they purchased iron goods and an ox!

If this batch of ceramics fired successfully, it would certainly improve living conditions to some extent.

If it were a peaceful world, slow development would be possible!

But, this is an Empire in turmoil!

The Six Great Empires stand in a tense standoff.

Particularly the Elfini Empire across the Acadia River, with its ever-watchful gaze.

With the Emperor's Church and noble Lords.

More crucially, Lynn is the illegitimate son of Marquis Duca!

He should have died at the hands of Marquis Duca's eldest son Mark Ducas's followers, yet he's still alive!

If known by his good brother, he would surely bring the Ducas Clan's cavalry to raze Lynn's territory.

Lynn knew he must go all out to arm himself quickly!

Chapter 36: Wild Boar Herd

Chapter 36: Chapter 36: Wild Boar Herd

Lynn's eyes narrowed slightly as he was about to sleep.

A series of snorting sounds reached his ears.

The snorting sounds accompanied by the stamping footsteps on cultivated land were getting closer and closer.

And finally stopped.

Stopped right in the field where wheat seeds had just been sown.

Lynn quickly got up, pushed the door open, and walked out of the wooden house.

He looked out.

In the farmland dozens of meters away, five or six strong black wild boars were foraging.

The ridge-rowed cultivated soil was directly uprooted by the wild boars, their black tongues licking the wheat seeds clean from the soil.

The snorts were the sound of wild boars feeling satisfied from foraging.

It was still early spring, and food in the forest was scarce.

Wild boars would go everywhere in search of food.

Including the farmland just cultivated by farmers!

Red, holding a horn bow, strode over to Lynn.

Kuisi and Lex, holding a stone spear and iron hoe respectively, followed closely behind.

Red shouted, "Master Lynn?"

Watching the ruined fields, Lynn's heart bled.

That was land he had cultivated one hoe at a time!

Red noticed the change in Lynn's expression, took a few steps forward, toward the wild boar herd.

Left hand gripping the bow, right hand nocking an arrow and drawing the bow.

With Red's arm pulling back, the horn bow instantly reached full draw.

Buzz!

Whoosh!

The flint arrow shot out instantly.

Accurately hitting the left side of a wild boar.

However.

The flint arrow only penetrated two or three centimeters under the boar's skin before halting abruptly.

The coarse hair and thick resilient boar skin directly stopped the arrow.

Even Red, with his Level 3 [Hunting Experience], couldn't help but frown.

He just remembered, he was only using a flint arrow!

Squeal!

A sharp and high-pitched scream came from the adult wild boar's mouth.

The unexpected sound further panicked the nearby wild boars, causing them to run back and forth over the farmland.

The boar that was shot searched around, finally facing Red not far from the wooden house.

The wild boar's massive body charged toward Red.

Seemingly entering an enraged mode.

Its explosive power and speed were not to be underestimated.

Moreover.

The wild boars chaotically running on the farmland immediately received direction and guidance.

Following behind the first boar, they all ran together in a wild charge.

Red's face turned serious, and he quickly started running.

An adult wild boar can weigh three to four hundred pounds.

The combined charge of five or six adult wild boars was enough to intimidate anyone.

Red ran while drawing the bow again and shooting arrows.

Lynn felt that if Red were equipped with a warhorse, he could even perform mounted archery.

Whoosh!

The flint arrow flew out, tearing through the air, precisely hitting the eye of the injured boar.

Squeal!

The sound rang out again.

The shrill scream agitated the boar herd even more.

They began to crash wildly in front of the wooden house.

A massive wild boar, with reddened eyes, charged straight at Lynn.

Kuisi quickly shouted in warning, "Be careful, Master Lynn."

Lynn's expression turned serious, taking a few quick steps to evade.

The boar missed its charge and turned directly towards Lex!

Perhaps due to terror, Lex was standing rigidly in place, unable to move!

Seeing this, Kuisi continued to shout in reminder, "Run!"

Lex said in a panic, "I... can't run..."

Looking at the boar's sharp tusks, ferocious face, and huge, strong body...

Lex's body began to tremble uncontrollably.

Just as the boar was about to crash into him, a figure leaped from Lex's right side.

The force of inertia took him away from the boar's charging path.

The massive body of the boar brushed past Lynn and Lex.

Kuisi hurriedly used a lump of dirt to smash at the wild boar, guiding its target towards her.

Lynn quickly stood up and pulled up Lex.

Seeing Lynn in front of him, Lex regained control of his body.

They watched as a wild boar charged towards the fenced-off cotton planting area.

Lynn grabbed the iron axe from Lex's hand and rushed forward.

Both hands gripping the iron axe, Lynn stood at the fence, and the adult wild boar showed no intention of stopping.

Its tusked head continued to shake constantly.

Lynn squinted his eyes slightly and tightened the iron axe in his hands.

The wild boar raised its strong and sharp tusks, charging directly at Lynn.

The moment the wild boar arrived, Lynn swiftly dodged, and the iron axe in his hand cleaved down onto the wild boar without hesitation.

Missing its charge, the wild boar wanted to adjust its body to continue the assault.

But it was already too late.

The iron axe in Lynn's hand came down from the wild boar's neck, the blade sinking directly into its flesh.

Squeal!

The wild boar let out a sharp scream, spinning and running frantically in the open ground.

Trying to shake off the pain from its neck.

However, no matter how it moved, the iron axe did not loosen.

Gradually.

The wild boar's movements slowed, and its body lay lifeless on the ground.

Turning to look not far away, Red and the others had finished their battle as well.

At Red's feet lay a wild boar carcass with a flint arrow stuck in its eye.

In front of Kuisi and Lex, they too had taken down a wild boar.

However, compared to the wild boars taken down by Lynn and Red, this one was slimmer.

The remaining wild boars fled into the night, terrified.

Dragging the hind legs of the wild boar, Lynn walked towards the cabin.

Just as Lynn had suspected, the wild boar in his hands weighed around 350 to 360 pounds.

As he reached the cabin door, Kuisi spoke, "Master Lynn, we caught two wild boar piglets!"

Lynn raised an eyebrow, "Piglets?"

Kuisi explained, "Yes, Master Lynn, the mother boar was shot by Red, and the two piglets panicked and ran straight into our cabin..."

Stepping to the door of the cabin, Lynn glanced through the crack in the wooden door.

Sure enough.

The two wild boar piglets were running around the cabin.

A thought appeared in Lynn's mind.

Wild boars have a fast reproductive rate, usually reaching maturity at ten months of age and can reproduce.

They can breed twice a year, with litter sizes of four to twelve piglets each time.

Meaning, they can provide a stable supply of wild boar meat.

Being omnivorous, wild boars can be fed with almost any kind of food.

Additionally, wild boar skins can be made into leather, suitable for making garments and leather armor...

If these two wild boars can be tamed, they would be incredibly valuable!

Kuisi inquired, "Master Lynn, these two wild boar piglets..."

Lynn replied, "First, tie them up with grass ropes, we'll deal with them tomorrow."

Kuisi nodded and entered the cabin to start catching the piglets.

The piglets appeared small, but their bodies were very nimble, avoiding Kuisi's attempts to catch them repeatedly.

Lex walked into the cabin, a bit helpless, and together they caught the wild boars.

In just a short while.

The sharp cries of the piglets echoed in the cabin.

The next second, they were silenced.

Apparently, Kuisi and Lex had gagged the piglets.

Red arrived, dragging a wild boar, "Master Lynn?"

During the encounter with the wild boar, Red had seen Lynn face one alone.

Lynn nodded, "Store the wild boar properly, don't let the wild wolves drag them away! Then go and rest."

Red quickly nodded, "Alright, Master Lynn."

Returning to the cabin and lying down, Lynn was still a bit shaken.

Fortunately, it was only a group of five or six adult wild boars.

If there were five or six more, making it a herd of over ten adult wild boars, Lynn wouldn't dare provoke them.

A group of over ten wild boars could spell disaster for both the village and the fields.

If the wild boar group were provoked, causing them to panic and charge together, their impact would be no less than a cavalry charge!

Even the cabin could not withstand the rampant destruction of a wild boar herd!

Lynn's heart eased slightly.

Although some of the wheat fields were damaged, it wasn't much.

At least, the cotton-seed-planted fields remained untouched.

That was their hope!

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System: Build My Own Territory

Chapter 37: Chapter 37: Pottery

The next morning.

Lynn brought Kuisi and Lex to the riverside.

The wild boars passively hunted yesterday were to be dissected and cleaned.

The three adult wild boars together weighed at least over nine hundred pounds.

Even after removing some of the innards and cleaning them thoroughly, there was at least eight hundred pounds of edible wild boar meat left!

The arrival of the wild boar herd made Lynn, who already had an abundance of meat, even more prosperous.

Though there was so much wild boar meat, Lynn decided against selling it at Kent Village.

First, the journey was long, taking a day to go back and forth.

Second, to avoid unnecessary trouble.

However, without coarse salt for curing, this wild boar meat couldn't be preserved for much longer.

Merely relying on the smoke from burning coals wouldn't suffice to smoke over eight hundred pounds of wild boar meat.

A smoking room needed to be built!

In the future, smoked fish or other meats could also be smoked in the smoking room.

By noon.

The three wild boars were finally clean and carried back to the wooden house.

First placed on the logs at the door, to dry out the water content.

Lynn went to the earthen kiln, slightly pulled away the clay sealing the kiln's opening, and no heat escaped.

The temperature inside the kiln had cooled completely.

Lynn said to Kuisi, "Go get a hoe, we can open the kiln now!"

Kuisi's eyes lit up and she quickly ran to the wooden house.

She returned in less than half a minute.

Handing the Iron Hoe to Lynn, he broke the clay sealing the top of the kiln.

Under his repeated swings of the hoe, pieces of clay were moved aside.

Seeing the opening was opened, Kuisi squatted at the edge of the kiln, peeking her head inside.

Kuisi said, "Master Lynn, the pottery you fired... was a success!"

She moved her hand, taking out a plate.

"It looks exquisite!"

Lynn reached out to take it, inspecting it a few times.

It wasn't the milky white Lynn had seen before, just a pale and natural grayish-white earthen color, simple and unadorned.

It was entirely sufficient for daily life.

Lynn said, "Clean it thoroughly and boil it with boiling water, then it can be used!"

Kuisi nodded repeatedly.

Her arms kept moving, taking out the pottery from the kiln, and there was a clear joy on her face.

They had enough to eat, had the wooden house to live in, had boar meat to eat, and now even had cooking and dining tools complete.

Following Master Lynn, life was getting better and better.

With the pottery firing complete, Lynn felt a sense of relief.

Not far away.

Just as the day was dawning, Red was already constructing the wooden house.

In just one day, a rough outline of the barn had already formed before Lynn.

The foundation was set, and pillars were erected in the mortises.

Next, as long as a chisel was used to carve out each mortised log, stacking the wooden walls, then erecting beams and laying down the roof would complete it.

Seeing Lynn arrive, Red quickly explained, "Master Lynn, the barn can be completed today."

Lynn nodded, picking up the Iron Hammer and Iron Chisel to carve a groove into the log.

[Construction Experience +1]

After laying down the logs in his hand, Red hurriedly said, "Master Lynn, you can leave the manual labor to me."

Lynn's expression was calm, "We need to speed up the construction process, after finishing the barn, we still need to build a pigsty and a smoking room for smoking pork!"

Thinking of the gains from last night, Red immediately understood.

"Alright, Master Lynn."

After lunch.

Lynn, Red, and Kuisi worked together on building the barn.

[Construction Experience +1]

In the afternoon.

A gabled roof barn appeared before Lynn and the others.

The barn was seven meters long, six meters wide, and about two meters high, able to house five or six oxen at the same time.

Unlike the wooden house, the barn's large door was a sliding wooden rail gate.

It could provide ventilation for the oxen in the barn, while also protecting them from wild animals!

Kuisi led the oxen out of the brewing workshop's wooden warehouse and penned them into the barn.

The oxen walked leisurely around the barn without any obstacles.

It lowered its head and started eating the weeds on the ground.

Lynn praised with satisfaction, "It's built well."

Red quickly replied, "Master Lynn, you're too kind."

Lynn continued, "Let's finish the pigsty before nightfall."

Red's face was full of confidence, "Alright, Master Lin."

With those words, Red continued his busy work.

To the side, Kuisi looked at Lynn, wanting to speak yet hesitating.

Lynn glanced at Kuisi, saying, "Is there something you want to say?"

Kuisi hesitated a bit, eventually her expression turned resolute.

"Master Lynn, spring plowing is about to end... but Master Lynn, Red and I want to stay in your territory, is that okay?"

"We can help you build houses, we can help you farm, we can help you cook, and we can help you hunt..."

Kuisi widened her eyes and looked at Lynn, waiting for his answer.

Red, still working on the pigsty, stopped unknowingly as he heard Kuisi's words.

With his back to Lynn and Kuisi, he waited silently.

Lynn glanced at Kuisi and Red, "After finishing the pigsty, put the wild piglets inside, weren't there some leftover vegetable scraps, feed those to them."

After saying that.

Lynn stepped toward his wooden house.

Watching Lynn's departing back, Kuisi's face was full of confusion.

Did Master Lynn mean...

They could stay?

But, Master Lynn didn't make it clear!

...

Compared to the barn, the pigsty that Red was building was relatively smaller.

However, the pigsty was spacious enough for the two wild piglets to grow slowly.

By nightfall, Red and Kuisi had completed the rough frame of the pigsty.

By the hearth.

Lynn sat on the log floor, holding a pottery bowl in his left hand and a pottery spoon in his right, leisurely eating the barley porridge with boiled bass.

Before him was a pottery plate with golden roasted fishtail and wild boar meat neatly arranged, with a piece of barley bread and vegetables beside them.

Looking at such food, Lynn felt his mood improve instantaneously.

Having more tools for cooking and dining.

Whether it was Kuisi or Lex, they could prepare more and tastier food.

Looking at the waiting Kuisi and the others, Lynn didn't want to call them to dine together anymore.

The deeply ingrained mindset in their heads had thoroughly restrained them!

Even though Lynn told them that dining together could save time, allowing more time for working.

After finishing dinner,

only then Kuisi, Red, and Lex began their meal.

Returning inside.

Lynn leaned against the wall, enjoying the cozy warmth from the charcoal.

Compared to wood, charcoal had no suffocating smoke, making it more suitable for heating.

Just as Lynn was about to drift off to sleep, a knock sounded outside the wooden house.

"Master Lynn, are you asleep?"

It was Lex's voice.

Lynn looked toward the wooden door and said deeply, "I was about to, it's already late, what's the matter?"

Lex's voice continued, "Master Lynn, there are a few villagers who want to join your territory..."

Lynn's eyebrows slightly rose.

Chapter 38: Refugees

Chapter 38: Chapter 38: Refugees

Pushing open the wooden door, Lynn stepped out of the cabin.

Holding the Horn Bow, Ancient Red and Kuisi both came forward, standing beside Lynn.

Lynn looked towards the back of Lex, where stood a group of haggard and listless men and women, along with a little boy of about three or four years old.

Four men, three women.

From their expressions, it was clear they hadn't eaten for several days.

Feeling Lynn's gaze, the seven people unanimously lowered their gazes, not daring to meet his eyes.

Only the little boy was curiously observing everything around him.

Lynn looked at Lex, who immediately started to explain.

"Master Lynn, they're all Free People employed by the Manor Lord, just like me... they couldn't endure the Manor Lord's harsh tax exploitation, so they left the manor."

"They saw me last time in Kent Village and thought of joining your lordship's territory..."

Lynn stared straight at Lex, "Lex, can you vouch for the behavior of these vagrants?"

Villagers without land are vagrants.

Rootless, wandering everywhere, such vagrants are very dangerous.

Feeling Lynn's intense gaze, Lex became somewhat nervous.

Lynn continued, "I can take them in for your sake, but if you can't vouch for their behavior, have them leave now!"

His words were weighty and imposing under the night sky.

Lynn needed labor to accelerate development.

Especially among these eight, Lynn noticed one with a Level 3 Breeding skill.

However, development's prerequisite was safety.

Lex turned back to look at them, his words firmly assured, "Master Lynn, I can be responsible for their actions!"

Lynn responded, "Then there's no problem. If they're hungry, help prepare some food for them."

Lex quickly bent low, gratefully saying, "Thank you, Master Lynn."

The eight vagrants behind him also bent in gratitude, speaking in unison.

"Thank you, Master Lynn."

Returning to the cabin, Lynn continued to rest.

Not to disturb Master Lynn's rest.

Lex led the eight directly to the empty warehouse of the brewing workshop.

He also brought eight barley loaves and a big jug of water.

After eating the bread and drinking the water, their bellies were full.

Bathed in the warmth of the fire, the eight leaned against the wall and fell asleep.

In this wilderness, to be fed, have a place to sleep, and warmth from the fire was satisfying enough.

Lex was among them, leaning against the wooden door, watching over them.

The next day.

Before dawn.

Lex suddenly awoke.

His eyes scanned the cabin; all eight were present.

Lex's heart gradually relaxed.

He had introduced these people to Master Lynn, and for his sake, Master Lynn had allowed them to stay.

He naturally had to be responsible to Master Lynn and to himself!

Lex stood up, the rustling sound waking the already skittish eight.

Lex spoke, "Get up, I'll take you to see Master Lynn."

The eight followed Lex out of the warehouse, standing silently on the open ground in front of Lynn's cabin.

...

A little while later.

The cabin door opened, and a freshly awakened Lynn stepped out.

Red and Kuisi stood by.

Looking at the eight vagrants standing before him, Lynn spoke sternly, "I am the Lord of this land, Lynn!"

"As long as I wish, I can let you stay on my land!"

A hint of joy appeared on the faces of the vagrants.

Lynn continued, "I can let you work from sunrise to sunset and provide you with three meals, so you won't go hungry, including your children who cannot yet work!"

The faces of the vagrants turned to one of delight.

Lynn said, "I can provide you with housing, where only two people or a family will live!"

The faces of the vagrants turned to disbelief.

Lynn's tone suddenly shifted, "But..."

"But I need your complete obedience!"

"You will have no salary!"

"Moreover, without my permission, you can never leave this land!"

Upon hearing this, whispers of discussion rose among the eight.

Compared to not being able to leave, having no salary was a hard pill to swallow.

"Most importantly, if I find anyone slacking off at work or shirking responsibility... sorry, I will have them executed!"

Upon these words, the eight fell silent.

They were landless vagrants, but unlike slaves completely bound to the Lord's land.

They had certain personal rights.

Though those rights were so weak they could be ignored.

But they still had the choice to leave the Lord's land!

If they agreed to become villagers, Master Lynn would then hold their life and death in his hands!

As long as they worked diligently and were completely obedient, they were promised a stable life and enough to eat.

A middle-aged man stepped forward, placing his right hand over his chest and bowing.

"Master Lynn, I, Guy Fisher, am willing to offer my loyalty and become your villager."

This middle-aged man was the one Lynn noticed yesterday with a Level 3 Breeding skill.

[Guy Fisher]: Breeding Level 3, Collection Level 2, Planting Level 2

Lynn nodded.

A couple holding the little boy stepped forward, also making a gesture of allegiance, "Master Lynn, the Wright family offers their loyalty and becomes your villagers."

Lynn glanced at the couple, both possessing Level 2 skills.

Sufficient for ordinary labor.

Lynn's mind suddenly thought of something, looking at the little boy.

[Markel Wright]: None

Lynn was not surprised at all.

Markel was only two or three years old, lacking any skills.

Currently, his mind was pure and untainted.

Having not gone through any ideological indoctrination or devastation.

A child's mind is like a blank sheet of paper.

Whatever marks you draw upon it, it will present such artwork.

To Lynn, innocent children are treasures!

Lynn could educate these children.

They could accept new concepts.

Furthermore, as these children grew, Lynn could use the Memory Pearl to pass on his memories to them...

As for the women, Lynn never looked at them with any unusual gaze.

Heavy work could be given to tall and strong men to do, while nimble and patient work could be left to women.

Complementing each other's strengths, integrating together.

Moreover, how could a village develop healthily without women?

...

With several of them leading in loyalty, the remaining four quickly offered their loyalty to Lynn as well.

The sudden addition of seven laborers allowed the normally busy Lynn to relax.

Red was instructed to take four robust men to build the soon-to-be-finished pigsty, smokehouse, and cabins.

The increase in population required more cabins to ensure they survived the nights.

Red now knew the essence of mortise and tenon structures.

With some help from others, Red could easily assemble ordinary cabins.

Kuisi was instructed to take three women with sickles and hoes to clear the weeds.

For Lynn, spring plowing was already over.

But preparations for summer plowing two months later had to be made!

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System: Build My Own Territory

Chapter 39: Chapter 39: Getting Down to Serious Business

At dusk.

The pigsty was completed.

A gabled smokehouse appeared in front of Lynn.

The structure of the smokehouse was very simple, built with mortise and tenon joints forming log walls, and then filling the gaps between the logs with a mixture of clay and straw.

To achieve an enclosed space, maintaining the temperature and smoke density inside the smokehouse.

Above the smokehouse, thick branches were intentionally left in a cross shape.

These were the stress points for hanging smoked meat during the preparation of smoked meat.

Beneath the smokehouse, an open space served as the hearth to burn wood and create smoke for smoking.

At this moment, Kuisi happened to return from work with three women.

Lynn said to Kuisi, "Kuisi, I need you to take them and cut the wild boar meat into strips and smoke it in the smokehouse."

Kuisi glanced at the smokehouse and replied, "Yes, Master Lynn!"

Previously, she had been worried about how to preserve so much meat, but unexpectedly, Master Lynn solved it so quickly.

Kuisi and the three women first erected a wooden frame on the open space in front of the cabin and then lifted the three wild boars onto it.

They picked up the iron chef's knife and chopped it vigorously.

With each stroke, the knife chopped through the wild boar meat, landing on the wooden frame with a thud.

Especially the wild boar skin, so tough that even the newly sharpened iron knife had difficulty cutting through it.

Unfortunately, the current production conditions were limited, and making a piece of leather was too time-consuming and labor-intensive.

Lynn gave up the idea of keeping the wild boar skin.

Instead, it was better to cut the boar skin and smoke it with the meat, letting the grease penetrate and enhance the flavor.

Red, who had also returned from work, brought four strong men back to the cabin.

Seeing the fatty wild boar meat on the wooden frame, they couldn't help but swallow their saliva.

They couldn't even remember the last time they had meat!

Lynn said to Kuisi, "Leave a leg for tonight; we'll stew it for everyone to eat!"

Hearing Lynn's words, the seven villagers who had just arrived were filled with shock.

They even began to doubt their ears.

Master Lynn actually said to leave a wild boar leg to stew for them?

Kuisi placed a large chunk of wild boar meat aside.

In a while, Lex would place it into the large pottery pot that had just been fired for stewing!

Lynn looked at Red, "Take these men and use hooked branches to hang all this wild boar meat into the smokehouse."

Red quickly replied, "Yes, Master."

With the division of labor by eight or nine people, the three wild boars, weighing over three hundred pounds in total, were gradually dismantled and hung in the smokehouse.

They ignited pine wood branches in the hearth, and the thick scented smoke slowly rose, gradually enveloping the entire smokehouse.

With the existence of the smokehouse, if the moisture in the wild boar meat was smoked dry enough, it could significantly extend the shelf life!

Even if more river fish or wild beasts were harvested, they could all be smoked in the smokehouse.

...

Nightfall.

On the bonfire at the open space in front of the cabin.

A wild boar leg was being simmered in a pottery pot set upon three stones.

The broth was constantly boiling and rolling, and you could even see the oil swirling within it.

The mist containing the aroma of stewed meat wafted out, penetrating everyone's nostrils, their faces full of longing.

Lex took a stirring stick and gave the pot a gentle stir, confirming that it was well-cooked and tender.

He said to Lynn, "Master Lynn, it's ready to eat."

Lynn glanced over, "Bring a portion to my room."

Understanding, Kuisi picked up a clean pottery plate, selecting the most tender and well-cooked portion along with some greens and barley buns for Lynn, and took it to Lynn's wooden cabin.

After Kuisi returned, she said, "Master Lynn said we could start eating."

Only then did Red and the others begin to eat.

The wild boar leg weighed over forty pounds.

Including dozens of pounds of wild boar offal, there was at least sixty to seventy pounds of meat in the pot!

Add in some leftover barley bread.

This meal was enough to fill them up.

Voices grateful to Lynn came from their mouths.

A few minutes later.

The ten of them sat around the hearth.

Their faces were shiny with oil, occasionally rubbing their bloated bellies.

The newly arrived villagers looked at the starry sky above and felt a sense of peace.

It turned out that there was a way of life they did not know about on Master Lynn's domain.

...

Night deepened.

The wooden house where they stayed had not yet been built.

They could only squeeze together in the empty warehouse of the brewing workshop.

Lex, who was leaning shallowly against the wooden door, felt a push and opened his sleepy eyes.

The face of a burly middle-aged man appeared in Lex's vision.

Lex asked in confusion, "Spencer? Do you need to use the restroom?"

The burly man Spencer turned and glanced at those already asleep in the cabin.

He whispered, "I want to do something big, do you want to come with me?"

Spencer's eyes were filled with determination, as if he had already made up his mind.

Lex frowned, asking back, "What major thing?"

Spencer's gaze swept over the others once more.

He leaned his head close to Lex's ear and whispered, "I want to kill this lord!"

Hearing Spencer's words, Lex's eyes instantly narrowed.

His entire body involuntarily stood up abruptly.

He stared straight at Spencer, questioning, "Spencer, are you crazy? Killing the old Manor Lord was one thing, but this is Master Lynn!"

"He's the one who gave you a dinner and a place to live."

The voice was so loud that several people sitting on the edge of the cabin wall were awakened, looking at Lex with confusion.

Spencer quickly grabbed Lex's arm, gently pulling his standing body down.

Spencer showed no panic, cracking a smile and whispering, "Lex, are you still so timid?"

Lex ignored Spencer's mockery and said firmly, "I said it, that's Master Lynn! He's not like the other former Manor Lords."

Spencer shrugged, saying, "He's a lord; what's the difference from others? Doesn't he still have us work, have us live in these cramped cabins, exploit our labor, eat our meat, and drink our blood?"

Lex said solemnly, "Master Lynn hasn't let you go a day without a full stomach! Think for yourself, without Master Lynn, how long has it been since you last ate meat?"

Spencer pursed his lips, completely unmoved, "Lex, think about it, this lord doesn't even have any followers around him, let alone guards or warrior knights!"

"If we just take him out, this whole domain will be ours! The wild boar meat will be ours, the cabins will be ours, the farmed land... will all be ours!"

Seeing Spencer's obsession, Lex was utterly horrified.

This guy actually wanted to kill Master Lynn, just like he killed the previous Manor Lord Powell!

No!

This information had to be told to Master Lynn!

Lex instinctively wanted to stand up.

Spencer's calm voice came softly, reaching Lex's ears.

"Lex, don't forget! It was I, Spencer, who saved you when you were on the brink of death! I'm your lifesaver!"

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Lex's body instantly stiffened in place, his face full of complex emotions.

Just as Spencer said, it was when his arm was chopped off and he was kicked out by the old Manor Lord, losing too much blood and falling into a near-death state.

It was Spencer in front of him who hid him in a cave, fed him water and food.

Spencer was Lex's lifesaver.

But wasn't Master Lynn the same?

When he was at his lowest, starving and suffering, it was Master Lynn who brought him back.

Gave him food and the job he liked.

He even spent a fortune buying an iron pot needed for brewing for him!

Most importantly...

"I can shelter them for your sake..."

This sentence echoed all night in Lex's mind!

Master Lynn treated him like a human!

Lex's expression was confused, his body trembling involuntarily, caught in a dilemma.

Beside him, Spencer patted Lex's shoulder, "No need to be so nervous! It's actually very simple."

"I'll teach you. In a moment, walk out of this wooden hut, go knock on the door to his hut, and when he opens it, stab this dagger into his heart. Then it will all be over."

"Doesn't it sound simple? Heh, I finished off that old Powell guy the same way!"

As he spoke, Spencer moved and placed a finely-crafted dagger into Lex's hand.

Spencer said somewhat helplessly, "If it weren't for the fact that I just arrived and couldn't reasonably get close to him, I wouldn't need your help... Go now, Lex, I'll wait for your triumphant return!"

With a move, Spencer helped Lex up, preparing to open the wooden door of the warehouse.

At this moment.

A deep voice echoed from the shadows within the hut.

"I can't let you go and kill Master Lynn!"

Hearing the voice, Spencer quickly turned his head to look over.

In the shadows, a similarly burly figure slowly stood up.

Seeing the face of the burly man in the shadow, Spencer squinted his eyes slightly, "Guy, what's this? Do you also want to protect that Lord?"

Before Guy could speak, another figure also stood up.

Gavin Wright took two steps forward, saying in a deep voice, "Spencer, give it up. Master Lynn is a good man..."

Spencer sneered, looking at Gavin and questioning, "Just because he gave you a few meals, you think he's a good man? He's a Lord! A Lord who devours people without spitting out the bones!"

Gavin shook his head, his voice resolute, "Master Lynn let my son eat until he was full!"

Another man also stood up, "I can't let you do it either!"

Spencer was first taken aback, then he actually started to laugh.

"What do you mean?" Spencer questioned, "It was me! I'm the one who got rid of that old Powell guy and brought you here. Now you're thinking of betraying me?"

Instant silence fell among them.

Seeing them not speaking, Spencer coldly snorted, "Once this Lord business is settled, I'll deal with you all later!"

"Lex, go ahead, it's up to you now. Once you take down this... uh?" Spencer's words were suddenly cut off by a disbelieving cry of pain.

Spencer looked down to see the dagger he had just given to Lex now plunged into his abdomen.

The intense pain quickly spread through his mind.

Spencer widened his eyes, looking at Lex, trying to speak, but was choked by the blood in his throat.

Lex's right hand gripped the dagger, his whole body still trembling continuously.

He stammered through his words, "Why... why force me?"

Spencer grasped Lex's arm, trying to steady his increasingly weakened body.

Thud!

After a dull sound, Spencer's clothes were soaked with blood, and he fell on the ground.

There were no screams or panic in the warehouse.

Only pairs of numb eyes staring straight at Spencer's corpse.

They had seen too many dead bodies.

Especially the slaves beaten to death by the Lord within the Manor...

...

In the open space, a dozen meters away from the wooden hut.

Red drew the arrow to a full bow, aiming it at the wooden warehouse door with his horn bow string, and slowly relaxed, putting away the flint arrow.

Stride after stride, he walked towards Lynn's wooden hut, knocking on the wooden door.

Red spoke, "Master Lynn, it's resolved. Lex killed him."

Lynn's voice came from the hut, "You handle it."

Red responded, "Yes, Master Lynn."

With the horn bow on his back, Red walked back towards the storage hut once more.

Bang! Bang! Bang!

Red pounded on the wooden door without courtesy, "Open up, it's me."

Hearing Red's voice, Lex finally came to his senses.

He removed the wooden beam blocking the door beside him.

Opening the door, Red's steadfast face came into view for everyone in the hut.

Red glanced around, his gaze falling on Spencer's body on the ground.

With bent knees, Red pulled out the dagger from Spencer's body and thrust it fiercely into his heart again.

Pulling out the dagger, he held it in his hand.

Red spoke, "Lift his body and follow me to bury it."

Guy and Gavin exchanged a glance, and willingly stepped forward to lift Spencer's body together.

Watching the three leave the wooden hut, Lex hesitated for a few seconds before finally following.

A few steps behind Red, Lex asked nervously.

"Red, does Master Lynn know about this?"

Red responded, "He knows."

Lex became even more nervous, "Then... did Master Lynn say anything?"

Red shook his head, "Master Lynn just said to let me handle it."

Red almost relayed Lynn's exact words to Lex.

"If you're worried about anything, you can go to Master Lynn, he should still be awake."

Lex paused his steps.

Watching Red along with Guy and Gavin carry the body into the darkness, Lex steeled his resolve and walked towards Lynn's hut with big strides.

Arriving at the door of Lynn's residence.

Lex didn't dare to knock.

He spoke with a slight tremble in his voice, "Master Lynn?"

Lynn's voice responded, "What is it?"

Lex took a deep breath, "Master Lynn, among the eight villagers I introduced to you, one wanted to harm you... I'm blind and deserve punishment!"

Within the hut.

Lynn lay on a straw mat, glancing towards the door.

"Lex, this has nothing to do with you! Go back and rest, you did well!"

With a loyalty panel, Lynn could see everyone's loyalty at a glance.

He gave them three good meals, each filled with fish, and they even had stew at night.

Even a dog would wag its tail if you threw it a bone day after day.

Why wouldn't they be grateful to Lynn?

Why wouldn't they be loyal to Lynn?

Spencer not only didn't increase in loyalty, but it plummeted to zero.

Lynn knew exactly what was happening, even with little effort.

That guy was just a thankless wolf, a rebellious traitor!

But, Lex outside the door was innocent.

Spencer's continuous pressure on Lex led Lex to take action against Spencer.

Joking aside.

With a 90% satisfaction rate, living with hope and a full meal every day, Lex would choose betrayal?

The saying of whether to feast once or feast continuously, everyone understands!

...

Outside, Lex's eyes widened, unsure of what to say.

Master Lynn actually didn't blame him?

In Lex's mind, Lynn's words echoed once again.

"I can shelter them for your sake..."

Lex clenched his right fist, looking at the hut with determination in his eyes!

I will give my everything for Master Lynn, even my life!