

System 311

Chapter 311: Commander's Roar

"At the same time, I will not restrict your love of drinking."

"But... if you cause problems because of drinking, even if you're a Master Blacksmith, I'll throw you into the dungeon!"

"Master Flint, am I clear enough?"

Flint looked up at Lynn, feeling the overwhelming aura coming from him.

Overexcited, Flint instantly regained clarity.

Flint's words became calm as he spoke, "Lord, I understand."

"Rest assured, I promise you I will never let drinking interfere with my duties."

"Otherwise, I'll bear all the consequences myself."

Lynn nodded and said, "The distilled spirits were made by Lex at the Brewing Workshop. I don't know its specific name yet..."

Flint repeated Lynn's words.

"Distilled spirits, Brewing Workshop, Lex..."

Flint nodded, "Lord, then I shall not disturb you any further..."

Receiving Lynn's nod of approval, Flint took his leave.

Watching Flint's figure fade into the distance, Lynn frowned slightly.

Although Flint's exact identity was unknown, to Lynn, Flint seemed to be a true drunkard.

Lex had told Lynn that a barrel of beer weighing three hundred pounds could be finished by Flint in just two or three days!

He was a complete drunkard.

What puzzled Lynn was that after drinking so much, Flint could still energetically show up at the Blacksmith Workshop the next day.

Moreover.

From what Flint described, he had evidently experienced something with the Fireplace Race...

Retracting his gaze.

Lynn, accompanied by Red, returned in the direction of the castle.

Back at the second-floor hall of the castle.

The maids had already lit all the candelabras in the hall and the oil lamps on the walls.

Although darkness had fully descended, it did not affect the brightness inside the hall.

Before the thirty-meter dining table, Kuisi, accompanied by several maids, was setting up dinner for the day.

The centerpiece of the platters was a nearly forty-pound northern pike.

Because it was steamed, it wasn't chopped at all, and the cleaned whole northern pike was placed on top.

Due to the various spices previously traded with Zod being added, even before approaching, Lynn could smell the fresh aroma of the meat.

Accompanied by wheat bread, pan-fried pork belly, stewed beef, and so on...

Lynn couldn't help but feel his mouth watering.

Such a large fish, it was the first time even for Lynn to taste it.

Letting Kuisi and Red sit down, the three of them started enjoying the dinner of the day.

Despite Lynn's insistence, Red and Kuisi ate quite a bit, but a nearly forty-pound northern pike was just too much.

The three of them ate just one-quarter.

As for the remaining northern pike, Kuisi preserved it.

She said it could be eaten again tomorrow.

Lynn didn't mind.

The days of boiling Viper meat in the river, he had lived through them.

For Lynn, eating leftover northern pike counted as a rare feast.

The cold of the night enveloped the entire town.

Lynn had Kuisi prepare the hot water in the private bathtub and then let Red and Kuisi go rest in their rooms.

Lynn entered the warm private room, soaking once again in the spacious bathtub.

Steam rose, enveloping the area, drifting up gently from the water's surface.

His head leaned against the bath pillow, and he covered his eyes with a heated towel for a hot eye compress.

An intense sense of comfort enveloped Lynn's entire body.

Just then.

A faint, rhythmic sound came from outside the door.

Knock knock knock~

After the knocking, Kuisi's voice followed.

"Sir, may I come in?"

Lynn didn't move, responding, "Come in."

With Lynn's words, the sound of a wooden door opening was heard.

Very soon.

The wooden door was gently closed.

Kuisi's gaze searched and ultimately fell on Lynn in the bathtub.

She did not come closer, but stood at the door, with a hint of shyness in her voice, "Sir, would you like me to give you a massage?"

Listening to Kuisi, Lynn removed the now cooled linen cloth from his eyes.

He turned his head to glance at Kuisi and nodded, "A massage? Sure."

"It's been a while since I had one."

With Lynn's permission, Kuisi responded and slowly approached Lynn.

Reaching Lynn, Kuisi first placed her hands in the hot water to soak them.

Thus warming her hands.

Watching Kuisi's meticulous actions, appreciation flashed in Lynn's eyes.

Kuisi's technique was indeed professional, making her quite suitable for serving others.

After soaking for half a minute.

Kuisi came to Lynn's side, placing her fair and slender hands on his arms, gently kneading them.

Softly, she spoke, "Sir, is this pressure okay for you?"

Lynn nodded slightly, "It's fine."

Kuisi smiled gently and continued to massage Lynn.

From his arm, to his shoulder, to his head, then to the other arm.

Even the neck wasn't neglected with a little rub.

After half an hour of continuous massage.

Kuisi crouched to Lynn's right side, speaking softly, "Sir, do you require me to get into the bathtub to massage your body?"

Lynn glanced at Kuisi without hesitation, "Of course."

Kuisi smiled again.

Under Lynn's gaze, Kuisi slowly removed the coarse wool robe she was wearing.

Following was a thin linen robe and pants...

In less than half a minute.

Kuisi's fair and slender body appeared in Lynn's view.

Her proud, snow-white curves now completely revealed without any cover.

Her abdomen, without a trace of excess fat, showcased a defined vest line.

Along with her not-too-long, but perfectly straight and coherent legs...

Lynn couldn't help but take another look.

As Lynn watched intently, Kuisi stepped into the bathtub.

A unique sight entered Lynn's view.

Kuisi approached Lynn, speaking, "Sir, shall I start with your feet?"

Lynn nodded.

With Lynn's consent, Kuisi wasted no words.

Kneeling in the water of the tub, she began massaging Lynn.

Kuisi didn't mind that during her massage, her body swayed, causing the water in front of her to ripple.

The oscillating water in the bathtub also created waves.

Kuisi didn't care that Lynn's eyes were fixed on her.

Kuisi's massage continued, from the feet, to the calves, to the knees, then to the thighs...

After another half hour.

Kuisi's hands explored further between Lynn's legs.

Her soft voice sounded again from Kuisi's mouth.

"Sir, the next step in the massage is..."

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Kuisi's cheeks were tinged with a rosy glow.

There was a faint smile hanging at the corner of her mouth.

Just as Kuisi was about to touch Lynn, a sound like metal scraping rang out in the private room.

Swoosh!

Lynn's right hand moved, drawing the one-handed sword placed beside the bathtub.

In an instant, the sword was pressed against Kuisi's neck.

Feeling the coldness at her neck, Kuisi's face was filled with shock.

Her words were stuttered, as she nervously asked, "Lord, what are you...?"

Perhaps because of the fright, Kuisi's body crouched down slowly.

The round, snow-white visage in front of her was directly exposed to Lynn's eyes.

However.

Lynn had no intention of looking further.

His right hand held the one-handed sword, still pressed against Kuisi's neck, with a composed expression as he looked at Kuisi.

"Yar Bed, I think you can revert to your original form now."

Hearing Lynn's words, Kuisi was momentarily stunned and asked in confusion, "Lord, what are you saying?"

"I am Kuisi..."

Lynn said nothing, just kept his gaze fixed on Kuisi.

Under his steady gaze, a trace of unease appeared on Kuisi's face.

Lynn spoke calmly, "Your transformation disguise ability is indeed strong."

"But..."

Kuisi's expression turned calm as she continued to ask, "But what?"

Lynn continued, "You've overlooked the relationships between people."

"Relying solely on transforming and disguising a body, a facade, daring to approach others is too naive a tactic."

Kuisi was already an adult, and although Red kept hunting to provide extra nutrition, how could she, as a Free People, have such a well-rounded figure?

Additionally.

The inexperienced Kuisi was evidently reserved in matters of men and women.

How could she possibly offer him a massage willingly?

Perhaps Yaya assumed that by relying on body and facade, Lynn would lower his guard.

But she didn't realize that every move she made was a huge flaw in Lynn's eyes.

Such an infiltration, as long as one's thoughts were slightly meticulous, could be easily detected.

Listening to Lynn's words, Kuisi was momentarily stunned.

She repeated Lynn's words, "Relationships between people, huh..."

After Kuisi's words fell, the private room fell into silence.

A few seconds later.

Kuisi's body began to tremble, her face started to twist, and sounds of bones shifting emerged from within her...

Moments later.

Kuisi in front of Lynn had reverted to Yaya's succubus form.

Blood-red eyes, sharp black horns like a goat's sprouting from the top of her head.

A black tail ending in a red heart slowly swam through the water.

The bat-like wings were also submerged in the hot water...

Even though Kuisi reverted to Yaya's form, there was no change in the voluptuousness in front of her.

Yaya seemed to have noticed Lynn's gaze, and a playful smile appeared at the corner of her mouth.

A seductive voice emerged from Yaya's mouth, "Lord, I'm feeling a bit cold, could you hold me?"

As she spoke.

Yaya slightly moved her graceful body to draw near Lynn.

But the next second.

Yaya's body froze in place.

She clearly felt a sharp pain at the neck.

Along with that came a scalding feeling.

Yaya's eyes were full of unwillingness as she said, "Lord, can you really bear treating Yaya like this?"

"Yaya has been an orphan since childhood..."

Lynn looked straight at Yaya, "You have ten seconds to put on clothes, or else... die!"

Feeling the chill in Lynn's words, the tenderness on Yaya's face vanished instantly.

She quickly stood up from the bathtub and stepped out under Lynn's watchful gaze.

Without caring about being seen completely naked while dressing, she quickly moved...

The succubus's figure was indeed great!

White skin that could snap under the fingers, alluring contours, plus that succubus's unique flesh tail, wings, sharp goat horns, and four sharp fangs...

Such a form easily stirred strange emotions in others.

Making one want to pin her down and whip her fiercely.

After Yaya dressed herself, Lynn shouted toward the door, "Come in."

Hearing Lynn's words, Yaya was momentarily stunned and quickly looked toward the private room door not far away.

With the sound of the door opening, Red stepped in with six guards.

They unsheathed their scimitars, encircling Yaya.

Red gave Yaya a calm look.

Then, stepping forward, he came to Lynn's side and asked, "Lord, are you alright?"

Lynn nodded and said, "I'm fine. Lock her up in the dungeon."

Upon hearing, Red wasted no words, "Take her away."

Having the guards escort Yaya, they exited Lynn's private room.

Only when the room door closed again did Lynn step out of the bathtub, don his clothes, and leave the private room.

At the entrance.

Kuisi, with a worried look on her face, saw Lynn and rushed over.

"Lord, you..."

Kuisi hadn't finished speaking when Lynn interrupted her directly, "I'm fine."

Kuisi's expression visibly relaxed, her mouth slightly opened, as if wanting to say something but hesitated.

Lynn noticed her expression, "Just say what's on your mind."

Kuisi no longer hesitated and curiously asked, "Lord, how did you know that woman would come to you tonight?"

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After dinner, when hot water was prepared.

Lynn let her go back to rest.

But now, that woman had turned into her likeness and entered Master Lynn's private chamber while he was bathing.

As for what happened afterward, Kuisi naturally dared not imagine further.

But how did Master Lynn know?

Lynn spoke: "I guessed it. Don't think too much, go back and rest."

Upon hearing this, although Kuisi felt a bit puzzled, she dared not ask further questions.

She responded honestly and bowed before retreating.

The castle hall was still bright, illuminated by animal fat candles and oil lamps, despite the late hour.

After a glance around, Lynn returned to the master bedroom and lay down on the spacious and comfortable bed.

Images from earlier surfaced in his mind.

Yaya's arrival was indeed coincidental.

But it was within Lynn's expectations.

Being someone with half-succubus blood, Yaya wanted to hide and live in this territory, the longer she stayed, the harder it would become.

Every household, every family in the town, is registered with their real names.

Even if Yaya constantly changed her appearance and hid among them, unless she assimilated with the townsmen to live as an ordinary person,

she would eventually stand out as an alien race...

Thus.

To survive or leave here.

The best way is to control him, the Lord.

Maybe from Yaya's perspective, she had just escaped from the imprisonment of the red brick house today.

Anyone would think she'd hide immediately or seize the chance to escape into deep forests.

But she chose to be unconventional, sneaking into the castle today and used her charm ability to control the Lord.

Yaya's transformation disguise ability is indeed very strong.

If Lynn were not so familiar with Kuisi, and without a text introduction panel, others would surely not guess Kuisi is the Enchanting Demon Yaya.

However, from the brief interaction with Yaya, Lynn yet felt the succubus ability was only so-so.

To be precise, Yaya's ability was only so-so.

Besides transformation disguise, Lynn sensed a desire from physical instinct.

But felt no psychological allure.

Not to mention an uncontrollable urge to do anything for Yaya...

Is it because Yaya is only half-succubus blood?

Or is it because Yaya just reached adulthood and can't skillfully use her ability?

Even if Lynn tamed Yaya for his own use.

With Yaya's current abilities, sending her to a Great Lord or nobility...

It would just be sending over a succubus pet.

She certainly needs some training!

Considering this.

Lynn recalled his prior thought — using succubus abilities to control a Great Lord Nobility or an Emperor...

This idea sounded somewhat ridiculous.

Those who become Great Lords, nobility, or Emperor, are surely not ordinary people?

Throwing the thoughts out of his mind, Lynn gradually fell asleep.

...

In the blink of an eye.

Five days passed.

Early morning.

Lynn woke up early as usual.

He came to the living room, enjoying a nutritious breakfast.

A guard approached Lynn, bowed respectfully, and said: "Master, Colin wants to meet you. He's waiting outside."

Lynn glanced at the guard, "Let him wait at the door. I'll go after finishing breakfast."

The guard responded, bowed again, "Yes, Master."

After responding, he withdrew.

Lynn finished the delicate fried egg on the plate in a few bites and drank the chicken soup from the bowl.

Then he got up and went toward the castle.

Red, who constantly guarded beside Lynn, followed closely.

Lynn descended the stairs and walked out of Weng City to the castle gate.

Perhaps because the weather was getting colder,

Colin, hands wrapped in a thick wool robe, paced back and forth.

His gaze occasionally fell inside the castle gate.

A look of excitement was clearly visible on his face.

Upon seeing Lynn, Colin hastened his steps to greet him and disperse.

Coming to Lynn's side, Colin spoke directly: "Master Lynn, the papermaking workshop succeeded in making paper!"

Despite the cold weather, Colin's words were filled with joy and excitement.

During the conversation,

Colin moved his hands, took out a roll of brownish-yellow paper from his bosom, and handed it to Lynn.

Lynn raised his eyebrows, reached out to take it, and inspected it.

The paper, produced by boiling tree bark to obtain pulp, showed a brownish-yellow color.

The surface had some irregular fibrous textures; likewise, it had noticeable fine-textured feelings.

To produce paper in such a short time was indeed beyond Lynn's expectations.

Returning the paper in his hand to Colin, Lynn said, "How many pounds of paper can the papermaking workshop produce in a day now?"

Colin pondered for a moment and said, "About twenty pounds."

"Master, you know besides me knowing how to make paper, before coming to your territory, those workers didn't even know what a papermaking workshop was..."

Lynn nodded, "I know this."

"Strengthen their role orientation and training; the more they work and the longer they do it, efficiency will rise."

"The paper produced should be primarily provided for Tate's school and Old John's hospital..."

"As for other workshops requiring paper, they can be given based on need."

With paper, Tate could write down his knowledge on sheets of paper and distribute them to children in the school.

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Let them take this knowledge home and reread it at their leisure.

Additionally, they can try writing words!

Listening to Lynn's explanation, Colin responded, "Yes, my lord."

Having explained everything Colin needed to know, Lynn dismissed him.

Immediately.

Lynn turned his body and walked into the castle.

The facilities inside the castle were fully equipped.

From the lord's bedroom, private quarters, reception hall, to the residences of household attendants, guards, even the servants, and including kitchen, warehouse, stables...

Even the dungeon for imprisoning prisoners.

Lynn walked through winding alleys and came to a downward staircase.

Without any hesitation, he stepped down.

The dungeon's lighting relied on only two or three Red Brick-sized light shafts.

Making the already poorly lit dungeon even darker and gloomier.

Lynn walked to a tightly shut iron door.

Through the ten-centimeter opening on the door, Lynn looked inside.

Still wearing a coarse wool robe, Yaya was sitting curled up on a wooden bed.

The footsteps of Lynn and the guards naturally reached Yaya's ears.

However.

She remained unmoved.

Lynn looked at the guard beside him, "Open it."

The guard, hearing this, did not hesitate and walked to the iron door to open it.

Upon hearing the sound of chains, Yaya slightly raised her lowered brows and looked at Lynn who stepped in.

Seeing traces of spilled barley porridge on the floor, Lynn spoke, "Yar Bed..."

"Would you like to engage in a cooperation with me?"

Upon hearing Lynn's words, a hint of surprise appeared on Yaya's face.

She questioned Lynn back, "Cooperation?"

Lynn nodded, "If you can meet my terms, I can release you from your status as a slave and make you my partner!"

A slight brightness appeared on Yaya's face.

But quickly, a vigilant look emerged in her eyes.

"What kind of cooperation?"

A man who could precisely guess her actions, remain unmoved under her bodily charm, and keep his clarity.

Yaya didn't think he would be so kind.

Lynn stepped forward again to Yaya's side, his gaze scanning her tail coiled around her right leg.

"If you can meet my requirements and pass my test, you can live on my land just like the townsmen."

Yaya's slender eyebrows slightly lifted.

Her blood-red eyes seemed to be contemplating something.

Lynn continued, "Of course, if you go to the place I designate and gather intelligence, that would be even better."

Upon hearing this.

Yaya understood, and her voice turned cold, "Using my beauty and body to get close to other lords and extract useful information for you?"

Lynn merely looked at Yaya without speaking.

Seeing Lynn's expression, which could be considered consent, Yaya continued to ask, "Aren't you afraid that once I leave your land, I might escape immediately?"

Lynn shook his head, saying, "That's why I said we can become partners."

"As long as you can pass my test, I can help you find a suitable job, and you can choose to live on this land."

"Or you could go someplace else, hide your identity and infiltrate, gathering intelligence for me."

"Of course, you could try to escape during this process..."

Yaya frowned involuntarily.

Lynn shifted his tone, "However, given your identity, even if you escape, where do you think you can go?"

"Hide in human cities?"

"I imagine the so-called clergy of the Church would be eager to capture you as an achievement for their promotion!"

"Perhaps, before burning you at the stake, they might enjoy you as well."

"Return to the Enchanting Forest where you lived before, continuing to scurry like a rat in darkness?"

"But on my land, I can let you live openly and legitimately."

Hearing this, hesitation appeared on Yaya's face.

Just as Lynn said, her identity to humans is that of an alien, a Demon.

Even if half of her bloodline comes from humans.

She still couldn't escape the discrimination and hatred from humans.

If she hadn't been hiding in the Enchanting Forest, living alone, she would have been tied to a stake and burned to ashes long ago...

Seeing Yaya's silence, Lynn continued, "You can have time to consider."

His words shifted, and Lynn stepped away, preparing to leave.

Yaya's questioning voice sounded from behind Lynn, "What is the test?"

Lynn did not stop, continuing to walk out of the cell.

But he explained, as his voice resonated in the cell.

"I will release you from the cell. You can transform and disguise within my territory. If you manage to harm me without my knowledge, you pass the test."

Bang!

After Lynn finished, stepping out of the cell, the guard closed the iron door and secured it with a chain.

After a series of footsteps.

The dungeon, originally quiet, once again fell into silence.

Yaya's mind was still replaying Lynn's words...

...

Shortly afterward.

Lynn, accompanied by Red, walked out of the dungeon, onto the Red Brick ground of the small town.

Several passing townsmen, upon seeing Lynn, stopped and respectfully called out "Master."

Lynn nodded slightly in acknowledgment.

And Red, following behind Lynn, couldn't help but speak, "Master, isn't it too risky to keep that woman?"

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Lynn opened his mouth and said, "Of course, there will be some risk."

"But whether it's for her or for you as the Guard Captain, it will be a test."

With Yaya's ability, she was simply not sufficient for Lynn to send to the side of other Great Lord Nobility to gather the intelligence needed for him.

And the defense capability of the guard team led by Red was equally too weak.

This was a perfect opportunity to train the guard team's defensive abilities!

The presence of Yaya, at least, was within a controllable range.

If later on, a spy more powerful than Yaya infiltrated, how could his safety be guaranteed with the current alertness and capability of the guard team?

Stopping at Lynn's words, Red understood and nodded, "Yes, Master."

In the conversation between Lynn and Red, the two had already arrived at the entrance of Ehrelo's blacksmith workshop.

However.

Just as Lynn was about to walk in, the sound of orderly metal footsteps echoed from behind the blacksmith workshop.

Lynn walked through the blacksmith workshop to the open space at its back.

A number of soldiers wearing neatly arranged standard plate armor were being assisted by blacksmith apprentices in adjustments.

Standing at the front, Ehrelo and Rose saw Lynn and quickly bent over, calling out, "Master."

Lynn nodded, his gaze sweeping over the soldiers present, and he spoke to Ehrelo, "Are these the three hundred sets of standard plate armor you made?"

Hearing this, Ehrelo quickly responded, "Yes, Master."

"Five hundred sets of full-body standard plate armor have been completed, and of the additional four hundred sets of helmet and chest armor, over three hundred have also been made!"

"All can be completed in at most two days!"

Lynn nodded.

The original task target assigned to the blacksmith workshop was nine hundred sets of full-body standard plate armor.

But due to limited ability, it turned into five hundred sets of full-body standard plate armor and four hundred sets of helmet and chest armor...

Although it could not temporarily form a fully armed heavy infantry force.

But it was quite sufficient to equip archers and light infantry.

Lynn's gaze turned to Rose beside him; before he could ask.

Rose took the initiative to report, "Master, during this period, no spies have been seen coming to investigate the fortress wall's intelligence."

"However, in the morning, Jeremy, who was hidden in Morgan Town, brought back information about Morgan Town."

"He said that the Iron Blood Brotherhood Bandit Corps has greatly increased in numbers, and Morgan Town has entered into lockdown..."

Lynn frowned and addressed Rose, "I heard this information from Boer more than a week ago."

"Why is it only being reported now?"

Rose lowered his head and explained, "Because the manor lords in the town, in order to prevent armed soldier information from leaking to the Bandit Corps, enforced a policy of no exit, it was hard for them to send anyone out of town..."

"The personnel who went out this time even had to hide in manure carts filled with excrement..."

Lynn looked directly at Rose, "Rose, you must find a way to improve the methods of intelligence transmission."

"A seven-day delay in intelligence. If there was any major military situation, seven days would be enough to raze the entire territory."

Rose solemnly responded, "Yes, Master."

Lynn acknowledged with a sound, looked again at the three hundred standard plate armor soldiers ahead, and his heart eased slightly.

After watching for a moment, Lynn instructed Rose a few more things before he left the blacksmith workshop.

As Lynn was preparing to head straight to the forest edge outside the town to grind Collection skill experience.

On the lime road between the barley-planted fields.

A long convoy of carriages entered Lynn's sight.

Ten huge carriages, each drawn by four horses, led the way, followed by long lines of figures...

George also walked over from the distant market area.

Seeing Lynn, George quickly bent down, speaking respectfully, calling out "Master Lynn."

Under the watchful eyes of Lynn and his companions, the carriages snorted and stopped in the open space of the square.

At the forefront, a figure leaped down from a tall horse.

It was none other than Grayson!

Grayson naturally saw Lynn ahead.

A smile appeared on his face, and he quickened his pace, walking towards Lynn.

Coming in front of Lynn, Grayson performed a merchant's etiquette before saying, "Master Lynn, this time's trade, I'll give you a big surprise!"

Seeing the confident smile on Grayson's face, Lynn became interested.

"What big surprise?"

Grayson did not hold back any secrets and said directly, "Slaves!"

"A whole six hundred slaves!"

Lynn's eyebrows could not help but raise.

Before Lynn could ask about the origin of these slaves, Grayson explained first.

"These slaves are from the Portlands Empire!"

Listening to Grayson mention the Portlands Empire again, Lynn repeated his words with some confusion.

"Portlands Empire?"

Grayson said with conviction, "Yes, Portlands Empire."

"Just as you said before, the Portlands Emperor's pardon of the peasants was to provide achievements for the eldest grandson Vedao Gerard!"

"A month ago, the Emperor of the Portlands Empire, Brant Gerard, passed away."

"He left a will, allowing the eldest grandson Chronos Gerard to inherit the throne."

There was no surprise on Lynn's face.

It seemed a bit strange, but it was easy to deduce the real intention behind it.

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Grayson's words continued, "But as the eldest son, Vedao Gerard, who is also Chronos's biological father... unwilling to become a mere minister to his son, he began his counterattack..."

"A war between father and son has already started in the Portlands Empire!"

At this point.

Grayson showed a hint of pride on his face, "But no matter how the Portlands Empire fights, for us cross-border merchants, we will never suffer a loss!"

"If Vedao wins, then the soldiers, generals, and even the nobility supporting his son will become prisoners, they will become slaves."

"If Chronos wins, then the soldiers and nobility supporting his father will become slaves..."

"To eliminate future troubles and to obtain more national funds, either side will sell the enslaved soldiers."

"And Audrey... is the largest slave trader in the Portlands Empire..."

Lynn picked up on Grayson's words and said, "So, in the future, there will again be a large number of Portlands Empire slaves sent to me?"

Grayson's right hand snapped with a "binggo!"

"Without any accidents, the grandson Chronos Gerard will win this war. With the emperor Brant's last will, he will rightfully become the new emperor of the Portlands Empire!"

Lynn curiously looked at Grayson and said, "I suppose, among this, there is the support of your sister Audrey, right?"

Hearing Lynn's words, Grayson glanced at Lynn in surprise.

After thinking for a few seconds, he no longer hid anything.

"Master Lynn, you are indeed correct..."

"It is precisely because of Audrey's funding that the young Imperial Grandson can recruit a large number of soldiers, ensuring they have enough food, armor, and weapons!"

Lynn nodded slightly.

Grayson continued, "There is one more thing that Master Lynn might not know..."

"Audrey supported the young Imperial Grandson in her personal capacity, having nothing to do with the Brown Clan!"

Upon hearing the last sentence, a flash of surprise passed through Lynn's eyes.

In her personal capacity?

A war for imperial authority, how widespread could its impact be?

Millions of people?

Or even tens of millions?

It is known that the entire Karedi Empire has more than fifty provinces, each with a population of 1.6 million.

The total population of the entire empire is a staggering 200 million.

And the total population of the Portlands Empire is roughly equivalent to that of the Karedi Empire...

Although each empire's territory is extremely vast, a war of imperial authority cannot affect the entire empire, but the number of participants would be at least in the tens of millions!

And such a war is maintained by Audrey's personal funding for the Imperial Grandson Chronos!

Compared to how many gold pounds are needed for this war, and whether victory will be achieved.

Lynn is more concerned about Audrey!

If according to Grayson's previous words, Audrey is now widowed and childless...

How did she achieve this level alone?

This is not something that can be done just by being wealthy!

Moreover, as Grayson just said.

If nothing unexpected happens, the Imperial Grandson Chronos will win this war and rightfully become the emperor of the Portlands Empire.

Then what will Audrey, as the sponsor, become?

Will the new emperor become a puppet of Audrey?

Controlling the entire economic, military, and political lifeline of the Portlands Empire with the power of one person?

Lynn can hardly imagine...

If Audrey truly accomplished this, what more would she need to care about the Brown Clan?

With her abilities, she would become an entity comparable to or even surpassing the Brown Clan!

As for Alan, Kari, Zod, and even Grayson in front of him, who are currently fighting for the position of Patriarch of the Brown Clan.

They are indeed too inferior compared to Audrey...

No wonder Audrey dared to casually name a price of five shillings per slave when she came to his territory and stood before him!

Audrey simply doesn't care.

Furthermore.

With such a powerful and terrifying sister, even if Grayson just profits a little from being by Audrey's side, obtaining the position of Patriarch of the Brown Clan would be a piece of cake, wouldn't it?

Upon closer thought.

Isn't Grayson currently extracting profits from Audrey's side?

Suddenly.

Lynn cast an unusual glance at Grayson.

It turns out, Grayson is the real fortunate one!

Grayson, who had been watching Lynn, naturally noticed Lynn's unusual look.

He asked puzzledly, "Master Lynn, it looks like you are a bit dissatisfied with the continuous transportation of slaves to your territory in the future?"

Lynn's mouth twitched slightly.

Is Grayson deliberately showing off, or is he pretending not to understand?

Lynn was too lazy to bother with Grayson's question, and changed the topic, "Besides the six hundred slaves, what else?"

Grayson glanced at Lynn with confusion.

Why does it feel like today's Master Lynn is looking at him unfavorably?

However.

He did not continue to ask, but explained, "Besides the slaves, I also brought you thirty thousand yards of medium linen cloth and thirty thousand pounds of coarse wool!"

Lynn nodded with satisfaction.

Labor has always been something Lynn urgently needed.

With more labor, he can expand the planting scale of his territory, and harvest more food.

Even though it's just early winter now.

More labor needs to be accumulated to prepare for next year's spring planting.

Chapter 317: The Emperor and the Puppet on Strings

With more labor, he can expand the production scale of various workshops.

To produce more plate armor and weapons, relying solely on the four blacksmith workshops is naturally not enough!

Because later, not only will weapons and armor needed by soldiers have to be made, but also vests for the warhorses!

Moreover, the woodworker workshop and bow and arrow workshop also need to be expanded immediately.

He needs more craftsmen with production experience to make repeating crossbow arrows!

Crossbows, horseshoe crossbows, and even steel crossbows!

With more population, he can continue expanding the scale of soldiers.

Lynn can completely draw 300 more townsmen from those currently without fixed positions and add them to the territory's soldier ranks.

Looking at Grayson in front of him, Lynn spoke, "The prices of these goods?"

Grayson, without any hesitation, replied, "Master, slaves are still five shillings, the market price for medium linen cloth is eight pence per yard, coarse wool is three pence per pound..."

"Master Lynn, if exchanged at six pence per pound of fine salt, you only need to give me sixty-one thousand pounds of fine salt, that would be sufficient."

This price had been calculated no less than ten times on his way here.

There naturally wouldn't be any errors.

Lynn didn't speak but rapidly converted in his mind.

Slaves are transported from the Portlands Empire using longships; it's normal for the price to be higher than the market.

Besides, even if it were six or seven shillings, Lynn would still acquire them without hesitation!

If rock salt runs out, more can be mined.

If fine salt runs out, the salt factory can produce more.

But without labor, Lynn's territory development speed would slow down.

As for the other prices, Grayson never exceeded market prices.

Lynn nodded and said, "No problem, let's go with the prices you mentioned."

Once he finished speaking, Lynn looked at George beside him.

George understood, added dozens of townsmen, and began organizing the unloading of goods.

Meanwhile, Lynn took Grayson to the distant castle.

Looking at the vast castle in front, Grayson's face bore a look of disbelief.

Despite only visiting Lynn's territory once a month sometimes,

he could confidently say he witnessed Lynn's territory develop from a few wooden huts to the current scale step by step.

But now, seeing the castle before him, his heart was still greatly shaken.

Because it was built with red brick, one could clearly see the lime sand adhesive between the bricks.

Upon closer inspection, it was so neat and straight.

The four to five-meter castle walls nearly enclosed and protected the main castle area.

To enter, one must forcibly break through the nearly twenty to thirty centimeters thick iron gate under the castle!

Plus, with the arrow towers and arrow slits on the walls...

This added yet another layer of security to an already impregnable territory!

Following behind Lynn, he walked into the castle, passed through the weng city, and reached the second-floor hall of the castle.

Grayson glanced around; the hall's decorations were relatively simple, which didn't surprise him.

The luxurious and magnificent decoration of a castle often requires generations of accumulation.

They place collected beautiful ornaments or valuable artifacts and antiques.

To showcase the lord's strength and substantial capital.

But for Lynn, merely having built the castle was already something Grayson was full of admiration for.

Just as Grayson was about to look away, his eyes suddenly lit up.

Grayson exclaimed in surprise, "Master Lynn... is this glazed glass?"

As he spoke.

Grayson walked to a high wooden display table near the wall.

On the high stool, there was a light blue glazed bottle.

Soft daylight fell through the window onto the bottle, refracting streaks of starlike light...

Lynn glanced casually and said, "Yes, glazed glass."

The surprise in Grayson's eyes became even more pronounced.

Just as he was about to speak, he noticed on the nearby display tables were also placed various exquisitely styled and beautifully colored glazed bottles.

Some had plate-shaped mouths, some were wide open, some had long necks, some were spherical...

Some were chicken blood red, some were peacock blue, and some were purple and green mixed...

Even Grayson was seeing so many glass bottles for the first time!

Grayson could hardly believe it, sweeping his gaze once more around the hall.

Only then did he realize that there was such a plethora of glass in this hall!

Even the four to five-meter-high windows were made of glass.

Grayson widened his eyes, looked at Lynn sitting not far away, and curiously asked, "Lynn... Master Lynn, these glass items must have been fired on your land, right?"

Lynn glanced at Grayson and nonchalantly said, "Yes, if you like, I can give them to you."

Hearing this, Grayson couldn't help but swallow.

The price of glass—very expensive!

For such beautifully made and evenly colored glass, the price is even more astonishingly high!

Grayson even heard of a great noble spending at least several dozen Gold Pounds just to buy a beautifully crafted glass bottle!

Of course.

Such luxuries as glass usually circulate only among noble lords and the church.

Only they would associate these with symbols of status and identity!

However, these glass items, deemed valuable by countless noble lords and church members, were at least in the dozens in Master Lynn's hall.

And of various styles and colors!

More importantly, Master Lynn's domain could produce such fine glass.

Grayson couldn't help but think of his previous dismissive thoughts about the hall's simple decorations as he entered.

The combined value of these glass items, he couldn't even estimate...

Suddenly.

A bold idea popped into Grayson's mind.

If he could exchange goods for these glass items from Master Lynn, transport them, and sell them among those noble lords and church members...

Grayson's gaze immediately turned to Lynn, suppressing his excitement and striving to make his voice calm.

"I am not very interested in glass..."

"But my sister Audrey previously spent a lot of money buying various glass items."

"She would be very happy if she saw so many glass items!"

Lynn nodded slightly.

Grayson's words turned, "Master Lynn, can I trade goods for your glass items?"

Chapter 318: Charge with Me

Sitting on the chair, Lynn glanced at Grayson and asked in reply, "For such glazed glass, what price can you offer?"

These glazed bottles don't have particularly exquisite craftsmanship.

After all, they were just made by the newbies Beo and Layla.

Grayson quickly pondered in his mind, seemingly deciding on the price he would offer.

He picked up a blood-red glazed bottle in front of him and walked over to Lynn.

"Master Lynn, for glazed bottles of this craftsmanship, I can offer One Gold Pound!"

"No... Two Gold Pounds each!"

Although the craftsmanship of these glazed bottles hasn't reached a high-end level.

If they can be transported away, they could still earn him a fortune!

As for what price they can be sold at, not even Grayson himself knows.

But the market now is scarce for glazed glass products, even medium-quality glazed bottles can fetch over Five Gold Pounds!

Grayson is certain he could make a lot of money.

It might even be more profitable than fine salt.

After all, fine salt is just a daily necessity, while glazed glass is a luxury!

However, compared to the ease of transporting fine salt.

Transporting glazed bottles involves greater transportation risks.

On the rugged roads, these glazed bottles can easily break.

Upon hearing the price, Lynn wasn't surprised.

Even though glazed bottles are made by firing silicon sand.

The value of the craftsmanship contained within far exceeds the raw materials themselves.

But Lynn possesses the technology.

In Lynn's view, glazed bottles only consumed some river sand, flux, limestone, anthracite, and labor.

Yet they can be sold for two gold pounds!

Lynn responded, "Of course, if you are willing, this time both slaves and goods can be exchanged for glazed bottles!"

Upon hearing this, Grayson spoke, "Master Lynn, how about the next batch?"

"Once I transport this batch of fine salt, I'll bring some tools to protect the glazed bottles next time, then proceed with the exchange."

"However, Master Lynn, I can first exchange a few glazed bottles to see how the market responds!"

Lynn nodded, "You can pick ten favorite designs and consider them as a gift."

Grayson's carriage had limited capacity, otherwise, all glazed bottles in the hall wouldn't be a problem for him to take away.

As long as Lynn wishes, Beo and Layla can fire a batch in two to three days.

Grayson raised his eyebrows, "Thank you, Master Lynn."

After taking a tour with Grayson around the castle, Kuisi approached with steps.

She bowed slightly and respectfully said, "Master, all the fine salt has been loaded onto Mr. Grayson's carriage."

Lynn looked at Grayson, and Grayson was the first to speak, "Then, Master Lynn, I'll take my leave now, thank you for your gift."

Lynn nodded, "I'll see you off."

Then.

Lynn walked alongside him heading towards the front of the town.

While walking, Grayson seemed to think of something, and he spoke, "Master Lynn, the next time I come to your territory might be the last before the river freezes."

"Is there any cargo you need? I'll do my best to bring it to you!"

In the winter Sea of Vortex, storms are frequent, with waves often reaching heights of nearly a hundred meters.

Wooden longboats simply cannot withstand such terrifying waves.

Plus, in the freshwater river region after entering Gibraltar Strait, freezing conditions occur all year round.

Longboats simply cannot sail...

Lynn made little hesitation and spoke, "Slaves, grain, meat!"

Grain is fine, the warehouses store enough peas, barley, and wheat to get all the townsmen through this winter.

Meat is somewhat insufficient because the livestock in the ranch have not yet reproduced.

As for slaves... Lynn needs them anytime!

Grayson nodded and said, "Then I'll try to transport another batch of slaves to your territory, Master Lynn."

Lynn nodded.

Arriving at the open town square.

Lynn watched as Grayson mounted his horse, and with the fully loaded carriages, gradually rode away.

Withdrawing his gaze.

Lynn looked at the slaves guarded by plate armor soldiers.

Perhaps due to the journey, their faces showed signs of exhaustion.

Nonetheless.

Compared to those slaves previously sent, the quality of these slaves is far higher.

Among these six hundred slaves, Lynn identified at least one to two hundred strong men.

Once they settle down and are dispatched to either the Blacksmith Workshop or used for expanding the army, they will be perfectly suitable.

After a round of speeches by Lynn, the initially bewildered slaves had their eyes reveal expectations for life.

Because this lord told them they would have three meals a day and live in their own Red Brick House!

After raising the expectations of the six hundred slaves, Lynn distributed an iron tool to each of them.

Sent by soldiers to the forest edge outside the town to join the tree-cutting army.

With the addition of six hundred slaves, whether felling trees, processing logs, or construction of tracks in a few days, progress would increase.

Lynn stood on a stack of piled logs.

Eyes scanning the entire site of logging and processing.

Sixteen hundred figures sweating, it was truly grand, densely packed!

Chapter 319: Charge with Me (Part 2)

Looking at such a large workforce, Lynn felt a surge of satisfaction in his heart.

Soon, Lynn stepped towards the edge of the forest.

Rolling up his sleeves, he took the two-handed axe from the logger beside him and swung it freely.

[Collection Experience +1]

[Collection Experience +1]

[Collection Experience +1]

...

As Lynn rhythmically swung the Iron Axe in his hand, experience accumulated bit by bit.

Until two hours later.

After chopping down two trees with half-meter diameters, he returned the Iron Axe to the logger.

He stepped away, leaving the forest edge.

The constant swinging of the Iron Axe had long made Lynn's body feel hot and feverish.

Under such intense labor, how could he still feel the chill?

Lynn couldn't help but sigh.

Indeed, labor is the most effective way to keep warm.

Arriving at the water shed behind, Lynn took a wooden ladle from the water jar and drank water without hesitation.

After gulping down several mouthfuls of well water, Lynn comfortably let out a satisfied belch, feeling relaxed all over.

After resting on the nearby log for a few minutes.

Lynn stepped toward the town to return.

Crossing the open square in front of the town, Lynn arrived at the weaving workshop.

Inside the weaving workshop.

Yimini was arranging for two hundred textile workers to receive the newly delivered linen cloth and coarse wool.

Seeing Lynn, Yimini told the textile workers to continue storing, then walked over to Lynn.

Yimini bent slightly, respectfully addressing him, "Master."

Lynn responded with a nod, "There are thirty thousand yards of linen cloth, thirty thousand pounds of coarse wool."

"Make another two thousand sets of coarse wool robes, and use the remaining wool and linen cloth to make quilts and mattresses."

"Make sure to tell Steward Kuisi to prioritize distributing the finished quilts and mattresses to the elderly, weak women, and especially pregnant women."

While resting at the logging site, Lynn had already checked the [Weather Forecast] a few times.

On January 1st, which is three days away.

The temperature will drop sharply again, down to around zero degrees.

If warm bedding isn't made for these townsmen, nights will be too hard to endure.

Yimini didn't hesitate and nodded, "Yes, Master."

With Yimini following, Lynn inspected the weaving workshop.

Confirming that there were no abnormalities, he stepped out.

Just as Lynn walked out of the weaving workshop district, a joyful voice reached his ears.

"Master? I was just about to look for you, didn't expect to meet here!"

Lynn looked ahead, it was Lex with a smile on his face.

And behind Lex was his assistant Belinda.

The two approached Lynn, greeted him, and before Lex could speak.

Strict and observant, Lynn immediately noticed something unusual about Belinda's body.

After a few seconds of close observation, Lynn opened his mouth in surprise, "Is she pregnant?"

Lex smiled, "Master, Belinda is pregnant, it should be four months now, we hadn't noticed before..."

Lynn nodded approvingly at Lex, "Good, you've certainly made a great contribution to the territory."

"You don't need to work anymore, rest and care for the baby at home."

"Eggs and meat will be delivered to supplement nutrition for you and the child."

Hearing Lynn's words, Belinda's face was filled with gratitude, "Thank you, Master, Steward Kuisi already informed me."

Lynn responded, once again looking at Lex.

Lex instantly understood and explained, "Master, mass production of distilled spirits has begun..."

"Of course, the scale is not yet comparable to the previous beer, but over three hundred pounds can be produced daily!"

Lynn nodded, inquiring, "How's the progress of alcohol production?"

Upon hearing this.

Lex's face showed a trace of difficulty, and he explained.

"Master, I am using containers to distill the spirits again, hoping to obtain higher levels of alcohol, but each distillation's result isn't ideal."

"That's why I came to find you..."

Lynn asked, "Tell me, what's the problem?"

Lex hesitated not a bit and quickly began recounting, "Master, during distillation, it's hard to distill higher purity alcohol from the container..."

Lynn thought momentarily and said, "If there's no accident, it should be a problem with the distillation container and procedure!"

"The distillation container is too thick, preventing the distilled spirits from evaporating into gas..."

"Repeated distillation is needed to obtain higher purity alcohol!"

"Go to the pottery workshop, since Beo's pottery workshop is making glazed glass, you can make some tools needed for distillation out of glass, maybe it could effectively solve the problem."

Glazed glass products are made by firing silicon sand into molten glass, and then pouring the molten glass into molds to cast.

With suitable molds, it's entirely feasible to make the glass tools needed for distilling spirits.

Plus, Beola and Layla are husband and wife, and also master potters.

Just tell them the shape of the tools needed, and they can easily craft them!

Listening to Lynn's account, Lex's eyes lit up, "So that's how it is."

"Master, I won't disturb you any longer."

Lex bowed with Belinda and then backed away.

Retrieving his gaze from the departing duo, Lynn took a stroll around the town and finally headed into the kitchen.

Chapter 320: Charge with Me (Part 3)

Holding the bone-cutting knife in hand, Lynn swung again at the pork to be used for lunch.

[Cooking Experience +1]

[Cooking Experience +1]

[Cooking Experience +1]

...

Until noon.

After having a casual lunch in the cafeteria, Lynn sat on a bench at the edge of the open square.

With a thought, he opened the [Resident Information Panel], and Lynn began to check.

According to what Grayson said, all these slaves came from the imperial war of the Portlands Empire.

Therefore, naturally, there would be some special individuals.

Lynn began filtering according to abilities.

In the area of [Construction].

[Avery Dean]: Construction Level 3, Production Level 3, Collection Level 2

[Lorenzo Reeves]: Construction Level 3, Hunting Level 2, Collection Level 2

[Jode Tek]: Construction Level 3, Production Level 2, Collection Level 2

...

Suddenly, the information boxes of three individuals with Level 3 [Construction] skills caught Lynn's eye.

The first, Avery, not only has Level 3 [Construction] but also Level 3 [Production]!

This is an invaluable talent for the rail construction he is about to undertake.

With another thought.

Lynn filtered in the area of [Planting].

[Randolph Villa]: Planting Level 3, Collection Level 3, Cooking Level 2

[Terence Vick]: Planting Level 2, Production Level 2, Cooking Level 2

...

Aside from Randolph, who has two skills at Level 3, everyone else in the area of planting is rather ordinary.

At most, there's Terence with Level 2 [Planting].

However.

Lynn thought and found it normal.

These people aren't slaves caught from villages or forests.

Rather, they are genuine free people from small towns or cities.

They don't possess notable abilities in agricultural planting.

Lynn filtered for [Production].

[Rachel Richards]: Production Level 3, Collection Level 3, Cooking Level 3

[Pamela Arnold]: Production Level 3, Breeding Level 2, Cooking Level 2

[Amber Allen]: Production Level 3, Planting Level 2, Breeding Level 2

[Renée Richmond]: Production Level 3, Collection Level 2, Planting Level 2

...

Looking at the information panels in front of him, with over a dozen individuals showing Level 3 [Production] skills.

Lynn raised his eyebrows involuntarily.

Just as he suspected.

These people are mostly craftsmen.

Moreover, they are craftsmen with high-level skills!

Conveniently, Lynn needs townsmen with crafting skills.

Lynn generally glanced over, there are twenty female residents with Level 3 [Production] skills.

Additionally, there are thirty female residents with Level 2 [Production].

After training them at the lumberyard to temper their spirits a bit, he then plans to assign them to Yimini's placement workshop.

He can even select some female residents with Level 1 skills to make up to one hundred individuals.

Expanding Yimini's textile workshop to three hundred people!

Temporarily putting down the plans in his mind, Lynn continued filtering.

With a thought, information boxes with [Breeding] skills as the primary focus floated into Lynn's view.

[Brendan Xavier]: Breeding Level 3, Collection Level 3, Production Level 2

[Nora Ferguson]: Breeding Level 3, Cooking Level 2, Production Level 2

[Betina Nek]: Breeding Level 3, Cooking Level 3, Planting Level 2

...

After filtering for [Production] skills, having eight individuals with Level 3 [Breeding] skills no longer surprises Lynn.

However.

These eight townsmen with Level 3 [Breeding] skills are indeed important to Lynn.

Next year, the ranch will enter large-scale breeding and cultivation, naturally needing as many townsmen with [Breeding] skills as possible.

Afterward.

Lynn continued filtering for [Collection], [Hunting], [Cooking], [Medicine], [Forging] one by one.

Almost every industry has three or four, or even four or five, townsmen with Level 3 skills.

Just right to fulfill his talent needs for large-scale development of handicrafts.

Lynn made a summary.

Among the slaves sent by Grayson, there are as many as one hundred with Level 3 skills!

According to what Grayson said.

The Portlands Empire's imperial war is just beginning!

This means slaves will continuously be sent to his territory in the future.

But soon.

Lynn thought of a problem.

Even if one side in the Portlands Empire's imperial war fails, aren't supporters still citizens of the Portlands Empire?

Citizens of the Portlands Empire were sold as slaves by Audrey before the imperial war ended...

This woman is using the citizens of the Portlands Empire to replenish funds!

One truly takes from the people and gives to the people!

Closing the panel, Lynn glanced over the townsmen who had completed their work.

Some townsmen, seeing Lynn, also paid their respects to him attentively.

Their eyes filled with admiration and respect.

Minutes later.

A guard came running quickly, finally stopping in front of Lynn.

Lynn looked at the guard, remembering him as one of the guards watching over the dungeon.

The guard stopped in front of Lynn, bowed and saluted respectfully, "Master."

Lynn asked, "What's the matter?"

The guard explained, "Master, the prisoner in the dungeon said she is willing to cooperate with you."

"However, she has one condition!"

Lynn said nothing, waiting for the guard's explanation.

"Her condition is that she wants to sign a demon contract with you!"

"If she passes your test, she can only help you for five years, after which, regardless of circumstances, she will choose to leave!"